

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #20

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

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

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on High Octane Television. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Dallas, Texas at the American Airlines Center, and boy is it loud in here.

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy. This is the official pre show lead in for tonight's huge pay per view, Ring King!

Ace: If you have not ordered the show yet, you need to do that now. For the low price of thirty- nine ninety-five, you will be able to experience history as the United Toughness Alliance returns to Pay Per View.

Blackfront: What a night we have in store too! Chris Hopper will go one on one with La Flama Blanca tonight, a man that the fans chose to face Hopper.

Ace: We put the power in your hands, and tonight you will get to see the two men you wanted to see face each other. Who else does that?

Blackfront: Then, in that steel cage hanging high above the ring here in Dallas, the two former convicts - Conrad Teller and Apollo Cain - will face each other.

Ace: Someone may get hurt.

Blackfront: For our first title match of the night, CBR defends his championship and undefeated singles streak against Dan Benson.

Ace: Mr. Independents is getting a shot at a title. How cute.

Blackfront: Afterwards, for the first time in over eight years... Hall of Fame member, The Spectre returns to an UTA ring facing former UTA Champion, Sean Jackson.

Ace: Jackson is going to tear that purple haired freak's head right from his body! Blackfront: For the main event.... two men, one ring... one hour. Perfection, after biting and crawling his way up to become the two thousand and fourteen Ring King.... will face UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski, for the United Toughness Alliance Championship. Pinfalls, submissions, count outs, and disqualifications counts... at the end of one hour, the man with the most falls... will walk out the United Toughness Alliance Champion.

Ace: This will be the largest match in professional wrestling this year Jason.

Blackfront: Oh, I agree. These two men will give us their all. These two men will simply... bring it.

Ace: That and so much more, live tonight on pay per view.

Blackfront: I did want to mention that Tobias Devereux is not in attendance tonight. A few hours ago, Tobias was involved in a medical emergency and is currently seeking medical attention at a local health care facility.

Ace: I was in the back before the show, and I can tell you this.. Kathryn Vermont Thomas is NOT happy Jason.

Blackfront: She may not be happy Tommy, but an emergency is an emergency.

Ace: I can tell you this.. she will not just stand by and let him weasel away like that. Someone will pay for this.

Blackfront: That's tonight, exclusively on pay per view. But right now.. it's time to get to the action as we kick off Ring King, here on the pre show edition of Wrestleshow on High Octane Television!

First to Climb the Cage Wins...

I'm So Hood by DJ Khaled blasts through the PA system of the Airlines Arena, meaning one thing.

Apollo bursts through the backstage entrance to a raucous reaction from the sold out Airlines Arena crowd. He's dressed to impress with a nice gray Armani suit and gray and black wing tips. His designer shirt is open most of the way showing his bulging chest. His dreadlocks are braided to the back and he looks joyous but vicious.

Ace: I love me some Apollo Cain!

Blackfront: Well later tonight he takes on Conrad Teller in a Steel Cage match that I'm sure will be a match of the night candidate.

Ace: Locked inside a cage with a man that menacing is not going to be a good thing for Teller. I think his win streak stops tonight!

Blackfront: Well I'm sure Cain is here to tell us exactly that, they just gave him a mic.

Apollo is almost at ringside and makes a sharp right toward the announcers table, he gives Ace a knuckle touch and turns to the ring crew. He makes some gestures pointing toward the ring. The crew leader is visibly intimidated and shakes his head in fear.

Cain: No?

Apollo turns his back and faces the ring.

Cain: How about now?

Apollo swings around with all his might and slaps the crew leader out of his chair and up against the divider.

Cain: Lower...the...damn...cage!

Members of the crew rush to the aid of their leader and one guy does as he was told, slowly the cage starts to descend on the ring.

Blackfront: What the hell is he doing? We still have two matches on the preshow and a couple matches on Ring King before the cage is supposed to come down!

Ace: He's just trying to make sure it all works; he doesn't want a mishap on the biggest night of his career.

