

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #12

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: May 4, 2014

Results

WrestleShow

Segment

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to High Octane Television. It's just in time as the HOTv logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk. Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on High Octane Television. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace! The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Seattle, the home of the twelfth man, at the KeyArena.

Blackfront: We even have several members of the Super Bowl champions, the Seattle Seahawks in the house.

Ace: I wonder if I can get some autographs.

Blackfront: The crowd is loud here as tonight, Sean Jackson will defend his new UTA Championship against the former champion, Abdul bin Hussain with Madman Szalinski as the special guest referee.

Ace: I'm unsure how this is going to work. Madman Szalinski has been on the receiving end of attacks by both men.

Blackfront: I'll agree, Madman has had the short end of the stick as we head toward the upcoming pay per view, Black Horizon. But I also know he is one of the most impartial and fair men in our sport, and will call it down the middle.

Ace: Amazingly enough, we also have a second title match tonight as Yoshii defends the Internet Championship against Log Habben!

Blackfront: Log had the best match of his UTA career last week. This week he has the chance to take home his first taste of gold.

Ace: Yes, but he has a huge roadblock in front of him named Yoshii.

Blackfront: He sure does, but Tommy it's time to get things going. Are you ready?

Ace: I'm more ready than I've ever been! The camera pans to the top of the stage.

Hysteria by Muse starts to play as the crowd starts to rumble. From behind the curtains come Tobias Devereux, De Cajun Sensation, like you didn't know!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

Tobias Devereux tips his hat towards the crowd despite the mixed reaction before sprinting towards the ring and sliding under the bottom rope. He slides all the way to the center of the ring and looks around at the crowd before popping up to his feet. He goes from corner to corner to taunt at the fans and jaw jack at a few in the front rows.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and eighty five pounds... TOBIAS... DEVEREUXXXXXX!!!

He eventually gets into his corner and takes of his trench and fedora sitting both in the corner. He stretches out a bit

while he awaits the bell.

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. The Immortal Wrestling Federation championship belt around his waist. A throw back to a now defunct promotion.

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 and handing his title to the referee for safe keeping.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux and Perfection set to go one on one in this opening bout tonight. Both incredibly talented technical experts, Tobias Devereux has a noticeable size difference over Perfection.

Ace: You have to wonder how that will effect him in this match.

Blackfront: Perfection seems to be unphased by this as he is determined to show why he should be main eventing shows instead of opening them and being noticeably missing from live events.

Ace: I wonder if he has ever stopped to think maybe it's that egotistical and overly confident attitude he displays that is the problem.

Blackfront: Well it's time to figuratively put his money where his mouth is as we get started.

The bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Collar to elbow tie up to start things off. Tobias Devereux takes control, pulling Perfection into a side headlock.

As Tobias tightens his grip, Perfection struggles, but is unable to move.

Blackfront: Perfection caught in the headlock.

Ace: He's not going anywhere as the Cajun Sensation continues to keep control. Blackfront: Well, maybe not. Perfection attempting to pry Tobias Devereux's fingers from their tight grip. If he can get free, he may be able to capitalize on the brief window he opens up.

Tobias once again reset the hold, foiling the attempt by Perfection.

Blackfront: Perfection going another route now, as he sends an elbow into the ribs of Tobias Devereux.

Perfection elbows Devereux's ribs a second time, causing him to loosen his grip. He pushes back, out of the headlock, rolling to the left and around behind Devereux, locking his arms around his waist.

Blackfront: Belly to back hold by Perfection.

Ace: Good time for him to take a bit of a breather.

Tobias Devereux quickly grabs the hands of Perfection, and begins to pry them from each other. His arms shake as he pulls Perfection's out to the sides before taking a twisting step up and turning into Perfection, facing him before quickly grabbing Perfection around the waist, and lifting.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex by Tobias Devereux sends Perfection hard into the mat.

Ace: You've got to watch those suplexes by Devereux.

Blackfront: you sure do.

Perfection sits up, holding his back for a brief moment, before turning over and getting to his feet as Tobias Devereux gets to his as well.

Blackfront: Devereux charges Perfection and is caught by an arm drag. Tobias quickly rolls over and up, charging Perfection again.

Blackfront: Another arm drag by Perfection who is using Tobias' Devereux's own momentum to send him to the mat.

Both men quickly get to their feet again and rush each other.

Blackfront: Perfection ducks a clothesline attempt

Perfection continues on, hitting the ropes and returning, as Tobias Devereux just turns around and bends down, in hopes to catch him on the return.

Blackfront: Perfection off the ropes, on the return... running knee lift into the face of Tobias Devereux.

Ace: He caught him directly in the face with that one.

Devereux falls backward, holding his face, as Perfection throws his arms out to the side and poses for the booing crowd.

Blackfront: Being cocky doesn't win matches.

Ace: No, but that rising knee kind of helps.

After he finishes celebrating, perfection reaches down to grab the legs of Tobias Devereux. However, Tobias has recovered enough to kick Perfection in the face, causing him to stumble back.

Blackfront: Tick for tack as Tobias Devereux returns the favor with a kick to the face. Tobias rolls over and gets to his feet. Perfection shakes the kick off and sprints forward, leaping up with his legs out.

Blackfront: Dropkick to the knees of Tobias Devereux.

Ace: Perfection doesn't seem to be phased by Tobias' size difference at all. Blackfront: His arsenal is vast enough he can take on all types of competitors. Perfection gets to his feet. He bends down and lifts Tobias up. As Devereux is halfway up, Perfection brings a forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: Forearm to the back of Tobias Devereux.

Tobias goes to a knee. As Perfection begins to lift again, Devereux reaches forward and grabs his legs, yanking back.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux able to send Perfection to the mat. Still holding his legs, Tobias begins to stomp Perfection.

Blackfront: Vicious stomps to the inner leg of Perfection.

Ace: Smart thinking by Tobias Devereux. Take your opponent's legs out and they can't lead an assault.

Devereux drops Perfection's legs and heads to the side of him, coming down with a knee.

Blackfront: Knee drop to the ribs of Perfection.

Ace: Working the entire body will take him out of this quicker.

As Perfection holds his side and gasp for a breath, Tobias now heads above him, standing over his head. He reaches down, grabbing Perfection's arms and lifting them up and out before coming down and placing a knee into the center of his back.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux now stretching Perfection, pushing into him with his knee.

Ace: This could easily become a submission maneuver if Perfection can not get free. Blackfront: He is fighting, but Tobias just pulls his arms back more, applying even more pressure into his back.

Perfection screams in pain as the referee ask if he wants to submit. Perfection shakes his head violently no, as he continues to try and escape.

Blackfront: Both men in the middle of the ring, perfection has no place to go.

Ace: This is hurting my back just watching. If applied much longer, Perfection may never be able to live comfortably again.

Tobias pulls his knee back a bit before slamming it forward with force. perfection yells again, wenching in extreme pain.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux showing a mean streak as he continues to torture Perfection in this opening bout.

Devereux pulls his leg back yet again, bringing it into the back of Perfection. However, this time he releases his opponent, letting Perfection hit the mat. He holds his back and

kicks his legs as Tobias Devereux stands from a kneeling position.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux looking to put a weakened Perfection out.

Ace: There's no way Perfection is going to be able to come back in this match. Just no way.

Blackfront: Devreux pulling Perfection to his feet.

He grabs Perfection's left arm and sends him into the ropes. As he returns, Tobias throws a leg out, catching Perfection in the face.

Blackfront: Big boot by Tobias Devereux. Perfection is out cold.

Ace: This one has to be over.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux now lifting Perfection back to his feet.

As Perfection is halfway up, he quickly throws an arm around Tobia's neck, and leans back as he grabs under his crotch, rolling Tobias Devereux into a pin. He pushes hard with his legs as Devereux kicks.

Blackfront: Roll up out of nowhere!

Ace: He was playing opossum!

The referee drops and begins to count. As he hits the three Devereux is able to kick out but it's too late as the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Perfection steals a win!

Ace: He promised that he'd win no matter what, and he has.

Perfection quickly slides out of the ring to the floor, using the apron to hold himself up.

Announcer: Your winner via pin fall..... PERFECTION!

The fans boo as Perfection gives a shit eating grin to the camera. Inside the ring, Devereux sits, shaking his head.

Blackfront: This was Tobias Devereux's match. He did everything he could to secure the win.

Ace: Except he underestimated Perfection's ability to take advantage of the first situation he could.

Perfection throws his arms up and bask in the boos as he walks backward from the ring. He threatens to backhand a first row fan. He heads over to the time keeper's table and picks up his Immortal Wrestling Federation championship title and a microphone. The fans continue to boo as Perfection steps back, and walks up the to the second step next to the ring. In the background Tobias Devereux can be seen rolling out of the ring and heading to the back.

Perfection: Seattle! More booing

Perfection: I'MMMM.....BAAAAAACCCKKK!

Raises the IWF title, posing with it,

Perfection: Your Emerald City champion has returned to visit the slum of America! Yours Truly answered the call from UTA and HOTv to sign a lucrative deal, a deal that allows you to watch me almost every single week. A deal that you 'Ungratfuls' should be honored to have, the ability to see the most perfect, skilled, and delicious athlete sports entertainment can buy. And this is how you welcome me back?

More booing

Perfection: Figures, this is why the IWF closed, no dedication. No loyalty from fans like yourself, maybe you got sick of it- sick of me beating every single rat they threw in the ring with me. The days that the Seattle wrestling fans got behind Leyenda De Ocho....only to watch me beat him again and again. Pathetic, your belief in men like him; men like Madman Szalinski....fools and puppets just like YOU!

Blackfront: This is absurd. That title has no bearing here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Ace: Maybe he should focus on the present, not the past.

Perfection: Last week Elvis McDonald betrayed every one of you. His lack of knowledge, his rookie mistakes, and he feared his well-being so much he chose to get us counted out. I'm a man of principle, I would have dragged him back into the ring and beat him around JUST like I was doing the entire match.

Blackfront: If that's true, why didn't you Perfection?

Perfection: Just like I did to Tobias this week, another example of my prestige and perfection. Another reason why you stupid inept Mongols should just accept the fact that the UTA belt will sit on my waist just like this one did.

Hold the belt out, shill the belt.

Perfection: If you don't like it, tough. If you want to live in denial, so be it. I don't expect less from the earths primordial pool of stupidity. Perfection has arrived to UTA, it's about time someone in management took notice!

He drops the microphone and takes in the boos more before heading down the steps and toward the back.

Blackfront: A stolen victory kicks tonight's star studded show off. But we need to take a commercial break, we'll be back after these messages.

Ace: Commercials! I miss when we just streamed on WrestleUTA.com We fade into a commercial break.

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.

As we return from commerical, the arena is cast into darkness which is abruptly ended by a bright flash; the sound of a massive explosion sends the people rocking in their seats, as the music rises a thick fog flows from the entrance.

Announcer: Making her way first to the ring, hailing from Planet Vallyria, Stellar System Vega. She stands at five foot nine and weighs in at one hunderd and fifty pounds... She is.... LYRA.... STARRRRRCCHHHIILLLLDDDD!!!!

From out of the fog materializes The Starchild as she dashes towards the ring, taking no time to look at the audience; while an array of psychedelic imagery flashes across the screen, she launches from the ground to the apron and then flips over the top rope, coming to land near center, where she stands waiting for the competition to begin.

As the opening chant of "Supplication" by Sami Yusuf begins over the PA system, Abdul Ahad steps out onto the ramp in somber silence.

Announcer: Her opponent... hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

Announcer: He stands at six foot three, and weighs in at two hunderd and forty five pounds... ABDUL...

AHAAAADDDDD!!!!

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match. Blackfront: Abdul Ahad making his Wrestleshow debut tonight, looking to score a win over the much talked about Lyra Starchild.

Ace: Lyra is a bit different than most female superstars in our sport, choosing not to overdo the sexuality of the female body.

Blackfront: It's apart of her race's androgynous custom.

Ace: I'd still prefer to see a little...

Blackfront: It doesn't matter. She is who she is, and the UTA is unlike promotions that feel they must exploit their female roster.

In the ring, both competitors prepare as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: The bell rings to start this match. At six inches taller and over a hundred pounds more, you have to think that Abdul Ahad has the advantage here. But, we have to think about how the size difference didn't matter in the last match.

Ace: That and these two have very different styles. Abdul Ahad has more of a Japanese arsenal while Lyra Starchild is know as a high flyer.

Blackfront: Correct. This should be a high paced and interesting match up here. Both superstars circle in a defensive stance.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild making the first move with a quick and swift kick to the side of Abdul Ahad's leg.

She goes back into a defensive stance as Ahad comes with his own swift kick, almost buckling her legs.

Blackfront: Ahad returning the favor.

Ace: It's interesting to see Abdul Ahad in action as he has a very similar background to former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain, also sharing similar beliefs.

Blackfront: Yes, but Abdul Ahad tends not to be a radical as Abdul bin Hussain has proven to be himself.

Ace: It could open the door for very interesting meetings between the two later on. Blackfront: Lyra Starchild with another kick to the legs of Abdul Ahad, who returns the favor once again. This time Lyra's knees buckle.

Ace: It's that extra size that helps him get a little more umph into those kicks Jason.

Blackfront: It doesn't hurt. Abdul Ahad now lifting Starchild by the hair.

As she gets to her feet, Abdul grabs her left arm and goes to whip her into the ropes. Blackfront: Lyra Starchild with the reversal. Abdul Ahad sent into the ropes. Starchild runs after him. Ahad off the ropes... Starchild leaps... Cross body block taking Abdul Ahad off of his feet!

Ace: Good air there by the light on her feet Lyra Starchild. Blackfront: Starchild back to her feet. Abdul Ahad is getting to his. Ace: He needs to turn around.

Blackfront: Lyra charges... Ahad jumps and twist... he catches her with a Pele Kick to the face!

Starchild's legs fly out in front of her as her back hits the mat.

Blackfront: My mother always told me not to hit women, but if I was going to, I think I'd use a picture perfect kick such as that one.

Ace: It works wonders when they are chasing you demanding their money...

Blackfront: I worry about you sometimes Tommy.

Abdul Ahad once again lifts Lyra Starchild up, this time by her left arm. As she rises, Lyra grabs the arm lifting her and uses it to push herself up, and swing her feet around the body of Abdul Ahad, locking her thighs around his waist from behind. Her back drops to the mat, and she pulls back with her legs, bridging Abdul Ahad back and down to the mat, his shoulders touching.

Blackfront: Amazing counter into a pin by Lyra Starchild!

Ace: How did she do that?!

The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: Kickout at two. Lyra Starchild almost scoring and upset victory.

Ace: I wouldn't want to be Abdul Ahad in the locker room if she would have got the three.

Both people get to their feet. Abdul Ahad adjust his shorts as he circles her.

Blackfront: Different approach now as they lock up. Abdul Ahad forcing Lyra Starchild backwards into the ropes.

Lyra puts her hand sup and the referee tells Abdul to back off. As he does Lyra runs and leaps up, throwing her arm around his neck and twisting down.

Blackfront: Corckscrew DDT! I don't know how Starchild is doing it, but she is going toe to toe with the larger, more aggressive Abdul Ahad.

Ace: I don't know about more aggressive. Lyra Starchild is showing a side of her I never knew was possible.

Abdul holds his head as Lyra gets to her feet. She looks to the corner turnbuckle for a moment before running toward it.

Blackfront: Starchild climbing the turnbuckle, looking to go for a high risk maneuver here.

Ace: I'm unsure how wise this is. Abdul is down, but I have to believe he certainly is not out.

She stands on top of the corner. The cameras flash as she maintains her balance. Lyra leaps, pulling her arms and legs in together before throwing them out.

Blackfront: FALLING STAR! FALLING STAR!

Ahad gets his knees up and catches her hard in the midsection.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with his knees up!

Ace: I knew she shouldn't have went for it! I told you!

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild may have just sealed her fate.

Lyra holds her stomach as she rolls around on the mat. Abdul rolls over, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He throws his arms to the side and looks up, yelling the praise of Allah before heading over and pulling Lyra up.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad may be looking to put Starchild away after that botched Falling Star attempt.

Ahad leans down, and pulls Lyra up on his shoulders, hooking his arm underneath her leg. He moves up and down, adding to the pain of her back before lifting her body up, over his head, and bringing it down across his knee.

Blackfront: INFIDELS DEMISE!

Ace: Oh, that's got to be it.

Abdul Ahad covers Lyra Starchild as the referee drops. The fans count along with him as his hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: This one is over. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad picking up a victory in his Wrestleshow debut.

Abdul Ahad is on his knees, his arms out and his head looking up, praising Allah as we have seen Abdul bin Hussain do many of time before. However, this time the fans seem to support this man and his beliefs.

Announcer: Your winner on account of a pin fall... ABDUL... AHHHAAAAAADD!!! Blackfront: That's the way to debut, with a big win. But it's time to pay the bills, we'll be right back.

Ace: Who's bills? Ours or Lee Best's? We never used to have to do these... We fade to commercial.

The Odd Couple

As we return from commercial, La Flama Blanca walks into Elvis McDonald's dressing room startling McDonald.

McDonald quickly gets up from his seat and stands tall. He takes one step forward. Blanca: Woah, calm down Bruce Leeroy. I don't want to fight you or an oil change. I want to fight Burke and Ranier. I need to know that we're on the same page. I don't need you throwing a "wrench" into my plans. You want to win tonight or not?

McDonald: Bruce Leeroy? Oil Change? The smartest thing for you to do is go ahead and walk on out this dressing room and come back in when you get some respect. Do I want to win? I'll be honest with you. Victory is meaningless if only victory is gained. A "w" means nothing more to me than its place in the alphabet. If we win this match tonight, and nothing else is gained, where would we go from there? Nowhere, that's where.

Blanca right in the face of Elvis McDonald.

Blanca: If we win this match tonight, the only place to go from there is up. If we pull this off and beat them on their hot streak, we could go places. Instant respect.

The Kung Fu Mechanic rolls his eyes.

McDonald: You want respect, but you offer me none. Am I supposed to help YOU win, or are WE gonna win together, as a unit? There's no victory if we become pariahs.

There's no victory if we learn nothing. I know you want to win. I'm not sure are definitions of victory are one in the same at this point.

Blanca: Respect is earned. You show up and do what's right and you'll get mine.

La Flama Blanca stares at McDonald, and the two share an awkward pause before Blanca continues.

Blanca: I don't just want- to win, McDonald. I want to be on the map and beating the big dogs will do just that. Now again, I ask you... you want to win tonight or not?

Elvis sighs.

McDonald: Yes.

Blanca: That's what I want to here. Vamos!

McDonald: Good.

We move back to ringside.

The REAL Champion Speaks

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.

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, until it forms The Mental Rapist.

Behind the letters, clips of Sean Jackson in the ring over the years comes to life on the video wall above the entrance way. Soon a theme begins, one that was very popular back in the day.

That being the opening notes of In The Air Tonight by Phil Collins.

v/o: 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

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor, Sean Jackson and 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. Jackson is focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

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

A slight smile forms on Sean's face as he looks out into the sea of darkness that has enveloped the fans in the arena. He then motions to his Vietnamese darkling that it's time to head to the ring.

Sean and Vanessa 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 has the NWA World Heavyweight Title fastened around his waist, and is dressed in a three piece Armani suit courtesy of the fat contract he signed with the UTA.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he is 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 raises the title belt high, much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa. Jackson 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. At that moment Sean is handed a house mic and as the buzz of boos and cheers erupt through the arena, he raises the mic to his mouth

Jackson: Abdul bin Hussain....

More boos

Jackson: Tonight, your false claim of the UTA championship comes to an end. Now granted, as some in the back would like to put it, namely that burn out Scott Oliver.... Sean Jackson is referring to the Livewire interview where Scott Oliver attempted to link his UTA situation with what happened in the NWA this past December.

Jackson: That my situation here in UTA is pretty much the same thing that happened in the NWA, then let me be the one to set the record straight. First off, no one and I do mean NO ONE in the NWA could beat me for this....

Sean unstraps the NWA World Heavyweight title and slings it over his shoulder. Jackson: Especially any of his so called boys. I was the one who brought legitimacy back to the NWA world heavyweight title, but legitimacy wasn't what you know who with NWA wanted. No, he wanted to place the titles on all of his BACW guys and to everyone else be damned....

Sean taps the face plate of the NWA World Heavyweight title.

Jackson: But THIS is one title that he will NEVER get to place around the waist of any of his boys, because it is firmly

in my possession, where it will stay. But now, NOW we get to the meat of what Scott Oliver failed to get through that smoke filled brain of his... Sean begins to pace back and forth inside of the ring, making sure to stay in front of the camera.

Jackson: And that is this. Unlike Abdul bin Hussain, I showed up when and where I was told. If I was told to be some place to sign autographs, I did. If I was told to go to some dump in order to promote an event, or match, I did. When the NWA attempted to strip me of the title, they were wrong and were guilty of breach of contract....

He then begins to smile.

Jackson: Just like Abdul bin Hussain.

All of a sudden, Sean stops pacing and faces the camera. Now he gets the opportunity to unload on the bastard of Basra.

Jackson: Isn't that right Abdul? Oh yes Abdul, you know all about breach of contract don't you? You know all about not showing up for events, not showing up for matches that you're supposed to participate in.

The camera pans in tight on Sean Jackson's face. On Livewire, Scott Oliver poked a hornet's nest and now the Mental Rapist is going to sting everyone within striking distance.

Jackson: And all because you were scared of me. That's right Abdul, ever since my arrival in UTA, you've been afraid of me. When you took the world title away from Dr. Emo, little did you know that James Wingate would sign the REAL world champion and place you in a match with him....

Sean immediately goes back to pacing in front of the camera. Right now he is spewing his venom at bin Hussain, but that won't be for much longer.

Jackson: Right off the bat, exposing you for the paper champion that you were. But that's alright Abdul, I forgive you for being a coward. I forgive you for being a fake, a fraud, a pussy....

cough, cough, cough

Jackson: cat with no claws....

Again, Sean smiles.

Jackson: Sorry, I had to cough. Now then, where was I? Oh yes, I was describing you Abdul. Look, I could go on for the rest of the night demeaning you as a man, but I won't. Hell, I don't need to. Every person in this arena minus Scott Oliver can see that you're afraid of me and won't dare step into the ring with me, which means that at any minute now, James Wingate will come strolling down to this ring with the UTA title belt in his hands....

Sean stops just long enough to see if Mr. Wingate is coming down to the ring. After a few moments, he goes back to talking.

Jackson: Or not. I guess he will simply hand it over to me at the end of the show OR, Abdul bin Hussain really showed up, thinking that he stands a snowballs chance in hell of defeating me....

And now, here we go

Jackson: Which leads me to you Madman Szalinski....

The arena erupts into cheers, which offends the UTA Champion. However, he waits for the cheers to die down before continuing.

Jackson: I know that you're jealous of me. I know that you would give anything to be me. But as a special referee Szalinski, you're to remain impartial. The only job you have is to count Abdul's shoulders to the mat or to acknowledge that he's tapping out....

Taking a few steps back, Sean looks down at his right knee. Yes, the one he uses to bash in people's skulls.

Jackson: Or that he's knocked out. Courtesy of the Lights Out Game Called Due To Darkness. Most commonly referred to as the High Knee To The Back Of The Skull, and if you don't remember, it sounds something like this.....

With that, Sean drops the house mic which upon striking the mat causes a sonic static that completely engulfs the arenas sound system.

PSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

It is meant to mimic the sound that Sean Jackson's high knee makes when it strikes the back of an opponents skull.

Without saying another word, Sean Jackson moves over to the ropes and holds them open while Vanessa steps through. Once she's comfortably on the floor, he follows her lead and they make their way to the backstage area.

The Arrival of Dan Benson

We fade into a shot of boots, standing on a stage. The background is dark with a single light shining.

The camera moves up, panning around the legs of the individual.

As it gets to the midsection, the first clinch. We continue to pan up, slightly rotating until we land on the face of Dan Benson.

He turns his head and smirks.

The imagery fades out as the words Dan Benson... Coming Next Week come across the screen.

We fade into commercial.

As we return from commercial, all four men are in the ring awaiting the start of their match.

Blackfront: Tag team action here tonight as newcomers, La Flama Blana and Elvis McDonald take on the team of CBR and Max Burke, collectively known now as Elite. Ace: They've been proving themselves to be quite the team and will even represent the UTA in the upcoming World Wrestling Alliance interpromotional event.

Blackfront: It should be interesting to see how well La Flama Blanca and Elvis McDonald work together.

Ace: We're about to find out as it looks to be CBR and La Flama Blanca starting things off here.

The two men are ready as their partners go to the apron. A few moments later, the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go. CBR quickly moves in to grab La Flama Blanca. Blanca ducks under his arms.

La Flama Blanca takes off in a sprint behind CBR, hitting the ropes and returning as CBR turns.

Blackfront: Blanca on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of CBR.

Ace: La Flama Blanca is as quick as a cheetah on cocaine!

Blackfront: Blanca to his feet behind CBR, quick standing drop kick to the back of CBR!

CBR is sent stumbling forward, dropping to his knees and landing in a way in which his arms and neck fall over the middle rope. La Flama Blanca runs and leads up, grabbing the ropes and swinging his feet around, through the middle and top rope, catching CBR in the face.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hits his target and CBR is down.

Elvis McDonald claps from the apron as Max Burke yells for CBR to get up. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca quickly continuing his assault. He leaps to the middle rope as CBR is getting to his feet.

CBR wobbles as he gets up, not seeing La Flama Blanca jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by the masked man!

As they hit the mat, La Flama Blanca is sent sliding away from CBR but quickly leaps up and across to cover CBR.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by La Flama Blanca. Kickout at one.

Max Burke, who had come halfway into the ring, returns to the apron. La Flama Blanca doesn't dwell as he quickly gets back up. He runs to the corner turnbuckle as CBR begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: I'm not sure if going for a high risk move this early is a wise decision. Didn't he learn anything from Lyra Starchild earlier tonight?

CBR is up and stumbles toward the corner as La Flama Blanc stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca leaps, he catches CBR by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana!

The crowd goes crazy.

Ace: I didn't see that coming but it sure paid off.

Blackfront: Yes it did. I believe CBR needs to somehow slow La Flama Blanca down if he wants to turn things around.

CBR rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the mat while holding his neck.

Blackfront: CBR taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to re-evalute the situation. Max Burke jumps down and begins to console his partner.

Ace: That's what you have to do. This may be his only chance to slow down La Flama Blanca.... or not.

La Flama Blanca runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in CBR's direction.

Blackfront: CBR moves.

CBR catches the legs of La Flama Blanca and yanks him hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending Blanca back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by CBR. This may be what he needs.

Both Max Burke and CBR begin stomping away at La Flama Blanca. Elvis McDonald attempts to enter the ring, but the referee stops him. As he tends to McDonald, Elite continue their double team assault on the outside.

Blackfront: Elite working well together as the referee's back is turned.

Ace: That is why they will be representing us soon at that interpromotional event. Great team work.

Max Burke holds Blanca up as CBR punches him in the gut. As Elvis McDonald moves back to his apron upset, the referee turns back just as Max Burke lets go. Blanca falls into the grasp of CBR.

Blackfront: CBR rolls Blanca back into the ring.

He grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron of the mat before re-entering the ring.

Blackfront: CBR pulling La Flama Blanca to his feet. Hard chop to the chest of Blanca, followed by another. La Flama Blanca reeling.

CBR brings a boot up to the stomach of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Kick to the midsection of La Flama Blanca. Quickly, CBR wraps him up. Belly to belly suplex!

La Flama Blanca flies across the ring, hitting the mat hard.

Ace: That will slow anyone down.

CBR gets to his feet, walking of to where La Flama Blanca is sitting up, holding his back. CBR lifts the left arm of La Flama Blanca, using it to pull him to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR holding La Flama Blanca by that arm, presses him into the ropes. Using the arm, hard Irish Whip across the ring. La Flama Blanca on the return..

DROPKICK!

CBR flies back to the mat. The crowd goes crazy. Elvis McDonald yells for Blanca, reaching hard in. Max Burke doing the same. Both men crawling toward their respected corners.

Blackfront: The first man to get a pin max secure this match for his team! Both men leap.

Blackfront: HOT TAG!

Ace: You know I'm not sure if this martial arts crap from Elvis McDonald is gonna fly in UTA.

Blackfront: Well regardless he was just tagged in by La Flama Blanca, and Burke is tagged in by CBR as well!

Burke runs toward Elvis McDonald and clotheslines him over the top rope. In retaliation La Flama Blanca springboards over the ropes with a Frankensteiner to Max, sending them both to the outside.

Blackfront: That was an incredible athletic display and sacrifice from La Flama Blanca!!

Ace: That just blew my mind. For real.

The referee is counting the contestants out and Elvis McDonald is slowly reaching his feet. CBR is running around the side of the ring. Elvis McDonald doesn't see him. The crowd reaches a murmur and McDonald turns around and strikes him in the chest with a thrusting finger strike.

Blackfront: CBR hunches over grabbing his chest and is kicked right in the face with a lifting, jumping kick from McDonald!

Ace: Fairly nice work by the Kung Fu Mechanic there.

McDonald slides into the ring as the referee reaches five. He looks at the crowd and climbs to the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: The referee is trying to talk him out of it.

Ace: I don't think it's gonna work!

La Flama Blanca and Burke are both starting to reach their feet.

Blackfront: Flying elbow strike to Burke's head by Elvis! That was just ridiculous!

Ace: That also restarts the count for the referee!

The referee begins counting them out at one again and everyone but La Flama Blanca is laid out on the ground. La Flama Blanca rolls into the ring and CBR eventually stirs to his feet first. Smartly, he rolls into the ring as well.

Blackfront: Perhaps having forgotten who the original opponents in the ring were, the referee has restarted In-ring competition.

Ace: I love it when these tag matches break down into chaos.

La Flama Blanca tries to hit CBR with a kick, but his foot is caught. Blackfront: CBR catches La Flama Blanca's foot. Wait... ENZIGURI! Ace: He connected with the side of CBR's head! He's out!

La Flama Blanca quickly rushes the corner, leaping to the top turnbuckle. With agility he turns and catches his balance before leaping in one fluid motion, spinning in the air 450 degrees.

Blackfront: Ay Dios Mio by La Flama Blanca!!!!

Ace: He hooks the leg!

Max Burke tries to slide back into the ring, but Elvis McDonald grabs his leg and yanks him back out as the referee's hand hits three.

Blackfront: They've done it! Elvis McDonald and La Flama Blanca have defeated Elite! The bell sounds.

Announcer: Your winners via pin fall.... Elvis McDonald and La Flama Blaaaannnncccaaaa!!!!

Ace: The thing is, they were not the legal men in the ring.

Blackfront: Amongst the chaos that fact was lost, but the decision is final as they celebrate.

Max Burke and CBR argue a small bit amongst themselves as the other two shake hands at a job well done.

Some Type of Way

The scene opens to a locker room floor, with a pair of white laced boots. Peach approaches the boots, which appear to be inside someone's feet, and sniffs around.

Peach: rrrrr.... Peach jumps back.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

A pair of hands scoops Peach up, the camera panning upwards along with her. The shot now features Peach, UTA interviewer Jennifer Williams, and finally Madman Szalinski (who has Peach in his arms.)

Williams: Hello, everyone, I'm here with the referee for tonight's big match with Abdul bin Hussain and the UTA World Champion, Sean Jackson. Madman Szalinski...

Jennifer reaches out to pet Peach's head, and the dog responds with a couple of licks to the hand.

Williams: ...with Peach, of course...

Peach: BARK!

Williams: Madman, a couple of questions?

Madman nods through his black and white striped mask (to match his referee's shirt.) He sets Peach down onto the floor at this point.

Williams: Do you have any experience being a referee?

Szalinski: No, not really, although I do know how to count to three and I can usually tell when someone's asking to be let go of....I got this.

Williams: After everything that has transpired over the last few weeks, are you able to call this match down the middle?

Madman chuckles, a cough following his laugh.

Szalinski: I sure hope so. Someone has to teach these punks how to behave, might as well be me.

Williams: Do you have any resentment towards them? It could be said that you should be the UTA Champion right now if not for Sean Jackson.

Szalinski: Who the hell said that? Szalinski shrugs.

Szaslinki: I don't know about all that, but yeah...I'll call the match. I'll call it. I got this... Madman gives off a creepy yet

Blackfront: Here we go.

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

Blackfront: Log Habben striking first with a series of rights. Yoshii taken back a bit, comes forward with a heavy chop across the chest of Habben.

Log grabs his chest and stumbles back turning away from Yoshii.

Blackfront: Yoshii now with that huge forearm across the back of Log Habben. Habben falls to one knee, but stands right back.

Blackfront: Another forearm to the back of Habben.

Yoshii turns him around and grabs his arm, using it to whip Habben across the ring. Blackfront: Log Habben on the return, Yoshii waiting... NO! Habben 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. Log Habben may be the man who can go toe to toe with Yoshii here.

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

Blackfront: Log Habben 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: Log Habben 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 Log! He moves in and grabs Yoshii in a scoop, lifting.

Blackfront: Habben trying to bodyslam Yoshii!

Ace: This has become a trend amongst the superstars as they face Yoshii. Each trying to be the one to bodyslam the bog man.

Log Habben 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 Habben yet again with another forearm smash. Habben goes back to one knee as he was earlier.

Blackfront: Habben, much like those before him, unable to lift Yoshii.

Ace: Yea, there's just no way. Yoshii is just too big.

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

Blackfront: Yoshii putting all of his weight into the shoulders of Log in what could potentially be a submission maneuver if Habben 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 Habben and break him down. The referee warns Yoshii to let go and he complies. Habben 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!

Announcer: Introducing now... he is the former UTA Champion...

Call to Pray by Seether begins to play.

Announcer: Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty two pounds... Hailing from Basra, Iraq he is the Butcher of Basra! Abbbbbdul Bin Hussain!!! "USA! USA! USA!"

The fans began booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans was deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picked out people in the crowd. As they realized there on the screen they held the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtain at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Blackfront: The former champion needs the win tonight to prove he is in fact the top man in the company and reclaim what is his.

Ace: Technically, the title is still his. He had it with him when he was stripped! Standing there was Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He was standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah was dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carried the Iraqi flag on a pole. They looked about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Slowly Rafiq walked down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He was actually shown laughing. He reached the ringside and climbed the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah entered the ring. Nazirah exits the ring as the Hussain prepares for the match to begin, handing Madman the UTA Championship.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski holding that championship title. You've got to wonder, as it's in his hands, if he feels that he should be champion.

Madman looks down at the belt for a moment, staring at it.

Ace: Well, he may get his chance after we find out tonight, who is in fact... the UTA Champion.

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as if 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 next... 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 reigning, United Toughness Alliance 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 has a lot to prove tonight. Will he walk out, still the UTA Champion, or will he fail and be able to claim he was the champion without ever holding the physical championship?

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: Madman Szalinski has a rough job ahead of him officiating this championship match.

Ace: He has it in his power to decide who he could face for the title. He needs to pick whoever he thinks has a better chance of losing to him, and give them the win.

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 Madman calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes Abdul bin Hussain..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Hussain who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

Ace: See, this is what I'm talking about.

Blackfront: What? The bell sounded.

Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of Abdul bin Hussain. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing the champion back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

Ace: It's easy to do when you catch the other guy off guard.

Blackfront: Jackson following up with hard jabs to the gut of Hussain as he has nowhere to go from that corner.

Hussain reaches up putting his thumbs into the eyes of Sean Jackson, forcing him backward. As Szalinski warns him, Hussain tightens his hold and tosses Jackson around and into the corner himself.

Ace: Madman Szalinski so far keeping things fair.

Blackfront: As I expected him to Tommy.

Abdul lets go of his grasp and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Hussain.

Hussain steps back and comes forward with a heavy backhanded chop into the chest of Sean Jackson, who lets out a yell as he is hit. Hussain follows up with another.

Blackfront: Heavy chops here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

Hussain grabs the left wrist of Sean Jackson and pushes him tight into the corner, before yanking back and whipping Jackson hard across the ring. Sean goes full force toward the other turnbuckle with Abdul following behind. As Sean hits the corner, he bounces back hard and turns in time to see Hussain leap.

Blackfront: SPEAR!

Sean Jackson hits the mat hard.

Ace: There we go. That is our could once again be our UTA Champion folks.

Sean Jackson holds his ribs as Abdul bin Hussain rolls over and pushes to his feet. He looks at Sean Jackson, sizing up his position before running toward the ropes. he leaps up to the top, catching himself with perfect balance. As he leaps backward into the air he screams Allah and flips, landing perfectly.

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

Hussain hooks the leg, but before the Madman can start his count, Sean Jackson kicks out.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson kicks out. Not enough to put the mental rapist out.

Ace: Is it just me, or does Madman appear to not be all there? That was a slow attempt to get to the mat.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski not in the best of health, and it's showing here tonight. Hussain gets to his feet, pulling Jackson with him. He pulls Sean Jackson along with him, putting him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still in control as his manager and sister watch from the outside cheering him on.

Jackson turns around as Hussain grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

As they hit, Hussain steps back, still holding Jackson. He goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing Abdul to drop Jackson. Blackfront: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

Jackson on his hands and knees looks up. Abdul shakes off the stars before coming forward with a rising knee to the face of Sean Jackson, sending him to the mat.

Ace: Still in control, Abdul bin Hussain is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight.

Abdul runs over and climbs the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top he turns around. Once he has his balance, he leaps down with a double foot stomp connecting on Sean Jackson. Blackfront: The former champion stomping Sean Jackson.

Hussain quickly covers Jackson and the Madman Szalinski drops.

Ace: He's got him! he's got him!

Madman brings his hand up and down, but upon the second rise is visually slower. Blackfront: No! Kickout. I'm not sure Madman should be officiating this match. Not because of not being fair, but he seems to not be well at all.

Abdul hits the mat then yells at Madman, who is on his knees, breathing hard.

Ace: Szalinski isn't OK at all Jason. I think we need another referee down here. Blackfront: I have to agree. Madman, getting to his feet, he seems even more out of it. Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet again. he bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs Hussain around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Hussain grabs his back as he slides across the mat. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Abdul sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him, Jackson sits up. He sees Abdul and gets to his feet. Hussain slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee and catching Hussain in the back of the head.

Ace: NO! NO! NO!

Blackfront: That running knee to the back of the head! Sean Jackson calls that Game Called Due to Darkness!

Ace: it can't be over! It can't!

Sean Jackson, breathing heavy, tuns Hussain over and covers him.

Blackfront: THIS IS IT! THE CHAMPION RETAINS!

Madman, still dazed and showing confusion, stumbles to the ropes and falls to his knees. He is held up by the middle rope as the camera zooms in on him. His eyes are nothing more than a blank stare.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is in bad shape folks.

Ace: He looks green in the gills Jason.

Sean Jackson yells at Madman before getting up off of Hussain.

Blackfront: The champion upset, but I'm unsure that he knows Madman is having problems. Folks this is real life here. There is something extremely wrong.

Jackson stomps over to Szalinski and leans down. He can be seen saying something inaudible to him. Madman, not all there gives what seems to be a nod as Jackson pulls him to his feet, and walks Szalinski over to Hussain. Jackson lets him go and drops back down, covering Hussain.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson looking to finish this now.

Madman drops to his knees and raises his arm up just a few inches before he begins to cough extremely hard. Holding his stomach, Madman begins to vomit.

Blackfront: Oh my God. There's something terribly wrong. Please... please get some help.

Ace: This is not apart of the show.

Concerned fans can be seen from the camera angle as Sean Jackson gets to his knees and crawls on them over to Madman. Trying to hold him up from falling, madman begins to vomit again, this time on Jackson, who drops him and jumps up and back.

Blackfront: I don't see how we can continue.

Ace: I don't see how Sean Jackson can keep from killing Madman right now!

Vanessa stares at Sean from outside of the ring in complete disgust as he can't believe he's been vomited on. Hussain rolls over to his stomach and crawls toward the ropes. Blackfront: This is over. Madman is in no condition to continue.

Hussain uses the ropes to pull himself up. He leans on them, looking toward the other two, trying to comprehend what is going on. From the back we see Kevin Hawk and Seth Payne running down.

Blackfront: Commissioner Hawk and Seth Payne coming down here now.

As they get to the ring, madman rolls over and under the bottom rope, laying. His arm lays over his head as they check on him. Hawk signals to the back.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk signaling for someone to come down. From the back, dressed in a referee shirt runs...

Blackfront: DOCTOR EMO! DOCTOR EMO!

Ace: Our replacement referee!

Blackfront: Doctor EMO, former UTA Champion, just rejoined the company as a road agent and trainer. Tonight he will fill the role of replacement referee as Madman Szalinski is being attended to.

Ace: I thought he retired!

Blackfront: He did. That's when James Wingate extended his hand for a backstage role. But tonight, EMO will have the duty of calling the remainder of this match.

Hussain and Jackson both seem shocked by the appearance of Dr. EMO, but also try and not be seen showing concern for Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: Madman being helped out of the ring as Doctor EMO is here to replace him. EMO points to Abdul then to Jackson, making sure they are ready to continue. Once he gets the nod from each, he throws his arms down and steps back.

Blackfront: Here we go, this match will continue for the UTA Championship.

Both men come in and lock up. Jackson brings a knee up to the midsection of Hussain, getting some of madman's vomit on him. Abdul looks absolutely horrified and backs away. Jackson looks uncomfortably toward EMO and back at Hussain before stepping forward again.

Blackfront: Abdul Hussain coming forward, thumb to the eye of Sean Jackson.

Jackson grabs his eye and stumbles to the side, blinded as Abdul bin Hussain heads toward him, grabbing the back of his head. He turns Jackson to the turnbuckle and slams his head into the top.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain slamming Sean Jackson's head into the top turnbuckle again. He now backs him into the corner.

Hussain grabs Jackson's arm and goes to whip him, but Jackson reverses, sending Hussain running. However, Abdul bin Hussain slams right into Dr. EMO. Blackfront: Abdul Hussain crashing hard into the replacement referee, Doctor EMO. Ace: Zebras are dropping like flies!

Hussain, on his hands and knees, checks on EMO. Jackson looks on in disbelief. To the smart fan, it is apparent that was not planned and Dr. EMO just legitimately got knocked out.

Blackfront: This match is nothing more than a bad omen. How can we allow it to continue?

Halfway up the ramp, Madman Szalinski realizes he is being helped to the back. He pulls his arms away from Hawk and Payne before dropping to his knees. Madman looks toward the ring, and pushes himself to get up. Stumbling back toward the ring, Madman moves slowly, but keeps moving himself.

Blackfront: Madman Szalsinki making his way back toward the ring. Madman, just go to the back! You need medical attention!

Ace: I don't think he cares. He knows he has a job to do!

Hawk and Payne try to grab Madman, who pulls away and yells at them, before turning and continuing back. In the ring, Sean Jackson bends down to grab Abdul bin Hussain's head.

Blackfront: Jackson pulling Hussain to his feet.

As he comes up, Abdul brings a foot forward, booting Jackson in stomach. Madman rolls into the ring as Abdul steps

back, runs forward and leaps, coming up with a leg across the back of Jackson's neck.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Ace: How did he pull that off?

Abdul rolls Jackson over and covers him. Madman gets to his knees and comes forward, his arm extended. It hits the mat. He slowly raises it again, bringing it down once more. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is once again UTA Champion!!!!

Madman raises his arm again, but this time rolls over and just goes completely unconscious on his back.

Blackfront: Madman is bad off folks.

Ace: This match will never end!

Abdul bin Hussain looks over and see's Madman down again. He yells.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain upset, and rightfully so.

Ace: look! Doctor EMO is coming to!

EMO crawls over and raises his arm. Before it can come down, Sean Jackson kicks out. The fans go crazy. Hawk and Payne make their way back to the ring.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk coming around here.

Ace: What does he want?

Hawk grabs a microphone and yells at the time keeper who begins ringing the bell.

Blackfront: What is he doing?

Ace: He's calling this match about ten minutes too late.

Hawk: I'm sorry... this just can't be allowed to continue.

The fans begin to boo as Seth Payne checks on Madman Szalinski. Kevin Hawk rolls back into the ring. Abdul bin Hussain just rolls over and toward the ropes, using them to prop himself up on. Sean Jackson holds his head as he sits up.

Blackfront: This was the right call by the commissioner.

Seth checks on Dr. EMO as well as Kevin Hawk looks to the fans.

Hawk: Boo all you want, but the condition of our superstars is most important here in the UTA. This is real life and I am sorry.

He drops the microphone and goes back to checking on Madman as from the back a medical crew heads down. Vanessa runs to the apron, UT Championship in hand. She hands it to Jackson from the outside, who holds the belt close to his chest as he watches

Madman being checked on. Seth Payne helps Dr. EMO out of the ring and they head up the ramp as Madman is being looked after.

Blackfront: Folks, sometimes things happen that we just can't control. We will keep you updated on the condition of Madman Szalinski as we can.

Ace: He's scheduled to face Frank Dylan James in two weeks on Wrestleshow. I don't know if he'll even be able to ever wrestle again after seeing his condition tonight!

Blackfront: Tonight will be scary, especially for Ariel who is not here with her husband but is most certainly watching from elsewhere and is as concerned as we are.

The camera zooms in on Sean Jackson who is now standing, holding the belt in the air. Blackfront: But for tonight, here on High Octane Television from Seattle, Washington.. I'm Jason Blackfront, along with Tommy Ace... wishing you a good night and we'll see you in two weeks on Wrestleshow!

The copyright logo shows and we fade to black.

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