

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #22

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to Pure Sports Entertainment. It's just in time as the PSE 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. Some of the many signs being seen read "APOLLO CAIN SHANKED MY COUSIN", "I'M DOWNLOADING EXPLOSION", "UTA 4 LIFE", "PERFECTION SUKS", and "HOW BIG IS BEN'S D[CENSORED]?".

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on Pure Sports Entertainment. 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 Nashville, Tennessee in the Bridgestone Arena.

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight. A huge main event pitting Dynasty member and Internet Champion, CBR against the only active Hall of Fame member on the UTA Roster, The Sadistic Nut himself.. The Spectre.

Ace: Not only that, J Stevenson will be in action against Kathryn Vermont Thomas while Will 'The THRILL' Haynes tries his luck against the man known as Yoshii.

Blackfront: We can't forget about Chris Hopper going one on one with Gentleman Jack or even Graham Clauson taking on FKA.

Ace: Of course not! Also in our semi-main event, Thatcher Rex and Conrad Teller lock up in a powerhouse extravaganza!

Blackfront: All of that and more as the UTA continues to march on! Lets get this party started right here on the brand new Pure Sports Entertainment!

Ace: Yeah buddy!

v/o: Nashville, can you feel it coming, in the air tonight?"

As soon as the voice over ends, from around the curtain walks Marshall Owens. Dressed in a suit and tie, Marshall has a smile on his face as he slowly makes his way towards ringside.

Marshall: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Marshall Owens and I represent one-fourth of Dynasty in Sean Jackson.

Boos

But of course, Marshall does a great job in ignoring that fact as he approaches the ring steps.

Marshall: Yes, the same very Dynasty that has taken the wrestling world by storm.... Marshall begins to make his way up the steps.

Marshall: Katherine Vermont Thomas, the first lady of wrestling who will single handedly destroy

J. Stevenson tonight, just like she did to IM Hate two weeks ago.... The guys in the arena begin to cheer, hell what guy wouldn't? Marshall now steps through the ring ropes.

Marshall: The Internet Champion CBR, the man who has mowed through everyone placed in front of him. The man who later on tonight, will completely destroy the Spectre....

Marshall is now standing in the middle of the ring, completely focused. His attention towards the back and his message aimed at the Spectre. As well as anyone else who happens to directly or indirectly be in the way of Dynasty.

Marshall: Because there's no way that a shell of a man, a simple has-been can ever match-up with one of the greatest stars in Wrestle UTA history. Yes Spectre, for all that you tried to accomplish at Black Horizon....

The smile gets larger, he can't help but be quick to point out the fact that Dynasty's rise, can directly be attributed to Spectre's vile act in Miami, Florida during the Black Horizon PPV. Marshall: By screwing Sean out of the UTA Championship. Now you have to live with the fact that not only did Dynasty form from that act, but now Wrestle UTA is in dire straits because of it. Marshall shoots the index finger skyward, letting out a small chuckle at Spectre's expense.

Marshall: But hey, at least you got to single-handedly place the belt on Madman Szalinski now didn't you?

It's a rhetorical question people....

Marshall: DIDN'T YOU?!?

Marshall begins to point at all of the fans in the arena, shifting his finger in all directions indiscriminately.

Marshall: Over each and every one of you, SPECTRE decided who he wanted as YOUR champion, completely disregarding what YOU wanted and what UTA needed. In that one fleeting moment, Spectre said to hell with all of you and made the choice on his own, not even considering what that choice would lead to...

Marshall then re-directs his attention once again to the back stage area, where Spectre is sure to be paying attention.

Marshall: But then again, it's not like he's ever had anyone's best interest at heart but his own. When Spectre came back to Wrestle UTA at Black Horizon, he had visions of becoming the champion again. He had visions of waltzing back into the wrestling business and being the man once again...

Inhale.exhale

Marshall: But there was a problem, and that problem was the fact that Sean Jackson was the champion. You see, Spectre was the number one man once before, in another time and in another place. He was the man that everyone looked up to, and wanted to be, but when Sean destroyed him in the ring...

Oh yes, Marshall is on a serious roll. What better way to get into Spectre's head than to get the Purple Haired Freak to second guess himself.

Marshall: And took that title belt from him, it simple crushed the Spectre. It crushed the Spectre so badly that he disappeared for almost a year, walking away from the business, walking away from each and every one of you....

Again Marshall turns his attention to the fans inside of the arena.

Marshall: Until now. But you really need to ask yourselves, why here and why now?

Knowing that an answer wouldn't be coming from the horses mouth, Marshall decides to answer FOR the Spectre.

Marshall: Well, that's simple people. Spectre chose Wrestle UTA because he needed to save face. Spectre chose Black Horizon to come back because he figured that he could steal the title from Sean, place it on Madman, and then take it from him at the earliest convenience....

Ah that smile, that smile which is aimed at everyone within eyeshot. He knows that with everything that has happened

since Black Horizon, Spectre has a lot of explaining to do. Marshall: But something happened, didn't it Spectre?

Dramatic pause.

Marshall: Something happened before you had a chance to take it from Szalinski, didn't it? Marshall nods matter of factly. He can see the looks on the faces of those at ringside, those who have REALLY been paying attention since Black Horizon.

Marshall: That's right, the formation of Dynasty happened. Perfection beat you to the punch and now, NOW you're once again trying to save face. You want to drive a wedge into the most formidable stable in the world today, because you know that you don't have what it takes to be champion again...

Voice: You tell him Marshall....

Everybody spins around to see Sean Jackson and Vanessa coming from around the curtain. However, much to everyone's surprise, Sean is seen munching on a klondike bar while Vanessa is carrying a can of Febreze.

The boos completely fill the arena.

Jackson: You tell him why he'll always be behind the curve when it comes to matching wits with Sean Jackson and Dynasty.

Sean takes another bite before tossing the klondike bar over his shoulder, not even missing a beat when it splats on the ramp behind him.

Jackson: Oh Spectre, Spectre, Spectre. Was it REALLY worth it? Was it REALLY worth wrecking the company over a klondike bar?

Sean stops at the ring steps, allowing Vanessa to walk up the ring steps and after she steps up on the apron, he then begins the slow climb himself. All the while, Marshall Owens is standing in the ring, still smiling.

Jackson: Wait, what am I saying? you never really cared about Wrestle UTA anyway. So it's not like you care one little bit about this company, or it's fans...

After Vanessa steps through the ropes, Sean follows suit, the three of them now standing in the middle of the ring. He then directs his words towards the fans.

Jackson: That's right people, I've only been saying it since the moment Spectre arrived at Black Horizon. I told you people that Spectre didn't care for you, that he could care less about this company, but NONE of you wanted to listen.

Sean now looks directly into the face of Jason Blackfront, who is sitting uncomfortably at the announce table.

Jackson: Especially you Blackfront, but now you have no choice but to listen. Perfection is the UTA Champion, CBR the Internet Champion. KVT is the first lady of professional wrestling, and me....

Vanessa hands the can of Febreze to Sean Jackson who begins to spray in no particular direction.

Jackson: I'm the guy who caused Spectre to commit career suicide. I'm the guy who will be a party to disinfecting UTA from the rotting corpse that is Spectre's hall of fame career. You see Spectre, when you step into the ring later on tonight, with the false hope of defeating CBR for the Internet title...

Sean turns around just in time for Marshall to toss him a prescription bottle. You can hear the contents rattling inside of the bottle while it floats through the air. As he catches it in his free hand, he secures the bottle as he turns and faces Blackfront.

Jackson: I want you to understand why it's going to end in failure for you. I want you to understand that Black Horizon is going to be your undoing. I want you to understand that the Chamber is going to be your unraveling. But most importantly, I want you to understand that you brought this on yourself. I want you to understand that your medical

condition is far from finished, and I predict that it will strike you again. Much like a stroke, much like a heart attack, it will come without notice, without warning....

Sean holds up the bottle and shakes it several times.

Jackson: And I can just about guarantee that not even THIS will be able to help you. Not now, not ever.

With that, Sean tosses the mic forward, allowing it to come crashing down on the arena floor below. The static echo completely fills the arena as the trio exits the ring. The scene shifts back to Ace and Blackfront as Sean, Marshall, and Vanessa make their way towards the back.

Blackfront: What a way to start off this show, with Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens talking their trash - as always!

Ace: Trash that makes sense, Jason! Spectre really did screw the whole of UTA!

Blackfront: What in earth are you talking about? Ace: I'm talking about getting to our first match. Blackfront: Let's do that, then!

Ace: Yeah. Let's.

J Stevenson vs. Kathryn Vermont Thomas

The camera pans around the arena, fans coming out of every orifice screaming and chanting for their favourites. A Madman banner is held up while there seems to be a bit of love for Conrad Teller and Spectre too in the sea of faces watching the UTA.

The scene cuts to the announce table, where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are sat with their headsets on, papers strewn across their busy desk.

Blackfront: Well, it's time for our first match of the evening of what is looking like a packed card tonight!

Ace: It sure is. I'm personally looking forward to FKA teaching Clauson a lesson and The Spectre going down!

Blackfront: Talking of Clauson, Thatcher Rex is also in action tonight but conspicuous by his absence is Madman Szalinski

Ace: Come on Jason, you really expect him to be here tonight? He was either too high to take Wingate's call, or he's fallen into another 'coma' to get away from any payback for last Wrestleshow.

