

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #10

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** April 6, 2014

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

It's that time of the week, the time you get all sorts of excited. It's time for the United Toughness Alliance streaming directly from [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com). No matter if you watch it on your computer, your smart phone, or your smart television device you wouldn't miss this for the world!

Excitedly you press the 'play' button. Before the show begins we get a word from our sponsor.

As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out Staples Center in Los Angeles, California. Hanging over the ring is a devastating and monstrous looking steel cage.

As the camera pans across the screaming fans, we are greeted with several shots of signs that they are holding high.

MADMAN GOT SCREWED! CANADIAN SUPERSTAR!

LOG HABBENS PRAY TO ALLAH DDD!

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage with multiple video panels displaying the UTA brand and pulsating to a remixed version of Eminem's You Don't Know featuring 50 Cent, Llyod Banks, and Cashis.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and new play by play announcer, Tommy Ace sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to another edition of Wrestleshow.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to another exciting edition of the United Toughness Alliance's Wrestleshow! As always, I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight, my

broadcast partner... Tommy Ace!

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's good to be here.

Blackfront: Tonight, we are live right here on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com) for our final Wrestleshow before we debut on High Octane Television.

Ace: Lets be clear for the fans, you will still be able to stream Wrestleshow right here on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com), just not live.

Blackfront: That's right. We will air live on High Octane Television, then be available for encore presentations right here on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com).

Ace: But that is the next episode of Wrestleshow. Lets talk about tonight.

Blackfront: What a huge show. We will kick tonight off with throw back to the days of Sanctioned Violence Organization as Tobias Devereux debuts against Roscoe Shame.

Ace: In another debut match, former IWF champion Perfection, meets our resident animal, Wülfric.

Blackfront: On top of that we have the number one contender for Internet Championship in action, as well as a non title match involving the new Internet Champion.

Ace: Top that off with more fall out from Darian Dumont attacking Frank Dylan James at the pay per view and an incredible triple threat main event, tonight is a show not to miss! Blackfront: With that being said, lets get the action started Tommy!

Ace: It's going to be great!

Blackfront: Hold on Tommy, I am getting word of something going on in the back with one of the participants of our first scheduled match. Lets take you live right now, where Jamie Sawyers is on the scene.

A Damn Shame

As we switch to the back, a group of medical staff are surrounding someone on the floor.

Jamie Sawyers stands by, slightly out of the way, to bring us more information.

Sawyers: Thank you Jason and Tommy. As you can see behind me, officials are checking on Tobias Devereux, who was supposed to debut here tonight in the opening match against Roscoe Shame.

The camera peers over, catching Tobias conscious but unmoving.

Sawyers: Just moments before the opening of the show, Roscoe Shame and Tobias Devereux ran into each other as they were preparing for their match. After a few words, the two men were sent away from each other.

A stretcher can be seen being brought in as a neck brace is being put onto Tobias. Sawyers: However, it was not done. Roscoe Shame allegedly attacked Tobias from behind. The details are limited, but needless to say, Tobias needs medical attention and Shame has been escorted from the property.

Tobias is moved, carefully to the stretcher.

Sawyers: This is not the type of news I like to deliver, especially as many were looking forward to the sVo throw back match announced. We will keep you updated as we know more, but for now, back to you Jason and Tommy.

We pan in on the people before moving back to ringside.

Blackfront: Hopefully we'll have more on that developing story before the end of the show. But for now it seems we will move into action as our new opening match is about to get underway.

The camera pans to the top of the stage.

? Years spent in torment Buried in a nameless grave ?

The fans give a mixed reaction as Ozzy Osbourne howls out into the arena, which is plunged into darkness, save for the clusters of camera flashes which now go off.

? Screams break the silence Waking from the dead of night Vengeance is boiling ?

Pulsating lights give the lively crowd a stop motion quality as Wülfric punching the air and snarling, tears the curtain back and pounces onto the stage, further dividing the fans. Ace: I was always told werewolves only exist in fairytales, Jason, but looking at Wülfric, I think I was lied to!

Blackfront: This guy is an animal, Tommy. Look at those chops -- this guy could give Wolverine a run for his money!

Wülfric stalks his way to the ring, tracked by a white spotlight. He barges through the mass of tentacle-like arms of the fans as they try to touch him.

Announcer: Currently making his way to the ring, standing five-feet, niine inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred forty-five pooouuunds...

He climbs the steps and darts through the ropes, turning his back on the hard cam to face the opposite side of the arena, continuing to shadow spar.

Announcer: WWWÜLF--RIIC!

The Big Bad Wolf snatches his hood off and turns around to glare into the hard cam, throwing his arms up into the air in dominance.

The sounds system begins to play the opening riffs of "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween.

Announcer: His opponent. hailing from Los Angeles, California...

The crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... PERFECTIOOONNNNN!!!

? There is no doubt about it I'm one of kind, baby

I am le d'Artagnan de coeur As you may see, candy?

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites. Perfection enters the ring.

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am, I am, yes I am (perfect)?

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Perfection, a former World Champion, making his debut here.

Ace: The fans may be booing, but that only means they know who this guy is. A good acquisition for the UTA.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: There's the bell to get things going.

Ace: You've got to wonder how these two men are coming into this match. They expected not to go on this early. Are they prepared?

Blackfront: That's a good question Tommy. I guess we'll find out now. Both men take off.

Blackfront: Here we go. Wülfric waste no time coming forward with his arm extended. Perfection ducks the clothesline.

Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Perfection with a couple stiff right hands to the jaw of Wülfric.

Ace: That's got to hurt his hand more than Wülfric's face.

Blackfront: Wülfric is unaffected. Perfection now runs back, off the ropes.

As he returns, Perfection attempts to knock Wülfric down, but he doesn't move.

Blackfront: Perfection heading to the left, off the ropes again.

Ace: Wülfric doesn't budge. He is built like a brick house.

Not giving up, Perfection shoots across the ring again. This time as he returns, Wülfric turns around throwing an elbow up, catching him in the face and sending him to the mat. Blackfront: Perfection hits the canvas hard.

Ace: Wülfric's elbow hit his face hard. That's like a bicycle hitting a bus.

Wülfric bends over and grabs Perfection by the head, pulling him halfway up before bringing a big forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: Wülfric in control.

Perfection goes to one knee. Wülfric comes forward with a kick meant for his face, but Perfection moves to the side. He quickly comes forward and up, wrapping his arms around Wülfric's waist.

Blackfront: Perfection lifts with all of his might. He struggles but gets Wülfric up and over.

Blackfront: Saito suplex by Perfection!

Ace: I don't know how he did it, but he got Wülfric off of his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection dropped Wülfric directly on his neck.

Wülfric holds his neck as Perfection rolls over and gets to a knee, looking at the downed Wülfric. He runs back and hits the ropes as Wülfric begins to get up.

Blackfront: Perfection with a shining wizard!

Ace: Perfection making an impressive debut here against Wülfric.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Perfection.

The referee drops to begin his count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two.

Ace: Wülfric is a beast of a man. Although Perfection has been impressive, it is going to take more than that to put him away.

Perfection quickly gets up, knowing he can't slow down now. He runs and hits the ropes again as Wülfric rolls over and begins to push his way up.

Blackfront: Perfection with a clothesline... Wülfric ducks. Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Boot to the stomach of Perfection. Wülfric grabs him, lifts up and twist... spinebuster!

Ace: The sheer power of this man is incredible!

Blackfront: Wülfric now with the pin. Perfection somehow able to kick out at two. Ace: Both of these guys are great performers Jason. I wouldn't doubt they make huge impacts here in the UTA.

Blackfront: ou're right there. But for tonight, only one man can win.

Ace: Unless they both get counted out or there is a double disqualification.

Blackfront: Well, yea.. but.. nevermind Tommy.

Ace: I know, I blow your mind.

Perfection holds his lower back as Wülfric pushes his way up. He is a little bit more sluggish than he was before and you can tell his knees are in pain from the many years of abuse and hard living.

Blackfront: Wülfric pulling Perfection to his feet. Grabs an arm, huge Irish whip into the corner.

Ace: That is not where you want to be in a match with a man like Wülfric.

Blackfront: Wülfric runs... big splash!

As he connects, Wülfric stumbles back a bit, obviously his knee joints still hurting as he leans on the ropes. Perfection falls face forward to the mat.

Blackfront: Wülfric aggressive as always, grabbing the left leg of Perfection and lifting it. He drives that knee right into the canvas.

Perfection grabs his knee and rolls to his back. Wülfric lifts Perfection's left leg up and holds it for a moment.

Blackfront: Boot to the inside of the knee of Perfection.

Ace: Wülfric smart, working the leg of Perfection.

He bends down, grabbing the right left of Perfection, lifting it up as well and waiting for a moment before leaning back.

Blackfront: Wülfric with a slingshot!

Perfection is launched up and forward. He lands on the top rope, which bounces him up and backward. He flails as his body turns.

Blackfront: SPEAR! Wülfric hits the spear!

Ace: That was hard enough it may have cracked the ribs of Perfection!

Blackfront: Wülfric with the cover...

The referee drops to count but Perfection is able to get his foot on the rope. Blackfront: Perfection somehow able to get his foot on the bottom rope to break the count.

Wülfric gets up and begins complaining to the referee. Perfection grabs the ropes and pulls himself up behind before coming down, chopping the brittle knees of Wülfric who

goes down hard.

Blackfront: Smart move by Perfection.

Perfection pushes up, pulling his opponent's legs up with him. Ace: it looks like he's going to use Wülfric's bad knees against him. He steps in and drops down, locking in a figure four leg lock.

Blackfront: Perfection has locked in the Picture Perfect! Wülfric has to tap, his knees can't take it!

Wülfric begins to slap the mat and the referee quickly calls for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner, in fourteen minutes and seven seconds... PERFECTION!!!!

Blackfront: Hard fought match by Perfection, but he earned his debut win tonight.

Ace: he sure did Jason.

The referee holds Perfection's arm in the air as he celebrates.

Livewire

The United Toughness Alliance logo comes across the screen overlaying a black background and in a metallic outline, before it begins to shake. An electronic charge outlines the logo before it begins to break apart. Finally, the logo explodes and the Livewire logo burst through.

It pulsates as if to signify a heart beat before fading out. We are welcomed to an outside shot of downtown Seattle, WA. Busses drive by, people cross streets.

The Space Needle stands tall over the horizon before we fade into a shot of the world famous EMP Museum followed by a trip on the water in one of the tourist filled Duck Tour boats. Finally, we are outside the 42 floor Fourth & Madison building where the UTA host it's offices and new studio.

We get different shots of the office with different superstars in inaudible situations, smiling, laughing, and spending time with the staff of the UTA. These are the people that keep things going. Finally we get a wide shot of the Livewire studio. The camera moves in to sit on Jennifer Williams and 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis, sitting at the Livewire news desk.

The two talk inaudibly as we fade into just Stan Davis sitting in front of a backdrop.

Davis: Livewire is fun, it's exciting.

We now fade to Jennifer Williams sitting.

Williams: You'll get exclusive interviews, news, and segments not seen anywhere else. Next up is Tommy Ace.

Ace: What do I like about Livewire? Man, I like it all. You get to see the superstar talent of the UTA, raw and unfiltered.

From Tommy we fade to UTA Owner and CEO James Wingate in his office, behind his desk.

Wingate: Livewire is what the professional wrestling world is missing. Yes, Wrestleshow and other programs like it are the spotlight of our industry. But with a show like Livewire, the experience is taken one step further.

We see Wülfric standing next to Jamie Sawyers being interviewed, and then it fades into Max Burke with Jamie before coming to rest on Jason Blackfront sitting in front of a backdrop.

Blackfront: I've been in this business a long time and this is the first time I have seen a program truly made to pull the curtain back on the business. It's great stuff.

The Livewire logo comes across the screen once more followed by the words Every other Sunday, right here on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com).

### Addressing of the Triple Threat Match

As the lights in the arena dim, an erie sound of wind begins to echo through the arena as the repeated hoot of an owl starts low, then gets louder as the seconds tick by.

Once the arena is in total darkness, the opening notes to a dark tune begins, accompanied by the sound of a stone door opening. As everyone in the arena looks on, a heavy mist begins to roll down the entrance ramp and towards the ringside area. While everyone in the arena begins using lighters, cell phone lights, and any other means of a light source... The dark sound of a chorus humming begins and is quickly joined by a sinister female's voice, adding a chant of her own. As this is happening, the big screen comes to life with a river of blood flowing from left to right...

Just when you think that it can't get any worse....

Night of the Wolf by Nox Arcana begins to play as the heavy mist begins to flow back towards the top of the entrance. As soon as the mist takes over the top of the ramp, it again begins to flow back towards the ringside area. However, this time a shadowy figure can be made out inside of it. As the mist flows down the ramp, fans who are close to it begins to cheer as well as boo which confuses the announce team. The majority of the people inside of the arena have never seen this entrance before, nor the music. But it is the people close to the guard rails who can slightly make out the figure...

That is until the figure moves out of the mist revealing it to be.... The Evil Jezebeth Vanessa.

She is wearing a low cut red dress with a split running down one side, her legs exposed with every step she takes. Her long jet black hair extending down her back and to her waist. Yes, the Vietnamese bombshell has arrived.

As she walks up the steps and enters the ring, the arena returns to full lighting as she

raises a mic to her lips.

