

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #2

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** December 15, 2013

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

It's that time of the week, the time you get all sorts of excited. It's time for WrestleUTA streaming directly from WrestleUTA.com. No matter if you watch it on your computer, your smart phone, or your smart television device you wouldn't miss this for the world! Excitedly you press the 'play' button. Before the show begins we get a word from our sponsor.

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As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The WrestleUTA logo flashes across the screen and we are greeted with a shot of the jam packed Wachovia Center in Philadelphia. A small 'Previously Recorded' shows at the bottom left of the screen.

The camera pans across showing the stage which is set up with one large video screen and WrestleUTA banners hanging on each side. Our view fades into Jason Blackfront sitting in a booth positioned somewhere in the crowd. behind him several monitors show different shots such as the stag and ring area.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to WRESTLESHOW! I am Jason Blackfront and tonight we bring to you some exciting United Toughness Alliance action right here from the Wachovia Center in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The crowd is hot tonight.

We can hear Justin Timberlake's 'Sexy Back' playing in the background. Blackfront: It sounds like things are about to get started. Lets go back to ringside! The camera changes to the top of the stage.

'Sexyback' by Justin Timberlake continues to play. We have a display of large bright sparklers before Michael Byrd steps out.

Blackfront: Coming off of a loss to Al Envy on the last WRESTLESHOW, Michael Byrd could use a victory tonight as he takes on Goliath.

Michael slaps the hands of fans down the ramp, as he heads towards the squared circle. Once in the ring, his music fades and the lights go to normal.

Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor

Let the bodies hit the... FLOOOOOOORRRRR!!

Goliath steps out and raises his arms to the sky, yelling with the roar of the song before walking without emotion toward the ring.

Blackfront: After a forced disqualification by Brez on the previous WRESTLESHOW, Goliath is dead set on taking his anger out on someone. Tonight that person will be Michael Byrd.

The music fades and the bell sounds as the two men circle the ring. They step into a collar and elbow tie.

Blackfront: Goliath towers over Byrd, Michael may have his work cut out for him tonight.

The two of them struggle in the ring, trying to out power one another. Goliath finally gives up and throws a knee into the abs of his opponent.

Blackfront: Goliath has him doubled over. Hard club across the shoulders and Byrd looks like a chicken walking away from the scene of the assault.

With his elbows high back, Byrd stumbles towards the ropes. Goliath gives him no time, as he grabs Byrd by the long blond hair.

Blackfront: Goliath is thinking, 'NOT SO FAST!' He has Byrd against the ropes, and throws a nasty chop to the pectoral of Byrd.

Goliath sends Byrd into the ropes, on the return Goliath throws the arm for a stiff clothesline, Byrd ducks, off the ropes again and he levels Goliath with a flying forearm.

Blackfront: Both men are down, as the referee starts his count. 1..

2..

3..

4..

Blackfront: Goliath is starting to move, as Byrd rolls over to his back! 5..

6..

7..

Blackfront: Goliath gets to his feet as the count stops!

Goliath looks at his opponent, who does a kip-up shocking Goliath.

Blackfront: Byrd sprung to his feet, and he just takes Goliath down with a picture perfect dropkick to the chin.

Goliath rolls to and elbow as both men get to their feet again, and Goliath charges in.

Blackfront: Byrd with a Japanese armdrag on Goliath, and back to his feet... Goliath goes into a sitting position dazed.

Blackfront: Byrd just knocked Goliath's back out of alignment with a stiff kick to the spine!

Byrd covers Goliath hooking the legs.

Blackfront: 1...2...No, Goliath gets a shoulder up after what was a shocking upset in the making!

Byrd looks at the referee a bit disappointed. He grabs Goliath up by the hair as both men are to their feet. Byrd drives the front tip of the boot into Goliath's midsection.

Blackfront: Byrd has the head hooked, Goliath blocks a suplex attempt. Oh man, he snaps Byrd over with one of his own.

Both men lay on the canvas motionless, as Goliath takes a moment to catch his breath. Goliath rolls over and pushes himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Goliath now lifting Byrd to his feet. He scoops him up, powerslam!

Goliath lifts Michael's legs up and steps in, turning him as he does.

Blackfront: Boston Crab by Goliath! Can Michael Byrd hold on?

Byrd is squeezing his eyes, trying to drown out the pain. He reaches for the ropes, but is mere inches away from being able to grab a hold of it.

Blackfront: Goliath is trying to wear down Byrd, and also taking a few moments to catch his breath.