Blackfront: But then, Sean Jackson and Perfection aren't here either tonight, you could say the same about them not wanting to face up to some home truths.

Ace: There's a difference between not being scheduled to be here and not being here Jason. As the two get lost in conversation, suddenly "Cochise" hits the PA system.

Blackfront: Well, I'm interested to see how this one plays out. J Stevenson is full of potential here in the UTA and he's been on a bit of a back and forth recently with FKA

The fans rise to their feet as The Human Highlight Reel himself makes his way down the ramp. Announcer: This contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, making his way down to the ring hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...J STEVENNSOOON

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

Blackfront: Coming off the back of a DQ win against Graham Clauson last week, Stevenson will feel he's got something to prove tonight.

Ace: Hey, it's not his fault that maniac FKA invaded the ring! It was just good to see Clauson rack up a loss!

As Stevenson rests in the corner of the ring, exchanging a couple of words with the referee, "Ghost" by Ella Henderson hits the PA system.

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

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

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

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

Announcer: And introducing his opponent, from Manhattan New York and weighing in at one hundred and forty six pounds, she is the First Lady of the UTA...KATHRYN...VELMONT...THOMMAAAASSSS

Ace: Now here comes a REAL star.

Blackfront: Thomas came off with a big win against IM Hate last show, but also has a point to prove to it given the manner of her victory.

Ace: What, decimating a full grown man through a table and earning a pinfall victory isn't enough for you? Nothing more than he deserved.

Blackfront: You KNOW that's not what I meant. She had the whole of Dynasty out there to help her beat Hate, you have to ask yourself where they will be tonight if she calls for help against the larger Stevenson.

Ace: Hey, have some respect Jason! That's the First Lady of the UTA you're talking about there!

Blackfront: First Lady? Aren't there only two?

Ace: You obviously didnt get the memo, Jade Justice just signed with the UTA this morning! Besides, you're forgetting the "Shoot Queens" running around backstage

KVT reaches the ring and climbs the steps. She wipes her feet with the same respect her father did. She steps to the center of the apron and places one foot on the bottom rope and uses as extra bounce as she jumps into the box splits and slides under the bottom rope. She gives a bend and snap to her feet, she poses for the hard cam for a moment then takes to her corner.

Stevenson massages his wrist with his left hand as he looks over at KVT, who just rests against the turnbuckle, looking straight back. The referee calls for the bell to start the match and immediately J Stevenson moves to the centre of the ring, raising his arms ready for a fight.

Thomas keeps looking at the Human Highlight Reel, her arms draped over the top ropes flanking the corner.

KVT turns her face to look outside towards the announcers, her lips curling upwards in a smile as she pushes herself off of the corner with her left boot returning her eyes to Stevenson.

Blackfront: Well, this one's under way. I'm not sure what that smile was about Tommy, but Thomas is giving away over a hundred pounds to her opponent.

Ace: I know, he's two hundred and fifty pounds and bounces around the ring like a flea. Can you imagine Conrad Teller or Dan Benson doing that? He weighs more than both of them!

In the ring, KVT walks towards Stevenson, her arms by her sides. She walks slowly around him, on the flanks of the ring, the smile remaining on her face as she looks her opponent up and down, slowly shaking her head. J Stevenson follows her movements, keeping his guard up and looking for the right moment.

Thomas suddenly feints to lunge at him, Stevenson dropping his arms in preparation, but she backs off again. She takes a few more steps before feinting again, once more his guard lowering and once more she backs off. Her smile widening, KVT has almost walked to the other side of the ring when she lunges forward again, this time evading Stevenson's lowered guard and wrapping her arms around his waist, leveraging herself to stand behind him and looking for a way to get an arm under his.

Blackfront: KVT applying a waist lock here, but I doubt even she would be deluded enough to think she could suplex the man. Just testing each other out.

After a moment of struggle, Stevenson turns to the side, taking one of Thomas's arms and attempting to twist it. She, however, rolls forward on the mat breaking the lock and getting gracefully to her feet once more to face her opponent. This time, walking slowly the other way around the ring, keeping her eyes on Stevenson, she dusts her arm off a little. After a few steps, KVT lunges forwards again, this time twisting one of Stevenson's arms and applying a wrist lock. She tries to apply pressure downwards, but Stevenson rolls backwards to untie the arm and springs back up, going for a fireman's carry, which KVT slips to the side of and back to the side of the ring. The crowd begin to get into the match, a din of noise appearing.

The smile disappears from Kathryn's face as she paces a little slower this time around Stevenson. She feints to go for a wrist lock again, but instead lunges downwards, slipping behind him and grabbing onto the larger man's knees, yanking up and bringing him crashing face first to the mat. Not missing a beat, KVT springs to her feet and brings an elbow down towards Stevenson's lower back, who rolls out of the way, jumping back to his feet and running with a lariat attempt that Thomas evades before sending a stiff boot to his rib section followed by a second to his thigh.

Blackfront: A bit of back and forth here.

Ace: Nonsense, like any predator, KVT is searching for a weakness.

Stumbling back, Stevenson rubs his side a moment before driving forward to lock up with the smaller Thomas, pushing her backwards into the corner. KVT manages to get her hand free inside of Stevenson's arms and rubs her wrist aggressively in his face, causing him to back off and once again engage in the corner, pressing the First Lady back against the turnbuckle.

The ref starts a count, KVT raising her arms into the air and Stevenson slowly backing off at three. Thomas nudges the ref off balance and sends a fierce boot to Stevenson's mid section, causing him to keel over forwards before driving her knee up into his grimacing face. J Stevenson falls to one knee, Thomas yanking his head back by his hair and delivering a few venomous words before wrapping her arm around his neck and delivering a snapmare to her kneeling opponent to the mat. She gets to her feet quickly, spreading his legs and coming down with a two legged leg drop to his groin, rolling backwards and getting to her feet.

Blackfront: A little bit of deception there paid off for KVT.

Ace: Deception? Really? She was taking control of the match!

Thomas circles the downed Stevenson, taking his left leg and lifting it with two hands, before placing an accurate boot to his hamstring. She repeats the kick, before wrapping her arm around his leg and falling backwards to the mat with it hard. KVT lifts Stevenson's leg again and falls with

her knee into his hamstring this time, pushing his calf the opposite direction to apply pressure with the lock. Stevenson yells out, using his free leg to lift and wrap around Kathryn's chest, pushing her back off of his leg and onto the mat. Stevenson rolls forward, KVT's shoulders on the mat.

One...

Two...

Thomas kicks out just after two, clearly caught off guard with the sudden roll up as the crowd fires out a loud "Oooh"

Blackfront: We almost had a quick three count there!

Stevenson is slow back to his feet, but he runs forward, dropping KVT to the mat with a running clothesline, followed by a second on his return off the ropes. Going for a third, Thomas ducks, jumping up and grabbing the back of Stevenson's head with both hands into a hard neck breaker onto the mat. Sitting back up and shaking off the cobwebs, KVT is back on her feet and she lifts Stevenson's left leg again, coming down with an elbow drop onto the hamstring.

Blackfront: Well, KVT clearly has a game plan tonight, the question is whether she can make it work!

Ace: Of course she can! She's The Benedict B...

Blackfront: And now Thomas is locking up that leg into a single crab.

Indeed, in the ring, Stevenson is now on his front, with KVT yanking back at his leg in a single leg crab, almost sitting on his lower back. Stevenson flails his arms forward, reaching for the ropes, which are over a foot away, before using his leverage to drive his leg forward, sending KVT off of him and to the ropes. Coming back, Stevenson gets to his feet and drives her down with a quick hip toss, immediately dropping into a chin lock. Thomas struggles, getting her foot in the rope and the ref counting to break the hold.

Stevenson lifts KVT to her feet and into a corner. A quick knife edge chop followed by a second, just under her neck, before whipping Thomas towards the other corner. Stevenson follows with a run, a jump, and slams face first into the turnbuckle. KVT steadies herself quickly after evading the move and seeing Stevenson stumbling backwards, launches a drop kick to his thigh, sending the larger man down to one knee. Quickly stepping to the second rope on the turnbuckle, Thomas flies forward with both legs curled backwards, and into Stevenson, her knees either side of his head knocking him down onto the mat. Thomas uses Stevenson's own momentum to lift his legs up, her knees on his shoulders pressing them to the mat as the ref counts.

One...two...

Kickout, sending KVT backwards into a pin. One...two...

This time Thomas kicks out and gets to her feet, Stevenson up as well. KVT comes running at the Human Highlight Reel, jumping into an attempted DDT, but Stevenson uses his strength to catch her, lifting her up and tossing her over the top rope to the floor hard, her shoulder bouncing off of the ring apron. Stevenson leans on the ropes looking outside, half opportunistically and half with concern while KVT rolls around holding her shoulder and yelling to the ground.

Blackfront: Wow, what a counter by J Stevenson!

Ace: That kind of brutality shouldn't be allowed in the UTA!

Blackfront: But what about when...wait...look out!!

Just then, Stevenson had run to the opposite ropes, bouncing off and running back and performing a suicide dive through the middle rope onto Thomas who was getting to her feet, sending both competitors into the guard rail. A crumpled heap, KVT holds her shoulder and Stevenson his head as they part from one another and the ref starts the count. The crowd rises in appreciation for the move, the noise loud inside the arena.