Vanessa: Abdul bin Hussain

As Vanessa begins, the camera can really pick up on the blackness in her eyes. Of all the time she's been in UTA with Sean Jackson, her eyes have never been darker.

Vanessa: As you can plainly see, we aren't going away. I know that you imagined your title reign to be a little bit different from where it is now. I know that you wished you could just deal with the Dr. Emo's and the Madman Szalinski's. But unfortunately for you, that just isn't in the plans that we have for you.

Of course, this is the first time since arriving in UTA that Vanessa has been so open towards an opponent of Sean Jackson. Well get ready because that is about to change. Vanessa: Abdul, you should have known that eventually, Sean was going to turn his attention to the world championship. You should have known that Mr. Wingate was going to feed the world champion to Sean at his earliest convenience. But yet, you ignored that fact and made the mistake of placing yourself in the cross hairs of the most dangerous man in wrestling today.

In that other organization, Vanessa used the mic time to work on Sean Jackson mentally as well as psychologically. To get him to do her bidding, as well as to use the moment to push her soul grabbing agenda.

Vanessa: Did you not learn anything from WrestleShow 7? Did you not feel his superior talent and strength in the ring?

Vanessa smiles.

Vanessa: Well by the end of WrestleShow 10, you will experience the same fate that Dr. Emo did. A cracked skull, a broken body, and a shattered psychiatric profile. In other words Abdul, you will be in the same shape that your dead wife and child are in....

You know that the fans in the arena want to break out in a USA chant, but can't because of the harsh words spoken about Abdul's wife and child.

Vanessa: But after what happened at the Live event a few days ago, you won't be all alone.

Vanessa turns her attention to Sean's other opponent.

Vanessa: Madman Szalinski. You would have been better suited had you kept your nose out of Sean's business. But instead of being smart, you decided to come out and cheat him out of the world title. Well to that, I've....

She never gets to finish.

v/o: Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight? [BOOS]

[As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...]

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

[As the popular Phil Collins song In The Air Tonight begins to play, the letters on the big screen finish forming with a nickname now well known with this theme....]

[The Mental Rapist]

[Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see Sean Jackson rising up from the floor. Jackson has a look of total contempt on his face but remains motionless until the motion upward stops. Once the movement stops, Sean steps out of the ring of fire and immediately makes his way towards the ringside area. It is obvious by the look on Vanessa's face, she didn't expect him to come out.]

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

[Vanessa can be seen stretching her arms out in confusion while Sean can be seen saying something, just can't be

heard.]

[During the slow walk down the ramp, Sean Jackson who is wearing his Mental Rapist shirt and blue jeans takes time to give verbal exchanges with the fans before finally making it to the ringside area. He is handed a mic himself before climbing through the ring ropes and essentially, taking over the segment.]

Jackson: Excuse me Vanessa, but I'll take over from here if you don't mind.

You can tell that Vanessa is slightly upset, but does back off. Giving Sean Jackson his moment.

Jackson: First off, Abdul bin Hussain. Your days are numbered, your title reign is now officially on life support. I'm sure you know what life support is, your wife experienced it for a couple of seconds before the shock wave turned her insides into liquid.

[BOOS]

Jackson: Look, don't boo me. Just because you people want to be \*fingers\* politically correct, doesn't mean I have to follow suit. Abdul put himself in the cross hairs the moment he defeated Dr. Emo for the title, so as far as feeling sorry for him...

Sean shakes his head.

Jackson: Sorry, it just isn't in my genetic makeup. Just like it won't be for that thief in the night Madman Szalinski.

Sean's blood pressure begins to shoot up. He had Abdul where he wanted him in St. Paul, only to see it robbed from him by Szalinski.

Jackson: Oh yes, that leprechaun little mental midget who thinks that he has what it takes to interfere in MY world title match. Well Szalinski, I hope your health insurance is paid up. I hope you were able to negotiate the healthcare website because you're going to need it. But just in case you don't understand the severity of your actions, let me demonstrate what tonight is going to be about.

With Vanessa still standing there, Sean slides out of the ring and immediately walks over to an unknown guy seated in the front row. The guy hands Sean a poster of Madman Szalinski, which Sean quickly tapes it to the corner post.

Jackson: Now then, I want you to pay real close attention Szalinski. You see this? Sean reaches into his pocket and takes out a tube, which looks like toothpaste. He then picks up a steel folding chair and squirts something on the chair. As he is squirting the liquid on the chair, the camera picks up the label on the tube. It reads Brilcream.

Jackson: It's called a Brilcream chairshot Szalinski....

Sean then uncorks a devastating chairshot onto the poster of the Madman, followed by a second shot, and a third. Once the chair is completely destroyed, Sean gives a final parting shot.

Jackson: And a little dab'll do ya.

Sean then slams the mic to the arena floor, the sound of static filling the arena. PSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHTTTTTT

Jackson: Now you can finish up Vanessa.

With that, Sean makes his way back up the ramp and towards the back. Once Sean has disappeared, the angry look on her face is slowly replaced with a sadistic smile.

Vanessa: No, I believe you just about covered it.

Vanessa then steps through the ropes and makes her way towards the back, more than satisfied on how the segment went.

High Octane Television

We go into a sixty second promo for High Octane Television, spotlighting High Octane Wrestling, Pro Wrestling X, and New Edge Wrestling.

The United Toughness Alliance logo comes in with the words: APRIL 20th, WRESTLESHOW DEBUTS ON HIGH OCTANE TELEVISION. The promo then fades

into an infographic for HOTv before we cut back live.

The arena quiets down as the house lights drop out and a chilling blue light filters through the crowd. The soft opening guitars of Limp Bizkit's 'Behind Blue Eyes' begin to ring out as 'Pro Wrestling's Pedigree' Max Burke steps out on to the stage.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first... He is hailing from Dorchester, New Brunswick.. Standing clad in black tights with 'BURKE' written across the back and tall black shiny boots and knee pads, he raises his arms in the air with an angry look on his face. He wears his leather jacket with a hood covering his head. He lets out a small smile as the crowd boos and then starts to slowly walk down the ramp as the lyrics kick in.

? No one knows what it's like To be the bad man

To be the sad man Behind blue eyes ?

Announcer: Standing at six foot tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

The crowd continues to boo as Max slowly walks passed them. He turns to them and raises his hand in a threatening back hand manner and then chuckles to himself when a few of the fans jump back in fear.

Announcer: He is.... MAAAXXXX... BUUURRRKKKEE!!!!

He walks up the steel steps and stops for a moment, staring straight up at the sky. He lifts his arm and points to the sky, his ode to his Uncle Ben, and then very quietly slips into the ring between the top and second rope.

? But my dreams they aren't as empty As my conscience seems to be

I have hours, only lonely My love is vengeance

That's never free ?

