

Ring King: 2015

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: August 23, 2015
Location: Climate Pledge Arena — Seattle, Washington

Results

Ring King 2015

Match

Fade from black to a shot of James Wingate coming down a ramp at an event.

V/O: From inside a son...

A close up of Wingate coming down the ramp.

V/O: Burns a fury....

We switch to show Wingate's father, Matt 'The Hitman' Fury lifting Ron Hall in slow motion for a Furybomb in the ring.

V/O: Driven by the anger...

Now we turn to a slow motion view of Ron Hall throwing his leg up with a mighty superkick to Matt Fury. The superkick shot repeats from different angles.

V/O: Haunted by the images...

We now see a shot of Ron Hall in the ring with the camera moving to show him from different sides.

V/O: On this night, the Southern Rebel becomes the haunted...

We fade to the last Proving Grounds.

The two men hold Ron up to face the video screen and we see that Hall has been busted open and is bleeding from the forehead.

Wingate: Take your warning Ron. I could have them end this right here and now and not even lay a finger on you myself, *the fans boo* however if you do show at Ring King I will be happy to do it myself!

V/O: As the son becomes avenger.

We now switch to a shot of The Chamber hanging above the ring with lights flashing and the fans screaming.

V/O: The most brutal structure ever created holds the fate of two shows.

We move to a scene from the 2014 Chamber match.

Sean Jackson continues to hit the fifth pod and yelling for Spectre to get out and that he knows he is in there.

Wingate: Tobias Devereux heading toward Sean Jackson.

He begins to climb the turnbuckle behind Jackson.

Wingate: Tobias Devereux on the corner turnbuckle.

He sits on the top and waits for a moment before pushing off of the ropes and coming into the back of Sean Jackson's head with his knees. Tobias falls awkwardly to the side, hitting the back of his own head on the steel grate while Sean Jackson's face smashes into the pod door before he slides to the grate as well.

Szalinski: Whoa. Everyone is out.

Wingate: Big risk by Tobias, and it paid off, but he may have hurt himself just as bad. That floor is metal and metal hurts.

We move to various other shots from the 2014 Chamber match.

V/O: Eight men will enter for a chance to change the landscape of the UTA forever.

Different shots of superstars meeting the side of the Chamber.

V/O: They are in for the fight of their lives.

Back to the chamber hanging above the ring with the cameras flashing.

V/O: Who will survive... The Chamber?

We now move to Alex Beckman and Lamond Alexander Robertson at Victory XXXIII.

Beckman is enraged now, as she yanks back even harder on the armbar. The crowd is buzzing for LAR as they try and rally behind the challenger. From the back of the building, a "DON'T TAP OUT!" chant breaks out and picks up steam across the arena.

Williams: Lamond Robertson struggling to get free, but that hold is clamped on HARD.

With his free arm, LAR stops fighting the hold. Instead, he rolls his whole body to the opposite side, reaching out desperately for the ropes! The crowd gets even louder now, but it's still a few inches from his grasp!

Fury: Get to the ropes! Teach that jezebel how to be a proper lady!

Williams: I... I don't think he's gonna make it, Dick.

The fans can be heard cheering for Robertson, but the cheering stops abruptly as Alex lets out one more guttural roar. She yanks even harder on the hold, keeping LAR from the ropes as his arm gives way with a sickening crack. Immediately, he lets out a cry of absolute horror and excruciating pain, as his arm bends into an unnatural position... and stays that way.

Williams: OH MY GOD! I think... I think that Beckman just broke LAR's right arm!

V/O: One superstar would emerge from the unknown.

We move to Wrestleshow #41.

Beckman leaps into the air, literally stepping up Walker's body with a shining wizard variation... and drops it into the triangle choke! She's got him, merely a minute into this match!

Blackfront: THE BTKO! BTKO! SHE'S GOT HIM!

Ace: One fall down, one to go. What was that about predictions?

Alex pulls the challenger down, seething with rage as she locks in the choke, her back perched against the mat. Walker cries out in pain, fighting the natural instinct to tap out, as she clinches down and tries to secure the first fall in this two out of three falls match.

V/O: One superstar would begin to build her own legacy.

Fade into Wrestleshow #42 as Beckman takes on Will Haynes.

Beckman rolls up and over to her feet. She brings a swift kick across, catching Haynes in the side of the head. His body goes limp and slides to the canvas.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman reaching down and grabbing the head of Will Haynes, pulling him out of the corner and to his feet now.

She holds him as she moves her leg in sweeps him down again.

Blackfront: Beckman takes Haynes down here...

She reaches down, grabbing his arm, pulling back. As she does, she pulls him over, throwing her legs around him yet again and locking his arm tight.

Blackfront: BTKO AGAIN! BTKO!

Haynes unable to fight just goes full limp. The referee sees that he is unresponsive and quickly calls for the bell.

Blackfront: IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER! ALEX BECKMAN IS GOING TO THE RING KING FINALS!

Alex Beckman lets go of Haynes and rolls over to her knees, relieved. Mike Best grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron entering the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match and heading to the Ring King finals.... ALEX... BECKMAN!

V/O: One superstar would dominate everything in her path.

Then into the Ring King finals match.

The whole crowd freezes in time, watching Alex's career flash before their eyes CBR let's out a mighty roar... but Alex ducks a baseball swing with the steel pipe! As CBR is spun around where he stands, she leaps into the air and pulls him down from behind, bringing him down with a crucifix driver in the center of the ring! The arena is on absolute fire, as Dynasty stares on in horror outside of the ring!

Ace: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

Blackfront: The Jesus Complex! Right out of the Mike Best playbook! But she's not done!

As CBR's head is driven into the mat, Alex makes the maneuver her own-- she holds the arm of CBR, wrapping it into an unorthodox looking armbar in the middle of the ring, giving CBR nowhere to go!

Claude Baptiste Ranier is tapping out! He doesn't have a choice!

The crowd is on their feet!

DING DING DING

The final bell rings, as Alex lets go of the hold and collapses like a corpse in the center of the ring. The Machine is still keeping Dynasty at bay outside the ring, where they are collectively having an absolute fit at Alex Beckman's flash victory and the backfiring of their plans!

Blackfront: She's done it! Alex Beckman has done it! The Ring King tournament is over, and Alex Beckman is ten and oh! SHE'S FACING LA FLAMA BLANCA AT RING KING!

V/O: One superstar would make history as she would move through, undefeated, and unwilling to back down from any challenge.

We move to the top of the stage at Wrestleshow #43.

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain; one can only imagine the big smile on his face under that mask. Marshall Owens walks out behind his client.

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion... He will face the winner of tonight's Ring King final in two weeks in the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington.

LFB is wearing a high end Italian suit, with his UTA World Championship title belt slung over his shoulder. LFB stops, grabs his title, and raises it high into the air. Owens claps for LFB.

Another transition to a few moments later.

Marshall Owens grabs a microphone from the ring announcer and hands it to his client as he steps over to the ring ropes.

Ace: He's the greatest, Jason.

La Flama Blanca walks back towards the middle of the ring. Marshall Owens enters the ring and stands by the nearest corner. The fan's boos lul and The Champion puts the mic to his mouth.

La Flama Blanca: Your UTA World Champion is speaking...

The fans let out a roar of boos. Blanca turns his head and juggles the microphone around in his left hand. He adjusts the UTA World Title on his right shoulder.

LFB: You know... each and every week you idiots that come to these shows seem to get more and more ungrateful. You should all be on your hands and knees, thanking me...

And another.

A camera man jumps on to the side of the ring by the ring post, zooming in on La Flama Blanca.

LFB: I come out here, week after week and put my body on the line and you BEAT NUTS just never stop disrespecting... the GREATEST wrestler in the UTA, the GREATEST champion the UTA has ever had!

Blanca takes a few steps to his left. He adjusts his title as he walks closer to the ring ropes.

LFB: None of you have a clue... When it comes down to it, everyone wants this title, everyone. Everyone wants this but they can't handle all that comes with it. You'd crack under the pressure and you fans would eat it up.

The fans pick up the volume.

A few moments later.

LFB: I'm out here for a reason. I'm not out here to talk about the Tag Title match at Victory. I'm not out here to talk about The Second Coming. I'm not out here to talk about Sean Jackson...

Blanca pulls the microphone away as he coughs.

LFB: I'm here to talk about tonight. Tonight is a special night. Tonight we all get to find out who will get their once in a lifetime shot for the UTA World Championship.

LFB laughs as he brings the microphone away from his mouth.

LFB: It's been quite a lackluster tournament so far, if you ask me...

We zoom in on La Flama Blanca as it repeats.

LFB: Lackluster...

Pull back as various shots of La Flama Blanca and Alex Beckman show alternating. A graphic of the World Championship flies through the back breaking through.

V/O: It's all on the line as the 2015 Ring King takes on the Undisputed, Reigning, Defending... UTA World Champion, La Flama Blanca... here.. tonight... at...

The Ring King logo spins around as we burst into a live view of the stage. A series of pyrotechnics begins to explode from the top of the big screen and around the stage perimeter. The fans cheer louder with every explosion. The camera

pans across them.

Blackfront: Tonight, from the sold out KeyArena in Seattle, Washington we bring to you what the last three months have been leading to! Tonight, championships, careers, and legacies will be at stake here at Ring King!

A few more explosions from the stage as we pan over the fans a bit more heading to the screen where a backstage scene comes up. We move from the live shot of the screen into the actual scene.

What's Your Problem?

The backstage camera catches Dynasty member Sean Jackson walking down the hallway, his face is stoic as the eyes are throwing daggers. The Mental Rapist as usual doesn't appear to be in the best of moods.

Voice: Are you kidding me, Sean?

The screen widens to show "Too Cool" Chris Hopper, standing in the corner with a bottle of water in his hand. He smiles at the former UTA World Champion who stops dead in his tracks. After not saying a single word on UTA programming since Black Horizon, frustratingly the silence is broken.

Jackson: Do yourself a favor Hopper, now is definitely not the time to be messing with me.

Hopper: I'm not here to mess with you, just trying to figure out what is wrong with you.

Sean continues to throw the eye darts.

Jackson: Just what do you mean by that?

Hopper: Listen, you and I have never agreed on anything since I arrived here. But I never thought I would see you get pushed to the back of a group you were the centerpiece of at one time.

They stare at each other as Hopper motions with his free hand.

Hopper: What is up with that, Sean?

Jackson: First of all, I haven't been pushed to the back of anything. As far as I'm concerned, this is Dynasty business and will be handled in house.

Hopper's face is dead serious as he starts again.

Hopper: Now you were a founding member of Dynasty, right?

Jackson: You know I was.

Hopper: Then how did somebody you RECRUITED into the fold take over and treat you like this?

Taking a brief moment to look up towards the ceiling, the Mental Rapist strokes his chin as the eyes drop back to Hopper.

Jackson: That's your problem Hopper, you and the rest of the Ungratefults think you have Dynasty all figured out. Well let me tell you something Chris, nobody is in charge of Dynasty...especially La Flama Blanca.

The air is completely sucked out of the arena.

Jackson: Because after I win Ace In The Hole at Ring King, I'm going to cash in on either the him or the broad, and nobody is going to stop me.

Chris grins.

Hopper: I like your confidence, Sean, I really do. But I can tell you right now that you won't have anything to cash in

because you are looking at the only man who will hold that Ace in the Hole briefcase.

He leans in toward Sean's face.

Hopper: And when I have it, one by one, every single member of Dynasty will have their day in the court of the King.

His grin widens.

Hopper: Oh yeah, I believe I have Dynasty COMPLETELY figured out.

He points into Jackson's chest.

Hopper: And I think, deep down in there, you do too.

Sean slaps Hopper's finger away.

Jackson: You are living in a dream world Hopper, because nobody has us figured out. Just as nobody outside of Dynasty will be able to grab that contract, much less climb the ladder. Not you, not Lew Smith, not Two Cee, Zhalia, Farthington, or Abdul

The tone of his voice is matter of factly, and his face is filled with confidence. With each name mentioned, a finger goes up.

Jackson: Dynasty is going to do what's best for Dynasty.

Enjoying his verbal handiwork, the Mental Rapist smiles again. He knows the deck is stacked in Dynasty's favor, and most importantly, in his favor.

Jackson: Besides, what better way to stick it to the Ungratefals, and I mean the true Ungratefals, these Seattle, Washington burnouts who still want to believe in heroes, of people like Lew Smith, of Marie Van Claudio...

The smile gets larger.

Jackson: Or you.

He chuckles.

Jackson: Like any of you will be champion.

The arena erupts into boos.

Jackson: Well just pay attention Chris, because just like always, you are about to disappoint them again.

Chris' face gives a look that could shoot daggers.

Hopper: Sean, I promise you one thing.....my days of putting up with the garbage you and Dynasty try to serve the people are over. One by one, you can step up and I'm going to knock each and every one of you down.

He pauses.

Hopper: I don't need the people to will me to becoming anything. I *WANT* them to push me higher and higher. If success was built on the fans, Dynasty would be discussed in past tense.

The grin slowly creeps across his mouth again. Jackson looks like he wants to speak, but Hopper continues.

Hopper: And there is nothing any of you will do about it. See you there, pal.

Chris turns to walk away and Jackson considers attacking, but just smirks.

Jackson: Oh yeah, you'll see me there alright. Until my knee puts you out.

Fade.

A Full Deck, Only One Ace

The camera crew roamed the corridors of the KeyArena in Seattle as the buzz of the night roared throughout. Who would be the UTA Champion by the night's end? Who will be the final two in the Chamber and draft their rosters? Who will climb to the top and become the Ace in the Hole? Questions soon to be answered, but first a trip backstage where they came to a stop.

Makeup Assistant: Alright, I think we have most of it covered in good order, Ms. Fears.

Spinning the chair around Zhalia looks at herself in the mirror lightly touching around her eyelids and cheekbones.

Fears: That looks better. Thanks a lot Melissa! First night on the job and already hard at work!

Smiling she steps forward and hugs the young woman. Seeing the crew standing there like the voyeurs they are she grins back at them.

Fears: Crimson Lord did quite the number. And while I see no problem it seems that some parents, perhaps they may be related to the members of management or the board; they think that it is best to cover up such marks on a live show. Oh well.

She shrugs. Waste of time, but not like she had much else to do at the moment. Gotta keep the upper's happy, too.

Fears: LEW!

Jumping to the left and off-screen before the camera rotates to the right, showing Zhalia hugging Lew Smith. She kicks off back a step.

Smith: Hey Zhalia, you feeling it for tonight?

Fears: Ready to kick a whole lot of posterior!

Smith: The way I see it...it's gunna be four against six here soon. At least to even the playing field, right?

Fears: More four against four. I do not believe Cecilworth or Abdul will want to fight the good fight against Dynasty, so that leaves us two, The Second Coming and ol' Hopper.

Smith: Decent point. I had not thought about that one.

Fears: Better if you three deal with them though. So I can climb that ladder!

She smiles and can tell that Lew Smith's not quite understanding the seriousness of her tone.

Fears: Trust me Lew. Love you all, but after the hell I went through, I feel like I can do anything. Float on the clouds, fly high, swim deep, and climb mountains. Or in this case ladders.

Smith: Agreed. You've done a lot and been through plenty hardened challenges, I don't see why you shouldn't fight for it. Whilst I'll show my complete solo interest on that contract however, Dynasty can't win this. We can't let them.

Fears: Roster draft aside, the Ace will give the winner the availability to be on either show most likely. We can't let Dynasty have that free-roam.

Smith: Indeed, it just seems like the UTA is being consumed by Dynasty and its influence. We have to be ready to repel their control...are you ready to help me at least stomp out their chances of winning tonight?

Fears: I am so ready for this!

Smith: Same. Best of luck to us all.

Fears: Well we are kicking this off now so how about last one to the guerilla has to pay the loser of tonight's UTA

Championship match a fair 'you did good' after the show?

Smith: You're on!

The scene fades out as Smith and Fears sprint down the corridor, because Ace in the Hole is coming up here NEXT.

I Will be the Ace in the Hole

Widescreen overlay. The Ace in the Hole briefcase spins slowly on screen accompanied by voice-over. Below it sits an empty ring.

V/O: Tonight ten of wrestling's most stellar competitors will battle as their destiny hangs above.

As 'Champion' by Theo Chinara and Craig Hardy plays in the background. Zhalia Fears slides into the ring and looks upward to the sky. The briefcase explodes above him causing the screen to break into separate non-symmetrical pieces. Ten in fact.

'Until the end. Until the Final.'

The top-left showcases Lew Smith with Heaven's Judgment locked in on Kendrix, the next box lights up to show Chris Hopper hitting the Ice Breaker on him.

'We will fight.'

One by one the boxes across the top row light up showcasing the participants of the match. Sean Jackson with Game Called Due to Darkness on Rhys Townsend,

'We will conquer.'

The Second Coming with the Holy Experience expertly applied to Joshua Jones, and Mikey Unlikely bending tMarie Van Claudio in half with The Backstory.

'Emerge Victorious.'

'We are the Champions.'

V/O: With a prize shot at immortality on the line, eight men and two women will pull out all the stops. Even if it means risking their careers!

'Until the end. Until the final.'

The bottom-right showcases Cecil Farthington with Malice in Wonderland on Lew Smith.

'We will fight.'

The box to the left lights up to show Zhalia Fears delivering the Offering to the White Rabbit, then onto Kendrix with the Kendrix Cross locked in tightly.

'We will conquer.'

The next box comes to life as Abdul bin Hussain has Mr. Fantastic in the Arm's of Allah. The final box lights up with CBR locking in the Canadian Cradle on Ron Hall.

'Emerge Victorious.'

V/O: Each with the same focus. The same passion. The same thought.

'We are the Champions.'

The boxes on screen all light up to shots of the competitors in profile.

Smith: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

S. Jackson: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

Farthington: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

Hopper: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

ABH: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

Fears: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

CBR: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

Unlikely: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

2C: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

Kendrix: I will be the Ace in the Hole.

V/O: Ten will start. Only one will grab hold of their destiny. Who will climb to the top and grab the briefcase?

All in Unison: I WILL BE THE ACE IN THE HOLE.

V/O: Keep watching. We find out tonight here in Seattle's KeyArena!

'Emerge Victorious. We are the Champions.'

The screen overlays with the Ace in the hole briefcase once more as it fades out and live to the arena.

We head back ringside as the fans go crazy. We pan across seeing a variety of ladders set up around the ring.

Blackfront: We're kicking tonight off big folks!

Army of Me by Bjork starts to play, and the lights dim to a mix of red and silver spotlights.

Announcer: Representing...

He looks at his notes.

Announcer: Representing the fans of the UTA... at a total combined weight of two hundred and eighty two pounds...

The cameras pan the crowd, showing signs that advertise "#FearsNone" and "#OurHero" and the ubiquitous "#2BAFAN." Additionally, many young women can be seen strapping 'Second Coming' style face masks over their mouths, and hooded sweatshirts with the hood over their heads.

Announcer: 'Kimera', ZHALIA FEARS... and her friend for life... THE SECOND COMING... This is... TOO BADASS... FOR A NAAAAAMMMEEEEEE!!

Ace: These idiots know it isn't a tag match, right?

Blackfront: Still, showing unity.

The two come out from the back with energy. They slap hands as they hope sideways down the ramp before both turning and taking off. As they hit the bottom of the ramp, they both slide into the ring together before heading to opposite corners, climbing.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As Call to Pray by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and he emerges.

Blackfront: The Wildfire Champion wanting to capture his chance to once again hole the biggest title in the company.

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He looks about at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly he walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads.

Blackfront: The Champion ready for war.

Abdul stands in a neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Blackfront: This match has nothing but the best of the best in it. Former top champions, current champions. This folks, is the UTA at it's best.

When The Going Gets Tough by Billy Ocean BOOMS over the speaker system as out from the back, with a ten mile grin, bounds Cecilworth Farthington. As Farthington stands atop the entranceway, the fans start an Uncle Barty chant.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington quickly gaining a large following here in the UTA.

Ace: Sounds more like the fans want Uncle Barty than him.

Cecilworth gives a regal wave to an unhappy audience, continuing to smile all the way down the ramp, oblivious to the negative reaction and the concept of human emotion.

Announcer: Hailing from Buckinghamshire, England

Cecilworth walks up the steps, dabbing his sweet cherub cheeks with his Farthington Family towel as he pivots into the action zone.

Announcer: Standing at SIX FOOT THREE INCHES and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Cecilworth climbs atop the middle rope, smiling and giving another regal wave towards the fans.

Announcer: Representing The Machine... he is... CECILWORTH FARTHINGGGGGTOOONNN!!!!

Cecilworth jumps off the ropes and begins to prepare for the match.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington one of the guys most people believe will walk out of this with the briefcase.

Cecilworth leans up against the turnbuckle, giving the crowd a big ole V for Victory, which is very Churchillian

v/o: Seattle, Can you feel it coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #Dynasty.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

Ace: Alright! Here comes my favorite to win this thing!

Blackfront: Tommy, you change your picks at will.

Ace: I'm declaring a Dynasty win tonight! Sean Jackson just might be that member!

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson walks out onto the stage. Right behind him is Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and CBR. They all walk to the top of the ramp and stop. Shoulder to shoulder, they stand looking out over the crowd.

Blackfront: Woah, all four members of Dynasty are coming out together.

Ace: I told you they were united Jason! One of these men will walk out the Ace in the Hole winner! Mark my words!

Blackfront: But didn't you complain about Zhalia and Second Coming coming out together?

Ace: What? No. Why would I?

Blackfront: Whatever Tommy.

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

The four of them just take in the boos, as they ring out from every corner of the arena. Finally Sean gives a head nod, and the four walk down to the ring. Focused, ignoring the fans who reach for them in the aisleway.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, They represent Dynastyyyyyyyy!

Mikey and Kendrix both slide into the ring underneath the ropes as Jackson and Claude head for the ring stairs. They all meet inside the ring, and once again stand together.

Announcer: This is Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, Claude Baptiste Ranier, and Sean Jackson!

The men huddle up to discuss their strategy for the match, each making eager glances at both the suspended briefcase and the ladders.

Blackfront: This match is going to be huge. One of these superstars will climb a ladder and pull down that briefcase that is hanging high above the ring. Inside of the briefcase will be a contract that can be cashed in any time during the next year, guaranteeing them an UTA World Championship match.

Ace: It can be cashed in, literally, anytime.

Blackfront: That is right. These superstars know how big this is and are ready.

Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely, CBR, and Sean Jackson stand in a corner to themselves. Across we see Zhalia Fears and

Second Coming standing near Lew Smith and Chris Hopper. On each side, in the corners, stands Abdul bin Hussain in one and Cecilworth Farthington in the other.

Blackfront: Ten superstars, one prize. Are you ready Tommy?

Ace: I sure am! I can't wait to find out which member of Dynasty has the contract!

The bell sounds and the fans rumble.

Blackfront: This match is underway!

Hussain and Farthington both have the same idea as they each drop down and roll out of the ring. Inside the ring we see Dynasty rush the center as does Too Bad Ass, Chris Hopper, and Lew Smith.

Blackfront: CBR and Chris Hopper exchanging punches now as Sean Jackson and Lew Smith lock up.

Too Bad Ass for a name rush and each leap for a drop kick. One connects with Kendrix, as the other connects with Mikey. Both members of Dynasty roll out of the ring.

Blackfront: Jackson has Lew Smith in a side headlock now. Hopper with a boot to the gut of CBR.

As CBR bends over from the boot, Zhalia Fears runs from the side, rolls over his back to the other side of him, moves forward and leaps over while grabbing his neck.

Blackfront: CBR into a swinging neck breaker by Zhalia Fears!

She high fives Second Coming as the two turn and follow Chris Hopper who heads over and boots Sean Jackson in the gut, causing him to let go of Lew Smith.

Blackfront: Hopper and Second Coming each grabbing an arm of Sean Jackson...

They pull back, sending him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Jackson on the return now... ducks the double clothesline.

As he ducks Hopper and Second Coming's arms, he throws his two arms out, connecting with Fears and Smith.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears and Lew Smith both taken down! Jackson off of the ropes again.

Coming and Hopper both turn as Sean Jackson approaches. Second Coming ducks his clothesline attempt as Chris Hopper throws a boot up, catching him in the face.

Blackfront: All four members of Dynasty now down.

Ace: Everyone is down except Second Coming and Chris Hopper!

Blackfront: Don't forget, Abdul bin Hussain and Cecilworth Farthington are outside of the ring. I see Hussain as he slides a ladder into the ring, but where is Cecilworth?

Ace: I don't know Jason.

Abdul rolls into the ring, lifting the ladder with him as he stands.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to set that ladder up there.

As Second Coming checks on Zhalia Fears, Chris Hopper heads over and grabs the ladder from the other side. He and Abdul fight each other over who is going to take the ladder. As they do, we see Cecilworth pop up on the opposite side of the ring, another ladder in hand.

Blackfront: There is Farthington there.

Ace: He's got a ladder

He slides the ladder in as Chris Hopper wins the power struggle, collapsing the ladder together. He lifts it up, turning it sideways, and swings. Cecilworth, whom is now in the ring, drops his own ladder and ducks as Abdul bin Hussain turns right into the edge of the oncoming metal.

Blackfront: Hopper takes Abdul bin Hussain off of of his feet.

Ace: The Wildfire Champion wants to win this one Jason. He wants to upgrade his title!

Hussain rolls out. Behind Hopper, Kendrix and Unlikely roll back in. As Chris Hopper begins sitting the ladder back up in the middle, both men charge him, leaping forward, and catching Hopper in the back of the knees. He stumbles forward and into the side of the ladder, which tips over, landing on the top rope. Hopper turns as both Kendrix and Mikey bring a foot up and over, catching Hopper in the side of the head, Mikey on the right side and Kendrix on the left. Chris falls back and down, the back of his head hitting the arm between the ladder, breaking it.

Ace: Well that is one ladder that is no good anymore.

Cecilworth lifts his ladder up, placing his head through the rungs in the center and he holds it on his shoulders. Second Coming helps Zhalia to her feet. As they both turn, Cecilworth twist to the side, catching them both in the head with the front of the ladder as the back slams into the back of Mikey and Kendrix's heads. All four superstars hit the canvas and roll to the edge of the ring or out.

Ace: Cecilworth just cleared house!

Lew Smith begins to push up, as he does, Farthington runs forward, slamming the top rung directly into Smith's face, sending him backward and into the corner before he drops to a sitting position.

Blackfront: All Cecilworth has to do now is set that ladder up and climb!

Ace: Farthing for the win!

He lifts the ladder up, sitting it on the canvas as he spreads each side. Farthington taps the arm in the middle down, before moving to the other side and doing the same. He begins to align the ladder with the briefcase.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington the only man standing here as he looks to be ready to climb that ladder.

Cecilworth heads to the side and reaches up, grabbing a rung before stepping off of the canvas and to the first rung.

Blackfront: Here he goes!

As Cecilworth begins to climb, Chris Hopper pushes himself up. As his back is turned, he focuses on lifting the broken ladder up and over the top rope, which causes it to fall on top of Abdul bin Hussain whom is still down. Once the ladder is out of the ring, Hopper turns and sees Cecilworth halfway up the ladder and climbing.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper realizing this one could be lost heading to the ladder.

He grabs both sides of the ladder and begins to push. Cecilworth shakes his head no and holds on as the ladder falls to the side, sending him into the top rope as it crashes down. His body flops up and backward into the ring and onto the canvas as Hopper reaches forward and catches the ladder in mid bounce, pulling it back to a standing position.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now resetting the ladder. Could be looking for the win.

Ace: About time Chris Hopper does something. This guy has been missing in action for months now.

Blackfront: That's not true. He face Cayle Murray just a couple of weeks ago.

Ace: And lost Jason. How long has it been since he did anything relevant?

Hopper begins to climb.

Chris Hopper now climbing the ladder. We could be moments away from having our Ace in the Hole winner.

Second Coming makes her way up, rushing the ladder.

Blackfront: Second Coming now beginning to climb the ladder.

Ace: Ha! Watch this Jason. Hopper refuses to hit a woman. What is he going to do in this situation?

Hopper yells at Second Coming to get off of the ladder as she yells for him to make her. As the two argue near the top, Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely, CBR, and Sean Jackson slide back in and get up.

Blackfront: Dynasty back in this, but there can be only one winner.

The men break off to two on each side of the ladder, each grabbing it as Hopper and Second Coming hold on tight.

Blackfront: It looks like Chris Hopper and Second Coming may be going for a ride here.

The four men begin to shake the ladder, causing the two on it to start losing their grips. Behind the carnage, Zhalia Fears and Cecilworth slide back into the ring.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears climbing the turnbuckle, what is she going to do?

Abdul bin Hussain slides a ladder in from outside the ring. As Fears leaps from the top, she comes crashing down on top of Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely. Jackson and CBR push the ladder to the side, letting it fall. As it does, Cecilworth moves out of the way of Chris Hopper and Second Coming whom come crashing down with the ladder. He runs past the two Dynasty men into the ropes.

Blackfront: Farthington off of the ropes.. **DOUBLE BULLDOG TO KENDRIX AND MIKEY UNLIKELY!**

Hussain finalizes sitting his ladder up against the corner turnbuckle before heading over and grabbing Cecilworth as he begins to get up.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain pulling Farthington to his feet. Heavy right hands by the Wildfire Champion now. Grabs the arm of Farthington... Irish wh- **NO! REVERSAL!** Abdul bin Hussain sent running and **CRASHING INTO THE LADDER HE SET UP HIMSELF!**

As he hits the ladder back first in the corner, Cecilworth takes off, leaping up and coming down.

Blackfront: **FARTHINGTON WITH A SPLASH ONTO HUSSAIN!**

The ladder breaks inward as Abdul's back goes through it.

Blackfront: Big time move there by Cecilworth Farthington.

Ace: If it isn't someone from Dynasty, I want the winner to be Cecilworth.

Blackfront: Farthington his feet, now looking to get the ladder which once held Chris Hopper and Second Coming back in play.

As he lifts it up, repositioning it, Zhalia Fears grabs his shoulder and turns him around.

Blackfront: Fears with a right to Farthington. Another now.. followed by a boot to the midsection.

She runs back and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: Fears on the return.. leaps over Farthington...

She grabs his waist as she does with her legs sliding under his arms from behind, bringing him back with the momentum.

Blackfront: **SUNSET FLIP POWERBOMB!**

The fans go absolutely crazy. While Zhalia is pushing up, Lew Smith is up, runs forward and leaps onto the ladder a

few rungs up, quickly scurrying up it.

Blackfront: LEW SMITH IS GOING UP THE LADDER! SMITH IS CLIMBING!

Ace: Not this idiot!

Zhalia quickly begins to climb the ladder as well.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears now making her way up. Smith is reaching.. he touches the briefcase.... HERE COMES FEARS!

Zhalia brings a right catching Lew in the side of the head. he grabs the top of the ladder to keep himself on.

Blackfront: Another right from Fears.. and another!

She goes for a fourth, and Lew blocks it with his left arm. He then grabs her head with his right and pulls it in.

Blackfront: HEAD BUTT BY LEW SMITH!

Fears is sent back and off of the ladder, crashing down to the canvas. Lew reaches up again, this time getting more of the briefcase. He repositions himself and goes up one more rung. The fans go crazy as Lew begins to mess with the hook holding the briefcase.

Blackfront: Lew Smith has it.. he is about to win the ma-

CBR is up, comes forward and grabs each side of the ladder. He uses his arm to reach through and knock the other arm on the ladder up before doing the same to the one in front of him. Then, grabbing each side, CBR closes the ladder, leaving Lew on top holding on for his life.

Blackfront: Lew Smith trying to balance..

His eyes grow large as CBR pushes the straight ladder back, causing it to fall. Smith flies down, crashing into Chris Hopper and Second Coming whom had just got up outside of the ring.

Blackfront: CBR saves the match as we continue.

Ace: Of course he does! This match is Dynasty's!

Jackson gets up and heads over to help CBR lift the ladder back up. As they start to reset it, they see that it is warped and unable to properly sit.

Blackfront: That ladder is no good.

Ace: Hurry up and get another one!

Both men look around. Mikey yells from outside of the ring and they nod. As Unlikely and Kendrix begin to pull a larger ladder from under the ring, CBR and Sean Jackson sit the warped one up in the corner across from where Abdul had sit his originally.

Blackfront: Dynasty acting as a team here.

Ace: As we knew they would.

Blackfront: But the problem Tommy is that only one person can win!

Unlikely and Kendrix slide the taller ladder in and follow. All four men begin working to sit the ladder up and get it straight. Outside of the ring, Cecilworth begins to get up, using the edge of the ring to pull himself to a knee.

Blackfront: Dynasty has the ladder up.

Ace: Lets take that briefcase home! For Dynasty!

Blackfront: Only, one man can win.

Ace: Not if they all four climb and pull the case off together.

Blackfront: How would that even work?

Ace: I just come up with the ideas Jason, I don't come up with how to execute them.

Blackfront: Of course you don't.

Sean places his foot up on the bottom rung. As he reaches for the next, Mikey taps him on the back. Jackson looks back at him as Mikey ask why he gets to climb. On the other side, CBR and Kendrix seem to be having a heated discussion about whom should climb.

Blackfront: The pitfalls of multiple members of a group being in this type of match. Could a crack be forming in the foundation of Dynasty before our eyes?

Ace: Not at all!

Jackson begins to climb again, however is stopped when Mikey grabs his foot and pulls him down to the canvas. Jackson turns around and yells at Unlikely. On the other side Kendrix blows CBR off and grabs the rungs. Before he can start climbing, CBR pushes his side, causing him to come off of the ladder.

The four men begin arguing between themselves on who should climb, moving to one corner of the ring. As they do, Cecilworth slides into the ring. He looks at them and then the ladder then back to them before shrugging.

Blackfront: Farthington looks to be capitalizing on the situation here... starting to climb.

Ace: Are you kidding me?

Mikey pushes Jackson as CBR pushes Kendrix. Tensions heat up until Unlikely points at the ladder and yells. He burst through the group and toward the ladder, leaping up a few rungs and starting to climb.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely looking to stop Cecilworth from getting the briefcase.

Kendrix heads around the ladder and begins to climb after Cecilworth as Jackson begins up behind Mikey. CBR drops and rolls out of the ring, heading for another ladder.

Blackfront: Kendrix now trying to pull Cecilworth Farthington off of the ladder.

Jackson and Mikey both hang side by side on the ladder, once again yelling at each other. CBR slides a second ladder in.

Blackfront: CBR sitting that second ladder up next to the first.

As he gets it up, Kendrix sides over and climbs up, reaching for the briefcase. CBR begins to climb, however, Mikey slides over above him.

Blackfront: Unlikely kicking at CBR.

Ace: Look Jason, they know that it's every man for themselves. No matter which one wins, Dynasty will never falter.

Chris Hopper pulls himself to the apron before entering into the ring. He sees the two ladders which contain all four members of Dynasty as well as Cecilworth. Kendrix grabs the back of Farthington's head, slamming him face first into the ladder. As Cecilworth flies off of the ladder, he turns in air. Hopper leaps up, turning and grabbing his head on the way down.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER ON FARTHINGTON!

The crowd gets loud as Hopper pushes over back to his feet and quickly starts up the ladder once occupied by

Cecilworth.

Blackfront: Hopper now climbing as well. CBR kicked off of his ladder by Unlikely! We have three members of Dynasty now up top, all reaching for the briefcase!

Ace: DYNASTY BABY!

Kendrix gets ahold of the briefcase and hook. He begins to undo it.

Blackfront: KENDRIX HAS THE CASE! KENDRIX HAS THE CASE!

Ace: OUR FUTURE WORLD CHAMPION!

Chris Hopper sends an elbow into the side of Kendrix, causing him to release the briefcase.

Blackfront: Denied by Hopper.

Chris grabs Kendrix's head as his body turns sideways. He then pushes off of the ladder, pulling Kendrix with him, falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER OFF OF THE LADDER! MY GOD KENDRIX MUST BE DEAD!

As they leaped, the ladder containing Mikey tilted to the left, falling over, sending Unlikely off and over the top rope, falling down and slamming onto the broken ladder outside of the ring. Jackson's held onto his ladder tight as it moved, but restabilized.

Blackfront: Jackson climbing back up. The lone man on the ladder, waiting to claim his chance to once again become the UTA World Champion.

Ace: Get it Sean! Get it!

Hopper heads over and grabs Sean's legs, pulling him down several rungs. However, Sean is able to hang on. Hopper turns around, and slides his arms up, and grabbing Jackson. He then pulls Jackson from the ladder, coming forward and throwing him forward and down.

Blackfront: HUGE POWERBOMB BY THE KING OF COOL!

The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: He's cleared out Dynasty!

Ace: THE KING OF FOOLS!

Hopper turns around and looks at the ladder, following it up and seeing the briefcase. He begins toward the ladder, reaching up and grabbing onto it before he begins to climb.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now climbing the ladder, wanting to capture the opportunity to claim his UTA World Championship shot. The final accolade to a long and storied career, just inches above his head.

Ace: Look at Abdul pulling a table out from under the ring. This is a ladder match, not a table match you idiot!

Abdul bin Hussain, who has made his way to the apron after setting up the table outside of the ring, climbs the corner post from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain going up top.

Ace: When did this idiot learn to fly?

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain always adding to his arsenal... he leaps... DROP KICK TO THE LADDER! HOPPER IS GOING OVER!

Hopper comes off of the ladder, landing on the top rope groin first. His face lights up with pain, before he leans to the right, sliding off hitting the side of the ring before falling to the floor.

Blackfront: Hussain pulling the ladder back up. Could the Wildfire Champion be close to winning this?

Ace: I hope not!

As Abdul checks the ladder's integrity, CBR runs forward and leaps. Hussain turns.

Blackfront: SPEAR BY CBR! SPEAR!

CBR pushes up quick, letting out a huge roar before turning to the ladder. he runs forward, leaping up and scurrying up the ladder.

Ace: CBR! CBR IS GOING FOR IT JASON! DO YOU SEE THIS?! THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT EVER!

Blackfront: CBR up... he's reaching! We may have a winner here!

Second Coming and Zhalia Fears slide into the ring from opposite sides. Second Coming runs, leaping with both legs out.

Blackfront: Double leg dropkick to the ladder!

Abdul falls to the side and off. As he falls, Zhalia turns her back to him. Abdul's feet hit the canvas behind her as his arms go over her shoulders. She grabs his arms. Abdul throws his legs up around her, trying to maneuver into some hold, but Zhalia in a split second leaps up as he is throwing his legs up to use his momentum to help her get him up and drop down into a backpack stunner.

Blackfront: THE OFFERING BY ZHALIA FEARS IN MID AIR! THE OFFERING!

She rolls over and pushes up.

Ace: No! Someone stop these two idiots!

Zhalia and Second Coming begin to climb the ladder from each side.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears and Second Coming, both hoping to take the briefcase down and get their chance to become UTA World Champion...

As they get to the top, the two friends look at each other face to face.

Blackfront: These two friends... team mates... buddies for life on the edge of greatness. But who will take the briefcase?

Suddenly Zhalia says I Love You before bringing a right hand forward, connecting with Second Coming. Second Coming returns with her own. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Too Bad Ass exchanging punches on top of the ladders. In one split second.. one of these women can walk out with the contract in hand!

Ace: Doesn't Zhalia get tired of being beaten on?

Fears lands a second punch in a row, followed by a third. She reaches forward, grabbing Second Coming's head, and pulls her face first into the ladder. As her head ricochets from the ladder, Coming flies backward and off of the ladder. The fans get on their feet as Zhalia looks down with concern for her friend before looking up at the briefcase.

Blackfront: ZHALIA FEARS IS CLIMBING! SHE IS ABOUT TO DO IT!

Ace: She can't reach it Jason! She's too short!

Tommy can be heard laughing loud.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears unable to get the briefcase from the last rung... she looks to be going to the very top! My lord Zhalia.. don't do it! it's not worth it!

She takes a deep breath as she moves to the very top, steadying herself, trying to keep her balance as she slowly stands. Fears stands straight up on the very top of the ladder looking out as the cameras flash and she takes a deep breath.

Blackfront: Putting her body and life on the line tonight for the chance to get the grandest prize in the industry... WAIT! HERE COMES JACKSON!

Sean Jackson bounces off of the ropes as Lew Smith slides into the ring under the bottom rope. Jackson leaps with a shoulder, slamming into the ladder right before Lew Smith catches him in the gut, tackling him to the canvas immediately starting to punch Jackson.

Blackfront: MY LORD! NOOOOO!!!

Zhalia and the ladder go forward. She flies off of the ladder, twisting in the air falling fast. Fears' body crashes through the table previously set up by Abdul bin Hussain outside of the ring as the fans get to their feet chanting HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: She just fell what has to be fifteen to twenty feet!

Ace: She's hurt Jason. There is no one who could take that fall and not be.

Chris Hopper can be seen heading around the ring as is Second Coming who had rolled out, both running to check on Fears. Inside of the ring, Lew Smith gets up and can be seen getting ready for Sean Jackson who rolls over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Smith ready... Jackson up.. Smith charges him... WAIT! SEAN JACKSON GRABS LEW SMITH!

He twist around and slams him down.

Blackfront: SPINE BUSTER!

Kendrix and Unlikely have made their way back in the ring, slowly moving over to the fallen ladder.

Blackfront: Unlikely and Kendrix now sitting that ladder back up.

Ace: See! Dynasty working together again!

As they sit it up, all three men standing look at each other and then back up at the briefcase.

Blackfront: Another stand off....

Second Coming and Hopper leave the side of Zhalia as medical staff attend to her. Both slide into the ring.

Blackfront: HERE COMES HOPPER AND SECOND COMING!

Ace: No!

They rush the trio, Hopper slamming fist into Kendrix as Second Coming catches Mikey. All four superstars begin to battle it out as Sean Jackson charges past them, leaping to the ladder and climbing.

Blackfront: We have a brawl in the ring as Jackson reaches. If he grabs the briefcase, Sean Jackson will have the Ace in a Hole!

Chris Hopper sends Kendrix over the top rope as Mikey grabs Second Coming, hitting a double underhook DDT.

Blackfront: Unlikely rolls back up. Hopper moving in.. Unlikely ducks Hopper's arm. Both men turn.. standing dropkick by Mikey Unlikely.

Just as he hits the kick, Jackson grabs the briefcase and lifts it from the hook. Hopper's back slams into the ladder. As the ladder and Jackson both fall to the side, Mikey's face is priceless with shock.

Blackfront: SEAN JACKSON HAS THE BRIEFCASE! JACKSON HAS THE BRIEFCASE!

Jackson hits the canvas hard, briefcase held tight to his chest as the bell begins to sound.

Ace: I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU DYNASTY WOULD WIN!

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely did not expect to inadvertently give Jackson the extra boost he needed to get the briefcase off of the hook. Sean Jackson has the Ace in the Hole!

Announcer: The winner of this match and first ever recipient of the Ace in the Hole.... The Mental Rapist... SEAN... JAAACCKKSSSOONN!!!

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

Sean's music begins to play as the carnage can be seen from a wide pan of the camera. Unlikely heads over checking on his Dynasty mate as Jackson has slid into the corner, sitting up and holding the briefcase. The camera zooms in, to see Jackson smiling as Mikey is patting him on the shoulder.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has earned the right to challenge any time in the next year for the UTA World Championship.

Ace: What's great is if Alex Beckman wins tonight, which she wont, Jackson can be th one to destroy her and give her that first loss!

Blackfront: And if La Flama Blanca wins tonight?

Ace: Then Sean can be ready to cash in if Blanca somehow loses the belt! Either way, the World Championship has just been guaranteed to stay within Dynasty forever!

Kendrix and CBR have made their ways back in the ring and help Jackson up with Mikey. The four men stand hurt, but united as Jackson raises the briefcase up high.

Dogs Get Put Down

Blackfront: I'm being told one of the Chamber participants is backstage and wishes to "address his faithful."

Ace: Don't tell me... Bronson Box.

Blackfront: Right on the money, partner.

Ace: Dude gives me the damn heebie-jeebies.

We're backstage. Just backstage. We notice the familiar long dark tarped tunnel leading up to gorilla position, and beyond that. Us. The UTA fans... and the ring. The normal hustle and bustle of the backstage area holds our attention enough that his entrance into the scene takes us by surprise. He's dressed for battle. Checking his leather gauntlets as he takes his mark at center stage. The Bombastic Bronson Box lets a few moments hang in the air between us before speaking. He raises a finger with an ear cocked in the direction of the arena.

Box: Can ye' hear that... the winds of change.

The look of pure unhinged confidence on his face, the half smile and the far off look in his eyes is... unsettling to say the least..

Box: There's only so long a man like me'll sit around with his thumb up his arse.

He whips his shushing finger around and points back towards the ramp up to the stage.

Box: You want to throw me in a demonic structure with seven other men, I say FINALLY... I hope you've got a nice clean canvas waiting in the wings or else you and the rest o' your "superstars" are gunna' be wrestlin in seven other men's blood.

We see how eager he is, his shoulders are tense. Huge veins in his neck and head pulse. His heart rate is up. He starts to wring his hands, his tongue flicking in and out of his mouth. This is a man ready to fight.

Box: To those... seven other men. As you lot get ready to walk down the ramp, hear those padlocks click shut. Take our places in that bloody meatgrinder. I 'ain't locked in there with you, boy's.

He reaches out quick as a viper and grabs hold of the camera, pulling it in close. Hooking a thumb towards his face.

Box: You're locked in there with me.

He pushes the camera away with such force the camera man stumbles backward, the expensive camera hitting the concrete floor with a clatter. Our view still sideways, we see a pair of ruby red high heels slowly walk into frame, helping the cameraman to his feet. A pair of black and white converse join the red heels in our tilted view of the world.

Cameraman: That goddamn maniac can't just walk around assaulting people and damaging UTA property! You better believe Mr. Wingate will hear about this!

The unmistakable voice of Bronson's business manager Jane Katze cuts the man off.

Jane: See that he does, I'd just love a sitdown with the "bossman"... once he's done with his little dalliance with in-ring competitorship, that is.

The red heels turn and march off in the same direction The Wargod struck out towards just moments before. The cameraman reaches down and starts gathering his equipment off the concrete floor.

Cameraman: Crazy bit...

The feed cuts suddenly and we're back at commentary.

Ace: I hope that whackjob pays little miss red shoes well, she might be the only reason that big gorilla is still employed here.

Blackfront: He certainly does have a way about him, doesn't he?

The Hero You Want X The Hero You Need

As we switch to camera 8 backstage, the mostly black and crimson attire of Sanctus fills up the screen. Pulling back, it finally reveals the same Daredevil mask he revealed at Proving Grounds, and that new focused look, too.

Sanctus: Which one of these was it, now?

He runs his hand along the wall, and every door as he passes, trying to remember where he was headed.

Sanctus: Here we go.

Deciding that this must be the door he was looking for, he bangs a back fist against it twice.

Sanctus: Murray, you decent in there?

The camera swings behind The Man in the Crimson Mask to focus on the opening door. A titanic man fills the door-frame: 6'7", black of hair, and recognisable to plenty in-attendance, Andy Murray is in-town to watch his baby brother compete. The GCW Hall-of-Famer smiles.

A. Murray: You weren't expecting a trick-or-treater tonight, Cayle?

Sanctus: Cute, as always, Murr.

C. Murray: Let him in, Andy.

A. Murray: Works for me. Gotta get back to the Skybox before LT and the gang scoff all the sliders anyway.

The departing Andy turns back into the locker-room for a brief moment.

A. Murray: Good luck again, kid, and remember – make sure you slap Eric Dane in the face once for me, right?

The one time Scottish King of Cool steps away laughing as Sanctus, and our camera, move into the coach's' office converted into a the Clan Murray's personal locker room for tonight. Cayle stands from the chair he used, just finished tying his boots.

Sanctus: I heard you were looking for another decent soul to fight with in that satanic structure.

Letting the obvious irony of that statement coming for a man in a mask with horns drip, Cayle looks over Sanctus curiously.

C. Murray: You telling me you've finally settled whatever funkstorm was going on between your ears, lad?

Sanctus: Enough to know that the way I was going about this was all wrong. I wasn't the man you are; I need to be something distinct.

Suspicion tightens Cayle's brow as he slides one of his wrestling gloves on.

C. Murray: I am almost afraid to ask what that means. I just need to know that I can count on you in that match: that little "turn" on Proving Grounds was pretty troubling, lad. The UTA fans need people like who you were; someone to cheer for in victory, not a "devil."

Sanctus: I'll let you be that guy, Captain America. But what happens when we, the Faithful, need something just a little more than a pinfall over the guy that is spitting in our faces? The man that doesn't try to win, but injure his opponent to build a bloody image of triumph?

Sliding on the other glove, completing his attire, Cayle clenches his fists and flexes his toned, but not massive, biceps.

C. Murray: I'm not so sure I like the way you're talking, Sanctus. It's not up to us to play executioner: if we let ourselves descend to bloodlust, we're no better than those we claim to oppose. We take the higher ground, and fight them on our own terms, and if we succeed, we stop them from breaking this business apart in the draft.

Sanctus takes one step more toward Cayle. Murray tenses, anticipating shenanigans.

Sanctus: I am walking into that ten ton temptress with three objections: humble Jacobs; harm Dane; end Box. I will let you worry about the wins and loses. These people, the Faithful, need someone to punish the evil these men do.

Feeling a little claustrophobic, Sanctus shifts to the side.

Sanctus: But in doing so, I don't expect to be there when the final two are trading shots. Up until such time as I exit the match, I have your back.

A splash of relief fills Cayle expression.

C. Murray: Thank you, I needed to hear that.

He puts a hand on Sanctus' shoulder.

C. Murray: But Sanctus, don't make the mistake of letting rage consume you. If need be, I won't hesitate to paint you with the same brush as a Boxer or Sektor.

Silences hangs awkwardly between the two for a few moments, before the masked man slowly starts shuffling towards

the door.

Sanctus: Just make sure what I do isn't in vain. I am counting on you to win this.

We return ringside where the fans are going crazy for more action.

Announcer: The following contest of Ring King 2015 is for the United Toughness Alliance World Tag Team Championships!

The Bitch Is Back By Elton John plays as the fans are booing.

Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison walk out from the back and onto the stage, MVC flipping her hair around. The duo pose in unison before heading down the ramp.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio contending for yet another UTA championship here, this time with her partner in crime, Amy Harrison.

Ace: These two are so freaking hot and these fans just do not appreciate them!

Ignoring the fans reaching over the guardrail towards them, Van Claudio and Harrison saunter past, swirling their hips in a taunting fashion

Announcer: Introducing first, the challengers, hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada and Belfast, Ireland...

Marie and Amy climb into the ring in unison, strutting their stuff before Van Claudio accosts the referee, aggressively commanding him to "call it down the middle."

Announcer: Weighing in tonight with a combined weight of Two-hundred and Forty-six pounds...

Amy Harrison stretches as Marie Van Claudio throws her leg onto the top rope, stretching out and displaying her impressive flexibility.

Announcer: They are the Queens of Power Yoga... MARIE VAN CLAUDIO and AMY HARRISON!

Marie bobs her head to the beat as the music slowly fades. The Seattle crowd is not holding back with their catcalls to the attractive young women.

Blackfront: The challengers look ready for a fight tonight.

Ace: But are they ready for Team Danger?

The thunderous guitar of Been to Hell by Hollywood Undead begins to pound upon the eardrums, instantly bringing the audience to a simmering anticipation.

Announcer: And now the champions...

The curtains part and out steps on to the stage, the one, the only, the legendary tag team of terror, into a storm of exploding cheers as the opening chorus is heard. Stephen Greer is out first, followed behind by a half step by his blood brother 'til the end, Tyrone Walker. The terrible twosome stop at the edge of the stage, taking in the scene before them with subtle smiles adorning their faces as Greer begins rubbing his hands together and Walker bounces up and down on the balls of his feet.

Blackfront: The champions look very focused.

Ace: Yeah, focused on rubbing up against those tight bodies.

As the song hits the chorus, they make their way down the ramp. Fans rush the guard rails, reaching out with their hands for even the slightest touch as Walker and Greer hit the aisle. Taking the left, Walker nonchalantly reaches out

with an arm for the fans to slap and grab at, while Greer does the same on the right, the fans stroking and tugging on the pad that covers his lethal lariat arm.

Announcer: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida...

Nearing ringside, Greer and Walker stop to peer into the ring and then all around, taking in the view of being surrounded by the crowd. Coming back around, Walker and Greer look to each other with a nod before both burst forward and dive in under the bottom rope.

Announcer: Weighing in at a total combined weight of Four Hundred and Fifty-Five pounds...

Van Claudio and Harrison go over strategy in the corner as the champions enter the ringside area, their eyes locking onto their hungry challengers.

Announcer: They are the reigning, defending and undisputed UTA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... "King of Pain" Stephen Greer and the "Black Jesus" Tyrone Walker, this is TEEEAAMMM DAAANNNGEEERRR!

Entering the ring simultaneously, they each make for one of the neutral corners, climbing to the second turnbuckle. Greer throws up his lariat arm and pounds his chest with the other, while Walker throws his arms out wide and hollers to the crowd all around him, unstrapping the belt from his waist and holding it high in the air.

Blackfront: And Tyrone Walker showing the fans what it's all about, the UTA World Tag Team Championship.

Greer and Walker drop from the turnbuckles and join each other in their designated corner as the music fades. Greer gets a little last minute stretching in, while Walker punches his fists into the palms of his hands. The referee collects the Championship title belts, shows them to the challengers and holds them up presenting them to the crowd, indicating that this match is for the belts.

Blackfront: And here we go, Team Danger's first title defense here in the UTA.

Ace: Ten bucks says they blow it.

The referee calls for the bell and after a last minute strategy session, Stephen Greer takes the center of the ring as Tyrone Walker climbs out to the apron. On the other side, Marie Van Claudio confidently walks to center and stands toe to toe with her much larger foe.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio is showing no fear, getting right into Greer's face and letting him know exactly what she thinks of Team Danger.

Ace: I think she's begging for mercy.

As Van Claudio becomes more animated, trying to goad the KoP into a response, she starts jabbing her finger in his chest. Greer looks back to his partner and laughs, Ty physically urging him to get to work, holding up the Pimp Hand of the Black Jesus. Van Claudio grabs Greer's jaw and whips his head back to face her. She then follows with a hard slap!

Blackfront: MVC was insulted she was being ignored and you can bet she has his attention now!

Greer spits on the mat and looks back, eyes wide with fury. Greer reaches forward, grabs Van Claudio and LAUNCHES her into her corner!

Ace: Now that's how you throw a woman!

Blackfront: What?

Marie Van Claudio crouches in her corner with Amy Harrison reassuring her. Shaking off the surprise, forward, practically daring Greer to do it again. They lock up in the center of the ring, Greer immediately using his superior strength to push Marie into the neutral corner. The referee pushes himself between them and Van Claudio claps Greer

again with a big slap on the separation!

Ace: MVC angering the bull in there. She's trying to get into that big doof's head.

It might be working as Greer lunges forward, getting nothing but turnbuckle pad as MVC drops out of the way and slips behind him. Greer turns and charges, MVC drops down, Greer goes up and over and hits the ring ropes on the far side, MVC leaps into the air and is caught in mid air. Greer marches around the ring before planting Van Claudio with powerslam.

Blackfront: BIG powerslam from Greer! Marie Van Claudio tried to get cute and literally got caught in the middle of the ring! He's going for the cover... ONE... TWO... MVC throws the shoulder up!

Ace: It might have hurt, but it's going to take a lot more than that to win this.

Blackfront: Team Danger are smart veterans, why not try for the pinfall? There's no bonus money for a longer fight, a win is a win.

Greer pulls MVC with him as he climbs to his feet, grabbing her arm and twisting it with a standing armlock. He backs to his corner and Tyrone Walker tags himself in. Ty is quick through the ropes, climbs to the second rope and comes off dropping an elbow on MVC's twisted arm. Without missing a beat, he whips Marie down to the mat and wrenches back on her arm, forcing his knee into her back for additional leverage.

Blackfront: Classic tag team wrestling at play here, folks.

Ace: But when are they gonna get to the fireworks factory?!

Blackfront: Can you...

As Walker continues to apply pressure, Van Claudio fights to her knees and rolls forward onto her back. She is quick to kick Walker away with both feet before springing to her feet and bringing him down with a quick armdrag. Walker rolls through, snatches Marie in a headlock takeover, she counters with a headscissors, Ty powers out, runs to the ropes and as Van Claudio sits up he blasts her with a running penalty kick to the chest!

Blackfront: Penalty Kick!

Ace: GOOOAAALLL!

Walker is up and is playing to the crowd as Van Claudio stirs. He claps his hands together and adjusts his kneepad, giving the signal for the finish.

Blackfront: Walker is wasting no time and going for the Busaiku Knee!

Ty hops and takes off running to the ropes, but tumbles to the outside, hitting his head and shoulder on the ring apron as he crashes to the floor!

Blackfront: Amy Harrison just yanked the ropes down sending Ty Walker crashing to the arena floor!

Greer screams at the referee from his corner and starts entering the ring, only to be held back. With the referee tied up, Amy Harrison hops down from the apron and stalks Walker.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison is definitely trying to muster up that killer instinct that her partner has been saying she has lacked as of late.

Pulling himself up by the ring skirt, Ty clutches his shoulder. Before he can get his bearings, Harrison runs up behind him and hits him square between the shoulder blades with a flatback dropkick, sending him hurtling shoulder first into the ringsteps!

Blackfront: Did you hear that crash?

Ace: Tyrone Walker hits the ring steps hard!

Amy wastes no time, giving Ty a few quick stomps to the head before dragging him upward and pushing him into the ring. Meanwhile, Marie Van Claudio has caught the breath knocked out by the Penalty Kick and sees that the tides have turned. She charges over and shoves Walker into her corner, landing a few short forearm shots along the way.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio taking control in there now thanks to the big assist from her partner.

Ace: Yeah, that's what the "team" in "tag team wrestling" means. Is this your first night?

MVC hits a firm kick to Walker's abdomen and tags Amy Harrison in. Both women in the ring now and in unison land several more kicks to the body of Ty Walker. The referee urges MVC out of the ring but is ignored as they drag Ty out from the corner, synch up his arms over their heads and plant him with a double-team suplex.

Blackfront: Great teamwork from the Yogis! Harrison covers.. ONE... TWO... Walker kicks out!

Harrison drags Walker to his feet, hooks him around the waist and drives him back into the corner, slamming her shoulder into his abdomen. Van Claudio tags herself back in as Harrison holds Walker in place. Marie hits the ropes, comes off the rebound in a full sprint and flies through the air and into Walker with a double knee to the chest!

Blackfront: Big double knee from M-V-C! She just barely missing Harrison as she bailed out!

Van Claudio struts around the ring, drawing the ire of the crowd and the anxious King of Pain waiting on the ring apron. MVC blows Greer a kiss, drawing him into the ring and into the referee, who tries to push him back to the outside.

Ace: Van Claudio really knows how to piss a man off. She just looks at them with her soulless eyes and they can't help but see red.

Ty Walker tries to make his way out of the corner, but is dragged back in by Amy Harrison, who yanks him back in by his trunks!

Blackfront: Walker is reaching behind his body to get free, but Harrison is just out of his reach! Here comes Van Claudio!

With Walker pinned, MVC charges once again, landing another big flying double knee to the chest! As MVC rolls away, the referee notices her partner clutching at his trunks and charges forward, scolding her for the illegal actions. Van Claudio continues the assault, hitting the ropes again and running full steam for another double knee...

Blackfront: NO! Tyrone Walker just sidestepped that double knee! M-V-C goes to the well one too many times!

Van Claudio staggers out, Walker jumps and spins in mid air, connecting with a standing enzuiguri!

Blackfront: Ghetto Blaster connects and drops Marie Van Claudio like a stone!

Tyrone Walker starts the long crawl toward his corner to Greer who is ferociously pounding on the top turnbuckle to rally the crowd and his partner. Walker gets to his feet and continues forward as Marie Van Claudio extends her arm and tags in Harrison.

Blackfront: Amy Harrison back in for the challengers, Ty Walker is reaching...

Harrison runs in to cut Ty off, but it's too late.

Blackfront: Walker makes the tag! Greer is in!

Stephen Greer charges through the ropes and right past Harrison, body checking Marie Van Claudio back into her corner. Letting out a loud "YEAH!" that comes more like a roar, Greer intercepts Harrison with a hiptoss! Van Claudio gets one to match!

Blackfront: Greer in like a house of fire!

Ace: Put him out!

Van Claudio and Harrison regroup and charge with a double-team clothesline only to get put down by the big man with a clothesline to both! Walker is back in the fray and drags Van Claudio to one corner as Greer takes Harrison. Team Danger look to one another and send the women to the center with Irish Whips, Harrison ducks under a leaping Van Claudio and runs into a HUGE Yakuza Kick from Walker!

Blackfront: Yakuza Kick nearly decapitates the redhead!

Marie Van Claudio charges Greer, who back bodydrops her over the top rope and to the arena floor! Greer points to Walker, who takes off without hesitation, rebounds off the farside ropes and leaps clear over the top rope and onto Van Claudio on the floor!

Blackfront: No touch Tope Con Hilo from Tyrone Walker!

Greer plays to the crowd, pumping them up more, he turns just in time to see Amy Harrison dive headfirst through the ropes onto Walker and MVC!

Blackfront: Tope Suicida from Amy Harrison!

Greer points to the corner closest the other competitors who stir on the arena floor to a huge ovation. He flaps his arms like a bird before scaling the ropes.

Blackfront: No! No way is he going to do this!

Ace: Fly, fatass, fly!

Greer crosses himself and then dives out, taking out MVC, Harrison and Walker with a two-hundred and fifty pound forward flipping senton!

Blackfront: Greer just took everyone out with a top rope flip to the floor!

Ace: CANNONBAAAALLLLLLL!

The referee begins his count as the four competitors stir on the floor. Amy Harrison is the first to her feet, slowly rolling into the ring followed by the other legal participant, the King of Pain.

Blackfront: You can see the fire in Greer's eyes right now, Tommy, he's going for the kill!

Greer adjusts his elbow pad and holds his arm up, signalling the crowd that the Hellfire Lariat is on it's way. Harrison slowly turns to face Greer, who charges forward, rears back and swings, just barely missing the ducking Amy Harrison!

Blackfront: Harrison dodges the Hellfire Lariat!

Greer uncontrollably crashes into the ropes, staggers out on the rebound into Harrison who quickly grabs his wrist, pushes her foot to his face and drops onto her back, driving her foot into his jaw!

Blackfront: BROKEN UGLY FACE!

Ace: But he isn't down yet, look at Marie Van Claudio!

Marie Van Claudio is perched on the top rope, waiting for the the stunned Greer to get closer. MVC dives out, flipping in mid air and catching Greer with a forward clutching jawbreaker!

Ace: MONTREAL SPIN OUT! It's over!

Blackfront: No! Look!

Somehow Greer manages to block the devastating maneuver and grabs Van Claudio from behind, clutching one of her wrists. He spins her out, maintaining wrist control, and snaps her back toward him hitting a vicious short arm lariat!

Blackfront: RAINMAKER LARIAT!

Amy Harrison can't believe what she's just seen as she runs toward the distracted Greer but gets absolutely destroyed by the flying knee strike from the intervening Ty Walker!

Blackfront: BUSAIKU KNEE!

Greer wastes no time, scoops Harrison up and pulls her to the center of the ring and barks at Walker, who joins him in the center of the ring. Standing on either side of Harrison, Greer spins back as he ducks low, hitting a leg sweep that takes Harrison's legs out from under her. At the same time, Walker jumps and spins high, scoring with a spinning heel-kick to Harrison's chest and neck, snapping her back with the high-low double team attack.

Ace: ELIMINATOR!

Blackfront: Greer dives on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Announcer: The winners of this match and STILL the UTA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.... STEPHEN GREER and TYRONE WALKER... TEEEAAMMM DAAANNNGEEERRR!

Blackfront: Team Danger has done it, defending their championships for the first time and cementing themselves as the champions!

The referee hands Greer and Walker the titles, who hold them high for the Emerald City crowd to see. They take off to opposite corners and mug it up for the crowd, arms and titles held high as they bark at the fans, who cheer wildly for the ageless tag team legends.

The Same Page?

Ace: Hang on, I'm getting something from one of my sources in the back!

Blackfront: You have sources?

Ace: Of course I do! You've never met them!

Blackfront: I bet they go to another school, too.

Ace: SHUT IT JASON!

Blackfront: Fine. Let's shoot it back to Rumor Man Stan backstage who seems to be tracking Bronson Box from what I'm told is a "safe distance."

Ace: WHAT? How did you steal my scoop? WHO TOLD YOU MY SOURCE?

Blackfront: Dial it back a notch, Tommy, yeesh!

Backstage.

Bronson Box strides down a hallway with intent.

Box: Where are ye, yeh arrogant shite?! Callin' on me like I'm some kind'a dog...

The perspective of the camera is a good twenty feet behind The Scottish Strongman. Rumor Man Stan jumps into the

scene and speaks so as not to be heard by anyone but the camera. The rumors about Box's treatment of backstage personnel seem to have preceded him to the UTA.

Stan: I'm following the "Bombastic" Bronson Box back here because I'd heard he was screaming about Eric Dane and searching for him. So far Box hasn't found The Only Star, but I know for a fact that the Team Danger dressing room is just up this corridor!

Box stops in front of a door and he lets out a hearty laugh. He mutters to himself before he opens the door... Bronson Box doesn't goddamn knock.

Box: Well, this should be good for a lark.

The Wargod pushes through the locker room door and strides into the room with the sort of haughty self confidence only a true sociopath can exude. The room is empty save for one individual just finishing lacing up his boots. Eric Dane seems unphased by the uninvited interruption.

Bronson swings the door shut behind him. Sort of.

Box: I hear tell you've been lookin' for me, sunshine.

Dane: Don't come at me with that Bronson Box horseshit, I ain't buyin' it. I only called you down here to make sure that we're still on the same page and you haven't cooked up another one of your insane stunts to get "noticed" by the masses.

Bronson chuckles under his breath, walking a slow arc around The Only Star. Meanwhile The Rumor Man has done his very best to get a better vantage point than twenty feet back. Noticing that Box didn't shut the door all the way, he gets as close as possible.

Stan: (whispering) Let's see if we can get a better shot!

Box: What's wrong Eric...

Boxer looks up as a Snidely Whiplash-like grin spreads across his mustachioed lips.

Box: ... don't trust me?

Dane: Well, I have met you. So no, no I goddamn don't.

Stan has the cameraman inching the door open juuuust a bit more, trying to get that prize winning footage. Inside the dressing room the World Tag Team Champions are nowhere to be found, only Box and Dane. They aren't necessarily in each other's personal space, but they aren't exactly too far out, either.

Box: I want to bloody WIN tonight, Dane. An' believe me, if it looks like you ain't livin' up to YOUR end of our little bargain I'll bloody do what I have to do to make sure-

Something isn't right.

Dane: What? Make sure you'll what?

The Only Star is silenced by a single upraised finger.

Bronson's eyes shoot back and over his shoulder. His gaze connects with the camera, then with Rumor Man Stan. All of the color drains from Stan's face as an out of control look spreads on Box's. For his part, Eric Dane simply rolls his eyes.

Stan: Crap...

The Original DEFIANT turns and places his hand on the edge of the open locker room door.

Box: Is there one o' you in every bloody promotion?! Nosey little sot.

He gives Stan and his crew a look of disgust before SLAMMING the door with authority right in his face. The sound echos up and down the hallway.

Stan: Well ladies and gentlemen, the answer to the question "Are Bronson Box and Eric Dane on the same page?"... well... it's still up in the air, I suppose. Back to you guys at ringside!

With a smooth cut, we are indeed back to Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront.

Ace: Stan just peed his pants. Bet.

Blackfront: I'll tell you this much, if those two psychopaths get anywhere near the same page, there's going to be hell to pay inside that Chamber tonight...

Ace: Pay attention, Jase, there's gonna be hell to pay ANYWAY!

Career vs. Career

Eight Weeks Ago

Wingate: Mr. Hall... for what do I owe this very rude interruption?

Hall just looks at Wingate and shakes his head. Finally, the fan's cheers die down and he raises the microphone up.

Hall: Mr. Wingate... I say this with all due respect... shut the hell up!

The world's most famous arena goes crazy. James Wingate looks crazed.

Ace: You can't say that to the boss!

Blackfront: He just did!

Wingate: How.. DARE Y..

Ron Hall drops back a step and comes forward with a superkick, catching him under the chin. The boss lands hard to the canvas as the fans go berserk. He leans down.

Hall: These people don't need your lies! These people... don't need your excuses!

He stands up pointing across the fans.

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Williams: Hall with a submission maneuver here. This one may be over.

Amy screams in pain as the referee drops to a knee, asking if she gives up.

Williams: Hall pulling back more now. Most people would have given up by now.

A whisper begins.

Let the bodies hit the floor...

let the bodies hit the floor...

let the bodies hit the floor...

Let the bodies hit the... FLOOOOOORRR!!

Bodies by Drowning Pool begins to play as Hall releases Amy and steps above her.

Williams: Wait.. could it be?! It can't...

It is. James Wingate, owner of the UTA hits the stage. Instead of his suit, the boss hits the ramp wearing sweat pants,

a black 'Hitman' shirt with the arms ripped off, and tape on his hands. He points down at Hall who motions for him to bring it own.

Williams: It's James Wingate!

Fury: Oh no Jennifer.. that's not James Wingate right there... that's Dick's uncle.. that's.. MATT FURY!

Williams: As most of you know, Mr. Wingate performed as Matt Fury Jr for many years before hanging up his boots. His father the legendary Matt 'The Hitman' Fury, UTA Hall of Fame member and the man who Ron Hall feuded with for many years.

Fury: Ron awoke the beast and now he's gonna pay like anyone who crosses a Fury! DICK LOVES IT!

Ron continues to scream for Wingate to bring it. Behind him, Amy Harrison begins to push up.

Williams: Ron Hall focused on the boss, unaware that Amy Harrison is coming to.

Fury: The Fury mind games begin!

Wingate makes it ring side and taunts Hall. Behind him, Amy wiggles her fingers before getting the courage to grab Hall and turn him around. She grabs his left arm, and places her foot up to his chin before throwing her other leg up and dropping to the canvas. Hall comes down and is shot up, his chin smashing on the bottom of her boot. As he hits the canvas, Amy quickly covers him.

Williams: BROKEN UGLY FACE BY AMY HARRISON!

Wingate pulls himself up to the apron, yelling for the referee to get down and make the count. As the referee slides into position he begins. The fans boo loudly as Wingate counts along with him. His hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell sounds.

LATE NIGHT D

Fury: The final thing before we go tonight, the fans want to know... what was the deal with Dynasty?

James smirks.

Wingate: Alright. Well, about three months ago...

Wingate's eyes grow large and he quickly stands up. Dick pushes back from his desk, standing up as well.

Wingate: YOU!

Fury: This isn't your show. You want to be a guest, call Dick's assistant.

Ron Hall steps into the screen wearing jeans, a black Hall shirt, and his hat. His wrist are taped and he looks ready to fight.

Wingate: You just don't know when to stay away, do you?

He takes off his jacket, tossing it behind the couch.

Hall: Why wait until Ring King? Lets do this now!

Ron grabs his hat, throwing it off screen toward the fans. He and James step closer as Dick runs around his desk, getting between them.

Fury: Not here, in the ring!

Ron takes a step back before coming forward, throwing a leg up and catching Dick under the chin with a superkick. As he does, James brings a boot up, catching him in the gut. He shoves his head between his legs and lifts him up, turning toward Dick's desk.

James sends Hall down into the desk hard, his body going limp as it hits before he rolls to the floor

Wingate: It's OK Hall! You want more before Ring King? Come get it! I can powerbomb you all day long!

James steps over Ron, grabbing the desk edges on the other side, before pulling it over, making the desk front fall on top of Hall. The fans boo as James throws his arms up and yells at Ron as the show fades to black.

CAREER VS. CAREER IS NEXT....

We head back ring side.

Blackfront: Coming up next, a match over fifteen long years in the making. It's the Boss James Wingate against the Hall of Famer Ron Hall.

Ace: It's not about who's in charge, it's about who's going to be left standing.

Blackfront: It's career vs career. If Ron wins Mr. Wingate is off UTA TV for good. If Mr. Wingate wins, it's the end of a true Hall of Fame career and Ron will have to retire.

Ace: Words cannot express just how much these two have grown to despise each other, but one way or another, it ends tonight, here in Seattle.

Blackfront: A special edict has been handed down by the board of directors. If anyone interferes in this match tonight, they will automatically be fired.

The lights dim and Gold Rush by Tha Trademarc begins to play. A spotlight shines on the middle of the entranceway. A panel rises with a kneeling figure on it dressed in a black hoodie. His face covered by the hood. Pyro erupts as the figure pulls the hood back to reveal it's The Southern Rebel Ron Hall.

Hall rises to his feet, we see that he's not dressed in his usual singlet and wrestling shoes, instead tonight Ron is dressed for a fight. His hands are taped, and he's wearing jeans. The only thing that looks like wrestling gear are the knee braces he has on over his jeans.

Announcer: Coming down the isle, from the Heart of the Appalachian Mountains, weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds, with over five thousand contest spanning his Hall of Fame career, winning over twenty major titles, most recently the UTA Prodigy Championship. Two time former UTA World Heavyweight champion!! The Southern Rebel!! Rooonnn Halllll!

Ron enters the ring, but tonight there is no posing or playing to the crowd. He starts to pace the ring like a caged animal, with the look of seriously bad intentions on his face. His focus locked onto the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: The ovation for Hall is deafening!

Ace: Hope he enjoys it, it's going to be his last.

Drowning Pool's Let the bodies hit the floor begins to play.

Announcer: His opponent, hailing from Georgetown, Texas, weighing in at three hundred and twenty seven pounds... he is the majority owner and chairman of the UTA! James.... "Matt Fury Jr..." WINNGAAATTEEE!

The sound of clapping can be heard audibly on the microphones.

Blackfront: What are you doing?

Ace: Cheering on the guy who signs my paychecks. After he fires Ron tonight, no telling what else he might do.

Hunt you down by Saliva begins to play.

Blackfront: It seems Mr. Wingate is debuting a new theme song here tonight.

Ace: Preparing for the future after he wins tonight!

Wingate steps out on the stage wearing his classic Fury gear. He slams his taped fist together before starting down the ramp.

Blackfront: Wingate wearing his ring gear, looks ready tonight.

Ace: He looks just as good now as he the last time he was in the ring! Ron Hall is going to take a beating like no other Jason!

Wingate stops as he comes to the ring and snatches a fan's sign in support of Ron from them and rips it up. James stops to talk trash to the fan and isn't paying attention to Ron who bounces off the far ropes and charges across the ring, Hall uses his momentum and propels himself over the top rope and takes the boss out with a beautiful suicide dive.

Blackfront: Here we go! It's Hall and Wingate and the fight is on!

Ace: I haven't heard a bell yet, the ref needs to get this in the ring.

Blackfront: Good luck with that.

Ron rains a series of hard left and right hands on James. The Boss jams a thumb into Hall's eye. As Ron tries to pull away, Wingate grabs him in a bear hug and runs him into the ring post.

Wingate goes to measure Ron for a right to the head when at the last moment Ron brings his foot up and scores with one to the boss' personal regions.

Ace: James Wingate has just gotten cleared of any and all future charges that might be leveled against him.

Blackfront: The referee still hasn't called for the bell. Has this match officially started yet?

Ace: It's no count out and no disqualification! This fight could end up in Quest Stadium before this night is over.

The referee is yelling at Ron and James to get the fight into the ring. Ron shoots the referee a dirty look before rolling into the ring.

The ref is admonishing Ron in the ring. James uses the break to pull himself up to the apron. Hall rushes the ropes, slamming a forearm into the back of Wingate, sending him off of the apron and to the floor. The bell sounds to finally start the match.

Blackfront: The official has finally called for the bell here. This match, no this fight is finally, officially under way.

Ace: It's on like Donkey Kong.

Hall quickly steps through the ropes and drops to the floor outside, reaching down and sending fist into Wingate.

Blackfront: Ron's not wasting any time as he sends those shots into the head and upper shoulders of James Wingate.

Ace: He's been all over him since he walked out here!

Hall grabs Wingate's head and pulls him to his feet, immediately running with him to the side and sending the boss so hard into the barricade, he goes over the top landing in the time keeper's spot.

Blackfront: This has kicked off right now with Hall looking to not only end the career of Wingate, but him from the looks of it.

Ron stomps over to the commentator's table.

Blackfront: Wait, look at this here.

Ace: Watch out.

Both men scoot back as Hall grabs the top of the table, and rips away the topper before throwing one of the two monitors. As he goes for the other, Wingate comes back into picture and clubs Ron in the back with a vicious double ax handle.

Blackfront: Big shot from behind!

Hall falls forward, catching himself on the edge of the table before Wingate grabs the back of his head, walks him over and then sends him hurtling under the ropes and into the ring at an angle in the corner with enough force, Hall slides all the way through, and falls to the other side on the floor.

Blackfront: Neither of these men are here to play tonight.

Ace: There is so much on the line Jason!

Hall stumbles back and up, leaning against the crowd barrier as Wingate comes in, bringing a big right to the side of his head. Hall drops to his knees, his arms around Wingate's waist as James repeatedly brings fist down upon him.

Blackfront: What we are witnessing here is truly a no disqualification match. I started to say it was getting out of hand, but it's well past that point.

Ace: Anything goes in these Jason. This is the only way for these two to settle this.

Wingate violently pulls Hall up and brings him over to the side, before turning and grabbing Ron's arm. Pushing his back as he pulls back, he sends the Southern Rebel running forward and into the barricade hard.

Ace: Nothing can get you prepared for a match up like this Jason. The boss has been out of action for a long time, but this has been anything but a wrestling match..

Wingate comes in and slams a few more big fist into Ron's head before grabbing him, and pulling him with force up and back. Grabbing his head and shoulders, Wingate pulls Ron back and sends him forward into and over the commentator's table as both Jason and Tommy jump up and back again.

Blackfront: Oh man. The action right here in front of us yet again.

Ace: These two aren't going to be happy with just a win. They want to kill each other.

Blackfront: There's a lot of bad blood between these two and it goes back a long way.

Wingate stomps around the table, yelling at Hall. As he approaches he begins to bring heavy stomps down onto Ron's body.

Blackfront: James Wingate bringing the pain right now to Ron Hall.

He kneels down to a knee and begins to land huge rights to the downed Hall. Ron tries to cover his head as Wingate relentlessly brings his fist down.

Blackfront: The Boss punishing the Hall of Famer right here in front of us.

Wingate stands up, yelling at Ron before he pulls him up enough to slide Hall onto the table. James pulls himself up to the table as well. Standing on top of it, he pulls Ron halfway up, placing his head between his knees.

Blackfront: Oh no. Come on James, not this! Not here!

Ace: This one is about to be over early here.

Blackfront: I don't know if the headsets are still working or if I am being heard by anyone or not. They are here up on our announce table.

Ace: In a few seconds that's not going to matter!

James starts to lift Ron, but Hall places his arm under Wingate's legs and lifts up.

Blackfront: Ohh... Hall has Wingate on his shoulders here...

James is able to slide down behind him. As he does, he pushes Hall, who is sent off of the table, landing on his feet and stumbling forward toward the ring where he quickly slides in under the bottom rope. We get a visual of Wingate standing on top of the table, looking in at him with disbelief.

Blackfront: Hall able to get free and get away. He knew Wingate was thinking about that devastating Fury Bomb.

Ace: Just like the coward we all know he is.

Blackfront: Speak for yourself! This man is a legend. He's far from being a coward.

Hall backs away, staring back at Wingate and motioning for him to Come On and Bring it!

Blackfront: Wingate can't believe it.

Ace: Quite frankly, neither can I Jason. Did you see the beating the boss has been putting on him?

A Sout-hern Reb-el chant begins as James steps forward and hopes down. James keeps his eyes on Hall as he walks toward the nearby steps. Not looking away he steps up them and enters the ring.

Blackfront: It didn't take long for this to get out of hand, did it?

Ace: Not at all. They didn't even wait for the bell. This thing is personal here tonight. Somebody could get hurt.

Blackfront: Somebody COULD get hurt? Somebody will be hurt. I can tell you that.

James motions for Hall to Come On.

Blackfront: Both men charging.. exchanging big rights here in the center of the ring. These two have a vendetta against one another and it ends tonight!

Ace: I don't even know what to say Jason. These two have thrown technique out of the window and are just hell bent on destruction.

Hall is able to get Wingate backed into the corner. He brings a series of boots up into the boss' midsection while holding the top rope for extra leverage. He then turns that back into more heavy fist into the side of Wingate's skull.

Blackfront: These are two men here who are not going to be satisfied even by tearing each other apart.

Wingate reaches forward, grabbing Ron's shoulders, and bringing a knee up to catch him in the stomach, pushing him backward before twisting around and literally throwing Hall over and into the corner back first.

Blackfront: Wingate now with heavy fist into Ron Hall who is backed up into the corner.

Ace: His adrenaline is kicking in and getting him through this. He will either walk out after retiring Ron Hall, or die trying Jason.

Blackfront: Mr. Wingate hasn't been in a match in years, showing that time has not held him back.

Ace: The mind doesn't rust Jason. He learned from his dad, Matt Sr. one of the all time greats!

James grabs Ron's arm, pushing him back into the corner hard before bringing him out of it.

Blackfront: Hall whipped across the ring into the opposite corner now.

As he hits, he stumbles forward and right into a boot from James, who immediately shoves his head between his legs and grabs him around the waist.

Blackfront: James Wingate going for the Fury Bomb here.

Ace: If he hits it, it's over!

Ron begins to fight, turning Wingate around and pushing him back first into the corner. Grabbing the middle ropes, Ron brings a series of shoulders in, connecting with Wingate.

Blackfront: Hall able to keep free a bit longer and turn this one around again. But with the beating he's taken, how long will he be able to keep this pace up?

Ace: How long can either of them keep this up? This has been brutal so far. Neither man has let up when they've had the advantage.

Hall grabs Wingate's arm, and sends him across the ring.

Blackfront: Wingate sent hard into the opposite corner now. Hall runs.. rising knee... NO! Wingate moved!

Hall's leaping knee was high enough that as James moved, he went over the top rope and fell, crashing into the floor.

Ace: He over thought that one there, didn't he?

Blackfront: James Wingate moving out of the way in just the nick of time. Ron went for it all and missed badly.

Wingate drops to his hands and knees as the fans in the front row get up to see Hall on the floor on the other side of the ring.

Blackfront: This has been a brawl so far. No disqualifications, no count outs between these two. Anything can go in this match.

Ace: That's exactly what is happening here, anything and everything is going.

Wingate drops fully and rolls out of the ring before walking over to the downed Hall. He grabs him by the head and pulls him up just enough to send Hall face first into the top of the barricade, before pulling him directly back and toward the ring. he lifts Ron up, laying him on the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: James Wingate firmly in charge here as he grabs the foot of Ron Hall.

He pulls Hall's body across the canvas, lining his knee up with the corner post, before pulling back and then bringing it in hard.

Blackfront: OH! Knee connects with the turnbuckle there.

Ace: He's trying to assure Ron won't be able to use that leg for any of those La Flama Rip Offs tonight.

Blackfront: More than that, this is smart strategy by Wingate. Hall is a little over a year removed from his last knee surgery.

He grabs his leg again, before yet again sending it hard into the corner post.

Blackfront: Again, slamming his knee into that post. This is just painful to watch.

Ace: That can't be helping Ron's arthritis.

Blackfront: It's no doubt that James Wingate is trying to seriously re-injure that surgically repaired right knee of Hall's here.

Ace: Trying to? Looks like he's doing it to me.

He slides Hall's body down until he is standing on the floor. Wingate grabs his head with one hand before coming in with another punch with the other.

Blackfront: This beating is just ruthless.

Hall drops to a knee, being held up by the side of the steel steps. Wingate grabs the back of his head again, walks him up and around the steps before sending him head first into the barricade again. Hall uses it to push up, but James just turns him around and delivers another punch that sends Ron back first into the barricade.

Blackfront: Hall has to get away from that barricade if he wants any change to survive here. So far Wingate has used that to his advantage.

Ace: He's used everything to his advantage Jason! The Boss is ahead on points if you ask me.

Blackfront: It's not about points though. It's about who gets the three count.

Hall turns around and away from Wingate before coming forward with a kick, catching the boss in the gut.

Blackfront: Some how, someway, he is still in this.

Ace: He apparently doesn't know when to quit.

Hall grabs Wingate's head before coming up and forward with a mighty forearm to the face.

Blackfront: That connected hard there. Another stiff forearm by Hall.

He grabs Wingate's arm and pulls back, sending him side first into the barricade. James lets out a yell of pain.

Ace: I have no idea how Ron is able to continue this. It is beyond my ability to comprehend.

Blackfront: Imagine that.

Ace: Huh?

Blackfront: Nothing.

Wingate stumbles forward, turning back first into the the corner of the steel steps and the metal ring post. Hall stumbles to the side himself before turning around and facing James. He then takes off toward James, leaping up and catching a knee into his chest.

Blackfront: Hall able to bring that knee strike up out of nowhere!

As Hall hits the ground, he bends over, and begins to hold his knee, his face grimacing in pain.

Ace: That idiot might have just hurt himself more than he did the boss the way James tore into that knee just a few moments ago.

Wingate drops to his knees, his arms draped over the edge of the ring under the bottom ropes. Hall stands up, stomping over before grabbing the side of James' head and pulling him back up. He then places James in a side headlock.

Blackfront: Hall with that headlock, looking to hit a bulldog.. NO! Wingate sends him off and into the barricade yet again!

Ace: Ron and that barricade are getting to know each other really well tonight!

Ron hits with enough force to send him over the top and into the area where the fans are now scattering.

Blackfront: Both men are exhausted and it showing as they lay there on the floor outside of the ring.

Ace: I agree with you there Jason. These two have been coming full force. They're leaving it all here in Seattle.

James begins to get up, heading forward toward the barrier as Hall starts to get up as well. Wingate pulls himself up, balancing on the barrier as Hall stands fully. James then comes off with a forearm down, catching Ron in the head.

Blackfront: Oh! Wingate continuing to punish Ron out in the crowd now.

James lifts Hall back up, wrapping his arm around Ron's neck from behind as he pulls him deeper into the crowd area before bringing an arm up and around to catch Ron in the chest as he drops him.

Blackfront: Mr. Wingate showing no remorse here tonight.

He stomps Ron Hall a couple of times before kneeling down and beginning to land more hard shots into Ron's head.

Ace: Just when I thought Hall couldn't be any more brain dead, he proves me wrong. With the beating the boss is giving him, it's ensuring that when this is over, it's cemented for good.

Wingate brings an arm across Ron's neck, pulling it back, before bringing his other forearm around, clocking him hard into the head before pushing up. As he does, he grabs Hall's arm and lifts him up as well.

Blackfront: Wingate now forcing Ron back into the first lower barrier in the crowd. Another big right hand!

He pushes Hall backward, but is caught off guard when Ron brings a right in himself.

Blackfront: Ron Hall trying to fight back. Cut short, with another big fist from James Wingate.

Ron stumbles away from James who follows him, before turning around and grabbing Wingate's head, bringing an elbow down into his forehead sending him down to a knee.

Blackfront: Wingate returns the favor now with a hard shot to the gut of Ron Hall.

Ace: He's going to make him lose yesterday's lunch with that heavy of a punch!

Wingate stands up and sends a punch into the jaw of Hall, causing him to turn and stumble forward more, using the barrier to his right to keep him up.

Blackfront: James Wingate grabbing the back of Ron Hall's head, walking him forward next to that barrier. The fans being held back by security as these two continue their brawl.

Hall grabs a nearby plastic trash can that is at the corner of an aisle, turns up and slams it into the face of James Wingate before dropping it.

Blackfront: Hall catching a breath now.. no! Right back to work as he grabs the back of Wingate's head... there he goes! Ron sends the boss into, and OVER THE BARRIER IN FRONT OF THEM! THEY ARE NOW NEXT TO THE RAMP!

Ace: How far is Safeco Field from here because that's where this could end up!

Hall stumbles forward, pushing himself up and over the barrier, joining James on the other side. He comes forward, bringing a boot up into the ribs of Wingate.

Blackfront: Hall behind Wingate now, pulling him up by the head.

As James' body bends backward, Ron brings a forearm across from behind, catching him hard in the face.

Blackfront: Another.. AND A THIRD!

He shoves Wingate's head down, dropping him to the floor. As James starts to try and crawl away, Ron bends down and grabs his injured knee.

Ace: That knee is far from one hundred percent Jason. Ron has got to be feeling it right now.

Blackfront: James rolling onto the ramp now. Here comes Ron as well.

Ron rolls himself on as well as James starts to get up. He reaches forward and grabs the legs of the quick to stand Ron Hall, walking back to the edge of the stage while pulling them back and sending Hall's shoulders down to to the metal

flooring. He slides Hall up further to where he is in front of the LED screens. Ron tries to fight free, but James just brings a foot down, stomping him first, before re-positioning himself and leaning back, dropping down.

Blackfront: SLINGSHOT!

Hall goes up and forward, slamming face first into the vertical LED screen on the side of the stage opening. Some of the lights pop and spark as Hall's body slides down and he crumbles.

Ace: Hey look! The last time we'll ever see Ron Hall on screen!

Wingate, on both knees, throws his body back, breathing hard as he looks around, seeing the damage he done before starting to get to his feet.

Blackfront: James Wingate now heading over. He grabs Hall by the head, pulling him up... between the knees. We're about to see a Furybo- NO!

Ron begins to push, sending Wingate backward and into the same LED screen. A few more sparks fly as more lights go out, the right panel is no longer showing an image.

Blackfront: Ron is some how still in this one. He's refusing to quit.

Ace: How?! How can he be that stubborn especially with the beating he's taken.

Wingate shakes it off, coming forward and forcing Hall between his legs again. Ron maneuvers around, fighting back. He begins to lift, sending Wingate up and over, back into the screen. The middle part of the screen no longer works from Wingate hitting it.

Blackfront: BACK BODY DROP BY RON HALL!

James crumbles to the stage as Ron drops forward to a knee, sweat pouring from his forehead.

Blackfront: James Wingate trying to get away again here.

He gets semi up and stumbles forward, starting down the ramp. Ron stands up, stumbling behind him, grabbing Wingate's head and walking him forward down the ramp toward the ring.

Blackfront: These two look to be heading back to ringside here.

Ace: They've fought all over! Everywhere but the ring!

Blackfront: Wingate breaks away, turns.. punch that connects with the stomach of Hall. Now a fist to the head of Ron Hall.. followed by a.. NO! Hall comes back with his own punch, catching the boss!

James turns, and stumbles away from Ron. Hall hurries a bit, grabbing him from behind, sending Wingate rolling into the ring under the bottom rope. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: We've made it back to the ring!

Ron bends down, flipping the apron over. He reaches under the ring, pulling a chair out. The fans get even louder as he slides it into the ring under the ropes before sliding in himself, standing with the chair in hand.

Blackfront: Ron's got a chair!

Ace: It's a no disqualification match! This is legal!

Blackfront: HARD CHAIR SHOT TO THE BACK OF JAMES WINGATE!

Ace: Referee stop him!

He drops the chair and drops down to cover Wingate whom had rolled over. The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: Pin attempt here... kick out at two and Hall can't believe it.

Ace: You can't keep a Fury down Jason.

Blackfront: Trust me, I've tried.

Hall scoots over, grabbing the chair again before pushing to his feet. He walks forward, turning the chair horizontally before pushing it into the corner, wedging it between the ropes.

Blackfront: Hall setting up something here.

He turns and slowly heads back toward Wingate.

Blackfront: Stomp down, catches James in the head. Now pulling him up by the head... NO! Wingate with a shot to the gut of Ron Hall. The Southern Rebel returns with a knee.. no, two.. no THREE KNEES TO THE FACE OF RON HALL!

Ace: He's getting angry. Once you lose your temper, you mess up Jason.

Blackfront: Yes, but the damage is done to James.

He stumbles forward a bit before taking off.

Blackfront: Hall forward, off of the ropes, on the return now. Raises a knee...

As he does, James pushes himself up, grabbing Ron and twisting around before pushing down hard.

Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER COUNTER!

Ace: What a big one there too!

Blackfront: James lifts the leg of Hall, rolls over him. We have a cover....

Ace: It's over! Ron's headed out to pasture!

Blackfront: One.. Two.. KICK OUT! SOMEHOW RON HALL KICKED OUT!

Ace: Listen to these fans Jason!

Blackfront: No matter who wins here tonight, these two men have given it their all and have to had earned respect of each other.

Ace: No way these two will ever respect each other Jason.

Wingate rolls over and up to his knees as Hall rolls over to his hands and knees. Wingate reaches forward, grabbing him as he stands, once again shoving Ron's head between his legs.

Blackfront: James Wingate going for the Furybomb again. If he hits this one, it is over!

Ace: Hope you're packed for Florida Ron!

James wraps his arms around Ron's waist and lifts him up. As he goes all the way up, Hall slides out of his grasp and down behind James.

Blackfront: Hall gets free yet again.

James steps forward and turns as Ron charges forward, hitting the ropes. As he comes off and Wingate fully finishes his turn, Hall throws his foot up, catching James in the jaw.

Blackfront: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC!! HE GOT IT!!

Ace: What?! No!!

Ron falls forward, rolling on top of James, lifting his leg. He and the fans count as the referee's hand slaps the canvas.

It comes down for a third and final time, cementing Wingate's fate. The bell begins to sound as the fans roar in excitement.

Blackfront: He's done it! Ron Hall has done it! James Wingate must leave television for good!

Ace: BUT WHO WILL RUN THE SHOWS?! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Ron rolls over and pushes his way up. The referee lifts his arm up in victory.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... RON... HALLLLLLLLLL!!!!

Ron looks down at Wingate who has sit up and scooted back into the corner, looking up at him in disbelief.

Blackfront: Even the boss can't believe that he lost.

Ron is handed a microphone through the ropes. He paces around before centering himself in the ring. Raising the microphone up he looks down at Wingate.

Hall: I think... this is where you make your exit, never to be seen again.

The fans cheer loudly.

Hall: You know... in the promotion of the show tonight, they said that the landscape would change and the UTA would never be the same again...

Hall takes in the cheers.

Hall: They were right! No longer will we be worried about unfairly having titles stripped from us!

The fans cheer loudly.

Hall: No longer, will corruption lead the office and allow people such as Dynasty... run amok with no repercussions!

Hall moves closer to Wingate who has now stood up, leaning against the turnbuckle. He raises the microphone.

Hall: No longer... will YOU be able to ruin what we built here.. what your father built...

Wingate starts to yell at Hall, stepping out of the corner. Hall drops the microphone and comes forward, hitting his superkick again. The fans go wild.

Blackfront: ANOTHER COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC!

Gold Rush by Tha Trademarc begins to play as Hall climbs the nearby turnbuckle and throws his arms out taking in the cheers before we fade away from the ring.

Who Has What?

Backstage, a man stands in front a concrete wall, his back to the camera. Both hands are firmly pressed against the wall, his head tucked down. The only thing that stands out is the weathered leather jacket that rests snugly on his being.

Voice: History, Ladies and Gentleman. History will be made tonight when the line in the sand is drawn, and the official separation of this roster begins. When the Draft Captain of Wrestleshov is determined, and, well...

Lifting his head up, the sold out KeyArena immediately erupts into a chorus of boos, the sight of the Macklemore-esque haircut now in view. Turning around to face the camera, the rumbling of Seattle's distaste for Colton Thorpe reverberates off the walls deep inside the arena.

Thorpe: When I take my rightful place as Victory's.

The negative noise is music to Colt's ears, as he allows himself to flash the smallest of grins.

Thorpe: Much talk has been done this week leading up to this Chamber match, too much talk really. And don't get me wrong, you're looking at one of the top offenders right here. Compliments, insults, strategies, predictions, guarantees. The list goes on with themes we've had to listen to.

Colt rotates his hand repeatedly as he cycles through his various points.

Thorpe: But the fun part is here now. The talking is done, and we are minutes away from seeing what everyone actually brings to the table. Who has the royal flush, and who has been bluffing from the start? We all get to see which one of the eight men is a man of their word, and which seven just simply aren't man enough to back their words up.

As he mentions the one of eight, he cockily has his index finger extended on his right hand, while it points back at his chest.

Thorpe: Just don't be disappointed when the next time you see me, I'm telling you...

Colt crouches, staring deep into the camera. No facial expressions at all, he steps ever so closely towards the camera, until the only thing in its frame is his face.

Thorpe: I told you so.

Colt walks out of frame as the scene fades to black on the white painted concrete wall.

All The Tickets Have Been Sold

Backstage at the KeyArena. The WrestleUTA backdrop is brightly lit and cameras are rolling. For a few brief seconds, the shot is empty. From the left side of the screen the UTA World Champion steps into frame. His back is turned slightly to the camera filming away.

La Flama Blanca: All the tickets have been sold... The Pay Per View subscriptions are still being counted...

LFB turns to finally face the lense. He is dressed for ring action, holding his UTA World Title on his left shoulder.

LFB: Another record breaking event for the UTA. Tonight, we are going to see history. Tonight... the WORLD is going to see La Flama Blanca take on the juggernaut that is Princess Alex Beckman... and win.

Blanca paces in front of the camera.

LFB: I know there are a great number of you out there that can't wait to see this belt off my waist... It's something you want to happen each and every time I put it on the line. You want me to lose... and I won't.

The Champion stops in the middle of your screen. The lights shine off the diamonds on the World Championship.

LFB: I've proven to the UTA Universe, to the people up at corporate, and to the rest of the roster that I am THE champion in the UTA. The Champion that everyone can look up to and respect. The BEST Champion in the business.

He oozes cocky the attitude that makes him a hated man.

LFB: Tonight will be a lot like those other nights, I WILL survive and go home with the UTA World Championship. I will SHOCK the world. You're in for a show, Seattle. I promise not to dissapoint. Tonight, I stamp my ticket to the Hall Of Fame.

The Champion moves from side to side, anxiously. He raises his hand up into the air as he grips his UTA World Championship belt.

LFB: Alex... you've been put on the pedestal. You've been built up so high... I'm not going to shed a tear as I watch you crash down to earth. I will be the one standing over you, raising my UTA World title into the air. I will STILL be

champion.

La Flama Blanca picks his title up off his shoulder, looks at it for a moment before holding it defiantly above his head.

LFB: The miracle story... The streak, is about to end. The "Year of The Luchador" marches on, whether you like it... or not.

Blanca looks directly into the camera and then walks off screen.

We move ringside where the camera pans up to see the huge steel structure hanging above the ring.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen it's time for the most dangerous structure known to man. It is time for.. The Chamber!

The chamber begins to lower slowly.

Ace: Jason, this is the type of match that changes men's lives forever! I can guarantee that eight men will go in, but when they exit, they will be changed.

Blackfront: That is for sure Tommy. Lives will be on the line here tonight as eight superstars compete for the chance to control the landscape of the UTA forever.

The PA system of the KeyArena kicks back to life with the first few licks of guitar, followed by the opening lyric.

I could have been a contender, but my head wasn't cold enough...

The Glorious Sons' The Contender plays as from behind the curtain, Sanctus strides onto the stage. Gone is the white mask he once wore; Colton Thorpe stole that. Gone is the mostly white attire, replaced with heavy tones of crimson and black, his head crowned now by a mask very reminiscent of the Daredevil. He bounces, shifting weight from side to side, in one spot.

Blackfront: Sanctus in his near ring gear as he looks to get back on track tonight and win a chance to become a draft captain.

Slowly, Sanctus makes his way down the ramp, eyes locked on the Chamber. Fans reach over the rails and slap him on the shoulder, but his usual friendly exchange is much downplayed. When he gets to the base of the ramp, he grabs ahold of the painted black chains and shakes them twice.

Announcer: Introducing next, from Bell City, Ontario, Canada! Standing at six feet, two and one half inches and weighing two hundred and thirty eight pounds...

The referees again open the door to the satanic structure, and the Man in the Crimson Mask steps inside. He looks around to the other superstars already tucked away in their pods, before climbing the ropes to perform his sign of the cross / throat slash pose.

Announcer: SAAANNCCTTUUSSS!!!

Jumping back down to the steel, Sanctus calmly makes his way to the nearest unoccupied pod.

Blackfront: Sanctus being locked in that pod now. Nowhere to go as he awaits it to open.

A bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as Heavy is the Head gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage.

Eric Dane makes his way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song. He looks up at the deadly Chamber and takes off down the ramp. As he approaches, Dane waste no time entering the unholy structure.

Blackfront: Eric Dane shows no fear going into this match.

Ace: Eric Dane was born to be in matches like this Jason!

Genghis Tron Board up the House [Renholder Remix] plays. The arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage. Out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down. He his wet navy blue hair hangs over his face. He has a dark red gothic style leather coat on. He has dark red tights with gothic symbols on the hips moving to the front of the tights. The words "BLOOD LUST" going down his right leg in red and gray letters. He also has new black and red strap boots on.

Ace: How is this guy not in jail after kidnapping Zhalia Fears?

He slowly begins to walk down the ramp with each step smoke rises from under his feet.

Announcer: Hailing from Parts Unknown

Crimson Lord reaches the end of the entrance ramp. He stares coldly into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

Crimson Lord quickly grabs the top rope and steps over the top rope after entering the Chamber.

Announcer: "The Plague of Darkness"...CRIMSON LORD!!

The lights slowly come on as he enters his pod.

Blackfront: Could this monster be the man who wins this match?

Ace: Can you imagine his draft picks?

A quick burst of TV static plunges the arena into darkness, before the breakneck start to Sinister Rouge by Bad Religion summons a storm of red and white strobes at the top of the ramp. Clouds of smoke form and billow around the stage, obscuring all in the area.