The fans start to cheer Byrd on, giving him the mental edge to extend and inch forward for the ropes.

Blackfront: Byrd is just a fingertip from the ropes, AND HE HAS IT!

The fans in the Wachovia Center goes nuts, as Goliath finally releases the hold after the referee's count hits four.

Blackfront: Goliath is taking the risk, but not trying the referee and his infamous five count!

Goliath picks up Byrd by the hair, and sets him against the ropes.

Blackfront: Knife edge chop by Goliath, and an Irish whip. On Byrd's return he kisses the boot of Goliath.

Blackfront: A nasty big boot by Goliath, that levels Byrd and almost required a dentist.

Goliath walks around the ring, taunting the crowd. As he calls for the end, and is met with an arena full of boos.

Blackfront: Goliath is not making any friends here in Philadelphia, but looks as if he is about to put the final nail in the coffin of Byrd!

Goliath picks up Byrd, stiff kick to the gut. He hooks the head and leg for a fishermen suplex. Byrd blocks and cradles up Goliath.

Blackfront: THREE THREE! Michael Byrd escapes with a victory. This has got to be one of the biggest upsets in UTA history!

Byrd rolls out the ring, as Goliath realizes he has just lost the match. As 'Sexy Back' starts to play again, the crowd in the Wachovia Center cheers with rejoice over Byrd's victory!

The first chord of "Never Gonna Change" by Drive-By Truckers hits and the arena stands to their feet with a mixed reaction.

As the first verse hits, Corbin steps out onto the ramp. After a short pause, he raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and slaps himself in the chest twice.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin making his UTA debut tonight against the also incoming Rodd Macc. This should be an exciting match up as we get a glimpse at the future of the

UTA.

Slowly, he walks down the entrance ramp, slapping hands with the occasional fan. Finally, after arriving at the steel stairs, he climbs up and wipes his wrestling boots off on the apron. He ducks underneath the top rope and into the ring.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin is ready.

Corbin stands in the middle of the ring, raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and slaps himself in the chest twice. Suddenly "Amerikas Most Wanted" begins to play.

Rodd Macc steps out and looks down the ramp as he walks toward the ring. Blackfront: Rodd Macc also making his UTA debut tonight. One half of the H-Town Hustlas tag team, looking to move into singles competition as he faces marcus Corbin tonight.

Macc steps into the ring as his music fades. He and Marcus Corbin meet in the middle of the ring as the referee holds them back until the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Macc challenges Corbin to the test of strength, and Corbin accepts. Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other.

Blackfront: Neither man can over power the other as Marcus Corbin breaks to hold with a kick to the H-Ton Hustla's

mid section. He follows it up by spitting in the Macc's face.

Rodd Macc wipes the spit and charges Corbin, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

Blackfront: Corbin quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he can control this match as long as Macc can't get a hold of him.

Rodd Macc reaches for the bottom rope, but is just out of reach, he struggles, then is able to gain the few centimeters needed to grab a hold and break the lock.

Blackfront: Corbin unwillingly releases Rodd Macc from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet. He quickly begins to stomp the Samoan, but is told to back off by the referee.

Rodd uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as Corbin waits, itching to attack. Once up, Macc turns to see Corbin charge him.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc catches Marcus Corbin in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly.

Rodd Macc quickly pulls Corbin to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

Blackfront: Suplex! Macc holds on, pushes himself up with Corbin still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight.

Rodd delivers a third belly to back suplex on Corbin, this time releasing him as he falls back. The crowd pops.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures Corbin up and leaps... Big head butt!

Macc hits his mark. Corbin holds his gut in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

Blackfront: Macc now pulls Corbin up, grabs his arm. Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG SPLASH!

As Rodd Macc moves out of the way, Corbin stumbles forward. Rodd gets in a three point stance, then chops the knee of Corbin, causing him to hit the mat.

Blackfront: Macc shows why when he played football, he was a force to be reckoned with.

Rodd turns Corbin over on his back, then climbs to the second rope. He jumps backwards, landing rump first onto Corbin's chest.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin gasp for air as Rodd Macc shows no signs of letting up. When you face Corbin, you can't, as he'll use any opportunity he can against you.

Macc pulls Corbin to his feet again.

Blackfront: Irish whip to the corner. Corbin shook the whole ring when he hit it.

Rodd sits Corbin up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, Corbin slams a big right into his head.

Blackfront: Corbin fighting back now with lefts and rights. This man is a natural brawler. Rodd Macc tries to hold on as Corbin smashes him repeatedly.