He jumps up on the top rope and squats up there for a moment, before lowering the hood off of his head. He jumps back down into the ring to a chorus of a few more boos.

Blackfront: The fans not showing much love to Burke.

Ace: A win over IM Hate tonight could change all of that.

Max slips off his hooded jacket and hands that over to the referee before leaning up against the ropes and waiting for the bell.

Announcer: His opponent, hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina .

The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays. 'No more love to purchase

I've invested in myself

You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself No more complications Everything's just swell

No more obligations There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

As the music instantly slams as a hard hitting tune the bald headed kid of hatred walks out with a sleeveless pleather

white trench coat on and a pair of shades on.

Announcer: Standing at six foot five, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds.... IAN... MICHAELS... HAAAATEEEEE

Ian pays no mind to any fans in the arena as he walks down the middle of the isle and leaps onto the apron on his knee and stands to his feet. He wipes off his wrestling shoes on the apron, as he leaps over the top rope and lands into the ring.

Blackfront: This young man is looking for a big win tonight.

Ace: He's looking to get back on track after several weeks of, quite frankly, poor performances.

He tosses off the shades and removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume.

Blackfront: This should be a good match up as both men have similiar styles.

Ace: Yes, but Hate has a bit of a size advantage over Burke.

Blackfront: I don't think that will come into play as much as one would assume. As the bell sounds, both men begin to circle each other in the ring.

Blackfront: The bell has rung and we're about to see what Max Burke has to offer Ian Michaels Hate.

Ace: I think the bigger question is what does Hate have to offer tonight. Max Burke has proven himself already that he can hold his own in an UTA ring.

IM Hate makes the first move, rushing Max Burke. Burke sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes. Hate quickly turns and follows with speed.

Blackfront: There's that fast pace movement Max is known for.

Burke slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as IM Hate arrives, using Hate's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing

hard to the floor.

Ace: Did you see that?

Blackfront: My goodness what a counter.

Ace: That is Max Burke. He's as quick on his feet as he is with split decisions.

Max Burke steps out to the apron. As IM Hate begins to stand, he turns to see Burke leap off toward him with a double axe handle. Hate side steps and brings a big right up that catches Burke in the mid section.

Blackfront: IM Hate able to react before behind caught by Max Burke.

Ace: Not too bad, lets see what this guy can do.

Hate quickly steps forward and with one swift move, leaps to the apron, grabbing the top rope. Burke, still holding his midsection, turns and Hate leaps backward.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

Ace: This is how you kick start a match right here!

Ian crashes through Max Burke, both men hitting the floor as the referee counts on the inside. The fans rumble at the high risk move.

Blackfront: Ian should slow the pace down a bit. You can't just start off with spots like that or it could bite you in the butt quickly.

Ace: He wont need to slow anything down if he can get Max Burke into the ring and cover him now.

IM Hate pushes himself to his feet. You can see on his face that he may have landed slightly wrong and is pushing through the pain as he bends over and lifts Max Burke to his feet.

Blackfront: Hate now rolling Burke into the ring under the bottom rope. Ian walks up the steps and begins to climb the corner post from the outside.

Ace: Looks like he is going to fly again. This man doesn't care about his own safety as he looks to put Max Burke away quick.

Burke holds his head as he rolls over. IM Hate leaps from the top turnbuckle with a huge knee drop that misses as Max rolls out of the way. The fans go crazy as Hate grabs his knee in pain.

Blackfront: I told you, you have to slow the pace down. Taking risk is doing just that, taking risk. There is a good chance, as Hate just found out, that it will not pay off.

Ace: More quick thinking by Max Burke keeps him going for a little bit longer. Burke crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. IM Hate, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Max Burke runs over and leaps up, bringing his right foot over and catching Hate in the side of the head with his foot.

Blackfront: Max Burke gaining some momentum here.

Burke doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of IM Hate. Lifting it, he drives that knee hard into the canvas. Hate lets out a cry of pain as Burke holds on, lifts, and smashes it again.

Ace: That is a smart move by Max Burke, work the knee of IM Hate to where he can not stand. Once you have disabled your opponent, you can easily take the win.

Blackfront: I agree fully. Max Burke is methodically securing his opportunity to win right now.

Burke lets go of Hate's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as IM Hate tries to scoot away.

Blackfront: Burke now lifting IM Hate to his feet.

Hate shows that his knee is hurt as he is pulled up, unable to put much pressure on it as Max Burke pulls him backward toward the corner.

Blackfront: Max Burke in full control, may be looking to go ahead and end this one now, as Hate had tried to do early on.

Ace: IM Hate is hurt, but he is not out yet Jason. He needs to do something if he wants to stay in this.

Burke climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Hate by the head. he leaps off, twisting around in an attempt to DDT Hate. However, IM Hate shoves him, sending Burke flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Hate drops down to his good knee. Blackfront: IM hate able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control?

Ace: Well, Burke is down and hate isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak.

Burke rolls over and gets to his knees as IM Hate gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Burke, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Burke. Hate instantly is back down, holding his knee as Burke is laid out. Ace: If Hate can push through the pain long enough to cover Max Burke, this one is over.

Blackfront: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Max Burke did that much damage to their leg.

Ace: Ian Michaels is no normal man Jason.

Hate uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks down at Burke before stumbling forward and coming down with an elbow that connects to the forehead of Max.

Blackfront: Elbow drop as IM Hate continues to punish Burke here.

Hate gets to his knees and leans forward, bringing his arm up and delivering another elbow to the face of Burke. Max grabs his head as IM Hate pushes his way to his feet, still unable to put much pressure on his knee, but more than he had been able to.

Blackfront: Hate once again in full control, continuing his assault on Max Burke as he brings down a series of boots to Burke' head.

Ace: An impressive debut here so far by Ian Michaels Hate.

Blackfront: I agree. He is showing the toughness well known in his family as this second generation superstar controls this match.

Hate bends down, grabs Burke by the head and lifts him halfway up. He situates himself near, hooking under Max's rib cage and lifting him into a powerbomb position.

Blackfront: Hate has Burke up.

Ace: oh, this one is over right here.

IM Hate turns toward the corner and rushes forward releasing Burke. Instead of crashing into the turnbuckle, Max is able to somehow throw his legs back, and grabbing the top ropes, landing his feet on the second ropes. Hate drops down to his knee, unable to stand on it anymore.

Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Max Burke saved himself!

Ace: Bad timing for Ian Michaels' legs to go out. He just wasn't able to throw him with full force.

Hate pushes through, getting to his feet yet again as Max Burke leaps with his legs out. As they wrap around IM Hate's neck, Hate appears to try to turn it into a powerbomb, but Max Burke throws his body back, twisting it into a Hurricanrana that sends IM Hate crashing to the mat.

Blackfront: Counter into a Hurricanrana!

Ace: Amazing!