On three Stevenson is first up and lifts KVT to her feet. He takes her over to the ring apron and attempts to drive her face into it, only for Thomas to lock her arms in front of her against the ring and send a vicious low blow with her right leg behind her between Stevenson's, the ref unable to see from inside the ring.

Blackfront: Low blow! Low blow!

Ace: What the hell are you talking about Jason?! That was a kick to the gut!

As J Stevenson lays on the floor holding his nether regions, the smile on KVT's face returns, stepping over him and looking down, her legs either side of his chest. Lifting her left boot, she

smudges it against his face, before dropping down into a mounted position and lifting his head, driving it back down onto the outside floor hard. Thomas steps to her feet, rolling into the ring, giving the ref a quick smile and rolling back out to break the count.

KVT grabs the left leg of Stevenson, dragging him towards the ring steps. She looks down at him, his face still grimacing after the last few shots and she drives a hard knee into his face twice, to make sure he's down. Lifting his leg, Thomas places the left leg of Stevenson on the first step, yanking it forward to expose the hamstring. A couple of quick shots with her right fist and a few boots to the exposed muscle, KVT backs off towards the guardrail, her smile disappearing for a look of concentration.

Blackfront: No...no, she wouldn't!

The echo of the steel is heard throughout the arena, the crowd yelling out their disapproval as Thomas' feet fly into the exposed hamstring of J Stevenson with a vicious drop kick. He immediately wails, rolling onto the floor as Thomas gets to her feet and rolls into the ring. The ref gives her a warning, but the First Lady shrugs him off, rolling back out of the ring again and lifting him to his feet. She uses all her strength to roll his body back into the ring and follows under the bottom rope. Quickly, KVT hooks a leg and pins.

One...two...

No! The crowd erupts as Stevenson is able to kick out! Thomas sits up, looking at the referee with a frustrated look and motioning to the crowd 'that's it!'

Getting to her feet, she gets onto the turnbuckle, climbing the ropes as Stevenson starts to move. Perched on the top rope now, KVT waits, her knees bent forward and arms out.

Ace: The Benediction, she's going for the Benediction!

KVT stands, only for Stevenson to muster up all his strength to spring to his feet and up onto the middle rope, knock her off balance and place her on his shoulders.

Blackfront: No! It's the Evenflow! Evenflow!

KVT comes crashing down in the middle rope Samoan Drop, both competitors out, Stevenson clutching at his leg that he has clearly done more damage to. The ref starts to count as both Thomas and Stevenson roll towards the ropes, each getting themselves up. Stevenson is first to his feet and he limps towards Thomas, throwing a right fist that she blocks, sending one, two, three back at him. Stevenson stumbles backwards, KVT running forward and hitting a bulldog. She gets back to her feet, lifting Stevenson with her into the corner, pushing his back against the turnbuckle. Sending a few shots to his gut, Thomas lifts Stevenson's left leg, then his right, slowly climbing the turnbuckle with him until he is sitting on the top rope. The crowd starts to get to a crescendo, as KVT drives a few elbows into the side of Stevenson's head, who flails backwards. Blackfront: This is dangerous...

Thomas locks Stevenson's head under her arm, lifting him further, her free hand on his trunks, lifting backwards...

Blackfront: Oh my god, she's going for a superplex! Kathryn Vermont Thomas is going to Superplex a two hundred and fifty pound man!

She yanks, but the weight is just too much and she can't get him up. Finally, Stevenson regains his bearings and shoves at KVT, knocking her off of the top rope and hard to the mat, where she once again holds her shoulder.

The crowd yells in approval as Stevenson unhooks his legs from the ropes and slaps the side of his head. Just then,

boos from the crowd erupt as from the back, carrying a chair comes the Internet Champion, CBR.

Blackfront: I knew it! I told you Tommy, they can't keep their noses out of anything!

As CBR approaches, KVT gets to her knees, holding out her hand and shaking her head. She mouths the word "no", Ranier slowing down his stride and looking at her inquisitively. Thomas gets back to her feet, looking over at Stevenson who is about to jump. She sprints forwards, getting to the corner and jumps up, wrapping her legs around Stevenson's neck, yanking forward into a...

But no! Stevenson holds onto the top rope, lifting KVT's body back up, her legs either side of him as he once again stands.

Ace: No! no! You can't Powerbomb a woman from the top rope!

Furiously, CBR runs to the apron, slamming his hands down on it ready to roll in.

J Stevenson stands higher, holding Thomas on his shoulders, but then, just as suddenly as he lifted her, his leg buckles and he drops down into a seated position. KVT takes advantage, slapping Stevenson viciously across the face with her right palm and yanks her body back, delivering a huge frankensteiner to the mat!

CBR smiles on the outside, clapping his hands together, as KVT winks to the crowd, her wicked smile returning. She lifts the broken Stevenson to his knees, looking down into his face a moment before delivering a second, vicious slap across his cheek. Lifting him to a standing position, KVT bends him backwards, locking his head under her arm. She jumps upwards, her legs parted, the right over Stevenson's neck before driving him down hard.

Ace: Crucifixion! KVT did it!

Thomas comes down with a hard split legged inverted bulldog, crashing J Stevenson onto the mat. She curls her arms around his leg and pins.

One...two...three!!

The bell immediately sounds, Thomas getting to her feet and raising her arm.

Announcer: Here is your winner, by pinfall...KATHRYN...VELMONT...THOMMAAAAASSSS!! KVT celebrates in the ring, looking down at the body of J Stevenson as "Ghost" hits the PA system.

Blackfront: In the end, the damage was done earlier in the match by KVT.

Ace: Clean win James...CLEAN win. You're not so smug now are you? The First Lady beat another UTA superstar in her rise to fame!

Blackfront: Yes Tommy, a clean win...

CBR continues to clap, before nodding down at Stevenson. He slides the chair into the ring, KVT looking down at it, then at J Stevenson, then back at CBR, a sick smile appearing on her face.

Beckoning Ranier into the ring, KVT uses his help to slowly drag the lifeless body of Stevenson to the corner, instructing CBR to hold the chair across his face. The music stops as she backs up, bending forward a little.

Blackfront: No! There's no need! KVT won this match already!

Just then, the lights go out and the crowd pop! When the lights come back on, Spectre is atop the ramp with a chair of his own in hand, before running down towards the ring. Spectre slides into the ring, KVT and CBR immediately fleeing either side of it.

They re group in the ramp as "Ghost" once again hits, Spectre shouting down at the two Dynasty members with a smile on his face as they back up, KVT's arm raised in victory,

Blackfront: The Spectre meets CBR in our main event tonight, god only knows what is going to happen tonight!

Ace: But as of now, it's Dynasty one, UTA zero.

Blackfront: KVT picked up an impressive win against J Stevenson. Where will the Human Highlight Reel go from here?! More Wrestleshow, still to come!

The Shooting Range

Blackfront: We're back live on Wrestleshow, from Nashville, Tennessee...

Ace: And we have Jennifer Williams at the top of the ramp...

Jennifer Williams, microphone in hand, stands at the top of the ramp. An up-close camera catches her as she introduces her guests.

Jennifer: Ladies and gentlemen...The Shoot Kings!

The trio steps out from behind the curtain, sans music but with heavy cheers. All three members are wearing black and gold SK shirts, with Szalinski in a matching black and gold mask. Graham and Madman immediately pander to the crowd a bit, riling them up further.

Jennifer: Okay...

Szalinski is turned around slightly to the crowd, yelling at a group of fans to hold their signs up higher. One sign in particular reads "F[CENSORED] HER RIGHT IN THE P[CENSORED]".

Thatcher stands tall behind Graham, who is closest to Jennifer and the microphone.

Graham: Sweet, I'm first!

Thatcher: Did you want me to lean over your shoulder, sunshine?

Graham looks back at Thatcher with a dirty glance, but turns back quickly when Jennifer begins speaking. Madman throws up a devil's horns towards the fan, then turns around to stand beside Graham.

Jennifer: The first thing I have to ask, was this in response to Dynasty? Did you form this group because of what happened at Ring King?

Graham: Dynasty?

Madman is leaned into the scene, smiling ear to ear. All three are heard clearly on the microphone when they speak, even if they all look at one another.

Madman: Who the hell are they? A J-Pop band?

Graham: I thought there was a recruitment drive for teams in the UTA, dude...

Thatcher: That's what I heard.

Graham: So, we're a team right?

Madman looks up at Thatcher, then over at Graham. All three nod at each other as Jennifer continues to hold the microphone.

Madman: Former GFC Tag Team Champions, matter of fact.

Graham: Right. Jennifer, how did you not see this coming? He's been planning this for months. He's told you. I've told you. Look to the throne...because the Kings are back!

A sizeable cheer follows this from the Nashville crowd. Madman gestures over towards the microphone.

Madman: May I, brother?

Madman and Graham shuffle places, with Madman chuckling a bit as he speaks to Jennifer while looking and pointing out into the crowd.

Madman: What did I tell everybody when I got here? I didn't want to be champion. I wanted to do my thing. I wanted to be myself. And I was thrust into the position. I was given the belt when I specifically asked not to be given the belt. Now, to most people, this sounds downright stupid... Madman laughs and draws his teammates' attention to a particular fan.

Madman: Check it out, I think this guy's about to get arrested...

A brief shot into the crowd shows a drunk, unruly fan standing on his seat and throwing a can of beer up at the Shoot Kings (missing by several feet and hitting the bottom of the stage.) Security is all around him, as the camera pans out very quickly to return to Madman and Jennifer, with Graham and Thatcher right there.

Madman: Now, to most people, that makes no sense. Why wouldn't I wanna be champion? Why not? Because of the situation I'm in right now. Because it's common sense to me that the champion is the most hunted man in the business, and you'll do anything to guarantee that big win when you're the one in the ring with the champion. You will crack under the pressure. I didn't want to crack under the pressure. Not when it wasn't my problem to begin with!

Madman looks right at Jennifer now. Some crowd noise is heard in the background.

Madman: Spectre put the title on me. Sean Jackson used that against him. Perfection and Dynasty were created for one purpose: to remove me from the picture. And I did NOTHING in all of this! I was nothing more than their pawn! So now, I don't have to worry about being told that I can't say this or that because it might look bad for the company. Now I can do what I was doing this whole time. I can just be myself...

Madman throws a hand up onto the shoulders of each of his partners.

Madman: ...and hang out with my homies.

A small cheer from the crowd draws Graham's attention. When Madman looks over, he snaps his head with a double finger point. Thatcher looks over as well. Jennifer tries her best not to glance over, but all three Shoot Kings have lost interest in the interview.

Madman: PEPPER SPRAY! Oh yeah!

Thatcher: Yep. He's going to jail. Madman: He's gonna be a prag. Graham: What's that?

Madman: A prag? It's like being a midcarder, only the glass ceiling's thicker.

Graham: Oh...

Thatcher leans over, closer to Jennifer.

Thatcher: Miss?

Jennifer looks up at the taller Rex, who leans in an inch or two at the microphone.

Thatcher: We'll be here all night if somebody doesn't take charge here.

Madman: Bowser.

Thatcher stares daggers at the former UTA Champion, who glances around nonchalantly.

Madman: You do. You look like Bowser.

Thatcher: And you look like you could use a steel chair wrapped around your neck.

Graham: JENNIFER, ASK A QUESTION!

Jennifer, slightly flustered, shakes herself together and comes up with another question.

Jennifer: So...are you going to fight Dynasty?

Thatcher: I sure hope so...

Thatcher rubs a tightly clenched fist with his free hand, staring into the camera. Madman and Graham assume equally rough poses.

Thatcher: I really don't like cowards who can't do things man to man. They clearly can't fight one- on-one. I also don't like people who think they're better than me.

Madman: I just don't like Goth chicks. Thatcher: So that's two strikes against them. Madman: One more...

Graham: ...and they're out.

The three members of the Shoot Kings and Jennifer Williams all look at each other in awkward silence.

Madman: Anyone got anything else? Thatcher: Not yet. I'll do my talking in the ring. Graham: Same for me...

Graham nods back at Madman, then Thatcher. All three point their index fingers directly into the camera, putting their thumbs up to mimic a gun. All three speak in unison when pulling the "trigger:.

Shoot Kings: SHOOT'S OVER!

The crowd roars in approval as the trio again makes various gestures to rouse up the fans.

Blackfront: Dynasty, be on alert! The Shoot Kings are here!

Ace: THAT'S the best you can do, UTA? This is who you have to stand up to Dynasty? Blackfront: We still got that Internet Title main event match between CBR and Spectre, plus much more still to come!

Throwing the Show A Curveball...

The scene opens up backstage as "Too Cool" Chris Hopper walks past a camera and heads around the corner back to the locker room area. He opens the door and standing there is Gentleman Jack. Jack is lacing his boots, and is met with the unexpected sight of his upcoming opponent when he turns around, and he takes a step back.

Gentleman Jack: Good sir, I hope you aren't thinking of some sort of classless ambush before our match. That would be poor form indeed.

Hopper: It's nothing like that Jack, really.

Gentleman Jack: Then why would you burst in as if to surprise attack me? Chris chuckles at the thought, but quickly continues.

Hopper: Jack, have you ever had a brilliant idea and you just wanted to share it with the world as fast as possible?

Jack gives Chris one of those "are you serious" kind of looks. Chris senses this feeling and continues without a response.

Hopper: Well I had a great one and wanted to share it with you first and foremost.

Gentleman Jack: Why me?

Hopper: Because it is about our match, my man. I have had great matches here already and I think you and I will do well, also. However, the more I thought about facing you in the ring and the kind of guy that you are...

He actually reaches out and pats his shoulder, trying to garner endearment or a connection with Jack. Jack is still kind

of in wonderment as he watches and listens.

Hopper: You know, because you are so rule book savvy and all... Jack nods and Hopper moves forward with his speech.

Hopper: Anyway, I figured that this would be a great time for a good, old-fashioned, technically wonderful, scientific match. A pure wrestling rules match....empowering the referee to enforce EVERY rule in the rule book and forcing us to do this as intended by those who started this great sport. What do you think?

Jack takes his right hand and twirls his moustache, considering the proposal. He finally turns to face Hopper and responds.

Gentleman Jack: Hmm... that's actually quite the idea, I must admit. Rare is the occasion that a foe of mine comes to me for such a proposal. Upholding the sacred rules of professional wrestling is something that is near and dear to my heart, so certainly. I wanted a fair, clean match for once, and I admire your integrity for coming to me and making your intentions known from the start. We shall have ourselves a true wrestling classic on the level of the famed bouts between Sirs Gotch and Hackenschmidt.

Hopper: So it's a deal? Our match tonight will be scientific wrestling only?

Gentleman Jack: Indeed.

Hopper: Shall we shake on it?

Hopper extends his hand for a handshake. For a moment, Jack inspects the outstretched hand before returning it in kind with a hearty handshake, and a pleasant smile.

Hopper: I look forward to seeing you out there. Let's put on the kind of show that will get the crowd excited and teach them a thing or two!

Chris exits the area and Jack stands there for a moment, reflecting on the events that just took place, before deciding to focus on his upcoming stretch, beginning his personal routine of stretching and calisthenics as the scene fades to black.

Yoshii vs. Will Haynes

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese Bushido plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii. Announcer: Coming first to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye.... Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

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

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

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

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

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

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring. Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to make a statement tonight by defeating the only man in the UTA with a guaranteed title shot coming.

Ace: Yea, a near six hundred pound man! No way THRILL will take Yoshii down, no way. 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 Yoshii looks ready to strike. Haynes points at Yoshii and heads in, trying to lock up with him. However, Yoshii 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 Yoshii again, trying to lock up. But once again, with ease, Yoshii shoves him down. Haynes rolls up and leans across the ropes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes charging Yoshii again!

This time, Haynes ducks the arms of Yoshii and turns around as Yoshii does. But as he turns, The THRILL brings his right hand up and slaps Yoshii 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.

Yoshii, 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 Yoshii.

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

Blackfront: Yoshii now with a big right hand. Another AND another!

Will Haynes begins to slouch. Jed Dye cheers him on from outside the ring.

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 Yoshii moves in and hooks his arm. With force, Yoshii pulls back and tosses Will Haynes over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hip toss out of the corner by Yoshii 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 Yoshii before Yoshii throws him into the ropes where Will grabs the top and holds himself up.

Blackfront: Yoshii following up with a foot 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, Yoshii leans over the ropes and grabs his head, turning him around.

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

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes on the apron and now climbing the turnbuckle from outside of the ring. Yoshii turns around and comes forward with a big rising uppercut to the jaw of The THRILL. Yoshii 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: Yoshii 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 Yoshii who reaches down and grabs his head.

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

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

Haynes is turned around, back first into the corner as Yoshii follows up with an elbow across his chest. He walks a few feet away and turns back. As Yoshii 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 Yoshii.

Blackfront: Will Haynes fighting back. Another hard right.

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

Yoshii 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 Yoshii'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 Yoshii's back being turned but was caught trying to cheat his way into a victory.

Ace: What a huge schoolboy! One wrong move and Yoshii would have flattened him like a pancake.

Yoshii and Will Haynes both start to get up. before Yoshii 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 things up a bit against the six hundred pound Yoshii. Yoshii stumbles back and into the corner. Will Haynes follows him, climbing to the second rope and begins choking Yoshii. The referee yells at him to stop.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to put Yoshii 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 Yoshii who is still stuck in the corner.

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

As Haynes hits the corner, Yoshii 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 Yoshii in the face. Yoshii stumbles back.

Blackfront: Will Haynes takes off.

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

Blackfront: Sideway slam by Yoshii!

Yoshii runs to the ropes. As he returns, he leaps up and brings his humongous leg down across the chest of Will Haynes. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: HUGE leg drop by Yoshii! He now covers him. The referee begins to count, hitting three. The bell sounds.
Announcer: The winner of this match.... YOSHII!!!!!!

His music begins to play as Jed Dye slides into the ring and begins to jump up and down celebrating. We see replay clips of the match as Will Haynes is checked on by the referee. Blackfront: And Yoshii looks as strong as ever!

Ace: OOMPH-OI!

Blackfront: Come on, man, really?

Ace: What? Remember, the sumo guy from Street Fighter?

Blackfront: We'll be back with more Wrestleshow! We fade to commercial.

The Set Up

Backstage Perfection is sat in KVT's dressing room. KVT, having just showered after winning her match is wearing a toweled robe, standing at the mirror re-applying her make up. She looks at

Perfection in the reflection if the mirror as he talks, the UTA Championship draped over his shoulder.

Perfection: "We still have work to do tonight."

KVT: "Don't worry. I have it all under control. You have the night off, relax. Enjoy it. The others can handle their matches and I know what I need to do.

Perfection: "And you're sure you'll succeed? The first impression is a lasting impression."

Kathryn turns and leans against the dressing table crossing her arms in front of her. Her expression would have be completely dead pan if it wasn't for the flirtatious smirk creeping across her crimson lips.

KVT: "Have I let you down yet? Besides, I've done this more times that you've won championships."

She giggles and turns back to doing her make up. Perfection pushes himself off the leather sofa and moves behind her, he set his title on the dressing table as he places his hands firmly on her hips and looks over her shoulder into the mirror, smiling.

Perfection: "This will go down in history." The scene fades to black.

The Signing

The scene opens to the UTA backstage. The camera focused solely on one door. The sign on the door reads, "Michael Lorenzo: Director of Talent Relations". The door is cracked and the cameraman slowly pushes the door open. Sitting on one side of the large mahogany desk, is the man himself, Michael Lorenzo. With a large smile on his face, he has a large stack of papers in front of him. Across the desk sit's a figure in a blue dress shirt, and short, faded, black hair. The second man facing away from the camera, sits across from and looks towards Lorenzo, so his face is not yet revealed. Finally a third man is standing next to the unknown figure in a very nice dark suit. Neither man moves, as Mr. Lorenzo continues to speak.

Michael Lorenzo: As you can see Mr. Cooper, the contract we have prepared for your client is a VERY lucrative offer. The price we agreed to on the phone, as well as the benefits package.

The man in a dark suit, presumably Mr. Cooper, nods his head before speaking.

Mr. Cooper: Yes, everything seems to be in order Mr. Lorenzo, we appreciate your help on this, and we look forward to our client having a very successful career here in the UTA. Sir, if you would please sign along the X's and your signature on the last sheet.

The unknown figure slides the paperwork to his side of the desk, and begins initialing.

Michael Lorenzo: Good, I am glad we could make this work, and I assure you, everyone here at UTA, is VERY excited to have your client on board.

The unknown man, finishes and hands back the contract to Mr. Lorenzo. They both stand up, and shake hands, the camera finally comes around the desk to find out who the man is, just as Mr.

Lorenzo finishes.

Michael Lorenzo: Welcome to the U.T.A. Mikey, we are ecstatic to have a world famous entertainer on the roster now.

The camera reveals the man to be famous rapper, Mikey Unlikely. He has an enormous smile on his face as he breaks off the handshake.

Mikey: I'm very excited to be here, when can I get started? The scene fades to a shot of ringside.

Chris Hopper vs. Gentleman Jack

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.

Ace: These fans are going crazy!

Blackfront: They love the king!

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.

Blackfront: I'm excited to see these two men in the ring. The King of Cool versus the Gentleman, Gentleman Jack.

Ace: This one has the potential to be match of the night material.

He reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun. Hopper enters the ring and works the crowd from each turnbuckle by hoisting the belt over his

head, then he walks over and shakes the announcers hand.

Ace: He does look cool, Jason.

Blackfront: As the other side of the pillow.

As the familiar notes of Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, robe hitting the floor, with a confident grin upon his face.

Blackfront: Hopper staring right at his opponent.

Ace: My man Jack.

He takes a moment to take in the crowd, the self-satisfied smirk still present on his face before slowly strutting down the ramp, taking his time with each and every movement. The announcer hesitates before looking down at their card, having no choice but to go along with it.

Announcer: From the... Land of Gentlemen, by way of England...

He makes way down to the ring. Once standing in front of it, he stops, looks both ways before climbing on the apron, again allowing the moment to make itself, then entering through the second rope.

Announcer: Standing a very... manly 5'11, and weighing in at an impressive 240 pounds...

Once in the ring, Jack gives the announcer a quick glance, making sure he is following the script he had shown them before hand, before relaxing and taking a strut around the ring.

Announcer: He is the Man of Manifold Muscle, the Manly Mauler, the...

As Jack is shaking the hand of the referee, he notes the hesitation on the part of the announcer, and walks to them glaring at them. The announcer gulps and continues on.

Announcer: The Magnificent, Manly, Majestic, Masterful, Matchless Melodious, Meritorious, Meticulous, Mighty, Muscular (and oh so modest) Mustachioed Marvel, Gentleman Jack!

Satisfied with the introduction, Jack smiles before shaking the announcer's hand, next heading to the center of the ring. He takes off his robe, revealing one of his custom-made wrestling singlets. Letting the crowd take in his glory, he punctuates it by performing the traditional gentleman's bow.

Ace: Look confidence up in the dictionary and you'll see the Gentleman.

Afterwards, he heads to his corner, going through a few basic punches and kicks to get in the mood for his opponent.

Blackfront: Both men are in the ring. The bell sounds.

Ace: And here we go. Right off the bat a Collar and Elbow Tie Up.

The two men circle around the ring. Hopper gets the upper hand. Turning the hold into a Side Headlock.

Blackfront: Hopper being pushed into the ropes.

Gentleman Jack tries to push Hopper but The King of Cool still holds onto the Headlock.

Blackfront: Jack to a knee. Oooh. Elbow to the chest of Chris Hopper.

Ace: Jack landing some shots to the side of the head.

Gentleman Jack lands two European Uppercuts that send Hopper into the corner. Jack connects with a series of Elbows.

Blackfront: Jack on the offensive early in this match. Hopper grabs Jack and tosses him into the corner.

Ace: Hopper now in control.

Hopper looks to the open palm he has raises into the air. The sound of the slap echoes in the arena.

Blackfront: Jack is going to feel that tomorrow.

Jack slowly walks out of the corner. Hopper is right behind him.

Hopper Irish Whips Gentleman Jack. He puts his head down to send Jack flying. Jack stops and drops to a knee. He sends a hard right to Hopper's chin. Hopper falls to the mat.

Hopper is stopped before he can get to his feet. Jack lands a few Boot Stomps. He now gets to a knee and drives his elbow into the top of Chris Hopper's skull.

Ace: Jack going for a submission hold.

Gentleman Jack puts his knee in Chris Hopper's lower back. He pulls back Hopper's arms and digs in.

Blackfront: It's not looking so bright for Hopper right now.

Ace: Jack is going for it tonight.

The referee gets right in the action. Asing Hopper if he gives up.

Gentleman Jack wrenches back the arms of Hopper. He yells something at the King of Cool.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper could be close to throwing in the towel.

Ace: Easy win for the Gentleman.

The fans get on Chris Hopper's side. He begin to clap and Hopper hears them all.

Blackfront: Hopper looks like he's trying to get to his feet.

Ace: Gentleman Jack lets go of the hold. He's keeping the attack going.

Hopper leans on the ropes and Jack lands some hard fists to the midsection of Chris Hopper. Gentleman Jack sends Chris Hopper into the ropes.

Ace: Hopper is caught in a Sleeper Hold.

Blackfront: Jack has Hopper in the middle of the ring.

Jack moves Hopper from side to side. Yelling for him to submit.

Ace: This might be it for Hopper.

Chris Hopper evens the score with a Jawbreaker that sends Gentleman Jack through the ring ropes and onto the floor.

Ace: Hopper is a smart guy. Send your opponent to the outside and take a blow.

Blackfront: Jack would be lucky if he jaw didn't break after that.

Chris Hopper lays in the ring breathing heavy. Gentleman Jack starts to move around. Jack gets to his feet holding his lower jaw. Hopper is to his knees bent over in the ring. Jack grabs the middle rope and tries to pull himself into the ring.

Blackfront: Jack almost in the ring. Hopper lands a hard knee before Gentleman Jack can fully get into the ring.

Ace: Hopper needs to turn this one around.

Blackfront: Jack Whipped into the ropes.

Chris Hopper catches Gentleman Jack in an Abdominal Stretch. The fans start getting loud.

Blackfront: Now it's Hopper's turn.

Ace: Hopper showing that two can play that game.

Hopper pulls back on Jack's arm getting the most out of the hold.

Blackfront: Referee asking Jack if he's had enough.

Ace: Come on Jack!

Gentleman Jack uses all his might and Hiptosses Hopper.

Ace: I don't know how he did that.

Blackfront: Jack is now in control of this one. He bounces off the ropes. Gentleman Jack comes at Chris Hopper and hits a Shoulder Block.

Ace: Jack sends Hopper to the mat.

Blackfront: Hopper now rolling out of the ring. Getting some distance from his opponent. Gentleman Jack walks towards the ropes and begins yelling for Hopper to get back in the ring. Ace: Ref getting Jack to step back. Hopper

taking a little blow.

Chris Hopper puts his knee on the apron and grabs the top rope. He brings himself to the apron and steps back into the ring.

Blackfront: Jack letting Hopper come back into the ring.

Ace: Jack is a classy individual.

The two pros circle each other in the ring. Hopper goes in for a Collar and Elbow Tie Up but Jack circles around and takes Hopper's back.

Blackfront: Jack trying a Belly to Back Suplex.

Ace: Hopper fighting Jack off.

Jack lets go of Hopper's waist and goes for a Side Russian Legsweep. Hopper is able to break the hold and use his hand to toss Jack back and onto the mat.

Blackfront: Fans pulling for Hopper tonight.

Ace: Hopper might be too strong for The Gentleman.

Hopper walks over to The Gentleman and pulls him to his feet. Hopper lands a Big Headbutt on Jack. Sending The Gentleman into the corner. Hopper goes for an Irish Whip but is blocked.

Blackfront: Jack fighting back but is over powered by Hopper.

Ace: Jack sent into the ropes.

Hopper puts his head down and caught in the Gentleman's Hook.

Blackfront: GENTLEMAN'S HOOK!

Ace: Hopper is going to tap.

Jack wrenches back on the ankle of The King of Cool.

Blackfront: Hopper is trying to reach the ropes.

Ace: Jack is going to break Hopper's ankle.

Blackfront: It's over!

The referee calls for the bell.

Ace: Gentleman Jack with the upset!

Blackfront: A very good match has a stunning ending... Announcer: The winner of this match, Gentlemen Jack! Ace: A good match, indeed Jason!

Blackfront: And this night is far from over! We still have two of the three Shoot Kings still in action, plus CBR and Spectre in the main event!

The camera pulls away from the ring as Hopper is now on his feet, accepting a handshake from Jack in the center of the ring.

The Truth

As the scene fades up, we are in what seems to be a tent. Rows of filled seats are passed by before the camera comes up, panning past a podium where The Good Reverend takes his place. Behind him Brother Simon and Brother Judas standing, Brother Simon with The Good Book in his hands, as Brotha Judas holds near a basket. The Good Reverend

raises his hand. As he does, so does the people in the tent to hear him speak.

Reverend: HIS word... is the ultimate truth.

Lady: Amen Reverend. Reverend: HIS love... is internal. Lady #2: Preach!

He looks over more toward the camera, his face showing a wicked smile.

Reverend: HIS justice... last forever. Much like Brother Sanchez found out two weeks ago. The Good Reverend puts both hands in the sky as the people all stand.

Reverend: Sing HIS praises... oh Lord, embrace HIS love!

Everyone in the tent has their hand up still and begin rocking side to side in harmony.

Reverend: Tonight we gather a collection in HIS name...

A chorus of Hallelujah begins out. Brother Judas steps forward and begins to walk toward the crowd, basket in hand.

Reverend: Support HIS cause! Give no less than fifteen percent for you are funding HIS word in which we will take to the masses in two weeks on Wrestleshow!

Lady #3: TELL THEM REVEREND! AMEN!

Brother Judas looks up at the camera and snarls before passing by. We zoom in The Good Reverend once again.

Reverend: Do not fear us... only fear HIS justice if you fail to believe...

He smiles and the camera backs up as he joins in moving side to side with the crowd, the warm glow of HIS love shining over him.

They will be back soon.

The scene fades away into darkness.

Coup de grâce

FKA the Wrestler is in the hall way before his match, adjusting his left knee pad, getting himself prepared for his big match against Graham Clauson. He takes in a deep breath, gives his knee a pat before looking ahead and walking toward the curtains.

Blackfront: FKA versus Graham Clauson is gonna be up next, ladies and gentlemen. Can FKA keep up the momentum he has been building for the past couple of weeks, or will he just find himself barking up the wrong tree, so to speak, when he--

CRACK!!!!

AHHHHH!!!!

Blackfront: Oh my...what the hell happened?!

Ace: That's the loudest scream I have ever heard!

An agonizing scream echoes through the hallway so loud it causes multiple members of the backstage crew to run and see what's going on... FKA is holding onto his left knee, rolling around clinching his teeth as the camera pans up... J. Stevenson stands high above FKA with a thick metal pipe.

FKA: PLEASE! NO MORE, PLEASE! ST...STOP!!!

FKA tries to crawl away while screaming in agony. J. Stevenson's demeanor seems a bit different than we've seen him before, he's even got the security and backstage personnel around him hesitant to make any kind of save on FKA's

behalf. He doesn't mutter a single word. Instead, he responds to FKA's pleas by placing his boot on FKA's left knee, stopping him from crawling away. A sick smile slithers across his lips as he unleashes a multitude of swings that you can hear crumble the bone in FKA's left knee with the metal pipe as he shrieks in pain.

Blackfront: THIS BRUTAL ASSULT ON FKA RIGHT BEFORE HIS MATCH! Somebody, HELP HIM!!

Ace: Oh man, just comes to show you – FKA should've never gotten involved with J. Stevenson in the first place! Look at him beg J. Stevenson to stop, this is absolute mayhem!

J. Stevenson finally halts his assault, but not before spitting on FKA's battered body. The people around J. Stevenson make way for his exit before rushing to tend to FKA, who is now trying to pull himself up using the pants of an EMT as leverage while grunting in absolute misery.

Ace: What...what happens with FKA's match?! How will he compete?!

Blackfront: I-I don't know... he's hurt real bad, Ace. J. Stevenson has absolutely mauled FKA.

Ace: Well something needs to be figured out, and quick!

Blackfront: Dare I ask, WHY did J. Stevenson attack FKA to this degree? We understand there has been...there has been friction between the two, but it always seemed to culminate in the ring. This is something very unlikely, something unexpected from J. Stevenson... something has to be driving that man to insanity.

Ace: Or maybe it's just as simple as him trying to get rid of FKA once and for all, like FKA said he was trying to do to J. Stevenson last week! You don't go around making those claims without expecting a target on your back... or in this case, knee.

The camera fades with FKA breathing heavily, still attempting to get to his feet...

Graham Clauson vs. FKA

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.

Blackfront: Coming to the ring one of the members of the Shoot Kings, Graham Clauson.

Ace: Clauson has looked real good here in the UTA.

Blackfront: He looks like he will be a force for a long time.

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, OH, weighing in at 219 pounds... GRAHAM CLAUSON! Graham begins to walk down the aisle, keeping his focus towards ringside.

Ace: This one is going to be good. Clauson and FKA.

Right before reaching ringside, he begins to run before hopping up and sliding under the bottom rope. As he slides, Graham swings his body around in a way that upon the stop of the slide he stands right up. He runs towards the ropes, bouncing off once before he then runs over to a turnbuckle. He jumps up onto the second turnbuckle, making the shape of a gun once again but with both hands. He extends both arms, but then hops back down.

Blackfront: Clauson awaits his opponent.

Graham slings the vest off of him quickly, tossing it to the outside of the ring. Immediately afterwards, he then takes his hat and throws it into the crowd.

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.

Blackfront: The Wrestler coming off a big win at Victory would like to keep his hot streak going.

Ace: I like this guy, Jason. Old school.

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. Blackfront: The winner of this match will shoot up into possible title contention in the Internet Division.

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.

Ace: Ring the bell already, geez! I got things to do tonight. The bell sounds.

Clauson charges at The Wrestler. FKA grabs Clauson's head and send him into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: FKA landing some hard lefts to the chin of Graham Clauson.

Ace: Clauson getting worked on early.

Clauson grabs FKA's head and switches places putting The Wrestler in the corner.

Ace: Hard knees to the mid section by Clauson. FKA had his momentum stolen.

Blackfront: Clauson bringing the pain.

Clauson pauses and charges and lands a hard Knee and sends FKA down to the mat. He grabs FKA's arm and locks in a Standing Armbar.

Blackfront: Clauson still on the offensive. Trying to break that arm of The Wrestler.

Ace: FKA is in a tough spot.

Blackfront: FKA trying to work his way to his feet.

Clauson lands a hard fore arm to the upper back of The Wrestler. He then lands two consecutive elbows to the same area.

Ace: FKA not looking too good... Ooooh hard Knife Edge Chops.

Fans: Wooooooo! Blackfront: FKA with another. Fans: Wooooooo!

FKA rakes Clauson's eyes. Graham stumbles into the ropes. FKA stomps at Clauson's knee. Clauson on his knees and FKA on the attack.

Blackfront: FKA choking Clauson on the second rope. The referee starts a five count.

Ace: This guy is old school.

The referee counts to five and breaks the move up. FKA backs away as Clauson falls to the mat.

Blackfront: FKA into the ropes.

Ace: Big Knee Drop by The Wrestler.

FKA gets back to standing position and lands an Elbow Drop.

Blackfront: FKA goes for the cover.

Ace: Clauson kicks out at One.

FKA steps over Clauson to sit on his chest and rains right fists down on Clauson's head.

Ace: FKA is going for it tonight.

Blackfront: Referee getting involved.

FKA backs up into the ring ropes and quickly turns to face the fans. He yells something at a fan and the fans boo him.

Blackfront: Fans not showing The Wrestler any love.

Ace: FKA is one of my guys Jason. These fans are ungrateful.

FKA goes back on the offensive. Clauson on his knees crawls towards FKA. He sweeps out The Wrestler's leg.

Blackfront: Clauson looks like, yes, Clauson going for a Texas Cloverleaf.

Ace: FKA is fighting it, Jason.

Clauson and FKA are just shy of face to face. FKA pokes Clauson in the eye to break the hold.

Blackfront: Clauson in the corner checking his eye.

Ace: Smart move by The Wrestler.

FKA runs at Clauson and hits a Clothesline. He then pushes Clauson over to the ring ropes.

Blackfront: Irish Whip by The Wrestler. Clauson reverses the Irish Whip.

Ace: Clauson hits a Hurricanrana! FKA rolls out on the floor.

Blackfront: Clauson looks like he's going for something.

Graham runs and hits a Springboard Moonsault on FKA as The Wrestler gets to his feet.

Ace: These fans are loving this!

The fans at ringside erupt in a "UTA" chant.

Blackfront: High Flying here in the UTA arena.

The downed men begin to swing at each other as they get to their feet. FKA grabs Clauson around the waist and pulls him down smashing Graham's face into the guardrail.

Ace: The Wrestler will not be stopped.

FKA pushes Clauson to face him and lands a Big Knife Edge Chop to the chest of Clauson.

Fans: Woooo!

Blackfront: Clauson lands a knee to the mid section of The Wrestler.

Ace: These two don't watch out and they'll get counted out! Clauson rolls FKA into the ring and rolls in to continue his attack.

FKA pleads with Clauson. Going further into the ring with his hands up.

Ace: I think The Wrestler is calling for a truce.

Clauson not buying any of it keeps his distance. FKA throws some wild kicks towards Clauson, Graham slaps the kicks away.

Blackfront: Clauson going in.

Ace: Misses that Downward Swinging Kick.

FKA takes out Clauson's leg and bringing Graham to a knee.

Ace: The Wrestler with some text book wrestling. Clauson is locked up in a Sleeper Hold.

Blackfront: This match could be over.

FKA yells at the crowd. He yells at Clauson to give up.

Blackfront: Clauson looks out.

Ace: Ref is going in to check on Clauson.

The referee picks up Clauson's arm and it falls back down.

Ref: 1!

Ace: Not looking good for Graham.

Ref: 2!

Clauson's arm stops just before the third time it falls.

Blackfront: Clauson is still in this match!

The fans get wild. Clauson now in a standing position lands several elbows on FKA. He then picks FKA up by the waist and lands a devastating Backbreaker.

Ace: Both men are down! Blackfront: Ref starting his count... Ref: 1!

FKA rolls to his stomach and grabs at his back in pain. He gets to a knee.

Ace: Clauson is starting to move.

Blackfront: FKA stalking Clauson.

The Wrestler grabs Clauson by the head and hits a DDT.

Blackfront: The Wrestler with the cover. 1...

2...

Ace: Kickout by Clauson.

Blackfront: FKA is beside himself.

Ace: FKA landing some big Knees to the side of Clauson.

FKA puts his leg behind him and slams his knee back down into the oblique area of Clauson. Blackfront: FKA landing some stiff fists to the head of Clauson. Ref trying to separate the two. FKA backs away from Clauson as the ref warns him again. FKA sees Graham getting to his feet so he rushes towards the ropes.

Ace: FKA going for something... TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

Blackfront: Oh my!

FKA lays on the mat on his back. Clauson staggers to the corner and climbs to the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He's up top!

Graham Clauson hits a Corkscrew Moonsault off the top rope. He crashes on top of FKA.

Ace: AMBIVALENT IDEA! HE'S GONNA WIN!

1...

2...

3!

FKA kicks out too late.

Blackfront: Hell of a match! Clauson gets a gritty win tonight!

Ace: Give both men credit, Jason. FKA had his spots but Clauson walks out with the win. Clauson celebrates in the ring. He jumps over to the closest corner and stands on the second rope looking out into the crowd.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson gets a victory tonight, but will the Shoot Kings go two for two tonight?

Ace: Doubt it.

Blackfront: Well, if Conrad Teller has anything to say about it, I'd say no! That match is up next! Stick with us for more Wrestleshow!

After His Debut

The camera turns backstage to inside of a locker room. Sitting on the bench is David Hightower with Whiskey curled up by his feet gnawing on a bone. He takes a deep breath drinking the bottle of beer in his hand. He looks at the camera...

Hightower: Bring that there camera over here! I have a few things to say!

The camera comes in closer as David shakes his head.

Hightower: Ya know UTA I came here to face some of the toughest, meanest, nastiest sumbitches ya'll got to offer... This past Victory I wind up losin to a guy I knew nothin about... A guy who called himself Reaper... Here I was expectin to face a mean lookin fella with a face only the mother of a gorilla could love!

David lets out a long sigh before he takes another drink.

Hightower: What I got was a complete and utter fruit loop with a donkey wearin a Mexican hat! Oh I could forgive that if it stopped there! I was facin a guy who used tactics I'd expect to see on a god dang Kindergarten playground! Titty twisters? Noogies? I didn't come to the UTA to deal with a bunch of horse manure like that! I came here to get into a good ole fashioned brawl and knock someone's teeth out!

David suddenly throws the bottle in his hand where it smashes against the wall. Whiskey stands up startled letting out a bark.

Hightower: Worst part is I can't even make a god dang excuse fer losin to the guy! Hell I admit I haven't won every fight I've been in but let me say this. Every person who got the better of me sure as hell proved he's a tougher dog than ole David Hightower! This Reaper fella proved to me he's a toddler in a grown man's body! I'm humiliated over this! I really am!

David crosses his arms clearly trying to contain his level of anger.

Hightower: I don't know what to say at this point. I know I'm better than that! But if ya think fer one second I'm goin to sit here and admit Reaper is a tougher dog than me then ya got another thing comin! Ya see in my world we ain't have a god dang 3 count! Hell we beat the tar outta eachother until one of us was shipped off to local hospital! And ya know what the prize was fer the winner!? A pair of handcuffs and a trip to the local police station! So congratulations Reaper. Ya managed to keep The Toughest Dog In The Yard down fer 3 stinkin seconds!

Hightower turns around and slams his fist into a locker denting it. Hightower sits back down on the bench. Whiskey jumps up clearly concerned for his master licking his face.

Hightower: Well... All ya can do is get up... Brush yerself off... Grab a beer... And next time bring an even nastier bite! Next time UTA... Ya'll will know why I'm The Toughest Dog In The Yard!

Bring me a real fight! Not some fruit cup who doesn't even go by a real name doin childish tricks! Just remember... It's the size of the fight in the dog!

And suddenly David suddenly turns around and nails the camera with a right hook and the screen turns to static.

A Gift

The camera opens up on a busy corridor of the Bridgestone Arena, stage hands litter the area talking amongst themselves. From the far end of the corridor the staff began to part like the Red Sea, clearing the way for the First Lady of the UTA, Kathryn Vermont-Thomas.

Wearing a vintage Versace cocktail dress in black with a Silver Fox fur stole, KVT is carrying an exquisite gold gift bag in front of her. She struts down the hallway, looking from door to door until she finds what it is she is looking for, James Wingate's office.

Kathryn straightens out her dress and gives an obligatory adjustment of the boobs before knocking on the door.

Wingate: Come in.

He calls out from the other side of the door. Kathryn opens the door.

Wingate : What can I do for you Miss Vermont-Thomas?

James only looks up for a brief moment from the paperwork he is mulling over to see Kathryn stood in the doorway, leaning against the doorframe smirking slightly.

KVT: It's not what you can do for me James. It's what I have for you

She steps forward and places the gift bag onto the table. He looks up at her as she leans over his desk.

Wingate: I can't accept.. whatever.. that is

KVT: It's nothing really. The Harlan Estate want me to stock their wines at my club so they sent me a few bottles as a sampler. I'm really not a wine drinker, so I thought I'd share the wealth. A peace offering of sorts.

Wingate: I appreciate the thought Kathryn, but I can't.

KVT: This is a 1994 Cabernet Sauvignon, said to be their best year. I saw this exact bottle in

Sherry-Lehmann's last week, they are selling for over four and a half thousand.

Wingate: Exactly the reason why I cannot accept a gift like that.

KVT: Well in that case, how about you take a break from whatever it is you're doing and I'll get us a couple of glasses and we can share it?

Wingate: I thought you didn't drink wine.

KVT: For the right company I can make an acception... The scene soon shifts afterwards.

Thatcher Rex vs. Conrad Teller Ace: Welcome back folks!

Blackfront: Yes indeed, welcome back. We've got a great match for you tonight between Thatcher Rex and Conrad Teller

Ace: A former con that has made a great transition from a convict to a world-class wrestler and a body guard of sorts from the paperwork we have on the guy. If I've read this correctly.

Blackfront: If it's on the Internet it must be true Tommy

Announcer: Now coming to the ring from Helena, Montana Thatcher Rex!!

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.

Announcer: And his opposition from Riverhead, NY Conrad Teller!!

"Now it's On" hits and the crowd goes wild as Convict steps out on stage. Con sports his typical bright orange prison scrubs, of which he loses the shirt and tosses it into the crowd as he makes it to the bottom of the runway. Before sliding into the ring Conrad crosses himself and whispers an inaudible amen before he's ready to go.

Ace: Both men are sizing each other up as they get into the center of the ring and both are shaking hands.

Blackfront: Mutual respect, wow you don't see that much in this industry.

Ace: And here... we... go...

Both men start to circle each other; Rex goes in for a leg take down but Conrad steps back. As Rex stands up and smiles a bit as Conrad shakes his hand no.

Ace: Well this is going to be interesting, both men are testing each other.

Blackfront: Trying to figure out a weakness perhaps.

Rex finally rushes the ropes as he bounces off and comes back with a shoulder tackle but Conrad just stands there, Rex tries the shoulder tackle again still nothing from the con.

Blackfront: Both these big men are the immovable force trying to get something going but neither men are moving.

Ace: Maybe that's the another thought for our viewers to ponder at a later date?