Apollo smiles maniacally as the steel cage slowly comes down and surrounds the ring. He looks up at it and slides under the ropes and into the ring before it comes down.

Cain: Ahhh, just like good ole Allenwood.

Apollo takes in a deep breath through his nose. The mic is close so you can hear the inhale.

Cain: I can smell the fear in Conrad Teller already...like a shark smells blood.

Apollo stands dead center of the ring surveying the steel entrapment; he spins around slowly engrossing himself in it.

Cain: Tonight...in Dallas Texas you fans will witness the end of Conrad Teller. The end of his game of charades, the end of his win streak...and possibly the end of his LIFE!

The crowd boos, Cain went a little too far.

Blackfront: C'mon Apollo, let's keep it clean. This man is talking about murder!

Ace: Mere self defense Blackfront. Conrad is thinking the same thing. Apollo Cain just isn't going to let that happen.

Cain: Trapped inside this cage right now makes me think of the inside. Four walls surrounding you at all times. Unforgiven metal everywhere you look. This is what you thought you escaped Conrad...you thought you were done with the bars for good. NOW LOOK! A convict back in the cage with another convict. The only difference is, I never forgot what it's like in here.

Blackfront: Now I get it! He came down to the ring to get a psychological edge over Conrad. This is there first time in something like this since coming home from prison.

Ace: And that's why Apollo is going to win. He's getting smarter every week.

Cain: You wanted to keep this in your past Conrad. You wanted to be a role model to all your little "convict" playthings. Not me Teller. I want to make any and everybody bleed! I want them to see what I'm capable of, I want them to fear my existence.

Apollo walks over to one side of the cage, he puts his face against the cool metal and rubs it like a cat along the high walls.

Cain: Cool and unforgiven Conrad...just how I like it. I hope you're willing to bleed, I hope your willing to be a felonious menace...I hope you're ready to give your last breath inside this cage tonight Teller. I will not stop beating you until I know you can't stand. I'm gonna throw you from side to side like a rag doll...and until your pretty little eyes roll into the back of your head, just know I'm gonna keep stomping you.

Apollo kicks out at the metal, it springs him back a tad and shakes. His cruel grin widens.

Cain: It's me and you in here Teller. And there are only two ways out...on a gurney...or after me. Apollo throws the mic over the large cage and it thuds outside the ring. He grabs high on the cage and begins to climb up it.

Blackfront: What the HELL is he doing?

Ace: Pyschological warfare. He's already climbed the cage once!

Blackfront: Doesn't he know there's a door?

Ace: Just watch the man!

Apollo pauses at the top of the cage, one leg on each side. He gives the crowd a salute and slowly gives the cutthroat sign.

The crowd erupts into boos, cheers and chants of We Want Blood.

Cain descends down the cage and hops to the floor, he picks up the mic and starts walking backwards keeping an eye on the cage.

Cain: I know what it takes to climb the cage and come out the victor. Hell, I've already done it. Your first time is gonna be with a rabid fuckin' pitbull on your heels. Have fun!

Apollo Cain flips the mic to the floor and spreads his arms out wide. He clubs his chest and lets out a primal yell.

Blackfront: Well, Apollo Cain with a clear message to Conrad Teller there.

Ace: Yeah, and like he said. Conrad Teller's first time seeing something like this and trying to escape is going to be with the Black Hulk hot on his trail. That's not going to make it any easier. We fade into commercial.

IM HATE VERSUS WILL HAYNES

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... HAYYNNNNEEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring. Blackfront: Will Haynes rallied to win the fan's vote so he could face Chris Hopper tonight at the pay per view, but fell short. Tonight he will face one of the cornerstones of the UTA, IM Hate here in singles competition on Wrestleshow.

Ace: The Thrill has yet to really carve his notch here in the UTA, but I have a feeling tonight is the first step.

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

The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays.

'No more love to purchase I've invested in myself

You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself

No more complications Everything's just swell No more obligations

There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

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

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 has faced almost everyone on top here in the UTA. Tonight he will take Will Haynes to school, and prepare him for whats in store.

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

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

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

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

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

Ace: I think the bigger question is what does Hate have to offer tonight. Will Haynes has proven himself already that he can hold his own in an UTA ring when a little over a month ago he took part in that incredible chamber match.

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

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

Haynes slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as IM Hate arrives, using Hate's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor. Ace: Did you see that?

Blackfront: My goodness what a counter.

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

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

Blackfront: IM Hate able to react before behind caught by Will Haynes.

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

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

Blackfront: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ace: More quick thinking by Will Haynes keeps him going for a little bit longer.

Haynes crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. IM Hate, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Will Haynes runs over and leaps up, bringing his right foot over and catching Hate in the side of the head with his foot.

Blackfront: Will Haynes gaining some momentum here.

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

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

Blackfront: I agree fully. Will Haynes is methodically securing his opportunity to win right now. Haynes lets go of Hate's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as IM Hate tries to scoot away.

Blackfront: Haynes now lifting IM Hate to his feet.

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

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

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

Haynes climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Hate by the head. he leaps off, twisting around in an attempt to DDT Hate. However, IM Hate shoves him, sending Haynes flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Hate drops down to his good knee.

Blackfront: IM hate able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control? Ace: Well, Haynes is down and hate isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak. Haynes rolls over and gets to his knees as IM Hate gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Haynes, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Haynes. Hate instantly is back down, holding his knee as Haynes is laid out.

Ace: If Hate can push through the pain long enough to cover Will Haynes, this one is over. Blackfront: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Will Haynes did that much damage to their leg.

Ace: Ian Michaels is no normal man Jason.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Hate has Haynes up.

Ace: oh, this one is over right here.

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

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

Ace: Bad timing for Ian Michaels' legs to go out. He just wasn't able to throw him with full force. Hate pushes through, getting to his feet yet again as Will Haynes leaps with his legs out. As they wrap around IM Hate's neck, Hate appears to try to turn it into a powerbomb, but Will Haynes throws his body back, twisting it into a Hurricanrana that sends IM Hate crashing to the mat.

Blackfront: Counter into a Hurricanrana!

Ace: Amazing!

Will Haynes rolls over and gets up, quickly lifting a barely conscious IM Hate up. He comes quickly turns, grabbing Hate's head as he leaps up and forward into an Ace Cutter.

Blackfront: KUSH! HE HIT THE KUSH!

Ace: That has to be it!

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes does it! Haynes defeats Hate!

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

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

Announcer: Your winner via pin fall..... WILL... THE THRILLLL..... HAAAAYYYYYNNNEEEEESSSSSS!!!

Will Haynes celebrates as we get a few replays of some of the matches' big spots before leaving ringside. We fade into commercial break.

The Main Event

The cameras come to a focus on J Stevenson, the Human Highlight Reel. He's ready for his Main Event matchup this evening. He's wearing his black ring trunks, his boots. His hair is wet from his pre match shower, a nice tradition. He runs his fingers through it pushing it back out of his face. Stevenson: Tonight, tonight is where it begins.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Stevenson: I should say that tonight is where it continues. Tonight is where we build on our victory over FKA. Tonight is where we show the UTA universe, and that includes the bosses, exactly what we can do.

He smirks and nods his head.

Stevenson: The bigger they come, the harder they fall. I'm sure Yoshii has heard that a million times before. But tonight it proves true. It's going to prove true time and time again. Over and over. He's confident but not overly so. Not tonight. Not this weekend.

Stevenson: As for FKA, that story is just another chapter in that book of his. At this rate I might be the sequel to his Best Seller. His number is written on his forehead and I have it comitted to memory.

Answer me one thing, who's comeback would you say is going better? Mine or yours? He poses the question knowing the answer.

Stevenson: Tonight is our night.

It's go time for Stevenson and he heads towards the go area.

THREE MONTHS

We roll to a video package, starting with Wrestleshow #15....

Ace: Tonight Jason, we move forward as the Ring King 2014 Tournament begins!

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

Ace: Lets take a look at the brackets.

Blackfront: The line up for tonight's show alone is one that will ensure a show that may be bigger than anything we've done before!

FADE

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

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

The guard asserts his position, not letting Perfection through.

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

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

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

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

Sawyer: Back to you guys!

FADE

Blackfront: Sean Jackson once again, struggling, but able to lift Yoshii to his feet. Jackson grabs Yoshii's left arm, pushes him back and yanks back himself.

Blackfront: Irish whi... reversed! Yoshii sends Sean Jackson into the corner!

Jackson hits the corner hard, his body jolting forward from the impact. Yoshii yells and runs.

Blackfront: YOSHII FLATTENS SEAN JACKSON IN THE CORNER!

As Yoshii hits, he steps back, and watches as Sean Jackson falls face first to the mat.

Williams: Live backstage right now trying to see if I can get a few words with returning wrestler, Perfection.

She steps a little off to the side as the camera focuses now on Harris and Perfection, we can catch the final moments of the one on one.

Harris: Some would say that you have no right to demand a shot at the title, what do you say to those people.

Perfection: I say they have no right wasting oxygen on brain cells clearly not working.

Harris: Alright, Perfection, thanks for your time.

Harris stands up and now Jennifer Williams moves in for the kill, camera coming close as she sits where Ryan Harris has left. Perfection looks at her half rolling his eyes and then half checking out the bare legs she crosses in a skirt.

Williams: Perfection, it has been over a month since you've appeared on Wrestleshow or in the UTA. During that time Mr. Wingate sent you down to our development league Valor Championship Wrestling, for a lack of better term, reeducation. How does it feel to be back and not only that be in a Wild Card match for Ring King?

Perfection smirks a little folding his arms

Perfection: First of all, Jennifer, I'd say that is a lack of a better term. I was sent to VCW not because I need to be reeducated but because someone upstairs doesn't see raw talent when it's handed to him! Because someone upstairs thinks I need to earn my way to a title shot. Funny isn't it?

Jennifer now looks at Perfection a little confused

Williams: What's funny?

Perfection: That in one show, James Ranger has given me a contention match for the Internet Championship of VCW while your boss tries every trick up his sleeve to jack me around! One week I carry CBR in VCW in a tag team match the next week I'm headlining Anarchy- which will be live for purchase on Pay Per View.

Williams nods in agreement as Perfection points at her microphone, she again gives him a confused stare as he now reaches towards her microphone.

FADE

He quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind him, Perfection uses the table to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As Blanca begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. La Flama Blanca sees him and waits.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca waiting.. Perfection to his feet... Blanca shoots forward, throwing his leg up.

Blackfront: SUPERKIC...

Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing La Flama Blanca under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling La Flama Blanca over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold La Flama Blanca down as the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

La Flama Blanca kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time and the bell begins to sound. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Perfection pulling off a surprise victory here tonight securing his spot in the upcoming Wild Card match. Boy, that's got to really tear La Flama Blanca's spirits down. he wanted to advance so badly.

Ace: Well, want in one hand and sh...

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... PERFECCTTTIIIONNN!!!

Perfection's music begins to play and he leaps to his feet celebrating. La Flama Blanca just rolls over and sits up, ahnging his head.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca brought it tonight, but it just wasn't enough. You have to feel bad for the guy.

Ace: No you don't Jason. He just isn't the better man, ever.

Blackfront: Now that's not true at all Tommy.

Perfection continues to gloat, shouting how he is the best in the UTA as we fade away from ring side.

FADE

As Yoshii moves backward, CBR falls, twisting in the motion and lands on his back when he hits the mat. Yoshii looks out to the crowd who has a very loud Yoshii chant going.

Blackfront: these people love Yoshii. Jed Dye may be questionable, but Yoshii is someone the fans can get behind. Especially facing a self centered, egotistical jerk like CBR.

Ace: Wait, what is this idiot doing now?

Yoshii, over by the turnbuckle now, begins to climb it.

Blackfront: Yoshii, almost six hundred pounds of man, is CLIMBING THE TURNBUCKLE!

He gets to the second rope where he always does his Bonzai drop and pauses... before looking out and taking the power of the fans energy to climb up higher...

Blackfront: MY LORD! HE IS GOING UP TOP!

Ace: GET THAT FOOL DOWN!

Jed Dye frantically runs around the ring yelling No, but it's too late.. Somehow, some way.. Yoshii has made it to the top turnbuckle. Even more amazing, somehow, someway... he begins to stand up, keeping his balance.

Blackfront: I have never see.... HOLY HELL!!!!

ACE: WHAT THE FU....

Yoshii clinches his fist, bends his knees a bit and leaps backward as he throws his legs out and yells BONZAI! The roof may as well have came off from the reaction.

As he lands, and he does.. hitting his mark of CBR's chest.. it happens...

All four ring post buckle and fly out, and the ring crashes under his weight violently to the floor.

Blackfront: CBR has to be dead!

Ace: Did that really happen or did I get into the wrong brownies backstage?

The fans now go into a Holy Shit! chant. Yoshii is jolted to the side, off of CBR who holds his chest and is kicking in pain. The referee has been tossed to the side of the ring and had fell out as it crashed.

Blackfront: What carnage. What devastation. Never before have I witness something of this magnitude.

Ace: I'm not even playing, someone needs to check CBR, I think he may be dying!

Blackfront: There is no way this can continue! None what so ever!

Ace: Does this mean we have a fatale four way on the next show?

Blackfront: I don't know what this means other than the future of CBR may be in more doubt than that of Madman Szalinski.

The referee uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. he motions to the time keeper to sound the bell, which he does.

Blackfront: The referee is calling this one, it's over. There's no way to continue.

Ace: How did that baboon do that? What made him think that was even remotely a good idea?

Blackfront: History has just been made folks!

Medical staff begin running down from the back, it's all out chaos as they hit the ring checking on CBR. Jed Dye quickly enters and begins scolding Yoshii who has yet to move either.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #18

Teller is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. La Flama Blanca points to the chamber hanging high and the crowd pops.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca running to the opposite corner... He sets up... runs... Blanca leaps and throws both feet out, catching Conrad teller in the face.

Blackfront: He connected fully!

Ace: Seriously, what does it take to put this guy out?

La Flama Blanca rolls over and pushes up to his feet. He grabs Conrad's feet and yanks him away from the corner.

Blackfront: Blanca pulling Teller from the corner, I think he may be going to end this one now! From the crowd we hear a rumbling. La Flama Blanca begins to climb the turnbuckle, looking to put an end to the match. The camera catches someone leaping over the barricade.

Blackfront: That... that's Perfection! What's he doing out here? He's supposed to be getting ready for the chamber tonight!

Blanca, standing on the top of the ropes, prepares for his 450 Splash entitled the Ay Dios Mio. Perfection, quickly, runs up the steps to the apron. La Flama Blanca looks over, seeing him and almost loses his balance.

Blackfront: Perfection is out here to distract La Flama Blanca. But why?

Ace: Maybe he wants Blanca out of the chamber since Conrad obviously isn't as tough as he looks and I thought he was. He can't even put down a masked idiot like Blanca.

The referee runs over and begins to yell at Perfection on the apron. perfection throws his hands

up as to say he's not out to cause trouble. La Flama Blanca turns his attention back to the downed Conrad in the ring. Perfection grabs the top rope and begins to shake it like crazy before leaping to the floor. La Flama Blanca begins to swing his arms and falls forward, slipping in the air and landing back first to the mat. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Oh come on! He caused La Flama Blanca to fall!

Ace: He never touched him Jason!

Perfection just grins as he walks around the ring, pulling away from outreaching fans. As he gets to the stage, Perfection walks up backwards, watching Conrad Teller, who has no idea what happened, rolling over, arm stretched out, and laying it across La Flama Blanca.

waits.

Wingate: Perfection almost seems relieved.

Szalinski: Wouldn't you be?

The light stops over the mystery opponent cell. Sean Jackson's eyes open wide as he steps toward it and waits.

FADE

Perfection looks cautiously from outside of the ropes before slowly entering back into the ring. He walks over, slowly, to the hole and looks down. Perfection looks back up and around, holding his arms up as to show he has no idea where they went.

Szalinski: If they don't get back into the ring, does the match never end?

Wingate: I would assume it would be a forfeit?

Szalinski: You're the boss, your rules.

Wingate: I trust my officials Madman.

The lights begin to flash over the pods once more landing on the final pod. It begins to open and Will Haynes is ready.

Wingate: The Thrill itching to get into this, in probably the best spot of the match!

As he gets out of the pod and enters the ring, Will Haynes charges Perfection, trying to tackle him immediately to the mat.

Wingate: Will Haynes hot out of the gate looking to end this quick and regain his much needed momentum, however Perfection is ready for him and hammers down on the back of his head with a double axe handle.

He hits another and then grabs him by the head, slamming him head first into the nearest turnbuckle.

Wingate: Perfection gives Will Haynes a face full of turnbuckle.

Szalinski: The Thrill came into this thing ready to go, but so was Perfection after avoiding the match until now, and now The Thrill finds himself in a bad position here.

Will Haynes's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as he turns Perfection tackles him into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of Will Haynes, Perfection shoulders him in the gut multiple times.

Wingate: I have to admit, Perfection wants to win this one.

FADE

Will Haynes stops the run with his hands and pushes off of the pod, jumping backward with an elbow catching Perfection directly in the face. The fans pop like crazy.

Wingate: Will Haynes once again able to stop the assault!

He quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind him, Perfection uses the ropes to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Wingate: Will Haynes dropping down and rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As The Thrill begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. Will Haynes sees him and waits.

Wingate: Will Haynes waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

The Thrill shoots forward with a kick. Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing Will Haynes under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling Will Haynes over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold Will Haynes

down as the referee drops to count.

Wingate: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

Szalinski: He's going to do it!

Will Haynes kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time. The fans begin to boo.

Wingate: I.. can't... believe it!

Suddenly, Sean Jackson's arm reaches up and he begins to pull himself out of the hole. A crimson mask of blood covers his face. Perfection looks at him in amazement.

Szalinski: Whoah! Jackson is ba...

Behind him, The Spectre raises up, grabbing his head and laughing sadistically as he pushes Sean Jackson back into the abyss. The referee runs over and looks into the hole. He gets to the mat and puts his head down inside. A few moments later he gets up and starts calling for the bell. Szalinski: I have to say it, one more time, and I hope we don't get fined, but.. GOD... DAMN...

SON.

Perfection has his hand raised by the referee.

Announcer: The winner of this match and Ring King Wild Card finalist.... PERRRRFEEECCTTTIIIOONNN!!!!

Perfection just stares at James Wingate through the chamber, and smiles.

Szalinski: I think he's staring at you Boss.

Wingate: Yea, I can see that.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #19

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.

FADE

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.

FADE

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!!!

FADE

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!

FADE

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....

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.

YOSHII VERSUS J STEVENSON VERSUS FKA

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 get through these two men tonight, then go on to face whomever walks out tonight as the United Toughness Alliance champion sometime in the near future.

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

Ace: Yoshii is a big guy, but can he beat two men??

As Yoshii prepares in the ring his music fades. 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.. WRESTLLLEEERRRR!!

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 in his first match since submitting to J Stevenson two weeks ago.

Ace: He tapped out. He's a quitter. Why is he even still here? Go to the old folks home!

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.....

STTTEEEVVVVEEEENNNNNSSSSSOOOOONNNNN!!!!

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

Blackfront: Triple threat match-up here tonight on Wrestleshow as we are leading to our Ring King pay-per-view!

Ace: Yeah, yeah, hurry this up so we can watch Sean Jackson beat Spectre's face in.

The bell sounds and Stevenson shoots a look right at FKA who acknowledges him with a nod, both charge in towards Yoshii. Yoshii immediately tries to take a swing but the two wrestlers duck and begin throwing forearms to the gut of Yoshii which plants him in the corner.

Blackfront: FKA and J Stevenson coming out right away with a double team him!

Ace: And they should! You can't take Yoshii out alone at least together then are almost close to his weight.

Yoshii is starting to become phased to the punches as FKA steps away and Stevenson continues throwing blows. FKA comes up behind Stevenson and grabs him by the hair and snaps him down to the canvass. Jed Dye immediately starts yelling towards Yoshii to get on the attack.

Ace: He grabbed his stinking hair and threw him to the canvass, genius!

Blackfront: Well the referee is now yelling at FKA for that move...

Right as Blackfront is talking Yoshii stands behind FKA who turns around meeting Yoshii looking up at him. Yoshii goes to swing, FKA ducks and goes behind for a German suplex but nothing happens. Yoshii sends an elbow right back to FKA that catches him in the face, Stevenson is now up and eats a punch from Yoshii who spins around and catches FKA with a punch as well.

Blackfront: Yoshii making some big offense here, punch to FKA! Punch to Stevenson, another to FKA who's now backing up into the corner.

Ace: Closed fist! Where's the referee when you need him!?

Yoshii plants a kick into the gut of Stevenson and Irish whips him right into the corner that FKA is in and the both collide. J Stevenson hits the canvass back first as FKA slumps in the corner, Stevenson rolls out to collect himself as Yoshii gets some distance between himself and FKA.

Ace: Oh no....

Blackfront: Yoshii backing up...he charges towards the corner at FKA!!!

Yoshii goes for a splash in the corner but FKA moves at the last second which leaves Yoshii only meeting the turnbuckle and bounces out stumbling backwards. FKA grabs the back of Yoshii's neck and nails a beautiful neck breaker then goes for the cover. The referee drops and begins his count.

Blackfront: And the pin broken up by J Stevenson who puts a boot to the back of FKA's head!

Ace: What they need to do take out that almost six-hundred pound man!

Stevenson goes to pick up FKA who throws short ranged shots to his stomach that aren't having much affect. Stevenson, annoyed by the assault sends a knee straight up to the face of FKA that sends him straight back down to

the canvass.

Blackfront: Smart thinking by J Stevenson as now he is putting a few boots to Yoshii who's struggling to get to his feet after that wonderful neckbreaker.

Ace: It did look good, I must say. Now send this rice eater back to his stupid island!

Stevenson puts another boot in for good measure before turning to FKA who's getting up in a more sitting position. Stevenson slams a knee right in the small of FKA's back and grabs hold of his head applying a reverse chin lock dead in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: FKA trying to work the grip of J Stevenson, he's pulling the fingers apart one by one and the referee is asking if he wants to give up.

Ace: Give up? Is that a joke? This is a seasoned veteran, he doesn't just give up!

Yoshii starts to get up using the ropes to assist him. Jed Dye is right next to him slapping on the apron and expressing how important it is for him to win. Stevenson's grip has been worked and now FKA has hold of one of Stevenson's wrists that's released the second J Stevenson throws a knee to the back of FKA's head.

Ace: Watch out behind you!

Yoshii makes his move towards Stevenson as he is standing up, Stevenson turns around just a hair and see's Yoshii coming up and delivers a low dropkick right to the right knee of Yoshii that sends up face forward on the canvass. Stevenson immediately starts putting boots to the back of the head as Jed Dye is yelling at ringside. Stevenson turns to the ropes yelling back at Jed Dye to shut up.

Blackfront: Yoshii was close to making some offense there but was quickly shut down by J Stevenson, who now has words for Jed Dye.

Ace: You know, as talented as Jed Dye is you'd think he'd manage someone with real talent! Like Sean Jackson or CBR.

Stevenson turns around to get back to work on Yoshii. By the time he has FKA has gotten his head back on from the knee and is up on his feet. FKA charges the ropes at Stevenson, who drops down holding the top rope sending FKA right over the top and landing on top of Jed Dye.

Blackfront: J Stevenson with a quick action that sends FKA over the top rope!

Ace: Well that just shows the level of technique and ring awareness that J Stevenson has.

Stevenson gets back to his feet and approaches over to Yoshii who's made it up on one knee. Stevenson throws a kick towards Yoshii who catches his foot. J Stevenson eyes go wide as he is caught; Yoshii now stands on both feet with Stevenson swinging wildly at him. Yoshii drops the leg and ducks under the not targeted punches of Stevenson and grapples him into a bear hug.

Ace: No! NO! No! He's going to squeeze the life outta him!

Blackfront: That's the point! Bear Hug by Yoshii and J. Stevenson throws a thumb to the eye of Yoshii which breaks the hold!

Yoshii lets go and holds his eye as Stevenson is breathing heavy and rubbing his ribs. FKA on the outside has gotten up by the help of the ring stairs; he grabs the bottom rope and rolls into the ring. Standing up FKA makes his way to Yoshii who's rubbing his eye. FKA immediately sends a kick to the back of Yoshii's knee which just makes him give way a little. Another kick, followed by a few more finally break the big man down to his knee.

Blackfront: FKA working that already targeted knee that J Stevenson dropped kicked earlier.

Ace: That's how you have to do it, you can't go in against a guy as huge as Yoshii thinking power will win!

Unaware that Stevenson has recovered FKA's concentration is on throwing a barrage of kicks and punches on Yoshii. The referee breaks up the flurry after a 5 count, but just as he does J

Stevenson comes in with a school boy roll up behind FKA. Blackfront: School boy! And Stevenson has the tights!!! Ace: Atta boy!

The referee stops his count and points at the handful of tights that Stevenson has and waves his arms declaring the pin illegal and not counting any further. J Stevenson gets up and immediately begins to argue with the referee about what he's just done.

Blackfront: That's why here in the UTA we hire only the best referee's and officials out there! I'm glad he caught that tights hold by Stevenson, keeping this industry pure and competitive!

Ace: Oh yes, that's what people love to see. ..not. That referee just cost J Stevenson a win and he should be reprimanded immediately!

FKA pushes himself up behind J. Stevenson. He looks to see Stevenson still arguing with the referee and springs into action rising up. He throws his arm around J. Stevenson's neck, and pulls him down as he steps back throwing a leg out. Stevenson's back hits FKA's knee before FKA lets him drop to the canvas, quickly covering him.

Blackfront: FKA capitalizing with a modified backbreaker! The referee is counting! The referee's hand hits three and the bell starts to ring.

Blackfront: FKA has done it! He has just evened the score between J. Stevenson and himself!

Announcer: Your winner via pinfall..... F....K....AAAAA!!!!

FKA's music hits as J. Stevenson rolls up, holding his back. He looks around, unsure what just happened. He sees FKA with his arm being held up and leaps toward him. However, FKA drops down quickly and exits the ring. Stevenson grabs the top rope and begins yelling at FKA outside of the ring.

Blackfront: J. Stevenson can't believe it. But it was his arguing with the referee that lead to FKA being able to pull off the victory here.

Ace: These two now hold a win a piece over each other. You know this isn't the last time they meet.

The camera heads back to the announcers.

Blackfront: Well folks, we've just seen two exciting matches. But the action isn't over yet here in Dallas, as in just a little while, we kick off the biggest show of the summer in professional wrestling... Ring King!

Ace: If you haven't ordered it on pay per view yet, you are missing out! You still have time. Blackfront: That's right. This is an event NOT to miss! But for now, I'm Jason Blackfront.. Ace: And I'm Tommy Ace...

Blackfront: Thank you for tuning into.. Wrestleshow on High octane Television! The copy right comes up and we fade to black.

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