Max Burke rolls over and gets up, quickly lifting a barely conscious IM Hate up. He comes foreward with a rolling elbow and immediatly plants IM Hate's head to the mat with a Snapmare Driver.

Blackfront: MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE! MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE!

Ace: That has to be it!

Max Burke leaps up and across, covering IM hate as the referee drops and slides into place. The fans count as his hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: Max Burke does it! Burke defeats Hate!

Ace: IM Hate was very impressive tonight in his debut but injuring that knee really hindered any hope of coming through.

Blackfront: I agree. A lot of talent in that young man, but he just couldn't do it tonight against Max Burke.

Announcer: Your winner... in eighteen minutes and three seconds... MAXXXXX BUUURRRKKKKKEEEEE!!!!

Max Burke celebrates as we get a few replays of some of the matches' big spots before leaving ringside.

Declaration

We move to the back where the UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain, stands beside Jamie Sawyers. He is dressed in an expensive suit, obviously not dressed for tonight. The United Toughness Alliance championship sits over his shoulder.

Sawyers: I'm standing here with United Toughness Alliance Champion, Abdul bin Hussain. Now Abdul, tonight you are scheduled to face Sean Jackson and madman Szalinski in a non title triple threat. How are you feeling going into this match?

Jamie holds the microphone to the champion.

Hussain: As the United Toughness Alliance Champion for the last fifty-six days, this match is ridiculous. It is nothing but a poor attempt by the infidels to devalue me, a non American, as the champion.

Sawyers: What do you mean?

Hussain: It is no secret, since I arrived preaching the word of Allah and following the teachings of the great Muhammad I have been shunned. I have been shunned by the fans. I have been shunned by management. Why though? Because of my heritage?

Sawyers: Well, I don't thi...

Hussain: As the champion, the only respectable champion that the United Toughness Alliance has ever had, I declare that tonight I will not be in the main event.

Sawyers: But Abdul, don...

Hussain: I will not allow the infidels to bring me to their pathetic levels and circus shows. I am the United Toughness Alliance champion, and to give away a match of this caliber for free is just more proof of the conspiracy against me and my people.

Sawyers: Your peo...

Hussain: Madman Szalinski and Sean Jackson can fight amongst themselves like the simple children they are. I will defend my title in the name of Allah against the one who deserves. But tonight? Tonight they do not even deserve to be in the same building as me... The United Toughness Alliance champion...

Sawyers: Well, strong words from the champion as he is declaring he will not wrestle tonight here in New Mexico.

America Habbens

We switch to show Log Habben walking through the back, seemingly on his way toward the ring for his match. As he rounds a corner, he bumps into newcomer Travis Ryan.

Ryan: I'm sorry brotha. Log looks at him.

Habben: Watch where you're going.

He pushes Ryan out of the way and continues on. Travis turns and watches Log walk away.

Ryan: You know, you don't have to be rude.

Log stops and slowly turns around before stepping back to Travis Ryan.

Habben: I don't know who you think you are... Ryan: I'm Mr. Red, White, and Blue... Travis Ryan. He extends his hand and Log just looks at him.

Habben: Is that supposed to impress me or something?

Ryan: Well, no. But common courtesy...

Habben: Look, the only thing you need to know is I'm the number one contender to the Internet Championship and if you cross me... Well, they say that log.. Habbens...

Travis looks into the eyes of Log Habben.

Ryan: I didn't come tonight to start any trouble brotha. I'm just excited to be here. Habben: Well, that's fine and dandy that you're excited to be here. It's also good you didn't come to start any trouble, because I'd happily give you a good old fashion ass whipping to welcome you.

Log steps in closely to Travis Ryan whom doesn't back down.

Ryan: Look, I'm trying to be nice. I didn't mean to bump into you on your way to the ring. But I don't take too kindly to how unpleasant you're being.

Habben: Unpleasant? He laughs.

Habben: When I'm done with Esteban Awesome tonight, we'll talk about unpleasantness. On the next Wrestleshow... Log does.. Habben...

Log steps back and turns, walking away. We see him go through a curtain at the end of the hall as Travis Ryan stands, staring in that direction.

Without notice, the lights drop in the arena to full black just milliseconds before the unmistakable bass line and voice of Pharrell calls out URRBODY GET UP! and Robin Thicke begins to make your girlfriend's panties wet.

Announcer: Coming to the ring... Hailing from Buffalo, New York....

On cue, the fans jump to their feet - if only to groove out for a few seconds to the hottest song of all time - and are quickly engulfed in a light show quite the likes they have never experienced before. Unless they've been to a Pink Floyd cover band show and dropped some doses with the roadies. Before that thought has time to settle, a jovial figure emerges through the ultraviolet extravaganza and begins to gyrate all over the stage.

Announcer: Standing at Six feet, Four inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-eight pounds...

While Blurred Lines bounces off the walls of the arena, the video screen whips through a montage of bodies crashing into the mat just before the arena lights pick up and finds Esteban Awesome, UTA's resident party animal, grooving and thrusting his hips down the ramp.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome with a big wall to climb tonight if he wants to continue on the road to making his mark here in the UTA.

Ace: This guy is... awesome!

Announcer: He is..... EEEEEESTEEEBAAAAAANNNN AAAAAWWWESOOOOOOOOO MMMME!!!!

He mouths the words to the song and slaps hands with fans, or their faces if their hand was not properly positioned, before energetically sliding into the ring.

Ace: Come on Esteban, you can do this!

Blackfront: Good way to not be biased.

Announcer: Coming to the ring.. Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire Log unbuttons his shirts and smiles, charmingly, then casually spits on the ground and throws his shirt on top, standing only in a wife beater.

Announcer: Standing at Six Foot Two and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds

Log sprints to the ring recklessly, he doesn't enter but stops suddenly on the outside. Blackfront: Habben will be facing

Travis Ryan on the next Wrestleshow after their run in backstage.

Ace: What a debut that will be for Travis Ryan, facing the number one contender for the Internet Championship.

Announcer: He is..... Looooooooog Habben

Log, showing stunning athleticism box jumps onto the side of the ring, then stumbles doing the simple entrance between the ropes.

Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he jumps to the mat and gets ready for the match to begin.

Blackfront: The bell sounds to start this match.

Both men circle. As Esteban Awesome moves forward to grab Log, he drops to the mat

and rolls out of the ring. Awesome looks down and throws his hands up as in saying What the heck?.

Blackfront: Log Habben is a master of avoiding actual wrestling, yet finding a way to get the upper hand.

Ace: Well, it looks like Esteban Awesome came to actually have a match as he heads to the outside after Log.

Habben slides back into the ring as Awesome jumps from the apron to the floor. Awesome turns around and looks up, yelling at the referee to make Log stop.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome showing frustration as he has yet to get his hands on his opponent.

Ace: You can't really blame him. He came to fight and Log Habben is doing what he can to avoid that fight. However, you have to think that Habben is smarter than he lets on, and this is simply a mind game which is working.

Blackfront: We've seen this over and over from Habben. He avoids as much technical wrestling as he can, but he always finds a way to come out ahead as I said before.

Esteban Awesome grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself to the apron. As he does, Log Habben lets out a yell as he runs forward, throwing his elbow out and catching Awesome in the head, sending him down to the floor.

Blackfront: Log Habben charging Awesome, creating more space between them with that elbow shot to the head.

Ace: It's obvious his offense is calculated. Why waste time and energy when you can wait for the perfect moment, hit one move that can neutralize your opponent and take home the win?

Blackfront: Well, he hasn't won yet. Habben still needs to get Awesome into the ring and make the pin.

Ace: Count outs are just as good as a three count in my book Jason. Although I would say one elbow isn't going to put your opponent out for ten.

Outside of the ring, Esteban Awesome holds his head as he begins to get to his feet. He turns and walks over to the ring, reaching in to use the mat with the intentions to pull himself back into the ring. However, his fingers are met with a stomp from Log Habben. Blackfront: Log refusing to let Esteban Awesome into the ring.

Ace: Awesome has yet to find an Awesome way to get back into this.

Tommy Ace lets out a laugh as Jason Blackfront ignores his partner's attempt at wit.

Blackfront: Log Habben now heading outside of the ring.

As Esteban Awesome holds his fingers in his unstomped hand, Habben climbs through the ropes to the apron and drops to the floor.

Ace: Awesome needs to turn around.

And turn around he does, just in time to get a big, still, closed right hand from Log Habben.

Blackfront: Haymaker from Habben that shakes Esteban Awesome up.

Ace: He's got to be seeing stars after that.

Log grabs Esteban Awesome by the head, turning him around and directed him to the commentator's table before slamming him face first into it.

Blackfront: Awesome headfirst right here in front of us.

Ace: Hey Log, the ring is over there.

Habben takes Esteban by the head again, now escorting him to the ring and rolling him in.

Blackfront: Thank goodness, Log Habben now returning to the ring.

Habben, now in the ring as well, stomps over and leans down, grabbing Awesome and pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Habben is just mean.

Ace: Well, a man with a mean streak is a man you don't want to be in the situation like Esteban Awesome is in with.

Log pushes Esteban back toward the corner, yelling in the face of his opponent until Awesome's back hits the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Log Habben now delivering those stiff fist to the mid section of Esteban Awesome.

Ace: The UTA has some heavy hitters and I have to say, it is very impressive to watch these brawlers do their thing.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome is learning that the hard way.

Log Habben grabs Awesome by the side of the head with both hands, and yanks back, using his force to throw Awesome out of the corner and across the ring.

Blackfront: Habben displaying that brute strength.

Ace: On the next show, Travis Ryan will get a taste of that himself. Log heads over and begins stomping away at Esteban Awesome.

Blackfront: Awesome desperately needs to do something or he might as well count his debut as a bust.

Ace: He let Log Habben's mind games get to him early on. Once that happens you have to completely start over and re-think your approach. But that's hard to do when you have a man like Habben coming at you non stop.

Log moves to Esteban's feet, leaning down and grabbing them. However, Awesome is able to kick him in the face. Log grabs his face and stumbles back.

Blackfront: This may be the opening that Esteban needs.

Ace: Only if he can somehow use it to his advantage. A kick in the face only buys you so much time.

Habben shakes it off and heads back, attempting to grab Esteban's legs once more and yet again getting a kick to the face. As Habben holds his nose, Esteban Awesome crawls away slowly.

Blackfront: Awesome creating space between him and Habben. Ace: He needs more than space if he wants to turn this around. Awesome grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Habben is angry.

Ace: Wouldn't you be too if you got kicked in the face twice?

Log stomps toward Awesome who comes forward, leaning down and twisting as he swings his right arm up, catching Log Habben under the chin.

Blackfront: Huge European uppercut by Esteban Awesome.

Log swings his arms as he stumbles back. As he catches himself and continues forward, Esteban scoots forward himself, throwing his leg up and giving Habben a big boot, sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome creating that opening we were talking about.

Ace: Yes, but you can't expect to just come back after the beating he has received so far from log.

Log Habben turns over and pushes himself up as Esteban Awesome heads over, and locks his head. He grabs the side of Log's pants with his free hand and lifts him up and over, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Snap suplex by Esteban Awesome.

Ace: Not too shabby.

Awesome quickly covers Log Habben as the referee drops to make the count.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome going for the first pin attempt of the match. Log kicks out at two.

Ace: It just wasn't enough though Jason.

Blackfront: No, it wasn't. But it shows how Esteban Awesome differs from Log Habben. Ace: Oh, I agree. Log Habben comes with brute force and delivers punishment while Esteban Awesome uses a few precise moves and attempts to win the match.

Awesome pushes himself up, pulling Log with him.

Ace: But who is more dangerous? The guy who just wants to hurt people, or the one who is trying to win the match?

Blackfront: Not as dangerous as a mixture between the two.

As they are halfway up, Log stops Esteban from pulling him up further. He reaches forward, grabbing the legs of Awesome and yanking back.

Blackfront: Log Habben yanking Esteban Awesome off of his feet!

He steps in. Awesome is almost able to break away as Log doesn't have a good grip, but he pulls back again, and turns Esteban over into a Sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Log Habben has locked in the Log Removal!

Ace: Could that be Travis Ryan's future right there?!

Esteban Awesome tries to escape but he can't as he begins to tap out.

Blackfront: Log Habben has done it!

The bell begins to sound and Habben's face lights up.

Announcer: Your winner... in nine minutes and thirty seven seconds.... LOOOOGGG.... HAAABBBBEENNNNN!!!!

Log celebrates in the ring as we move to the backstage area.

Turnabout is Fair Play

The show cuts to the backstage where Jamie sawyers is standing by with a microphone in hand in front of a dressing room door. The door has your normal nameplate on it that says

D. Dumont. Jamie knocks on the door and shortly after it swings open and Darian is standing there with his protective



raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

Announcer: He is... The Canadian Star... C..B..RRRRRRRRR

He flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. Once inside, CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his rut arm, preparing.

Blackfront: CBR's physique is amazing.

Ace: He has the body of a champion, it's only time until he has the belt to go with it.

Blackfront: I just want to clarify again, this is a non-title match tonight.

In the ring, CBR sizes Yoshii up as the champion stands, unmoving, confident.

Blackfront: Although CBR is a big man, Yoshii is a beast.

Ace: I've seen CBR train, he is by far one of the strongest men in the UTA today. If anyone can get Yoshii off of his feet, he can.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go.

CBR steps up to Yoshii mouthing something inaudible to him before coming forward with a right hand.

Blackfront: The Canadian Superstar striking first with a series of rights. Yoshii taken back a bit, comes forward with a heavy chop across the chest of CBR.

CBR grabs his chest and stumbles back turning away from Yoshii. Blackfront: Yoshii now with that huge forearm across the back of CBR. CBR falls to one knee, but stands right back.

Blackfront: Another forearm to the back of CBR.

Yoshii turns him around and grabs his arm, using it to whip CBR across the ring. Blackfront: CBR on the return, Yoshii waiting... NO! CBR catches him.. SWINGING NECKBREAKER TO THE INTERNET CHAMPION!

Ace: That shook the whole ring! I think I felt the aftershocks out here!

Blackfront: That is what I am talking about there Tommy. CBR may be the man who can go toe to toe with Yoshii here.

CBR rolls over and gets up, letting out a loud yell of power.

Blackfront: CBR now stomping away at the chest of Yoshii, working around him.

Ace: Those are heavy stomps there Jason.

Jed Dye watches from outside of the ring, slapping the edge while yelling for Yoshii to get up.

Blackfront: CBR now pulling Yoshii up by his head.

Ace: That alone is a big order. As Yoshii gets up, he is dazed.

Blackfront: Boot to the midsection of Yoshii by CBR! He moves in and grabs Yoshii in a scoop, lifting.

Blackfront: CBR trying to bodyslam Yoshii! My lord.

Ace: There's no way Jason, just no way any human being can do that.

CBR struggles as Yoshii moves up a bit. But it's just not enough as the big man breaks away and comes across the back of CBR yet again with another forearm smash. CBR goes back to one knee as he was earlier.

Blackfront: CBR unable to lift Yoshii.

Ace: Yea, there's just no way. Really ambitious of CBR though.

Yoshii scoots in behind CBR, standing directly behind him. He takes his hands and places them down onto the shoulders of CBR, locking his fingers in the creases and squeezing as he presses down.

Blackfront: Yoshii putting all of his weight into the shoulders of CBR in what could potentially be a submission maneuver if CBR can not get free.

Ace: That hurts my neck just looking at it. Almost six hundred pounds focusing directly onto shoulders, pressing with all of their weight.

Blackfront: It is just what Yoshii needs to do. Immobilize CBR and break him down. The referee warns Yoshii to let go and he complies. CBR falls to his chest and grabs the back of his neck as he rolls on the mat and to his back.

Blackfront: Yoshii stepping back.. he runs and leaps... BIG LEG DROP!

Ace: Right across the chest of CBR!

Blackfront: That will collapse a lung!

Yoshii rolls over and off of CBR before getting back to his feet slowly. CBR breathes heavy as he holds his chest.

Ace: Each breath that CBR takes now has to hurt. There is no way he isn't damaged on the inside.

Yoshii walks forward, stepping onto CBR's chest and standing for a moment before stepping off.

Ace: That's just cruel.

Blackfront: Yoshii doing possibly even more damage to CBR by standing on his chest there.

Yoshii bends down and grabs the arm of CBR, pulling him across to the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: It looks like Yoshii is looking to end this now.

Ace: good thing for CBR. I don't know how much more he can take!

Jed Dye cheers Yoshii on from outside as he begins to climb the ropes. As he reaches the second, holding onto the top for balance, Yoshii bounces.

Blackfront: Yoshii leaps.. YOSHII BOMB!!!!

CBR somehow rolls out of the way and under the bottom rope to the outside as Yoshii crashes down.

Blackfront: CBR MOVED! CBR MOVED!

Ace: He may have just saved his life!

Jed Dye's look of astonishment is one to be rivaled as he can not believe Yoshii missed. Yoshii's face is one that tells the tell of pain in his bottom area.

Blackfront: CBR rolling back in and to his feet. CBR now helping Yoshii to his feet.

As CBR pulls Yoshii up, he turns him around to face him. However, before he is fully up, CBR grabs the head of Yoshii and drops down with a very hard DDT.

Blackfront: Implant DDT by the Canadian Superstar CBR!

Ace: Is that a head impression in the mat?

CBR pushes with all of his might, turning Yoshii over to his back before covering him.

Blackfront: CBR with the pin. The referee drops for the count.

As the referee begins to count, CBR places his legs up on the bottom rope. Jed Dye begins to run around the ring toward him to save Yoshii but it's too late. By the time he reaches CBR's feet, the referee's hand hits three. Jed Dye throws his hands up, discouraged.

Blackfront: CBR able to pull the victory out.

Ace: Jed Dye looked to be on his way to point out CBR's feet to the referee, but he was just too late.

Announcer: Your winner, in eleven minutes and three seconds..... The Canadian Star.... C... B... RRRRR!!!!

As the referee holds CBR's arm up, his other arm is held across his chest as he gasp for breath.

Blackfront: Impressive win over the Internet Champion by CBR. Could this be the future champion?

Ace: He very well could be.

Jed Dye, now in the ring with the Internet Championship checks on Yoshii.

Rise From Ashes

As we fade to black, our eyes adjust. A face can be seen in the shadows. Upon that face is wild and untamed hair. A little bit of light allows us to see the stare of the Mastodon of the Mountains himself, Frank Dylan James.

James has a crazed look on his face, with a scary grin that puts the icing on the cake. It almost feels as he is inside of all of our heads with his piercing stare.

James: Now I'm not a man of many words. Nah man, that's not me. He smirks.

James: Dumont... boy... you dun got my attention though. Oh yea, you dun opened my eyes.

The amount of his face we can see fades in and out.

James: You made a mistake. Your misguided attempt at retribution.. man.. it's gunna be you downfall.. oh yea.. you should of stayed gone.

He steps in closer, the look on his face almost evil.

James: Like a phoneix, ol' Frank Dylan Jjames is forever man. I'm gon' rise from the ashes and you shall feel the fury of a thousand lifetimes and a million souls come down across you as I strike the dead.

A sharp look, no emotion... and now a smirk.

James: Don think I forgot bout you Yo-she. No man, you're time is at soon enough. We can almost make out what may be people standing behind FDJ in the shadows. James: Soon.

He begins to laugh maniacally as the darkness comes over, engulfing his entire face.

Update

We move to another area of the backstage where 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis stands in front of a backdrop.

Stan: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight has been an exciting night of United Toughness Alliance action. But it started off with the reports of Roscoe Shame and Tobias Devereux whom were supposed to meet in the opening match having an altercation.

We get a second screen for a bit showing Tobias being checked on earlier in the night. Stan: I just wanted to update you that Tobias Devereux has been checked out by medical staff at a local hospital here in New Mexico, and will be fine. However, I find it my solemn duty to let you know that Roscoe Shame's actions have been reviewed by management and effective immediately he has been released from his UTA contract.

Stan adjust himself.

Stan: We may never see the throw back Sanction Violence Organization match throw back match advertised, but on behalf of the United Toughness Alliance, I would like to wish Roscoe Shame luck in his future endeavors and hope that he gets help for his demons. Back to you guy at ringside.

We move back ringside.

Blackfront: Never good to be the barrier of bad news as Stan just was, but hopefully this will be a wake up call for Roscoe Shame.

Ace: I knew it was too early for him to return to competition.

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... from Dallas, Texas....

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, and as it does a very well known theme begins to filter out throughout the arena...

Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

As the popular Phil Collins song In The Air Tonight begins to play, the letters on the big screen finish forming with a nickname now well known with this theme....

Announcer: He stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

[The Mental Rapist]

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor. The arena erupts into boos and slight cheers as the two people are quickly recognized as Sean Jackson and the evil jezebeth Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step out of the ring of fire with Sean completely focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

Announcer: The REAL... NeWA World Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

A slight smile forms on his face. Lord only knows what's floating around in that screwed up head of his, especially with the Vietnamese darkling at his side. After soaking up the reaction for a few moments, he motions that it's finally time to make their way to the ring. Blackfront: Sean Jackson officially the number one contender for the United Toughness Alliance championship, but many fans believe Madman Szalinski still has not gotten his fair shot.

Ace: The difference is that Sean Jackson has earned his shot Jason while Madman Szalinski was just someone slid into the spot when Chance Von Crank took his ball and went home last month.

Blackfront: Nothing can be taken away from Madman. I honestly feel he is the future of the United Toughness Alliance, and tonight he continues on his path as he has to get through Sean Jackson.

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark Vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned

legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the NWA logo on the front, blood pouring from the bottom. He is also wearing black trunks with gold colored material and outlined in blood red you see "Mental" and on the opposite leg you see "Rapist".

Blackfront: I want to remind the viewers at home, Sean Jackson is well known for his long standing feud with UTA Hall of Fame member The Spectre who is undoubtedly sitting at home watching Jackson where he once ruled.

Ace: Hopefully not planning a return so he can end his feud with Sean Jackson once and for all.

Blackfront: If The Spectre was to return, it would be the end of the world as we know it. He would undoubtedly change the landscape of the UTA forever.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he peers out at the fans at ringside. Much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, he then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes. As the pyro dies out, the lights come back on, returning the light to the arena.

As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at 187 pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning wait for his opponent.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Sean Jackson lock up.

Ace: I wouldn't want to be Madman Szalinski right now.

Blackfront: Jackson taking control early, he whips Madman Szalinski into the ropes. As Madman Szalinski returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Szalinski slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfront: Szalinski leaps, grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

Madman Szalinski attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Jackson just shoves him off and down to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: Sean Jackson didn't get where he is today by being easily taken down.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at Szalinski.

He bends down and grabs Madman Szalinski, pulling violently to his feet. Vanessa watches on from the outside in approval.

Blackfront: Jackson directing Szalinski to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Madman Szalinski's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Madman Szalinski.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove. Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Madman Szalinski.

Ace: Szalinski's chest is glowing.

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat of Madman Szalinski to choke him again.

Ace: He's resourceful.

Blackfront: Jackson releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop. Sean Jackson grabs the left arm of Madman Szalinski and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Jackson follows Szalinski.

Madman Szalinski leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

The fans cheer as Jackson hits the mat. Madman Szalinski lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Szalinski the advantage he needs to come back.

Ace: Maybe not, but he is wisely resting, conserving what energy he has left.

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Madman Szalinski uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Madman Szalinski.

He bends down and lifts Sean Jackson up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Jackson was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

Ace: Turn around Szalinski!

Madman Szalinski turns as Sean Jackson uses the top rope to pull down and push himself up. For a split second he stands on the top rope before leaping off.

Blackfront: Clothesline from the outside of the ropes!

Ace: That was amazing.

Madman Szalinski just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Sean Jackson rolls over covering him.

Blackfront: Szalinski able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: He's a former champion, he just doesn't give up that easy.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, Madman Szalinski in hand.

Ace: You've got to think that right now Sean is not happy and Madman Szalinski is going to feel that here.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips Madman Szalinski into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Madman Szalinski MOVES!  
Madman Szalinski MOVES!

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Madman Szalinski holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Ace: He needs to be paying attention to Madman Szalinski. What is he doing? Blackfront: A worn out and batted Madman Szalinski climbing the turnbuckle. The crowd begins to get loud as the camera moves to an angle to show the UTA

Champion coming from the back. He is still dressed in his street clothes, title belt over his shoulder.

Blackfront: Business is about to pick up.

Ace: I thought he refused to be out here for this?

Blackfront: Obviously the champion has changed his mind.

Szalinski hops down from the ropes, directing his attention to the oncoming champion as Sean Jackson begins to use the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now out here ringside.

Madman leans over the ropes yelling at the champion who ignores him.

Blackfront: Jackson to his feet behind Szalinski. Madman turns... Jackson runs.

Szalinski ducks a clothesline. Both men turn toward each other.

Blackfront: Madman jumps and connects.. drop kick! The fans pop loudly.

Ace: Did you se the air he got!

Abdul walks up the steps and across the apron as Madman Szalinski gets to his feet.

Blackfront: The champion on the apron.

Madman heads over and exchanges words with the champion as the referee checks on Jackson. Abdul nods at Szalinski and turns away from him, facing the steps.

Blackfront: it seems Abdul bin Hussain will not get involved.

Just then, Hussain drops the title from his shoulder to his hand and turns around forcing it up and into the face of Madman Szalinski who flies backward and hits the mat as the fans begin to boo loudly.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

Ace: The referee didn't see it!

The referee turns back to madman as Jackson begins to get up. Hussain quickly slides between the middle and top rope, dropping the title and running toward Jackson. he leaps up and brings a leg down across the back of the neck of Jackson whom is half way up.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH ON SEAN JACKSON!

The referee immediately begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain making his mark here in this main event!

Hussain picks his title up and holds it up, looking down at both Madman Szalinski and Sean Jackson, yelling at them.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a disqualification.... SEAN... JAAACCCKKKSSSOONN!!!!

Blackfront: Jackson may have picked up the win tonight, but not in the way he planned on.

Ace: Madman Szalinski continues being screwed. And Abdul says they are out to get HIM!

Hussain climbs the corner turnbuckle and holds the title high as the fans boo. Both of the other men are out in the ring.

Blackfront: Folks, that's all the time we have for tonight. But make sure in two weeks to join us live as Wrestleshow debuts on High Octane Television. I am Jason Blackfront..

Ace: And I am Tommy Ace...

Blackfront: We will see you next time!

We zoom in on the champion still celebrating on the turnbuckle as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite