

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #21

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

Date: September 7, 2014

Results

WrestleShow

Segment

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

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

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

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Salisbury, Maryland in the Wicomico Youth and Civic Center.

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight. A huge tag team main event pitting two members of Dynasty, one being the UTA Champion.... taking on former UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski and the Hall of Fame member, The Spectre!

Ace: Not only that, the cryptic videos and tweets of recent weeks have promised tonight all will be revealed!

Blackfront: The crowd is loud here as tonight as we have an all star line up heading into the new, Dynasty lead era of the United Toughness Alliance.

Ace: I love it Jason! Dynasty is the future! There will be NO stopping them! I mean, look at the Internet Champion, CBR. Last night, he single handily destroyed that masked moron La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Destroyed him? There were many moments where La Flama Blanca was close to capturing the Internet title!

Ace: But he didn't. No, La Flama Blanca continues to be the loser he is like his buddy Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: I think it's going to be one of those nights, isn't it?

Ace: If you are referring to a night of amazing Dynasty action? I sure hope so!

Blackfront: Well, lets quit stalling, it's time to kick this shindig off here in Maryland. Welcome to Wrestleshow!

THE LETTER

We switch to where we see J Stevenson sitting backstage in the locker room lacing his ring boots. He has a match later on his evening with Graham Clauson, who if the truth is being told left Stevenson very uninspired.

Stevenson pulls the laces tighter thinking about perhaps choking the life out of Clauson in the middle of the ring this evening. Not for anything more than deciding to talk about the nickname he was given, not the one he chose.

Stevenson: (under his breath) Not a household name...

He pulls the laces tight again, wrapping them around his fingers as he ties them. Suddenly there is a knock on the door.

Stevenson: Come in.

A member of the Staff enters with a Fed Ex envelope.

Staffer: Mr. Stevenson, this was just delivered for you.

The Staffer hands the package to Stevenson. Stevenson nods his head and the Staffer returns to his job.

J knows what is inside. The response to the letter it took him forever to send.

Stevenson: After the match, I have work to do tonight. I don't need this on my mind. Stevenson doesn't listen to himself. He rips opens the package and finds a lengthy letter inside. Stevenson: Dear J, you son of a...

Stevenson smirks.

Stevenson: ..hmmm.

The scene fades as Stevenson continues reading.

TIME FOR SOME ACTION...

Cameras open with Jamie Sawyers standing in the backstage area outside of the buffet room. Apollo Cain is walking out with a heaping plate towards his personal dressing room. He spots Jamie and curls his face up, Sawyer's known around the business and will try and scoop an interview whenever HE sees fit.

Sawyers: Hey Apollo, good to see you! Did you get any of the fried chicken today? The camera pans down to Apollo's plate as he nears.

Sawyers: Gosh, I meant...uh...

Jamie puts his head down and slowly shakes it. Apollo looks at his plate and lets out a chuckle.

Cain: What?! It's delicious!

Cain actually has two plates, one heaping plate of just the fried chicken and a second plate with several slices of fresh watermelon.

Sawyers: The reason I'm out here Cain is to see if you had any final words before your match up here shortly with Thatcher Rex?

Cain: There's no more time for words...we've had two weeks of the bull crap back and forth and now it's time for him to back up all that tough talk he had. I submitted a video for the world the other day and told about the huge mistake he made. Now it's time for him to pay. He wanted a fight with a gladiator...a doggone barbarian? Well, the UTA is about to see what happens when you call out Apollo Cain.

As Apollo's gaze intensified Jamie Sawyers looks past him with wide eyes, causing Cain to turn to see the cause.

CBR strolls out of the buffet area looking like a movie star. His clothes were designer and his blonde mane manicured to perfection. He walks right over to where Apollo was giving his interview and directly into shot. KVT walks out behind him, looking stunning with her long black hair. The pair looks ready for the red carpet.

Jamie Sawyers continues looking on with wide eyes as CBR and Apollo Cain stand directly in front of one another. The taller Cain stands peering down into CBR's eyes as the undefeated Internet Champion bore an icy glare into Apollo's soul.

Jamie Sawyer speaks in a hush tone, watching the confrontation.

Sawyers: I hope security is nearby! This stare off is making me nervous.

Cain frowns up his face and CBR stands stoically, not the least bit intimidated by the man they call the Black Hulk. KVT looks on, focused on Cain.

CBR makes a quick move and brushes his fingers through his hair. Jamie Sawyers jumps back, but Cain stands still like a statue. His nostrils flare.

KVT has seen enough, she walks in between the pair with her back to Cain. She looks CBR in his eyes and he still doesn't take his glare off of Cain. KVT takes her pointer finger and touches CBR's chin, bringing his gaze down momentarily.

KVT: We have more important things to do, Claude. Leave this trash in the street!

KVT puts her hand around CBR's waist and gives a gentle tug. His head stays fixed back on Cain as his body travels with the enchantress.

CBR: One day, Cain...one day.

Apollo cracks his fingers by balling them together.

Cain: I'll be waiting!

CBR cracks a smile as he turns and pulls KVT in around the neck and shoulders and gives her a kiss on the head. The pair strolls off and has a laugh, never turning again.

Jamie Sawyers stands visibly shaken and puts the mic up to Apollo's lips who watches the Dynasty Duo until they turn the corner.

Sawyers: What was all that about, Apollo? Apollo turns his attention back to Jamie.

Cain: Just men being men.

Jamie looks on and wipes the sweat from his brow. Cain snatches the mic from him and looks squarely into the camera.

Cain: Conrad Teller, I'm all healed up from our cage match at Ring King. I think it's safe to say, you weren't ready for what occurred. Well chump you better get ready...VCW is closed! You have nowhere to hide now. Your next match is on Victory. You better believe I'll be there. The first chapter in our book was written, but it's far from over. I won't rest until I stand over your body knowing that you're a broken man. Until your eyes beg for mercy because your mouth can't speak. Take heed as I throw Thatcher Rex around the ring because he's just my appetizer... you're the main course.

Apollo shoves the mic into Jamie Sawyers gut and walks off screen. He doubles back and grabs his plate of fried chicken and watermelon. He looks at the camera man and flips off the screen, which is blurred out.

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.

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. 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.

Blackfront: FKA coming off a huge triple threat win over Yoshii and J Stevenson just two weeks ago. Can he continue that momentum tonight?

As the lights dim throughout the arena, the sound of "Blame" by Cavo begins to play through the speakers. The crowd jumps to their feet and out walks Kidd Love from underneath the large screen. He stops on the ramp and looks through the crowd for a second and then begins walking down the ramp, slapping the hands of the fans. He hops upon the ring apron and he leans back, holding onto the top rope. He yells and enters the ring. He walks over to a turnbuckle and gets upon the second rope and lifts his arms up, trying to pump um the crowd. He jumps off and waits for the match to begin.

After a few moments the bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Here we go. FKA waste no time coming forward with his arm extended. Kidd Love ducks the clothesline.

Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Kidd Love with a couple stiff right hands to the jaw of FKA.

Ace: That's got to hurt his hand more than FKA's face.

Blackfront: FKA is unaffected. Kidd Love now runs back, off the ropes.

As he returns, Kidd Love attempts to knock FKA down, but he doesn't move.

Blackfront: Kidd Love heading to the left, off the ropes again.

Ace: FKA doesn't budge. I think he's trying to show that all of his years in the ring, he's built a resilience up.

Not giving up, Kidd Love shoots across the ring again. This time as he returns, FKA turns around throwing an elbow up, catching him in the face and sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Kidd Love hits the canvas hard.

Ace: FKA's elbow hit his face hard.

FKA bends over and grabs Kidd Love by the head, pulling him halfway up before bringing a big forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: FKA in control.

Kidd Love goes to one knee. FKA comes forward with a kick meant for his face, but Kidd moves to the side. He quickly comes forward and up, wrapping his arms around FKA's waist.

Blackfront: Kidd Love lifts with all of his might. He struggles but gets FKA up and over.

Blackfront: Belly to back suplex by Kidd Love!

Ace: Kidd Love close to the same size as FKA, maybe even a bit taller. But you can see that the veteran has the strength of the two.

Blackfront: Kidd Love dropped FKA directly on his neck.

FKA holds his neck as Kidd Love rolls over and gets to a knee, looking at the downed FKA. He runs back and hits the ropes as FKA begins to get up.

Blackfront: Kidd Love with a shining wizard! Ace: Kidd Love trying to quickly end FKA. Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Kidd.

The referee drops to begin his count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two.

Ace: FKA is a beast of a man. Although Kidd Love has been impressive, it is going to take more than that to put him away.

Kidd Love quickly gets up, knowing he can't slow down now. He runs and hits the ropes again as FKA rolls over and begins to push his way up.

Blackfront: Kidd Love with a clothesline... FKA ducks. Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Boot to the stomach of Kidd Love. FKA grabs him, lifts up and twist... spinebuster! Ace: The sheer power of this vet is incredible! A much better showing than in recent weeks by FKA.

Blackfront: FKA now with the pin. Kidd Love somehow able to kick out at two.

Ace: If he wants to win, Kidd needs to stay off of his back.

Blackfront: Well, yea, that is a given Tommy.

Kidd Love holds his lower back as FKA pushes his way up. He is a little bit more sluggish than he was before and you can tell his knees are in pain from the many years of abuse and hard living. Blackfront: FKA pulling Kidd Love to his feet. Grabs an arm, huge Irish whip into the corner.

Ace: That is not where you want to be in a match with a man like FKA.

Blackfront: FKA runs... big splash!

As he connects, FKA stumbles back a bit, obviously his knee joints still hurting as he leans on the ropes. Kidd Love falls face forward to the mat.

Blackfront: FKA aggressive as always, grabbing the left leg of Kidd Love and lifting it. He drives that knee right into the canvas.

Kidd Love grabs his knee and rolls to his back. FKA lifts Kidd Love's left leg up and holds it for a moment.

Blackfront: Boot to the inside of the knee of Kidd Love.

Ace: FKA smart, working the leg of Kidd Love.

He bends down, grabbing the right left of Kidd Love, lifting it up as well and waiting for a moment before leaning back.

Blackfront: FKA with a slingshot!

Kidd Love is launched up and forward. He lands on the top rope, which bounces him up and backward. He flails as his body turns.

Blackfront: SPEAR! FKA hits the spear!

Ace: That was hard enough it may have cracked the ribs of Kidd Love!

Blackfront: FKA with the cover... Kidd Love somehow able to kick out yet again!

Ace: If I was him, I would just stay down. You know he has to be in pain after that hard hitting spear by FKA.

Blackfront: I really don't know how he kicked out. FKA hits the mat and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: FKA is undeniably upset.

Ace: You don't want to be on the other side of a man like FKA when he is mad. People get badly hurt, or worse that way.

Blackfront: FKA pulling Kidd Love to his feet.

He grabs Kidd Love's arm and pulls back, whipping him across the ring.

Blackfront: Kidd Love off of the ropes.

Kidd Love leaps with a flying cross body block.

Blackfront: Kidd Love goes airborne! He takes FKA off of his feet! The fans begin to go crazy. Kidd Love rolls on the mat, holding his ribs.

Ace: All he is doing is delaying the inevitable if he doesn't capitalize on FKA being taken down! Kidd Love pushes his way to his feet, crawling over on his knees to the ropes, and using them to get to his feet. Kidd Love looks around at the fans and then at the turnbuckle. He points and the crowd all screams together.

Blackfront: I think Kidd Love is asking the crowd if he should go to the top!

Ace: That's stupid Kidd! Just focus on FKA!

Kidd Love, holding onto the top rope, walks toward the corner and begins to climb. Behind him, FKA is starting to roll over and get up.

Blackfront: Kidd Love looks to be going for a high risk maneuver.

Ace: Kidd, it's called high risk for a reason! Get down!

Kidd stands on the top rope, making sure he has his balance. He then bends slightly down and pushes off, jumping backward, and flipping through the air with a moonsault.

Blackfront: Total hangover from the top rope!!!!!!

However, FKA is up. Kidd Love comes down and right into the arms of FKA, upside down. FKA runs forward and leaps up.

Blackfront: FKA caught him!!!! RUNNING POWERSLAM!

Ace: This one is over!

FKA rolls over to his knees and throws his arms out with his fist clenched. Getting up, FKA takes in the buzz from the crowd before heading over to the corner turnbuckle.

Blackfront: FKA looking to go up top!

Ace: I'm not sure if this is really a smart move at this point. Just cover Kidd Love, get the win and go home.

FKA begins to climb. As he reaches the top, he positions himself, making sure he has his balance. The cameras flash before he leaps.

Blackfront: FKA OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Blackfront: he hits his mark!

Ace: What a leap!

As FKA hits, he quickly leaps back up and covers Kidd Love, hooking his leg. The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: FKA went up top and it paid off!

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match as a result of pin fall..... F...K...AAAAAAA!!!!

Blackfront: Much needed big win here for FKA the Wrestler kicking off WrestleShow with a bang! Ace: I've got to give it to him. He may be older, but tonight he showed he could hang with the younger guys with no problem.

FKA raises his hand and celebrates his win. Suddenly his music is cut short by Audioslave's Cochise.

Blackfront: Well, it looks like FKA wont be able to celebrate long here.

J Stevenson walks out from the back in his ring gear, ready for his match later in the night. He walks to the edge of the stage, microphone in hand and gives FKA a mocking 'golf clap' before signaling to have his music cut off. FKA just stares down at Stevenson, his hands on his waist. Blackfront: These two have both been going back and forward since entering the UTA.

J Stevenson raises the microphone up.

Stevenson: Congratulations.... Much like I will go over Graham Clauson here later, you've been able to steal yet another win.

He takes a breath.

Stevenson: Much like you stole the win in our triple threat match....

Blackfront: He didn't really steal anything. He fought hard and won a huge match. Stevenson: I caught a recent promo you did, and I took major offense. How dare you say you haven't face anyone who matters. Do you know who I am?

FKA just smirks in the ring.

Stevenson: The way I see it, in singles matches I have one over you. That triple threat didn't matter, much like when I finally finish with you, your run here in the United Toughness Alliance wont matter.

FKA begins to mouth something at Stevenson, appearing to challenge him to come down to the ring.

Stevenson: You'd like that wouldn't you? If I came down right now? Well, it's not going to happen here tonight. I've go to take care of Clauson. But this isn't over by a long shot. Watch your back old man.

J Stevenson flings his arms out and just stares down from the top of the stage at FKA in the ring. Blackfront: Big words by the Human Highlight Reel, but will he be able to back it up when he and FKA meet again?

Ace: I don't know Jason, but I'll tell you this... I can't wait! these two men have a lot of animosity against each other and when they collide again, it's going to be huge.

LATER TONIGHT

JUST THE TIP

It starts with a view panning up from the bare concrete. Up to the three inch heeled Converse and beyond to the shapely and toned legs. The camera pauses on the pockets hanging below the cut on the Daisy Dukes and our model spins to show her equally shapely posterior. Further up to see no God-awful tramp stamp and then the black tee. Along the bottom reads the advertising from Trojan, America's number one condom since 1916 – native advertising at it's finest, no? And at full height, beneath the messy ponytail is the hopeful message: Bottoms Up, Standards Down.

With a short giggle, the not-yet twenty one year old turns to show us the front of the shirt.

Red and Ted.

Grady: Do we have your attention now?

The camera pans out to show Grady Patrick taking up the centre frame. Teddy Palmer is screen right, with the blond under an arm. To the left is Alexander Redding, sporting a vintage Big Red Hardon tee from the team's last run together in 2012.

Grady: I just wanted to grab this moment to thank the UTA brass for showing themselves to be occasionally correct. And I say that because, although they prompted our arrival at the already stacked Ring King show, they had the confidence to build a tag division around these two men. The most decorated tag team that GCW had, and more

importantly, the best selling.

In the fringes of the frame, Red and Ted just nod in agreement.

Grady: And if you think that for one second we are concerned about getting over shadowed by some mystery band of....

And Grady is interrupted by the audible growling of someone's stomach.

Ted: Was that you?

Blond: Yeah. I'm so sorry, but like, I am starving.

Ted: Now that you mention it, I am due for the Skittles kick.

Grady: What are you two talking about? I am trying to do something here!

But ignoring the shortest of the four in frame, Ted and the Blond still under his arm, turn to walk off screen, presumably to the nearest vending machine.

Grady: Where are you going?

Visibly upset, Grady trails after the two until it is only Red left in frame. With a tinkle of the eye and shrug of the shoulder, Your Willing Villain steps forward,

Red: I think what Grady was trying to boil this down to goes a little like this. We have a history of success that you probably don't care to hear. We have designs on this whole place, beyond some simple tag division. We don't care what your stature in this place was before we got here. We will be irreverent to all. We will fight any and all. And at the end of the day...

Redding lets his words hang before stepping once more in toward the camera.

Red: We are here to get paid and laugh at all the self-righteous, borderline masturbatory heroes just as much as the brooding and cheating villains. So if you want to go ahead now and crown us? Then crown our asses.

Shoving the camera down and to the right, Red laughs stepping away for this segment.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

WE'VE ARRIVED

The PA system begins to play "Ghost" by Ella Henderson

"I keep, going to the river to pray"

The house lights dim slightly and the spotlights on the entrance ramp intensify.

"Cause I need, something that can wash all the pain"

Kathryn Velmont Thomas steps out onto the stage set up in her ring attire, posed with her hands on her hips, she examines the crowd.

Blackfront: Kathryn Velmont Thomas set up to wrestle IM Hate as she steps on the ramp but a

lot of fans of the UTA still wondering why she joined Dynasty with the likes of Perfection, CBR, and Sean Jackson. She has a lot of explaining to do about her actions at Ring King!

Ace: Explain herself? For what? Being awesome? Joining a bunch of awesome people? Being part of the greatest group ever assembled in the history of our industry?! Please...

Suddenly the opening and unmistakable guitar riff of "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica hits the PA system as the letters

C-B-R fill the titantron in front of a waving red Canadian flag. The crowd a little confused by his appearance out here.

Blackfront: I guess CBR, our Internet Champion, is coming out to possibly manage KVT or maybe stand ringside as encouragement.

Ace: Encouragement...this is Dynasty, man! They are the encouragement!

Red lights fill the arena and from the back, Claude Baptiste Ranier comes into view. The Canadian Star wears a blue pinstripe suit and white shirt opened at the collar, a pair of polished shoes on his feet and purple tinted shades covering his eyes. CBR's hand rests upon the strap of the Internet Title proudly resting on his shoulder.

Blackfront: CBR I guess is going to accompany KVT to the ring.

Ace: So many abbreviations, holy sch'molly.

Then all of a sudden the song changes to a well known song by all. That being the opening notes of "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins.

"Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?"

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

"I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord."

Sean Jackson walks out from behind the curtain smiling as he takes a stand on the other side of KVT also wearing a suit but his is black, no tie though.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson too? What is this? They don't need two of them ring side for her match...

Ace: Haven't you ever heard of group support? A little thing called 'the more the merrier'? God, you try and find negatives in everything!

The sounds system begins to play the opening riffs of "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween. The crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos. The lights flicker gold through the rear as a yellow lighting cast is set on the stage.

"There's no doubt about it I'm one of a kind baby

I am l'artangan de coeur As you may see candy"

The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness. He comes out in a grey suit, white dress shirt and light blue power tie with the UTA title hung proudly over his shoulder.

"Kneel down Inhale my odor Come kiss my hand angel

dare to explode my higher ground stike ti desearve me

Ma chrie"

Perfection walks over to each member shaking their hand saying a few words to each as they laugh at the successful move and formation of Dynasty. He stands on the ramp way with his fellow Dynasty members as the crowd hails with boos, colorful words, and jeers.

Blackfront: Wow...this crowd can see right through this ploy and is having none of it. All of Dynasty present for a singles match? This isn't for support, this is to ensure Kathryn Velmont Thomas wins, despicable.

Ace: I can barely hear The Champ's music due to the loudness of booing in this arena. No respect I tell ya! These fans need to show some respect to this group!

The lights turn off as the opening riffs of "Short Change Hero" by The Heavy begins to play out over to PA system. The

crowd doesn't know how to react to the music, the jumbo screen begins flashing different captured video of KVT, CBR, Sean Jackson, and Perfection while the word

"Dynasty" appears throughout. The spotlight comes on to the group as KVT begins to lead them from the top of the stage down the ramp, behind her is Perfection, Sean Jackson and CBR- Dynasty.

"I can't see where you're comin' from But I know just what you're runnin' from"

They talk smack as they walk down the ramp KVT pointing at Perfection's belt as he builds up CBR and Jackson by pointing at them and shouting things at the crowd about respect. Now each member is purposefully working the crowd getting close to the barriers maybe only 3 feet away from them.

"And what matters ain't the who's baddest but the Ones who stop you falling from your ladder, When you feel like you're feeling now"

The camera catches a fan trying to spit at Perfection who steps away from the projectile, KVT notices and immediately walks over trying to reach over the railing to grab the fan but is held back by Jackson and CBR. Instead she has a lot of choice words, she gets herself together and tells Jackson and CBR "It's Fine". She steps between the two of them and smiles at the fan, before the fan can react however she has snatched another nearby fans beer and dumps it over his head. KVT, Jackson, and CBR all laugh as the continue back down the walkway.

Blackfront: The level of just....insolence these four have...Did KVT really have to pour a beer over that fan?! How about turning the other cheek?!

Ace: She'll turn your cheek after she smacks you across the face! She shouldn't take any crap from that fan!

Blackfront: That fan was spitting at Perfection not her...

Ace: Even worse!

They all make it down the ramp before enter into the ring sliding in under the bottom rope in sync as Dynasty takes hold to their posts, one to each and work the crowd.

"This ain't no place for no hero

This ain't no place for no better man This ain't no place for no hero

To call "home"

This ain't no place for no hero

This ain't no place for no better man This ain't no place for no hero

To call home"

The music begins to fade out as the house lights come back on. All attention is at the center of the ring where all four now stand. KVT hails for a microphone which is immediately handed to her by a referee on the outside of the ring. She walks over and hands it to Perfection who tries to talk but can't due to the overbearing jeering at the arena. He gives it a few moments while sidebar conversing with the other members of Dynasty, finally it calms a little.

Perfection: Two weeks ago paying fans in Dallas and worldwide via pay-per-view witnessed the dethroning of the UTA's worst....most undeserving....useless champion in it's history, Madman Szalinski!

Blackfront: Well, I would say Madman earned his way to be the former champion, can't blame him for health issues.

Ace: They are his health issues! Of course we can blame him! But who cares, Perfection is champion now and the UTA Championship is in the hands of Dynasty, Madman Szalinski is old news.

Perfection: Two weeks ago, in this very ring Dynasty established its dominance over the UTA! In case you were too

poor to watch live, take a look...

Camera cuts to a long shot of the commentary desk first, the ring, and then the jumbotron all of them in frame with Perfection pointing at the tron and everyone's head turning towards it.

START VIDEO PACKAGE

Sean rolls out of the ring. Behind him Perfection is starting to get to his feet. Madman and Blanca bring it in for a hug, before La Flama Blanca turns and runs toward the ropes. He leaps through the middle and crashes into Sean Jackson on the outside. The crowd, still unable to sit down, get even louder.

Blackfront: Perfection up behind Madman Szalinski.

Perfection grabs Madman's arms, and twist around, turning Madman around as well before dropping down.

Blackfront: THE PHOTO FINISH!

Ace: YES!

CUT TO

CBR just stops as Perfection and Sean Jackson grab Madman Szalinski and lifting him together before throwing him forward and to the canvas.

Blackfront: What's going on?!

CBR just cracks a smile. He tilts his head as he looks down at The Champion. Bending down, CBR grabs Madman by the mask and yanks him up.

Blackfront: The Internet Champion lifting Madman Szalinski onto his shoulder... he runs and leaps! POWERSLAM! MY GOD! CBR IS WORKING WITH PERFECTION AND SEAN JACKSON!

CUT TO

Suddenly, KVT turns to Ariel's back and smiles.

Blackfront: Oh no...

She taps Ariel on the shoulder. As Ariel turns, KVT kicks her in the stomach and follows up with a DDT on the floor outside of the ring. The fans begin to shout their displeasement.

CUT TO

Announcer:... and this match... the NEW... UTA CHAMPION.... PERFECTTTTTIIIOOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: My lord, no! What has happened?! This can't be!

Sean Jackson CBR, and KVT all three slide into the ring. They all grab Perfection and begin to celebrate. A few moments later the referee brings over the title belt and hands it to Perfection, who snatches it away. They then hoist Perfection up on their shoulders as he holds the title close and the fans are all booing heavily.

CUT TO: Back to the ring

Perfection: History in the making my Ungrateful little lemmings! What you just watched was a message, a message to everyone in the locker room, anyone who is thinking of entering OUR kingdom that we don't show any mercy- that Dynasty doesn't care who you are, if James Wingate protects you, or if your man or woman!

Perfection looks around at his other teammates who smirk nodding in approval the crowd is booing intensely at Dynasty.

Perfection: And this title, this UTA Championship gold that I secured after having to destroy my body in career ending

matches is the prize that I have earned....that Dynasty has earned! People like Madman think they can accomplish anything by themselves but only the smart know there's power in numbers.

Blackfront: And Madman was at the brunt of the power in numbers game that Dynasty wants to play.

Ace: Serves him right! You either get on the train your you get run over by it and Perfection is the conductor!

Perfection nods to CBR, passing the mic to the Canadian Star who takes it willingly, shaking hands firmly with the UTA Champ. Ranier smiles at the crowd, listening to their reaction, his free hand patting the Internet Title on the shoulder of the tailored Jermyn Street suit.

CBR: Look in this ring. Just take a moment, and look into this ring.

Claude pauses, lowering the mic for a second and looking over the sea of faces in attendance. CBR: What you see in this ring, is the industry's elite, come together against a common injustice. Twenty six victories in a UTA ring; three title reigns; and the First Lady of the entire wrestling business. You could say, that what you see in this ring...is perfection.

Ranier cracks a grin towards Perfection, who nods in approval.

CBR: James Wingate, you held Perfection down for months; you stole the title from Sean Jackson at Black Horizon; you robbed Kathryn of her shot at debuting at Ring King; and you put me in match after match with your little circus freaks. YOU did this James, YOU threw us each into a corner, bringing us back to back and giving us no choice but to fight back.

Claude shakes his head.

CBR: And now, night after night you throw your little heroes at us. Yoshii, Madman Szalinski, Spectre, La Flama Blanca, Dan Benson...it really does not matter James. Put me in matches on Victory all you want against your little midcard, I will tear them down piece by piece. In this ring you see the pinnacle of the business James, we are untouchable.

Perfection: This is our era! This is Dynasty's ring! And these are OUR championship belt! [Both Perfection and CBR lift their titles up] And none of these things will be taken from us!

Perfection drops the microphone as CBR, Jackson, and him talk briefly to KVT before exiting the ring and standing next to the ringside apron.

Blackfront: As Kathryn Vermont Thomas prepares to make her official UTA in ring debut here, you've got to be a bit worried that anything can pop off at any moment as the other members of Dynasty are out here at ring side.

Ace: They just want a front row seat to watch her finally end IM Hate's worthless existence! Blackfront: Hate, one of the longest contracted people on the current UTA roster, has no qualms with facing a female tonight. But standing a foot taller than KVT and weighing more than a hundred pounds more, you have to wonder how she will be about to overcome him at all.

Ace: She'll be the first to tell you that size doesn't matter Jason!

Announcer: Now making his way to the ring, hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina .

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

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

You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself No more complications Everything's just swell

No more obligations There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

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

Announcer: Standing at six foot five, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds.... IAN... MICHAELS... HAAAATEEEEE

Ian pays no mind to any fans in the arena as he walks down the middle of the isle and leaps onto the apron on his knee and stands to his feet. He wipes off his wrestling shoes on the apron, as he leaps over the top rope and lands into the ring.

Blackfront: IM Hate looking to be the man who puts a dent in the Dynasty tonight.

Ace: You mean the man looking to become yet another victim!

Blackfront: With all the members of Dynasty out here, I'm afraid he may just become a victim. He removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume. Blackfront: Here we go, as we get ready to see what Kathryn Velmont Thomas has to offer. I can tell you, IM hate is one of the most violent individuals to ever step into an UTA ring always

welcomes a challenge. I have seen that Thomas has been known to get dirty as well, so we'll see how this plays out.

Outside of the ring, the members of Dynasty watch on and the bell sounds. IM Hate stands in the middle of the ring just glaring at KVT through his mask. He tilts his head to the side trying to figure her out as KVT places her hands behind her back and looks at him with a sweet smile.

Blackfront: What is she up to?

Ace: Showing IM Hate that he has no reason to hate anymore!

Kathryn begins to skip toward IM Hate, who tilts his head to the other side as she gets very close to him. Out of nowhere, KVT throws her arms around Hate and begins to hug him. Hate just stands there, unsure what to do.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if I understand this and neither does Hate.

Kathryn lets go and steps back. She raises her arm up and begins to pull Hate's head down, turning it and kissing the cheek of his mask. This startles IM Hate who throws his hands up and stumbles a couple steps back.

Blackfront: Now, I've seen everything.

Ace: Why no appreciation for a little love?

Kathryn smiles huge and begins to move closer to Hate once again. IM Hate steps back a couple steps once again. She starts to pull Hate's head down once again.

Blackfront: looks like KVT wants to show Hate a little more love.

As she pulls it down, he goes to move away, but this time, she quickly drops to her knees and with one swift move brings her arm up, between his legs, yanking it and smashing him in the groin.

Blackfront: Low blow by Kathryn Velmont Thomas.

Ace: That's what he gets!

Blackfront: Why?

Ace: Because he was trying to give her unwanted advances!

Blackfront: Are you kidding me?

The referee begins to warn Kathryn Vermont Thomas as IM Hate holds himself and stumbles around, away from her. Suddenly, Kathryn pushes past the referee toward IM Hate and leaps up onto his back, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas now on the back of the larger IM Hate!

Hate swings his body, causing Kathryn Vermont Thomas to be thrown from him and across the ring, smashing into the canvas. He turns his head to stare in her direction. If we could see under the mask, we'd see a look that could kill.

Blackfront: I do not think IM Hate is happy.

Ace: Can you believe how he threw Kathryn? That's a woman!

Blackfront: Oh come on! She knew what she was doing when she got into this match.

IM Hate begins to stomp over to KVT who gets on her knees and holds her hands up, pleading for IM Hate to show mercy. The other members of Dynasty look as if they are ready to enter the ring at a moment's notice.

Blackfront: IM Hate not caring that Kathryn Vermont Thomas is a woman as he grabs her by her hair!

She screams bloody murder as IM Hate pulls her to her feet. He grabs her arm and sends KVT running across the ring.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas off the ropes. On her way back.

IM Hate comes forward with an arm to clothesline Thomas, but she ducks. As she passes Hate, she leaps up to the second rope and uses it lounge herself back. Hate turns around just in time to see that he is about to be on the receiving end of a springboard clothesline.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas with a springboard clothesline that takes IM Hate off of his feet!

Ace: Isn't she amazing?!

KVT quickly leaps up and covers IM Hate. However, before the referee can get into place, he shoves her up and off of him with ease.

Blackfront: Thomas unable to capitalize her early as IM Hate's strength is just too much.

Ace: Just give her a moment Jason.

Perfection slaps the edge of canvas and yells at KVT some encouraging words.

Blackfront: IM Hate back to his feet as is KVT. Hate reaches for Thomas, who quickly dodges him, running to the side of the ring and bouncing off of the ropes.

Ace: That lightning fast quickness.

Blackfront: Baseball slide under Hate's legs.

Hate turns around as Thomas rolls up to her feet. However, she just isn't quick enough as he grabs her shoulders and yanks her back and down, sending her to the canvas with force.

Blackfront: IM Hate putting a stop to Kathryn Vermont Thomas, and with force.

Ace: You can't do that to a woman!

Blackfront: Really Tommy?

IM Hate takes a few steps to the side of Thomas and runs forward and leaps up, coming down across her chest with a leg drop.

Blackfront: IM Hate crushing Kathryn Vermont Thomas under that big leg! He maneuvers over and lays on top of her.

Ace: look! Now he's sexually assaulting her!

Blackfront: That is ridiculous! He is going for a pin!

The referee drops down to begin the count, however the UTA Champion quickly slides into the ring enough to grab IM Hate's leg and yank him back before sliding back out.

Blackfront: Unbelievable, Dynasty can't stay out of this!

The referee gets up and runs over to the ropes warning Perfection who quickly gets up to the side of the apron and begins arguing with him. As he distracts the referee, Sean Jackson and CBR slide in behind him and begin stomping away at IM Hate.

Blackfront: What an assault!

Ace: I know! It's great.

Blackfront: It sure as hell is not!

CBR yanks IM Hate up and whips him toward the ropes. However, Hate stumbles and lands across the middle rope, hanging there. CBR and Sean Jackson quickly slide out of the ring as Perfection throws his hand sup and leaps to the floor, allowing the referee to get back to the match.

Blackfront: Well the damage is already done ref. he fell for their games.

KVT pushes her way up, moving a bit slower than she was, holding her chest. She looks around and sees IM Hate hanging on the ropes. She quickly takes off, and leaps beside him, grabbing the bottom and middle ropes, sliding around and kicking IM Hate in midsection as he is getting back to his feet.

Blackfront: I'm not sure what she calls that, but it was effective!

Hate stumbles back and lands on the canvas. As he does, KVT quickly heads to the corner and begins climbing the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas going for a big move here. This could either win or lose the match for her!

Ace: She's going to fly like a beautiful American eagle!

She faces Hate and stands up before leaping, flipping in the air with a top rope Senton.

Blackfront: The Benediction! The Benediction! She hits her mark.

Ace: Yes!

KVT grabs her midsection from he hit but moves around and covers Hate. As the referee drops to count, she throws her legs up on the ropes for leverage as CBR and Sean Jackson hold her feet, making sure she can't be budged. The referee's hand hits three and the bell starts to sound.

Blackfront: Well, technically Kathryn Vermont Thomas won this match but you might as well credit it to all of Dynasty. What a shame. CBR was able to win his match last night on Victory without the aid of Dynasty. Is this what we can expect?

Ace: Expect what? greatness?! I'm loving it!

CBR and Sean Jackson slide into the ring, and help KVT to her feet before turning and stomping

IM Hate. The referee tries to intervene, but is threatened quickly.

Blackfront: His is uncalled for!

Perfection digs under the ring on the outside before sliding a stable he finds in.

Blackfront: Oh no! Come on! IM Hate doesn't deserve this! Someone needs to come help IM Hate.

Ace: Why would they? IM Hate has no friends!

Perfection slides in and starts to set the table up. Once set up, CBR and Sean Jackson pick Hate up and roll him onto the table.

Blackfront: What now?

They both look at KVT and nod, who quickly heads over to the turnbuckle again.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

She climbs up and turns around again, perching on the top rope.

Blackfront: This is uncalled for!

Ace: This is great!

She leaps and with another top rope Senton, crashes down on top of IM Hate. The table cracks apart into a million different pieces as the rest of Dynasty leap back out of the way. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: IM Hate may be hurt.

Ace: He needs to be hurt! He's going to come out next week as IM Hurt. Ha!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas' music begins to play as her Dynasty partners help her to her feet. She shows pain from the match, but celebrates with her team mates.

Blackfront: What a dark night here in the UTA.

BACKSTAGE WITH THE SPECTRE

Backstage, Jennifer Williams is standing by with The Spectre, who is pacing back and forth like a hungry lion. He appears a bit disturbed, and is muttering to himself as he rubs his fingers through his purple hair. Johnny the hyena watches Spectre pace back and forth. Spectre gives a quick pat on the head of Johnny while continuing to pace.

Williams: Ladies and gentlemen, I am standing here with very special guest UTA Hall of Famer, The Spectre who is scheduled to team up with Madman Szalinski later this evening to face two of Dynasty's founding members, Perfection and Sean Jackson.

Jennifer now turns toward Spectre.

Williams: But, Spectre, there are many that have serious concerns that you and Madman will not be able to act as a cohesive unit. Every indication thus far is that this will be a train wreck between you and Madman tonight, and you two may never be the same.

Spectre stops pacing, and pulls the microphone towards him.

Spectre: A train wreck is putting it mildly, Jennifer! But it won't be due to anything that I cause. That pothead, good ol' Doobie Smurf, has basically thrown his tag team partner under the bus, leaving it up to me to carry the load for the team...ALONE.

Williams: Well, that's not entirely true just yet, Spectre. There's still time for Madman to... Spectre: Well, tell me something, Jen. Have you seen Madman around? Cause I sure as hell haven't. Spectre pauses.

Suddenly, it appears as if he realizes where Madman might be.

Spectre: Oh, my god! I know where that little troll is.

Williams: Where?

Spectre: Well, duh! He is at one of the vending machines buying pot!

Williams: Uh, Spectre. We're in Maryland. Recreational marijuana isn't legal here, only in Colorado and Washington State.

Spectre: So? Medical marijuana is legal. Maybe Madman is in the back alleys of this arena getting some quack to write him a prescription!!! Arrrggggghhh!!! It doesn't matter where the hell

Madman is. Shit, he's probably signing off on more of his outdated posters, that is, unless he's developed writer's cramp. Well, screw him!

Bottom line, Jen! I am going to head into MY match against Perfection and Sean Jackson with all the craziness and unpredictable insanity that you would expect from me!

You gotta give props to Perfection for having the ingenuity to recruit Sean Jackson over to Dynasty! Because ONLY a gutless worm like Sean Jackson will bend over and kiss Perfection's ass.

Hehehehe... Not only would he kiss Perfection's ass, Sean Jackson would actually ask Perfection HOW MANY TIMES, but also what flavor of Chap Stick that Perfection would like his ass to smell like!

I WILL take Dynasty down tonight a notch or two, WITH or WITHOUT Madman's help, and thus, in the process, begin THEIR slow erosion into the Valley of the Lunatics!!!

Think Dynasty can defeat me??? Hehehehehehe... IN THEIR DREAMS!!! We fade to commercial.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

BALLS ITCH? CAN'T GET LAID BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS SCRATCHING YOUR NUTS? DO YOU WASH AND SCRUB AND WASH SOME MORE AND NOTHING CAN DO THE JOB? WELL FILTHY PHIL'S BALL CREAM IS THE BALL CREAM FOR YOU. SMOOTH AND IN A SCRAPE CAN EVEN BE EATEN AS A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT. GO GET SOME AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER SUCKER. TELL EM THE ROW SENT YAH AND BUY ONE GET ONE FREE.

THE MARSHALL PLAN FOR MADMAN SZALINSKI

v/o: Salisbury, Maryland? Can you feel it coming, in the air, tonight?

As soon as the voice over ends, Marshall Owens steps out from behind the curtain. Wearing a suit and tie, Marshall slowly begins to make his way towards the ring side area as he raises the mic to his mouth.

Marshall: Salisbury, tonight you get to bare witness to what Sean Jackson and I have been saying for months...

Marshall is halfway down the entrance ramp as he continues speaking.

Marshall: And that is the undeniable truth of The Spectre's real intentions here in Wrestle UTA. Now I know what you're thinking, but Marshall, you can't be for real. There's no way that Spectre would stab a tag team partner in the back.

As Marshall gets to the ringside area, he makes his way up the ringside steps and before stepping through the ropes, makes a quick glance towards the fans who are sitting close to ringside.

Marshall: But let me assure you, Spectre is more than capable of stabbing someone like Madman Szalinski in the back.

With that last statement, Marshall steps through the ropes and now is standing alone in the ring. He has a smile on his face as he continues to address the fans.

Marshall: Oh yes, it's true Madman. You may not know Spectre like Sean and I know him, but he's more than capable of taking his frustrations out on those who don't adapt to his vision.

Marshall points upward with his free index finger.

Marshall: And it seems to me that every time we here Spectre speaking, he's complaining about something that you're

doing.

Marshall is doing everything possible to drive that wedge between Spectre and Madman. He knows that if he works Madman enough, that tag team will self implode.

Marshall: Spectre complains that you smoke too much pot. Spectre complains that you don't train enough. Spectre complains that you aren't trying to get onto the same page with him... Marshall is now tapping himself on the chin. He has to be confident in the fact that maybe, just maybe, he's got Madman to thinking.

Marshall: But answer me this Madman. Aren't you the same man you've been since even before Black Horizon?

Everyone in the arena is now wondering where Marshall is going with this. But fortunately, they won't have to wait for very long. The seed has already been planted, all Marshall has to do is make sure it grows.

Marshall: Aren't you the same man that Spectre hand picked to be the Wrestle UTA champion? Marshall begins to rub his chin, almost as if to question that last spoken question. Again, the seed has already been planted and now, it's time for the discontent to grow.

Marshall: But to hear Spectre now, it's almost as if he's saying that he made a mistake. That if he had to do it all over again, he would have chosen someone else to be the champion.

A look of concern crosses Marshall's face. It's almost as if he can't believe that Madman hasn't figured out that Spectre was using him.

Marshall: In other words Madman, Spectre is telling the world... He stops, taking the time to shake his head no.

Marshall: No, he's telling YOU that the UTA is better off with someone, anyone else as the champion. Ever since Ring King, Spectre has been quick to criticize you, to question you, to run down everything about you. Hell Madman, I was there at Ring King, in the backstage area, watching Spectre NOT lift a finger to help you.

Marshall then thrusts his pointing finger towards the back, a look of disgust enveloping his face. Marshall: I stood there, watching as Spectre observed the brutal beatdown from Dynasty. Hell, I watched as Spectre just stood there when La Flama Blanca raced through the curtain, heading down to ringside in order to help you. I stood there and watched as CBR made his way towards the ringside area...

Pause.

Marshall: Yes, let me repeat myself. Spectre stood there and watched as Dynasty formed in front of his eyes. He stood there and watched as the title belt was lifted from you, not even once thinking about going down to help you.

Marshall points down at the arena floor, the approximate location where Madman's wife Ariel stood when she too, was attacked by Dynasty.

Marshall: Jesus Madman, even when your own wife was being attacked, Spectre never once thought about coming to your rescue. But yet, SPECTRE wants to criticize your heart, your training, the pot that you smoke on your own free time....

This has to be some of his best work yet.

Marshall: Shame on you Spectre, shame on you. Shame on you for ever thinking that you had the right to question Madman's heart, after he gallantly defended himself against all four members of Dynasty. Matter of fact, shame on you for putting Madman into this position to begin with, then balking when he needed you the most.

Inhale.exhale

Marshall: But of course, that's the way you operate now isn't it? In no way would it have benefited you to come down to save Madman, so you stayed in the safe confines of the backstage area, while La Flama Blanca threw caution to the

wind. Well Spectre, it wouldn't

surprise me at all if Madman gave you a dose of your own medicine tonight. Personally, if I was Madman's manager, I would tell him to stab you squarely in the back, right in the middle of this ring. Then, I would tell him to leave you to fend for yourself. Just like you did to him at Ring King. Marshall smiles.

Marshall: Come on Madman, it's not like anyone would blame you.

The smile grows larger as Marshall Owens gives that questioning shrug, an obvious message to Madman Szalinski. Marshall then steps through the ropes and after going down the ring steps, begins to make his way towards the backstage area where the scene shifts back to the announcers.

COMING SOON

Suddenly the entire show turns to static before the camera comes back into focus revealing a junkyard. The camera pans around showing the many beat up and torn apart cars scattered around. Several mean looking dogs are seen walking around including a Rottweiler, and a Boxer with a bone in it's mouth. The camera finally stops on the man himself, David Hightower dressed in a pair of beat up jeans, and a pair of rugged boots sitting on the hood of a trashed pickup truck.

Hightower: Ya know I've been in this whole wrasslin thing fer a bit now and I ain't gettin any younger! People have asked good ole David Hightower when he was goin to finally step out onto the big stage. Well good thing the local Burger King had some of them there free computers fer the public! I got my application in and guess what boys... David Hightower is coming to the UTA! David smiles befoe turning off camera.

Hightower: Whiskey! Beer!

A big grey pit bullwalks into the picture with a bottle of beer in his mouth. The dog jumps up and sits beside David. David takes the bottle from Whiskey's mouth and pops the cap off with his teeth. He spits the cap out and takes a long drink from the bottle.

BURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRP!!!

Hightower: It's amazing really... A country boy like me makin it to one of the best federations around... I ain't like most of you wrasslers... I didn't come a fancy school... I don't have a family history... Hell all I had was what I knew... And that there was next to nothin! All I had was a history of violence, a case of beer, and a killer right hook! And of course ya can't ferget about my dog here! Most people say a man like me wouldn't stand a chance... Yet the funny thing is I don't kinow what a wristlock is but I know how to whip someone's ass!

David takes another drink from his bottle of beer finishing it off. He carelessly tosses the bottle over his shoulder where it lands and shatters off screen.

Hightower: In every yard a nasty junkyard dog is laying somewhere... Well boys... Get ready... Ya'll are in my yard now and ya woke up The Toughest Dog In the Yard!

David says reaching back and grabbing a rusted chain with a tow truck hook attached to it. Hightower: This is my yard! And I have come to the UTA to protect my turf! Go ahead... Enter if ya dare! But I promise ya this... I will Put ya down!

David says with a laugh petting Whiskey's head before he suddenly throws a right hook at the camera causing it to go to static.

DAVID HIGHTOWER! COMING TO UTA SOON!

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.....

STTTTEEEVVVVVEEEENNNNNNSSSSSOOOOONNNNNN!!!!

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

The stage lights in the arena begin to turn a combination of red and gold as Waterwings (And Other Poolside Fashion Faux Pas) by Alexisonfire begins to play through the arena. From the entrance way to the stage, Graham Clauson bursts out from the back in his ring gear, a black baseball cap and black, collared and sleeveless vest.

He stops at the beginning of the aisle, smirking as he looks around at the fans before standing with his side facing towards the ring, making the appearance of a gun with his hand. Extending his arm, he then makes the appearance of shooting this gun by making his arm recoil upwards into the air, causing an explosion of white pyrotechnic flares going off on each side of the stage simultaneously.

Announcer: From Cincinnati, Ohio, weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds... GRAHAM CLAUSOOOOOOON!

Graham begins to walk down the aisle, keeping his focus towards ringside.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson, former tag team partner of Madman Szalinski as apart of The Shoot Kings, looking to break out on his own here in the UTA.

Ace: He made that clear when he didn't even run out and back his buddy up at Ring King. Not that it would have done him any good.

As Graham gets into the ring his music begins to die down.

Blackfront: This should be a good match against two great competitors here as we continue the action here on Wrestleshow.

As the bell rings, J Stevenson and Graham Clauson lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand before J Stevenson raises Grahams arms upward before kicking him in the knee, dropping him to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by J Stevenson after the power struggle.

Ace: Right in the knee too. That is not a place you want to have attacked at the start of a match. your knees go out and you are disabled. Simple as that. If you can't move you can't win.

J Stevenson steps back a lays a swift kick up against the head of Graham Clauson, the shot ringing out. Clauson goes limp and falls to the mat.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY J STEVENSON! He nearly took his head off with that one! Ace: Stevenson has years under his belt. I think tonight he is going to school Graham Clauson Jason.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as J Stevenson makes his way over to Graham Clauson and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Stevenson pulls Graham to a seated position and then grabs him around the head, draping an arm across the throat.

Blackfront: Rear Headlock here by J Stevenson.

Stevenson wrenches the hold and raises his free hand, bringing it down across the head of Graham Clauson as he releases. Clauson falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Blackfront: Quick punch there by J Stevenson, and from the looks of Graham Clauson, a stiff one too.

J Stevenson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Graham Clauson.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Stevenson!

J Stevenson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the chest of Graham.

Blackfront: And another!

Ace: Stevenson is more aggressive tonight than I've seen him since he came into the UTA.

J Stevenson then scrambles over to Clauson and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here...No! Kick out there by Graham Clauson.

Ace: Still not enough to put away Clauson.

J Stevenson gets to his feet and stomps Graham several times before bringing him to his feet.

Clauson rises with a punch to the face of J Stevenson, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. J Stevenson then grabs Graham Clauson by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

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

Clauson turns and keeps the hold, Irish whipping J Stevenson into the ropes instead. J Stevenson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Clauson, knocking him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by J Stevenson! He had all that momentum built up into that one! Ace: You just don't see stuff like that often enough. Great move that came off with ease for J Stevenson.

Stevenson heads to the ropes and throws his arms out to the fans who send him a heavily mixed reaction.

Blackfront: J Stevenson wasting time here.

Ace: How could listening to the fans tell you how great you are ever be a waste of time Jason? Meanwhile Graham Clauson slowly gets to his feet and as J Stevenson turns around Graham charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson with the offense now.

The punches work J Stevenson into the corner, and Graham switches to stomps, stomping J Stevenson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: J Stevenson caught in that corner now, Graham Clauson stomping away at the gut. Ace: It should be illegal to keep someone pinned in a corner like that. How is he expected to come back?

Blackfront: He isn't, that's the point Tommy.

Graham then grabs the top ropes and holds on as he uses them to pull himself, shoulder first, into the mid section of J Stevenson.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson continuing his assault on J Stevenson in the corner of the ring. Graham Clauson brings his knee in and J Stevenson falls to the seated position in the corner. Blackfront: Graham Clauson in full control of this match now. He may have the veteran's number tonight.

Ace: It's only a temporary set back Jason. J Stevenson has overcome way bigger obstacles than someone like Graham Clauson.

Clauson grabs Stevenson by an ankle and drags him into the center of the ring. Graham then drops to his knees before

covering J Stevenson. The referee quickly slides into place and begins the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin now... kick out. Not enough there. J Stevenson is still in this match. Ace: Of course he is Jason. It is J Stevenson we're talking about. Do you think the Human Highlight Reel is going to let a match end before adding a new clip?

Blackfront: If Graham Clauson continues like he is going, it wont be up to Stevenson. Suddenly a rumble in the audience can be heard and the camera shoots up to see FKA running down the ramp. Inside of the ring, Graham Clauson stomps away at J Stevenson.

Blackfront: FKA heading down the ramp toward the ring. Could he be out here after J Stevenson's celebration interruption earlier tonight?

Graham pulls J Stevenson to his feet as FKA slides into the ring behind him. J Stevenson is groggy but looks up as FKA runs behind Clauson, shoving him out of the way and bringing a knee hard up into the stomach of J Stevenson.

Blackfront: FKA attacking Stevenson!

He begins to bring a barrage of forearm shots down across the hunched over back of J Stevenson. The referee begins calling for the bell.

Blackfront: It looks like this one is over.

Ace: FKA is smart. He let Graham do all of the work!

FKA brings a knee up to the face of Stevenson who falls back to the canvas.

Announcer: The winner of this match due to disqualification..... J.... STEEEVVVEEENNNSSSOOONNNN!!!!

Blackfront: Not what Graham Clauson wanted to hear.

Graham grabs FKA's shoulder and turns him around, yelling at FKA.

Blackfront: It seems these two men are at a disagreement on FKA putting himself into this match.

Graham pushes FKA who comes back with a right hand. Blackfront: Both men now exchanging lefts and rights! Ace: FKA is making enemies left and right.

As they both punch, J Stevenson begins to push up behind them.

Blackfront: Stevenson up, unsure what to think about what is going on. he takes off.

Stevenson runs and hits the ropes. As he returns, both Graham and FKA turn toward him. J leaps up, throwing both legs out, and catching both at the same time.

Blackfront: Double dropkick by J Stevenson!

Ace: There is the next highlight for the reel!

As both Graham and FKA hit the canvas, J Stevenson takes a moment before getting up. he stands over both men and begins yelling as his music cues up.

Blackfront: J Stevenson gets the win here tonight and stands tall not only over Graham Clauson but also FKA. This is not over between these two men, and add in Clauson to the mix? Things are about to be explosive.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

HENRY'S BAIL BONDS, LET US GET TO YOU BEFORE YOUR CELLMATE DOES.

DO NOT FEAR US

As we return ringside, the lights go out.

Ace: What in the...?

Blackfront: I'm not sure what's going on.

The opening rifts of Marilyn Manson's Man that You Fear begin to play.

Blackfront: That's that song from that cryptic video!!! They are here! 9.7.14 is upon us!

Ace: Jason, look.. can you see them?

Blackfront: Barely.. it's so dark!

As the music continues, we can semi make out three figures. One is shorter than the other two, but we can not get a good look at them.

Blackfront: For weeks this group has been leaving cryptic messages on Twitter and YouTube. They promise change if you embrace HIM... whomever that is.

We see the shadows walking up the steps and entering the ring. However, we still can not really see them. The music continues as the three men stand in the ring in complete darkness. Cell phones illuminate the audience as the eerie trio stand there. As the music fades out, the darkness remains.

Reverend: Brothers and sisters.... please... take your seats as the sermon is about to begin.

Blackfront: This would be a lot better if we could see you!

Ace: I don't know if I want to.

Now folks, before we ask them to raise the lights.. I must warn you.

Blackfront: Warn us of what?

Reverend: I must warn you that standing before you, in this ring, stands three of HIS followers. Now, the good reverend here... well, I have with me Brother Simon and Brother Judas.

Ace: Ok, well I still don't know who they are!

Reverend: Before we turn the lights on, I want you to know that you have no reason to fear us... No, brothers and sisters... although Brother Judas and Brother Simon have lived the lives of heathens, and seen things unimaginable.. they have accepted HIS word! They have accepted his LOVE and because of that, they stand here with me to speak HIS word! So do not fear us, do not fear that of which you do not understand... as it shall all be revealed... in time. Brother Simon, please take the microphone as they turn the lights on.

We hear the microphone give a bit of static off as the lights turn on.

Blackfront: My lord...

Ace: What... is.. that?

The Good Reverend holds his hand up in the sky as the fans, shocked by what they see do not know how to react. The camera zooms in on who we believe is Brother Judas.

The Reverend takes the microphone from Brother Simon and continues.

Reverend: We are here! We are here for you! to save each and every one of you from yourselves! Much like Brother Judas here... a murderer... a sinner... you too can be saved! As he speaks, his energy level raises.

Reverend: All you have to do.. is like Brother Judas... embrace HIS word and you too shall reclaim the glory of which is HIS love!

Ace: What is this cook talking about?

Reverend: For too long have you allowed your minds to be brainwashed by men in mask... hiding themselves.... You have been lied to by men who dress like pirates... and those with purple hair! The fans cheer.

Reverend: See, you cheer these liars because you have been lead to believe they are heroes! No sir! No sir... They are the ones to escort you into the pit of fire when HE arrives and delivers his final judgment!

He raises his book of scripture in the sky.

Reverend: Follow this! Follow HIS word! Allow his embrace to save your soul! The camera moves in on The Reverend.

Reverend: Tonight... I want each and every one of you that want to be saved to close your eyes... and raise your right hand....

Blackfront: I'd rather not.

Reverend: Brothers and sisters at home, place your hand against mine and feel his love. Do it! He hands the microphone to Brother Simon and we zoom in on The Reverend's hand as he smiles.

After a few moments, Brother Simon holds the microphone over to The Reverend.

Reverend: Do you feel it? Do you! HIS love is all so powerful! Embrace HIM!

He holds the book fo scripture close to his chest, still holding his hand close to the camera view.

Reverend: Brothers and sisters, now that you have allowed HIM into your lives...

Blackfront: No one did.

Reverend: Now that you have asked HIM to save you...

Blackfront: It didn't happen.

Reverend: You must now show HIM your appreciation! Take your money, and ten... no.. twenty percent of it... send it to The Good Reverend. That's what HE wants!

Blackfront: This is absurd.

Ace: Why didn't I think of this?

Suddenly, Going Down hits the sound system and La Flama Blanca comes out. The fans go absolutely crazy. Brother Judas and Brother Simon turn their heads and both snarl at the masked man, who is dressed in normal clothes, his mask, and has a microphone.

Reverend: Brother Sanchez! Have you come to embrace HIM? Have you come to join us in celebration?!

La Flama Blanca scoffs and raises the microphone to his mouth. Blanca: No. In fact, I came out here to save this crowd myself! They all scream.

Blanca: Save them from scam artist like you! A loud pop takes over.

Reverend: Scam artist?! Oh, Brother Sanchez... you of all people should appreciate that we are here to speak HIS truth!

La Flama Blanca just looks down.

Blanca: That so?

Reverend: For months... match after match... you have come out here, and although each and every one of these people cheer you.. you have consistently let them down. You have become a failure.

The fans boo. La Flama Blanca's emotions can be seen changing.

Reverend: Because you hide behind that mask, and the lies that you tell... you have already began to feel what it is to slip from HIS loving graces! But you can join us Brother Sanchez! Join us! Do not fear us, for we are here to save you!

La Flama Blanca thinks for a moment before raising the microphone up.

Blanca: Save me? Nah, I don't need your saving.

He drops the microphone, rips his tie away from his shirt and begins to unbutton it as he starts to head down the ramp. Brother Judas and Brother Simon step past The Reverend who puts his hand up, signaling them to stop.

Reverend: No need brothers. Brother Sanchez will cause no harm.

Blackfront: I don't know, he sure looks like he wants to.

La Flama Blanca slides into the ring and steps up to the three men.

Ace: Look. I give Blanca a lot of crap, but even i am legitimately concerned. Judas appears to be at least eight feet tall!

Reverend: Brother Sanchez... welcome.

The Reverend raises his hand, palm open toward La Flama Blanca.

Reverend: Place your hand on mine! Accept HIM! The fans scream for La Flama Blanca not to do it. Reverend: Embrace HIM!

La Flama Blanca moves in..

Blanca: No.

The reverend's eyes grow large, his demeanor changes as he comes forward, swinging his book of scripture and knocking La Flama Blanca in the side of the head. Blanca falls to the side and hits the canvas.

Blackfront: What the?

The Reverend holds the book of scripture up and we realize it is solid metal. The fans boo.

Blackfront: That is no book!

Reverend: Forgive Brother Sanchez, for he knows not what he does. The Reverend crouches down near La Flama Blanca.

Reverend: We're gonna talk again Brother Sanchez. Believe you an' me.. we'll talk again. Their music begins to play again and the fans boo as The Reverend, followed by both monsters of men exit the ring, leaving La Flama Blanca lying, unconscious.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca came to stand up to these mystery men claiming to be saviors and for his troubles, was on the receiving end of that decorative book. I can tell you this folks.. I am officially scared for the future of the UTA.... and for La Flama Blanca...

The Reverend screams the praises of HIM as they head up the ramp and we fade.

THRILLING THOUGHTS

A black towncar pulls up to the arena. It's obviously an Uber. The door opens and out steps the THRILL himself. He's got a pair of Beats playing whatever sick jams he downloaded for tonight. Slaw follows him wearing a similar pair of

headphones. THRILL passes through the crowd and reaches into his pants pocket. He pulls out a wad of \$20 dollar bills and throws them into the air. Staffer: What the hell!?

The crowd surges forward. They want some free money. Security surges forward to. There's a decent amount of people and this is how things start to get ugly.

the THRILL smiles and keeps on walking.

Slaw: Why you do dat for? Dat's enough to score us some fun after your match, homes?? Will: It don't matter, none. Money is just money. I wanted to flash a little so Hopper knows the deal. Apparently just cause you're suddenly made a' money means ya gotta flash it.

Slaw: Bein' rich sure has a lot of dumb rules.

Will: Believe me, son, don't I know it. Do me a favor, cruise on a'head. Gonna say some words to Hopper.

Slaw: Aiight. Best be a long quick. Ain't like bein' at this stufalone.

Will: Fair.

THRILL turns back to the camera.

Will: Ain't gonna take more than a few to break it down for you, Hopper. You're a bully. Anyway you slice it, you're a bully. You don't like the way I talk or the way I dress so naturally you don't wanna grab a brew with me. So naturally you wanna put me down.

Take a look out at the crowd tonight, Hopper. Bet ya find a lot a' people who talk a little crooked, who's clothes don't fit them just right, and who might need a bit of work done. But it's funny though - those are the same folks you're tryin' to get to eat outta your hand.

THRILL smirks.

Will: That's alright tonight I'll make sure to expose you like the fraud you are Hopper. Show the whole world how you treat anyone who dares step to you. That's why you wanted Blanca in the ring knew he would roll right over for you. THRILL don't play those games idiot. Find out the hard way later tonight.

The roar of a Tyrannosaur erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into Seprentine, by Disturbed. The cheers increase as Thatcher emerges from the mist, his head turning first to the left, then to the right before striding down the ramp, eyes fixated upon the ring. He climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes. He takes two strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He throws his arms wide, fists clenched, and releases a phenomenal roar before hopping back down to canvas.

"What ya Life Like" by Beanie Sigel begins to play. The eerie sounds of a prison door closing welcomes the sinister horns as Apollo Cain bursts through the curtain.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain on a search for respect, but can he overcome the powerful Thatcher Rex?

Apollo waits out the horns and when the bass drops pyros stream up from both sides of the entrance. Sparks rain down on Apollo as he raises his closed fist to the sky. Nodding his head, focused on the ground.

Announcer: Hailing from Norfolk, Virginia...

Apollo stalks slowly to the ring, sneering at the fans. He stops at ringside and lunges toward a UTA fan making him fall back in fear. Cain just chuckles and steps directly onto the apron, pulling himself up by the ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 8 inches tall and weighing in at 285 pounds

salutes the crowd.

Blackfront: The fans are into this 100% tonight!

Ace: People love fights, and that is what this is, a fight.

Apollo Cain slowly gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex reaches him before he does, grabbing him by the hair and helping him up to his feet anyway. Thatcher Rex keeps his hold on Apollo Cain with his left arm and reaches back with a right that he brings forward and plants across the kisser of Apollo Cain, knocking him straight to the mat.

Blackfront: Hard Right by Thatcher!

Apollo Cain shakes his head on the mat, selling the right and slowly gets to his feet, Thatcher Rex standing over him with a raised fist. Apollo Cain gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex throws a left jab, then another, each jab connecting with Apollo Cain, and then Thatcher Rex follows it up with a stiff right arm that he brings forward across the upper chest of Apollo Cain, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Thatcher Rex.

Thatcher Rex then drops to the mat and goes for the pin. He hooks the leg of Apollo Cain as the referee slides to the mat to make the official count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin—1. . . kick out! Apollo Cain refuses to give up.

Ace: It's a sign of weakness and he wants respect.

Thatcher Rex gets to his feet and stomps Apollo Cain once in the chest before dropping back down to the mat and grabbing Apollo Cain by the arm and bending it backwards behind Apollo Cain's back, the wrist bent.

Blackfront: Hammerlock by Thatcher Rex.

Apollo Cain sells the hammer lock, his face twisted into a grimace as Thatcher Rex wrenches the hold and sweats all over him. the referee circles around the two, leaning slightly over at the waist and asking Apollo Cain if he would like to submit. Apollo Cain shakes his head and cries out once in pain as Thatcher wrenches the arm particularly hard.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain in a bad place now.

Apollo Cain tucks his legs underneath him and starts to get up to the standing position, and the frat fuckers start to cheer if only for the hope of some change in action. Apollo Cain reaches his feet and throws a wild elbow behind him, the elbow connecting with Thatcher Rex's head.

Blackfront: Elbow by Apollo Cain! Trying to get out of this one folks. . .

Thatcher Rex sells the elbow but keeps the hold on Apollo Cain. Apollo Cain goes for another elbow but Thatcher Rex ducks his head before using his legs to lift Apollo Cain up and over his head, sending him to the canvas behind him.

Blackfront: Hammerlock German Suplex!

Ace: Every German suplex should include a hammerlock.

Blackfront: Why's that?

Ace: Because The German people—

Blackfront: Whoah whoah before you even get started—I'm gonna stop you there.

Apollo Cain sells the hammerlock German Suplex on the canvas as Thatcher Rex gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Back and forward action here. This could be the show stealing match.

Apollo Cain slowly gets to his feet as Thatcher Rex gives up on the fans and makes his way over to Apollo Cain. He

reaches Apollo Cain, who's bent over in the process of getting to his feet and Thatcher brings down a forearm to the back of Apollo Cain. Apollo Cain straightens up, though he sells the blow, and Thatcher throws another right before grabbing Apollo Cain by the arm and tossing him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Thatcher Rex.

Apollo Cain turns his back to the ropes and hits them, but grabs hold of the top rope with both arm to prevent returning back to the center of the ring. Thatcher Rex charges Apollo Cain and as Thatcher reaches Apollo Cain, Apollo Cain bends at the waist and raises up, lifting Thatcher Rex clean over the top rope and to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Back body drop by Apollo Cain on Thatcher Rex! And Thatcher went over the top rope and out of the ring with that one!

Apollo Cain steps through the top and middle ropes before leaping down to the ground outside of the ring. He lands on both feet and looks down on Thatcher Rex, who sells the back body drop. Thatcher Rex crawls forward on the ground and Apollo Cain reaches him pulling him to his feet while the referee instructs both men to get inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Thatcher Rex up now with the aid of Apollo Cain, who's not trying to help him out folks, he's wanting to do even more damage.

Ace: These two just want to destroy each other and are doing a damn good job of it.

Apollo Cain reaches back and throws a hard right to Thatcher Rex. The fans begin cheering each shot. Rex takes the hard right but quickly comes back with a right of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging blows on the outside!

Apollo Cain throws another right, then a quick left, each shot rocking Thatcher Rex. Apollo Cain then kicks Thatcher Rex in the gut before hooking his head under his armpit. Apollo Cain then takes Thatcher's free arm and puts it over his head before Apollo Cain grabs Thatcher Rex by the tights and lifts him up into the air. Cain falls backward, bringing Thatcher Rex straight down to the ground. The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: Suplex on the floor outside!

Ace: That's what she said. . .

Blackfront: Wait... what?

Ace: Nothing.

The referee hits seven as Apollo bends at the waist and grabs Thatcher by the hair, bringing him to his feet. Apollo Cain tosses Thatcher into the ring and slides in after him.

Blackfront: Both men in the ring now after that near count out.

Ace: Cain almost didn't get back in. He almost gave Thatcher this match.

Apollo Cain crawls his way over to Thatcher Rex and then covers him, hooking the leg. The referee drops to the mat as the crowd acknowledges the pin with a general round of applause. Blackfront: We've got a pin, 1. . . 2. . .No! Kick out! Thatcher Rex kicks out!

Apollo Cain gets up to his knees and checks with the referee. The referee shakes his head and shows him two fingers and Apollo Cain turns to the fallen Thatcher Rex and grabs him by the head before pounding the back of Thatcher's head into the mat.

Ace: This guy is now pounding Thatcher's head right into the canvas! It's like he's trying to bust a watermelon or something!

Blackfront: Great work on that one Ace—'a watermelon or something'. That's just.. wow. How have you not been fired?

Apollo Cain then covers Thatcher Rex once again, hooking the leg. the referee slides to the mat, going for the count.

Blackfront: And another quick pin here. . . 1. . .2—NO. Kick out.

Apollo Cain checks with the referee and still the referee shows him only two fingers. Apollo Cain curses, and makes his way to his feet, grabbing a handful of Thatcher Rex's hair and bringing him to his feet with him. Apollo Cain reaches back and punches him twice, before grabbing him by the wrist and whipping him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip now by Apollo Cain. . .

Thatcher Rex turns, hitting his back on the ropes and returning to the center of the ring, where Apollo Cain awaits him. As Thatcher reaches Apollo Cain, Apollo Cain rises up a leg for the big boot but Thatcher Rex ducks it.

Blackfront: Attempted clothesline by Apollo Cain, ducked by Thatcher Rex. Rex toward the ropes once again now.

Thatcher Rex hits the ropes again on the other side of the ring and as he reaches Apollo Cain in the center of the ring he grabs him around the waist and lifts him up into the air vertically before bringing him down, tailbone first across his bent knee.

Blackfront: Atomic drop by Thatcher Rex!

Apollo Cain sells the atomic drop and Thatcher Rex rises quickly and hooks Apollo Cain around the head and falls backward to the mat, bringing his head straight to the mat with him.

Blackfront: Thatcher Rex links the two moves together—the atomic drop and the DDT and Apollo Cain is down now!

Ace: But can he keep him down?!

Apollo Cain sells the DDT on the mat, breathing heavily from the strain of the match as Thatcher Rex slowly gets to his feet. He makes his way over to Apollo Cain and bends over at the waist and grabs him by hair in an attempt to get Apollo Cain to his feet. Apollo Cain rises up and rakes a thumb over Thatcher Rex's eye.

Blackfront: Eye gouge by Apollo Cain.

Ace: This guy knows plenty of ways to hurt a person.

Thatcher Rex sells the eye gouge, reaching up toward his face and covering his eye. Apollo Cain shortens the gap between them and throws a right followed by a quick left before he grabs Thatcher by the arm and tosses him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Apollo Cain. . . there goes Thatcher.

Thatcher Rex hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and returns. As he reaches Apollo Cain, Apollo Cain lifts Thatcher up in the air as if for a back drop but instead of tossing Thatcher over Apollo Cain pushes Thatcher up in the air and Thatcher comes crashing down to the canvas face first.

Blackfront: Flap jack by Apollo Cain!

Ace: What goes up must come down Ace! Wrestling would suck without that general rule.

The crowd applauds the bump as Thatcher Rex sells the flapjack. He rolls over onto his back, his face contorted with pain and Apollo Cain gets to his feet and promptly leaves them, falling onto the prone Thatcher Rex head first.

Blackfront: Headbutt Drop!

Ace: He is really using his head tonight, Ace.

Blackfront: Quite literally.

Apollo Cain scrambles over the fallen Thatcher Rex and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. the referee slides to the mat with all the grace a midget can muster, and goes for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . KICK OUT! Thatcher Rex kicks out of it!

Ace: You ever tire of feigning enthusiasm all the damn time? Apollo Cain checks with the referee and gets two fingers in the face. Blackfront: Who's feigning anything?! This is a hell of a match!

Apollo Cain frowns at the result and gets to his feet.

Ace: Whatever you say.

Apollo Cain makes his way over to Thatcher Rex, who is still laying on the canvas. Apollo Cain reaches Thatcher and bends at the waist, grabbing him by the hair and pulling upward. Thatcher Rex gets to his feet with a cry of pain and Apollo Cain reaches up and grabs Thatcher around the top of the head before dropping to his knees, forcing Thatcher's chin downward over the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jaw breaker by Apollo Cain!

Thatcher Rex stumbles back toward the ropes, grabbing his chin. Cain gets his feet and makes his way over to Thatcher Rex, who's up against the ropes.

Ace: They need to hurry or we wont have time for the rest of the matches tonight!

Apollo Cain strikes Thatcher Rex in the gut three times before pushing him up against the ropes and going for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Apollo Cain—no—reversal!

Thatcher Rex turns and keeps his hold on Apollo Cain's wrist, before whipping him toward the opposite ropes and releasing the wrist. Apollo Cain is sent toward the ropes, and he turns as he reaches them, his back bouncing off the ropes and sending him back toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain off the ropes. . .

Apollo Cain returns to Thatcher Rex and jumps up in the air, and catches him with his body, sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Leaping Air Press!

Apollo Cain then begins slamming his fist into Thatcher Rex.

Blackfront: Ground and pound here.

Ace: I feel like this should be in an octagon!

Thatcher is able to roll over and begin delivering left and rights himself as Apollo tries to cover up. The referee gets in to break the two up.

Blackfront: The referee having to get involved.

Ace: Let them fight!

Thatcher gets to his feet, yelling at Apollo to get up. Cain scoots up and grabs the ropes, using them to start pulling himself to his feet. Thatcher Rex takes off, clotheslining Apollo over the top rope, following with him. Both men crash violently to the floor.

Blackfront: To the outside again!

Ace: Non stop action like only the UTA can bring!

Blackfront: These men may both be hurt after that fall and after this match.

They both start to slowly come to as the referee does his count. Apollo Cain pushes up to one knee as does Thatcher.

Blackfront: Thatcher Rex charges Cain from a kneeling position!

He slams into Apollo's midsection as Cain gets up and forces him back. However, Apollo is able to stop the force. He grabs Thatcher's body and with all of the energy he has left, swings him around, throwing Thatcher Rex into the barrier. Rex hits back first, propped up on it by only his arms.

Blackfront: The Black Hulk taking control one more time!

Apollo lets out a loud roar before running and leaping through the air...

Blackfront: HUGE SPEAR!

Cain crashes into Thatcher's stomach and both men go through the barrier. The fans scatter as everyone in the venue get on their feet and scream.

Blackfront: Both men are out folks.

Ace: They went through the barrier. Can you believe that?

Blackfront: incredible showing. Just incredible.

The referee reaches ten and begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: This one is going to be a double count out. Wow is all I can say.

Ace: I'll tell you this, they gave everyone their money's worth tonight.

The referee hops down and goes to check on both men. Security tries to keep the fans back. Announcer: Due to a double count out..... there is... NOOOO WINNEEERR OFFF THHHIISSS MAAATTTCCCHHH!!!!

Blackfront: What a match. I can't get over it.

NO REGRETS

The screen opens to show "Too Cool" Chris Hopper standing in the interview area, completely dressed for his match tonight against Will Haynes. He has a microphone in his hand and no interviewer in sight.

Hopper: This is the kind of excitement I came to UTA for, gang.

The moment before you go out in front of thousands of people as your music blares out of the PA system. You see them rise up and cheer. It's an amazing feeling...one I have never forgotten nor fail to strive for.

He smiles as he continues.

Hopper: That brings us to tonight. The match Willy begged for and only got because I decided to give him a chance this evening.

Hopper: This really is a big risk because if I go out there and Willy beats me in the ring, all of the hype given to me will have been for nothing.

He pauses for a second, looking as if thinking to himself, and then snaps back into speaking. Hopper: That is not to say it means Willy is incapable of beating me from a skill level, because that very well could happen. Anyone can win or lose on a given night. It just takes the right things happening to cause any event to turn out differently than we assume.

Hopper: And assuming is where we run into trouble.

That sly smile comes across his lips again before he presses on in his speech.

Hopper: There are pundits and prognosticators that have stepped out and said that this is a victory already in my favor.

That Haynes' chances are next to zero because of my hype and status, but I cannot think like that. There are those who are saying that because of my skills, he is unable to keep up in the ring even with the obvious age difference...but I just have to block that thinking out.

Hopper: I can't walk into the ring thinking that victory is inevitable because that is when a mistake can be made that Willy could exploit and gain the upset.

The confidence is oozing out of the King of Cool right now.

Hopper: I know what is at stake in every match I have early on...my entire legacy is at stake. All I accomplished in my career will be under the microscope and be put to the test. If I fail this early, I will be seen as an 'over-the-hill' guy that is just praying for one last run.

Hopper: I want more than that.

Hopper: I want to prove that I am more than my past in this business. His cold glare is focused dead on the camera lens....it really is unnerving.

Hopper: It started at Ring King when I managed to defeat an honorable and talented opponent in La Flama Blanca.

Hopper: Blanca, you have my respect for a great match. You are a great performer and I see great things for you in the future. It takes guts to step in a ring with mere hours of knowledge because of a fan vote, but you did it and fought like a champion.

Hopper: I was honored to face you.

The sly grin slowly creeps back into his facial expression.

Hopper: And now it comes to Haynes. Step number two. This is your shot to become truly a 'made man' in the world of wrestling. This is your shot at becoming famous. This is your shot to step out and prove just how old and out of step I really am.

Hopper: I want you to bring your best. I want you to pull out all the stops. I want the full 'Will the thrill' experience in the squared circle because when it is over I want you to have NOTHING you can whine about. I want you to have no regrets at all.

Hopper: I don't want you saying you left some in reserve. I don't want you saying that something didn't go your way...

Hopper: I want you to be able to say I gave my best in this match and it just wasn't enough. The steely glare returns.

Hopper: Because it won't be. A slight pause to let that sink in.

Hopper: I have worked too hard and fought too much to get back on a big stage and nobody is going to step in my way just yet...

Hopper: Especially not you.

Hopper: So bring your game and let's see who the better man really is. I'll see you soon." Hopper drops the microphone as he walks away and the scene fades to black.

HELLO FRIENDS

A loud voice booms over the PA system.

VOICE: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF COOL !!!

The lights go out suddenly as the beginning strums of "TNT" by AC/DC start

to blare over the loudspeakers. The crowd erupts with a huge face pop as the screen lights up with images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. The music plays for a bit and then burst into the chorus.

CHORUS:

'Cause I'm

#T.#

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

#N.#

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

#T.#

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

#I'm dynamite #

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

#T.#

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

#N.#

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

#T.#

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

and I'll win the fight

Camera swings away from the screen at this point.

Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The

music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T- shirt that says "Nose Bleed Pie!" on the front and "Too Cool" Chris Hopper on the back. He reaches the ring as the

chorus ends and another instrumental has begun. Hopper enters the ring and works the crowd from each turnbuckle as he waits for the start

of the match.

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... HAYYNNNNEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring. Blackfront: Although The THRILL is bigger than La Flama Blanca, Chris Hopper is still the large man in charge here tonight going into this fan's choice challenge match. Hopper had said that whomever did not win the fan's choice for Ring King, he would face and tonight that man is Will Haynes.

Ace: I'm just looking for Will Haynes to score a THRILLING win over that big idiot. Blackfront: The THRILL did have an impressive showing in the chamber match a couple of months ago, could he pull in the surprise upset of the night?

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: I guess we will find out now!

Will Haynes yells at the fans in the front row taunting him as Chris Hopper looks ready to strike. Haynes points at hopper and heads in, trying to lock up with him. However, Chris Hopper pushes The THRILL back and down with ease.

Blackfront: Will Haynes a very confident individual trying to get control quick here. Haynes is up and charges Chris Hopper again, trying to lock up. But once again, with ease, Hopper shoves him down. Haynes rolls up and leans across the ropes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes charging Chris Hopper again!

This time, Haynes ducks the arms of Chris Hopper and turns around as Chris does. But as he turns, The THRILL brings his right hand up and slaps Chris Hopper across the face while yelling what we can only imagine are profanities.

Blackfront: I'm not sure how smart that was!

Ace: he's just letting him know what he thinks of him Jason.

Chris Hopper, stunned, pauses for a moment before coming with a big right hand that sends Will Haynes to the mat.

Blackfront: Oh, that hard right by The King of Cool.

Ace: The King of Boring if you ask me!

Will leans on one knee, holding himself up with his left hand and holding his forehead with his right. Chris Hopper grabs Haynes and lifts him up, twisting around and almost throwing Will into the corner.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now with a big right hand. Another AND another! Will Haynes begins to slouch.

Blackfront: Right to the midsection of The THRILL.

Will moves to a seated position in the corner now. Using the ropes he begins to get up as Chris Hopper moves in and hooks his arm. With force, Hopper pulls back and tosses Will Haynes over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hip toss out of the corner by Chris Hopper who is not here to play tonight it seems. Will Haynes lets out a yelp as he arches up, holding his back. Haynes rolls over and still tries to get up but is met with another right from Hopper before Chris throws him into the ropes where Will grabs the top and holds himself up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper following up with a boot to the gut of Will Haynes. he grabs his arm... whip across the ring.

As Will Haynes hits the other side, he grabs the top rope to stop himself, and drops to the canvas, rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: Will Haynes trying to gather himself now by getting out of the ring.

Ace: Just go on up to the back Will.

Will yells at the booing crowd as he walks around the ring. As it looks like he will in fact head back up the ramp, Chris

Hopper leans over the ropes and grabs his head, turning him around.

Blackfront: Hopper using that pure strength to pull Will Haynes to the apron.

THRILL reaches up and grabs Hopper's head, then jumps down so that the ropes go into the throat of Chris Hopper. He is sent up and stumbles back.

Blackfront: Will Haynes on the apron and now climbing the turnbuckle from outside of the ring. Chris Hopper turns around and comes forward with a big rising uppercut to the jaw of The THRILL. Hopper reaches up and grabs the thigh of Will Haynes, and then his head. he lifts up, and sends Haynes over and crashing into the canvas.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper only momentarily disoriented continues to dominate this match.

Will is checked on by the referee as he arches up and holds his back again. He rolls over to his hands and knees, but is met by Chris Hopper who reaches down and grabs his head.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now controlling Will Haynes, introduces his head to the corner turnbuckle.

Ace: I hate to say it, but Hopper may just be too much.

Haynes is turned around, back first into the corner as Chris Hopper follows up with an elbow across his chest. He walks a few feet away and turns back. As Chris Hopper comes back, Will Haynes comes forward with a quick boot to the midsection, followed by a right to the head of a now hunched over Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Will Haynes fighting back. Another hard right.

Haynes grabs the head of Chris Hopper and bends him down as he forces him back into the corner and follows up with another big punch.

Blackfront: Haynes grabs the arm of Chris Hopper, going for a whip... no, reversed! The THRILL sent across the ring and into the opposite corner hard. Chris Hopper runs, smashing Haynes up against that corner post with a clothesline.

Chris Hopper turns to the fans who are cheering him. But for the split second his back is turned to Haynes, The THRILL drops forward, wraps his hand under Chris Hopper's thigh and rolls him back into a school boy, quickly throwing his feet up on the rope for added leverage. the referee drops and hits the canvas but stops at one pointing out the feet of Will Haynes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes trying to capitalize on Chris Hopper's back being turned but was caught trying to cheat his way into a victory.

Ace: Win by any means Jason.

Chris Hopper and Will Haynes both start to get up. before Hopper can get all the way up, Will Haynes comes forward with a knee to his midsection followed by a punch to the back of the head. Blackfront: Will Haynes trying to even thing sup a bit against the six foot nine Chris Hopper.

Chris stumbles back and into the corner. Will Haynes follows him, climbing to the second rope and begins choking Hopper. The referee yells at him to stop.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to put Chris Hopper out however he can, but our vigilant referee doing his job.

Ace: Of what? Getting in the way?

Will Haynes climbs down and follows up with a big right, followed by a quick kick to the midsection of Chris Hopper who is still stuck in the corner.

Blackfront: Another right. Haynes grabs the arm of Hopper and goes for another whip.. reversed again!

As Haynes hits the corner, Chris runs at him. However, Will Haynes is ready this time as he uses the ropes to lift himself up and throws his legs out, catching Hopper in the face. Chris stumbles back.

Blackfront: Will Haynes takes off.

Hopper sees him, steps slightly to the side, and scoops him up, bringing Will Haynes to the canvas.

Blackfront: Sideway slam by Chris Hopper!

Ace: The man is powerful.

Chris Hopper heads to the corner, stepping through the ropes and begins to climb.

Blackfront: It appears the large Chris Hopper is going up top!

Ace: This can't be good.

As he gets up, and has trouble perching, Will Haynes looks up and sees him. he quickly springs forward, and shoves the referee into the ropes, causing Chris Hopper to lose his balance and come down across the turnbuckle, groin first.

Blackfront: Oh come on.

Ace: First time I've seen a referee do something useful!

Will Haynes looks at the referee almost expecting to be disqualified before running forward. he leaps to the second rope and uses it to launch himself sideways, with a drop kick to Chris Hopper jolts back and is dazed.

Blackfront: That springboard dropkick able to subdue Chris Hopper. Will Haynes now climbing the turnbuckle.

Haynes wraps his arm around Hopper's neck.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to be going for a superplex now, to continue his momentum.

Ace: I have to say, I am impressed Jason.

Haynes lifts and Hopper's large frames goes up and over, with both men crashing to the canvas.

Blackfront: he got him! Superplex by Will Haynes!

Ace: Tell me he isn't a superstar!

Both men lay on the canvas, Haynes as hurt as Chris Hopper. The referee begins to count. Blackfront: Both mend own, the referee counting. Now Will Haynes moving, over.. he pins Chris Hopper!

Ace: He's going to do it!

Blackfront: NO! Lateral press sends Will Haynes up and off of Chris Hopper!

As Haynes hits the canvas he rolls up to a knee and starts to stand. Chris sits up, turns over and pushes up himself. Will Haynes turns to see Hopper and throws his hands up, begging for him to stay back but Hopper only replies with a big right hand.

Blackfront: Hopper pushes Haynes into the ropes, using them to whip him across the ring. Haynes on the way back. hopper bends down.. Haynes forward with a foot catching Chris Hopper in the face!

Ace: Will Haynes impressive here tonight!

Chris Hopper stumbles back, flailing his arms as Will Haynes runs, however, Chris quickly gets his wits in time to bend down, and scoop Haynes up and over into a slam.

Blackfront: Sideway scoop slam by Chris Hopper into a pin. The referee counts... and... this one is over!

The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... CHRIS.... HOPPPPEEERRR!!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper may have won this, but Will Haynes brought it tonight.

Ace: Yea he did.

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PULL IT...

Cutting to backstage, Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex are backstage after their matches earlier in the night. Both men are no longer in the ring gear, and appear to be mid-conversation.

Graham appears slightly upset, Thatcher obviously concerned and almost confused.

Thatcher: Dude, what about all you said?

Graham: Okay, man, I lied!

Graham begins to pace around, appearing stressed out and ready to explode. He has his hands on top of his head, appearing nearly frantic. He faces away from Thatcher.

Thatcher: Calm down! It isn't the time! He said it wasn't the right time, and he is likely right! Graham spins around.

Graham: And you know that right there is a boldface lie, too! It's time to quit lying to ourselves in general, Thatcher! You two can keep talking yourselves down from the ledge, but we all know the truth...

Graham gets into Thatcher's face, although not confrontationally.

Graham: You've got an itchy finger, too. The gun's loaded, man...

Graham brushes by Thatcher, walking away from him off camera. Thatcher begins to smile, before turning and facing the direction Graham walked in.

Thatcher: Heh... Time to pull the trigger.

Short Change Hero by The Heavy begins to play.

Blackfront: Here we go! Maine vent time ladies and gentlemen!

From the back Perfection and Sean Jackson step out. Right behind them, Kathryn Vermont Thomas and CBR follow.

Blackfront: Dynasty coming out together it seems.

Ace: Why wouldn't they? Power in numbers!

Announcer: Coming to the ring first.... being accompanied by Kathryn Vermont Thomas and The Canadian Star... C.. B... R... representing Dynasty....

They all stop and wait.

Announcer: The United Toughness Alliance Champion.... Perfection and his tag team partner.... SEEEAAANNNN JAAACCKKKSSSOONN!!!

Dynasty take in the fans boos before continuing toward the ring.

Blackfront: I will say this, Dynasty is as strong of a team as I have ever seen and this will be a huge factor into tonight's match as their opponents are anything but a team.

Ace: Those two idiots couldn't be on the same page if they were both reading a one page letter

together!

Dynasty follow each other into the ring as their music continues. Posing in the center of the ring, Perfection steps out in front holding his UTA Championship high above.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion. The UTA Internet Champion. Former UTA Champion. The first lady of the UTA... I tell you, the pedigree in the ring right now is amazing. But don't count out The Spectre and Madman Szalinski. Both former champions, The Spectre a Hall of Fame member.

This will be a hell of a match.

As their music dies down

"Memphisto" by Depeche mode begins to blare over the loud speakers as the fans give a pop knowing that The Spectre is about to come out. A few seconds goes by and then finally he comes out in full ring attire. The arena still dark with a pulsing blue and green strobes.

Ace: Prepare to be destroyed, freak!

Blackfront: Would you stop.

The Spectre walks slowly and methodically to the ring eyeing down the group as he approaches. He reaches the end of the ramp and just stands in front of it for a little before he makes his way up the ring steps. He makes his way to the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: The Spectre in his second match since returning to the UTA here in tag team action with his partner scheduled to come out in just a moment.

Ace: If he even shows!

The Spectre enters between the ropes as the lights begin to fade back up and the music fading out. As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at on hundred and eighty-seven pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: MADMAN SZAAAAALINSKSKKKKKIIIIII!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and joining The Spectre. Blackfront: Things will pop off any moment as these four men decide who will start the match. Madman and Spectre begin arguing as Sean Jackson and Perfection watch on. Outside of the ring KVT and CBR laugh.

Blackfront: It seems these two can't even decide who is going to start things off.

Ace: And this is what the UTA fans look up to? Morons like this?

The Spectre points to the apron, yelling at Madman to get out of the ring. However, Madman Szalinski refuses, saying

he wants to start the match.

Blackfront: If they can't get their act together, they ave no chance of walking out the winners tonight.

Ace: like they even have a chance.

Perfection and Jackson step closer, watching the spectacle as Madman hauls back and pushes The Spectre. The Sadistic Nut looks at him and just grins before coming forward and shoving Madman back as well. Never stepping down, Madman jumps right back forward and pushes The Spectre who almost loses his footing.

Blackfront: The referee needs to step in and get things under control so we can start this match.

Ace: Why? I'm loving this Jason!

Spectre tells Madman to get out of the ring again, however Szalinski is adamant that he wants to start the match. Spectre just looks at him and ask, 'You want to start the match?' Madman nods and tells The Spectre that he 'Has this.' Spectre nods and puts his hands up as if giving in to Madman before walking past him, throwing his shoulder into his partner's.

Blackfront: These two have no chance of working together.

Madman turns around and begins to yell as The Spectre turns as well. Suddenly, The Spectre reaches forward and grabs Madman Szalinski, lifting him up over his head. the fans can not believe it.

Blackfront: The Spectre lifting Madman up.

Ace: Throw him out of the ring!

Spectre yells 'Start the match Madman!' before stepping forward and tossing the former champion forward. As Madman flies through the air, he crashes into Sean Jackson and Perfection. The Spectre lets out a sadistic laugh before stepping through the ropes to the apron. The two Dynasty members and Madman all lay in a jumbled heap as the bell begins to sound. Blackfront: The Spectre throwing Madman Szalinski into Dynasty.

Ace: He's just giving him what he asked for!

Madman gets on his hands and knees, and begins to crawl away from the two as Perfection rolls out of the ring, leaving Sean Jackson to start getting to his feet.

Blackfront: It looks like Madman Szalinski and Sean Jackson will begin this match.

Szalinski looks up at Spectre and begins to laugh hysterically, as if he had expected Spectre to pull a stunt like that. He pushes himself up and turns around as Jackson gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Madman still laughing as Sean Jackson comes forward with a right, catching the former champion.

Ace: This guy is certifiable!

Blackfront: Jackson taking control early, he whips Madman Szalinski into the ropes. As Madman Szalinski returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Szalinski slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfont: Szalinski leaps, grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

Madman Szalinski attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Jackson just shoves him off and down to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: Sean Jackson didn't get where he is today by being easily taken down.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at Szalinski who is still laughing. I think he has finally lost it.

The Spectre watches on, almost ahsamed of his partner who is still laughing as Sean Jacksonbends down and grabs his head, pulling violently to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson directing Szalinski to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Madman Szalinski's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner. Madman just laughs louder. Jackson is taken back a bit but ignores it as he continues his assault.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Madman Szalinski.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can tonight.

Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Madman Szalinski.

Ace: Szalinski's chest is glowing. Madman continues to laugh.

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat of Madman Szalinski to choke him again.

Ace: I think the laughing is just making Jackson angry.

Blackfront: Jackson releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Sean Jackson grabs the left arm of Madman Szalinski and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Jackson follows Szalinski.

Madman Szalinski leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

The fans cheer as Jackson hits the canvas. Madman Szalinski lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily, but still laughing.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Szalinski the advantage he needs to come back.

Ace: Why is this fool laughing? He's getting his butt kicked!

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Madman Szalinski uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Madman Szalinski.

He bends down and lifts Sean Jackson up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Jackson was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

Ace: Idiot.

Madman turns around as Jackson comes through the ropes with a shoulder, thrusting it into Madman's mid section before stepping into the ring. He grabs his arm and sends him across the ring into the other corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson following Madman Szalinski to the Dynasty corner.

He tags Perfection in. As perfection enters the ring, Sean Jackson continues to work the laughing Szalinski. The referee warns him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson stepping back as Perfection takes over with multiple shots to the abdomen of madman Szalinski.

Perfection grabs the head of Madman and follows up with a headlock take over. As Madman hits the canvas in a sitting position, Perfection continues to hold him in a headlock. The Spectre can be seen standing on the apron, leaning on the top of the corner post, seemingly bored.

Blackfront: Dynasty in control here tonight as expected.

Madman begins to push up, finally he is able to get up and send an elbow into the gut of Perfection, causing him to let go. He grabs the arm of Perfection and goes to whip him. Blackfront: Reversed! Madman sent across the ring.

As he hits the ropes, Spectre reaches out and hits him hard on the back.

Blackfront: Spectre tagging himself in. Madman on the return... Perfection bends down.

Blackfront: Leap frog by Madman Szalinski!

Madman continues to run, leaping up and drop kicking Sean Jackson from the apron, sending him flying backward and crashing into CBR and KVT on the outside. The fans go crazy. Spectre quickly enters the ring, runs and clotheslines Perfection.

Blackfront: The Spectre trying to take the head of the UTA Champion off!

Ace: get one of them out of the ring! They both can't be in there!

Blackfront: Like Dynasty wouldn't do the same.

Madman looks down at the three members of Dynasty, admiring his work and laughing before turning to be face to face with The Spectre who once again points to the apron. Madman steps up, looking up at the Spectre and begins to laugh even more.

Blackfront: Even The Spectre has no idea what to make of this.

Madman walks past The Spectre, this time bumping into him. The Spectre turns and watches Szalinski continue toward their side. He begins pursuit but stops as Perfection is getting up. Blackfront: The Spectre momentarily getting back to the match, still puzzled by his partner's actions.

Ace: His name is Madman and tonight he's acting just like that. Spectre grabs the head of Perfection, and begins to pull him up.

Blackfront: Perfection with a shot to the mid section of The Spectre. Another. The UTA Champion grabs the arm of the Hall of Fame member... Irish Wh... No, reversed!

Perfection is sent into the ropes. As he returns, Spectre bends down. Perfection comes up with a boot to his face.

Blackfront: The Champion catching The Spectre with a boot to the face.

Ace: That's your hero right there Jason. Your Hall of Famer.

As Spectre stumbles back, he turns and stumbles into the corner, where Madman Szalinski slaps his back hard.

Blackfront: Madman tagging himself in. He climbs the turnbuckle from outside of the apron... he leaps... MISSILE DROP KICK TO PERFECTION!

Perfection flies backward to the canvas. At that moment, CBR and Sean Jackson hit the ring, followed by KVT.

Blackfront: I think all control has just been lost.

CBR runs at Madman who begins to laugh hysterically again as he comes forward with a right, catching the Internet Champion in the head. he then turns and slams a right into Sean Jackson's head.

Blackfront: Szalinski fighting back! Szalinski fighting back!

He rushes past them toward Kathryn Vermont Thomas, who drops down and rolls out of the ring before madman can get to her. He grabs the top rope and yells at KVT who makes a face at him. However, while she is doing so, she completely misses the fact that Ariel is rushing her.

Blackfront: Ariel cold clocking Kathryn Vermont Thomas outside of the ring! The fans are on their feet. Madman turns. CBR and Jackson run toward him.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski ducks the double clothesline attempt... he leaps... CROSS BODY BLOCK ON PERFECTION!

The Spectre has now hit the ring, runs, and as CBR and Jackson are turning around, throws his arms out catching both of them. The entire fan base explodes.

Blackfront: These two have just cleared house with assistance from Ariel outside of the ring. Madman runs up and shoves The Spectre again, saying that he has it.

Blackfront: yet, they can not work together. The Spectre shoves Madman back.

Blackfront: They are going to implode.

Behind The Spectre, Jackson and CBR get up. Madman points.

Blackfront: Spectre turns around and starts to receive a barrage of lefts and rights from Sean Jackson and CBR! Trying to fight back.

However, it's too much for him to handle, and Sean Jackson sends Spectre into the ropes, and over, crashing to the outside. They both turn their attention to Szalinski who just laughs more before stopping cold... He raises his hands up toward them, pointer finger out... then raises his thumb to make a shooting motion.

Blackfront: Wait, what?!

Suddenly Thatcher Rex and Graham Clouston storm out of the back and down the ramp. Every person in the venue is on their feet.

Blackfront: the Shoot Kings! The Shoot Kings have reunited!

They hit the ring and join Madman as all three men begin attacking all three of Dynasty. KVT is out on the outside after an attack by Ariel. The Spectre, is on a knee, and has no idea what's going on as the referee begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: All control has been lost, we have no winners!

Ace: This is unacceptable!

Blackfront: Why?

Ace: It just is!

The members of Dynasty, quickly rolls out of the ring, escaping the wraith as Ariel slides in. The Spectre stands up and just watches from outside the ring as Graham Clouston, Thatcher Rex, and Madman Szalinski stand tall. On the other side of the ring, Dynasty stands, each member showing signs of the attack.

Blackfront: Folks.. The Shoot Kings are here and they are standing tall. How will The Spectre react? What about Dynasty? These questions and more... to be answered in two weeks when WrestleShow returns live on pure Sports Entertainment! Thank you for tuning in.

The group stands proud, Madman still laughing hysterically and making shooting motions with his hands as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

Show Credits

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