

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #15

---

**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** June 15, 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 words "Two Weeks Ago" appear at the bottom of your screen.

We get a slowed down shot of Madman Szasliniski heading toward the Steel hell match at Black Horizon. His eyes telling the story as seen through his mask. The scene changes, now all three men are in the ring. Sean Jackson appears as if he has seen a ghost as The Spectre stares at from outside the structure.

Various moments of the match flash before us leading into all men, including the referee being down. Next, we have The Spectre inside the ring standing over a handcuffed Sean Jackson. The following shot is the Sweet Dreams on Abdul bin Hussain.

Then we come to the moment that Spectre and Madman stared into each other's eyes. The background music becomes more upbeat as we lead into Madman making the cover.

Celebration.

Then the shot that will never be forgotten. Madman Szalinski stands on the top turnbuckle, the title high up before it cuts to him falling. A final moment of medical personal running from the back.

The word "Live" now comes across the bottom of the 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 Greenville, South Carolina at the Bon Secours Wellness Arena, and boy is it loud in here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy. We are two weeks removed from Black Horizon and the landscape of the UTA's future has never been more uncertain!

Ace: As you saw from before the show, we have a new UTA Champion as Madman Szalinski captured the title.

Blackfront: But then the unthinkable happened. Years of wear and tear on his body, when he was told he should never step foot in the ring again, Madman Szalinski fell victim to a heart attack live on pay per view.

Ace: As of yesterday, Madman was stabilized but still in the coma he has been in the last two weeks. We hope to have a more recent update sometime tonight on the program.

However, you can keep up with it right on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com) where we are following the UTA Champion's health.

Blackfront: It was an emotional night for many in more ways than one Tommy. But we can't look past what else made Black Horizon a must see show.

Ace: Such as CBR not only becoming the first man to body slam the behemoth Yoshii, but capture the Internet Championship in the process?

Blackfront: It was an amazing feat that will be spoken of for years to come.

Ace: The show altogether was a memorable experience. But tonight Jason, we move forward as the Ring King 2014 Tournament begins!

Blackfront: That's right. Tonight will be the first round in the tournament that will see the winner go on for a chance to capture the UTA Championship. A title in which we do not know the future of as we sit.

Ace: Lets take a look at the brackets.

Blackfront: The line up for tonight's show alone is one that will ensure a show that may be bigger than anything we've done before. In our opening match, Log Habben faces Abdul Ahad.

Ace: You've got to think that Abdul Ahad has this one in his pocket as he has a difinative win over the former UTA Champion, Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: That may be true, but look at Log's time here in the UTA and the streak he has had in his own right. I think this could be a show stealer when these two men get out here.

Ace: In the second match, Tobias Devereux will face the former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Hussain will more than likely still be upset at the events that took place at Black Horizon, which in turn could make him a very dangerous man tonight.

Ace: Dan Benson and Elvis McDonald will meet in our third match tonight as Xander Hayes and Ron Barker in the fourth.

Blackfront: All four of these men are wildcards in this tournament. A win from any of them could set us for a path of a very intriguing second round.

Ace: The big two are next as our semi main event pits former UTA Champion, Sean Jackson, against the former Internet Champion, Yoshii. Both of these men lost their titles at Black Horizon. Both of these men will be seeking retribution. Both of these men are quite frankly.. dangerous.

Blackfront: I agree fully Tommy. This match right here could be the biggest game changer in the UTA. If Yoshii is able to defeat Sean Jackson tonight, I don't think anything will be able to get in his way on the way to the UTA Championship.

Ace: Sean Jackson has to be looking over his shoulder though, as that purple haired freak, The Spectre, cost him the title two weeks ago at the pay per view. I haven't seen The Spectre since, but I know... where there is trouble to be made, The Spectre is not far behind.

Blackfront: What about the main event Tommy?

Ace: This may be my favorite match on the card right here. La Flama Blanca will go one on one with the returning IM Hate.

Blackfront: Hate made his presence known at Black Horizon when he attacked CBR after winning the Internet Championship while wearing the mask of his father.

Ace: It's a new attitude for a new Hate Jason, and I think we'll see a match out of him against La Flama Blanca like we have never seen before.

Blackfront: That and so much more, live tonight right here on High Octane Television as the United Toughness Alliance brings to you.... WRESTLESHOW!

Ace: I'm so excited I nearly wet myself!

The camera angle moves to sit on the top of the stage.

At the top of the stage, Log Habben steps out as Got Up This Morning by Sage Francis begins to play.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first.. 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, stopping outside the ring.

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.

Blackfront: Habben hoping to start off the tournament with a huge win tonight over Abdul Ahad.

Ace: You know, there's a lot wrong with Log, but tonight he looks even worse than usual Jason.

Blackfront: It's no secret that Log is fighting some personal demons. Hopefully he can overcome adversity tonight and use that momentum in his battles outside of the ring.

Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he goes to jump off and prepare for the match, but falls, s tumbling to the mat as the camera quickly swoops to the top of the stage again.

Announcer: His 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 has a big order in front of him with the now, technically, UTA

veteran Log Habben.

Ace: I don't know Jason, I don't think Log is in any shape for tonight's match.

The bell sounds to start the match as Abdul Ahad approaches Log Habben. However, Habben drops to the mat and rolls to the edge of the ring, sliding to the floor.

Ace: What is Log doing? This has to be the biggest opportunity of his career?

Blackfront: I'm not sure Tommy, and neither is Abdul.

Abdul Ahad watches Log dig under the ring from inside. He turns to the referee holding his hand up in a questioning manner while asking him what Log is doing as well.

Ace: Hey Log, if you're looking for your sanity under there I think you left it back in the woods.

A few moments later, Log pulls out a cooler.

Ace: oh come on, the match hasn't even started and this fool already needs a drink?

Log stands up and slides the cooler into the ring. Abdul and the referee both jump back as if it was a bomb as Log slowly climbs to the edge of the apron and rolls back in.

Blackfront: Log Habben opening that cooler as Abdul Ahad and the referee watch on. I'm not sure what he is doing, but this is not the Log Habben we expected to see here in the opening match of the Ring King tournament.

Log pulls out a beer, standing back up before opening it.

Ace: This is just sad, nothing else to say but that.

Abdul Ahad sighs while placing his hands on his hips, growing visually frustrated as Log begins to drink the beer. Not knowing what to do, the referee looks most confused.

Blackfront: Well folks, I want to apologize for this. This is not what people pay to see when they come to an United Toughness Alliance event or watch at home.

Ace: this guy needs help.

Abdul steps forward and begins yelling at Log who just looks at him, swaying a bit before extending his arm, and offering Abdul the partially drank beverage.

Blackfront: A peace offering of sorts?

Ace: A way to get a new disease is more like it. I'm disgusted Jason, and that's hard for me to say when I've worked for places like Death Row Wrestling.

Abdul brings his right hand up and down, slapping the beer from Log's hand. it flies across the ring, hitting the mat before rolling to the outside. Log looks at him with a blank stare before bending over and pulling yet another beer out of the cooler.

Blackfront: I'm at a loss for words.

Ace: Usually that would be a good thing.

Ahad screams at the referee that his opponent is in no state to wrestle, but is given nothing in return. He turns to Log and rushes him. However, Habben pulls back and sidesteps, bringing his arm around and slamming Abdul Ahad in the back of the head with the unopened can.

Ace: That should be a disqualification there! What is this idiot referee doing?

Blackfront: I'm unsure if he knows what to do!

As Abdul falls forward to his hands and knees, he reaches up with one arm and holds the back of his head. Habben pulls his arm up and brings it down with force, throwing the can into Abdul's head, causing him to go flat on the mat.

Blackfront: Yea, this is not entertainment. This is some drunk who needs help.

The referee is shocked to a point he is motionless. Habben stumbles a step forward, bending down to grab the cooler. As he raises back up, he stumbles over and turns it upside down, letting the contents of partially melted ice and unopened cans shower Abdul Ahad who begins gyrating on the mat from the intense cold and the hard cans hitting him at the same time. At this, the referee shakes his head and begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Disgraceful. That's the only word that comes to mind.

Ace: I don't know, rehab pops into my head.

Log bends down and begins yelling at Abdul Ahad to get up, but Ahad just lays there, his hands on his head, obviously hurt from the can shot to the back of his head.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad will move forward in the Ring King tournament, but I can guarantee he will not be happy about

the way he is doing so. Ahad is a man with a lot of pride, and this is not something to be proud of.

The referee tries to push Log back, but Habben shoves him out of the way and comes forward, kicking Abdul Ahad in the ribs.

Blackfront: Adding insult to injury, Log Habben now repeatedly kicking Abdul Ahad in the side.

Ace: Get this maniac out of here.

The referee reaches, grabbing Log's elbow. But Habben yanks away from him. He kicks Abdul again, this time causing Abdul to roll over. His body shakes from the ice still as Log moves to his legs.

Ace: This match is over, what is he doing?

Blackfront: Habben stomping the legs of Abdul Ahad.

He then reaches down, grabbing Abdul's legs, lifting them. However, he drops one before swaying as he picks it up again.

Ace: He knows this match is over, right?

Blackfront: I'm unsure if Log knows anything Tommy.

Log steps in while holding Abdul's legs, crosses them, and begins to turn Abdul over until he has him locked into the Log Removal.

Blackfront: He's applied the Log Removal on Abdul!

The camera comes in lose to Log's face. Habben's eyes, barely open, catches the camera and he yells at it With Log Habben... a Log.. can Habben! He begins to laugh drunkenly before falling forward, releasing his hold on Abdul. The camera man jumps back to get out of the way as Habben hits the mat.

Blackfront: The fans are booing here in Greenville and I don't blame them one bit!

Ace: Me either. This fool has just.. well.. what a fool!

Abdul crawls toward the ropes. He reaches up with one arm and grabs a rope, using it to pull his body up as he turns over and halfway arches on the ropes while holding his head with the other hand and looking at Log who seems to be passed out in the middle of the ring. A look of nothing but true disgust comes across his face as he yells toward Log Nothing But a Drunken Infidel!

Ace: A drunken fool Abdul, a drunken fool!

Abdul Ahad drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. He begins to pace, his hands on his hips, yelling about what had just happened.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad is upset folks and I do not blame him at all. This is the man

who beat Sean Jackson in singles competition. A man who could very well be the next UTA Champion, being disgraced by a man who needs help.

Ace: Well, although I think Log's actions here tonight were unjust and quite frankly ridiculous, I will say this... he was able to get the Log Removal locked onto Abdul Ahad. Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy. That does not count at all.

Ace: Hey, that's what I told the judge when she said that a kid had my facial features, but here I am still paying child support.

Blackfront: You're just as bad as Habben.

Abdul begins walking to the back, still yelling about the match as we get a replay of Log hitting him in the back of the

head with the beer can.

Blackfront: We're going to go commercial as Log Habben is helped to the back.

Ace: I hope he gets more help then just to the back Jason.

Post Match With Abdul Ahad

As we return from commercial, Jamie Sawyers is standing by with Abdul Ahad. Ahad has his hands on his hips and paces left to right. Jamie turns to Abdul, microphone in hand.

Sawyers: I'm standing here with Abdul Ahad, who just earned his way into the second round of the Ring King tournament.

Abdul scoffs and steps into Jamie.

Ahad: Earned? Earned? The filth that spews out of your mouth Jamie is worse than what just occurred.

Sawyers: Referring to Log Habben attacking you?

Abdul places his hands on his head, amazed at how little minded Jamie Sawyers is being. Ahad: I am a man of great integrity Sawyers. I am a man who deserves to be in this tournament and deserves to have the same respect of any other man in the tournament, in the fact I can earn my spot in the next round.

Sawyers: I..

Abdul interrupts him. He grabs the microphone from Jamie and turns toward the camera. As he raises it to his mouth, he points to the viewer at home.

Ahad: Log Habben... What you did tonight was a disgrace to yourself, to the UTA, and to the fans. How dare you disrespect me by taking away a competitively earned win.

He pauses before just shoving the microphone back into Jamie's hand, causing him to stumble back a bit. Abdul storms off as Jamie gathers his bearings.

Sawyers: Well... Abdul Ahad full of emotion after his match, if you can call it that, with Log Habben.

He continues.

Sawyers: Folks, Abdul Ahad will go on to face the winner of the next match on the twenty-ninth as Tobias Devereux takes on former United Toughness Alliance Champion, Abdul bin Hussain.

An obvious interest point.

Sawyers: If Abdul bin Hussain defeats Tobias Devereux tonight, when he and Abdul Ahad meet it will be the first time these two men face each other. What many think could be a pay per view match in it's on right, could be made official here in just a matter of moments as we head back ringside with Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

As we return to 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 off his trench and fedora sitting both in the corner. He stretches out a bit while he awaits the bell.

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

Announcer: Now introducing... 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!!!

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: This man is not liked... at all.

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.

Blackfront: That Iraqi flag is not helping matters any.

Ace: No, it isn't.

Nazirah exits the ring as the two men prepare for the match to begin. Finally the referee

calls for the bell to start the match. Tobias Devereux and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Blackfront: Big time match here with huge implications. As Jamie Sawyers said moments ago, if Abdul bin Hussain wins this match he will move to the next round to face Abdul Ahad for the first time.

Ace: A match that many have been dreaming for since Ahad debuted in the UTA Jason. Blackfront: Very true. Two very similar men with very similar backgrounds, but different personal agendas. The sparks will fly when the two Abduls meet.

Abdul bin Hussain drops to his knees in front of Tobias Devereux, throws his arms to the side and stares to the sky, praying to the almighty Allah.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah before this match begins.

Ace: I'm not one to judge a man on his religion, but this is a wrestling match. Lets get it started.

Tobias Devereux throws his right hand down in the direction of Abdul bin Hussain and looks out to the fans, yelling Ah, come on! Hussain bends his head down from his skyward stare and raises to his feet, arms still out. Never taking his eyes off of the infidel. Blackfront: There's that intensity that Hussain is known for.

Arms still out, Hussain closes his fist. They begin to shake as Hussain brings his arms in, elbows almost touching the sides of his rib cage. He then leads off with right fist to the chin of Tobias Devereux.

Blackfront: Hussain following up with another right to the face of the Cajun Sensation! Ace: These fans are hot. With what's going on in Iraq right now, I don't know how they will handle Abdul bin Hussain winning tonight.

Tobias Devereux throws an arm up to block Abdul's next punch, and returns back with his own, followed by more. Both men then begin exchanging fist. With each punch landed by the champion, the crowd pops with excitement.

Blackfront: Both men trading intense rights and lefts.

Ace: Tobias Devereux didn't come to play as he fights back.

At the same time, both men move forward. Abdul bin Hussain attempts a clothesline, and Tobias Devereux ducks under. Both men take a couple steps forward and turn. As they face each other, both leap with a standing dropkick.

Blackfront: Double dropkick!

Ace: If either could have had the idea themselves, and would have connected, that could have been a match changer. But as it is, they are keeping it even.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if I've seen Tobias Devereux leave the ground like that before. He is typically a strong mat technician.

As they both push up, the two men look each other up and down, before jetting toward opposite ropes.

Blackfront: Both men off the ropes.

They return. Hussain ducks down as Tobias Devereux throws his arm out. Both continue to the ropes again.

Blackfront: Off the ropes again. Tobias Devereux drops to the mat.

Abdul bin Hussain leaps over him, slowing down and stopping in a few steps. As he turns, Devereux pushes him self up and leaps with another drop kick, this time

connecting. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Devereux with the drop kick that connects.

Ace: These fans are on their feet for Tobias Devereux.

Hussain rolls over and begins to push himself up as Devereux gets to his. Devereux comes forward and grabs the neck of a bent over Hussain, twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Spinning neckbreaker by the USA's own, Tobias Devereux!

Ace: The fans are rallying behind Tobias tonight!

Tobias Devereux quickly returns to his feet. He uses his hands to cup his mouth and lets out a yell to the crowd who returns with loud cheers. As he turns, Abdul bin Hussain is on his knees. Tobias Devereux grabs his left arm, steps in and spins around, then leans in and rolls back, pinning Hussain's shoulders.

Blackfront: Oklahoma Roll!

Ace: You don't see that every day.

The referee drops and begins to count. Abdul bin Hussain struggles.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux, the underdog going into, could steal the win right here!

Ace: Nope.

Hussain is able to kick out at two. As he breaks away from Tobias Devereux, Abdul slides out of the ring to the floor. Devereux rolls over and up to his knees, watching his opponent standing outside.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain re-evaluating his attack plan.

Ace: Tobias Devereux wants to silence the critics and Hussain needs to earn his way back to the championship.

Hussain holds his hands on his hips. Rafiq and his sister Nazirah come over, trying to check on him. Hussain pulls away, turning toward his sister and yelling at her to go sit down as she should.

Blackfront: That's just disgusting. How can you treat a human like that?

Ace: He's frustrated.

Inside the ring, Tobias Devereux is up. He looks to the outside where Rafiq is now physically walking Nazirah over to the time keeper's area to sit down. Hussain yells something inaudible to them then turns back toward the ring. As he does, his eyes widen at the sight of Tobias Devereux sliding under the ropes.

Blackfront: Devereux with a baseball slide to the outside.

Ace: Quick thinking by Devereux.

Devereux's feet crash into Abdul bin Hussain, jolting him backward and into the barrier.

Blackfront: That's the opening Tobias needs to make if he plans to win this match.

Ace: It's not over yet Jason.

Tobias Devereux rolls out of the ring as Abdul bin Hussain drops to his hands and knees, beginning to crawl toward the ramp.

Blackfront: Hussain looking to make an escape here.

Ace: If he wants to advance, this is not how you do it. You just don't give your opponent the match.

Tobias Devereux looks at Abdul, then takes off in a sprint toward him. Hussain, on his hands and knees, looks to his left to see Tobias Devereux coming. He springs up from a crawling position, and catches Tobias Devereux, grabbing the top of his head and

dropping down so that Devereux's jaw connects with the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: It all makes sense now. Hussain set Devereux up and it worked.

Tobias Devereux holds his jaw and stumbles backward. Abdul bin Hussain kneels down. From inside the ring, the referee continues his count. Rafiq yells for Hussain to get into the ring.

Blackfront: If Abdul gets in the ring before the count is over and Tobias Devereux does not, he will go on to face Abdul Ahad in two weeks.

Abdul stands up. He walks over to the ring, and rolls in under the bottom rope. Outside, Tobias Devereux begins to shake off the effects of his jaw meeting the top of his opponent's head.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now rolling back to the outside.

Ace: This can't be good for Tobias Devereux.

Hussain yells and runs toward Tobias Devereux. Devereux bends down, catches him, and lifts. Abdul crashes down across chairs behind the barrier as fans quickly jump out of the way.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain sent over that barricade and into the crowd.

Ace: That was amazing.

The fans are cheering and screaming. Some are trying to touch Tobias Devereux as he crosses over the barrier and heads toward Hussain.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet and dragging him back to the barrier.

He tosses the butcher back over before crossing over again himself.

Ace: Tobias Devereux in control and the fans are loving it.

Tobias Devereux rolls Abdul bin Hussain into the ring before sliding in himself. Blackfront: Devereux may be looking to finish this match here while Hussain is still feeling the effects of being thrown into those chairs.

Tobias Devereux brings down a boot to the knee of Hussain, followed by another.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux weakening those knees of Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: He's smart. He knows he can't just pin Hussain now without making sure he wont be able to kick out.

Blackfront: I'm unsure he is looking to pin Hussain ad he lifts his legs.

Tobias Devereux steps in, crossing Abdul's legs and twisting over into a sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Submission maneuver.

Ace: Tobias Devereux wanting to make Hussain tap to add insult to injury! Blackfront: He applies pressure. Hussain desperately reaching for the ropes, but he just can't get there!

Rafiq quickly grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron, yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Oh, come on!

The referee quickly rushes over and begins yelling at Rafiq to get down. Behind him, Abdul bin Hussain begins to tap out.

Blackfront: Devereux HAS DONE IT! Devereux HAS DONE IT! HUSSAIN TAPS OUT!

Ace: NO! Jason, the referee is distracted!

The fans begin booing at an incredible level. The referee goes to turn around but Rafiq grabs his shoulder to stop him. Devereux leans back, retching the legs of Hussain who continues to tap.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux has shocked the world. He has defeated the former UTA Champion!. All we need is the referee to turn around.

Devereux lets Hussain go and gets up, turning to see what the issue is. He quickly runs over and begins yelling for the referee to pay attention. Rafiq puts his finger in Devereux's face, interrupting him. Devereux cocks back and hits Hussain's manager, sending him crashing to the outside. The fans pop.

Blackfront: Now get back and end this!

Ace: The damage is done, he just needs to make the pin. If not for him, but for his country!

Tobias Devereux turns and heads back over to Hussain who is laying on his stomach. As Tobias stands over Hussain, he reaches down. However, Abdul quickly crawls on his elbows behind him.

Blackfront: Hussain moves.

As Tobias Devereux turns around, Abdul bin Hussain gets to his knees and reaches back. he pushes up, grabbing the head of Tobias Devereux, and twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from Hussain!

Ace: Where was he able to pull that out from?!

Abdul leans back on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the heavens of Allah. The fans can't stand it and

they verbally show their frustration.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah as the entire arena continues to yell. Hussain drops down and crawls backwards, rolling to the outside of the ring. He checks on Rafiq, who is now back on his feet.

Ace: If he wants to win, he should be inside of the ring, not outside.

Blackfront: Hussain taking a breather, but I agree. he should be taking advantage of the situation.

Abdul is seen testing his leg strength, making sure permanent damage wasn't done by the sharpshooter before turning back and heading toward the ring where Tobias Devereux is starting to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Taking that time outside of the ring, may have just cost Abdul bin Hussain this match.

Ace: I'm not complaining.

Hussain walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the apron watching Tobias Devereux as he heads toward the ropes. Devereux leans over the ropes, yelling for Hussain to get in the ring.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux wanting Hussain to bring himself back into the ring and fight.

Hussain gets a wild look in his eye before running across the apron. He leaps high into the sky, with his legs out to hit the Pray to Allah from the outside...

Blackfront: An echo of the past as we have saw before.. the move that won Abdul bin Hussain the UTA Championship... PRAY TO ALLAH FROM THE APR....

Devereux quickly slides right and drops down as Abdul bin Hussain misses, coming down and landing hard on the edge of the apron before falling to the floor.

Blackfront: TOBIAS MOVED! TOBIAS MOVED!

The fans are on their feet as Abdul bin Hussain lays in pain outside of the ring. Devereux uses this as his opportunity, quickly sliding out to the floor.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux not wasting one moment as he lifts the injured Abdul bin Hussain to his feet and rolls him back into the ring.

Ace: There's no way! This is not what anyone expected!

Tobias Devereux uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron and re-enters the ring. Blackfront: Devereux quickly, lifting a disoriented Abdul bin Hussain to his feet. Take not Abdul Ahad, this may be the man you're facing in two weeks!

He shoves Abdul bin Hussain between his legs, before lifting him up and over his head. Hussain's legs fling back as Tobias Devereux moves his hands to Abdul's chest setting up the Barry White Driver he calls...

Blackfront: Devereux Devastation Mach Two Point Zero coming....

Abdul bin Hussain begins to kick, able to get free, he slides behind Tobias Devereux.

Blackfront: No!

Tobias turns as does Hussain.

Blackfront: Boot to the gut of Tobias Devereux!

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is taking this home!

Tobias bends over as Abdul steps back. He runs and leaps up, his leg flying out.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALL....

Tobias, quickly raises up, catching Abdul under his leg, lifting him and leaping backwards, driving Hussain into the mat.

Blackfront: NO! TOBIAS DEVEREUX COUNTERS!

Ace: THAT'S GOT TO BE IT!

Tobias quickly rolls over and covers Abdul bin Hussain, hooking his leg as the referee drops and begins counting. The fans scream the count along with him.

Blackfront: THREE! THREE! TOBIAS DEVEREUX HAS DONE IT! HE'S BEATEN ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN!

Silent Knight

Blackfront: Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen! We are...

A sharp cocking noise explodes across the Greenville crowd. The explosive shotgun blast can only indicate one thing.

Blackfront: Oh No...

Shock N Rolla... Here 2 Show Ya...

Cocked Back and F\*\*\*in' Loaded! Chance... Von... CRANK!

Orange and purple pyros explode in every direction as the crowd reaction is immediate.

Crank slides his hands through his mullet as he crosses the WRESTLESHOW stage.

"cVc" chants can be heard mixed with boos.

Announcer: Now making his way to the ring... THE Trailer Park Prodigy! CHANCE! VON! CRANK!

Crank struts across the stage spinning in his signature rhinestone robe. The oil in his mullet shines from the bright lights and still exploding pyrotechnics. Chance makes his way down the ramp and approaches a camera man. Crank thrusts his hips toward the camera. "Zoom in on my \*\*\*\*!", he exclaims. Chance continues on as a row of fans down the security barrier all throw beverages in his direction. He ducks but is belted by at least three. Crank begins screaming at security pointing at the fans as boos now rain down. cVc insists security takes the men out before he makes his way back towards the ring.

Ace: Throw them out of here!

Blackfront: Crank deserves anything these fans dish at him here tonight. He left this company high and dry. Now I am suppose to fall at his feet because he promises to behave better? Please.

Ace: Harsh.

Chance walks around the ring and opens his robe as he does so. He approaches the announce table. Chance leaps up on the table, kicking papers and other items belonging to the announce team around.

Blackfront: That's uncalled for, Crank,

cVc pulls a mic from the inside of his robe. He slightly dusts it off with a sly grin. The crowd boos grow as he spins around atop the announce table. Chance holds a single finger up to his mouth before speaking into the mic.

cVc: Greenville, SOUTH CAROLINA! Allow me to introduce myself to any of you overall wearing assholes that wish you were cVc. I am the Shock N Rolla, Here 2 Show Ya!

Crank holds the mic out towards the crowd as they finish his famous catchphrase.

cVc: Don't you ever forget it. There are many imitators out there but you get the real deal tonight. You people are so

very fortunate to see my return to the ring. Even you, Jason!

Chance kicks at Blackfront.

cVc: Smile. It's a joke, bitch. The Shock N Rolla has missed making all that money... You all knew when my music hit, your butthole tightened. I sell mean to earn green and there ain't no in between.

Crank swells his chest out at the announcers.

Ace: CVC HAS TAKEN OVER WRESTLESHOW!

Blackfront: Quitter.

Crank kicks the rest of the papers off the table hearing this from Blackfront. He squats down in the face of the lead announcer. A cold calculated staredown ensues.

cVc: I crave Gold. I crave it like a crackhead searching for that last bit of rock in the carpet they just know they dropped. If you have a strap of gold, know that you are already atop my shit list. I am about to straddle this company and ride it like a whore who didn't ask for the pills up front. I hope you all believe in God because the Harlan County Devil is here.

You're The Best Around by Joe Esposito begins to play...

Blackfront: What?

Ace: It can't be...

The fans go insane as the one, and only.. Shawn FX steps out from the back.

Blackfront: It's Shawn FX! It's Shawn FX!

Ace: I thought he was on the Do Not Let into the Bulding List!

Blackfront: This is a moment I thought I would never see. Shawn FX holds up a microphone.

He shakes his head in disgust. He looks at the capacity crowd. Het sets down the microphone.

He points at the Ring King PPV banner hanging over the ring.

The Game Changer looks at Chance Von Crank with a cold and intense stare. Shawn FX turns around, steps back behind the curtain, and leaves.

Blackfront: What the heck was that all about? Does this mean Shawn FX is back? Why didn't he say anything?

Ace: You saw what he pointed at. You saw the look in his eyes when he glared at Chance Von Crank. A picture is worth a thousand words!

Blackfront: Man... cVc vs Shawn FX? Is it finally going to happen?

Ace: And I thought Jackson, Szalinski, and Hussaint ook forever to come together!

Blackfront: No one ever thought they would see this in a million years!

Chance Von Crank quickly slides out of the ring and begins up the ramp after FX. The fans continue to go crazy.

Blackfront: Ring King may be the bigget Pay Per View in professional wrestling history the way things are going tonight!

Ace: Shawn FX back in the UTA.. Chance on Crank... The landscape has completely changed.

? EVERYBODY WAS KUNG FU FIGHTING!!!?

The iconic disco track hits the speakers, and Elvis McDonald steps out from the back to a great applause. He wears his typical dark blue mechanics garb and wields his adjustable wrench in his right hand. Elvis literally disco dances all the way down the entrance ramp, perhaps the only time tonight he'll appear to enjoy himself at all, and the audience loves

every minute of it.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds... Hailing from Atlanta, Georgia...

He slides into the ring, and immediately his demeanor turns cold.

Announcer: He is... ELVIS... MCDONALLLLLLDDDDD!!!!

His music starts to dim. He enters his corner and bounces on his feet. Waiting. Patient.

Blackfront: A Pay Per View rematch here tonight as at Black Horizon these two men went to a double count out.

Ace: I'm sure both men tonight are looking to get that win they were going for and then some as the winner will continue on in the Ring King tournament.

Rock Me Amadeus by Falco beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, It's only Natural scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring next.. Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota... Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Announcer: He stands at six foot and two inches.. weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads World Class in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan.

Announcer: He is.... DAAANNNN.... BENSOOOOOONNNN!!!!

He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Ace: Dan Benson hoping to finally earn the respect of the UTA crowd tonight after traveling the world wrestling.

Blackfront: A lot of history behind Dan Benson that many UTA fans may not be aware of.

As the bell sounds they move toward each other.

Blackfront: Benson a former multiple time World Champion, taking on Elvis McDonald again in his quest to gain the UTA Championship.

Elvis McDonald moves into a defensive martial arts stance as Dan Benson watches on, smirking at him.

Ace: Those World Title reigns don't matter here Jason. I mean, look at where he won the title. The World Wrestling Alliance? The UTA was under that umbrella for a whole two weeks before how big of a joke it was came out.

Blackfront: Although the UTA no longer calls the title the World title, I can tell you that the belt these very men are competing for a chance to win has been defended around the world many times in the history of the United Toughness Alliance.

Dan Benson laughs at Elvis McDonald before rushing him.

Blackfront: Dan Benson on the attack, rushing Elvis McDonald with an extended arm. McDonald slips past Dan Benson's clothesline attempt, rolling under his arm, reaching up and grabbing it as he ducks, using his body weight to flip Dan Benson over and down to the mat. Elvis jumps back into a defensive position as Dan Benson, on one knee, looks up at him a bit more seriously than before.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald catching Dan Benson off guard.

Ace: I think Dan Benson realizes McDonald isn't here to play.

Dan Benson stands back up, and cracks his neck as he puts his hands up, semi-closed and moves in toward Elvis McDonald.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with a right, deflected by McDonald who swiftly clicks the side of Dan Benson's leg. Another. Now two quick strikes to the head of Dan Benson.

Elvis McDonald steps back and comes forward with a flat kick to the chest of Dan

Benson causing him to stumble back and into the ropes. Still in a martial arts defense position, McDonald moves forward toward him.

Ace: Elvis using those striking moves and quick feet to take Dan Benson off his guard.

Blackfront: McDonald has really built a name for himself since joining the UTA.

Elvis comes in with two more swift kicks into the upper leg of Dan Benson who is backed into the ropes. He spins around and gives Dan Benson's temple an elbow, before spinning back the other way and coming forward with a raised knee into the midsection of Dan Benson, pulling the back of his head toward his chest as he does.

Blackfront: The referee trying to get McDonald to back away from Dan Benson who is in the ropes.

Elvis takes one step toward Dan Benson, who moves his upper body over the middle rope but under the top, to show he is in the ropes. The referee puts his hands up, walking toward Elvis and backing him off.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now fully re-evaluating the match.

Ace: I've noticed Benson is quick to use the ropes and referee to get away from his opponent. Is this what makes a World Champion?

Dan Benson moves back fully into the ring as the referee continues to hold McDonald back. Dan Benson moves in and reaches around the referee, slapping him upside the head. McDonalds tries to get around the referee who quickly asserts himself in the middle and in control.

Blackfront: Dan Benson messing with the head of Elvis McDonald, possibly attempting to get him to get himself disqualified.

McDonald takes a few steps back, takes a deep breath and moves back into a defensive position as the referee moves out of the way.

Blackfront: It looks like we're getting this match back on track now. Dan Benson seems to be more in tune with the style of Elvis McDonald as sizes him up.

Dan Benson moves in. Elvis takes a swing toward him with his right arm. Dan Benson ducks it. McDonald then swings with his left, with Dan Benson ducking again. Dan Benson, still ducked down, rushes forward, slamming his shoulder into the stomach of Elvis McDonald and pushing him hard back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now with McDonald in the ropes. Holding the ropes for leverage, Dan Benson pulling his shoulder hard into Elvis McDonald's midsection.

He steps back and comes forward with a right hand to the side of Elvis McDonald's head followed by another. As the referee heads toward them to break it up, Dan Benson grabs the face of Elvis McDonald and rakes down across his eyes.

Blackfront: The referee warning Dan Benson after that vicious eye rake.

Ace: See, this is what I mean. No wonder he has a ton of titles in his past. He cheats to win.

Dan Benson throws his hands up and backs away, signaling to the referee he isn't going to do it again. As the referee

backs away, Dan Benson comes forward, grabs the head of Elvis McDonald and drops him down with a DDT.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald with no time to recover, now on the receiving end of a DDT.

Dan Benson quickly rolls Elvis over and covers him. As the referee drops to count, Dan

Benson places his legs on the bottom rope for leverage causing the fans to boo loudly. The referee sees it and gets up pointing.

Blackfront: Caught by the referee, Dan Benson attempted to secure a victory by not so legal ways.

Ace: Sometimes you have to do what it takes to get the upper hand. Of course, Dan Benson seems to do them all of the time.

Blackfront: But at what cost? Things like that and eye rakes could cause Dan Benson this match.

Elvis McDonald pushes up to his elbows as Dan Benson gets to his feet. He steps over McDonald's back and squats down, sitting on it. He places his hands underneath the chin of Elvis McDonald, locking his fingers, and leaning back.

Blackfront: Chin lock by Dan Benson. Dan Benson sticking with the classics.

The camera zooms in on Elvis McDonald's face, obviously in pain as Dan Benson leans back, applying more pressure.

Ace: This is exactly what you have to do with a man like McDonald. Be aggressive and applies holds that put a toll on your opponent's body.

Dan Benson pulls back hard again before releasing the hold. He waits for a few moments before sliding his arms underneath of Elvis'. He steps back and lifts, almost pulling McDonald up with him. As Elvis gets to his feet, Dan Benson tightens his hold, locking his fingers behind the head of Elvis McDonald.

Blackfront: Full Nelson applied by Dan Benson.

Ace: Another classic lock there applied, well, with Dan Benson.

Dan Benson leans back and lifts up, side stepping as he slams Elvis McDonald down.

Blackfront: Full Nelson into a slam.

Dan Benson quickly steps over the chest of Elvis McDonald, yelling at him as he leans down and slaps Elvis McDonald across the face before standing back up, stepping over McDonald and raising his arms high in the sky.

Blackfront: Dan Benson gloating. How about being a professional?

The referee yells at Dan Benson again, who ignores him, stepping to the side and over, yanking Elvis McDonald up by his head.

Blackfront: McDonald back on his feet. Dan Benson directs him toward the ropes, and sends him over the top...

Elvis catches the ropes as he goes over. Benson misses this as he turns and throws his arms up, celebrating early. Elvis McDonald hangs from the ropes before pulling himself back up and over into the ring.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald skinning the cat there.

Ace: Maybe if Dan Benson wasn't being so full of himself, he'd know Elvis is back in the ring.

Dan turns around and Elvis McDonald strikes.

Blackfront: Quick palm to the chest of Dan Benson.

Benson's breath is released from his body as he is moved back a few inches. Blackfront: Quick elbow strike by McDonald, Another. He turns around, swift knife edge chop into the same spot he hit early.. Dan Benson hits the mat!

Dan holds his chest as Elvis McDonald returns to a martial arts defensive position.

Benson rolls over and begins to get up still holding his chest. As he turns back to Elvis, McDonald comes forward with front kick that Dan Benson side steps.

Blackfront: Dan Benson out of the way, causing Elvis McDonald to miss.

Ace: Quick thinking by the veteran.

McDonald quickly turns and Dan comes forward grabbing his head.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with a three quarter nelson..

He takes two steps forward, dragging Elvis with him, before leaping up and dropping with a cutter.

Blackfront: The Shocker! The Shocker!

Ace: He hit that out of nowhere.

Blackfront: Benson can do that. He can grab your head and hit that cutter like maneuver at anytime.

Benson turns McDonald over and covers him as the referee drops and begins counting. Blackfront: This one is over as Dan Benson picks up the rebound win here tonight on Wrestleshow, securing his spot in the next round of the Ring King tournament.

Ace: Maybe he will win it and become UTA Champion so for once in his life he can hold a title that actually matters.

Blackfront: You can't take away from Dan Benson's accomplishments Tommy. Ace: I'm not. I'm just saying they don't matter in the grand scheme he is now in a legitimate wrestling promotion for the first time in his life.

Announcer: Your winner.. as a result of a pin fall... DAN... BENSOOOONNNN!!!! Blackfront: Congratulations to Dan Benson and good luck as he will face the winner of Xander Hayes and Ron Barker, which is coming up next here on Wrestleshow.

Dan Benson continues to celebrate in the ring.

Denied

We quickly switch to the backstage area.

Sawyers: Jamie Sawyer here! Just received a tip that there is some commotion going on backstage so we are going to check it out!

We can hear a voice yelling in the background of one of the concourses as Sawyers shimmies his way in that direction. Almost immediately we can see three security guards standing by an open set of doors by a service entrance that lead to the outside parking lot.

Voice: I have every damn right to enter this building!

Now we have a clear view of who is causing this disturbance and it's none other than Perfection who is in full suit attire and very agitated by being denied entrance. Perfection is starting to get in the face of the larger, more obese of the security guards, almost a flashback of what occurred in Montreal a few weeks prior.

Perfection: I don't know who gave you the idea you can tell me what to do, chubs, but I've about had it with you! Now you let me in this building, I'm an employee of this company....N-O-W!

Security Guard: Sorry, sir, under strict orders we are not to let you into the building and must escort you off premises per Mr. Wingate.

Perfection: Wingate won't stick his foot right up your fuc-!

The security guard reaches down toward his waistline reaching for his pepper spray. Perfection throws his hands up in a motion to calm down at the security guard and takes a step back.

Perfection: WHOA! There's no need for that, buddy! Just let me through and talk to Wingate then I'll leave.

Security Guard: Not happening, sir. I'd advise you to step back before you repeat the Montreal incident.

Sawyers peeks out from behind the security guard with a microphone waving at Perfection for attention.

Sawyers: I don't think Mr. Wingate is available, Perfection, but If I could get an interview with you right now that would be great!

Perfection: No one asked you twerp!

Sawyers decides to pop out from behind the security guard inching towards Perfection who stands there with his arms crossed. Jamie lowers his voice a little but the microphone can still pick him up as Sawyers points towards the live recording camera.

Sawyers: It's being broadcasted to the audience in the arena and High Octane Television live.

Perfection's eyebrow rises with interest and he rips the microphone from Sawyers' hand pushing him away into the security guard. Perfection stands tall adjusting his suit a little before addressing the live audience.

Perfection: I want you to take a good look where I am, UTA- here on the outside of the arena arguing with a guard making \$12.00's an hour! Simply because James Wingate can't handle the truth, because James Wingate hates being told logic!

Blackfront: I don't think it's logic that is the issue here. I think it's more like Mr. Wingate knows if Perfection is let through after being sent to Valor, he may attack the owner of the UTA.

Ace: If I was Perfection, I'd do my time and come back. it's just two shows.

Perfection: Do you know what today is? It's the start of the Ring King tournament, folks. The winner of the tournament will have their moment to wrestle for the UTA Championship and take hold of this company. How convenient of a time for James Wingate to send me down to VCW...right on the cusp of my inevitable road to champion!

Blackfront: Your attitude got you there Perfection, nothing else.

Perfection: This is all a conspiracy! A well thought out ruse to keep me from exceling to the next plateau, a well calculated effort to send me to some minor league! And they got you- hook...line....sinker!

Perfection shakes his head the camera coming in closer to his face as he pushes some of his blonde hair away from his eyes.

Perfection: You think CBR deserves two automatic 'Byes'?! Of course not! The establishment has excluded me from the tournament because I would defeat CBR and move along to the next fool...and the one after him...and the one after him!

Perfection smiles unbuttoning his suit jacket to let it open as he paces a small path back and forth in front of the camera.

Perfection: [He raises one finger] One win and CBR advances to the final round....is that a joke?! This is James Wingate and Michael Lorenzo spitting in our faces while having a laugh! This is UTA management trying to help along a limping horse that needs to be put out of its misery!

Blackfront: CBR, as the new internet Champion, earned his bye rounds.

Ace: There are perks when you carry gold. Not to mention his undefeated streak in singles competition.

Perfection: Ungratfuls....I tell you again, look where I stand! Ready to wrestle, ready to fight, ready to take MY championship around MY waist and parade it around at the local night club until the gold is so tarnished in female juices they need to refurbish it!

Perfection smile begins to fade to more hostile as he is starting to walk towards the camera and approaching close to Jamie Sawyers.

Perfection: This company, this mockery of intelligence....will...not....stand...if you want me down in VCW, FINE. I'll go down and serve my little punishment but that isn't going to stop me from getting what belongs to me! That won't stop me from getting through these gates one week and making it known who the one being screwed around here is!

The guard asserts his position, not letting Perfection through.

Perfection: I'll find my way to the championship Ring King or not, I WILL have my moment to grab MY belt and if that means breaking every single athlete in VCW until they kick me back up to UTA for insubordination ....SO BE IT!

Perfection jams the microphone so hard into the chest of Jamie Sawyers that we can hear the thump through the pickup. Perfection nods at the security guard almost asking him to get involved and begins to walk backwards a few steps before turning around and heading towards a parked limo nearby.

Sawyers: Wait! So does that mean you plan to cause harm to VCW stars? Are you returning back to UTA? Who is your first intended target?!....Perfection!

The camera turns back to Sawyers who is obviously being ignored at a distance.

Sawyer: Back to you guys!

As we return ringside, Ron Barker and Xander Hayes are already in the ring. Blackfront: Perfection has a lot to learn about how to handle things if he plans to continue here in the United Toughness Alliance. But now, lets turn our focus to the next match in tonight's Ring King tournament as Xander Hayes makes his UTA debut against Ron Barker.

Ace: Wouldn't it be something if Hayes, coming from VCW, wins here tonight and continues on to win the Ring King tournament and then the UTA Championship? What a slap to the face of Perfection.

Blackfront: Some people dig their own holes Tommy.

Xander talks to Teddy as he sits the headless bear in the corner before turning back to Ron Barker as the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Here we go. Different styles here as we kick off our fourth match of the evening in the first round of the Ring King Tournament.

Ace: This Hayes guy is just weird. It's bad enough we have The Spectre back with his purple hair, but Xander sports neon green hair and talks to stuffed animals. I'm not sure what management is thinking in their hiring choices lately.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes rushes Ron Barker. Barker sidesteps and turns around quickly grabbing Hayes by the waist.

Ron holds on tight as Xander attempts to break free.

Blackfront: Ron Barker hoping to keep the pace slow, not allowing Xander to get off of his feet tonight.

Ace: You've got to do that if you want to keep someone like Xander Hayes grounded. Xander stops struggling and bends his head down before throwing it back, hitting Ron in the mouth, causing him to break the hold.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes, now free, runs to the ropes. Using them to propel him back to Barker, Hayes goes airborne... bicycle kick!

Ron Barker is sent backwards and down as Xander Hayes lands on the mat as well. Blackfront: Xander Hayes with an early advantage here, quickly getting back to his feet. Ace: It is still early Jason, Ron Barker can come back in a flash of an eye as we've seen already tonight.

Blackfront: Xander now lifting Ron Barker to his feet. Barker pushes Hayes backward.

Blackfront: Side headlock by Ron Barker.

Ace: See, it just takes a single moment.

Hayes stomps the foot of Barker, causing him to let go. He rolls around behind Ron's back and slides his arms up into a full nelson.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes able to counter, now holding Ron Barker.

Ace: Any kid on a schoolyard playground can use a full nelson to hold someone else. Barker drops to one knee, and pulls Hayes over his back and slams him to the mat.

Blackfront: The power of Ron Barker.

Ron Barker scoots up and grabs Xander Hayes's head, lifting him into a sitting position and applying a sleeper hold.

Blackfront: Ron Barker showing off his technical expertise.

Xander Hayes tries to fight the hold. Using his legs, he begins to push back on the mat. Ace: Xander attempting to get out of this sleeper, but Ron Barker has it perfectly applied. While pushing back, Hayes is able to force Barker up to a standing position. Ron continues to apply pressure as Xander struggles to get free. Finally, he clasp his hands together and begins to send an elbow back into the gut of Ron Barker.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes trying to break free... and he does!

Hayes finally causes Barker to release the hold. He jets toward the ropes, using them to launch him for a return once again.

Blackfront: Barker ducks.

Xander leaps over him, sliding down behind Ron while grabbing his legs. Hayes pulls and Ron tries to keep his balance, but is unable to as he rolls backward and slides, shoulders down to the mat.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes with a sunset flip into a pin.

Ace: This could be an upset right here.

The referee slides into place and begins to count but Ron Barker is able to kick out at one and a half.

Blackfront: Not enough to keep Barker down, but enough to show him that Xander Hayes is serious here tonight.

Ace: That he is. This weirdo may prove me wrong if he keeps up like that.

Barker leans on one knee and rubs the back of his neck as he stares at Hayes and smiles.

Blackfront: Ron Barker acknowledging Xander Hayes's pin attempt.

Ace: Hey, Barker can tell when someone is putting forth an effort like that.

Hayes runs toward Barker as he begins to get up. Ron quickly uses his arm to catch Xander, and toss him over to the mat. Hayes quickly turns and rushes Ron again, who meets him with another hip toss.

Blackfront: Continually attack and try to find a weakness is Xander Hayes's strategy right now.

Ace: It may very well work.

Hayes goes again, Ron leans to the side, ready to catch him. However, all his catches is a kick to the underarm by Xander Hayes.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes smartening up to Ron Barker there.

Ace: I think he had that planned all along Jason. Maybe he knows more than he lets on. Barker holds his side in pain turning toward Xander Hayes who leaps up with a sloppykick to the ribs.

Blackfront: That wasn't pretty but it connected.

Ace: This kid has heart.

Ron Barker stumbles back into the corner, still holding his side. Hayes runs and leaps in the air.

Blackfront: Spla... NO!

Ron leaps forward catching Xander Hayes in the air, does a slight turn and slams him hard to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinebuster!

Ace: Boy, that had to hurt. Ron Barker is built like a brick house.

Hayes rolls in pain as Ron Barker pushes to his feet from his knees. Ron heads over a lifts Hayes by the head, placing it under his arm and dragging him back.

Blackfront: Barker has Hayes up.

Ace: I think it's about time he finishes this.

Ron uses his left hand to hook the trunks of Hayes. He looks out to the crowd and yells as they cheer before lifting Hayes up and over, then dropping him down.

Blackfront: Ron Barker with a suplex.

Ace: He got all of Hayes there. This one's over.

Ron turns and crawls over to Xander Hayes, covering him.

Blackfront: This one's over.

Ace: Wait, I don't think it is. Ron didn't pull Hayes from the ropes.

Xander throws a foot up on the rope and the referee stop the count, pointing at it.

Blackfront: Ron Barker can't believe it.

Ace: I really can't either. Xander Hayes is nothing but heart.

Ron pulls Hayes up and pushes him into the corner post with his forearm across Hayes's neck.

Blackfront: Ron Barker showing a bit of aggravation at the situation.

Ace: I'm sure he thought this would be a simple walk in the park against Xander Hayes. Ron lets up and grabs the top ropes on each side of the corner. Hayes gasp for air as Barker uses the top rope for leverage and begins thrusting his shoulder into the midsection of Hayes.

Blackfront: Those hard shoulders into the gut of Xander Hayes have to be taking something out of him with each one.

Barker steps back a few steps, revs up and runs toward Xander Hayes once more. This time, Hayes slides out of the way and Ron Barker leaps shoulder first into the corner post. Blackfront: He moved! He moved!

Ace: Xander Hayes somehow got out of the way!

Ron Barker screams in pain as Hayes slides under, rolling him backwards with a schoolboy.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes going for win.

Ace: He may have it!

The referee counts, but Barker is able to kick out.

Blackfront: Kick out at two and three quarters. Xander Hayes nearly had it there.

Ace: I underestimated him going into this.

Blackfront: As did Ron Barker.

Both men rush to their feet. Hayes runs at Barker, who bends and catches him, dropping him up and over. As Ron falls to his knees and grabs the shoulder that had hit the post, Xander Hayes's back catches the same post.

Blackfront: Backbody drop by Ron Barker.

Ace: Hayes can't be enjoying life right now.

Xander drops to the mat, holding his back as Ron Barker gets up and turns toward him.

Blackfront: Barker yanking Hayes up by the head.

Ron grabs Xander's head under his arm, and using his other arm he hooks the leg of Hayes before lifting up and holding him.

Blackfront: Going for a fisherman's suplex here. Xander Hayes begin to struggle, kicking his legs. Blackfront: Hayes breaks free!

He comes back down in front of Ron Barker, his head still in Barker's grasp. Xander maneuvers his right leg behind Ron's, and pushes forward, tripping him to the mat. Blackfront: Smart move there gives Xander Hayes the advantage he needs.

Ace: Color me impressed, Xander Hayes is showing more skills then I gave him credit for.

Ron rolls over and gets up, rushing Xander who quickly leaps and turns...

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Xander Hayes!

Ace: he caught all of that one Jason.

Barker hits the mat and without hesitation, Xander quickly covers him.

Blackfront: he hooks the leg as the referee counts... this one is over.

Ron Barker is able to kick out but he is too late as the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winner, as a result of a pin fall.... XANDER.... HAYEEESSS!!!! Blackfront: Big time debut win here by Xander Hayes who will meet Dan Benson in two weeks right here on Wrestleshow in the Ring King quarter finals.

Xander celebrates with Teddy as Ron Barker, upset, exits the ring.

Ace: I guess VCW did have some talent down there in Hayes. Blackfront: Congratulations Xander on your debut UTA win. We fade into commercial break.

The Future of Madman Szalinski

As we return from commercial we are taken to a shot of James Wingate and Kevin Hawk standing in what appears to be a hospital room. After a few moments, you see through the open door that Madman Szalinski lays there, Peach on his lap, with Ariel and a group of nurses and doctors standing around him.

We focus more on the two executives.

Wingate: Two weeks now and not a sign of waking?

Hawk: Non sir.

James sighs, rubbing his hand over his head. He looks into the room at his champion, unconscious and no visible life.

Hawk: Sir, I'm not one to tell you what to do. But can we really have a champion who is in a coma?

James sighs again.

Wingate: I guess not. The only thing left to do is... There begins to be some commotion behind them. Wingate: What?

Both men turn, and watch nurses running around while buzzers beep. Peach begins to bark.

Ariel: What's wrong? My God what's wrong with my husband?! She begins to scream hysterically.

Doctor: Please, get her out of here!

A nurse attempts to grab the barking dog but Peach takes a nip at her. Ariel grabs Peach as the nurses are trying to escort her out.

Wingate: Hey, what's going in there!

Ariel and Peach are forced outside of the room beside James and Kevin as the buzzers begin to die down. The doctors and nurses talk between themselves.

A few moments later one of the Doctor's comes to the door.

Doctor: Mrs. Szalinski? Ariel: Yes! What is it?! Doctor: He's awake.

Ariel lets peach to the floor and runs into the room, Peach following. James and Kevin start to follow when the Doctor puts his hand up.

Doctor: Sorry. This room is now officially closed to everyone from this point.

The door closes and we are left with a shot of James Wingate and Kevin Hawk looking at each other.

Wingate: This certainly changes things, doesn't it?

Hawk: It sure does sir.

We head back ringside in the arena to our commentator's booth.

Blackfront: You heard it before anyone else. A miracle on life television.. madman

Szalinski is awake!

Ace: Just in the nick of time, I think he was about to be stripped of the title! Blackfront: Things are still early. We do not know the state he is in or what is to come for the championship title. But our prayers do go out to him and his family and it's good to know that we are making progress.

Ace: What a night!

Blackfront: Keep locked on [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com) as we will keep you updated as more information comes available. For now.. it's time for the next match!

We move to the top of the stage.

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 United Toughness Alliance Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOONNN!!!!

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: The UTA Champion making his way down. Both of the men who he will

face at Black Horizon have won their matches tonight, can he make it a trifecta? 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: If you're Abdul Ahad, what is your mind set going into a match against this man?

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.

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese

Bushido plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii.

Announcer: Coming first to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye....

Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii has a lot to gain if he is able to beat the former UTA Champion here tonight and advance in the Ring King tournament.

Announcer: He stands at six foot four and weighs in at five hundred and thirty nine pounds.... YOOOSSHHHHIIIIIIII!!!

Ace: If anyone can do it, Yoshii can. The sheer size of this man is amazing. Can Sean Jackson beat him? I mean he's been fighting guys like Madman Szalinski who is a lot smaller than him. This is no Madman.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go.

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

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

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

Blackfront: Another forearm to the back of Sean Jackson. The Mental Rapist may have met his match.

Ace: I'd hate to be in a spot where I had certifiable nuts like Spectre out to get me and nearly six hundred pound ex sumo wrestlers.

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

Ace: That may have been Sean Jackson's chance to win this one.

Blackfront: Jackson quickly covering Yoshii, looking to put him away and go home early tonight.

The referee drops for the count, but before he can hit two, Yoshii almost throws Jackson off of him as he pushes up.

Blackfront: Kick out by Yoshii!

Ace: Pure power. Pure unadulterated strength. Sean Jackson rolls over and gets up, frustrated.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at the chest of Yoshii, working around him before he can get up.

Ace: I'm not sure how many men can say they've kicked out of a pin by Sean Jackson, but I can tell you this... from those stomps, he does not like that Yoshii can.

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

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now pulling Yoshii up by his head.

Ace: You need him down, not up Sean.

As Yoshii raises, he pushes Jackson backward.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson pushed backward.

Yoshii throws his arms out and runs forward screaming Bonzai! as he crashes into Jackson with his massive body, bringing his arms down and slapping Jackson's sides. Blackfront: Sean Jackson just ran over by Yoshii like a freight train!

Ace: Maybe I should jot down the license plate on that truck for when Sean Jackson gets up?

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

Ace: Right across the chest of Sean Jackson!

Blackfront: The former UTA Champion has to be dead!

Yoshii rolls over and off of Sean Jackson before getting back to his feet slowly. Sean Jackson breathes heavy as he holds his chest as Vanessa watches from the outside of the ring in horror.

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

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

Ace: That's just cruel.

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

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

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

Ace: Can you see it Jason? Yoshii beating Sean Jackson? This could continue the streak tonight of the complete opposite people winning than the dirt sheets all predicted.

Blackfront: Who believes those things anyway?

Ace: Well, they did properly call The Spectre returning didn't they?

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!!!! Yoshii... hits his mark.

Blackfront: YOSHII CONNECTS! YOSHII CONNECTS!

The camera moves around giving the full visual of Yoshii sitting on Sean Jackson. The referee begins to warn Yoshii that he needs to get up as Sean Jackson's leg had been flung with the force of the land, onto the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Yoshii getting to his feet, using the ropes. I think Sean Jackson is hurt. Six hundred pounds... I just can't fathom.

Jed Dye leaps up and down, yelling for Yoshii to finish the match.

Ace: Jed Dye is right, Yoshii needs to end this! He has the perfect opportunity. Blackfront: Yoshii now pulling Sean Jackson to the center of the ring by his leg. Jackson is laid out as Yoshii looks around.

Blackfront: Yoshii runs to the ropes.

Ace: If you can call that running, I call it jogging.

Yoshii comes off of the ropes and leaps up. However, as he comes down with the big body splash, Sean Jackson rolls out of the way, causing Yoshii to crash into the mat. Blackfront: Yoshii went for a big finish with that body splash but Sean Jackson was able to move.

Ace: I don't know how he's able to breath, much less move!

Jackson rolls up to one knee. He holds his chest in pain as he stares at Yoshii on the mat. Blackfront: Sean Jackson trying to use this time to catch his breath. I'm unsure if even with that save, he can prevail.

Yoshii begins to push his way up. As he does, Jackson looks up. He quickly leaps into action, jumping up and rushing



Sean uses the ropes to pull himself up and immediately reaches through the ring ropes and demands the mic. Once it's handed to him, he takes a few steps backwards towards the middle of the ring while Vanessa enters the ring.

Jackson: SPECTRE, get your purple haired fat ass out here, and get it out here NOW!!!

Blackfront: Oh man, this isn't going to end well.

Ace: Hey, Sean's got every right to be upset. Spectre screwed him out of the heavyweight title and now, he wants answers.

Blackfront: Well, he may be upset, and he may have an argument. But the last thing you want to do is face Spectre after a big time match with Yoshii.

The longer that he waits, the more impatient Sean Jackson becomes.

Jackson: What's the matter Spectre? you have problems with facing a man when you can't sneak in from the back? or, when you don't have enforcer powers?

Sean walks up to the ropes, leans over them and is now pointing with the index finger on his free hand.

Jackson: I am not telling you again Spectre. Get your fat ass out here or I'm going back there, and I will drag you out here kicking and screaming.

Sean turns his back.

Jackson: Or maybe THIS will give you the guts to come out. We all know that you do your best work when a man's back is turned. I mean, I just went through hell against a near six hundred pound beast. Am I not beat down enough for you?

Still nothing, which really begins to piss him off.

Ace: Don't do it Sean. Not after facing Yoshii. Wait till your full strength so you can REALLY get your answers.

Blackfront: So what are you trying to say?

Ace: Hey, you saw what Spectre did at Black Horizon. He wouldn't have the guts to do it if Sean was at full strength.

Sean then turns and faces back towards the entrance ramp.

Jackson: Just as I thought. See, there's your UTA hero, your so called UTA hall of famer. A coward, nothing more, nothing le....

Suddenly the lights go out and "Memphisto" by Depeche Mode begins to play, bringing the fans to their feet in an uproarious applause. A purple hue illuminates the ring and entrance way.

Blackfront: Ask and you shall receive, Sean.

Spectre's music continues to play as Sean Jackson lips a \*finally\* while pacing back and forth at the ropes. Vanessa begins to egg him on and filling his ears with her venomous tongue while pointing towards the entrance ramp. Finally, Spectre appears behind the curtain, but he is not alone. An old friend accompanies Spectre to the ring, an old friend in the form of one Johnny the hyena. The return of two familiar faces sends the fans into more wild applause. It also causes Sean to swallow hard as he remembers an incident that happened last year with one of Spectre's hyenas.

Ace: Oh, my God, Blackfront! Is Spectre nuts? What the hell is that ferocious animal Spectre has with him?

Blackfront: That, Tommy, would be Spectre's pet hyena, Johnny. And they are back in the UTA after NINE years!!! I, for one, NEVER thought would see this day. For all the old school UTA fans, this is truly a momentous occasion, and a reason to celebrate!

Ace: Celebrate? Mothers should be grabbing their children and heading for higher ground! Has Johnny been checked

for rabies? Or mange? Or... or FLEAS?!?! That animal, no, that WILD animal has no business being in or around the ring. Lord knows how much that thing will stink up the place if he marks his territory around here!

Blackfront: Well, Why don't you go tell Spectre that? Better yet, why don't you go tell Johnny he can't come out here?

Ace: No, thank you! I'll stay right here and fulfill my duties as color commentator.

As Spectre makes his way down to the ring, with Johnny in tow on a thick, heavy chain, the camera catches Spectre carrying a mini-igloo cooler in one hand.

Blackfront: I wonder what Spectre has inside that cooler?

Ace: The cooler?! Spectre has that hyena with him, and you're worried about a damn cooler?!

Spectre makes his way up the steps bringing Johnny with him in the ring. Vanessa screams and yells and points at Spectre as Sean Jackson steps in between Vanessa and Spectre. Jackson steps forward but Johnny leaps up, snapping his jaws, nearly biting Jackson in the face, and causing Jackson to fall back to the canvas. Vanessa consoles Sean Jackson, who wipes the hyena slobber from his face and is clearly annoyed.

Vanessa helps Sean to his feet, as he stares down Spectre, who is relishing and smiling as Sean Jackson's annoyance and uncomfortableness of sharing a ring with Johnny the

hyena is clearly visible. Sean Jackson grabs a second mic, tossing it to Spectre. The mic hits Spectre's chest and falls to the floor. He looks at the mic, then slowly looks at Sean. Jackson: First things first, Spectre! You get that filthy flea-infested animal out of my ring! This ring is not a place for your stinky pet!, especially after what happened last year. Besides, it smells like it rolled around in something dead!

The cold stare of Spectre slowly turns into a creepy smile, bringing applause from the crowd. Spectre leans over and picks up the mic. He inhales, and raises his index finger to his side near his face. The crowd cheers in anticipation of Spectre speaking for the first time in the UTA in nine years. Spectre's grin widens as he cuts his eyes to the crowd, acknowledging their cheers, before looking back at Jackson.

Spectre: It's funny you say that, Sean. I was about to say the same thing about your pet...Vanessa!!

Sean has a convulsion and stomps around the ring, and Vanessa starts screaming in Vietnamese.

Ace: How dare Spectre disrespect the former UTA Champion like that! Blackfront: Spectre can do whatever he wants. He's a Hall of Famer. And with the history these two have had in their past, Spectre's comment is nothing.

Spectre: Then again, Sean, based on what I have seen...hehehehe... looks as though some things never change and, as always...YOU are the pet...Vanessa's just the bitch!! The crowd roars with approval while Vanessa screams like a banshee. This alerts Johnny, who approaches Vanessa. Sean steps in and convinces Vanessa to go to the corner, where it's safer. Not happy, Vanessa folds her arms and storms over to a corner, glaring at Spectre.

Spectre: Hey, that's a cool trick, Sean. I can do that with Johnny, too! Watch!

Spectre looks at Johnny, and points to another corner. Johnny obeys Spectre and walks over to the corner.

Spectre: Good boy, Johnny! Wanna treat?

Spectre walks over to Johnny with the little Igloo, and opens it.

Spectre: I have just what you need!

Spectre reaches in the Igloo and pulls out... a Klondike bar! The crowd roars with laughter as Spectre pets Johnny, who devours the Klondike bar, wrapper and all. Spectre: Who's a good boy?

Spectre looks over at Sean, who is having a temper tantrum.

Spectre: Hey! Hey, Sean! It's all good, bro! I got ya covered!

Spectre reaches into the cooler again, pulling out another Klondike bar.

Spectre: No sense in your bitch feeling left out. Sean finally has had enough.

Jackson: AAARRRRRRRGGGGHHHH!!!! Stop it!!!!

Sean slaps the Klondike bar out of Spectre's hand.

Ace: Sean is about to blow a gasket!

Jackson: Look, let me tell you something Spectre. I'm tired of the games, and I'm tired of you trying to steal my thunder. You're old news Spectre, you're washed up history.

You're nothing more than a talentless hack who doesn't have the sense to know when it's over. But just like Mohammad Ali, just like George Foreman, just like every other over

the hill talentless bum, you want to prove that father time has no control over you. Sean smiles.

Jackson: Obviously you forgot what happened to you the last time we faced each other in the ring. I guess it was because I beat you so badly that you had no choice but to forget. But I tell you what Spectre, I asked the question before and I'll sure as hell ask it again. Why did you come back to UTA? and why did you screw me out of the heavyweight title?

Spectre goes to say something, but Sean cuts him off.

Jackson: But most important Spectre, WHY SCREW ME OVER SOMETHING AS TRIVIAL AS A KLONDIKE BAR!!!!!!???

Spectre: OK, OK, Hehehehehehehehe...you got me! I'm busted! I DID receive just a smiiiiidge more than two, no four, Klondike bars as a pay off.

Ace: I knew it! Spectre sold out!

Jackson: Tell me, damn it! Tell me how much it took to buy you, and who it was that paid you off!?

Spectre: Hmmmm... From the size of this crowd... (Spectre looks all around the arena)... I'd say about 16,000...16,000 Klondike bars! (Spectre turns towards the entrance ramp)... Come on down, boys!

Just then, about 50 vendors, each with a small container with the Klondike bar logo clearly seen, come down the ramp and begin going into the various sections of the arena. Sean is incensed and begins stomping his feet. Spectre rolls out of the ring, and heads up the with with Johnny.

Spectre: Free Klondike bars for EVERYONE!!!

Spectre's music plays and Sean storms around the ring yelling obscenities at the Sadistic Nut. Sean grabs the mini-Igloo and throws it as far as he can at Spectre, who is now at the top of the ramp, and cackling.

Ace: This Spectre is a freaking lunatic. And he is making a mockery of the very company he was in, and has cheapened the title with his little ice cream prank!

Blackfront: What makes you say that? You obviously don't know Spectre. Spectre's music stops as Spectre speaks again.

Spectre: Oh, and Sean? In answer to your question as to WHY I came back? You had the option of dozens of wrestling organizations to choose from and go to, but subconsciously your belligerence guided you to the ONE fed where I had already left my legacy. And you can't stand that! Couldn't stand that in BACW, and can't stand to walk down the halls of the UTA Corporate offices and see my legacy plastered all over the place.

But I am not going to have YOU or that bitch at your side destroy the legacy that is the UTA, or desecrate the legend that is...The Spectre! I will do whatever it takes to make sure you NEVER have your name among the legends in UTA- AT ANY COST!!

Spectre drops the mic, and backpedals through the curtain with a sadistic, creepy grin on his face, while Sean continues to screams at Spectre.

Ace: Well, as far as I am concerned Spectre has dug his own grave! There are only so many times you can poke a hornets' nest before the hornets attack with viciousness. I don't care if he is a legend in the UTA, or is a Hall of Famer! Sean Jackson is going to take the Purple Haired Freak and smear his blood all across the UTA!! When Sean gets through with Spectre, there won't be ANY memory of Spectre left in the UTA!!! With that.. we fade into commercial.

Winning

In the arena, fans are in a buoyant mood after all the action seen tonight. A few commotions are taking place as a sudden "Madman" chant takes over the crowd. The announce table comes into view as the team prepare to call the main event coming up.

Blackfront: Wow! What a night so far Tommy. I can't believe what we've seen and that we've still got IM Hate vs La Flama Blanca to come!

Ace: Exactly right James. And what a match that promises to be. I'm real pumped to see what the brackets are gonna look like going into next Wrestleshow!

Blackfront: Well with all the top talent we've seen go through, it's going to be fiercely competitive. I mean...

James Blackfront is cut off by the sudden launch of the opening riff of "Seek and Destroy" onto the PA system. The kits dim and a red and white Canadian flag comes onto the screen, with the letters CBR scrawled across the middle.

From the back, the Canadian Star appears, wearing a pair of chinos and brown shoes, light blue shirt and purple tinted shades covering his eyes. Ranier holds the title, wrapped around his waist, with his right hand on the strap against his side.

Claude Baptiste Ranier walks slowly towards the ring, a bright smile across his face. He holds his hand out to a kid in the audience, just far enough away that his small arms can't reach and Ranier backs away shrugging as if to say 'I tried'.

He steps onto the steel steps, slowly raising to the apron and entering the ring. Claude in straps his belt and raises it to the audience, who boo as the music reaches its crescendo. Ranier takes a mic from the announcer outside the ring and lightly pats it as he looks around the audience, the title resting over the top rope. Claude waits for his music to die down and continues to tap the mic slowly as if performing a slow clap while the boos ring out from the audience. He doesn't stop, simply keeping his rhythm and turning slowly in the ring so as to see all corners of the crowd. Eventually the sounds and echoes die down and Ranier lifts the mic to his lips.

CBR: Congratulations!

A murmur from the crowd as Claude smiles.

CBR: Congratulations to everyone who made it through their heats tonight. You all fought so well, I'm so proud of you all! And to the losers, I'm sure there will be smaller things for you to accomplish in a few months or so...

Another boo rising, before it's cut off by Ranier

CBR: It is such an exciting time to be in the UTA! I mean, just look at the landscape in this place. You've got Sean Jackson with his Asian hooker, Mechanics fighting wannabes Andalusia little dog upstaging everyone week after week.

Pat yourselves on the back UTA, what a product!

Ranier grins as he slowly walks to the ropes, leaning against them and looking out over the south stand audience next to his Internet Title.

CBR: And all you lucky people get to see the only remaining legitimate champion in the company, right here, tonight. That's right, you get to see me!

Ranier raises an arm as if to accentuate a point.

CBR: I'm not going to be competing though. No, no...James Wingate realises that Claude Baptiste Ranier wrestling inside a ring is Pay Per View quality and nothing less. No, I'm here because as the only legitimate champion left, I get whatever airtime I want, whenever I want it.

Claude nods, looking over the sea of faces.

CBR: You see, as of right now, CBR is the hottest property not just in the UTA, it just in the VCW, not just in the United States, but in the entire...freakin'...industry. I'm that damned good that his has become my kingdom and you all, my subjects. But tonight, I just wanted to get a few things off my chest, so bare with me...

Claude leans back off of the ropes and lifts the shades off his head, folding them up and slotting them into the open collar of his blue shirt.

CBR: First I want to make it emphatically and irrevocably clear. Elite...is done. In fact, Elite never even happened and in my view should be stricken from the records. When I created the greatest faction in the business 6 years ago, it was with true champions, and we dominated PrYde. And you know, I thought I saw something in Max Burke, I truly did.

Claude, now slowly pacing the ring nods whilst gripping the mic.

CBR: But hey, not all little leaguers make it to the big time, not all amateurs can make it in the professional ranks, and not all Canadians are capable of achieving greatness. I laid out the olive branch for Max, rolled out the red carpet. He slipped. He dropped the ball. I should have seen it when i schooled him in the middle of this ring...of my ring, that time and time again he was a poor and sluggish imitation, a failure, and the Canadian Star does NOT associate with failures. So Elite is done and Max, if you ever do come back, start where you belong...in VCW.

Ranier curls his lips upwards, running his hand through his blonde hair and walking over to the ropes patting his Internet Title.

CBR: Second, I won this. I beat a man twice my size not once, not twice, but three times and shook the foundations of this business when I slammed his mammoth ass to the canvas at Black Horizon. This gold is gonna be around my waist for a very...very long time and anyone, and I mean ANYONE who thinks they can take it from me will have another thing coming. To all the guys in the back who think they're owed something, a rematch, a shot...you enter into my world, a REAL wrestling world, I will end you.

Claude lifts the title, placing it onto his shoulder and turning to look over the audience again, lifting the mic back to his lips.

CBR: And finally...the future. I said congratulations to everyone who has progressed in the King Rng tournament, but it doesn't matter. You're all scrambling to climb that ladder but it doesn't mean a thing. Because the tournament is already over. Whether it was Jackson, Yoshii, LFB or that coward IM Hate, I will annihilate you all! Whoever makes it to the semi final, consider that your title victory. Consider stepping in the ring with the

Canadian Star, CBR, as your crowning achievement, because when the curtain comes down, Claude Baptiste Ranier will be holding all the gold...

Ranier smiles, taking the purple shades from his shirt and placing them back on. He walks towards the ropes and

stops, looking back and lifting the mic again...

CBR: Oh, and IM Hate...good luck tonight. You stirred the wrong hornets nest at Black Horizon kid. You want to run around and dress up as your father? Well, you were 0 and four when you were here before and I forgot all about you. But I promise you, if you ever get in my way again, you will become irrelevant...permanently!

Ranier drops the mic as "Seek and Destroy" hits the sound system. Claude leaves the ring, over the second rope, dropping to one knee and then to the outside before raising his title and walking to the back...

Ring King 2014

We move into a promotional spot for the next UTA Pay Per View, Ring King 2014.

Ring King 2014 Preview Dallas, Texas

American Airlines Center (seats 20,000)

August 24, 2014

The United Toughness Alliance returns to Dallas for the inaugural Ring King Pay Per View. The superstars of the UTA have fought their way to the grand stage in which one man will be crowned the UTA Champion and UTA Ring King of 2014.

Main Event

UTA Champion vs. Ring King Tournament Finalist

Ring King UTA Championship Match

UTA Championship Match

Two men face off. One the champion... the other, the man who just went through hell to get here. Only one man will walk out the UTA Champion and with the right to call himself the 2014 UTA Ring King.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first, 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: IM Hate made a huge return at Black Horizon. Now he looking to come back with a bang, and can if he wins this match against La Flama Blanca who is on a hot streak.

Ace: I'm pumped that he is back!

He tosses off the shades and removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume. Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Blackfront: Main event action as La Flama Blanca and Ian Michaels Hate go one on one to advance to the quarterfinals for the Ring King tournament to face Yoshii who defeated former UTA Champion, Sean Jackson, just moments ago.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Blackfront: As the bell sounds, we kick the match off with an exchanging of words from both sides.

IM Hate offers his hands for a test of strength.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca, a little reluctant, agrees. Not sure if I would have. As La Flama raises his hands, Hate quickly gouges his eyes.

Blackfront: Blanca caught by surprise with that vicious eye gouge.

Ace: IM Hate always has a plan!

Blackfront: That plan seems to be to blind La Flama Blanca. You can't trust a man like IM Hate.

La Flama holds his eyes in pain. Hate runs at the ropes, jumping to the second rope.

Blackfront: Springboard, twist into an open palm slap.

Ace: Ian hasn't lost a step in his absence from the UTA!

Blanca stumbles, and then falls to the mat. As he attempts to get to his feet, Hate stomps his fingers.

Blackfront: Ouch! That's smart.

Ace: It actually is. Take your opponent's hands out and that's a major line of defense they can't utilize.

La Flama Blanca grabs his hand, which is throbbing in pain.

Blackfront: Hate yanks his opponent up viciously by his head. Digging his nails deep into Blanca back, he rakes it all the way down.

The referee warns Hate, who raises his hands up as if saying he didn't do anything. As Blanca turns toward them, IM Hate pushes by the referee and boots Blanca in the junk. Blackfront: IM Hate being warned by the referee. He sure has a mean streak going tonight.

Ace: Blanca goes down quicker than a Mexican prostitute on Cinco de Mayo.

IM Hate stops and looks out at the booing fans who do not like seeing La Flama Blanca on the receiving end of things..

Blackfront: Hate has been in complete control this entire match so far. I don't think Blanca was prepared for the kind of aggressive brutality that Ian Michaels brings to the ring.

Ace: He just isn't ready to face a man as ruthless as Hate. I love it! He's putting Blanca in his place!

IM Hate picks La Flama's legs up, looks out to the crowd then leans back, sending him flying into the nearby turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Slingshot to the corner by Hate.

As Blanca stumbles off of the turnbuckle, in on swift move, Hate catches him as he turns into a perfectly telegraphed swinging neck breaker.

Blackfront: IM Hate goes for the pin to end the match early and secure his spot in the tournament quarterfinals.

Ace: End it quick and Hate can end the hype which is La Flama Blanca. La Flama Blanca kicks out at two and three quarters.

Blackfront: Somehow Blanca found the strength to kick out. Hate can't believe it. To be honest, neither can I!

Ace: Pure luck.

As Blanca tries to pull himself to his feet by using the ropes, Hate grabs his head and runs his eyes along the ropes. Blanca grabs his face again and flops to the mat.

Blackfront: IM Hate stooping to low levels to secure a win over La Flama Blanca. Ace: When you have a prize on the line like what the winner of Ring King will get, you will do anything.

Hate goes to stomp Blanca, but La Flama rolls out of the ring.

Blackfront: Maybe the smartest move by La Flama Blanca this entire match.

Ace: What is this chicken going to do? Run away?

Blackfront: What? Like IM Hate has done in the past?

Ace: No, Ian Michaels refuses to wrestle losers. Tonight he's doing La Flama a favor by giving him the privilege of facing him.

Blackfront: I'm sure that's what it is. Maybe it was the luck of the draw when the tournament was being booked?

Hate slides out of the ring as La Flama rolls back in.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca escaping Ian again.

As Hate turns to the ring in time to see Blanca soaring through the ropes.

Blackfront: Suicide Drives by Blanca!

As he hits his mark, both men hit the ground. The fans go crazy for Blanca.

Blackfront: That may have been the move to turn this match around!

Ace: Oh come on!

Blanca uses the steps to make it to his feet. As Hate attempts to push himself up. La Flama runs and places a boot into his midsection sending Ian Michaels back to the floor. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now in control. He lifts Hate to his feet, rolling him into the ring.

Ace: Get up Ian! Get up!

Blanca climbs to the apron, then the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to fly!

Hate begins to get to his feet. He turns towards Blanca, who leaps through the air.

Blackfront: Blanca caught by Hate! Power slam into a pin!

Ace: Yes! Yes! YES! I missed Hate!

The referee drops to begin his count and Ian Michaels throws his legs up on the ropes for leverage.

Blackfront: Ah come on!

The referee hits two but as he is bringing his hand down for three, he sees Hate's feet and begins pointing as he gets back up.

Blackfront: Good work ref!

Ace: Good work? He didn't finish he count!

IM Hate gets in the referee's face, yelling about not knowing how to count. Behind him, La Flama is slowly using the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Hate trying to justify his actions, but the referee isn't having any of it.

La Flama gathers himself and waits. Finally, Ian Michaels begins to turn and La Flama leaps forward.

Blackfront: SUPER KI... NOOO!!

Ian Michaels moves and La Flama hits his super kick perfectly.... on the referee.

Blackfront: Referee Juan Velazquez is out!

Ace: That's what you get when you try to emulate people no longer here like Doctor

EMO. Leave the superkick to the grown ups Blanca.

La Flama's expression is full of surprise as he looks down at the referee who is out cold. Ian Michaels drops to a knee and brings his arm up between Blanca' legs.

Blackfront: Low blow by IM Hate and there is no referee to stop him.

Ace: Why would they stop brilliance anyway? La Flama falls to his knees holding himself.

Blackfront: Hate with a swift kick to the back of La Flama Blanca. La Flama falls face first into the mat, holding his back in pain.

Blackfront: This match has been almost one sided, as IM Hate uses down right dirty tactics to make sure that La Flama Blanca has little to no chance of winning.

Ian Michaels grabs La Flama, and violently pulls him to his feet.

Blackfront: Hate with an Irish whip. La Flama Blanca off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by IM Hate.

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Boot to the gut of Blanca.

IM Hate grabs the back of La Flama Blanca's head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

Blackfront: Hate grabs one of La Flama Blanca's legs.

La Flama uses his free leg to kick Ian Michaels back. As Hate stumbles a few steps, La Flama Blanca is able to get to his feet. IM Hate regains his composure and takes a step towards La Flama Blanca who comes forward, raising his fist.

Blackfront: European Uppercut!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: A moment ago you were screaming yes.

As IM Hate hits the mat, La Flama quickly grabs his head and lifts him up. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs Ian Michaels's arm, whips him across the.. no, IM Hate

reverses. La Flama Blanca off the ropes...

Hate comes forward with a boot as La Flama Blanca drops down, grabbing it, and whipping Hate to the mat.

Blackfront: Dragonscrew legwhip by La Flama Blanca! La Flama quickly covers Hate.

Blackfront: The referee is still down, La Flama trying to end this match now that he is the offensive.

Ace: Ha!

As La Flama gets to his feet, he once again pulls IM Hate to his.

Blackfront: Blanca now with a big right hand, followed by another. However, Hate blocks this one and returns fire with his own. IM Hate scoops La Flama up, Blanca slides behind him, landing on his feet.

La Flama pushes Hate who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes. As he turns around, La Flama runs at him.

Blackfront: IM Hate moves, pulling the top rope down.

La Flama goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Hate smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as La Flama uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring. He then quickly leaps up to the ropes, using them to launch himself.

Blackfront: IM Hate turns, La Flama Blanca showing off his agility with a springboard clothesline!

Blanca picks up both of Ian Michaels's legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

Blackfront: Slingshot! IM Hate flies into the nearby corner post.

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. La Flama Blanca sets up behind him, almost stalking IM Hate.

Blackfront: Hate turns, Blanca forward, grabs him... Snap neckbreaker by La Flama Blanca!

Blanca quickly returns to his feet.

Blackfront: Quick and very hard stomps by La Flama Blanca who has turned this completely around.

La Flama yanks Hate to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Hate over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid-section of IM Hate.

Ace: Get up Ian!

Hate falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as La Flama continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Hate as he looks out to the crowd.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca runs.

IM Hate quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as La Flama comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

Blackfront: Maybe the opportunity that IM Hate needed to get back on top in this match

Ace: Maybe? He's got this locked!

La Flama Blanca holds himself in pain as Hate steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop.

Blackfront: Hate to his feet, he pulls Blanca to his.

Ian Michaels grabs La Flama's arm, and goes to pull him into a short arm clothesline.

Blackfront: La Flama ducks, they both turn.

Blanca leaps up, simultaneously grabbing the back of Ian Michaels's neck and placing his knees into Hate's chest, falling back. As Blanca lands on the mat, IM Hate's chest is crush and he springs up and backwards. The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: AMAZING!

Ace: Sickening!

A La Flama chant begins as the masked man rolls over and uses the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: It looks as if the referee is coming to, maybe just in time as La Flama Blanca can put this one away!

Ace: Someone knock him back out!

La Flama sees the referee then quickly covers Hate.

Blackfront: The referee is still a bit out of it, but slowly making his way to Blanca and Hate.

La Flama yells for the referee to hurry. The ref drops beside them and raises his arm up.

Blackfront: One!

The crowd goes ballistic as the referee raises his hand again.

Blackfront: TWO!

Ace: NO!

Blanca yells for one more and the referee puts his hand up.

Blackfront: This is it! THREE.... NO! KICK OUT BY IM Hate! SOMEHOW HE KICKED OUT!

Ace: YES!!

La Flama looks at the mat, unable to comprehend that the match just isn't over yet. As he begins to get up, IM Hate rolls over, and starts to use the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Blackfront: Someone has to win! Both men have a drive to be the number one person in the United Toughness Alliance. They both want to know, WHO IS THE BEST IN THE RING RIGHT NOW?!

The camera pans to the top as we see CBR coming through the curtain and heading toward the ring.

Blackfront: It's CBR! What is he doing back out here?!

Ace: Putting his nose where it doesn't belong, that's what!

Blackfront: This is the man who moments after winning the Internet title, was attacked by IM Hate!

Hate rest on the top rope and looks down at CBR making his way towards the ring. He is obviously exhausted and looks unready for CBR to interfere.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is protesting to the referee to have the internet champion removed so that the two men can finish their match.

CBR stalks IM Hate from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: CBR looks to want to make an impact, and he can do that by taking out either or even both of these men.

Suddenly the crowd gets louder.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad! Here he comes from the back! Ahad rushes down and attacks CBR from behind.

Blackfront: Forearm to the back of CBR, catching him off guard. Ace: These idiots need to let IM Hate finish La Flama Blanca off! Abdul turns CBR around and begins hitting him with huge shots.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad using his anger from his match earlier tonight and lighting into CBR with fury.

Inside the ring, La Flama heads toward Hate who gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Ian Michaels turns, caught by La Flama. Whipped across... NO! Hate reverses. La Flama sent into the ropes. On the return... PUMP KICK BY Hate!

Blanca drops back. Outside the ring both Abdul Ahad and CBR are exchanging punches. Ahad sends CBR head first into the steps.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad taking charge of CBR on the outside. What is he doing here?! Abdul Ahad angrily stomps away at CBR.

Ace: Getting revenge, it's obvious. Maybe not against Log Habben, but against another man in this tournament who happens to also be the Internet Champion. Take out a champion and your stock goes up. IM Hate rolls out of the ring and begins yelling at Abdul Ahad to leave ringside.

Blackfront: Big right hand by Ahad! He's attacking IM Hate now!

Ace: Come on!

Abdul Ahad smashes Hate's head into the barrier then rolls him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad has cleared house!

Abdul Ahad looks down at CBR then begins back up the ramp. Suddenly, Yoshii comes from the back and as quickly as he is able to, heads down the ramp passing Abdul Ahad. Ace: Now what?

Blackfront: Yoshii is checking on the situation, but he is too late. The damage is done.

Ace: Or is he here to cause more damage?

Yoshii checks on CBR then looks into the ring at IM Hate before turning around angrily.

CRACK@~!

Blackfront: Dan Benson with a chair to the head of Yoshii!

Ace: Where did he even come from? Did he come from the crowd?!

Blackfront: But why did any of these guys come out in the first place?!

Benson tosses the chair down hard at Yoshii's head and begins yelling at him before backing up the ramp again.

Blackfront: There are bodies everywhere.

Ace: This is Anarchy! Not to be confused with the upcoming Valor Championship Wrestling Pay per View.

Blackfront: I just don't understand any of this!

Ace: What's there to not understand? CBR has unfinished business with IM Hate. Abdul Ahad has unfinished business in general after his humiliating win to open the show, and Yoshii, well... Yoshii is just the poor sap Dan Benson decided to take out so people remember his name. Yoshii should have just stayed in the back and continued to celebrate his win over Sean Jackson. Overall, the way I see it, everyone here was just asking for what they got.

Blackfront: And what's that?

Ace: To prove a point that whoever wins Ring King will cement themselves at the top of the food chain here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Inside the ring, IM Hate uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks outside of the ring at CBR and Yoshii who are laid out and then down at La Flama who is coming around as well.

Blackfront: Ian Michaels lets out a roar before yanking La Flama up by his head.

Ace: GET HIM!

Blanca retaliates with a shot to the gut of Hate, followed by another.

Blackfront: He stands up and sends a fist into Ian Michaels's head, Hate blocks the next and delivers his own punch. The fans are going nuts.

Hate grabs La Flama, whip, into... NO! Over the top rope!

Blackfront: La Flama hits the side of the apron before falling to the floor. IM Hate follows him to the outside. The referee begins counting.

Hate pulls La Flama to his feet, directing him to the barrier.

Blackfront: IM Hate slams La Flama's head into the barrier. The screaming fans pat both men on the back.

Blackfront: Hate attempting to introduce La Flama's head into the barrier again, stopped by La Flama. Blanca now grabs Ian Michaels's head and returns the favor.

The fans are loud as they get into the match even more.

Blackfront: La Flama turns Hate around and hits him in the stomach. He takes a few steps back and runs, leaping, and putting his knee into the stomach of Hate.

La Flama slaps the chest of Hate before grabbing his arm and attempting to whip him into the steps.

Blackfront: Reversal by Hate!

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: IM Hate rolls La Flama Blanca back into the ring, sliding in himself, then back out. What is he doing?

Ace: He's walking over to the time keeper's table. IM Hate grabs the ring bell and holds it up.

Blackfront: If he uses that bell, IM Hate will be disqualified!

Ace: At this point I think it's more about just being as vicious as he can be Jason. Hate slides back into the ring as La Flama is to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama is there to meet him! He lunges forward.. SUPER KI... IM Hate sidesteps. La Flama Blanca turns as Hate lifts the bell.

Blackfront: Boot to the gut of Ian Michaels Hate!

Ace: Does he have spider sense?! Jeez!

He drops the bell as La Flama Blanca quickly moves forward, hooking his arms. He lifts up and leaps forward.

Blackfront: Double underhook facebuster by La Flama Blanca! The fans go absolutely crazy.

Ace: NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

Blanca quickly rolls Hate over and covers him, hooking his leg. The referee drops to begin the count.

Blackfront: THREE! HE DID IT! HE DID IT! LA FLAMA BLANCA MOVES ON TO THE QUARTERFINALS!

Ace: he cheated!

Blackfront: Cheated? Did you see anything that Ian Michaels did?! He tried to use the bell for God's sake!

No bell sounds as, well, it's in the ring. But the referee holds La Flama Blanca's hand in the air as he begins to celebrate.

Announcer: The winner of this match as a result of a pinfall... LA FLAMA.... BLAAAANNNNCCCCAAAA!!!!

Blackfront: What a huge victory for La Flama Blanca rounding out what will be the next round in this tournament.

Ace: This is not what is supposed to happen.

La Flama Blanca climbs the corner turnbuckle and raises his arms to the screaming fans as his music begins to play once again.

Blackfront: It's that time folks. What a night it has been and in two weeks the action continues as we march toward Ring King.

Ace: Don't know how. The Ring King was just pinned by a mask wearing fool!

Blackfront: For the United Toughness Alliance.. I am Jason Blackfront..

Ace: I am Tommy Ace...

Blackfront: Have a great night and we will see you in two weeks!

The camera continues to focus on La Flama Blanca celebrating his main event victory as the copyright comes up and the screen fades to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite