

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #19

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

As we fade from black, the words Last Night on Victory come across the bottom of the screen. We get a shot of Madman Szalinski and La Flama Blanca in the ring.

A waterwheel suplex.

Both men are on the canvas now with La Flama Blanca on his knees. The next image is of Perfection coming down.

It is followed by Perfection at the commentators table as La Flama Blanca stands at the ropes. Behind him Madman Szalinski is up.

We now see Madman and Blanca with a double drop kick to Perfection outside of the ring. Perfection walks backward up the ramp holding his back.

Darkness.

The next image is of Sean Jackson over the two men, unconscious, in the ring.

Our final shot is of Sean Jackson and Perfection standing together at the top of the stage as we move to a live shot of the Continental Airlines Arena.

At that time, Marshall Owens steps from behind the curtain as the clips are just coming to an end. Marshall is wearing a suit and dress shoes as he raises the microphone to his mouth.

Owens: Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Marshall Owens and I'm the advocate for the man who should STILL be UTA champion, the Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

As Marshall begins walking towards the ring, there is a huge smile on his face.

Blackfront: What is this fool doing here? Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to another edition of Wrestleshow as we get ready to head into Ring King in just two weeks. I'm Jason Blackfront and joining me as always, Tommy Ace. Why is Marshall out here before the show can even get underway?

The fans are booing loudly, and all that does is fuel Marshall's resolve to say what he's come to say.

Owens: But, because of the actions of Madman Szalinski and Spectre. I feel the need to come out here and set a few things straight. Most notably, the actions of my client Sean Jackson at Victory.

More boos as Marshall steps through the ropes, and into the ring.

Ace: It looks like you're going to get your answers Jason.

Owens: Now then, as you all know. Madman Szalinski had another health scare at Victory in which his lights went out. But people, and I want each and every one of you to understand.... Marshall fakes concern.

Owens: It was so bad, it even affected La Flama Blanca. Marshall raises his free index finger.

Blackfront: Oh come on.

Owens: Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking to yourselves, how could that be possible? How could LFB suffer from second hand concussion? Well, it's simple...

The smile returns.

Owens: Sean Jackson's knee is THAT damn strong. I mean, he hit Szalinski SOOO hard, that it knocked the lights out, it knocked Madman out, and it knocked La Flama Blanca out. All in one fluid motion.

Blackfront: Now that's a damn lie. The lights were out, we couldn't see what happened.

Ace: A lie? Have you seen Sean Jackson? I believe it!

Blackfront: You would. More boos.

Owens: But not only that, Perfection was simply that. Perfect. He sat there, watching the match and bothering no one. He was simply studying his potential opponent at Ring King and like a couple of cowards, Madman and La Flama Blanca climb out of the ring and attack him without cause, without reason. But Sean Jackson, being the perfect gentleman that he is, saw those two idiots attacking an innocent man, and decided to do something about it.

Marshall points towards the back, aiming the rant towards Madman and LFB.

Owens: Shame on you two, shame on you for attacking Perfection, when he hadn't done anything wrong. You see people, THIS is exactly what Sean refers to when speaking about frauds....and exactly the reason why Sean and Perfection did what they had to do at the end of Victory.

Blackfront: If Perfection had not come out, they wouldn't have felt the need to defend themselves before he could interject himself into the match like we have seen before.

Ace: Jason, I was there. He was just sitting here next to me watching. How can you defend their actions?

Blackfront: Maybe you forgot how Perfection caused La Flama Blanca the spot in the chamber match just two weeks ago?

Marshall begins to lean on the top rope, the smile still on his face.

Owens: Just understand this Madman and Blanca. What happens from here on out is YOUR fault. What happens to Wrestle UTA from this moment on is squarely on your shoulders. Who gets hurt? Who gets maimed? and who gets put on the shelf from here on out....

Pause.

Owens: Is.....

Pause.

Owens: All..... Pause.

Owens: YOUR.....

Pause.

Owens: FAULT.....

Marshall busts out into laughter as the shot switches back to Ace and Blackfront.

Blackfront: As I was saying when we were interrupted, I'm Jason Blackfront and you're watching Wrestleshow live on High Octane Television. We are just two weeks away from Ring King and the images you saw at the top of the show displayed what could very well be a game changer going into the pay per view.

Ace: Could be? Perfection and Sean Jackson joining forces? This definitely changes this game, that game, the NBA,

the NFL, Battleship.. ALL OF THEM! I love it!

Blackfront: There are so many questions that need answers as we get ready to head into Ring King, and tonight hopefully we will get some of them. But without further interruption.. it's time to get to the action, right here on Wrestleshow!

APOLLO CAIN VERSUS BLACKBEARD

I'm So Hood explodes from the PA system and from behind the curtain emerges the hulking Cain. Cain stops at the entrance and looks to the left and the right with a scowl on his face. As the beat drops he pounds his heart with his right hand, roars and throws open his arms. Cain stalks to the ring bobbing his head with fire in his eyes.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from Norfolk, Virginia...

Blackfront: Apollo Cain making his singles debut here in the UTA. This man is a monster, and although lost on Victory last week in a tripe threat match, proved he will be a dominating force here in the UTA.

Announcer: Standing at six foot eight and weighing in at two hundred and eighty five pounds.... Ace: Apollo Cain is the type of guy you don't want to meet in a dark ally Jason, much less a ring. Announcer: He is... APOLLO... CAAAAIIINNNN!!!

Cain jumps to the edge of the apron and lets out a war cry before entering into the ring. Blackfront: Tonight Cain is set to go one on one with one of the newest superstars to sign a contract. It will be interesting to see how these two newcomers fair right before we head into Ring King.

Ace: It should be interesting to watch Jason.

Apollo's music fades out as he begins to prepare for the match. The Pirate King -from The Pirates

of Penzance begins to play as a group of men dressed in rags all walk out, chained together with shackles. The chains are all linked behind them and the men pull the chains and a large litter, where the Dread Pirate King, Blackbeard stands.

Ace: Well, Blackbeard knows how to make an entrance doesn't he?

Blackfront: You can't say the theatrics aren't different.

Announcer: Hailing from the Seven Seas... he stands six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and sixty two pounds..... BLAAACCKKKKBBBEEEAARRDDDD!!!

A fearsome look is in his good eye as he snarls at the men. He has a live, talking parrot on his shoulder he calls Parley, a black eye patch over his bad eye, a hook over his left hand, and a thick black beard that trails to the center of his chest. Blackbeard climbs down from the litter and climbs in the ring.

Blackfront: The Dread Pirate debuts tonight in just moments as we get ready to kick off the action here on Wrestleshow.

As we return from commercial, both men are waiting in their corners. The bell rings to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: We're officially underway as Apollo Cain looks to gain his first singles victory here in the UTA to go along with his singles undefeated record. His opponent? Blackbeard who is rumored to be kin to the original Blackbeard the pirate who rode the seven seas.

Ace: I think it's more along the lines of he gets a discount at a costume shop myself. Apollo Cain just looks at Blackbeard and laughs.

Blackfront: I don't think Cain is taking his opponent seriously.

Ace: Taking him seriously? He's dressed as a pirate Jason. He should be entertaining an eight year old's birthday party, not in the ring with someone as great as Apollo Cain.

Blackfront: Cain charges Blackbeard.

As Apollo clasp his hands together and raise them above his head, he runs at Blackbeard. The pirate king, as if he was wielding a sword in a sword battle, twist around and away as Cain runs past him.

Blackfront: Blackbeard out of the way, continuing those theatrics we saw in his entrance.

Ace: This isn't a play. If he wants to impress us, he'll show us his wrestling ability.

Cain's face is one of disgust as he turns toward Blackbeard. Aggressively he runs at him again, and once again Blackbeard twist and moves out of the way.

Blackfront: Blackbeard yet to make an offensive move, instead opting to allow Apollo to tire himself out and possibly make a mistake. It's a good strategy if you ask me against a man like Apollo Cain who has the reputation of being the black hulk for a reason.

Apollo waste no time, turning and heading toward Blackbeard again. This time he stops right as Blackbeard is moving out of the way. Turning with him, the moment Blackbeard spins around and stops, Apollo angrily throws a big boot to his midsection.

Blackfront: Cain with a forearm to the back of Blackbeard, sending him to a knee.

As Blackbeard begins to stand back up, Apollo runs and with a huge arm and plenty of force, he slams right into his opponent, taking him down with pure power.

Blackfront: Lariat by Cain. He knocked Blackbeard back into the seventeenth century with that.

Ace: So basically he hit him so hard his delusions are now true?

Cain quickly gets to his feet, yanking Blackbeard up violently with him.

Blackfront: Heavy chop to the chest of Blackbeard, followed by another.

Apollo Cain grabs the left arm of Blackbeard, and pushes him back and into the ropes. Using them for momentum, he pulls back and sends Blackbeard running across the ring.

Blackfront: Blackbeard on the return. Cain runs.. throws his foot up, big boot connects! Blackbeard is hit so hard as he falls, he slides a good foot or two behind Apollo Cain, who turns around and yells as if giving a war cry. He stomps over, once again grabbing Blackbeard by the head and pulling him half way up. He shoves Blackbeard's head between his legs, then grabs his waist.

Blackfront: Cain lifts.

Blackbeard is brought up by the power of Apollo Cain and held for a moment before Cain brings him down with force.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by Apollo Cain as he continues to display his pure power. Apollo reaches down, and yet again begins to lift Blackbeard to his feet.

Blackfront: Blackbeard up again.

Apollo grabs Blackbeard's throat, placing his arm over his own. The crowd buzzes as Apollo Cain illustrates his strength by holding Blackbeard in the air, rotating a full 360 degrees so all the fans can see the hold. He then slams Blackbeard to the canvas.

Blackfront: Huge choke slam by Apollo Cain! Blackbeard is out! He got folded up like an accordion with that one!

Ace: Apollo showing why he will be the most dominating force here in the UTA!

Roaring, Apollo Cain then picks up Blackbeard up and over his head into a military press position.

Blackfront: Blackbeard, high over Apollo Cain's head. His strength is uncanny.

Apollo Cain walks over to the ropes and with ease, tosses Blackbeard over the top rope. He flies through the air and crashes to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Oh my God! Oh my God! The strength of Apollo Cain just sent Blackbeard over the top rope and to the floor!

The crowd goes nuts at the bump taken by Blackbeard. Apollo Cain lets out another roar and exits the ring. Cain descends upon a fallen Blackbeard.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain is controlling this match fully with nothing more on his mind than to destroy Blackbeard and make up for the loss suffered at Victory at the hands of August Monday when he pinned Log Habben in their triple threat match.

Apollo stomps away at Blackbeard before picking him up and rolling him back into the ring under the bottom rope. Using the ropes to pull himself to the apron, Apollo re-enters the ring himself.

Blackfront: Cain looking to put this one away here quickly.

Blackbeard can be seen breathing heavily as Apollo Cain gets to his feet. He lifts Blackbeard to his feet with one hand, pulling him up by his hair. Apollo Cain then tosses Blackbeard into the ropes and lifts his foot for another big boot but Blackbeard ducks this time.

Blackfront: Blackbeard ducks the big boot, bounces off the ropes. Blackbeard returns, Apollo Cain sizes him up, and slams the pirate king to the mat with a massive clothesline.

Ace: Blackbeard is done. Chalk this one up as another bust.

Blackfront: This whole arena is buzzing after that one! Cain with the quick pin.

The referee quickly slides into position and begins the count. However, Blackbeard is able to get his foot on the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Blackbeard able to save himself, but at this point, it may be better to just eat the loss than take more punishment from someone like Apollo Cain.

Ace: I don't care either way. I'm loving seeing Apollo Cain destroy this idiot. Apollo hits the canvas with his fist, and gets up, yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain scolding the referee, claiming it was a slow count. No Apollo, it was a referee doing his job right and breaking when Blackbeard put his foot on the ropes.

Behind him, Blackbeard has rolled over and grabbed the middle rope, pulling himself to a knee. The referee yells back at Apollo to get back to the match before he is disqualified. This seems to anger Cain even more as he gets louder.

Blackfront: Arguing with an UTA official will never get you anywhere Apollo. Blackbeard is up and seems to be using this as a chance to regain hi... Blackbeard forward!

Blackbeard musters up as much strength as possible, leaping forward. He reaches under Apollo's legs and yanks back, rolling Apollo up. Cain kicks as the referee quickly drops down.

Blackfront: Schoolboy roll up by Blackbeard!

The referee slaps the canvas three times and the bell begins to ring.

Ace: You HAVE to be kidding me!

Blackbeard quickly lets go of Apollo and rolls out of the ring as quickly as he can. Apollo rolls over and gets to his knees. his face tells the story of a man who knows he just got screwed.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain controlled this entire match, but his need to argue with the official left him open for Blackbeard to make one decision and it paying off big time.

Blackbeard smiles, pointing to his head outside of the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pinfall... BLACK... BEAAAARDDD!!!

Blackbeard, obviously in pain after everything he suffered, backs up the ramp so not to turn his back on Apollo Cain who stands in the ring, blown away that after all of that he could not put Blackbeard away.

Ace: Apollo Cain was robbed.

Blackfront: I wouldn't go that far, but Blackbeard did in fact use an open opportunity to score the win.

Cain hits the top turnbuckle in anger before exiting to the apron as we head backstage.

IN SEARCH OF THE SPECTRE PT 1

The scene opens with Sean Jackson walking backstage, down one of the long hallways. He then stops in front of a door with the name plate *boiler room* on it. Sean goes to turn the knob, but stops just short. After looking over his shoulders and seeing no one close by, he reaches off screen and picks up a small metal pipe.

After gripping it tightly, Sean opens the door and starts to walk inside. However, only taking a couple of steps into the room, he swallows hard.

Jackson: Spectre, are you in here? Silence.

Jackson: (a little bolder) I said, are you in here? Still nothing.

Jackson: (fully confident) If you're in here Spectre, I'm going to bash your skull for what you did at the last Wrestleshow. For costing me the shot at Ring King and Madman Szalinski.

As Sean moves into the boiler room, he comes to a stop just in front of the doorway, taking a few moments to scan the room. However, the door closes on him, causing the Mental Rapist to become startled. In a purely instinctive move, he strikes the door with the metal pipe, causing a large echo noise through the room.

Jackson: Damn it.

Sean backs out slowly, not wanting to go further.

Jackson: He's not in here and it's a good thing too. I would have bashed his skull in. We head into commercial.

FKA VERSUS J STEVENSON

The beginning riff of Iggy Pop & The Stooges' I Wanna Be Your Dog instantly triggers an array of red lights shining throughout the arena as FKA the Wrestler slithers his way from behind the curtain sporting his usual ring attire.

FKA spreads his arms apart at the top of the stage, and gives off his trademark smile with his tongue sticking out. Finally, he makes his way down the ramp, wasting time by yelling at the fans. and getting into the faces of individual members of the crowd.

Announcer: Hailing from Yucca Valley, California... he stands at six foot two and weighs two hundred and forty pounds... FKA... THE.. WRESTTLLEEEERRRR!!

He climbs up the ring steps, slapping the top turnbuckle before climbing on top of it, and once again, spreading his arms out, flashing that twisted looking smile with his tongue slithered out. Blackfront: FKA making his Wrestleshow debut. Although up in age, looking to make a name for himself once again after a long career in the industry, right here

in the United Toughness Alliance. Ace: What's he going to make a name for himself as? The guy who broke his hip in the ring?

He jumps off the turnbuckle, and gets to one knee in the middle of the ring, and holds up both hands flipping off the fans to a course of boo's. Cochise takes over the PA System. The fans rise to their feet as The Human Highlight Reel himself makes his way down the ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from Philadelphia... standing six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... JJJJJJJJJJ.....

STTTTEEEEEEVVVVVEEEENNNNNNSSSSSSOOOOONNNNNN!!!!

He slides into the ring on his chest and pops to his feet. He hits each turnbuckle before awaiting for the bell.

Blackfront: J Stevenson making his in ring debut tonight taking on FKA here in singles competition.

Ace: Finally a Stevenson who hopefully wont come in, have a couple of matches, then run back home to the bush leagues.

Blackfront: J Stevenson no relation to former UTA Superstar Drew Stevenson.

Ace: Superstar... right.

Blackfront: We're just moments away from our second match here tonight on our Ring King go home edition of Wrestleshow!

As the bell sounds, both men circle.

Blackfront: Here we go, elbow to collar lock up. Both of these guys are veterans in the industry, but FKA just has more time and more experience than Stevenson. However, you have to wonder if that works against him with the state his body is in.

Ace: It's beaten and broken down. Management wonders why we have people almost dying in the ring. Stop hiring people with history of health issues and people almost fifty.

Blackfront: FKA taking control with a side headlock.

Ace: That's as exciting as an episode of Matlock right there.

Stevenson grasp his hands together and sends an elbow into the side of FKA.

Blackfront: FKA with multiple elbows into the side, lets go of his hold.

Ace: J Stevenson may be a vet, but his younger age will play a part in this. He has to be healthier than FKA.

Stevenson grabs the back of FKA's head, and yanks him backwards and down to the mat. Blackfront: FKA sent to the mat by J Stevenson. Stevenson now off of the ropes, leaps up... and misses the leg drop as FKA rolls out of the way.

J Stevenson's face tells the story of a man who's bottom side doesn't feel too good as FKA rolls over and uses the ropes to get to one knee. He seems winded already as he stares at his opponent.

Blackfront: Both of these men already winded.

Ace: I'm almost ashamed we have a match with two broken down hacks.

Blackfront: J Stevenson is known as the human highlight reel for a reason Tommy. Just give him time. Look at FKA even, defeating Mitchell Quinlan in his debut match at Victory.

Ace: He looked just as bad in that match as he does this one too. What's your point?

J Stevenson begins to get up and FKA uses this as his chance as he jumps up and runs at him.

Blackfront: FKA with running knee... J Stevenson drops and catches him with a hip toss. FKA quickly rolls over and runs at Stevenson who hits another hip toss.

Blackfront: FKA trying to gain momentum and stopped by J Stevenson.

They both roll over and push up yet again. This time as FKA runs at J Stevenson, he bends down, and grabs Stevenson's legs. Continuing to run, FKA lifts him up before swinging J down to the canvas with authority.

Blackfront: It could be over. FKA with a surprise display of power!

Ace: Yea, well it seems that took more out of him than expected.

FKA drops to his knees and breaths heavy as J Stevenson holds his head which had bounced off of the canvas with the hit.

Blackfront: FKA getting to his feet.

FKA heads over and bends down to grab J Stevenson, who quickly rolls him into an inside cradle. The referee drops and begins counting.

Blackfront: It was almost over, but FKA able to break free. We almost had two matches in a row won by quick thinking!

Ace: I bet he wont make that mistake again.

FKA quickly scoots back on the canvas toward the ropes, draping his arms over them as J Stevenson gets to his feet and rushes forward but is stopped by the referee.

Blackfront: FKA buying time by staying in the ropes.

Ace: Some veteran we have here. Having to use the ropes to save himself.

FKA begins to stand, obviously moving even slower than he had at the start of the match. Blackfront: FKA to his feet, but he is winded. If he wants to win, he'll try and end this one quickly. Stevenson runs at FKA, who moves out of the way, and swings around to help push him up and over the top rope, crashing to the ground.

Blackfront: Stevenson sent crashing to the outside. This may be what FKA needs to turn things around.

Ace: Apollo Cain sent Blackbeard to the outside as well, did him no good either. FKA rest in the ring while outside, J Stevenson holds his head.

Blackfront: FKA wisely trying to regain composure, but at the same time he's giving Stevenson a chance to rest as well.

Ace: Yea, hitting the floor on the outside and almost being knocked out sure is rest Jason. Stevenson begins to move as the referee begins counting. Using the edge of the apron, he begins to pull himself up.

Blackfront: J Stevenson starting to move around, trying to get back into the ring.

As he begins to climb back in under the bottom rope, FKA swings around kicking him in the face. Stevenson swings around and grabs his face. The referee points at FKA who puts his hands up as to say he didn't do anything.

Ace: See, now there is using your head and working smart. Keep J Stevenson outside of the ring and he'll get counted out.

Stevenson shakes off the kick to the face grabs the ropes, pulling himself up to the apron. FKA runs at him. Holding onto the ropes, J Stevenson leans back, causing FKA to miss. He quickly climbs in between the middle rope.

Blackfront: Stevenson back in the ring and unhappy as he turns FKA around. J Stevenson quickly brings a big right to the side of the head of FKA.

Ace: Oh my!

Stevenson steps toward FKA, who comes forward with an eye rake. Stevenson grabs his eyes and stumbles backward as FKA uses this opportunity to come forward, grab his neck and leaps. Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker by FKA!

Ace: Ok, I'm getting into FKA now. Blind your opponent than put them out. I love it.

The referee looks down at FKA and motions to his face not to let him see another eye rake. FKA ignores the referee and pushes up to his knees. He is still breathing hard as he was earlier.

Blackfront: FKA looking to put J Stevenson away now.

Stevenson begins to get up, and FKA heads over grabbing him. However, Stevenson reaches forward, grabbing FKA's legs and yanking back, sending him back first to the canvas. Standing over him he holds his legs up. He takes a step in and begins to turn FKA over.

Blackfront: J Stevenson trying to put FKA into a submission hold. However, FKA is able to easily grab the bottom rope.

J Stevenson lets go as FKA uses the ropes to pull himself up. He steps forward as Stevenson comes toward him.

Blackfront: FKA ducks J Stevenson's arm.

Both men turn and suddenly, FKA comes forward, grabbing Stevenson's head and plants a DDT out of nowhere.

Blackfront: DDT by FKA!

Ace: That was a picture perfect DDT.

FKA rolls J Stevenson over and covers him. The referee drops and begins to count. As he does, FKA places his legs up on the ropes for leverage. However, unlike at Victory the referee sees and stops the count warning FKA.

Blackfront: FKA caught trying to cheat to win. You have to imagine the referees watched his victory on Victory and know to watch for stuff like that.

FKA slaps the mat before letting go and getting to his feet, pulling J Stevenson up with him. However, as he begins to come up, Stevenson grabs the arm of FKA and focuses him to the mat. Blackfront: Armbar by J Stevenson.

J reaches around with his free arm and latches onto the chin of FKA. Blackfront: Submission maneuver... FKA can't hold on and begins to tap! The bell begins to ring.

Ace: Just when I was starting to get behind him. Come on FKA.

Announcer: The winner of this match by submission..... J..... STEEEVVVVVEEENNNSSOOONN!!

FKA rolls out of the ring, disappointed as J Stevenson celebrates his debut win in the ring.

LOOK TO THE THRONE

Backstage in the Continental Airlines Arena, Jennifer Williams appears to be standing by. With a smile on her face, she raises her microphone up to address those in the arena and those watching from home.

Jennifer: Ladies and Gentlemen, joining me at this time is one of UTA's newest talent acquisitions... Graham Clauson.

The camera zooms out, showing Graham standing beside her. He nods to her, a small smile gracing his face as she addresses him.

Jennifer: Graham, although I know you have been hearing this from a lot of people since you've arrived here tonight, but UTA is extremely happy to have you as part of our company.

Graham: Thank you, I appreciate the warm welcomes I have received thus far, although I am honestly sure there are a few people that are a bit intimidated by my presence here.

Jennifer: Well, you're rather well known around the world, it seems... You've made your name throughout your career as one of the most diverse and adaptive competitors. But, let's get down to the thick of it: A lot of people are asking the obvious question of why you have come here to UTA? Even I am a little curious...

Graham pauses for a moment, chuckling almost nervously or as if he is in a brief moment of thought before he responds.

Graham: Well, Jennifer... In this business, I have been more known for my mouth than I am my wrestling skills. I was a color commentator, a figure-head for a company, and most famously a Shoot King. People know me for what comes out of my mouth, but that seems to be about it.

Everyone claims they know that I am a workhorse and have one of the best work rates and presence in the ring...but only few truly recognize that it exists. I have competed in every circuit that is known in the world as the places to go to be a professional wrestler. I wrestled in the United States, Mexico, Canada, England, Italy, and Japan. I have been in almost every employable position in this business from the top floor of the corporate office to the lowly ring crew. But there is one thing that I can truly say that I have never done in this business that has eaten me to my very core this day...

Graham lets out a brief sigh.

Graham: I have never truly 'made it' in this business. I have faced some of the biggest names in the world, pushed them to their limit to win, loss, or draw. Every time this has happened, though, my stock has never gone up. I have been stagnant, and I'm honestly tired of it. I want to be more than just a highlight opponent for someone. I want to be a guy who people look at and have to go clean themselves up before facing me for the simple fact they just had an accident in their pants. A friend of mine has done just that, however; and I'm not going to sit back and let him or anyone else just do that without me taking the fight to them and taking that spot.

Graham stops for a moment, his eyebrow raising for a moment. He points towards Jennifer lightly.

Graham: I am sure you know exactly who that is. He came to the UTA, making his return to the main stage of this sport and made a name for himself.

Jennifer seems puzzled at who Graham could be referring to, she shrugs and shakes her head in contradiction.

Graham: I'm sure you do, you just may not realize it yet. He didn't do anything special, just was himself. He refused to take 'No' for an answer, and didn't let anything stand in his way. Instead of doing things the way he was doing them, I kept trying to find a way to actually mimic his path and become what he is today. In turn, I ignored where I came from. But, I am not him. I have a distinct advantage over him, being that my health is comparatively better than his. I...

Graham is cut off mid-sentence by a voice from off screen.

???: Jesus, Wingate's gonna sign just about anybody these days, huh?

The camera veers off to the direction of the voice. Madman Szalinski, the UTA Champion himself, stands with his championship draped over his shoulder. Peach is with him, wagging her tail and scampering off towards Graham.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Graham kneels down and begins to pet Peach, who begins to push into Graham's hand. Graham looks up towards Madman after a brief moment of acknowledging everyone's favorite four-legged puppy, standing back up.

Graham: Well... Look what the puppy dragged in!

Madman walks up to Graham, appearing slightly uncomfortable. He breaks the awkward silence that has been present

for a few seconds by speaking.

Madman: So it wasn't just dirt sheet fuzz... Graham appears to be just as uncomfortable.

Graham: Yeah... You could say that... Good to see you're not comatose anymore.

Madman and Graham both let out a chuckle, a slightly nerve-wrecked tone being audible between the two. Both kinda look at each other, then around the area slightly. Madman then looks at Graham, and the awkward exchange becomes quite straight forward.

Madman: ...so, why ARE you here?

Graham looks right at Madman, responding much more confidently.

Graham: You ever watch Game of Thrones, Madman?

Madman appears completely confused by this question, cocking his head slightly.

Madman: No, I don't think I own the DVD collection. Help me out here.

Graham: Simply put...

Graham extends a finger, and pokes at the UTA Championship twice before leaving his finger pressed on it.

Graham: You're on my throne.

Madman then looks down at Graham's finger, then knocking his hand away.

Madman: Oh, that's how it is?

Madman appears to be ready for a fight, Peach stepping away slightly.

Peach: Grrrr...

Graham: Don't get it twisted, Madman; you're just the one on it right now. I could care less if it's you, Sean Jackson, Perfection, that Ace Hood wanna-be Apollo Cain, or that walking overgrown Troll doll Spectre with that belt. I came here with one goal, and that's to be the guy on top. What I am here for is strictly business, man! I am going to do things the right way, but I'm going to make this crystal clear. I'm here to "make it"...just...like...you.

Graham simply backs away, leaving the camera focused on Madman's face. He simply stares back towards Graham as he walks away...

ALL HAIL THE KING OF COOL

The spotlights dim way down in the arena and the night seems to fall over the ring. Over the PA system, we hear a voice begins humming as an organ picks up.

Blackfront: Not again.

Ace: Did UTA already run out of money? The show is not even a third over!

Blackfront: I seriously doubt that's what is happening here.

Finally the screen begins to flicker a bit and we hear the voice of Kid Rock, singing his song "Devil Without a Cause" over the PA system.

#You knew that I was comin' cause you heard my name#

#But you don't know my game and never felt my pain#

The camera is focused on the jumbo screen as images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper fade across it quickly.

#Can't read my brain but you read my lips#

#And got scared when you heard that I was comin with hits#

The jumbo screen shows footage of Hopper nailing "The Powerload" on Lion Tamer and covering for the pinfall.

#Now don't even trip, be a man instead#

#Give thanks I'm alive when I should be dead#

Clip shows Hopper being shoved into a large freezer by Eric Stryker as William Craven looks on from afar.

#I'm in the red cause my mind's distortin#

#People claimin that they know me, but they only know a portion#

The big screen splits and shows two clips. On the right side the clip shows Hopper clamping an STF on Johnny Detson. On the left side, it shows Hopper nailing an "Icebreaker" on Alex Extreme.

#I'm gonna move mountains and touch the sun#

#Don't get scared now, you knew this day would come#

#So hold your bids, all bets are closed#

B O O M ! ! ! *

B O O M ! ! ! *

In the middle of the explosions, the screen goes black and the large words come up that say "TOO COOL".

B O O M ! ! ! *

B O O M ! ! ! *

Ace: I THOUGHT HE WAS RETIRED!!!

The smoke clears, the lights return to full brightness, and the music has changed. Now "TNT" by AC/DC is blaring over the loudspeakers and the crowd goes into a heated frenzy.

Blackfront: It was announced he signed with UTA and tonight he is HERE....LIVE!

CHORUS:

'Cause I'm

#T.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Jinsei Shakanuzi. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#N.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Robert Hearsch. Followed by a Black letter "N" filling the screen for a second.

#T.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on the SECW's Tommy Gilstrap. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#I'm dynamite #

Clip of Hopper's eight foot tall name molding exploding at the entrance way during a TV show. Fireworks are blazing all around.

#T.#

Hopper nailing a DDT on Gorilla in NeCW. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

#N.#

Quick clip of the final second of Hopper landing the Icebreaker on Scimitar in SECW. Followed by a Black letter "N" filling the screen for a second.

#T.#

Hopper swinging the aluminum bat right into Extreme's leg at November Nightmare '98. Followed by a Black letter "T" filling the screen for a second.

and I'll win the fight

Camera swings away from the screen at this point. Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T-shirt that says "Too Cool" on the front with an iceberg in its background and "Chris Hopper" on the back. He is carrying his leather jacket over his shoulder and he reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun. Hopper enters the ring and works the crowd from each turnbuckle, then he walks over and takes the microphone from the ring announcer. He motions for the music to cut off.

Hopper: What's up UTA gang!

The fans are going nuts, especially considering nobody knew this was going to happen. Hopper has a wide grin on his face as he listens to the crowd chanting his name.

Crowd: HOPPER!!! HOPPER!!! HOPPER!!!

Chris finally raises the microphone back to his mouth as one extremely loud female fan screeches "I LOVE YOU CHRIS!!!!" over everyone else's dying tones. Hopper chuckles a bit at that cat call.

Hopper: I love you too! Pause for another chuckle.

Hopper: I must admit that for the past couple of years, I have been content in retirement. I was content that I had done all I could do in the business after ACW shut down. But then I found out that I have a son...

Reaction from the crowd, especially swooning women going for the heartstrings.

Hopper: I didn't know he existed until a few months ago, but helping him recover from an injury and training him to follow his dream to be a wrestler...I found something I thought I had buried. I found the will....I found...

My passion.

He smiles before continuing.

Hopper: So it is no secret that a few weeks ago I signed a deal to return to the ring with UTA! Massive crowd pop...and the crowd begins a UTA chant!

Crowd: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Hopper lowers the microphone and chants with them for a few seconds and then raises it as it does down.

Hopper: Now many have asked why? WHY come back at age 39 and risk injury or catastrophe after all I have achieved? Why would I do such a thing?

Well the answer is actually very simple... A pause for effect.

Hopper: Because I love this sport. I love every aspect of it. I love competing, I love winning, I love the cheers of the fans and the rush I get when my music hits and I walk out here with you all.

I love this business with every fiber of my being and I cannot walk away with it being so strong in my veins.

I still desire to be the best, to face the best, to beat the best.... I want to test myself and that is why I chose UTA!

Another cheap face pop

Hopper: The contract was not a money issue...nor was it a position issue. I didn't ask for special favors, I'm just one of the guys here. I'm starting at the bottom just like any other new signing. I intend to prove that this old dog...

This Nineteen-year veteran...

This Nineteen-time World Champion...

Can still hang with the young bucks in the locker room. I'm going to give it my best shot and try to climb up the ladder and perhaps...if I am lucky and you all are behind me...I can finally get

number twenty! I can't do it without my Gang behind me...are you with me? The fans cheer loudly.

Hopper: Oh Yeah!

The fans give him a chant and Hopper finally motions for them to let him continue.

Hopper: I have been a lot of things in my career. I have been obnoxious. I have been the leader of groups that were both good and bad. I have been the epitome of all that is good about wrestling and the greatest example of all that is wrong with it....sometimes in the very same show! But one thing I have never been is a quitter.

I do not run from fights...

I do not cower away from a challenge...

A slight pause as the camera is right next to Chris as he stares directly into it.

Hopper: And that is exactly what you did, isn't it Chance? A sly smile.

Hopper: Let me explain the story to everyone so you are fairly represented in what happened... The camera view switches to a view of Hopper we would normally see during an in-ring.

Hopper: I love you all very much. My fans are what make me keep doing this, as you know. So I want to fill you in on what SHOULD have happened...

I was to come out here on the LAST edition of Wrestleshow and speak to you. I would have probably used many of the words I have used until this point, but it was to begin a feud between myself and Chance Von Crank. This was all to be kick started by the fact I came out and saved Shawn FX from the beating he was handing out at Wrestleshow 17.

I have no idea exactly how or why his part would have begun, but my debut night was when we were to start working against each other.

This was to lead to a match at Ring King between us....sounds good doesn't it? The crowd cheers because they wanted to see Hopper kill von Crank.

Hopper: But alas, when Chance found out that he was to pivot into a program with me...he began to whine and complain to anyone who would listen.

He created reasons for why he just didn't feel "artistically free" in UTA and ran away as fast as his inbred legs could carry him.

The fans begin chanting "COWARD!" over and over. Chris cracks a grin and nods as he hears them. Finally he holds

his hand up again.

Hopper: I couldn't agree more! I didn't freak out when they told me I would face a much younger wrestler...hell, almost every wrestler is younger than me back there these days.

I didn't whine...

I didn't make excuses...

I manned up and said I would give it my best and take on the challenge. Hopper smiles again.

Hopper: Since Chance decided to punk out and run...I'm left with something of a conundrum: I have no match with which to debut.

Hopper steps through the ropes and begins walking down the steps.

Hopper: So let me find out what you, the fans, think I should do for a debut match now that beating Von Crank into oblivion is off the table...

He walks over to a very attractive brunette.

Hopper: Hello there.

Brunette: Oh My God! I love you!!!

She grabs and hugs Chris as he chuckles. He finally gets her to let go.

Hopper: Thanks a lot. Who are you?

Brunette: My name is Cindy Henderson.

Hopper: Ok, Cindy....who should I face at Ring King in my debut?

She goes into deep thought and Chris's face looks worried that he asked her something too difficult.

Hopper: Time's a wasting, Cindy...

Cindy: I think you should challenge Madman for the Title! Crowd roars at the suggestion and the announcers go nuts.

Ace: Are they really going to allow Hopper to walk in and challenge the champ?

Blackfront: I think they'll give the fans what they want, and this might be it!

Hopper smiles as Cindy sits back down.

Hopper: I love the idea, but I haven't earned any UTA cred just yet. Even if they offered that match to me, I would refuse right now. Thanks for the suggestion.

Chris walks over to a young man, wearing a UTA shirt and having a beer in one hand. He looks at him and smiles.

Hopper: What about you? Who would you put me in against in my debut? The kid is overjoyed and almost screams his response.

Kid: It doesn't matter because you are the man!

Hopper's face is taken aback by such a statement. He nods to him appreciatively.

Hopper: I appreciate the sentiment, but that is possibly a stretch.

He begins to walk down the ringside crowd, but stops as if a light bulb suddenly went off.

Hopper: That's it! I've got it.

He quickly darts back up the steps and steps into the ring. Hopper: Ladies and gentlemen, at Ring King I will be

facing..... ANYBODY!

The crowd erupts.

Hopper: It is an open challenge. I do not care who accepts. I'm training hard and I'm up for any challenge that could be thrown my way. I may win or I may lose....but the fact is I will finally be back in this ring wrestling. I will be back doing what I love!

So....

He points to the entrance stage.

Hopper: At the Ring King pay-per-view, I will have a mystery opponent. I will leave it up to UTA to decide who it ought to be.

And on that night...I will stand victorious! Because I.....AM.....BACK!!!!

"TNT" blares out over the PA system as Hopper drops the microphone and the fans go nuts. Hopper exits the ring and begins slapping hands and greeting fans up the aisle.

Ace: He just sealed his fate!

Blackfront: He is the consummate professional! He just wants to compete and now he has given the fans something to look forward to. That is a true pro right there.

Ace: All I know is that he'll feel pretty stupid if he walks in there and gets destroyed by a young buck with a track record in UTA.

Blackfront: Time will tell, but I don't think he will get crushed. Too much veteran ability there.

Ace: Yes and father time catches up to everybody...Hopper is not immune from that. We move into commercial.

LOG HABBEN VERSUS TOBIAS DEVEREUX

As we return from commercial, Log Habben is already in the ring. Beside him is a cooler. He drinks a beer while waiting.

I keep, going to the river to pray The house lights dim slightly and the spotlights on the entrance ramp intensify.

Cause I need, something that can wash all the pain Kathryn Vermont Thomas steps out onto the stage, posed with her hands on her hips, she examines the crowd.

But at most, I'm sleeping all these demons away. She takes literally no mind to the reaction the crowd are giving her.

But your ghost, the ghost of you it keeps me awake As the beat kicks in, her eyes dart forward, her chin raised, she starts down the ramp. Treating the ramp like a high fashion catwalk, she stomps those boards with the same swag as the models at fashion week.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas, whom we have been seeing in recent weeks via video, will be the official tonight as Tobias Devereux takes on Log Habben. You have to wonder though how will she officiate tonight?

Ace: Who knows? You can see her and Tobias have a history, but how far back does it go? KVT reaches the ring and climbs the steps. She wipes her feet with the same respect her father did. She steps to the center of the apron and places one foot on the bottom rope and uses as

extra bounce as she jumps into the box splits and slides under the bottom rope. She gives a bend and snap to her feet, she poses for the hard cam for a moment then takes to her corner

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 of his trench and fedora sitting both in the corner. He stretches out a bit while he awaits the bell.

Blackfront: I'm unsure how this is going to go. For one, you have an inebriated Log Habben and on the other you have a special guest referee who we do not know her true intentions.

Tobias just looks at KVT who smiles and with a cutesy move waves at him. he snarls before looking over at Log who looks as if he can barely stand as he opens another beer.

Ace: A ring full of rejects.

Tobias points at KVT and we can see him mouth You better call this down the middle!

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux warning Kathryn Vermont Thomas. KVT calls for the bell.

Blackfront: This match is underway, although Log Habben is still just drinking.

Devereux throws his hand out toward Habben as if asking KVT why she has not had his beer removed from the ring.

Blackfront: Smart thinking by Tobias as he most certainly remembers Habben has a tendency to use beer cans against his opponents.

Ace: Thomas doesn't care. it's clear she isn't here to help Tobias in any way and he realizes that. Mad, Tobias charges Log Habben. He knocks the beer out of Log's hand. Surprised, log just stares at Tobias bewildered. Tobias bends down and lifts the cooler from the canvas. he holds it in Logs face and yells at him about being a drunk and an embarrassment.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux giving Log Habben a piece of his mind.

KVT moves over and tells Tobias to get rid of the cooler. he just looks at her and points to Log, trying to explain himself. Log stumbles forward, reaching for the cooler. However, Tobias quickly yanks it away. However, as he yanks, the bottom of the cooler swings up, hitting Log in the jaw, sending him stumbling back into the corner.

Kathryn just smiles.

Blackfront: Why is she smiling?

She turns and heads to the ropes, exiting the ring.

Ace: Where is she going?

Kathryn walks over and says something to the announcer. A moment later the bell sounds. Tobias' eyes grow wide as the announcer stands up.

Announcer: The winner of this match due to disqualification.... LOG... HAAABBBEEEEENNNN!!! Log collapses in the ring, drunk. Tobias throws the cooler down and jets to the ropes, leaning over them and yelling at Kathryn.

Blackfront: KVT just screwed Tobias Devereux!

Ace: And not in a good way!

She smiles at him before blowing a kiss. Tobias stomps around the ring yelling.

Blackfront: I can guarantee this isn't over by a long shot folks. Kathryn Vermont Thomas knew what she was doing when she came into the ring tonight.

Ace: At least she didn't have to worry about breaking a nail.

KVT smiles at Tobias before beginning to laugh and point. This only angers him more as he hits the top rope.

IN SEARCH OF THE SPECTRE PT 2

As Sean Jackson peers through the exit, and towards the back parking lot area, he is scanning the area for The Spectre. After not finding Spectre in the boiler room, he figured that a good possible location would be the parking lot. However, the idea is to catch The Spectre off guard, thus getting a clean beatdown on him, and ending any chances of The Spectre causing him any more heartaches.

Not seeing The Spectre, Sean slowly moves through the doorway and is almost clear of the frame itself before a hand touches him on the shoulder, causing the Mental Rapist to drop the metal pipe, the clanking noise echoing off of everything. As Sean spins around in fear, he draws back a fist and almost hits one of the ring workers.

Worker: Whoa, whoa. You aren't Jamie Sawyers.

Jackson: Of course I'm not Jamie Sawyers, sheesh dude, don't you know better than to go around, sneaking up on people.

Worker: Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

Jackson: (taking a deep breath, regaining his composure) You didn't. As the worker walks away, Sean hears him bragging to his friends.

Worker: Hey, I startled Sean Jackson. Sean rolls his eyes.

Jackson: No you didn't. Idiot.

Sean then turns around, kneels down, and then grabs the metal pipe. He wants to sneak up on Spectre, but realizes that it's nothing more than a pipe dream if Spectre happened to be standing in the area. However, he doesn't see any movement nor, does he hear any noises.

His confidence level rising, Sean begins to move forward towards the vehicles and production trucks. With pipe in hand, he begins to look around various obstacles that could be used for cover. After a few moments, he comes to the conclusion that Spectre isn't there.

Jackson: It's a good thing you aren't here Spectre. Because if you were, I'd take this pipe and I'd bash that purple head of yours bald. But since I'm not scheduled to wrestle five other people in a steel structure, I can see why The Spectre isn't here.

After giving up on the so called search, Sean goes to walk away.

Jackson: Hall of Famer? Not hardly. Spectre is nothing more than a coward and doesn't have the guts to show up here tonight.

The shot switches back to Ace and Blackfront.

MY TIME

Blackfront: Sean Jackson still looking for The Spectre after the la..

Before Jason Blackfront can finish his sentence, the lights dim and a pair of strobes aim towards the ring. The opening sequence to Seek and Destroy hits the PA system and the fans eruption a chorus of boos and some cheers.

From the back slowly walks out the figure of Claude Baptiste Ranier, the Internet Champion of the UTA.

Wearing a navy blue chalk stripe suit with a light blue shirt, opened two buttons at the collar, a band tying his hair back and a pair of purple tinted shades covering his eyes...the Canadian Star makes his way down towards the ring. The Internet Title proudly slung over his shoulder, Ranier looks focused, non of his usual gloating to the crowd as he walks purposefully own the aisle, eyes on the apron.

Reaching the Wrestleshow ring, Claude hoists himself up onto the apron and sips in over the middle rope, immediately marching over to the opposite corner to take a mic from ringside.

Taking off his Internet Championship and resting it on the turnbuckle, Ranier walls to the center of the ring, mic in hand and risen to his lips.

CBR: Cut my music...

The chorus still plays for a moment as the Canadian Star scowls at ringside.

CBR: I said cut my damned music!

The music comes to a halt and Ranier paces inside the ring.

CBR: This is MY ring, MY time, MY era!!

The fans boo at his comments, some in confusion over what he means.

CBR: I've been in this business for almost ten years. For almost a decade I've beaten the best, headlined Pay Per Views and put myself squarely in the sights of the best this business has ever had to offer.

Ranier stops pacing, looking out over the crowd.

CBR: Now I know we've never seen eye to eye, and for good reason. But night after night, have I not made you take notice?

Claude raises the mic into the air, as a low yes is chanted.

CBR: Week after week...are you not ENTERTAINED? He lifts the mic again to a loud YES from the crowd

CBR: Now, I know I've got a match against Will Haynes, and I mean no disrespect to William - you'll have my full attention later, trust me; but with Ring King on the horizon and the events of Saturday Night Victory fresh in everyone's mind, I had to get a few things off my chest.

Claude walks over to the corner where his Internet Title is hanging, and pats it.

CBR: One thing is for certain, CBR will be at Ring King. But...after last Wrestleshow, I will not be in the Main Event. Instead, either Yoshii, the man I beat for this and who has never pinned me, and Perfection, a man who thinks he can take the UTA by storm, will be. Since coming to the UTA I have sweat and bled for this business, I have out my body on the line and given you al my best every damned night!

A cheer escapes from the fans, as Ranier exudes passion.

CBR: When guys, so called main eventers, like Chance Von Crank, the Jokers Wild, Dr Emo and Abul Bin Hussain picked up their pay per wrestle paychecks and left you all disappointed when they left before they'd even really started...I was here night in, night out, playing it by the rules.

The fans cheer a little louder...Claude starts to pace again, getting riled up by his own words and the fans.

CBR: When so called superstars from other federations came in and took main event spots - you know who you are - I

smiled politely and nodded, taking my place at the back of the queue, going from one event to the next, beating everyone the machine threw in front of me

The fans are liking where this is going...there are sections on their feet and a small 'Thank you Claude' chant breaks out

CBR: And win after win, victory after victory, they had to notice - they had to give me shots! And he'll, I god damn took every one of them to win that!

Ranier points to the Internet Championship and nods at the crowd

CBR: And I don't give a damn who you are, what your background is, holding that title means you are...a champion. It means to me, respect. It means to me success. It means to me that apart from Madman Szalinski I am the very best this business had to offer! And then...Victory happened The crowd boos, off the back of an epic Saturday Night Victory show.

CBR: With Perfection and Sean Jackson coming together, another thing is clear...I'm going to have to wait for my shot even longer. I'm going to back of that queue again, to fight my way forward. Put me in the ring with Szalinski today, I'll beat him. Put me in the ring with Yoshii today, I'll beat him. Put me in the ring one on one with any man, woman, alien or freak this business has to offer...and I...will...beat them!

Ranier takes off his shades, throwing them into the crowd

CBR: I earn my paycheck, I've been relevant since day one. Love me or hate me, you ALL remember me and you ALL get your money's worth when every single damn show I turn up to perform. And now, I refuse to take a back seat again, I refuse to play second fiddle in the grand orchestra of the UTA. Perfection...Jackson...I see where this is going, I get where this ends. But take note, the Canadian Star is taking what's his...ill see you both and whoever else stands in my way to the top, at Ring King

With that, Ranier drops the mic, lifting his title into the air as Seek and Destroy hits the PA system. He exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp, the crowd unsure how to react! Ace: Wow. I wasn't expecting that Jason

Blackfront: I...I guess CBR took umbrage to Sean Jackson and Perfection's actions at Victory. Another twist on the journey to Ring King!

CONRAD TELLER VERSUS IM HATE

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 his mask 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 looking for a win over Conrad Teller tonight. Teller has been on the receiving end of a lot of praise in recent weeks. Hate looks to be the guy to put an end to that

Ace: Good. Praising Teller when he has yet to really prove himself is ridiculous.

He removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume. We pan to the top of the stage and the fans continue to go crazy. Suddenly, It's On by Tech Nine begins to play. Conrad Teller steps out from the back and raises his arms.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring fnow, from Riverhead, New York...

As Conrad begins down the ramp, he pulls off his white t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. Announcer: Standing at five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and forty-eight pounds... CONRAD... TELLLEEEERRRR...

Conrad continues to the ring.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller, the VCW Wildfire Champion, looking to continue pushing forward here in the UTA. A win over IM Hate will definitely help that.

Ace: Speaking of being the VCW Wildfire Champion.. why is Conrad still dealing with those bozos? Drop the title and focus on the UTA.

Conrad enters the ring, walking to his corner and saying a silent prayer to himself. Blackfront: We're about to get into this much anticipated match between the UTA vet and newcomer who by all means, is looking to shoot to the top and quick.

Conrad Teller and IM Hate stand ready as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller challenging Hate to the test of strength to start this match.

After Ian Michaels contemplates for a moment, both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other.

Blackfront: Hate struggles a bit but breaks to hold with a kick to Conrad Teller's mid section. Ace: Conrad Teller is just another flash in the pan and is going to be schooled by the vet here tonight, IM Hate.

Conrad Teller catches himself and charges IM Hate, who takes him down with a drop toe hold. Blackfront: Hate quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he must put Conrad Teller out for good, so he'll need to use anything he can.

Conrad Teller reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

Blackfront: Hate unwillingly releases Conrad Teller from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet. He quickly begins to stomp Teller.

Ace: Staying right on him. That's how you do it.

Conrad Teller uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as IM Hate waits, itching to attack. Once up, Conrad Teller turns to see IM Hate charge him.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller catches Ian Michaels in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly.

Teller quickly pulls Hate to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

Blackfront: Suplex! Conrad Teller holds on, pushes himself up with IM Hate still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds

tight.

Conrad Teller delivers a third belly to back suplex on IM Hate, this time releasing him as he falls back. The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller to his feet. He runs to the ropes, using them to come off with momentum. Teller jumps.. LEG DROP!

Ace: The leg drop is the hottest craze tonight, isn't it? How original.

Conrad Teller hits his mark. IM Hate holds his chest in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet. Blackfront: Conrad now pulls Hate up, grabs his arm. Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG SPLASH!

As Conrad Teller moves out of the way, IM Hate stumbles forward. Conrad Teller gets in a three point stance, then chops his knee, causing him to hit the mat.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller pulling out all the stops tonight as he is determined to make a name for himself in the UTA.

Conrad Teller pulls IM Hate to his feet again.

Blackfront: Another Irish whip to the corner. IM Hate shook the whole ring when he hit it. Conrad Teller sits him up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, IM Hate slams a right into his head.

Blackfront: IM Hate fighting back now with lefts and rights. Conrad Teller tries to hold on as Hate smashes him repeatedly.

Ace: I bet he never got a beating like this in the pen.

IM Hate grabs Conrad Teller's head in a lock, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

Blackfront: HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Conrad Teller is out cold! Ace: There's your new hero everybody. There's your hot stuff. Laid out. IM Hate gets to his feet and takes a moment before continuing.

Blackfront: Hate continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Conrad Teller. Where is he going now?

IM Hate exits the ring. He reaches in and pulls Conrad Teller towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Ian Michaels grabs Conrad Teller's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think IM Hate wants to seriously hurts Conrad Teller as he does it a second time.

Next he grabs both of Conrad Teller's legs and yanks the back, smashing his family jewels. Blackfront: Conrad Teller visibly in pain as IM Hate continues to afflict as much damage as he can.

Ace: He doesn't even care if he wins. That's what I like about IM Hate. He just wants to hurt people, then hurt them some more. If he keeps this up, Teller will have to limp away when he takes his ball and leaves like everyone else who comes in and thinks they are going to be the top dog right away.

IM Hate rolls back into the ring and pulls Conrad Teller to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees towards Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!

IM Hate rolls around on the mat holding his knees in pain. Conrad Teller pushes himself to his feet. He lifts IM Hate up, grabs his head and trunks, lifting him up, and bringing him down into a huge DDT.

Blackfront: Big time DDT!

The referee checks on IM Hate and begins counting as Conrad Teller stands, hands on hips, looking down at his

opponent.

Blackfront: A dangerous DDT right there, and it may have ended this match.

Ace: Get up Ian!

At about 6, IM Hate moves. By 8 he is almost up.

Blackfront: Hate makes it to his feet. The referee checks him and he nods that he is ok to continue. Conrad Teller does not look happy.

Ace: Yea he isn't happy, because now Hate's going to be even more angry when he continues to beat him.

The circle each other before locking up.

Blackfront: Aggressive lock up. Conrad Teller quickly head butts IM Hate to break the lock. As IM Hate grabs his head in pain, Conrad Teller takes him down with a drop toe hold, quickly moving into position for a chin lock.

Blackfront: Cross Face, Conrad Teller locking in a move used on him earlier. IM Hate is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of IM Hate before grabbing his head and lifting him up.

Conrad Teller whips IM Hate into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He follows up with a running elbow smash.

As Conrad Teller moves away, IM Hate falls face forward to the canvas, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to his feet.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller pushes IM Hate back, and with force whips him acro... No, reversal by IM Hate. Conrad Teller is sent across the ring, into the opposite corner

Ace: hate always on his game and it shows there as he reversed that whip.

IM Hate follows up with a running splash. As he pulls away, he grabs the top rope for leverage and stomps away at Conrad Teller, until he slumps down.

Blackfront: IM Hate's momentum is halted early as Conrad Teller grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spinebuster.

The crowd gets loud as Conrad Teller makes his way to his feet.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller turns IM Hate over, face down and grabs a leg. He lifts it up and forces IM Hate's knee right into the canvas hard.

IM Hate grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

Blackfront: Teller up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of IM Hate.

Ace: Oh come on!

Conrad Teller bounces off of IM Hate's knees and flops on the mat, holding his midsection. We get a recap of the failed frog splash.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller rolls out to the floor to catch his breath. IM Hate up. He runs, SUICIDE DIVE!

Ace: DID YOU SEE THAT JASON! My man Hate can fly like Superman!

IM Hate flies through the ropes and hits his target. As they hit the floor, both men hit hard.

Blackfront: Neither man is moving.

A few moments later the referee begins his count.

Blackfront: I believe they could be seriously hurt, lets take a look at that suicide dive again. We get a replay of IM Hate flying though. Both men get up at the last possible second.

Blackfront: The begin exchanging lefts and rights outside the ring.

IM Hate grabs Conrad Teller's head and slams it into the side of the ring before rolling him in. Blackfront: He follows Teller into the ring. Hate on his feet, pulling Conrad Teller up with him. IM Hate chops Conrad Teller's chest, before whipping him across the return.

Blackfront: As Conrad Teller returns, IM Hate lifts. Back body drop!

Ace: As much as I love seeing Conrad be put in his place, Ian Michaels needs to end this. Conrad Teller grabs his back and yells in pain, but a few moments later turns over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller is up again. Both men staring each other down. So far this match has been pure excitement folks. IM Hate and Conrad Teller lock up yet again.

IM Hate takes the lead, as he breaks the lock and whips Conrad Teller into the ropes. Blackfront: On the return, Conrad Teller attempts a clothesline, but IM Hate ducks. Both men quickly turn around.

Blackfront: Kick to the midsection of IM Hate. Conrad Teller follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest.

Conrad Teller grabs IM Hate, going for a belly to belly suplex.

Blackfront: Reversal by IM Hate with the suplex.

Ace: I tell you. Ian Michaels hate can turn any situation into a good one for himself!

As Conrad Teller hits the mat, IM Hate gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

Blackfront: IM Hate showing why he is known as one of the toughest men in the UTA today. On the way up, Conrad Teller pushes IM Hate back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

Blackfront: Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked IM Hate silly. Conrad Teller picks a leg of IM Hate up, stretches it the thrust it down.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller trying to hyper extend the knee of IM Hate.

He stomps his opponent's knee a few times before lifting both of his legs up and stepping in.

Blackfront: It appears that Conrad Teller is going for a figure four leg lock.

Ace: Look how sloppy it is. Hey Teller.. you're a fighter not a wrestler. leave that to the pros! As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, IM Hate yells in pain. Blackfront: Hate now trying to get his bearings.

IM Hate struggles a little before overpowering Conrad Teller enough to reverse the hold.

Blackfront: Inverted figure four by IM Hate!

Ace: Take him to school Ian!

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

Blackfront: Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet.

IM Hate boots Conrad Teller in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Conrad Teller stumbles around, IM Hate

mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Conrad Teller turns to see him leap.

Blackfront: Hate grabs Conrad Teller's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!

Conrad Teller is out on the mat, as IM Hate holds his back from an improper landing. The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

Blackfront: Both men in a world of pain, as they have pushed each other tonight. IM Hate finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

Blackfront: Hate is the first up, however, he is showing signs that he may have hurt his back. He bends over, grabbing Conrad Teller's head, and pulls him to his feet.

Blackfront: Big chop by IM Hate that leaves Conrad Teller's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. IM Hate follows up with a huge splash.

As IM Hate moves away, Conrad Teller falls face first to the mat. IM Hate mounts Conrad Teller, placing his hands under Conrad Teller's chin and locking his fingers.

Blackfront: Both men have locked in multiple chin locks, hoping to just cause enough pain their opponent will stay down as the referee counts.

Conrad Teller struggles, somehow getting IM Hate's fingers loose enough to bite them. IM Hate screams in pain.

Blackfront: That's the animal coming out of Conrad Teller. Doing anything he can to win this match.

Ace: Oh, look... your beloved fan favorite using a tactic like that.

Conrad Teller grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself to his feet. IM Hate gets up himself, still holding his fingers.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller swings at IM Hate who ducks, he grabs Teller from behind and lifts. Hate falls back, landing Conrad on the back of his neck!

IM Hate rolls out of the ring, reaching in and pulling Conrad Teller out with him.

Blackfront: A couple big rights to keep Conrad Teller subdued.

IM Hate grabs the back of Conrad Teller's head and introduced him to the barrier.

Blackfront: IM Hate is in full control!

Hate gives Conrad Teller a few big fist, causing him to stumble up the ramp.

Blackfront: This could go anywhere! But if IM Hate wants to win, he needs to get Conrad Teller back into that ring before the referee counts them out.

IM Hate swings at Conrad Teller, who ducks and lifts him up.

Blackfront: Atomic Drop outta nowhere!

Ace: No! That'll put down the biggest of the big!

IM Hate goes down, as does Conrad Teller who seems to be totally drained now.

Blackfront: Last moment effort by Conrad Teller, but it just wasn't enough as IM Hate is already getting back to his feet.

Ace: Ha! He's a machine!

IM Hate stomps away at Conrad Teller before pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Hate whips Teller towards the ring.

As he gets to the ring, he hits the side of it. Hate quickly runs down, rolls Conrad Teller in and slides in right as the

referee brings his hand down for the tenth time.

Blackfront: Very close call for IM Hate! Both men getting to their feet. Boot to the gut by Conrad Teller!

Teller takes a few steps back, as Hate raises up, he shoots forward with a superkick.

Blackfront: LIGHTS OUT! LIGHTSOUT! Ace: NO! NO!

Blackfront: Conrad with the cover.

The fans count along with the referee as he hits three and the bell sounds. Blackfront: Big time win for Conrad Teller as we head toward Ring King! Ace: Ian Michaels was screwed!

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall..... CONRAD.... TELLERRRRRR!!!!!!

Teller gets to his feet and has his hand raised in victory. He looks down at IM Hate who is still out and nods to him almost in a way of respect for the hard fought match.

Blackfront: Can Conrad Teller's rise be stopped?

Ace: I can not wait until someone puts this guy where he belongs. Conrad continues to celebrate.

RESPECT

As we return from commercial, Apollo Cain is in the back near catering still fuming over his loss earlier in the evening. Into the scene walks Conrad Teller who has just won his match. He passes Apollo, not acknowledging him which seems to upset Cain even more. Turns to face Teller's back as he walks away.

Cain: Oh, that's how it's gonna be? Conrad stops, slowly turning around. Teller: How what's going to be?

Both men take a few steps toward each other.

Cain: You too good now or somthin'? You get out, you come to the UTA and suddenly get a push to the moon and you can't even show a brotha a sign of respect?

Teller: Respect? Look, I can't help it if stuff is going better for me then it is you. We both did our time. Maybe if you would have learned a little something while locked up, you could be enjoying life right now like I am.

Cain is taken back.

Cain: Learn somethin'? Man... I learned all I need to know.

Teller: Yea? What's that.

Cain: This...

Apollo comes forward with an elbow to the face of Conrad Teller before grabbing the back of his head, spinning around and throwing him over, crashing down onto the catering table. As the table breaks, food goes everywhere. Cain starts to stomp Teller violently.

Cain: Looks like I learned how to kick a punk like yours ass.

He pulls his foot back and kicks Teller in the face, knocking Conrad out. Apollo throws his hands up.

Cain: What now?! What now?! We fade back to the arena.

I OWE YOU ONE

The camera cuts to our announcers, Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace. They sit at ring side.

Blackfront: Tommy, coming up in a minute will be our next match... what the?

"Going Down" by Freddie King interrupts the announce team. La Flama Blanca steps out onto the top of the entrance

ramp. He is in his ring gear. He is wearing his black "El Apagon" T-shirt. The fans erupt.

Ace: Look who it is.

La Flama Blanca has started his way down to the ring.

Ace: La Flama Blanca got what was coming to him at Victory. He got crushed like a cockroach. Ace laughs and putting his hands out in front of him in a joking manner.

Blackfront: Are you a comedian now?

Ace: That was a good one Jason. Blanca walking to the ring. He took a beating at Victory. Blackfront: Blanca and Szalinski, had their match interrupted two separate times. Once by Perfection and then Sean Jackson... appeared out of nowhere after the lights in the building went out.

Ace: I loved every second of it Jason. Szalinski and The Luchador got a taste of some medicine. I know they didn't like it one bit.

Ace laughs. Jason doesn't think it's funny.

La Flama Blanca walks up the ring steps and walks through the middle rope. He takes a few steps and calls for a microphone. Ring Announcer Jonathan Franklin hands him his. Blanca walks to the middle of the ring. He looks like he's got something he wants to say.

Blackfront: The fans of the UTA and the UTA Universe wanted to see a proper ending to that match at Victory.

Ace: That ending was great! Definitely award winning stuff going on here in the UTA. Bunch of ungratefuls these fans!

La Flama Blanca: As I'm sure a lot of you have probably saw by now, my match with Madman Szalinski was... interrupted.

The fans boo. Black takes a few steps.

La Flama Blanca: Me and Madman is something that can be finished at a later time, but what can't is two men. Two men who have a problem with my friend and my friend, I have your back. The champion is a walking target, I'll watch his back until the very end.

The fans cheer. They begin to chant "MAD-MAN". La Flama Blanca gives them a minute to honor the champ.

Blackfront: Fans letting Madman know he hasn't been forgotten in his time away. Blanca gets back to business.

La Flama Blanca: James, I know I get flack when I talk about you. Some say I cross the line but guess what? I don't like you. You threw some dirt when I first arrived in the UTA and since then, I just haven't cared for you. I feel like you need to learn respect. I respect what you did in the past in other places but this is the UTA. It looks cool on a resume but this is the real deal.

The fans are showing the Cruiserweight some love. Blanca turns to his right looking out into the excited faces in the crowd.

La Flama Blanca: You seem to have an obsession with me and my matches. I knew you were going to get involved. Frankly, James, you continually piss me off. I will get my hands on you, it's going to happen. You, right now, are in, but I'm going to knock you out.

Blanca takes a second to gather himself. The fans pop. Blanca basques in the fans excitement. La Flama Blanca: Now Sean Jackson? Sean, I didn't have any beef with you until Victory went down. If it's a fight you want, I will be happy to give you one. I knew our paths would cross. Not quite how I imagined, to be honest. I owe you one, Sean.

Blanca puts up a fist.

La Flama Blanca: Perfection and Jackson? Jackson and Perfection? Two snake heads that will fight for food. Get serious.

The fans cheer. The cameras focus in on a La Flama Blanca fan sign, HE'S A #BEATNUT -->. La Flama Blanca: I can't wait to find out how this all got started. Is this a thing? Are you guys a thing? Two of the top bad mothers in this company... maybe the game today.

Blanca pauses. He steps back towards the center of the ring.

La Flama Blanca: Ring King is not far away. I don't know where I'm going to be the twenty fourth.

Ace: That's cause you stink!

Blackfront: Cool it, Tommy.

La Flama Blanca turns to face each side of the ring. Flama Blanca points to a fan wearing one of his masks. He gets back on the mic.

La Flama Blanca: Win or lose, it's much more than that. It's about standing up. Not letting the bad guy win. Have a blast and kick some ass...

The fans begin to cheer frantically. Blanca smiles.

La Flama Blanca: If I can say so myself, I got babies to kiss, checks to cash and asses to kick. I don't know what I'm going to do first tonight.

The fans are still popping.

La Flama Blanca: Perfection. Sean Jackson. Under the bright lights, I know you can hang. I won't make it easy for you. You can bet on it.

Flama Blanca drops the microphone as his music begins to blast from speakers surrounding the arena. He walks to the ropes to make his exit from the ring.

Ace: I think Blanca's buddy-buddy thing with Szalinski is going to get him just enough hurt for my liking.

We cut back to ringside to our play-by-play announce table.

Blackfront: We will see what happens here tonight. This is going to be another big WrestleShow. Still much more to come.

Ace: You can say that again Blackfront. Tonight, it will be the current Internet Champion, Claude Baptiste Ranier taking on Will "the Thrill" Haynes.

Blackfront: Then we have our Main Event... Yoshii head to head with Perfection. The winner faces Madman Szalinski at the Ring King Pay Per View. Got to love it Tommy.

Ace: Exciting as ever right now in the United Toughness Alliance.

Blackfront: Coming up next, a big match between Abdul Ahad and Dan Benson. The winner could face CBR at the Pay Per View.

ABDUL AHAD VERSUS DAN BENSON

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 first... 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.... BENSoooooooooNNNN!!!

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

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: One of these two men will go on to face CBR at Ring King for the Internet Championship. After several matches between the two, it comes down to this.

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Right away they explode with rights and lefts on each other.

They lunge in to a lock up, in which both men thrust their full power. Benson finally takes control, wrapping his arms around Ahad and throwing him over and to the side in a belly to belly variation. Blackfront: Abdul Blades goes down. Benson now floats over to a ground position, straddling Ahad, beginning to pound away at him. Abdul Ahad is doing the only thing he can, he is covering his head trying to lessen the blows.

Benson finishes and gets to his feet, pulling Abdul Ahad up with him. He holds his upper body close.

Blackfront: Benson with those vicious knee strikes to the stomach of Abdul Ahad.

He pulls back and comes forward with an elbow to the side of Ahad's head. Ahad grabs his head and stumbles a few steps back.

Blackfront: Benson dominating as he grabs Ahad's head and introduces it to the top turnbuckle. Abdul Ahad falls to the canvas. Benson leans down and lifts his legs up. He pulls up as he leans back then proceeds to twist, chunking Abdul Ahad across the ring.

Blackfront: Benson throwing Ahad around like a rag doll. Abdul Ahad doing the only thing he can right now, rolling out of the ring to the floor.

Abdul holds himself up on one knee using the apron, catching his breath. Benson has his target in site and runs at the ropes, leaping over the top. As he does, Ahad stands up and turns toward him.

Blackfront: Dan Benson leaps over the top rope! You never see Benson go airborne!

Ahad see's him in time. He moves enough to catch Benson and use his momentum to quickly turn it into a slam to the floor. Benson grabs his back in and neck in pain as Abdul Ahad falls back to one knee.

Blackfront: Abdul needs to capitalize on this.

Abdul pulls himself up with the apron. He runs over with a boot to the gut of Benson, who was attempting to push himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Denied by Ahad, He now grabs the back of Benson' head and lifts him to his feet. Ahad scoops Benson up, he lifts and drops. Right on the barrier.

Benson falls back to the floor, holding his stomach and chest.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad now with a knee into the head of Dan Benson here on the outside. Abdul assist Benson to his feet. Benson is unable to keep still as he is in a daze.

Blackfront: Ahad rolling Benson back into the ring before entering himself.

Abdul gets to his feet, pulling Benson up with him.

Blackfront: Big right by Abdul Ahad. Anoth.. No, Dan Benson blocks it. His own right now! The fans get into the back and forward by both men as they exchange punches.

Blackfront: Ahad swings, Benson moves sideways, grabs his arm and drops into an arm bar! Abdul screams as Benson wrenches arm. He begins to reach for the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad reaches with that free arm. He's close. There it is! Ahad able to grab the bottom rope!

Benson releases the arm back and gets to his feet. Abdul uses the ropes to pull himself up. Once up he turns to see Benson running at him. Ahad jumps forward, grabbing Benson. He lifts and slams with authority.

Blackfront: Spine buster!

Abdul Ahad covers Benson and counts with the referee. But to his disappointment, Benson is able to kick out at two.

Blackfront: Benson not out yet folks.

As Abdul stands, he pulls Benson with him. Benson pushes him back.

Blackfront: Ahad pushed back, drops to a knee by the force.

Dan Benson steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Abdul Ahad. Ahad goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY Dan Benson! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Ace: That'll make your ears ring.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Dan Benson makes his way over to Abdul Ahad and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Dan pulls Ahad to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear Headlock here by Dan Benson.

Dan wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Abdul Ahad as he releases the hold. Abdul falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Ace: That's more like it... quick punch there by Dan Benson, and from the looks of Abdul Ahad, a stiff one too.

Dan Benson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Dan!

Ace: He has to stay on him if he plans on winning this match.

Dan Benson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: And another!

Dan Benson then scrambles over to Abdul Ahad and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make

the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by Abdul Ahad.

Dan Benson gets to his feet and stomps Abdul Ahad several times before bringing him to his feet. Ahad rises with a punch to the face of Dan Benson, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Dan Benson then grabs Abdul Ahad by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip here by Dan--No! Reversal.

Dan Benson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Ahad, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by Dan Benson! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: I'm impressed.

Benson walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Abdul.

Blackfront: Dan Benson needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand. Meanwhile Abdul Ahad slowly gets to his feet and as Dan Benson turns around. Ahad charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with the offense now.

Ace: Was it worth gloating Dan?

The punches work Dan Benson into the corner, and Abdul Ahad switches to stomps, stomping Dan Benson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson caught in that corner now, Abdul Ahad stomping away at the gut.

Ace: Hassain using the power that Allah gave him.

Blackfront: Well... I guess. I'm not one to knock another man's religious beliefs.

Abdul Ahad then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Dan Benson. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad choking Dan Benson now!

Ace: That big boot of his is cutting off the airflow. Benson could pass out.

The referee counts in the corner causing Abdul Ahad to bring his foot down. Dan Benson falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Abdul Ahad's face warning him about the choke.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to advance. Ahad makes his way over to the fallen Dan Benson and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Abdul then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad trying to end this one now and head into Ring King to have a shot at the Internet Championship.

Abdul Ahad gets up stands over Dan Benson, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Ahad laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Dan's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad stomping the fingers of Dan Benson now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

Ace: It's a damn good way to establish his dominance in this match.

Dan Benson wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Benson tries to crawl again and again Abdul

Ahad raises up a boot and brings it down on Dan's digits.

Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of Dan Benson—Abdul Ahad is actually enjoying Dan's punishment.

Ace: This is every day life for Abdul, torturing Americans.

Blackfront: Now Tommy, is that called for?

Abdul Ahad laughs once more before grabbing Dan Benson around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Ahad grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Abdul Ahad... off goes Dan.

Benson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Abdul Ahad stands with an arm extended. Dan Benson collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Abdul Ahad!

Ace: He has full control of this match.

Abdul then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Dan over onto his stomach. He straddles Dan's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Dan Benson.

Ace: I don't know how Dan is going to get out of this one.

Ahad wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Dan's face, asking him if would like to submit. Dan Benson cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: Dan Benson in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: I'll give it to him, he just wont give up.

The crowd buzzes as Abdul Ahad keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Dan Benson in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with Benson, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Ace: Dan there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

Dan Benson reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Abdul's head grabbing his face and putting his fingers into Abdul's eyes.

Ace: He's trying to remove Abdul's eyes!

Dan Benson lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Abdul Ahad cries out as Dan digs into his eyes. Finally, Abdul lets go.nAbdul Ahad releases the hold and stands up, holding his eyes in pain.

Ace: He could be partially blinded now.

Abdul Ahad stomps his way over to Dan Benson, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Ahad stomps him in the small of the back and Dan Benson cries out, going limp.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad letting out a little aggression on Dan Benson now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Abdul Ahad stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Dan Benson lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Ahad tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Dan by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul brings Dan to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Ahad kicks Dan in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Dan's head to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Abdul Ahad after the kick to the gut!

Abdul Ahad then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking his leg and pulling Dan into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Blackfront: Pin now by Abdul Ahad after that DDT! NO!

Ace: That was a close one Jason, but he still couldn't put Dan Benson away who is giving him one hell of a fight while he can.

The crowd dies down as Abdul Ahad turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Dan Benson slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Dan trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Ahad makes his way over to Dan, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Abdul reaches him and Dan Benson rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by Dan Benson, right to the throat of Abdul Ahad. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Blackfront: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Ahad reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Dan Benson makes his way out of the corner and grabs Abdul by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad stuck in the corner now. . .

Ace: Its time for some retribution.

Dan Benson faces Abdul Ahad and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Benson then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Ahad.

Ace: Knife edge chop by Dan Benson! Did you hear that one?!

Blackfront: Ahad's chest is glowing.

Dan Benson leans back and chops Abdul Ahad once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Ace: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Nature Boy.

Dan Benson chops him a third and final time. Dan Benson steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Ahad.

Blackfront: What a kick by Dan Benson! My God what a shot!

Abdul Ahad stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Benson makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad is dead in the ring after that one—but what is Dan doing now?

Ace: Probably taking a risk he should know better than to do.

Benson turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. He perches there, waiting as Ahad slowly tries to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Dan Benson not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Abdul Ahad gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, Dan Benson jumps off the middle rope and catches Ahad in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks! Dan Benson can already sense the final round.

Ace: I stand corrected. Dan Benson with a hard hitting move there that may give him the win. Ahad rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. Benson gets to his feet and raises his arms.

Blackfront: That paid off big for Dan Benson who makes his way over to the fallen Abdul Ahad and brings him to his feet.

Ace: Benson could be going for a move he calls The Shocker, and if that's the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Blackfront: Yes, that patented cutter.

Dan Benson hooks Abdul Ahad by the head under the arm and then takes his arm and flips it over his head before grabbing Abdul Ahad by the tights and lifting him.

Blackfront: No, going for a larger suplex here instead, which may very well be even more devastating

Dan Benson lifts Abdul Ahad up and over into the air, but Abdul Ahad falls back down and lands on his feet. He then pushes Dan Benson who goes belly first into the ropes. As he comes back, Abdul Ahad hooks him around the waist and using his legs lifts him up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Blackfront: German suplex by Abdul Ahad!

Dan Benson lies on his side on the mat, grabbing his lower back. Ahad is a few feet away from him sitting up and looking dazed. The referee looks around and starts up the count.

Blackfront: Both men dazed here . . . it appears that German suplex was an act of desperation by Abdul Ahad. He's feeling the fatigue come upon him now

One. . . Dan Benson continues to hold his back, as Abdul Ahad looks around. Two. . . Ahad turns over onto his knees and crawls toward the ropes, grabbing the bottom rope. Three. . . Abdul grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, as Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet. Four. . . Abdul Ahad pulls himself to his feet and turns toward Dan Benson, who is now on his feet. Dan Benson quickly kicks Abdul Ahad in the gut causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with the kick to the gut of Abdul Ahad after struggling to get up.

Dan Benson then turns Abdul Ahad around and hooks him around the chin. Benson promptly falls forward to the mat, Ahad hitting the mat with him.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT by Dan Benson! This match has been back and forth, back and forth ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: I'm on the edge of my seat. It could be anyone's match.

Dan Benson falls on top of Abdul and stays there, the referee sliding to the mat for the count. Blackfront: We've got a pin now by Dan... to tired too hook the leg. . . one. . . two... kick out! Abdul Ahad kicks out of the near pin fall.

Ace: You can really get the feel that this is an important match for both of these men. Both exchanging blows, neither letting up, now this is a match Jason... this is a match!

Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet as the fan excitement dies down. Benson looks to the crowd almost in disgust and then lowers at the waist and raises Ahad up to the seated position.

Blackfront: Dan Benson getting creative here. . . Where's he going?

Dan takes off for the ropes Abdul Ahad is facing and he turns as he hits, the bounce sending him back toward Ahad.

Benson reaches Abdul and raises up a knee, connecting and making a sickening sound as Ahad falls backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: What a sound! What a sound ladies and gentlemen! Dan Benson just took Abdul Ahad out with a charged knee to the skull

Abdul Ahad lies on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily.

Ace: And Abdul Ahad is up the creek without a paddle! He's not moving!

Blackfront: How much longer can this go on?

Dan drops down and covers Abdul Ahad yet again.

Blackfront: Another pin attempt here.

Ace: There's no way Ahad can kick out after that vicious blow to the head. As the referee counts, Abdul does in fact kick out right before three.

Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Abdul Ahad found the strength to kick out.

Ace: Amazing Jason, just amazing. I thought for sure this was over! Dan Benson gets up and begins yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Benson just knew he had it.

Ace: Yelling at the referee isn't going to help the situation Dan.

He pushes the referee back and turns around. His eyes grow wide as Abdul Ahad comes up from a kneeling position with an arm extended, bringing it across Dan's already bothered throat, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Abdul Ahad now! And Dan is down!

Ace: That was out of nowhere! How did he find the strength?!

Abdul Ahad then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. The referee drops to the mat and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with the pin... we could have a winner here... kick out! Dan Benson kicks out!

Ace: Neither man can put the other out!

Abdul Ahad gets up on his knees and checks with the referee, who shakes his head and shows two fingers. Ahad snarls at the result and then gets to his feet, grabbing Dan Benson by the head and bringing him up as well.

Blackfront: Both me up now after yet another near pin fall.

Abdul Ahad keeps his left hand on Dan's head and reaches back with his right, bringing it forward, clocking Dan Benson in the jaw. The blow knocks Dan Benson back, and Dan returns with a right of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging hard rights now!

Ace: This is a main event caliber match here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy.

Abdul Ahad ups the pace, throwing two left jabs and gaining the upper hand. Ahad grabs Dan Benson by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson into the ropes now. Ahad off of the opposite ropes... Benson stops early.. kick to the gut.. he

turns and leaps... THE SHOCKER! THE SHOCKER!

Abdul Ahad flops up and back hitting the mat. Dan Benson quickly leaps into pinning position. The referee drops into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: DAN BENSON HAS DONE IT! DAN BENSON HAS DONE IT! He has not only ended Abdul Ahad's undefeated streak but he has officially become the number one contender for the Internet Championship!

Ace: Well look at that, Mr. High School Gym Wrestler has a shot to be somebody in the big leagues.

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of the match and NEWNumber One contender for the Internet Championship.... DAN.... BEEEEENNNSSSSOOOOONNN!!!!

Dan leaps up and down, his arms in the air.

Blackfront: Dan Benson, a ring veteran, came into the UTA never have being signed to a world wide promotion before. He has fought tooth and nail to prove he deserves to be here. Still undefeated in singles action he now will face CBR at Ring King and possible walk away with his first UTA gold.

RETRIBUTION

We return backstage with the camera focusing on the locker room door. As it swings open, Apollo Cain walks out, his bag over his shoulder and a scowl still on his face. As he begins down the corridor, suddenly Conrad Teller burst from off screen behind him. He runs at Cain with his fist up, and punches Apollo in the back of the head. Apollo falls to one knee, releasing his bag.

Conrad moves around to in front of him, holds Apollo's head and begins to bring knees up, smashing Cain in the face over and over. Finally, he lifts Cain to his feet, spins him around by his arm and sends him head first into the wall.

Apollo's body goes limp and he falls back, and down, hitting the floor. Conrad steps over him and looks down.

Teller: You want respect Apollo? Do you? He leans down closer.

Teller: Earn it. I'll see you at Ring King.

Conrad stands up, steps back from over Apollo and leaves the scene. The camera zooms in on Apollo Cain who is out cold.

WILL HAYNES VERSUS CBR

The arena goes dark as High Ball Stepper by Jack White comes over the PA. The song jams along as white smoke fills the entrance way. The piano solo starts leaving the crowd waiting, after it's finished and the song returns to it's rock roots out of the back steps Will 'The Thrill' Haynes.

Announcer: Making his way now, from Athens, Georgia... He stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty pounds...

The song continues to build and jam as Thrill makes his way down the ramp and to the ring.

Announcer: He is... WILL... THE THRILL... HAYNNNNEEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring. Blackfront: Will Haynes hoping to score a big win over the Internet Champion in this non title match.

Ace: He doesn't deserve to be in a match with someone as great as CBR, title or non title. Seek and Destroy by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the main video screen. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Montreal, Canada... Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

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

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

Blackfront: CBR's physique is amazing.

Ace: He has the body of a champion, and the belt to back it up. The bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: We're off, lock up by Will Haynes and CBR. CBR pushes forward and breaks the lock. The go at it again.

Blackfront: Lock up again, this time CBR pulls THRILL into a side headlock.

Haynes sells the hell out of the headlock as CBR applies pressure. He then wraps his arms around CBR's waist and lifts, falling back.

Blackfront: They hit the mat, and Haynes is able to use the ropes to pull himself up. He needs to make an offensive attack now if he plans on winning this match.

As CBR begins to get up, Haynes grabs his head and pulls him the rest of the way up. Blackfront: CBR whipped into the ropes. As he returns, Haynes lifts him up on his shoulders and falls back. Samoan drop!

Ace: Wouldn't that be a Canadian Drop Jason?

THRILL rolls out to the apron, and stands up. He then begins to climb the nearby turnbuckle from the outside.

Blackfront: Will Haynes goes up top. As he leaps he throws his arms out. THRILL connects with a headbutt!

Ace: That's no problem for him. It's not like that idiot has anything in there to hurt.

He immediately readjust himself and hooks the leg of CBR. The referee drops to count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two, CBR isn't out of this yet. As Haynes gets up, he pulls CBR up with him.

Blackfront: Half way up, CBR pushes Will Haynes back. Quick jab to the eyes. Ace: That's for everyone who has ever wanted to punch a punk kid like Haynes. Haynes grabs his eyes in pain, turning away from CBR.

Blackfront: CBR runs, BULL DOG! He plants Haynes's face into the mat after that eye jab. CBR gets on his knees, lifts Haynes's head and begins to slam it repeatedly into the mat.

Blackfront: CBR doesn't play by the rules as he uses pure aggressiveness and power to regain control in this match up.

Ace: He's the undefeated Internet Champion, he can make his OWN rules! CBR drops Haynes's head and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR rolls Haynes over and lifts his leg. Elbow drop to the inner thigh of THRILL. CBR gets up again, and lifts both legs this time.

Blackfront: Stomp to the inner thigh of THRILL, followed by another.

Ace: This is why CBR is champion Jason. He never stops.

He then grasp Haynes's legs tighter and leans back, falling to the mat.

Blackfront: Slingshot! Haynes slams into that turnbuckle!

As THRILL bounces off the corner post, he stumbles back and turns into a boot to his gut from CBR.

Blackfront: CBR jumps, lifting his knee into the face of Will Haynes. Haynes hits the mat as CBR runs and bounces off the ropes.

Blackfront: CBR leaps, leg drop across the chest of Will Haynes. It may be over for THRILL. CBR covers his opponent and waits for the referee to count.

Blackfront: Kick out by Will Haynes!

Ace: Someone test that hippie for drugs! How did he kick out?!

CBR slaps the mat and gets to his feet. He yanks Haynes up with him.

Blackfront: Irish whip by CBR, no, reversed. CBR off the ropes, spinning heel kick by THRILL! As CBR flies back to the mat, Haynes collapses to one knee.

Blackfront: THRILL still recovering from the damage done by CBR.

Ace: I hope it's permanent damage.

Haynes stands up, but falls to one knee again.

Blackfront: I think THRILL may have injured that knee. This can't be good for Will Haynes. CBR uses the ropes to get to his feet. He looks at Haynes, struggling to get up.

Blackfront: CBR takes this opportunity as he runs at Will Haynes. Shining Wizard... NO! Haynes grabs up under CBR's legs as he come sat him, lifts and falls backward.

Blackfront: THRILL able to counter! THRILL able to counter!

Ace: NO!

Haynes gets up. He shows a bit of uncomfortableness in his knee as he walks over and drops an elbow to CBR.

Blackfront: THRILL lifts CBR. Irish whip. He catches himself by the top rope!

CBR holds onto the top rope as Haynes runs at him with a clothesline that sends both of them over and crashing to the floor.

Blackfront: Both men hit the floor on the outside with momentum. That's got to hurt.

Ace: The outside of the ring tonight has seen more action than Will Haynes has his entire life. The referee leans over the top rope and begins his count.

Blackfront: On the outside, CBR trying to get to his feet.

Once up, CBR grabs Haynes and pulls him halfway up, before he hits CBR in the gut.

Blackfront: THRILL not out yet.

He slams CBR in the gut again before getting all the way to his feet.

Blackfront: THRILL with the whip, no, reversed. Will Haynes sent into the guard rail.

Ace: I hope he broke a rib.

He leans over the top of the barrier. CBR runs, leaps up and over him, bringing a leg down across the upper back of Will Haynes, and landing in the fan area, obviously wrong as he grabs his lower back and rolls in pain.

Blackfront: CBR took a chance that paid off but may have also backfired!

Ace: Oh no, Oh no, Oh no! Get up CBR!

Haynes rolls around in pain outside of the barrier as CBR pulls himself up from the fan area, and flops over to the floor beside Haynes.

Blackfront: CBR trying to get to his feet. He's hurt folks. CBR walks, slowly and in pain, toward the ring.

Blackfront: CBR rolling into the ring as the referee continues his count.

CBR uses the ropes to pull himself up as The THRILL begins to move on the outside. But it's too late as the referee hits ten and the bell begins to ring.

Blackfront: CBR is hurt folks, but able to get back into the ring in time to bat the count out. Announcer: The winner of this match as a result of count out... The Internet Champion... C... B... RRRRRR!!!!

Blackfront: CBR may have won, but at what price? He looks to have hurt his back. How will that effect his match at Ring King against Dan Benson?

Ace: CBR is indestructible. This is just a kink. He will go into Ring King and he will walk out, still... UTA Internet Champion.

PRODUCT PLACEMENT

OSV: No, I heard you, I just don't care.

The late-to-the-scene camera pans over the UTA's Head of Security, Bryan Wingate. Continuing past his rather large frame, shows the flippant man named Jack (it says so on his Two-Men and a

Truck name badge) with arms crossed. He stands a good half foot lower in stature, but ask his not-shaven-in-weeks beard if he cares.

Wingate: Get that out of here.

Uncrossing his arms, Jack just holds out his right hand, palm up.

Wingate: What are you waiting for?

Jack: You to pay me, obviously.

Building in frustration, a little color splashes across Bryan Wingate's face. The man paid to break up any fights backstage might be ready to start his own.

Wingate: Why would I pay you, you little sh--

Jack: Because I don't work for free. I got paid to haul this thing here and set it up. That's it. You want it gone? Then I suggest you pay me and Tim, or, do it yourself. But we had a bitch of a time getting that table through the halls.

As Wingate opens his mouth, the sound is cut and the camera moves back because some people read lips when they aren't supposed to. Zooming out, we finally glimpse what has started this entire altercation. First we see the stand alone door-frame and door. A sign that reads, knock, is hanging on the knob. Further forward in the frame as we zoom away from Wingate and his raised fist, a round table surrounded by three chairs. A cane leans against the table next to one. Atop the table a deck of cards and bottles of beer, yet the labels had been replaced with a plain white one. In sharpie, it reads, Your logo here.

And before we cut away, one last sign stood further in the foreground. Coming August 24th.

We go to commercial.

YOSHII VERSUS PERFECTION

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, the former Internet Champion and finalist in the Ring King tournament looking to secure the title of the two thousand and fourteen Ring King as well as get a guaranteed title shot at Ring King against Madman Szalinski.

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

Ace: As much as I am pulling for Perfection, how can you put down a nearly six hundred pound behemoth like Yoshii?

As Yoshii prepares in the ring his music fades. The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween.

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

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

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

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

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

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

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

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

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

Blackfront: Perfection at less than half the size of Yoshii, has done everything he can to get to this match including possibly signing a pact with Sean Jackson. Can you imagine if he wins tonight? After everything he's been through? We'll never hear the end of it.

Ace: And you shouldn't Jason. Perfection has been held down, unjustly, since day one! This is his time to take what is rightfully his.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go, the main event of the night. One of these men will be named Ring King and go on to face Madman Szalinski at the pay per view, and one man will not. I can say, the performance of both of these guys in the last two months, no matter who wins, they both have told a story like no other.

Ace: I've got to admit, whomever loses I still see getting a shot at the title in the near future. I'm with you Jason, that

these two have been the superstars of the last three months.

Blackfront: Perfection doing what he does best, mouthing off to Yoshii. He does realize the man is more than double his size right?

Ace: Look, when you're as good as Perfection, it doesn't matter.

Perfection pumps his chest out and steps in, standing toe to toe with the enormous Yoshii who just tilts his head to the side and looks at Perfection.

Blackfront: He does have a set of brass on him.

Outside of the ring, Jed Dye yells at Yoshii to get him. Perfection steps to the side and yells at jed Dye.

Blackfront: Perfection telling Jed Dye to keep out of this.

Ace: Not a big fan of Yoshii, but I love me some Jed Dye Jason. Oh man, I just had a thought. What if he dropped this loser and teamed up to manage Perfection and Sean Jackson?! Can you imagine that?!

Blackfront: I'd rather not.

Perfection moves back over, standing toe to toe with Yoshii again. The fans begin to roar. Blackfront: Perfection now back in Yoshii's face. This will pop off at any time!

Perfection gets louder, yelling at Yoshii. Finally, he hauls off and pushes Yoshii... who doesn't move. Perfection's eyes grow wide.

Blackfront: I think Perfection just realized Yoshii may just not be the man to try and push around. Yoshii takes a step toward perfection who puts his hands up in front of him shaking his head no while saying he is sorry. Every step forward that Yoshii takes, Perfection steps back, begging for forgiveness.

Blackfront: Yoshii not listening to Perfection beg. I love it!

Ace: He's just begging Yoshii not to make him hurt him, that's all!

Perfection continues to move back as the big man moves forward. Finally he hits the ropes, and quickly bends down and moves through the middle one causing the referee to get in between and ask Yoshii to back up.

Blackfront: Perfection momentarily halting an attack by Yoshii. Ace: He's a genius!

Yoshii stomps his foot but backs off. Ace: You big baby.

He turns away from Perfection and begins to head toward where Jed Dye is yelling for him to turn back around.

Ace: What an idiot!

Perfection sees his opportunity and strikes, quickly moving back into the ring. He runs and leaps up on Yoshii's back, throwing his arms around Yoshii's head and wrapping his legs around him as best as he can.

Blackfront: Perfection seized an opportunity and is now trying to apply a sleeper hold on Yoshii who seems to not be able to get him off of him.

Jed Dye grabs his hair and yanks it in distress, not able to comprehend how ignorant Yoshii is.

Blackfront: Yoshii trying to grab Perfection who is on his back, but unable to. Perfection continues to hold on as Yoshii swings his arms and stumbles around. Ace: I can't believe how glorious this is!

Yoshii stops struggling. He reaches back and grabs the legs of Perfection, who's eyes grow again.

Ace: Oh no.

Yoshii starts to run backwards toward the corner post, smashing Perfection back first into it. As he steps forward, perfection, who has released his hold, falls to the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii able to get free. Jed Dye is yelling for him to attack.

He turns around as Perfection uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up. A glazed look covers his face. it quickly turns into horrified as he sees Yoshii running toward him.

Blackfront: HE LEAPS! BIG SPLASH! Ace: No! Please be OK!

The fans go crazy as Yoshii steps back, and Perfection slides to a sitting position yet again. Blackfront: Yoshii runs... big kick to the chest of Perfection!

Perfection's chest looks as if it almost caved in, as every bit of air rushes out of his body and he goes limp.

Blackfront: Yoshii grabbing the leg of Perfection... he's dragging him away from the corner. We've seen this one before! I think it's almost over. We might have our Ring King here in just a few moments!

Ace: Get up. Oh please, get up! Where's Sean Jackson! Blackfront: Still looking for Spectre I'd assume.

Yoshii begins to climb the turnbuckle. Jed Dye runs like a bat out of hell around the ring, cheering his client on.

Blackfront: Yoshii is on the second rope.. we've seen this countless times. Perfection is out cold! We have our winner once he does it... There he goes!!!! Yoshii leaps backward!!! YOSHII BOMB! YOSHII BOMB!!! YOSHII BOMB!!!

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Yoshii lands on his mark with precision. If Perfection did not have cracked ribs before, he does now. The big man sits there on top of him as the referee drops. Jed Dye is jumping up and down in disbelief as the referee's hand raises. The fans are on their feet cheering on the man they all love. What a feeling of electricity in the building.

Blackfront: Your two thousand and fourteen Ring King is.... The referee's hand raises the third and final time....

Blackfront: YOSH-

Perfection throws is leg up and over the rope, barely making it in time. If only Yoshii would have landed a few inches further back.

Blackfront: NO!!!! Ace: YESSS!!!

Blackfront: No one can believe it! Yoshii can not believe it! Jed Dye can not believe it! I can not believe it!

Ace: Hell Jason, I don't think Perfection will be able to believe it.

The referee gets up quickly and yells for Yoshii to get up. In shock he begins to stand. Jed Dye looks as if his eyes are filling with tears. Yoshii walks toward the ropes where Jed Dye jumps to the apron yelling at him. On the canvas Perfection holds his chest in pain.

Blackfront: This one was over. Some how, some way.. Perfection saved himself. But at what cost?

Perfection rolls to the side of the ring and continues to hold his chest. The referee is now telling Jed Dye to get off of the apron. Perfection swings an arm up, grabbing the middle rope. Using only one arm he begins to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Perfection is hurt folks. He's hurt bad. Ace: But he's still in this!

Once up, Perfection takes a deep breath, wincing as it hurts to do so. Suddenly, he shakes his head and runs toward the group of people.

Blackfront: perfection runs... right hand to the side of Jed Dye's head! He didn't see it coming! Jed Dye twist and flies from the apron, hitting the floor hard. Yoshii yells and charges forward, but

accidentally slams into the referee along the way. he stops and looks down as the referee falls, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii takes out the referee! Ace: DISQUALIFY HIM!

Blackfront: It was an accident! Ace: Was it Jason? Was it?

Yoshii looks at the referee with such sorrow, then down at Jed Dye with even more concern. Perfection drops to his knees, and with his good arm brings it up, catching Yoshii between his legs. Yoshii's eyes grow big and he stumbles around and away from perfection, who drops and slides out fo the ring.

Blackfront: The referee is down and Yoshii suffers a low blow. This is the man you want as your Ring King Tommy?

Ace: YES!

Perfection steps over the barrier and threatens a fan to move. He grabs the fan's chair and heads back over the barrier.

Blackfront: Despicable.

Perfection slides back in the ring with the chair, and gets up. You can tell one arm is hurt bad as his face shows it lifting the chair. He swings, hitting Yoshii right across the back. The big man flies forward and down, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: I'm embarrassed for us right now. This is not right. Ace: But it works!

Perfection brings the chair down across Yoshii's back again, followed by another. He lays it on top of Yoshii's head and looks around.

Blackfront: Oh now,w hat is he going to do? Ace: YES! DO IT!

Perfection runs past Yoshii, hits the ropes, and on his return drops, sliding feet first into the chair leaned across Yoshii's head. The fans boo. Trash begins to fly.

Blackfront: I can't believe this.

The referee starts to move and Perfection quickly slides the chair out of the ring. He begins pushing Yoshii with all of his might, trying to turn him over.

Ace: PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!

Perfection lets out a loud yell as Yoshii begins to turn, finally falling on his back. Perfection quickly covers him, yelling at the now awake referee. The referee scoot sover and raises his hand.

Blackfront: Very slow count, but I think Yoshii is out. Ace: I know he is!

The referee raises his hand again, Perfection yells to hurry, but the referee is still hurt. Blackfront: Just one away from three!

The referee raises his hand one more time. The boos are incredible as it comes down and strikes for a third time.

Ace: HE'S DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

Blackfront: he did it alright.

The bell begins to sound and Perfection smiles. The referee, now on his feet, helps Perfection up, raising his hand.

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall... the two thousand and fourteen Ring King... and the man who will go on to face Madman Szalinski for the UTA Championship.... in a....

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Announcer:... sixty minute... IRON MAAAANNNN MAAAATTTCCCHHH.... Blackfront: WHAT?!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING?!

Perfection's eyes grow yet again as he can't believe what he just heard. Announcer: PERRRRFEEECCTTTIIIOONNNN!!!!!!

Blackfront: perfection can not believe what he just heard, and neither can I. We heard rumblings

of a stipulation already being chosen, but an Iron man match at Ring King?! Ace: After what he went through tonight? That's not fair!

Blackfront: No, using a chair on Yoshii is not fair!

Perfection's music cues up, and holding one arm against his body, his other raised, he knows the toughest match of his career is coming in two weeks as we go to commercial.

THE CONFRONTATION

Suddenly the lights go out and "Memphisto" by Depeche Mode begins to play. An eerie purple glow fills the arena, and the crowd goes nuts.

Ace: Is he here? Is Spectre actually here? I thought he turned tail and run after what he did to Sean.

Blackfront: What makes you say that?

Ace: Spectre knew that he crossed the line, AGAIN! So, it was in his best interest to not even show his freaky face here tonight.

Spectre steps out from behind the curtain, with Johnny the hyena in tow. Blackfront: Looks like he's here, Tommy.

Ace: Big mistake, no, a HUGE mistake by the nutcase, if you ask me. I'm sure right now wherever Sean is right now in the building, after hearing Spectre's music play, he is making a beeline to the ring as we speak.

Spectre walks up the steps with Johnny at his side. Spectre stands in the center of the ring and looks over at the timekeeper, who already knows what Spectre wants. The timekeeper approaches the ring apron with a microphone in hand. Spectre smiles, and nods his head at Johnny. Johnny runs over toward the timekeeper, who nearly shits his pants, and drops the microphone inside the ring. Johnny grabs the microphone in his jaws, and takes it over to Spectre. The crowd roars in approval as Spectre scans the crowd, a big smile on his face. He then turns toward the entrance ramp.

Spectre: Hey! Sean Jackson! Numb nuts! While you're digging around in the women's toilets and who knows what other ungodly places looking for me, why don't you look in the most OBVIOUS place I would be! I know you can hear me, in between your heart beating in your ears and that banshee Vanessa screaming at you. So get your ass down here and face ME... in the ring!!!

At that moment, "In The Air Tonight" begins to play before a loud booming voice begins screaming.

Jackson: Cut the music, cut the music NOW!!!

As soon as the music stops, Sean Jackson and Vanessa come from behind the curtain, with Marshall Owens following close behind.

Jackson: What in the hell do you think you're doing, Spectre? Get the hell out of my ring, because you know that your

best work is done either under the ring, or behind a camera.

Spectre: (interrupting) Just like your best work is in a brothel. Hehehehehehe...

Sean doesn't take too kindly to the interruption and stomps around for a few seconds before regaining his composure.

Jackson: Hey, you have no proof of that, Spectre. But we're talking about your fraudulent behavior since coming back to Wrestle UTA, which is the reason why you don't deserve to stand in that ring. So as far as I'm concerned, you need to gather up that flea bitten excuse for an animal and get the hell out of MY ring.

The crowd boos because they do not want Johnny the hyena, the TRUE most popular animal in the UTA, to leave the ring. Spectre looks at Johnny, and pats him on the head. He then looks at Sean, then at Vanessa, then back at Sean. He cracks a smile, and pulls out a ratty piece of folded paper, which bears a seal and signature on the bottom. He unfolds it, and points to a list of check marks on the paper.

Spectre: I'll have you know Johnny has had all his shots, and contrary to popular belief, I DO bathe him on a semi-regular basis.

Spectre smiles, and looks at Vanessa.

Spectre: When was the last time you bathed Vanessa? From the smell of things, looks like I might have to break out the Febreze again. Hehehehehehe.

Sean looks over at Vanessa who has indiscreetly raised her arm up and has given a quick sniff, before looking at him and shrugging.

Jackson: Hey, she's taken baths before. But that's beside the point. The fact of the matter is that you've been hiding from me all night long and now....

Sean looks and points towards the fans in between the entrance ramp and the ring. Jackson: Now they get to see their hero as the fraud that he is, and the liar that I've always known him to be. You have hid from me long enough, but I tell you what. I will give you the

opportunity to save face, to save what's left of your miserable career. All you have to do is tell these people that you're afraid of me, that you're sorry for costing me the UTA championship, and that you're going to leave this company....once and for all. If not, then I'll have to come down there and make you leave.

As Sean is speaking, he slowly begins to make his way towards the ring with Vanessa and Marshall following suit. Once at ringside, and very cautiously, Sean steps through the ropes, making sure to keep distance from The Spectre. Spectre slowly brings the microphone to his mouth. His tone and facial expression suddenly become very serious. He speaks in a calm, but obviously very annoyed manner.

Spectre: You actually think, that because you tell me to do something, that I am going to follow your orders? Who....who the hell do you think you are, Sean?

Sean: I'll tell you who I am, I am the Mental Rap-

Spectre: SHUT UP!! I know exactly who you are. In fact, you told, not only me, but basically the entire world not too long ago, that up until you met HER

Points to Vanessa

Spectre: You were a NOBODY! Hehehehehehe....

Spectre scratches his temple and paces around the ring, all the while looking at Sean.

Spectre: You know, it's a funny thing about perception, Sean. You, thinking you were a nobody, a worthless piece of

crap who wouldn't amount to anything in the wrestling business..

Sean: I didn't exactly say that.

Spectre: You didn't have to, Sean. Sometimes you say more by not saying something. Sometimes you say more by your actions, and the decisions you make. You know, it's a very curious thing, the roads we travel in our lifetime, the detours we face, and choose to go down those unknown roads, leading us to God knows where. But YOU.... YOU, didn't have to go down that one road you took. You **CHOSE** to wander off the main path on your own accord, take a risk by venturing into a territory you knew nothing about. That path... led you to Vanessa, and that changed everything for you. But it wasn't for the better, Sean. You see, you may **THINK** you are a **SOMEBODY** now, and you may think that you are this **BAD ASS** wrestler now because you have run roughshod over almost every person that Wingate has placed in front of you. But your arrogance and how you feel about yourself and the things you have done are misguided. It isn't because of **YOU** that you reached the top of the UTA mountain, and because you reached the top of the mountain back in 2013. It's because of **VANESSA** you got where you are right now.

And that's the sad thing with you, Sean, you had all the potential in the world. You had all the tools you needed to be successful. You didnt have to lower yourself by pulling that slut out from whatever rock you pulled her from.

Spectre pauses, and approaches Sean, getting very close to Sean. Spectre isn't angry, but speaks matter-of-factly and gets right to the point.

Spectre: You wanna know **WHY** I am always getting involved in your matches, costing you championships and title opportunities?

Again, Spectre looks at Vanessa, then looks Sean right in the eye.

Spectre: She's using you, Sean. I know you're blinded right now by her forked tongue and her.... "services"... but that woman is using you more than her little sex toy she has tucked away in the night stand. I see it, hell, the UTA fans can see it. But you just don't see it, or **REFUSE** to see it. As long as that woman is around, she is a detriment to you, and to the UTA. She doesn't care about you. Her sole purpose is to destroy everything in her path. She did it in **BACW**, and you can see that place went to shit, and now she is doing it here, in the UTA. She is like the Ebola virus, and must be eradicated from this place before she spreads her virus here as well and takes the entire organization down with her!! When the hell are you going to wake the hell up and see what her evil plot is **REALLY** all about?

Jackson: First off Spectre, you don't know what you're talking about. You stand there, all holier than thou like you know **ANYTHING** about what I've been through, like I owe these fans anything. The bottom line is when I was down and out, when I needed to catch a break....

Sean looks and points out at the fans of Wrestle UTA.

Jackson: Where were these so called fans? When I was laid up in a hospital bed in 2010, my knee all busted up by a piece of crap named Jason Jousma, where were those so called fans? Where was the **NWA**? Where was everyone that I should be caring about now? Oh that's right, they were nowhere to be seen. They were too caught up in their own little lives to be concerned about me....

Sean holds up his free index finger.

Jackson: Oh, and by the way. Since we're on the topic of **BACW** and the **NWA**. Where were they when one of the suits decided to call me up in October of 2012, to offer me a job to wrestle again? When the powers that be thought that it would be a great idea **NOT** to tell me that my first match back would be against a demon from Japan. Yes Spectre, why don't you regale us all with the tale of how good I had it, how everyone **OTHER** than Vanessa has my best interest at heart. Why don't you go ahead and lie some more to these good people on why you want me away from Vanessa....

Sean begins to pace, but all the while, looking for just the right angle, for the right moment to strike.

Jackson: It isn't because she's no good for me. No, it's because that the moment she entered my life, I no longer take the backseat to anyone. It's because I've won multiple championships, it's because I now command respect from everyone who steps in the ring with me. But most importantly Spectre, instead of being the piece of gum under your shoe, instead of being the nameless guy on some forgotten roster of World Class Championship Wrestling. I now have someone like you, inside of this very ring, a ring that made YOU into a Hall Of Famer, and the name of Sean Jackson rolls out of your mouth like it's a common household word. But not only THAT Spectre, it gives me the opportunity to do THIS....

Without warning, Sean lunges and strikes Spectre on the forehead with the microphone, causing both to fall to the canvas, thus starting a brawl between the two men.

Ace: Whoa, here we go! Sean and Spectre are finally going at it! Fists are flying, both men are rolling around the ring!

Spectre and Sean continue to fight. Spectre grabs Sean's head and begins bouncing it off the canvas repeatedly. Marshall Owens tries to intervene but Johnny the hyena runs right at Marshall, his fangs showing. Marshall vaults over the top rope and falls to the floor, trying to catch his breath. Johnny looks down at Marshall then heads to the opposite side of the ring.

Ace: What's Johnny doing?

Johnny suddenly runs full sprint and leaps over the top rope down on top of Marshall Owens. The crowd goes absolutely nuts over history in the making. The first ever animal "spot" involving an over-the-top rope jump. Johnny is all over Marshall, who is desperately trying to escape, flailing and flinging his arms and legs and screaming like a little girl.

Ace: Dear God! Get out of there, Marshall! Johnny may have parvo!

Marshall tries to crawl away on his hands and knees with a terrified look in his eyes, while Johnny is ripping Marshall's pants to shreds. Marshall gets to his feet and high-tails it up the ramp and to the back, with Johnny following closely behind. Inside the ring, The Spectre continues to pound away on Sean, when Vanessa approaches Spectre, grabbing him by the hair and driving her nails into his skull. Spectre scream out, and is brought to his feet. Vanessa screams at Spectre and slaps him in the face. Spectre suddenly becomes wild-eyed and has that sadistic smile on his face as he stares down Vanessa.

Blackfront: Big mistake by Vanessa.

Ace: She did what she had to do to protect her man, and give him a chance to recover from that drumming Spectre laid on him. Now there's something else she needs to do.

Blackfront: And what is that?

Ace: GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE!! Spectre has no discrimination when it comes to giving someone a beating. If a woman beats on him, he doesn't care. He doesn't see tits and ass, he just sees someone who needs an ass whipping!

Vanessa continues to scream at Spectre, all the while backpedaling towards the corner. Sean is in the opposite corner and continues to shake the cobwebs out but is using the ropes to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Spectre has Vanessa cornered. She has no where to go. This is his chance to finally rid who he believes is the real cancer in Sean Jackson's life.

Spectre grabs hold of Vanessa by her shoulders, and lifts her up, placing her on the top turnbuckle. Spectre steps through the ropes, and grabs Vanessa by the throat.

Ace: What's this freak going to do now?

Spectre gets that crazed look in his eye and points to the announcer's table. The crowd knows what's on Spectre's mind.

Ace: No way, he wouldn't. He couldn't!

Spectre looks at Vanessa and blows her a kiss. For the first time EVER, there appears to be a bit of fear in Vanessa's eyes. She shakes her head 'no' and desperately tries to get free from Spectre's clutches.

CROWD: DO IT!!! DO IT!! DO IT!!!

Ace: This crowd is sick!

Blackfont: Spectre lifts Vanessa up...!!!

Suddenly, Sean Jackson appears out of nowhere and lands a low kick to the back of Spectre's knee. Spectre crashes to the floor, dropping Vanessa in the process.

Ace: Thank God, for Sean.

Blackfont: Hard kick to the back of Spectre's knee. Spectre grabbing his knee.

Sean approaches Spectre, only for Spectre to grab Sean's trunks and toss him into the edge of the ring apron. Spectre slowly gets to his feet, allowing Sean to leap back on Spectre with a Lou Thesz press.

Blackfont: Sean now punching away at Spectre. No, Spectre rolling over and on top of Sean. These two men are beating the hell out of each other!

Ace: Where the hell are the officials? They need to get this under control.

About that time, the entire referee staff come running down to the ringside area to try and separate the two men. But their efforts fail as both Sean Jackson and Spectre punch the officials holding them back. The punch to the officials actually bring a nice cheer of approval from the crowd.

Ace: Welp, that will be a nice hefty fine, I'm sure!

The referees are unable to contain Sean and Spectre who are scraping and clawing, trying to get through the mass of officials between them. Spectre reaches Sean and lands a punch, before being pulled back. Sean escapes his group of officials, using the ring steps to leap over the officials holding Spectre and landing a nice forearm shot of his own.

Ace: ARGGGHH!!! These officials need to do their damn job! How hard can it be to separate these two men?

Bryan Wingate, Head of UTA Security, appears on the top of the entrance ramp, frantically motioning toward the back. This brings out every current wrestler on the UTA roster.

Ace: FINALLY, here comes the calvary!

Blackfont: Wingate has brought out the entire UTA roster to try and contain Spectre and Sean. But as much as these two men hate each other, I'm not sure if that is even enough! Spectre and Sean want to absolutely kill each other!!

All the "faces" go towards Spectre, and stand in front of him, trying to hold him back, while the "heels" do the same for Sean. The shouting and screaming between Sean and Spectre continues.

Sean: I'm going to destroy you Spectre!! DO YOU HEAR ME!!!

Spectre: Your days on this Earth are numbered, Sean! I will bury YOU... AND Vanessa! Blackfont: Well looks like these two have finally been separated.

Ace: It's about time. Any longer and they will destroy this place. Imagine if these two were allowed to go all over the arena, with no rules and no one to stop them! They'd absolutely destroy the place!

CROWD: LET THEM FIGHT!!! LET THEM FIGHT!!! LET THEM FIGHT!!!

Spectre pushes his way through the crowd of wrestlers, trying to get to Sean. Ace: Oh, no! HOLD HIM!! HOLD HIM!!

Spectre takes a wild swing with his forearm, landing a hard shot to the back of Perfection. Sean takes a couple of shots on his own, boxing Spectre's ears, causing blood to trickle from his left ear. The other wrestlers become more forceful and pull Sean and Spectre in completely opposite directions, drawing a chorus of boos from the crowd. Sean is pulled up the entrance ramp,

shouting and screaming obscenities, along with Vanessa, while Spectre remains surrounded by several members of the UTA roster. Spectre glares at Sean, breathing heavily and seething mad. Blackfront: This situation between Spectre and Sean has been brewing a long time. It has been more than a year since these two got into an altercation as heavy as this.

Ace: Yeah, the lie detector altercation was nothing compared to this, this powder keg. All I got to say is this. If there was any doubt whatsoever that these two men absolutely detest each other, all questions have been answered. Wingate needs to put these two in a match at the pay-per-view, and just let them go. And I don't mean in just that ring, or even a steel cage, because that won't contain these guys. I'm talking about no rules. Anywhere. Everywhere.

Blackfront: Something definitely needs to be done. If these men are kept apart for much longer, the repercussions could have long lasting detrimental effects for everyone in the UTA!

We zoom in on Spectre in the ring as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

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