Corbin grabs Macc's head in a look, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

Blackfront: HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Rodd Macc is out cold!

Marcus Corbin slides out of the ring and limps over to the timekeepers table. A few seconds later, the timekeeper produces a cigarette and lighter. Corbin lights it up.

Blackfront: I think this building is no smoking Corbin!

He takes a couple drags before tossing it on the ground and stepping on it. As Macc begins to move, Corbin slides back into the ring.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Rodd Macc. Where is he going now?

Corbin exits the ring again. He reaches in and pulls Macc towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Corbin grabs Rodd Macc's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think Corbin wants to seriously hurt Rodd Macc as he does it a second time.

Next he grabs both of Macc's legs and yanks the back, smashing his family jewels.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc visibly in pain as Corbin continues to afflict as much damage as he can.

Corbin rolls back into the ring and pulls Macc to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees into the chest of his opponent. In one move he makes the pin and hooks the leg as the referee counts to three.

Blackfront: There you go fans, Corbin pulls off an impressive victory over Rodd Macc. I think he has a huge future here in the UTA.

Marcus Corbin looks into the camera and yells "I am the best."

#### WHY I AM THE MAIN EVENT

We head to the back where Al Envy is standing in front of a WrestleUTA banner. He smirks at the camera as it moves in near him.

Envy: I'm Al Envy... but you already knew that. Envy places his hands on his waist.

Envy: Tonight, for the second show in a row I'm going to be your main event. He laughs.

Envy: But, there's no stopping there and you better get used to it because every show I will be the reason you watch. There's no one better in the UTA, especially not Shawn FX. Al takes a breath.

Envy: Tonight there can only be one winner, and you're looking at him. When I'm done with Shawn FX, he's going to fizzle out of the UTA like his relationship does every time he hooks up with Miss USA.

He winks.

Envy: Hey USA, I know you're watching. I liked those pictures that were released on the internet. Why don't you get a little Envy in your life baby?

Al Envy shakes his head still smirking.

Envy: I hope you're ready Shawn for the beating of your life, and those pathetic excuses for fans?

He laughs again.

Envy: I hope you enjoy watching your 'hero' get broken in two.

We fade away.

As we return ringside Darian Dumont is the the ring warming up as Brez is walking toward the ring to an instrumental of "ET."

Blackfront: This should an interesting match as both men are the same height. However, Brez has a weight advantage over Darian Dumont. That and from what I understand Dumont has no actual wrestling abilities.

Brez enters the ring, snarling at Darian Dumont.

Blackfront: Of course his lack of skills didn't stop the former trapeze artist from disapproving of Brez's interference on the last WRESTLESHOW and subsequently setting up this match.

As the music fades DDD begins to yell at Brez for his actions on the last show. Brez just shrugs him off with a smug look. As the bell sounds Darian Dumont rushes Brez.

Blackfront: Dumont making the first move, rushing Brez.

Brez meets Dumont with a right to the face, knocking him back and to the mat. Blackfront: Wow, Brez with a straight shot right to the face of Darian Dumont. That hurt just seeing it.

Brez steps forward, leans down and grabs Dumont by the back of his head, lifting him halfway to his feet. Without hesitation, Brez brings a knee up smashing his face and putting him back on the mat.

Blackfront: This is brutal. I think Darian Dumont may have bit off a bit more than he can chew. Brez now grabbing Dumont by the head and lifting him up. What raw power Brez has.

He throws Dumont backward and into the turnbuckle, following up with rights and lefts to the gut.

Blackfront: Pure aggression by Brez.

He runs back to the middle of the ring, turns and jets towards Darian Dumont, leaping in the air and connecting with a splash. As Brez backs up, Dumont falls face first to the mat. Brez lets out a loud war cry.

Blackfront: Folks, this one is just about over.

Stan: Don't be so pessimistic Jason.

Blackfront: Hey! I'm being joined here in on commentary by our own Dirt Sheet correspondent Rumor Man Stan. Welcome Stan, how are you tonight?

Stan: Jason, I'm doing wonderful. I wanted to come out here and catch all of this exciting UTA action from the best seat in the house.

In the ring, Brez grabs one of Darian's legs and drags him to the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Brez going for the easy pin.

The referee drops and begins to count. Somehow though, Dumont is able to get a shoulder up at two. The crowd lets out a shocked scream.

Blackfront: Somehow Darian Dumont is able to kick out.

Stan: Well, it was more like a slight push out, but yes he stopped the count.

Blackfront: I don't think Brez liked that at all.

Brez hits the mat as he gets to his feet, pulling Darian Dumont up with him.

Blackfront: Brez now with an Irish whip, sending Dumont across the ring. On the return. Brez goes to clothesline Dumont, who ducks.

Blackfront: Darian leaps up to the second rope, it looks like... Dumont loses his balance and falls to the mat.

Blackfront: Eh... nevermind.

Stan: Valiant effort.

Brez rushes forward, leaps up, and comes down with a knee. However, Darian Dumont sees him in time and rolls out

of the ring causing Brez to smash his knee into the mat. Blackfront: Dumont somehow able to escape a continuing assault from Brez who may now be seriously injured.

Stan: The knee is nothing to mess with and that ring may look soft, but trust me it is unforgiving.

Dumont pulls himself up on the apron. Brez slowly begins to get up. On the apron Dumont holds onto the stop rope.

Blackfront: Brez to his feet, what is Darian Dumont doing?

Stan: Getting ready to fall again?

Blackfront: I wouldn't count him out yet. He used to be a trapeze artist, and to do that you need a lot of balance and to be daring, much like his nickname.

Dumont uses the top rope to rocket himself up and over, but he is caught by Brez.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont just can't catch a break!

Brez uses his power to swing Darian Dumont up onto his shoulder. He runs forward to slam Dumont, who is able to hold onto Brez's neck and slide behind him, bringing him down with him.

Stan: I told you not to count him out!

Blackfront: I've got to say he has heart.

Dumont rolls over crawls to the ropes as Brez holds his neck. Blackfront: Using the ropes, Darian Dumont getting to his feet. Stan: Brez is getting up as well.

Blackfront: He has a wild look in his eyes.

Darian stumbles forward as Brez shoots forward, however as he gets closer to Dumont, the knee he fell on a bit ago causes him to drop.

Blackfront: Whoa! That knee catching up with Brez, he may have did more damage then we first expected.

Dumont looks to the left, then to the right getting a burst of energy from the crowd.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont has a look in his eyes.

Stan: I don't know if I like this.

Brez gets half way up. Dumont runs to the left of Brez who gets all the way up and turns toward Dumont. Darian jumps to the ropes.

Blackfront: Not again.

This time he lands on the second rope, grabs the top and uses them to launch himself into a backflip.

Stan: That circus stuff is coming in handy!

He hits his mark, landing on Brez sending him down. The referee drops.

Blackfront: He may have it!

Stan: I'd be amazed.

Brez kicks out at two.

Blackfront: Disheartening.

Dumont looks as if his spirit is broken. Both men begin to get to their feet. Out of nowhere though, Darian Dumont shoots up behind Brez, rolling him into a schoolboy. Blackfront: He saw an opportunity and he took it!

The referee hits the three and the bell begins to sound. Blackfront: Darian Dumont did it! Darian Dumont did it! Stan: I didn't see that coming...

Blackfront: Neither did Brez.

Brez gets to his knees and yells. Dumont quickly rolls out of the ring as Brez leaps to his feet. He favors his knee a bit but gets to the ropes and begins yelling at Darian Dumont who celebrates outside of the ring.

Blackfront: What an upset.

Stan: Talk about upset, look at Brez. I don't think this is over between these two.

Blackfront: Me either Stan, me either.

A-S-S

Shawn FX is standing by backstage with Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: Hey folks! I'm Jamie Sawyers and look at me... I've got a new job! Isn't this awesome? Tonight, I have with me "Mr. Unpredictable"... the "Working Man"... the "Game Changer"... the "Oil Filter Changer"...

jamie is interrupted.

FX: Yeah? I change my own oil filter. What's it to you? Meanwhile, Al Envy probably pays for that kind of shit. As a matter of fact, he's got a silver spoon so far up his ass he's actually starting to believe his own hype. Tonight, Al...

Shawn FX turns around and bends over. The camera pans down.

FX: We find out who's a bigger one of THESE! Shawn FX points at his ass.

FX: My reputation speaks for itself. Why pretend to be anything other than what I am? Whether the fans boo... whether the fan cheer... you're going to see THIS...

Shawn FX points at his ass again.

FX: You're going to kiss it. You're going to remember it. Meanwhile, AL-FREAD-O... I've got just one question for you... Can you pass the Grey Poupon you balloon headed son-of-a-bitch?

Shawn pauses for the crowd's reaction.

FX: If you haven't figured it out by now, tonight's MY night. We're in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... the City of Brotherly Love. You've pissed me off. You've tried to overlook me. You've tried to assume I can't beat you. You've let your ego bring you all the way out here to the North East to get your ass kicked, stomped, SPANKED, and best of all I get to be the one to do it to you! Al Envy...

Shawn FX slaps an ass cheek.

FX: YOU'RE gonna be my huckleberry all night long!

Shawn FX gets a crazy look in his eyes as he turns back around and stands straight, nice, and tall while pulling his wrestling trunks back up.

FX: You see Al Envy, I'm not one of these "babyfaces" who go around telling everyone what they want to hear kissing babies and hugging fat women. I'm a real man. This isn't the Second to None. This isn't that piece of shit company that'll steal your smile, steal your wallet, steal your ideas, steal your brand, buy everybody out, and do their damndest to make "sports entertainment" suck a bag of corporate dicks.

Shawn stops for a moments while the fans begin to chant: "220 SUCKS! 220 SUCKS!" FX: There are still a few PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS left in this world. I'm one of them. Al Envy? Can you go, I mean really GO in that ring or are you all about the glitz, the glamour, the pyro, the 10 minute ring entrance, the cookie cutter monologue read off

of que cards, and the over-filtered BULLSHIT?

Jamie Sawyers looks at the capacity crowd for a moment.

FX: All of these people paid to see not just a wrestling match but a FIGHT. They paid to see Al Envy and myself beat the ever living shit out of each other until someone can't continue any more. A hand has to be raised. That hand is going to be MINE. This is my comeback. This is my opportunity. These fans, more than anyone else, know who a LEGITIMATE professional wrestler is versus someone just wearing another pair of funny looking tights.

Shawn FX slaps his shoulder.

FX: Al Envy there is nothing about you that I envy. I RESPECT those who came before me however. Men like High Flyer, Kodiak Vic Creed, Krow, Keith Scott Zimmerman, and even... Graphic Violence.

Fans begin chanting: "fWo! fWo! fWo!" Shawn FX shakes his head.

FX: Yeah? fWo? That's what Philadelphia is known for? Well THIS is the United Toughness Alliance. All those names I just mentioned are all legends but WRESTLEUTA is going to carry on the tradition. UTA is going to offer the Best of the Best and as far as I'm concerned THE Champion of Champions.

Fans switch up their chant to: U-T-A U-T-A U-T-A

FX: That's what I thought. Fuck everyone else. Fuck fWO. Fuck whoever's champion in High Octane Wrestling too. Hey, DEFIANCE... are any of you assholes watching this? I bet you are! This Main Event match with Al Envy is just the new beginning and rebirth for me and for this company. I'm going to take this time on television, on the internet, on everybody's Iphone, Ipad, and I-dont-give-a-shit to call any and all "World Champions" out."

Shawn FX motions as if wearing a championship belt.

FX: It's only a matter of time. Al Envy please.... PLEASE bring out your best. I want to beat you at your best so when the UTA championship booking committee decides who's going to be competing for that big, shiny, sexy, just made for your's truly United TOUGHNESS Championship my name is the very first name that comes to mind.

Sawyers holds up the microphone while Shawn looks over and stares at him for a moment.

FX: Jamie Sawyers... is it? I have a few FACTS to share with you. Jamie gulps.

FX: Fact No.1 - I'm going to win tonight.

Jamie nods.

FX: Fact No.2 - Jamie Saywers.. you're dressed like a faggot. A bow tie? Seriously? Sawyers blushes.

FX: Fact No.3 - Al Envy gets on Craigslist to pick up guys/gals like sc00t Johnson. Jamie tries not to laugh.

FX: Fact No.4 - Philadelphia makes a KILLER Philly Cheese steak. (Cheap pop)

FX: And... Fact No.5 - Al Envy I roll into Philadelphia not envying you but feeling sorry for you because tonight... this ASS sits on your face!

Shawn FX as a tribute to Johnny Legend does a double thumb point to his ass and gets the fans to start chanting...

A !!!!!

S !!!!!

S !!!!!

FX: A-S-S!!!! A-S-S!!!! A-S-S!!!!

The fans continue to chant.

FX: Somebody put that shit on a t-shirt. It's time to KICK just that... "AAAAAAAASS!!!!!"

FX: I'm outta here like I stole something DADDY!

Stan: So I says to her, get on top honey.

Blackfront: Yeah?

Stan: Yeah, and even with no legs that bitch crawled on top of me and went to work.

Blackfront: Huh. . . what? Wait—what? We're on? Oh we're on! Welcome back everyone, to WRESTLESHOW, live from Philadelphia.

Stan: And if you think I called her after, you're wrong.

Blackfront: Shh Stan, we got work to do. . . Up next we've got Al Envy and Shawn FX, two men that are very familiar with one another here in the UTA. They have had a lot of intense words for each other as we just saw moments ago.

Stan: Shawn FX wants to win the title when it's introduced and I have to say Jason, he may have a shot.

The lights in The Wachovia Center go out. Suddenly strobe lights of multiple colors circle around the capacity crowd until they join together in one big circle on the entrance curtain.

Simple Man by Lynyrd Skynyrd begins to play.

Shawn FX comes out behind the curtain with a smile on his face and waving a towel over his head. He high fives the fans as he makes his way towards the ring.

Fans begin to chant "A-S-S! A-S-S!" He finds a young kid at ringside and gives the towel to the kid.

Shawn then walks up the ringside steps, and climbs into the ring through the ropes.

The lights go out as Dirty Angel plays. After about a minute Al Envy comes through the curtain. He stands there arrogantly and holds up one finger signaling he and he alone is number 1. He slowly walks arrogantly to the ring stopping every so often to speak to the fans. He gets onto the apron and climbs the turnbuckle. He holds his arm up and receives feedback from the crowd. He leaps down into the ring and holds his arms out antagonizing the crowd. He leans into the corner and waits for the match to begin.

Blackfront: Who have you got in this one, Stan?

Stan: I don't know, both men are quickly proving to be leaders here in the UTA.

The bell rings and immediately Shawn tries to tie up with Envy, but Envy is ready for it and kicks Shawn in the midsection.

Blackfront: Several kicks to the midsection here courtesy of Envy. You were right Stan, these two just shot right out of the gates!

Stan: Let the pain begin!

Shawn bends over and Envy hits him over the head once, twice, one more time, and Shawn drops to his knees. Envy then pulls Shawn to his feet by his knot and gets him in a standing headlock in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Envy testing Shawn here.

The referee checks in on Shawn, but Shawn shakes his head. Shawn punches Envy in the stomach, then again, then once more. He pushes Envy into the ropes and as he returns Envy runs straight into Shawn, knocking him over with a shoulder block.

Blackfront: Envy with the impressive shoulder block here. If Shawn wants to survive he's gonna have to use those

deadly kicks of his.

Stan: Yeah, hey, Shawn should be coming out to that song from Karate Kid.

Envy quickly runs off the ropes for momentum and goes for the elbow drop, but hits nothing but matt as Shawn rolls out of the way. Envy rises and Shawn kicks him in the back of the right leg, Envy staggers. Shawn then kicks Envy in the back of his right leg.

Stan: Has Shawn got an earpiece in? He's taking your advice perfectly.

Blackfront: I'm not saying. . .

Shawn flips Envy over and kicks him once stiff in the spine. Envy grimaces only to get a dropkick to the back of the head courtesy of FX. Shawn then scrambles to the matt and covers Envy.

Blackfront: We've got a pin, 1 . . . 2. . . No! Envy is too close to the ropes!

Stan: What a mistake there by Shawn, you've got to know where you are in the ring at all times, Jason.

Shawn lifts Envy to his feet, gives him a swift elbow to the back of the head, but Envy is unfazed and responds with a left haymaker. Shawn staggers and to finish him off Envy raises his boot and connects with Shawn's face. Shawn hits the mat grabbing his face.

Blackfront: Listen to this crowd Stan! They are chanting for Shawn FX.

Envy saunters over to Shawn, bringing him slowly to his feet by the knot at the back of his head. Envy hits Shawn with a left haymaker, the force of the blow bringing Shawn to the mat. Envy stomps Shawn in the back and then picks him up, wringing his right arm.

Blackfront: Submission here by Envy, showing he's not just a brawler.

Shawn reverses the hold, in doing so wringing Envy arm. Shawn then bends Envy at the waist and plStans his leg over Envy' right shoulder. With his other leg he spins and kicks Envy straight in the face. Envy falls and hits the mat.

Stan: That's a high impact offensive, Blackfront. I'd hate to get a Shawn FX kick to the face.

Shawn goes for the cover.

Blackfront: Shawn going for another pin here! Get on it ref! 1. . . 2. . . No kick out! Al Envy kicks out!

Both men get up, Envy taking refuge in the corner. Not wasting anytime, Shawn ascends upon him and promptly elbows Envy in the face.

Stan: Look out its raining elbows Blackfront!

Blackfront: Envy in trouble in the corner, taking every shot!

Shawn elbows Envy again, and again, three or four times before stepping back and dropkicking Envy right in the chest.

Blackfront: What's this, what's Shawn doing?

Shawn runs to the opposite corner, and then charges Envy, building up speed. With his momentum he runs and uses Envy's own knee to jump up and kick him in the face

Blackfront: Shinning Wizard! Shinning Wizard by Shawn FX!

Envy stumbles out of the corner as the crowd pops to the massive blow, and falls comically flat on his face. Shawn then covers Envy.

Blackfront: Yet another pin attempt by Shawn! 1. . . 2. . . No, kickout!

Envy starts to get to his feet, but Shawn applies a side headlock. Envy progress however is not stopped, and Envy reaches his feet, with Shawn still clinging to his head.

Blackfront: Envy pushes Shawn, Shawn is up against the ropes. Shawn returns, Envy with the big boot—no, Shawn ducks!

Shawn stops dead in his tracks. Envy turns around and charges, and Shawn catches him, flipping him over with a Japanese arm drag.

Blackfront: Arm drag by Shawn! But Shawn keeps his hold on Envy! He's wrenching his arm on the mat!

Stan: What? I thought Shawn FXdidn't have much of a ground game. Envy quickly gets out of it and lands a stiff right to Shawn's face.

Stan: Oh ok. He still doesn't.

Envy then grabs Shawn by the left arm and pulls him toward himself. He goes for the clothesline but Shawn ducks, and Envy turns around just in time to get a kick to the side of the head from Shawn.

Blackfront: Massive kick from Shawn! Look at those educated feet Stan!

Stan: That's Shawn's problem, his feet are smarter than his head.

Envy staggers backwards, inching closer to the ropes. Shawn charges Envy, drop kicking him out of the ring.

Blackfront: Envy goes flying out of the ring now.

Envy sprawls around on the floor trying to regain his feet as Shawn amps himself up for a dive outside of the ring. The fans come alive with anticipation.

Stan: High risk time. This kid don't know when to quit!

Blackfront: I sure love it though, don't you Stan?

Envy starts to get to his feet as Shawn turns in the opposite direction, runs and bounces off the ropes for extra momentum and upon returning dives right through the ropes with a suicide dive.

Blackfront: My God the suicide dive!

The momentum of the dive carries them into the announcers table nearby.

Stan: Well there's a reason they call it a suicide dive. I think Shawn just hurt himself more than he hurt Envy!

Shawn gets to his feet, selling the injury, and then picks up Envy and throws him into the ring. FX then climbs the ropes and dives off with a cross body.

Blackfront: We've got yet another pin after that cross body! 1. . . 2. . . kickout! Envy kicks out!

Envy gets to his feet, as Shawn does as well. Shawn goes for a kick to the kidneys but Envy blocks it and in desperation tosses Shawn out of the ring with one easy throw over the top rope.

Blackfront: Envy doesn't know Shawn didn't fall out of the ring! He doesn't see him standing there Stan!

Stan: Well, Envy is screwed.

Envy turns around to rest, not knowing that Shawn held onto the rope and is now standing on the apron. Envy turns around, just as Shawn jumps on the top rope and dives at Envy. But Envy reacts fast enough and puts his foot up and Shawn FX gets a face full of boot.

Stan: Or not. . .

Envy picks out Shawn and slams him to the mat with a fall away slam. Quickly Envy covers him.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Envy! 1. . . 2. . . Shawn kicks out!

Envy sits on his knees, his fStan red, his chest heaving as he gulps in large quantities of air. He pounds the mat in frustration as Shawn continues to writhe on the mat.

Stan: Al Envy is getting frustrated!

Envy picks up Shawn, hooks his arm over his head, slamming him to the mat with a suplex. He goes for the pin.

Blackfront: 1. . . 2. . . no! Shawn kicks out.

Stan: The fight in both these competitors is impressive Blackfront. They've given it their all in the past, putting their bodies on the line, and tonight is no different!

Shawn crawls to the corner but Envy already on his feet reaches him first and pulls him to his feet. Grabbing Shawn's arm he wrenches it backward, stretching out his shoulder and chest muscles. Al Envy wrenches the hold violently, pulling back with the remainder of his strength, causing Shawn to wince in pain.

Blackfront: The strength Stan, the strength! Envy looking like he's trying to rip Shawn FX's shoulder right out of its socket!

Stan: Listen for the pop. Do it Envy! Do it!

The ref checks on Shawn FX, saying something inaudible to him. Shawn can be seen emphatically shaking his head. In frustration Al Envy slams Shawn to the mat, turning the hold into a pin.

Blackfront: 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Shawn. Have they got anything left ladies and gentlemen?

Quickly Envy picks up Shawn and clotheslines him to the mat. He then bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow right onto the heart of Shawn. Shawn sells the elbow and Envy goes for the quick pin.

Blackfront: Another pin by Al Envy! Frustration setting in! 1. . . 2. . . no! Only a two count there.

Stan: Now way, this match is over, that was three ref! Three!

Shawn FX gets to the seated position, but his further progress toward standing is impeded by a stiff forearm to Shawn's back. Shawn quickly fights back, punching Envy in the abdomen, then once more. Envy doubles over by quickly throws a right to Shawn that rocks him back.

Blackfront: Stiff haymaker from Shawn, that one caught him by surprise!

Seizing the opportunity Envy picks up Shawn, stretching him on his back in a torture rack.

Blackfront: The dreaded Torture Rack!

Stan: That's pretty old school Jason You were probably only twenty six years old when that move was invented.

Blackfront: I'm not that old and you know it!

Envy wrenches Shawn on his back, the ref asking Shawn if he would like to submit. Shawn shakes his head and wriggles free. Sliding off of Envy back, Shawn lands on his feet and spins, kicking Envy straight in the stomach. Shawn bounces off the ropes and leaves his feet with a windmill kick. Envy catches Shawn's leg and slams him to the mat.

Blackfront: Pin by Envy! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Envy picks up Shawn and walks him over to the corner, where he slams FX's face first into the turnbuckle. Al then lifts Shawn, setting him on the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Well some high risk maneuver coming up folks. I don't know if this is the best of ideas.

Stan: And that is why you never made it as a wrestler, Blackfront.

Al Envy throws a right, the blow nearly knocking Shawn FX off the turnbuckle and out of the ring. Envy throws another right, and again Shawn nearly falls off the turnbuckle, bending back out of the ring.

Blackfront: Those blows are tremendous! Look out Shawn!

Envy then climbs the bottom rope, then the second, and hooks Shawns arm. He tries to lift Shawn for the superplex but Shawn holds on to the top rope. Shawn then punches Envy in the abdomen, causing him to lose his footing and land feet first on the mat.

Shawn hooks Envy head under his arm and spins around, drilling Envy headfirst into the mat.

Blackfront: Tornado DDT!

Stan: I really like that word. Tor-nay-doe.

Blackfront: Shawn FX scrambling for the pin, this could be it Stan, this could be it! 1. . .

2. . . NO! Envy kicks out of the tornado DDT!

As Al Envy starts to gather his thoughts and come to, a man hops over the guard rail and slides instantly into the ring.

Blackfront: Hey, security... Get this get this idiot who just jumped the railing!

Stan: Jason, look who it is! It's Marcus Corbin! What's he doing here?

As Envy uses the ropes to prop up himself, Marcus watches both men. Shawn stands in the center of the ring, his arms in the air as if to say 'what the fuck?'

Blackfront: What's going on Stan? Shawn has no idea either?

The referee tries to get Corbin to leave the ring but he refuses, shoving the referee and causing him to fall.

The bell starts to ring emphatically, the referee throwing his arms up in disgust.

Stan: HOLY FUCK!

Blackfront: What? What the hell is going on here?!

Stan: The referee is calling the match, we have no winner!!

Blackfront: What is goig on in Marcus Corbin's mind?

Shawn FX grabs marcu's Corbin and turns him around yelling at him only to get a short arm clothesline in return.

Blackfront: Crack of Thunder by Marcus Corbin!

Al Envy rushes over and shoves Corbin, now yelling as well.

Blackfront: These men are unhappy. They wanted to prove who was the better man and Marcus Corbin interferred with that.

Marcus Corbin boots Al Envy in the gut, edges forward lifting him by the waste. As he turns around he slams Envy into the mat.

Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER! Stan: I can't believe what i just saw. Blackfront: Me either Stan!

Marcus Corbin's music begins to play as he moves into close to the camera mouthing that he deserves to be in the main event and that there is no one in the UTA better.

Blackfront: How will this unfold?

Stan: I don't know Jason but I can tell you Marcus Corbin now has to deal with both a pissed off Al Envy and Shawn FX.

Corbin raises his arms as the camera pans out.

Blackfront: We're out of time tonight folks. We will see you again in two weeks as we try and figure out what the hell is going on. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me Rumor Man Stan signing off from Philadelphia.

The copyright logo comes across the screen as it fades to black and the stream ends.

## Show Credits

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