Blackfront: The fans love this guy!

Ace: I don't.

A huge pyrotechnic explosion erupts as the first verse hits, and Cayle Murray steps out from the fog, gazing around the arena and running an extended finger pistol across the horizon. He's soon on his way, and throws his hood back before jogging down to the ring, slapping hands with some fans to the left and then some to the right.

Announcer: Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland...

Cayle soon reaches the chamber, entering it before moving into the ring. He makes his way to a corner once inside and hops onto the second turnbuckle. After a few seconds of gawking around the building with a hand over his brow like a lookout he throws both arms to his side.

Announcer: Standing at 6'1" and weighing in at 220 pounds...

He stays atop the turnbuckle for the chorus' duration, then loosens his posture and drops his arms. Murray can't help but smile at the crowd's positive vibes.

Announcer: CAYLE... MUUURRAAYY!!!

Finally, Cayle hops down from the turnbuckles and unzips his hoodie. He tosses it aside and takes to a corner, before heading to his pod.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray wants to win this one for the fans.

Lights all around the arena start shutting off one by one. When the big overhead lights shut off with a clunk the crowd pops simply for the sudden darkness. A whistling wind is heard, a hush falls over the arena. When the driving beat the

man in black starts up, the fans perk back up. A few cheers, mostly derision from the UTA fans. When the lyrics to Johnny Cash's God's Gunna' Cut You Down kick in, the whole arena rises up in one clear voice.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Bronson Box is a scary man to be locked in a cage with.

Ace: I know I wouldn't want to be.

Announcer: Now making his waaaaaaaay to the ring! Hailing from the highlands of Scotlaaaaand. Weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

The lights come back on with a pop. Already standing on the ring apron, big as life and dressed for war. The Wargod. The Original Defiant. His name arching across the front of his tights.

Announcer: ... BRNSOOOOOOOOOOOON BOX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Boxer closes his eyes and soaks in the reaction from the UTA fans.

Ace: I heard Boxer threatened our ring announcer on day one not to announce his height EVER... or else. Can you imagine what "or else" is with this sociopath? Yeesh.

Blackfront: Scary thought... let's just say he's tall enough, what do you say?

As the music fades Bronson slowly climbs between the top and second rope, placing boot to canvas before heading to a pod.

Monster by Skillet begins to play over the arenas sound system as the UTA fans immediately begin with the boos and jeers. As the instrumental beginning merges into the opening lyrics, Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an unimpressed expression.

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe, the self proclaimed next generation of villian.

Announcer: Hailing from Cleveland, Ohio...

Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, looking out into the mass of people as the red and white strobe lighting lights the rampway. His appearance is disheveled: Hair is unkempt, soaked with water dripping down his face. Sporting a black jacket which has the left sleeve torn off, the initials "CT" appear to be spray painted onto the left breast pocket. His walk is slower, and is constantly adjusting his neck and rolling his shoulders.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 228 lbs...

Thorpe walks around towards the left side of the ring with a lack of acknowledgement for the ringside fans. What a few weeks ago was near silence for the newcomer has quickly evolved into a healthy hate from the fans in attendance. He climbs up the onto the apron, taking off his jacket before tossing it onto the floor outside the ring.

Announcer: COLTON... THOOORRRPPPEEE!!!

Hearing his name brings the slightest of a smirk to his face, but very little emotion is shown. He splits the ropes into the ring and begins to pace back and forth, throwing phantom punches as a type of pre fight/match routine. He adjusts to the center of the ring bouncing up and down, shifting his weight from left to right before heading to a pod.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into boo's of sheer hatred. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and moustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk. Around his waist is the Legacy championship, which he unfastens and throws over his left shoulder.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion making his way to the ring now!

Ace: If he was a real champion, he would have put his title on the line.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the Legacy champion begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring. Hailing from Miami, Florida.

Sektor pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking up the hatred and practically smiling as he absorbs it all. He looks at the chamber, patting the steel chains before entering the structure.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: Representing The MACHINE. He is the CURRENT Reigning and Defending UTA LEGACY CHAMPION. The Gold Standard...JOHN, SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and lifts the Legacy championship high into the air,, completely in love with himself as the announcer echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: If he wins this match, The Machine will have all of the bragging rights in the world.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused as he heads to his pod.

Blackfront: John Sektor looks ready.

The camera moves back up to the top of the stage. The screens light up, showing an in shape and simply beautiful Bobby Dean on them. Joe Esposito's You're the Best Around begins to play throughout the sound system. From the curtains, we see it. Bobby Dean rides out of the back and onto the stage in an electric scooter fitted with a basket that holds his snack foods.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now. From Houston, Texas...

Bobby picks up a piece of pizza from the basket, taking a bite out of it, before sitting it down on top of a bucket of fried chicken.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs in at three hundred and eighty pounds....

Ace: More like three hundred tons.

Announcer: BEAUTIFUL..... BOBBY.... DEEEEEAAANNNNNN!!!!

Bobby begins down the ramp on his scooter as the men in the pods just stares at him from the ring, trying to hold back their laughter.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean seems to have brought snacks with him.

Ace: Who knows how long he'll be in the pod! He's got to keep his energy up.

Tommy can be heard trying to stop himself from vomiting as Bobby Dean parks his cart near the steps as his music continues to play. Bobby Stands up and begins to dismount his cart. He almost stumbles as he does, but is able to catch his balance.

Bobby starts up the steps and stops, breathing heavy before continuing. As he reaches the apron, he struts across the edge of the ring, holding onto the rope so not to fall with one hand and in the other his bucket of chicken and snacks. The Beautiful one grabs the top rope with both hands and leans back, still holding on. He does a little shake for all of the ladies, who would rather not see it, in the building before entering the ring.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean in the ring, and ready to get in his pod.

Ace: Is he even going to be able to fit?

Dean grabs the bottom of his way too small shit, and begins pulling it off. The fans, as well as everyone in the pods, and even the referee all scream No!. Bobby stops and looks around as he wonders what the big deal is.

Ace: No one wants to see any more of Bobby Dean then they already unfortunately have to.

Bobby takes his snacks and heads toward the final pod.

Ace: There are no words to describe the stupidity we are witnessing right now.

Finally he takes a deep breath and enters the pod. His eyes look worried as the door is closed behind him.

Blackfront: Over ten tons of steel contains these eight men.

Ace: This is one of the most hellacious structures ever created Jason.

Blackfront: It sure is and any moment, two of those pods will open and we will be underway. The rules are simple. Every five minutes another pod opens. You eliminate your opponents by pin fall or submission. At that time they must exit the structure. The final two men in the ring will compete for the first draft pick to happen later on the show.

Ace: It's going to be big!

The camera pans across the top of the structure as the lights begin to flash, illuminating the pods randomly. Finally it lands on the first one and a loud buzzer goes off. The fans go nuts as John Sektor's door opens.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion will enter the match first.

Ace: Quite a disadvantage if you ask me. First one in, you have to last at least thirty minutes with seven others inside of that chamber? I hate to say it, but John Sektor will not be walking out the winner here tonight.

Sektor steps out of the pod and through the ropes, getting into the ring.

Blackfront: Legacy Champion getting ready for a long night.

The lights dim and begin to flash again as Sektor moves to the middle of the ring, moving around and watching for the pods to open. Eric Dane and Bronson Box both beat on their pod doors as the lights flash. Finally, they halt above a pod and the buzzer sounds.

Suddenly the door on Crimson Lord's pod opens.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord and John Sektor will kick things off here tonight!

Crimson steps over the top rope as John Sektor rushes toward him.

Blackfront: John Sektor meeting Crimson Lord with a barrage of forearms to the back of the big man now.

Crimson Lord shoots an elbow up catching Sektor in the jaw. John grabs his mouth and stumbles away from the hall of fame member.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord with that hard elbow rocking the Legacy Champion.

Crimson grabs the back of John Sektor and spins him around and sends him over the top rope the the metal floor between the ring and side of the chamber. He lets out yell as his back hits.

Blackfront: There is no give there folks as that is pure steel.

Ace: John Sektor is painfully aware of that I'd say.

Sektor rolls over and grabs the ropes, pulling himself up. Crimson reaches over the top and grabs him by the back of

the head before pulling Sektor back over and into the ring. As he hits the canvas, Sektor lets out a yell.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord just playing with the Champion now.

Ace: He's treating John Sektor like his name was Zhalia fears.

Bobby Dean throws a handful of popcorn into the ring. Crimson shoots a deadly glare in his direction causing Bobby's knees to shake.

Ace: Bobby Dean needs to just go back to spectating. He'll be in the match soon enough.

Crimson turns back to John Sektor. As he approaches, Crimson reaches down and violently pulls Sektor to his feet, immediately scooping him up. He turns and runs forward before leaping over.

Blackfront: HUGE power slam by Crimson Lord on the Legacy Champion.

Ace: He is methodically destroying Sektor. I don't see how John Sektor can even pretend to think there is any way he will get through the remaining superstars, much less win this match.

Blackfront: Crimson pulls John Sektor to his feet.

Grabbing his left arm, Crimson pulls back, sending Sektor into the ropes.

Blackfront: John Sektor on the return now.

Crimson reaches out and wraps his arm around Sektor's neck, using his other to lock in a sleeper hold.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord locking the sleeper in tight here, hoping to put Sektor out before the next pod opens.

Ace: Those arms are like tree trunks Jason. I can tell you right now that John Sektor is unable to breathe.

Crimson drops to a knee, bringing Sektor down to a half laying position with him as the referee watches.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion fading.

The referee lifts Sektor's arm up. As he releases it falls to the side. He lifts it again, and one more time it falls.

Blackfront: Sektor is out folks.

The referee raises his arm a third and final time. As he releases, it drops. However, at the last second, Sektor's fist comes together and he stops his arm. As the fans begins to scream and shout, Sektor's arm begins to shake.

Blackfront: I can't believe it! Sektor's not out!

Ace: I don't think Crimson Lord can believe it either Jason!

Both arms start to shake as John begins to push up, taking Crimson with him. Crimson's face is one of shock as both men raise. John grabs his hands together. He then jams his elbow hard into the gut of Crimson.

Blackfront: Another elbow driven into the ribs of Crimson Lord. Now a third. Lord has to let go.

As he does Sektor runs forward and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: John Sektor on the return.. he leaps.. shoulder into Crimson Lord and the big man is taken down.

The fans go crazy as Sektor rolls over to a knee and throws his arms out, basking in it.

Ace: Don't celebrate too early there champ.

John spins around and pushes up as Crimson starts to get up as well. Sektor rushes forward and leaps with a shoulder, catching him again. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: John Sektor starting to come back now, but is it enough? Or is it too little too late?

Ace: Jason, I just don't see it. He's already had a lot taken out of him and it's still early here.

Crimson pushes up to his knee again as does Sektor who leaps forward.

Blackfront: John Sektor now with big right hands to Crimson Lord.

Crimson takes the rights and just shakes them off as he pushes up to his feet. Sektor comes forward with another right. Crimson then counters with one of his own.

Blackfront: Both men now exchanging rights in the middle of the ring.

Ace: This is big time right here.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord brings a boot up into the gut of John Sektor.

He uses his right hand and grabs the throat of Sektor before placing John's arm over his shoulder. He begins to lift Sektor up who begins kicking his feet.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has Sektor up... CHOKE SLAM!

Ace: That's it. The Legacy Champion is done for. Put a fork in him now.

The lights dim and begin flashing over each pod. The fans grow crazy in anticipation. Finally, it rest above a pod and the buzzer sounds. As the lights come back up the gate on Eric Dane's pod opens.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is the next one in this!

Crimson Lord turns and gets ready for Dane who burst out of his pod and quickly hopes the ropes to enter the ring.

Ace: Here we go!

Blackfront: Eric Dane rushes Crimson Lo- NO! Dane goes right to John Sektor!

Dane passes Crimson Lord and begins to stomp away at the downed Sektor.

Ace: Ha! Eric Dane is keeping good on his promise of wanting to destroy John Sektor!

Crimson Lord tilts his head to the side, watching Dane stomp Sektor.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is relentless.

Eric Dane pauses for a second, turning slightly to Crimson Lord. We can see him motion to Crimson and then down to John Sektor.

Ace: It looks like Eric Dane is asking Crimson if he wants a piece.

Blackfront: What an odd combination these two are if they do in fact work together.

Crimson walks toward Sektor, passing Dane but not removing his eyes from him. He bends down and grabs John, pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Hard whip into the corner by Crimson Lord.

As Sektor hits, Crimson looks at him and then Dane. Dane moves his arm out as if to say After You.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord heading to the corner now.

Crimson looks at Dane who is seen saying Do your thing big man. Crimson brings his arm up high, before bringing a heavy chop across Sektor's chest.

Blackfront: Huge chop by Crimson Lord.

Ace: That one looked like it hurt.

Eric Dane smiles and nods before walking over him self. He looks a Crimson and says May I? before wiggling his fingers before pulling his arm back and delivering his own chop.

Blackfront: It looks like Crimson Lord and Eric Dane have a chest chop competition going on now as they each are exchanging turns chopping the chest of John Sektor.

After each man sends a couple of chops into Sektor's chest, Crimson Lord steps back before raising his leg up, placing his foot into the throat of John Sektor.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord now choking Sektor in the corner.

After a few moments he lets go. Eric Dane smiles before turning to the side and raising his leg up, placing his foot into the throat of Sektor.

Blackfront: John Sektor can barely stand.

Ace: He isn't standing Jason! The ropes are holding him up and barely at that!

Eric Dane lets go, laughing a bit before turning to Crimson and patting him on the shoulder. Crimson Lord looks at Dane, his eyes squint. He begins to smile and laugh as well. Crimson laughs more. As he does, Eric Dane's laughter begins to turn into an uncomfortable chuckle. he looks at Crimson and nods. Crimson nods back then stops.

Completely.

Eric's eyes widen large as Crimson just smiles.

Blackfront: I think Eric Dane is about to about to be properly introduced to the man known as Crimson Lord.

Ace: That is no man Jason. Crimson Lord is a monster.

Eric tries to reason with Crimson as he begins to back up. With each step he takes, Crimson Lord takes one forward. Dane begins shake his head and pleading with Crimson.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord is not a man to be reasoned with.

Eric tries one more time to reason one more time, but in mid plead he brings a big right that catches Crimson Lord off guard. Behind the two, Sektor slithers down to the canvas and rolls to the outside edge of the ring on the metal grating.

Blackfront: Eric Dane bringing a fury to Crimson Lord head on.

Ace: He's got guts, that Dane.

Blackfront: Eric Dane with repeated shots to the side of Crimson's head.

Eric takes off backward and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: Dane on the return now.. CLOTHESLI- NO! Crimson doesn't go down!

Eric angrily looks Crimson Lord up and down before taking off to the side.

Blackfront: Off of the ropes again.. another clothesline attempt.. Crimson Lord doesn't budge.

Not to be discouraged, Eric Dane takes off a third time. On the return this time, Crimson throws his leg out, catching him with his boot.

Blackfront: Big boot to the face of Eric Dane, taking the Only Star down.

Ace: This is one time I'd have to say that Eric Dane may have bitten off more than he can chew.

Bronson Box slams the door to his pod, screaming for Crimson to Try that with me! Bobby Dean laughs from his pod, yelling Yea! Try that with him!

Blackfront: Bronson Box and to a degree, Bobby Dean, taunting Crimson Lord from inside their pods.

Ace: Don't worry guys, you'll have your time soon.

Crimson heads over to Dane who is on his stomach, reaches down and lifts his left leg up before bringing it down into the canvas.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord driving the knee of Eric Dane into the ring. Going for it again.

He forcefully sends Eric's knee into the canvas again. Dane grabs his knee and rolls around.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord is the lone man standing as Eric Dane and John Sektor are both down.

Ace: He's a former champion Jason. He's been in matches ten times for dangerous than this. I tell you, I don't like Crimson Lord one bit but even I need to give him props where they are due.

Crimson reaches down and grabs Dane by the head. As he begins to, Eric reaches up and grabs the back of Crimson's head and drops down. Crimson's jaw connects with the top of Eric's head.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker by Dane as he tries to slow the pace down.

Crimson holds his jaw as he stumbles to the ropes. As he approaches them, Crimson grabs the top to hold himself there, shaking it off. Dane uses the ropes on the other side of the ring to start pulling himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Both men getting to their feet now as we draw closer to the next pod being opened.

Ace: Who is it going to be Jason?

Blackfront: I'm not sure, but the dynamic currently is big.

Crimson turns and snarls at Dane before taking off across the ring.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord on the move. Dane turns...

As he does, Eric sees Crimson coming toward him at full speed. Still hanging onto the top rope, Eric Dane drops down. Crimson Lord goes over the ropes, hitting the steel floor outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Eric Dane able to escape a potential bad situation there as Crimson Lord meets metal.

Ace: I dunno Jason. I picture at home Crimson Lord has always been pretty metal.

Blackfront: Oh, you have jokes don't you?

Ace: I'm here all night.

Eric Dane uses the ropes to start pulling himself back up. As he does, John Sektor rolls back into the ring under the bottom rope behind him.

Blackfront: John Sektor back in the ring, getting to his feet. I don't think Eric Dane realizes he is back in.

Ace: I'm not even sure, after the beating he took, John Sektor knows he is back in.

Sektor runs toward Eric Dane. As Dane turns around, Sektor leaps up and grabs his head, dropping down.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion with a leaping DDT! Eric Dane is down and out!

Ace: He didn't even see that coming.

Sektor rolls over and pushes up to his feet. As he does, Crimson Lord can be seen using the ropes to pull himself to his feet outside of the ropes. Sektor sees this and looks back before taking off toward the ropes. As he hits them, he charges forward toward Crimson Lord.

Blackfront: Sektor off of the ropes.. he leaps... OVER THE TOP ROPE AND CRASHING INTO CRIMSON LORD!

The fans go crazy as Sektor's body meets Crimson's, sending the hall of fame member backward and into the side of the chamber hard.

Blackfront: Sektor putting his body on the line here tonight to take the big man out!

Ace: I'm unsure how smart that was, seeing how there is still a long time to go.

All three men are down as the lights dim and the top of the pods begin to illuminate.

Blackfront: Our fourth entrant about to be revealed as we continue on.

Ace: Who's it gonna be?!

Finally, the lights stop and we see the door open on Sanctus' pod.

Blackfront: It's Sanctus!

Ace: I was hoping for Bobby Dean.

Sanctus exits his pod and looks at the carnage around him before stepping into the ring.

Blackfront: The timer resets now as half of the participants have now entered the match.

Sanctus heads over to where Eric Dane is beginning to push up.

Blackfront: Sanctus with a swift kick, catching Dane in the back.

Dane lets out a yell as he is on one knee. Sanctus brings another quick kick to his back as a follow up.

Blackfront: Another kick there to the lower back of Eric Dane. Sanctus now grabbing the head of the Only Star, bringing him to his feet.

John Sektor rolls back into the ring under the bottom rope, using the ropes to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane holds a win over Sanctus from a few weeks ago.

Ace: And now he's looking to extract a bit of vengeance.

Holding Dane in a bent over position, Sanctus brings a knee up, catching him under his jaw. Dane grabs his mouth and stumbles back, turning around. As he turns, Sektor comes forward and shoots a leg up, catching him in the same place.

Blackfront: Superkick by John Sektor!

Ace: Hey now! La Flama Blanca has that copyrighted!

Blackfront: How so?

Ace: It's his move!

Blackfront: That is horse manure Tommy. Ron Hall was doing superkicks in the early two thousands! Even the former UTA Champion, Dr. EMO was doing superkicks before La Flama Blanca.

Ace: Well, they should have trademarked it then.

Blackfront: That's absurd.

Sektor drops to a knee, worn out. He breathes heavy as he looks up at Sanctus who looks down at him.

Blackfront: Sanctus possibly looking to be the man who takes out the Legacy Champion here tonight?

Crimson Lord steps over the ropes. As he heads toward the two, Sanctus pushes Sektor to the side as he is standing. He then takes off toward Crimson and leaps, throwing both legs out.

Blackfront: Double leg clothesline connects!

Crimson stumbles back into the ropes. As he stumbles off of them, John Sektor runs forward. Sanctus gets to his hands and knees, yelling at Sektor who leaps up, using Sanctus' back to push off. he turns in the air and spins into a leg across the chest of Crimson. The fans go crazy again.

Blackfront: Temporary alignments being created here tonight folks.

Ace: Yea, because that worked out so well for Eric Dane and Crimson Lord.

Both Sektor and Sanctus spin around and up to their feet. They look and see Dane getting up. Nodding to each other, they take off.

Blackfront: Sanctus and Sektor rush Dane. Double clothesli- NO! Dane ducks.

All three men quickly turn around.

Blackfront: Dane catches Sektor in the gut with a kick, now a big right over to Sanctus.

Dane turns back to Sektor, sliding behind him. He grabs one arm, bringing it under Sektor's legs while pulling the other back. He then lifts the Legacy Champion and comes down forward.

Blackfront: PUMP HANDLE SLAM BY ERIC DANE!

As Dane begins to get up, Sanctus runs forward and leaps in front of him, grabbing his head as he does, spinning Dane over and down.

Blackfront: Sanctus with a swinging neck breaker to Dane!

Ace: Come on now Eric, you know better than to leave the guy standing alone.

Blackfront: Sanctus covers Dane for the first pin attempt of the match!

The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Ace: No way Sanctus is going to eliminate Eric Dane!

The referee's hand hits a second time.

Blackfront: It sure looks like it! NO! Kick out by Dane!

Ace: That was too close for comfort.

Crimson Lord, whom is now up, makes his way over.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord grabs Sanctus as he is getting up.

Crimson Lord places his arms under Sanctus', lifting him up, legs in the air. He steps forward and drops down with a double under hook pile driver.

Blackfront: Sanctus meets the canvas hard.

Ace: That looked like it hurt.

Crimson, in a seated position, smiles before turning over and beginning to push up.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord to his feet now, pulling Eric Dane up with him.

Crimson directs Dane to the nearby turnbuckle before slamming his head into the top.

Blackfront: Eric Dane's face meets the turnbuckle courtesy of Crimson Lord. Another.

Crimson goes to slam his head into the turnbuckle again, but Eric Dane throws his hands up and stops the attempt by

grabbing the top rope. He shoots an elbow back into Crimson's face causing him to let go for a moment. Dane then grabs his head and returns the favor.

Blackfront: Eric Dane now sending Crimson's Lord's head into that turnbuckle.

Dane spins Crimson around back first into the corner. He grabs the top rope and holds it prior to beginning to bring his foot up into the stomach of Crimson Lord.

Blackfront: Multiple stomps to the midsection by Eric Dane.

Ace: That aggression there is what Eric Dane is known for.

He doesn't let up until Crimson is sitting in the corner. Even then, he continues to bring his foot down.

Blackfront: Eric Dane continues to stomp away at Crimson Lord.

Ace: He is done playing!

Eric Dane yells something inaudible toward Crimson Lord before bringing his foot down one last time, this to Crimson's head.

Blackfront: Eric Dane once again standing dominantly in his match.

John Sektor pushes himself up behind Eric Dane. As Dane bends down to grab Crimson Lord's head, John quickly maneuvers behind him, wrapping his arms around Dane's waist, and lifting backward sending Eric Dane over.

Blackfront: German suplex by John Sektor.

Ace: The champion is a suplex machine.

Sektor drops a knee down into the head of Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Knee drop connects to Eric Dane by Sektor.

Ace: That's smarts.

Blackfront: Another connects. Sektor now back to his feet.

John Sektor backs into the ropes. As he comes forward, he drops once last knee.

Blackfront: Running knee drop now for good measure.

Crimson Lord uses the ropes to pull himself up in the corner. Sektor sees him and takes off.

Blackfront: John Sektor charges Crimson Lord... leaps.. BIG SPLASH ON THE BIG MAN!

Ace: It's attack of the flying Champions!

Blackfront: The Sektor Splash taking Crimson off of his feet yet again.

Ace: How just a few moments can change everything, as John Sektor is the lone man up.

Blackfront: Not so quick.. Sanctus is up. Here he comes.. Sektor with a boot to the gut...

He grabs up under Sanctus' arms before lifting him. Sektor takes a step and leaps up, coming down into a sitting position.

Blackfront: C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION ON SANCTUS!

Ace: He's covering him Jason!

The referee slides into place. We can see Bobby Dean in the distance behind, enjoying an ear of corn in his pod.

Blackfront: We could be having our first elimination of the match here.

Ace: All it takes is three. Hey Jason.

Blackfront: Yea Tommy?

Ace: Is Bobby Dean eating... corn in his pod?

Blackfront: It appears that way Tommy.

Ace: I see.

Eric Dane, who had gotten up, stumbles over toward Sektor. As the referee raises his arm one more time, Dane brings a boot down to the lower portion of John's back, effectively breaking the count.

Blackfront: Eric Dane breaking up the pin fall for some reason.

Ace: It's easy Jason. Eric Dane has already stated he will single handedly eliminate everyone in this match himself!

Blackfront: In this type of match, you just want to be the last man in. How you get there should not matter.

Ace: You don't have any pride, do you Jason?

Eric bends down and grabs Sektor's head. As he begins to pull him up, the Legacy Champion brings a fist up into his stomach.

Blackfront: John Sektor fighting back. A second shot to the gut of Eric Dane.

John reaches forward, grabbing Eric Dane's legs and pulling back as he stands up. Dane falls shoulder first to the canvas. Holding his legs up, Sektor yanks them apart with force before letting go. Eric Dane grabs his groin area and lets out a yelp.

Ace: Sektor trying to pull Eric Dane apart like a wishbone!

The lights begin to dim and flash. Each remaining pod begins to illuminate.

Blackfront: Superstar number five is about to enter!

Ace: Five men in and not a single elimination yet. This is when things really get dangerous.

Blackfront: I agree with you there. It is still any man's match here as we continue.

The light stops on Colton Thorpe's pod and the door opens wide.

Blackfront: Here comes Colton Thorpe into the ring... running clothesline takes John Sektor down!

Sanctus pushes himself to a knee up as Thorpe moves over, launches in and extends with a thrust kick to the side of his head.

Blackfront: THORPEDO! THORPEDO!

John Sektor rolls over and pushes up to a knee. Colton turns and comes in with another thrust kick to the head.

Blackfront: ANOTHER THORPEDO!

Ace: His aim is deadly tonight Jason!

Behind him, Eric Dane moves up to a knee. Colton turns, sees him, and moves in with..

Blackfront: THORPEDOOOO!!!!

He turns and sees Crimson Lord coming his way.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord reaches.. Thorpe ducks...

Both men turn. As they do, Colton brings a leg up and into the outer thigh of Crimson Lord followed by another. Lord

drops to a knee.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord to a knee... Thorpe comes forward... THOOOORRRPPPEEDDOOO!!!!

Ace: He just took every man in the ring out with that Thorpedo!

Sanctus sits up, groggy. Colton sees him and runs forward dropping a running elbow.

Blackfront: COLT MAGNUM TO SANCTUS! COLTON COVERS...

Ace: He might have it.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time and the buzzer sounds, signaling a pin fall.

Sanctus is Eliminated

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe scoring the first pin fall of the match, eliminating Sanctus.

Sanctus rolls over toward the side of the ring as the referee wonders off to assist him in exiting the chamber. Elsewhere, Colton Thorpe reaches down and grabs John Sektor by the head, pulling him up to a seated position.

Blackfront: Thorpe looking to gain number two. Off of the ropes... elbow to... NO! SEKTOR MOVES!

John Sektor rolls to the side causing Colton to hit the canvas elbow first. John quickly rolls up and pulls Colton's leg up, bending at the knee as he places his in to hold it. Sektor reaches forward and places his upper arm under Colton's jaw and pulls back. Crimson Lord start to get up.

Blackfront: SEKTOR STRETCH! SEKTOR STRETCH!

Ace: He's got it locked in good too.

Crimson Lord spreads his legs behind Sektor as he moves in over him. He reaches down with both arms, wrapping them under Sektor's neck and pulling back as Sektor continues to pull back on Colton.

Blackfront: MY LORD! A DOUBLE SUBMISSION ATTEMPT!

Eric Dane begins to push up, trying to decipher what he is seeing.

Ace: It's a human submitapede!

Dane runs back and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: Wait... HERE COMES DANE!

He leaps, turning sideways and crashing into all three, but primarily Crimson Lord and John Sektor.

Blackfront: Eric Dane taking a golden opportunity to take a bit of control.

Dane rolls over and to his side, holding his upper body up on his elbow. He smiles before using his free hand to point up to his head and say something we can not hear before getting up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane, cocky as ever.

Ace: More like confident Jason, and why shouldn't he be?

Dane looks down at his downed opponents, admiring his work.

Blackfront: Eric Dane taking a much needed breather.

He places his hands on his hips and walks toward the ropes. Looking into Cayle Murray's pod, Dane just waves him off. He continues forward.

Blackfront: Dane now checking out everyone left.

He walks in front of Bronson Box's cage, looking at Box holding the door, ready to come out any time.

Eric just nods and continues to the next pod where he comes to Bobby Dean who looks back at him with doe eyes as he removes his hand from near his mouth.

Ace: Where did Bobby Dean get that piece of chicken?

Blackfront: I don't know Tommy, I don't know.

Dean takes the bare bone and bites at a small piece of meat still left on, smiling at Dane who sighs and walks away from him.

Ace: Bobby Dean obviously not following the Team Danger work out plan.

Crimson Lord gets to his feet where Dane meets him in the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: We have another Crimson Lord and Eric Dane stare down now. Crimson with a right... Dane returns with his own.

They continue to exchange punching as Thorpe starts to get up as well as John Sektor.

Blackfront: All four men to their feet now. as we continue.

Ace: When this is all said and done, two of these men will have full control over the future landscape of the UTA!

Blackfront: That is a scary thought if you look at who is left in this.

Crimson hits Dane with such force he stumbles back. As he looks up, he sees the fist of John Sektor coming across, catching him again. Dane then stumbles around again and right into a punch from Colton Thorpe. Disoriented, he turns round and is right on the opposite end of a big uppercut that takes him off of his feet from Crimson Lord.

Ace: It was pin the punch on Eric Dane!

Blackfront: Well Tommy, I think Crimson Lord won that one.

Ace: We know at least Eric Dane lost it.

Sektor and Colton look at each other and quickly both grab an arm of Crimson Lord. They pull back, sending him into the ropes. As he returns, they both lean down and lifting him by his legs, dropping backward.

Blackfront: FLAP JACK!

They both roll over and up, quickly moving forward in sync.

Blackfront: These two men temporarily working together.

Ace: Get the biggest guy out first. It's a wise strategy.

They both grab a leg and pull him back a bit. Colton motions for Sektor to get him up. The Legacy Champion pulls Crimson to a kneeling position. Colton tells him to move. As he does, Thorpe comes forward.

Blackfront: ANOTHER THORPEDO!

As Crimson falls back to his back on the canvas, John Sektor leaps on top of him covering. The referee slides into place.

Blackfront: A little bit of team work, and these two may have conquered the monster.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the buzzer sounds to signal another one has bit the dust.

Crimson Lord has Been Eliminated

Sektor gets to his knees, making a fist as Colton Comes forward with another kick.

Blackfront: YET ANOTHER THORP-- NO!

Sektor catches Colton's foot and stands up. As he does, Thorpe hops on one foot. John turns into him, causing to turn over and his upperbody fall to the canvas. Sektor twist his ankle as he holds it up.

Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR WITH THE ANKLE LOCK! LOOKING FOR A SUBMISSION!

Ace: Right in the middle of the ring!

Behind them, Crimson Lord has exited the ring and the door has shut behind him. Suddenly the lights dim and begin flashing over the remaining three pods.

Blackfront: We're about to get our sixth entrant into the Chamber!

Ace: But we're also about to get a submission too!

The referee ask Thorpe is he gives up, but he refuses, trying to fight forward. However, John Sektor just gets a better grip. Finally, the light stops and Cayle Murray's pod door opens.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray now in this match!

He exits his pod, jolts forward and leaps over the top rope and into the ring. As he touches down, he turns spins around and runs toward Eric Dane whom has gotten to his feet.

Blackfront: Murray rushes Dane... Dane with a clothesline attempt. Murray ducks.

As he ducks down, Cayle turns and slides his arm under him, and rolling him back into a school boy.

Blackfront: WE HAVE A PIN! WE HAVE A PIN!

As the referee leaps down and into place to start counting, behind him Colton Thorpe begins to tap out.

Ace: THORPE IS TAPPING! THORPE IS TAPPING JASON!

Blackfront: But the referee doesn't see it!

The referee's hand hits a second time with Thorpe's hand hitting the canvas hard enough behind him that Cayle Murray lets go, thinking he got the three count.

Ace: That idiot thinks he won!

As Cayle gets to his knees, the referee shoves two fingers in his face. A look of shock comes over him as he tries to confirm. Behind them, Colton is able to roll to his back. He places his second foot onto Sekor's chest and pushes him back and off.

Blackfront: THORPE ABLE TO GET FREE!

Ace: Yea, but what damage has been done to that ankle!

Blackfront: John Sektor did have it locked in for quite some time.

Eric Dane rolls over to the corner, sitting in it and watching as Cayle gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Murray going for Dane, NO! John Sektor turns him around.. kick to the gut, followed by an European Uppercut!

Cayle flings his arms before falling back to the canvas. Sektor turns and brings a foot down to Colton Thorpe. In the corner, Eric Dane begins to fumble with his boot.

Blackfront: John Sektor now stomping both Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe.

Ace: He needs to keep his eye on Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Sektor now pulling Thorpe back to his feet.

Grabbing the back of Colton's head, Sektor directs him to the ropes. He sends Thorpe into and over the top rope. As Colton slams down onto the grate, he lets out a painful yell.

Blackfront: Sektor now grabbing Cayle Murray, pulling him to his feet as well.

Eric Dane uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, watching from the corner. He can be seen holding something in his hand.

Blackfront: Murray sent into the ropes. On the return now.... Sektor catches him.. back body drop by John Sektor!

As Cayle hits the canvas, Dane charges forward, bringing his hand up.

Ace: Look Jason! Eric Dane has a fork!

Blackfront: Where did that come from?!

Ace: He had it in his boot!

Blackfront: Eric Dane wildly jabbing that fork toward John Sektor!

Sektor quickly moves, barely missing being caught with the fork. He is able to slide his arm up under Eric's, move around behind him, and wrap his other arm around Dane's neck. Sektor then pulls Dane down, his back going into John's knee. As he connects, the fork is dropped from his hand. Sektor quickly toss Eric to the side.

Blackfront: John Sektor able to get that fork away from Eric Dane... he's going for it himself!

Sektor leaps down, grabbing the fork and rolling to his knees. As he does, Dane comes forward and brings a boot down across the top of his hand, holding it there.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to break the hand of John Sektor.

Ace: If your hand is broken, you can't fork anyone!

He pulls his foot up from the hand, and catches Sektor in the face, causing him to fall back.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is grabbing that fork again!

Ace: STAB HIS EYES OUT!

Blackfront: Jeez Tommy, can you be any more sadistic?

Sektor holds the middle rope as he is on a knee. Shaking off the boot to the face he begins to get up. Eric Dane charges.

Blackfront: Dane charging with that fork!

Sektor's eyes grow wide before he bends down, and catches Eric Dane, lifting him up and over his shoulder, sending Dane over the top rope and to the steel grate. Sektor stumbles forward and drops to his knees.

Blackfront: John Sektor able to barely miss being sta-- wait...

Sektor uses his right hand to reach back over his left shoulder, feeling around. His eyes grow large again as he begins to let out a yell.

Blackfront: What is happening?

Sektor stands up and starts to turn around, trying to look behind himself. As he does, the fork can be seen with its prongs halfway buried into the meat of his upper shoulder.

Ace: ERIC DANE SHOVED THAT SONUVABITCH IN! LOOK AT IT!

Blackfront: MY GOD THAT IS GRUESOME!

John Sektor winces in pain, and is unable to grab the fork which hangs at an odd angle. He turns to the referee yelling for him to pull it out. The referee just backs away, his hands up.

Blackfront: John Sektor is trying to get help, but to no avail.

Ace: GOOD! I hope he gets an infection!

Cayle Murray pushes up to his feet in front of Sektor. As he heads toward him, Sektor turns slightly displaying the fork causing Cayle to stop dead in his tracks and take a step back. He can be seen mouthing What the Hell?

Blackfront: Cayle Murray unsure how to proceed.

Acer: Easy! Grab the fork and dig it in deeper!

Sektor pleads with Murray who comes closer.

Blackfront: It looks like John Sektor is asking Cayle to pull the fork out.

Ace: DO IT! Then you can stab him again!

Blackfront: Folks, John Sektor needs to get this checked out by medical staff immediately.

Cayle slowly reaches forward as Sektor yells for him to hurry. As his hand touches the fork, he pulls it back and shakes his head saying he can't do it.

Blackfront: Cayle unsure of himself, and I don't blame him.

He reaches forward again, and grips the fork. As he tries to pull it, Sektor lets out a blood curdling scream causing Murray to release the fork and leap back.

Ace: He's just causing it to go deeper! I LOVE IT!

John pleads again and turns away from Murray. Cayle grabs the fork with both hands, and pulls as hard as he can. As it comes out of John's back, Murray falls to a sitting position. A spray of blood can be seen going up and out as the form is removed.

Blackfront: I think I'm gonna be sick.

Ace: That was some hardcore forking there Jason.

Blackfront: Now isn't the time for you jokes. That was sickening.

Bobby Dean can be seen asking Cayle if he's going to use the fork. Murray, realizing he still has it in his hand, tosses it to the side.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray not getting back to his feet. The referee is asking John Sektor if he can continue.

Ace: How can he? The guy was first in the ring... has a hold in his back where he was forked... Just go to the back john, enjoy the fact you're still Legacy Champion, and survive another day!

Murray heads over and checks on Sektor as well.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray checking on the condition of his opponent.

Ace: That is a sign of weakness right there. No way John Sektor would show him the same compassion.

Blackfront: I just wish we had more people like Cayle Murray in the UTA.

The referee directs Sektor over toward the chamber door, which opens as the ring side doctor steps up and into the chamber with his kit. Sektor exits the ropes as the doctor begins to check his injury outside of the ring on the grate

between the ropes and the chamber.

Blackfront: The referee refusing to allow Sektor to continue without being checked out. Colton Thorpe now rolling back into the ring as we continue.

Colton pushes his way up as Cayle turns his attention back to the match and off of John Sektor. The two men begin to circle.

Blackfront: Lock up... Colton Thorpe with a knee up catching Murray.. into a side headlock.

Cayle stomps the foot of Colton, getting him to release, before he spins around behind him, grabbing Colton at the waist.

Blackfront: Belly to back now.

The lights dim and begin to flash over the two remaining pods.

Blackfront: Our seventh entrant about to be come in!

Ace: Is it going to be Bronson Box or Bobby Dean?!

The fans get excited. Inside the ring, Colton leaps down into a sitting position as he breaks free and rolls over and back behind Cayle. Thorpe throws his arm around the neck of Murray, placing him in a sleeper hold in the middle of the ring. Suddenly the lights stop and the buzzer sounds.

Blackfront: BRONSON BOX IS IN NEXT!

Bronson begins to kick the pod as it starts to unlatch.

Ace: Things are about to pick up.

Box enters the ring through the ropes, rushing the two men. As he approaches, he brings his knee up, catching Colton Thorpe in the side of the head, sending him down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Box catching Colton Thorpe hard. Now bringing down big forearms to the upper shoulders of Cayle Murray.

He each forearm that comes down, slams into the collarbone of Cayle. Finally, Box just grabs the side of Cayle's head and pushes him over to the canvas.

Blackfront: The brutality of Bronson Box is matched by none!

Ace: I dunno Jason, I mean we did just see John Sektor stabbed by Eric Dane.

Bronson steps over Murray, bends down and pulls his arms back, placing them on his legs before reaching forward and grabbing under Cayle's chin. He begins to pull back.

Blackfront: Bronson Box has the Boston Massacre locked in!

Ace: He's gonna tap!

Colton rolls over and pushes up. Angry he charges forward. As he does, he leaps throwing his elbow out, catching Bronson in the face. Box releases his grip and falls back to the canvas as Cayle drops down.

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe now stomping away at Bronson Box.

Ace: That's a good way to make enemies right there.

Eric Dane rolls back in under the bottom rope. He reaches up and grabs on, pulling himself up.

Blackfront: Thorpe pulling Box to his feet now. Bronson with an elbow to the gut.

He lifts Thorpe up on his shoulders, before dropping him over.

Blackfront: Into a fireman's carry.

Bronson gets up quickly, stepping back and hitting the ropes. As he comes forward, Box leaps forward and down.

Blackfront: Head butt connects to Colton Thorpe.

Eric Dane picks the bloody fork up from the canvas, holding it in his hand like a mad man, snarling as he heads forward.

Blackfront: Here comes Dane.

Ace: And he's got that fork!

Cayle Murray begins to push up as Eric Dane approaches him. Bronson Box yells at Dane, stepping forward and pulling Murray up, then holding him.

Blackfront: Bronson Box holding Cayle Murray for Eric Dane.

Eric's face shows a sadistic smile as he brings the fork up. Suddenly John Sektor, whom now sports a bandaged shoulder, enters back in between the ropes and runs.

Blackfront: Here comes Sektor! He catches Dane with a flurry of punches!

Dane drops the fork as he is turned around and rocked by each punch. Bronson throws Cayle to the side and stomps forward.

Blackfront: Bronson Box intervening, big right to Sektor. Another.

Eric Dane joins in, both men now slamming rights into Sektor.

Blackfront: The two self proclaimed original defiants attacking the injured John Sektor.

Both Cayle and Colton start to get up as Dane and Box nod to each other before both grabbing an arm of John Sektor. They run him toward the ropes before lifting together to throw him over the top. Sektor slams into the chamber around the ring, face first.

Blackfront: John Sektor thrown into the chamber!

Ace: They are ripping him to pieces! It's amazing!

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe moving in... caught with an elbow by Bronson Box!

Colton grabs his face and stumbles back turning around. As he does, Eric Dane brings a boot up catching him in the midsection. Dane throws Colton's arm over his own head, grabs him by the tights and lifts him up vertically where he stalls a moment before dropping him down with a brainbuster DDT.

Blackfront: STARDRIVER!

Ace: Nighty night Mr. Thorpe.

Eric quickly drops, covering Colton. As he does, Cayle runs forward and right into a hellacious lariat by Bronson Box that sends him back down. The referee's hand hits the canvas a third and final time.

Colton Thorpe is Eliminated

Ace: Say goodbye to Colton, he's outta here!

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe eliminated from the match now as we have Bronson Box, Eric Dane, John Sektor, and Cayle Murray left with Bobby Dean still to enter.

Dane points down at Murray, directing Bronson to pick him up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane barking orders now as Bronson complies, lifting Cayle Murray to his feet again.

Ace: Time to get rid of the other weak link.

Eric brings a boot up as Bronson lets go, kicking Cayle in the stomach. He then sets him up, much like he did Colton.

Blackfront: Eric Dane lifting Murray up... STARDRIVER!

The fans boo. Eric goes to pin Cayle but stops.

Ace: What is he doing?

Eric points down telling Bronson to take it.

Blackfront: Eric Dane giving Bronson the pin here.

Ace: Keep him on your side, make it to the last two, then take him out! I love it!

Bronson looks down and back to Dane.

Ace: Box looks like he is confused. Why? Just pin the guy!

Bronson yells at Dane to take the pin himself. Eric questions Box whom replies that he doesn't need hand outs. Eric is taken back a bit, almost offended.

Blackfront: It appears that Eric Dane may have offended Bronson Box in some way.

Ace: How did he offend him? It's a free pin! Someone offers you steak, you eat it!

The two begin arguing as Cayle rolls out of the way. They step forward getting in front of each other, Dane towering over Box whom doesn't back down from the heated verbal argument. Suddenly, Bronson sends a fist up, catching Dane. Dane comes back with his own.

Blackfront: It's on! Bronson Box and Eric Dane exchanging punches here.

Ace: Trouble in paradise!

Blackfront: Dane with a big right.. another.. another.. Bronson Box being backed into the ropes. Dane grabs the arm.. Box sent running across the ring. on the return.. into a big boot by Eric Dane!

He violently lifts Bronson's arms up before lifting him up and then down into a devastating brainbuster DDT.

Blackfront: ERIC DANE WITH A STARDRIVER TO BRONSON BOX!

Ace: HOW COULD YOU ERIC?!

Dane gets up, yelling down at Bronson about respect before kicking him hard in the ribs.

Blackfront: Eric Dane dropping to cover Bronson Box.

Ace: Never thought I'd see this.

The referee slides into position. As he begins to count, Cayle Murray crawls forward. At the last moment, Murray comes up and forward, bringing an arm down across the back of Eric Dane to stop the pin. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Cayle Murray is still in this one folks!

Eric Dane rolls over and begins to get up. He pulls Cayle up with him. As they hit their feet, Eric Dane sends Cayle hard into the corner.

Blackfront: Eric Dane not taking kindly to Cayle Murray breaking the pin as he grabs his throat, choking him in the corner.

Dane chokes Cayle before lifting him by his throat, over and to lets go sending Cayle to the canvas.

Blackfront: Dane back into the ropes. Now heading toward Murray.. he leaps... big knee down into the chest of Cayle Murray.

Ace: That's what you get!

Dane, on his knees, reaches down and grabs Murray by the throat again, choking him with both hands.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is just sadistic.

Murray tries to fight but can't as he can be seen gasping for air. Dane lets go before coming down with a hard right into the side of Cayle's head before he covers him.

Blackfront: Eric Dane with the pin... the referee counts... MURRAY KICKS OUT!

Ace: HOW?!

The lights dim with just one flashing light over Bobby Dean's pod.

Blackfront: Here we go folks! The last pod about to open!

The buzzer sounds and Bobby's pod door opens as the lights come back up. However, Dean just reaches forward, grabs the pod door and pulls it closed, shaking his head No.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean refusing to enter the match!

Ace: He probably has a pie to finish.

Blackfront: Eric Dane up, pulling Cayle with him.

Dane grabs Cayle's tights, wrapping his arm around his head before lifting him up vertically. He holds him high for a few moments that seem like an eternity, before dropping backward.

Blackfront: HUGE SUPLEX BY ERIC DANE!

Ace: What will it take to keep this idiot down?

Blackfront: Dane goes for the cover.. referee into position.. we could see a pin here... two... three!

Cayle Murray is Eliminated

Blackfront: We are down to four!

Ace: Another one bites the dust.

Dane gets up, yelling for the referee to get Murray out of the ring. he looks back at John Sektor whom is still down on the chamber floor then at Bronson Box who has yet to get up before turning his head up and looking directly at Bobby Dean's pod.

Blackfront: Eric Dane has his sights set it seems.

Ace: Bobby frantically shakes his head No as Eric Dane moves toward him, yelling for Dean to get out of the pod.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to get Bobby Dean to enter the match, but Dean refusing.

Ace: Do you blame him?

Dane yells at Bobby even louder before stepping over the top rope and moving toward the pod. Bobby grabs the door and pulls back as hard as he can as Eric Dane slaps the side of it.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to get to Bobby Dean who is barricading himself in his pod.

Dane grabs the pod door and tries to open it, but Bobby just pulls back harder. Eric yells for him to let go, but Bobby continues to refuse. Finally, Dane is able to pull back hard enough, the door is ripped from Bobby's fingers.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean releases the door!

Ace: His fingers are greasy from that chicken. He couldn't hold on!

Dane reaches in toward Bobby who steps back as far as he can into the pod. Dane yells as he moves into the pod with Bobby Dean, both men very cramped.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to physically pull Bobby Dean out of the pod!

Ace: That's a heavy lift.

Bronson Box, who has made his way up, sees the two men in the pod. His eyes light up with a fire burning deep inside as he bends down and reaches into his boot, pulling out his spike.

Blackfront: OH NO! BRONSON BOX HAS HIS SPIKE IN HAND!

Ace: WHY ARE THESE PEOPLE HIDING SHARP OBJECTS IN THEIR BOOTS AND HOW ARE THEY COMFORTABLY WALKING?!

Box heads forward and through the ropes. Bobby starts to freak out. Dane, who's back is turned to the door, does not see Box with the spike. Bobby Dean begins to kick like a bull trapped before a bull ride.

Blackfront: What is he going to do?!

Ace: I don't know, but it's about to get bloody!

Bronson pushes on the pod door to ensure it is fully shut, before taking the spike, which has a flat edge at the dull end, and sliding it into what appears to be a latch originally made for a padlock.

Blackfront: BRONSON BOX HAS LOCKED THE TWO IN THE POD!

Eric Dane tries to back up, but realizes he can't push the door open. He twists his head to the left and right, trying to look around, but can't move due to the absolute girth of Bobby Dean who is still freaking out, screaming about being claustrophobic.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is locked in the pod with Bobby Dean. They have nowhere to go!

Ace: I can't think of anywhere else that would be worse than being locked in with a small pod with Bobby Dean!

Bronson moves to the side of the pod, slapping it as he yells at Eric Dane; How's it feel to be locked up Boy-o?!

Blackfront: Bronson Box taunting Eric Dane who is now seemingly freaking out with Bobby Dean.

Both men push on each other, screaming. Neither able to move their arms or legs much as Bronson just laughs, turning back to the ropes. As he starts to re-enter the ring, he sees John Sektor crawling back in under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: It appears at least for the time being, we have Bronson Box and an injured John Sektor.

As Bronson steps toward John, who is using the ropes to try and get up, the referee begins to pull at the spike lodged in the pod door latch.

Blackfront: The referee is unable to get that spike removed. Eric Dane and Bobby Dean are trapped!

Bronson walks casually around John Sektor who has fallen back to his hands and knees. As Sektor tries to get up, Box brings a boot down into his forehead, sliding it across. Sektor flops to his back, holding his head.

Blackfront: Bronson now pulling Sektor to his feet.

As Sektor rises, he pushes Bronson back.

Ace: John Sektor just wont give up.

Blackfront: John Sektor has been in from the start of this match. He has been stabbed with a fork. he has been thrown into the side of the chamber. Yet, he still stands. Bronson Box has to respect his toughness.

Ace: That's about all you can respect about John Sektor.

Bronson just smiles as Sektor tells him to Bring It.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, John Sektor has heart like no other.

Ace: I dunno Jason. Eric Dane has been locked in a pod with Bobby Dean now for quite some time. It takes one hell of a man to get through that kind of situation.

The two men in the ring move in for a tie up, however, John Sektor grabs Bronson's left arm, twisting around behind him and locking in a hammer lock. Box twist under is arm, reversing the move.

Blackfront: Bronson Box with the reversal, applying pressure to that injured shoulder of John Sektor.

Sektor lets out a yell of pain as Box throws his free fist right into the bandaged spot where Sektor had been stabbed as he lets go. Sektor stumbles forward, wincing.

Blackfront: Sektor turns back to Box and into his arms.. the strong man lifts...

Bronson turns and pushes John down hard.

Blackfront: SPINE BUSTER!

Ace: Bronson Box's strength is scary.

Blackfront: It sure is.

The referee is seen finally getting Bronson's spike unlodged. He leaps back as the door flies open, Eric Dane stumbling backward and out. He moves to the left and drops to one knee, taking a series of deep breaths.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is free!

Bobby quickly reaches forward, grabs the door, and brings it back closed.

Ace: Bobby Dean... come on man.

Dane slams his fist into the grate before standing up, anger filling him. He looks over and sees Bronson still in the match before stepping over the top rope and heading toward Box who is pulling John Sektor to his feet.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is seeking vengeance as he rushes the two.. big boot up, catches Bronson Box in the face!

Box flies down to the canvas as Dane leaps on top of him, straddling Box's chest and repeatedly punching him in the side of the head and face.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is taking out all of his anger on Bronson Box right now!

Ace: Do you blame him? Dane must be traumatized from being locked in that pod!

Dane stands up, looking down at Box before taking off to the ropes. As he returns, Dane leaps up with a leg out.

Blackfront: HUGE LEG DROP BY ERIC DANE!

He quickly covers Bronson. The referee slides in and begins to count.

Blackfront: Dane with the pin.. two.. KICK OUT BY BOX!

Ace: He just wont give up!

Blackfront: He sure wont.

As Dane begins to get up, he is met with a running knee lift from John Sektor.

Blackfront: Sektor with a knee.. now bringing a multitude of strikes upon Eric Dane who is on one knee.

Ace: Talk about people who need to just give up.

Dane reaches forward, grabs John's legs and pulls back, sending him down shoulder first into the canvas as he stands.

Blackfront: Eric Dane taking Sektor off of his feet.. leans back.. SLINGSHOT TO JOHN SEKTOR!

Sektor flies forward, chest first into the corner. As he hits, he bounces back, stumbling around and into a kick to the midsection by Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Dane grabbing Sektor.. could be looking for a Stardriver...

Bronson Box pushes from his hands and knees, coming forward and slamming an arm into the back of Eric Dane's knee causing him to let go of Sektor.

Blackfront: Box sending Dane to a knee... grabs his arms...

Bronson pulls back on Dane's arms as he places a foot up into his back, pushing forward with it. Dane lets out a yell.

Blackfront: Painful submission move by Bronson Box!

Ace: Can you imagine is Bronson Box makes Eric Dane submit?!

Sektor begins to get up, his injured shoulder in pain as he holds his arm close to his body. He stands in front of Dane, watching Eric scream in pain, taking in every moment of it.

Blackfront: John Sektor loves this.

Ace: Despicable.

Box grunts as he pushes his foot even deeper into Eric's back, pulling his arms back even harder. Sektor spits into the face of Eric Dane before coming forward, catching him in the face with a boot, causing Bronson to have to let go.

Ace: Oh come on! People cheer for this guy? He just spit in the face of Eric Dane!

Blackfront: No love from any of the men in this match.

Dane rolls away from Box and Sektor.

Blackfront: Bronson ducks a clothesline by Sektor...

Both men turn. As they do, Sektor brings a foot up, catching Box. He grabs his arms, hooking them before lifting Box up before dropping to a sitting position.

Blackfront: C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION! Sektor going for the cover.

Ace: How is he able to lift anyone with that shoulder?!

The referee's hand hits the canvas a third and final time.

Bronson Box is Eliminated

Blackfront: AND THEN THERE WERE THREE!

Ace: Can we even count Bobby Dean? He still refuses to leave his pod.

Eric Dane starts to get up. Sektor heads over, grabbing his head.

Blackfront: Sektor now standing Dane up. He pulls back.. heavy chop across the chest of Eric Dane.

Sektor follows up with another big chop causing Eric Dane to stumble back a bit.

Blackfront: A third big chop... now Sektor takes off. Off of the ropes and on the return... big boot crashes into the face of Eric Dane, sending him to the canvas.

The fans cheer John Sektor as he turns back toward Eric Dane who lays on the canvas holding his face.

Ace: John Sektor has been in since moment one. He's been stabbed with a fork. He's been thrown into the chamber side. Yet, here he is, still standing. How?

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion is a thorough breed Tommy.

Ace: I have to give him credit where credit is due.

Blackfront: Sektor with a couple of hard stomps to the lower back of Eric Dane before grabbing him by the head, and lifting Dane back to his feet

Sektor drags Dane over, pushing him back first into the corner. Sektor grabs the middle ropes and uses them to pull himself into the mid section of Dane.

Blackfront: Sektor with those shoulders into Eric Dane's gut, trying to wear the only star down.

Ace: That has to hurt Sektor as much as it does Dane. Each shoulder thrust aggravating that shoulder injury from Dane's fork.

Sektor comes forward with yet another huge chop across the chest of Eric Dane whom is still stuck in the corner.

Blackfront: Those chops, leaving Eric Dane's chest glowing red.

Ace: Chopping him down like a lumberjack and a tree.

Sektor now begins to climb the ropes around Eric Dane, stopping on the middle. He holds Eric's head with his left hand as he brings his right fist down into the forehead of Dane.

Blackfront: Sektor with repeated punches into the head of Eric Dane now. Looking to put Dane out and then focus on Bobby Dean.

Ace: I am still not convinced bobby Dean will ever leave his pod Jason.

John leaps back down to the canvas, grabbing Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Sektor now pulling Eric Dane from the corner.

As he directs him out of the corner, turning Dane around, John comes up with a boot to his mid section. He pulls one of Dane's arms under his legs, while his other up and back, before lifting him in the air and driving Eric Dane to the canvas.

Blackfront: Pump handle slam by John Sektor, who now covers Eric Dane.

The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two by Eric Dane who is still in this folks.

Sektor quickly gets up and into the face of the official, slamming his hand on his other three times rapidly as if to tell the referee it was a slow count.

Blackfront: Sektor arguing with the referee after believing he had the three count there.

Ace: He's tired and frustrated Jason. Fatigue is setting in and I'm pretty sure infection in that shoulder too.

Eric Dane rolls over to the ropes, using them to pull himself to one knee as he holds his back with his free arm.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to gather his bearings here in this chamber match.

Sektor turns from the referee and sees Dane no longer on the canvas.

Blackfront: Sektor takes off. He throws a boot out.. DANE MOVES!

As Eric Dane leaps out of the way, Sektor's leg goes through the ropes. Eric Dane grabs the ropes on the opposite side, and uses them to pull himself to his feet. As Sektor brings his leg from between the ropes, Eric Dane heads toward him.

Blackfront: Sektor turns.. Eric Dane connects with a quick right hand, now a left.

Eric Dane throws another big right into the face of Sektor, sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: John Sektor sent off of his feet there by Eric Dane.

Dane grabs Sektor by the head, and pulls back as he brings him up to his feet.

Blackfront: Dane hooking the tights of Sektor.. lifts him up vertically.... big suplex by Eric Dane!

The ring shakes as the fans quake. Eric Dane rolls over and pushes up to his feet.

Blackfront: Eric Dane now with a second wind here in this match up.

Ace: Second wind? More like his fifth or sixth.

Sektor pushes up to his knees as Eric Dane takes off, hitting the ropes.

Blackfront: Dane off of the ropes, and on the return.

He brings his leg up hard as he plows through Sektor with a shining wizard.

Blackfront: Eric Dane with that patented Shining Star variation of a shining wizard, running through Sektor.

Wasting no time, Eric Dane spins around and grabs Sektor by the head, lifting him into an arch like position, with his feet on the canvas, and his head between the arms of Eric Dane. Dane grabs his tights and lifts him up and over, slamming Sektor to the canvas with authority.

Blackfront: Quick inverted snap suplex from an arch by Eric Dane who refuses to slow down now.

Dane moves down toward Sektor's legs, grabbing his left leg as he stands up. Dane lifts John Sektor's leg up, pulling his lower body off on the canvas, before driving his knee hard back down.

Blackfront: Eric Dane driving the knee of John Sektor into the canvas now with force.

Ace: You take away your opponent's legs, and it just makes it that much easier to keep them down.

Blackfront: Eric Dane lifting the leg again... plows Sektor's knee into the canvas for a second time before letting go.

Sektor holds his left knee as he rolls around on the canvas. Dane moves forward, leaning down and grabbing him by the head before pulling Sektor back to his feet.

Blackfront: Eric Dane holds the head of Sektor as he grabs his tights, lifting him vertically up yet again.

Ace: Look at the hang time there. Pure power and strength by Eric Dane being displayed.

Dane holds Sektor up vertically for what seems forever, before dropping him straight down on his head with a stalling sheer drop vertical brainbuster.

Blackfront: The Stardriver! The Stardiver by Eric Dane!

Eric Dane rolls over, sitting up. He breathes heavy as he looks around, the fans going crazy for all of the action. He looks back to see John Sektor, who has rolled to the side, not moving, before looking over at Bobby Dean's pod and smiling. Dean's eyes grow wide and begins to shake his head no.

Blackfront: Eric Dane getting to his feet, and looks to be heading over toward Bobby Dean.

Ace: What are you doing Eric? PIN JOHN SEKTOR!

Dane stops at the ropes, yelling at Dean to get into the match. Dean continues to refuse.

Blackfront: Eric Dane growing impatient with Bobby Dean.

Ace: He's wasting valuable time he could be pinning John Sektor!

Dane can be assuring Bobby Dean that he only wants him in to help Eric take out John Sektor. Dean is heard saying You... you want my help? Eric smiles and nods. Sure do Bobbo! Bobby smiles huge, his double triple quadruple chin jiggling.

Blackfront: It seems Bobby Dean is exciting his pod. It's going to be Dane and Dean against John Sektor!

Ace: Bobby Dean is finally doing the right thing and becoming an honorary member of Team Danger!

Dane sits on the middle rope, holding the top open for Bobby as he walks across the chamber floor before smiling at Eric and entering the ring. As Bobby looks over at John Sektor, he innocently turns toward Eric Dane who stands tall, just staring at him with vicious eyes.

Blackfront: Uh oh. I don't think Eric Dane wanted Bobby's help.

Dane starts yelling at Bobby for his time stuck in the pod with him. As he yells and steps forward, he thrust his pointer finger into Bobby's chest. Bobby, looking scared, backs away. Finally, Eric Dane comes forward with a big right. The fans begin to boo loudly.

Blackfront: Here we go. Eric Dane waste no time as he attacks Bobby Dean. Right, left, right, left... Bobby Dean being rocked by those big fist.

Ace: Well, he shouldn't have held Eric hostage!

Blackfront: What are you talking about?! Bronson Box had locked him in Bobby's pod!

Eric runs to the side, hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up, and right into the arms of Bobby Dean who grabs him and begins to squeeze.

Blackfront: Dane caught by Dean... big bear hug by Bobby Dean!

Ace: A sweaty, Cheetos greased bear hug. Sickening.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean is in fact the freshest man in this match and it shows as he grabbed Eric Dane in mid air!

Bobby Dean squeezes as Eric lets out a yell. The fans get on their feet chanting Bobby Dean! Bobby Dean! Bobby Dean!

Blackfront: The longer he holds on, the better Bobby Dean's chances to overcome all odds and walk out tonight, the winner of the chamber!

Ace: I never would have thought I'd see this.

Eric reaches past Bobby's shoulders toward the ropes which are way too far away. Finally, he focuses on Dean, bringing a couple of forearm shots into the side of Bobby's head. Bobby sits him down on his feet.

Blackfront: More forearms to the side of bobby Dean's head. Eric Dane, back, off the ropes... Bobby Dean comes

forward... big stomach bump to Eric Dane sends him to the mat!

As Bobby connects, Eric falls back to the canvas. So does Bobby, who fails to keep his balance.

Ace: WATCH OUT!

Eric rolls out of the ring, using the chamber wall to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Eric Dane seems to have had enough.

Ace: Enough? Seriously?

Blackfront: You have to admit, Bobby Dean has brought more offense than expected. Eric Dane underestimated him.

Ace: he should have just pinned John Sektor.

Bobby exits through the ropes himself. He stumbles sloppily over to Eric Dane. Bobby stomps up behind Eric, grabbing his shoulders. As he turns him around, Bobby pulls his head back and brings it down into the side of Eric's head.

Blackfront: Head butt by Bobby Dean!

Eric Dane stumbles back as Bobby stomps behind him. As he approaches, he grabs Eric's head and forces it forward into the side of the chamber. Eric pops back and stumbles across the edge of the ring. Bobby stomps over, grabs him by the shoulders again and rolls Eric over the top rope and back into the ring.

Blackfront: Amazingly, Bobby Dean controlling Eric Dane!

Ace: Insanity.

Bobby enters back into the ring as Eric starts to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean looking to keep control as he heads toward Eric Dane.

Bobby reaches down, and scoops Eric up, struggling as he lifts him. Sweat begins down his brow, before he drops Eric back down to the canvas in a half assed attempt at a scoop slam.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean with a scoop slam on Eric Dane! Amazing!

Ace: Why is it amazing? He is a professional wrestler. he should be doing this all of the time. Instead... well, he's Bobby Dean.

Eric rolls across the ring, sliding backward across the canvas until he is sitting in the corner.

Blackfront: Eric Dane pulling himself up with the ropes, as Bobby Dean heads his way.

Still holding onto the top rope with one hand, Eric comes forward and kicks Bobby Dean in the gut. He pulls back toward the corner. Bobby shakes off the kick and runs forward, slamming into Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean follows up squashing Eric Dane. Dean now steps back, pulling Eric with him. Dean coming down across the back of Eric Dane with a multitude of forearm shots.

Ace: Bobby Dean looks actually motivated Jason!

Eric begins to slide down close to a sitting position as Bobby continues to slam a forearm down, before bringing a knee up to his face.

Blackfront: Eric Dane trying to fight back, but Bobby Dean is bringing it. Dean now pulling Dane back up. Bobby Dean steps back... he comes forward with a boot... Eric Dane moves!

Bobby's leg goes up over the ropes. Davis quickly comes forward, still holding the top rope, as he brings a kick up catching Bobby Dean underneath of his thigh. Bobby grabs under his leg, stumbling around.

Blackfront: Eric Dane pushes Bobby Dean back into the ropes. Grabs his arm.. whi... NO! Reversed by Dean. Bobby pulls Eric into a clothesline! Eric Dane goes down!

Ace: DID HE JUST CLOTHESLINE ERIC DANE?! WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

Bobby stumbles forward, catching the top rope. He holds himself up, breathing heavy as Eric Dane rolls over to his stomach.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean has amazingly been showing that he is a legitimate force here in this match.

Ace: Once he got into Jason.

Bobby takes a breath before turning and heading over to Eric. He bends down, and grabs his head. As he begins to pull him up, Dane comes up with his fist, catching Dean in the face.

Blackfront: Eric Dane able to catch bobby Dean with a punch.

Bobby stumbles backward bouncing off of the ropes and falls forward. Eric's eyes grow large as he throws his arms up. However, before he can do anything, Bobby falls down on top of him, crushing Eric Dane to the canvas.

Blackfront: FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT!

Ace: Well, that backfired.

Eric struggles but Bobby is knocked out, laying on top of him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean may have it! He may have it!

Ace: Not a spot anyone wants to be in!

Blackfront: I can not believe this is how it ends for Eric Dane!

Eric struggles hard. The referee's hand comes down a third time, and at the last possible second, Eric Dane pushes with all of his might, pure, brute strength... pushes Bobby up enough that his unconscious body rolls off of him and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Dane got free! I don't know how he did, but he got free!

Ace: Eric Dane is not human!

Eric rolls over, draping an arm over Bobby. The referee begins to count again.

Blackfront: This could be it... Two... THREE! ERIC DANE GETS THE PIN!

The bell sounds signaling the pin fall.

Bobby Dean is Eliminated

Ace: Eric Dane was close to losing it there Jason. he should have pinned john Sektor, then took out Bobby Dean. instead he almost cost himself the chance of a lifetime.

Blackfront: Dane getting to his feet now. Sektor using the ropes to pull himself up... Dane turns.. Sektor charges... Eric Dane moves!

John Sektor rushes past, hitting the ropes on the opposite side.

Blackfront: John Sektor on the return... he leaps.. cross body block takes Eric Dane down!

As Dane hits the canvas, he continues to hold John Sektor, using his momentum to roll back and up, pushing to his feet, while holding John Sektor side ways.

Blackfront: Wait! Sektor in trouble now!

Eric Dane lifts Sektor up, throwing him over his head and onto his shoulders, walking around the center of the ring yelling about being the best in the world.

Blackfront: PURE POWER BACKED BY ADRENALINE!

Ace: This is why Eric Dane has been a staple in this industry for as long as he has!

Dane pushes Sektor's legs up, spinning his body around. But as he goes to drop down, John grabs his head and neck, falling backward and driving Eric Dane's head into the canvas.

Blackfront: SEKTOR REVERSES INTO A HUGE DDT! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!

The crowd gets rowdy This is awesome! This is awesome! This is awesome!

Blackfront: Both men lay on the mat, physically exhausted. Both of these men have given their all tonight folks.

Ace: This is the true definition of a pay per view match Jason. Bring it all.

Sektor rolls over, lifting his arm and draping it over Eric Dane.

Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR WITH THE COVER! THIS IS IT! SEKTOR WILL WIN THE CHAMBER MATCH!

The referee slides into position. The fans count with him as he drops his hand.

Blackfront: Two... Th-- KICK OUT BY ERIC DANE! KICK OUT BY ERIC DANE!

Ace: You can't keep a good Dane down!

Sektor sits up, shocked and disappointed. He runs his hand through his hair, looking over at Dane.

Blackfront: John Sektor has to be wondering what he has to do to keep Eric Dane down.

Ace: I'm not sure if there is anything he can do Jason.

Sektor rolls over and pushes up, pulling Eric Dane with him. He grabs Dane's arms, hooking them back.

Blackfront: Sektor looking to go for the C-Sektion... If he hits it, this one should be over.

Ace: If he hits this I'll be amazed.

John begins to lift, however he struggles. Eric fights back as he tries to lift again. Dane pulls his arms away and steps back before sending a boot up that catches Sektor in the gut.

Blackfront: Eric Dane able to get free.

He grabs the back of John Sektor's head, lifting him up and running with him toward the ropes, before throwing Sektor over the top and to the familiar chamber flooring.

Blackfront: Dane opting to continue to take John Sektor apart, piece by piece.

Ace: WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PIN HIM?!

Blackfront: Eric Dane leaving the ring as well.

He exits over the top rope, walking over to John Sektor who is on his hands and knees. As Dane approaches, Sektor gets up to his knees only, his hand falling forward onto the side of Dane's leg as Eric grabs his head, violently pulling him to his feet. He then grabs the back of John Sektor's head, and slams his face hard into the chamber's chains, pressing it with force and not letting go.

Blackfront: Dane just vicious.

Ace: He wants to end the Legacy champion Jason. Not just win. End him.

Eric pulls John's face back and then pushes his head again forward, his face slamming into the side of the chamber. John drops to his knees, holding his face.

Blackfront: This is just brutal to watch.

Eric bends down, ripping at the bandaging placed on Sektor's back by the medical staff.

Blackfront: Oh no. Don't do it Eric. Please.

Ace: Even I'm starting to get a bit squeamish.

As the bandage is ripped away, blood can be seen pouring from the fork holes. Sektor's shoulder is swollen and bruised.

Blackfront: That is a nasty injury and should be treated right away.

Eric pulls John up yet again. Grabbing his throat, Dane pushes John Sektor back first into the side of the chamber. He pulls him off just a bit, then slams him into it again.

Blackfront: This is hard to watch.

Blood covers John's back and his face as Eric lets go of his throat, grabs him by the back of the head and sends him back into the ring over the top rope. He looks out to the booing fans, running his thumb across his neck, signaling it is over.

Blackfront: Eric Dane looks to be ready to finish this one as he enters back into the ring. John Sektor trying to crawl across the ring, but can barely move.

Eric Dane walks behind Sektor, grabbing his head and lifting him up. As he does, he wraps his arm around Sektor's neck from behind and bends him backward. Grabbing the side of his tights, Dane lifts Sektor high up.

Blackfront: John Sektor vertical yet again in this match...

Sektor begins to kick his feet until they float over and down to the canvas behind Eric Dane. Sektor pushes Dane forward as he runs back and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: John Sektor free... looking to turn this around now... Dane on the return.. Sektor charges... NO! DANE MEETS SEKTOR WITH A CHOP TO THE THROAT!

Sektor grabs his throat as he falls back to the canvas. Eric takes off to the left. As he hits the ropes and heads back, Dane leaps up and falls down, right on top of John Sektor.

Blackfront: Big splash by Eric Dane.. hooks the leg... this one could be over!

The referee slides into position and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas a third time the bell starts to sound.

Blackfront: HE'S DONE IT! ERIC DANE HAS DONE IT!

Ace: I knew he would!

Blackfront: No you didn't!

Announcer: The winner of this match and recipient of the first draft captain spot.... THE ONLY STAR.... ERIC... DAAANNNEE!!!!

Blackfront: Eric Dane and John Sektor came prepared for war and war they went through folks. These two men put everything on the line tonight. While both will be draft captains tomorrow night, Eric Dane also gets bragging rights that he survived and won the two thousand and fifteen chamber match.

Ace: I don't even know if John Sektor will be able to make it to the draft tomorrow much less ever wrestle again Jason!

As the chamber begins to rise, Eric Dane holds one arm up as he takes in the boos from the crowd. Medical staff start to slide into the ring to assist John Sektor as we get some replays of big moments in the match before fading.

The Truth Shall Set You Free

We head backstage where Sanctus can be seen standing with his back toward the camera. His hands are up and on the wall in front of him as he leans forward.

Blackfront: Well, there's Sanctus. The first man eliminated in the chamber match must be disappointed.

Ace: Look, he's just lucky he didn't get stabbed with a fork.

Blackfront: That he is.

Voice: Brother... Sanctus.

The fans can be heard in the arena watching on the screen, cheering, as The Good Reverend walks into the scene. Behind him, Brother Judas follows. Sanctus looks to his left, not moving otherwise.

Sanctus: What do you want?

The Good Reverend smiles, placing both hands up in front of him.

Reverend: Brother Sanctus, there is no need to fear us. No. For the truth... well... the truth shall set you free.

He places a hand on Sanctus' shoulder, but it is ripped away from him as Sanctus turns away.

Sanctus: I don't know what your intentions are, but I can tell you that I... and the Faithful... want no part of it.

Brother Judas snarls, beginning to step forward. The Good Reverend puts one hand up, signaling for him to refrain.

Reverend: Well.

He takes a deep breath.

Reverend: I guess then we will just have to...

Voice #2: Brudda! No need for dat!

Lisil Jackson steps in from the other side, standing next to Sanctus. The fans can be heard cheering.

L. Jackson: Now, Sanctus here, he done says he don wan nuddin ya be sellin. So I tink ya may wanna jus be on ya way now. Ya hear?

Brother Judas tilts his head slightly to the right, continuing to stare. His fist clinch and his teeth grind. The Good Reverend looks Lisil up and down.

Reverend: Brother Jackson...

L. Jackson: I be no brudda of yars. At least not like dat. No, I be Da Jamaican Inspiration!

The Good Reverend responds in his southern accent with such false excitement.

Reverend: Well, well... inspire me then. Tell me the fantastic stories of your travels. From the Caribbean across the sea to here. Oh, Brother Jackson.. speak to me your truth!

Lisil doesn't seem to take kindly to the condescending nature of The Good Reverend.

L. Jackson: Now listen here brudda...

The Good Reverend interrupts him.

Reverend: No! You listen here...

Things take a serious tone as The Good Reverend stares at Lisil.

Reverend: There is only one truth to be spoken.. and it is HIS truth. There is only one... inspiration... in life.. and that is what HE wants to place in front of HIS followers to inspire them.

He looks Lisil up and down.

Reverend: You... you're nothing more than a false prophet. Spreading your nonsense wherever you go.

Lisil looks to be restraining himself as The Good Reverend continues.

Reverend: Brother Jackson... I was visited by HIM and I was instructed that Brother Judas and I were to bring down HIS vengeance upon the false prophet. I was told, that we were to strike you down in HIS name....

The reverend pauses before he continues.

Reverend: But we had unfinished business you see. For, Brother Sanctus here, is prime for a new direction. His soul ready to be cleansed and than given to HIM.

Sanctus is seen shaking his head No.

Reverend: But... Oh Brother Jackson..

He smiles, laughing slightly as his wiggles his finger at him.

Reverend: You... you just did me a favor.

L. Jackson: I don do ya no favors brudda.

Reverend: Oh yes you did. HIS glory shines tonight..

The Good Reverend holds his hands in the air, looking up.

Reverend: For I heard HIS word and chose to ignore... HIS love for me is so great, he delivers upon us a second chance to do HIS bidding. In HIS name...

Brother Judas steps forward, throwing a hand out and grabbing the neck of Lisil Jackson. Jackson reaches up, trying to pry his hand away but can't as he is lifted with ease. Fear can be seen coming through Lisil's eyes as Sanctus just backs up against the wall, unable to move.

Reverend: Oh Brother Jackson... do not fear what is about to happen... No, the pain is only temporary. But it is required.

He turns, throwing both arms high in the air as he screams at the top of his lungs.

Reverend: FOR WE SHALL BRING UPON HIS VENGEANCE TO THE FALSE PROPHET. FOR WE SHALL CLEANSE HIS SOUL AND OPEN HIS EYES! WE DO THIS IN HIS NAME.. OH LORD! PRAISE HIM!

Judas pulls Lisil in close, looking at him with his one good eye before he drops Jackson to the floor. Pale, Lisil reaches over and grabs his hat which had fallen from his head, and begins to scoot back before he turns over, gets up and runs out of the scene.

The Good Reverend turns and looks at Sanctus, whom is still up against the wall back first.

Reverend: Brother Sanctus... you have been redeemed from HIS judgment... for now.

The Good Reverend begins to laugh. Slightly at first and then loudly as Brother Judas just stares at Sanctus who scoots across the wall and away from them. The Good Reverend lets out a loud, evil laugh as we fade.

Hit & Run

We head backstage where we see Crimson Lord pacing in the parking garage of the KeyArena.

Blackfront: There is Crimson Lord folks, and he looks unhappy.

Ace: Well, he unceremoniously lost the chamber. Do you blame him?!

Blackfront: Was not his best showing, that's for sure.

Crimson slams his fist into the wall, blood pouring from them as he grabs a nearby trash can, tossing it. From the side, we see a nervous Rumor man Stan approaching.

Stan: Crimson.. can i get a word with you?

Lord turns, sending him a cold stare. Stan takes a step back. Behind the two, we see lights of a car turn on. Suddenly it squeals it's tires as it begins to shoot forward. Stan leaps out of the way as Crimson is seen being hit, his body flying onto the hood of the car and rolling over smashing the dark tinted windows.

Blackfront: Oh my God! Crimson Lord has just been hit by a car!

As the car peels off, Crimson rolls to the floor. Stan begins yelling for help.

Blackfront: Who was driving that car?!

Ace: I'm unsure Jason, the windows were too dark to see!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has been hit by an unknown assailant. He may be hurt!

Ace: Who could it have been?!

Officials and agents can be seen running into the scene as we fade.

Go To Sleep by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of cheers as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain.

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring.

Blackfront: The Prodigy champion with a huge opportunity here tonight folks.

Ace: It's not every day you get your first loss! It happens only once!

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Announcer: ...standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Announcer: ...she is the UTA Prodigy Champion.... the challenger... ALEX... BEEECCKKKMMMAANNNN!!!!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Blackfront: The Prodigy Champion has the crowd one hundred percent behind her here tonight.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe.

As she stretches out on the ropes, Go To Sleep begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match as she impatiently awaits the opening bell.

Blackfront: Main event action coming your way!

The UTA logo is displayed on the screen high above the ring, dead center of your HD Television. Down by Yelawolf begins to play. Cameras turn towards the entrance ramp as the crowd starts to stir. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain. Flaunting his new LFB apparel and his UTA World Championship title belt around his waist, LFB stops putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: The champion looks determined here tonight.

Ace: He sure does Jason. He's ready to teach Beckman that she is just like all of these other Ungratefals.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. The Luchador pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He begins to walk down the aisle, The Champion looks around the arena.

Blackfront: If La Flama Blanca is able to retain his title here tonight, I believe it may be the first time a top champion has defended their championship at a pay per view successfully here in the new era of the UTA.

Ace: WHEN he retains Jason. When.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Fifteen pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo the current UTA World Champion.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is the current UTA WORLD CHAMPION... He is LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The Luchador puts his arms in the air.

Ace: Look at him! Isn't he great?!

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Blackfront: What a night this has been. Now it all comes to this.

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes off his belt, handing it to stage hand outside the ring behind him.

Blackfront: Here we go folks, this is what everything until now has lead up to. The undefeated Alex Beckman against the UTA World Champion, La Flama Blanca.

Ace: The undisputed, reigning, defending World Champion Jason!

Blackfront: The most dominant champion of the new era, La Flama Blanca looks to not only take away Alex Beckman's undefeated streak, but retain the title heading out of Ring King.

Ace: La Flama Blanca is already a bonafide first year hall of fame member, making history is what he does best!

The fans stomp their feet as Alex Beckman and La Flama Blanca each stand in a corner awaiting the bell.

Blackfront: Earlier this week it was announced on Twitter that The Machine, including Mike Best, were barred from ring side. If they so much as step on stage, Alex Beckman will be disqualified. A little unfair if you ask me, seeing how Dynasty is not under the same rules.

Ace: Dynasty doesn't have to come out Jason. I mean come on, after that Chamber match, the rest of Dynasty are in the back watching this while recovering.

Blackfront: None the less, the odds are stacked. But here we go, Ring King comes to an end right here, right now!

Ace: Lets get it on!

The bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: This one is sure to be huge.

Both Alex Beckman and La Flama Blanca charge each other.

Blackfront: No waiting here, this one is on!

La Flama Blanca shoots his right knee up as he throws his arm around Alex's neck, turning into a toss to the canvas.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca taking Alex Beckman down.

Beckman rolls through it and slides over to La Flama Blanca's back, wrapping his arm around his neck. Blanca reaches his arm up, trying to grab her head from behind as he does, she slides her right arm back under it, and pushes forward, twisting around and dropping to the canvas with his right arm firmly between her arm and her leg. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: SUBMISSION HOLD! SUBMISSION HOLD!

La Flama Blanca fights as the referee drops down, asking if he quits.

Blackfront: Less than ten seconds into this match Alex Beckman has La Flama Blanca in a submission maneuver, but they are close to the ropes.

He stops fighting long enough to get his left arm out, his hand grabbing the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Beckman must break.

Ace: She's taking too long! Disqualify her!

She lets go, and rolls backward and up into an offensive position as La Flama Blanca quickly rolls out of the ring to the floor, holding his arm.

Blackfront: Taking too long? She released him immediately.

Ace: Immediately? That had to be at least two seconds!

La Flama Blanca shakes his arm, trying to regain feeling as he walks around the ring, watching Alex Beckman up inside.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca needing to regroup and come at this a different way.

Blanca grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron. As he does, Beckman comes forward. he drops back down to the ground.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman wanting to get her hands back on Blanca.

He shakes his head and walks over to the time keeper's table, reaching over and grabbing his title. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Oh come on. He's leaving!

Ace: Good! he shouldn't have to defend his title tonight! he's the champion and was forced into this match! He should be setting the matches on his own terms!

La Flama Blanca continues to shake his head as he makes his way back around the ring, title in hand. Beckman complains to the referee whom just begins to count him out.

Blackfront: The fans here in Seattle are letting La Flama Blanca know how they feel.

Ace: Who cares how these Ungratefals feel Jason!

Alex heads past the referee, quickly exiting through the ropes and leaping to the floor. The fans start to cheer again.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman refusing to lose her opportunity to become World Champion in this fashion.

Ace: She's being a sore winner Jason! Blanca is GIVING her the match!

Alex grabs La Flama Blanca, turning him around. As he twist, he swings the title up toward Beckman's face.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman rolls out of the way, barely missing being hit by the title belt.

He twist back around as does she. He begins to back away quickly as Alex comes forward.

Blackfront: Beckman charges.. Blanca ducks.. running up the ramp!

The fans boo even louder as Alex turns and sees him. She looks back at the referee who hits seven. Quickly, Beckman rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and back out to restart the count.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman wisely restarting the count, now running up the ramp after La Flama Blanca!

Blanca stops and turns to see where Beckman is. However, it allows for Beckman to catch up. She leaps forward, tackling him on top of the stage.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman takes the champion down!

Ace: NO!

As she sits on top of him, Beckman brings hard fist and elbows down, connecting as La Flama Blanca tries to block. After a few good shots, she gets up, pulling him with her before starting back to the ring.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman and La Flama Blanca now heading back to the ring. This has been all Beckman so far!

Ace: She's cheating!

Blackfront: How is she cheating Tommy?

Ace: I don't know, but she is!

As they approach the ring, Beckman rolls Blanca in under the bottom rope before leaping to the edge of the apron herself, and entering back into the ring.

Blackfront: Both competitors back in the ring now... Beckman to her feet.

She heads over and grabs La Flama Blanca's leg. As he turns his body around, he quickly shoves his other foot up into her chest, pushing off.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to stay free of Beckman. He knows that if she gets any of his limbs locked, she can end this one quick.

Blanca kips up real quick. Beckman comes forward.

Blackfront: Beckman rolls behind Blanca grabbing him at the waist.

She lifts him up and drops back while throwing him.

Blackfront: German suplex by Beckman!

The fans cheer as Blanca slides across the canvas, arching up and holding his back. Beckman rolls over and rushes toward Blanca who turns over. She reaches down, grabbing him by the waist again.

Blackfront: Beckman pulling Blanca to his feet... ANOTHER GERMAN SUPLEX!

Ace: Someone do something!

Blackfront: Alex Beckman is a dangerous opponent for anyone. Her speed is disorienting, which leads to her winning in all cases to date.

Beckman smirks as she heads back to Blanca, once again grabbing him by the waist and lifting him up. She lifts Blanca up and drops back with another German suplex, but does not release...

...rolling right into another, followed by a third which sends Blanca back to the canvas in pain.

Blackfront: Triple German by Alex Beckman, using her pure strength to throw La Flama Blanca around like a rag doll.

Ace: I hate to say it, but for her size, she is pound for pound one of the strongest women to ever set foot in a wrestling ring.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman heading back to Blanca now.

She drops a knee down catching Blanca in the head.

Blackfront: Knee drop there as Alex Beckman continues her offense. Now pulling La Flama Blanca back to his feet.

Alex brings a swift kick around that catches Blanca in the side of the legs. He limps as he stumbles around. She turns him around and pushes him back hard into the corner. Grabbing the top ropes, she begins to thrust her shoulder into the midsection of the champion.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman with those shoulder thrust, continuing to wear the champion down.

Ace: Come on Blanca! Fight back!

She grabs his arm, pulling him from the corner and toward the middle of the ropes before pushing him into them and then pulling back hard to send Blanca across the ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent across the ring. Off of the ropes. Here comes Beckman now... Blanca ducks Alex's arm.

She stops and turns as he does a quarter turn before throwing his leg up, and catching her directly under the jaw.

Blackfront: ESTUPNEDO KICK! ESTUPENDO KICK BY LA FLAMA BLANCA!

Ace: YES! PIN HER!

Blackfront: LA FLAMA BLANCA WITH THAT ESTUPENDO KICK!

Alex holds her jaw and rolls over. As she starts to get up, La Flama Blanca moves to the side and watches.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman getting back up... Blanca moves in.. ANOTHER ESTUPENDO KICK! HE DID IT AGAIN!

Alex hits the canvas again. This time, she doesn't move.

He quickly leaps down, rolling on top of her with his back as he holds her leg up. The referee slides into place and he uses his free hand to count with the referee.

Blackfront: We may have a winner... two.. NO! KICK OUT!

Ace: HOW?!

The fans go crazy. La Flama Blanca rolls over to his hands and knees, slamming his fist on the canvas before getting up. He moves back in the corner, turning to the side and motioning for her to hurry and get up.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to go in for the finish here.

Alex starts to get up slowly. As she stands, her legs wobble.

Blackfront: Beckman is up. La Flama Blanca waiting for the right moment.

Ace: This one is over as soon as he hits it again!

She turns and he shoots forward, his leg up and out. However, Alex grabs it. The fans get even louder as she holds his leg as he bounces on the other. Blanca shakes his head No pleading.

Blackfront: Beckman about to.. NO!

La Flama Blanca throws his free foot up and around, catching Alex in the side of the head.

Blackfront: ENZIGURI!

Alex falls to the side and down to a knee as La Flama Blanca quickly pushes up. He runs forward, past her.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca off of the ropes. On the return now.. leaps.. quick drop kick catching Beckman hard!

The fans boo even louder than before.

Ace: See Jason! THIS is why he is champion! Beckman can be beaten!

La Flama Blanca kips up again.

Blackfront: The World Champion now in control of this match. After two Estupendo kicks and an enziguri, I am unsure how Alex Beckman will be able to continue.

Ace: She wont Jason! She may as well just give up now! The Champion has assured his victory!

Blanca heads over, bringing his foot down into the ribs of Alex before heading up and starting to stomp as her arm.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to ensure that Alex Beckman can not use her arms to lock in another submission hold.

He lifts her arm up, pulling back before jerking it hard. Beckman lets out a yell of pain before rolling over to her side holding her shoulder.

Blackfront: The World Champion showing no mercy here as this match continues.

Ace: That's why he is champion Jason! You can't show mercy to anyone!

Blackfront: The World Champion pulling the challenger to her feet now.

La Flama Blanca begins to mock Alex Beckman.

Blackfront: The cocky champion should focus on winning this match.

Ace: What's the point of being great at everything you do if you don't gloat Jason?

Blackfront: How great was he when Alex Beckman was delivering those German suplexes?

Ace: It was all apart of the plan.

Blackfront: Plan? What plan?

Ace: You know. The plan.

Blackfront: Whatever Tommy.

La Flama Blanca takes charge, placing Alex in a side headlock before dropping to the canvas and applying pressure.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now looking to slow the pace down now, applying that side headlock to Alex Beckman on the canvas.

Ace: See, this is what I am talking about. You were right earlier when you said that Alex Beckman wins her match by pure speed and momentum.

Blackfront: Uh huh.

Ace: La Flama Blanca is showing that all you need to do is take that away. Slow it down and Alex Beckman has nothing.

Blackfront: Except for a million ways to reverse anything into a submission move.

He applies more pressure, almost resting in the center of the ring. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Alex is unable to get free as La Flama Blanca continues to apply pressure to that headlock.

Blanca continues to just hold the challenger down, tightening his lock.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now holding Alex Beckman in that headlock for what feels like it has been over a minute, keeping the pace.

Ace: He has knocked her down to Marie Van Claudio level of worthless. I love it.

Alex begins to try and get up. La Flama Blanca, keeping the lock in place, comes up with her. He tightens it even more.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman still unable to get free.

Ace: She has no place to go!

Alex reaches behind La Flama Blanca, and begins to lift. The fans start screaming as she is able to get Blanca up just a bit, but he just rolls down, bringing Alex over with him and right into a tighter headlock on the canvas.

Blackfront: Alex had tried to escape but just couldn't.

Ace: Now he's just toying with her and I approve! She needs to understand that she isn't in the ring with some no name. That is La Flama Blanca!

Alex tries to roll over, but La Flama Blanca rolls with her, tightening the hold again.

Blackfront: Alex trying to find the right moment to get free.

Ace: There is no right moment. Just fade out!

Blackfront: At this point, you may be right Tommy.

Alex is able to push up to one knee, forcing La Flama Blanca to stand with her, still holding her head.

Blackfront: Blanca refusing to let go as Alex tries another effort to get free.

Alex just stays on one knee. She tries to hit La Flama Blanca, but he just moves, tightening the headlock even more as he does.

Blackfront: The champion just retching this headlock now.

Ace: I hope he squeezes hard enough her head pops off!

Alex pushes to a standing position. La Flama Blanca doesn't let go. She throws her arms up, placing her hands on Blanca's face and trying to push him away.

Blackfront: Alex has been unable to get out of the headlock, but now pushing La Flama Blanca back.

Blanca goes into the ropes, and with just the right momentum, Alex is able to get him to let go and sends him across the ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent across the ring. Now on the return... Alex Beckman is there.. catches him with a big hip toss!

The fans scream as La Flama Blanca goes over.

Blackfront: Beckman back on her feet, rushing La Flama Blanca. Looking to pick the pace back up now.

La Flama Blanca throws his legs up, kicking Alex back. Alex runs again, but La Flama Blanca rolls over and leaps up, grabbing her head, and pulling her over and back to the canvas.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca denies Beckman's attempts to regain control.

Ace: Isn't it amazing to see someone as great as La Flama Blanca in action?

Alex puts her legs up and places them around Blanca's head, squeezing until he lets go.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman able to get free, now holding Blanca in a head scissor.

Alex Beckman squeezes her legs together.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman applies more pressure here, wanting to wear La Flama Blanca down while giving him a taste of his own medicine.

Ace: Just a minor set back. Blanca's got this Jason.

La Flama Blanca grabs Beckman's feet and begins to try and get free.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca over powering Alex Beckman here.

As he gets free, La Flama Blanca quickly rolls up and to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca back to stomping the challenger.

La Flama Blanca continues to attack Beckman with a series of vicious stomps. He then reaches down and yanks Alex Beckman to her feet.

Blackfront: The champion pulling Beckman back up.

He grabs Beckman's arm.

Blackfront: Hard whip, sending Alex Beckman into the ropes.

La Flama Blanca runs forward, throwing his arm out.

Blackfront: Beckman ducks the clothesline attempt on her return.

Alex uncomfortably leaps to the second rope and leaps up as La Flama Blanca turns.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT!

Ace: That was sloppier then the Sloppy Joes I had for lunch yesterday!

However, La Flama Blanca catches Alex Beckman from the poor attempt at a moonsault, braces her and runs, falling forward.

Ace: See. That's why you don't try to do things you don't know how to do.

Blackfront: Blanca jumps over Alex Beckman, off the ropes now... dropping a knee across the chest of his opponent.

Blanca uses the ropes to pull himself up before leaning over them and taking in the reaction from the booing crowd.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca seems to be feeding off of this heated crowd.

Ace: Ungratefuls!

He moves from the ropes and towards Beckman, lifting her left leg up.

Blackfront: Kick to the inner thigh of Alex Beckman.

Alex Beckman rolls over face first into the canvas, as La Flama Blanca grabs her by the head, and violently pulls her up to her feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca directing Beckman to the corner. Now introducing her face with the top turnbuckle.

Alex Beckman's head bounces off of the turnbuckle. She stumbles back and turns around to receive an European uppercut from the champion.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca continues his domination in this championship match.

Blanca charges Beckman, throwing his boot up. At the last moment, Alex moves, causing La Flama Blanca to put his leg through the middle of the ropes and become temporally entangled in them.

Blakfront: This could be Alex Beckman's chance to come back.

Ace: Move Blanca! Move!

Alex Beckman crawls a few inches and pushes her way to her feet, as La Flama Blanca is able to regain proper footing.

Blackfront: Both superstars to their feet. La Flama Blanca is quickly able to regain control and place Alex Beckman into a side headlock.

Blanca applies pressure to Beckman, however, she is able to slide out of the lock behind him.

Blackfront: Beckman shoving Blanca into the ropes now.

La Flama Blanca is sent forward into the ropes, as he hits them and stumbles backwards he turns into Beckman throwing a back elbow up. However, Blanca is able to hook his arm in and in one motion carry her over to the canvas and into an arm bar.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by La Flama Blanca may have gotten this back on track. He applies pressure to Alex Beckman's arm.

Ace: Was there ever any doubt?!

Alex Beckman throws her legs forward, and uses the momentum to stand up, twisting out of the arm lock that La Flama Blanca had applied, while at the same time twisting La Flama Blanca over and to the canvas. The fans start to cheer at the action.

Blackfront: Blanca getting to his feet now.

Ace: Can't keep a good luchador down!

Blackfront: The champion grabs the arm of Beckman, Irish whip into the ropes. Alex on the return.

She stops short of the waiting Blanca before bringing quick side kicks to his legs.

Blackfront: Swift kick to the side of La Flama Blanca's legs by Alex Beckman. Blanca to one knee.

She turns to the side, and brings another kick up and connects with the back of La Flama Blanca's head.

Blackfront: Those deadly kicks now coming in with a fury.

La Flama Blanca falls forward to the mat, holding his head. Beckman leans over him, and bends down. La Flama Blanca throws a leg up, kicking her in the face.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca quickly able to get to his feet. Don't count him out yet folks. He turns Alex Beckman around, whip, no, reversed. La Flama Blanca sent towards the corner.

Alex charges behind him. As La Flama Blanca gets to the corner post he grabs the top rope and leaps up. Alex Beckman crashes through the post as Blanca lands behind her.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca takes advantage of the situation, grabs Alex Beckman's head, inverted DDT!

Ace: Yes!

Beckman appears dazed, but is still able to roll over and get to her feet.

Blackfront: Both superstars up again.

La Flama Blanca rushes Alex Beckman but Beckman sidesteps, lifting La Flama Blanca and sending him now crashing into the corner post. He bounces back and falls to the canvas.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman taking control again in this exciting back and forward main event!

Beckman leaps on top of Blanca and begins to send rights and lefts into his head as he attempts to cover up.

Blackfront: Beckman with the ground and pound here.

Ace: Cover up Blanca!

She throws a right so hard that her shoulder injury is aggravated. Beckman is seen reaching up and grabbing it in pain.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman may have aggravated that shoulder injury.

Ace: Good!

La Flama Blanca uses this as a chance to throw a right up and catch her in the side of the head. Beckman falls to the side as Blanca rolls over, positioning himself around her where he grabs the injured arm and pulls it back as he wraps his arm around her neck and straddles her back. he pulls back with force.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now with that cross face and arm bar.

The fans boos as he holds it, pulling back.

Blackfront: The champion trying to injure that arm even more, wearing Alex Beckman down.

Ace: He's brilliant. This right here proves it!

Blanca wretches still. Suddenly, the fans start to get ultra loud.

Blackfront: Wait... what's this?

The camera pans up to see Sean Jackson on top of the stage, Ace in the Hole briefcase in hand.

Blackfront: MY GOD! COULD IT BE?! COULD SEAN JACKSON BE CASHING IN TONIGHT?!

Ace: What?!

Jackson begins heading down the ramp coldly staring at the ring, the briefcase swinging beside him.

Blackfront: We know that La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson have had problems for months. Could he be here to finally take his aggression ut?

Ace: I have no idea what is going on!

Jackson walks up the steps and across the apron, stopping in the middle of the ring. Blanca lets go of Beckman, getting to his feet. Alex rolls to the edge of the apron behind them.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca does not look happy!

Ace: Do you blame him! That no good Sean Jackson is stabbing him in the back right in front of him!

The referee heads over to Jackson as does Blanca.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is telling the referee to get Jackson out of here!

The referee and La Flama Blanca exchange words as Jackson just stares, looking at the briefcase and then out to the screaming fans.

Blackfront: What a night! Just three months ago, La Flama Blanca won the title from Sean Jackson. Now, he has a chance to win it back!

On the other side of the ring, where Alex kneels on the floor, we see three men jump the barricade. The fans begin booing instantly.

Blackfront: IT'S DYNASTY! DYNASTY IS HERE!

Ace: GO STOP JACKSON FROM MAKING A MISTAKE!

Blackfront: Actually.. it looks like... they are attacking Alex Beckman outside of the ring! Beckman is getting attacked by Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely, and CBR!

Unlikely and Kendrix hold Alex's arms out as CBR lifts his lead pipe in the air. The fans boo even louder. The referee is still arguing with La Flama Blanca about forcing Sean Jackson, who starts to enter the ring, to leave.

Blackfront: JACKSON IS IN THE RING!

Ace: No! No! No!

CBR brings that pipe down, connecting with Alex's right shoulder.

Blackfront: Oh my God. That pipe connected. Alex Beckman may seriously be hurt.

CBR repeatedly slams the pipe into her arm. Inside of the ring. Jackson holds the case up. Blanca waves NO! NO! NO! The referee holds his hand out.

Blackfront: Jackson is cashing in...

As the three members of Dynasty outside roll the injured Alex Beckman into the ring, Jackson steps forward... and past the referee... as he brings the case down and goes into a hug with La Flama Blanca. A huge smile comes over his face and the fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: IT WAS ALL A RUSE! JACKSON NEVER INTENDED TO CASH IN!

The three members of Dynasty outside watch, smiling as Jackson nods to Blanca before heading back to the ring apron then down to the floor. Blanca turns back to Beckman who holds her arm in extreme pain.

Blackfront: Dynasty is just disgusting. Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca have been playing us all along.

Ace: THEY ARE BRILLIANT! LA FLAMA BLANCA IS BRILLIANT! JACKSON IS A GOD!

Blackfront: You're sickening Tommy.

La Flama Blanca brings a boot down to her hurt arm. Beckman screams in pain. He takes in the boos with admiration.

Ace: Do these Ungratefals not realize they have just witnessed what true greatness is?!

Blackfront: Oh my God... Blanca is grabbing that hurt arm. The Machine is barred from the ring. They can't even come out and even the odds. James Wingate in one final evil deed, has sealed Alex Beckman's fate!

La Flama Blanca yanks back, pulling Alex across the ring. He arm contorted in a way it should not be.

Blackfront: Her arm is broken. It has to be.

Ace: Serves her right! Karma in action!

Suddenly we see The Machine burst down the ramp. Mike Best, a very bandaged John Sektor, and Cecilworth Farthington jet down the ramp. The referee sees them and starts to call for the bell. The fans begin to boo loudly.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification... and STILLLL... UTA WORDL CHAAAMPPPIOONNN... LA FLAMA.... BLAAAANNCCAAA!!!!

Blackfront: The Machine couldn't watch no longer as Alex Beckman has seriously been injured folks.

As they slide into the ring, Blanca drops and rolls out, quickly backing up into his Dynasty stablemates. Sean Jackson hands him the title as they back away from the ring, watching The machine quickly drop and check on Beckman. Mike Best leaps to his feet and rushes the ropes. Grabbing the top he yells down at Dynasty in such vulgarities that the audio cuts out.

Blackfront: Mike Best is livid.

Ace: Do you blame him? Dynasty just destroyed his pay day! I love it!

Down begins to play as Dynasty begins backing up the ramp, La Flama Blanca holding the title high. Best moves around the edge of the ring, his eyes following them. Venom flowing through his veins

Blackfront: This is not what anyone wanted to see.

Ace: Yes it is Jason! This is exactly what I wanted to see!

As Dynasty stands on top of the stage, as an united group, The Machine helps Beckman to her feet int he ring. Her arm obviously not right. The two groups stand, staring at each other from across the arena.

Blackfront: Folks... this is not over between The machine and Dynasty in the slightest.

Ace: Good! Dynasty can take each of them out one by one!

Blanca holds the title with one arm high in the air at the top of the stage as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

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