Blackfront: Rex has attacked con with a flurry of punches as Con covers up while Rex continues the beating; the ref has started to count.

1

2

3

Ace: Rex has stopped before the count reached five.

Blackfront: I think Rex is here for the win.

Ace: I think Conrad will have other thoughts on that.

Rex then steps back as Conrad shakes the cobwebs loose and is blasted by a huge short arm clothesline. Rex then lifts Conrad up into a scoop slam

Blackfront: Oh my the big man has lifted Conrad and made the whole arena shake.

Ace: I felt nothing unless you count the heavy breathing behind my neck. Rex then makes a quick cover.

1..

Ace: Kick out.

Blackfront: I think Rex just trying to soften the convict down a bit.

Ace: Rex just failed like... oh never mind.

Conrad stands up and greets rex with a upper cut. Rex stumbles back a bit as Conrad starts to unload his flurry of punches. Both men start to trade off punches back and forth.

Ace: how long can these guys do this?

Blackfront: Well they both have power so I'm going to guess until someone falls.

Ace: Thanks captain obvious.

Both men are slowing with their punches but Conrad gets the upper hand and shoves Rex into the ropes as Rex returns Conrad swings with a giant haymaker and connects.

Blackfront: Oh it looks like rex has gone down can Conrad make the cover?

Ace: It appears so. 1..

2..

Blackfront: Rex kicked out.

Both men stand and go for a tie up jockeying for position as Rex steps back and lifts both hands up for a show of power, Conrad follows suit as then both starts to push and pull to gain the advantage.

Ace: Who has the better strength?

Blackfront: Honestly I think both men have lost a few steps so it's still anyone's game.

Finally Rex starts to gain the upper hand pushing Conrad down to his knees Conrad is now bending backwards as Rex applies pressure. Rex is still pushing Conrad back who now is slowly inching his way backwards to his back as the ref slides a hand under The Con's shoulder and makes a count but Con lifts up to his head trying not to allow his shoulders to touch.

Ace: Oh so close....

Blackfront: How was that close, Conrad is showing that he's actually learning how to wrestle. Conrad falls back down again and the ref checks but can slide a hand under his shoulder. Rex then let's go as Conrad stands up shaking out his arms. Rex then grabs Conrad and hits a Vertical Suplex. Conrad is down again as Rex stands up and a set in the Tyrant's Test. Conrad is screaming as Rex has locked it in.

Ace: it looks like the former con is going to do some more hard time.

Blackfront: Really Tommy?

Ace: well look at him he's in a hard place and well.

Rex is happy but Conrad has finally made it to the ropes and the ref signals to rex to break the hold.

Blackfront: It looks like Rex will have to try something else.

Ace: Maybe actually making the pin?

Conrad stands up as Rex waits and both men go in again Conrad grabs Rex into a belly to belly and hit's it a bit rough causing damage to both men. Conrad stands up first and drops his leg down on Rex.

Ace: What a drop.

Blackfront: Oh that was some height from Conrad.

Conrad then stands and lifts Rex but rex rolls Conrad into a small package. 1...

2...

3...

Announcer: And your winner Thatcher Rex!

Blackfront: The Kings sweep Wrestleshow here in Nashville!

Ace: This is ridiculous! These jokers won't stand up to Dynasty! Not in a million years! Blackfront: But will they come to help Spectre if the numbers game comes into play? CBR vs. Spectre, main event, NEXT!

The scene fades to black with Rex exiting the ring.

A Peace Offering

Fade to the backstage area Dynasty's personal locker room as Perfection, Sean Jackson, and KVT sit amongst each other. Perfection is in full suit, tie, the works, he's not wrestling tonight but

he's still amongst his friends and close allies. The title is draped over his lap, a cigar in one hand. KVT stands behind him, Jackson in suit no tie to his left, and CBR in the corner lacing his boots for his match about to happen.

Perfection: "You know, there's been a lot of chatter amongst the ranks here in UTA, from the useless at the bottom of the barrel like the Second Coming and Frank Harrison, all the way to the hasbeens like Spectre. A sense of rebellion and angst."

He takes a few puffs of his cigar, KVT with a sinister smirk across her lips.

Perfection: "Who can blame them, Dynasty has not only given them and Rumor Man Stan a sense of importance but seemingly another force wants to challenge our dominance- The Shoot Kings..."

Perfection shakes his head

Perfection: "A pathetic excuse of wrestlers lumped together like spent coal. Men who think they have some sort of name recognition in this industry and ride the coat-tails of Dynasty's success."

Sean Jackson spits on the ground shaking his head and crossing his arms over his chest, a pissed off look across his face.

Perfection: "Men who drop our good name just to bring attention to themselves, that ooze jealousy of Dynasty's success, that choose to attack the greatest superstars in the ring because they want OUR spot light."

CBR is now taping his wrists as he adds into the conversation from the distance.

CBR: "They can't handle our spotlight, let alone a desk lamp."

Perfection looks over at Claude chuckling a bit before turning back towards the camera.

Perfection: "Men who choose to blame management for allowing such a unique and powerful force, Dynasty, to take COMPLETE control over the UTA. Not blaming themselves because they are simply...and I mean that...SIMPLY sub-par."

We get a shot of CBR's face that resembles him almost going "Ouch" to Perfection's statements.

Perfection: "Now, I've had my differences with James Wingate, let's not forget that he's the man who held me at the bottom of the cards, he was the man that refused to give me a title shot despite my pristine, PERFECT, record!"

KVT begins to massage his shoulders calming him down.

Perfection: "But bygones, can be bygones. The First Lady of UTA has given Mr. Wingate an offering of our peace. I have no problems with you, James Wingate. The Shoot Kings and Spectre however....now, they've not only disrespected Dynasty but even you!"

Jackson unfolds his arms and the camera focuses on him as Perfection smokes his cigar.

Jackson: "Do you really believe Spectre cares about you or the Wrestle UTA, Wingate? Spectre cares only about one person, Spectre. How long until he decides he'll turn on you just like he did Madman or even me?"

Inhale, exhale.

Jackson: "If I were you, I'd invest in some protection, Wingate." Perfection smirks and takes a few more puffs of his cigar.

Perfection: "Protection, James, and Dynasty is willing to personally eliminate the threat. Call it in good faith, because there is a cancer brewing, some wanna be heroes that are choosing to defy OUR, Dynasty's, LEGACY!"

He leans forward in his chair moving the title from his waist to over his shoulder.

Perfection: "And we plan to purge them from this company!"

They all stand up and circle, putting their hands in as if they are about to cheer when a whistle is heard, startling them. The camera man moves around to see James Wingate standing in the doorway.

Wingate: I thought you guys may be planning something for tonight. Perfection leaves the huddle and walks over to the boss.

Perfection: What we do doesn't concern you. James looks at The Champion and smiles.

Wingate: Well, the fact that I'm your boss, and the UTA is my promotion... I think it does. Sean Jackson steps forward and puts his arm across Perfection's chest.

Jackson: Something we can help you with.... boss. He cracks a grin.

Wingate: Nope. Nothing at all. I was just dropping by to let you all know that if any of you three interfere in this match... CBR will be disqualified.

Thomas: That's not fair!

Wingate: In fact... How about you three just stay back here and let CBR handle this one on his own.

He stares right into CBR's eyes.

Wingate: You can handle this on your own, can't you? CBR clinches his fist.

CBR: Of course I can.

James nods his head and smiles.

Wingate: Good. Have a great match champ!

He gives CBR a mocking thumbs up before turning and heading on his way. We get a shot of a silent Dynasty before returning to the ring.

Main Event

CBR vs. The Spectre

Blackfront: WOW! What a bombshell coming into this match!

Ace: Not right! It's not right!

Announcer: The following match is the main event of the evening!

"Memphisto" begins to play as Spectre enters the arena, walking straight down towards the ring. Announcer: Introducing first, from the Deepest Corners Of Your Mind, weighing in at 299 pounds, UTA Hall Of Famer...The Spectre!

Blackfront: Look at Spectre in the ring, he is all business...

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the tron. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view. Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose. He flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. Once inside, CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his rut arm, preparing.

Announcer: And his opponent, from Montreal, Quebec and weighing in at 257 pounds...the UTA Internet Champion...C! B! R!

Blackfront: And it's time to go...CBR's taking his time getting into the ring... The bell begins to sound. Out of the gate CBR comes forward with a right hand.

Blackfront: Right hand by CBR. Spectre with his own. Both men exchanging fist. There is no waiting here. Both men with a huge point to prove!

CBR takes off to the left and bounces off the ropes, charging Spectre, hitting him with his shoulder as he passes, but Spectre keeps his ground. CBR looks at Spectre, who cackles. Blackfront: My God its like running into a brick wall! The hall of famer has always been one of the biggest men in the UTA.

Ace: CBR is no midget Jason. He'll get him down.

Determined CBR bounces off the ropes again this time hitting Spectre with a dropkick to the knee. The sadistic freak stumbles, but does not fall, the dropkick seeming to only anger Spectre. Blackfront: Well a dropkick right to the knee and The Spectre is still standing!

Ace: That's what he's got to do Jason. He's got to try and incapacitate Spectre. Use his speed and smarts to overcome Spectre's brawn.

Blackfront: CBR off the ropes once more!

CBR bounces off the ropes and as Spectre tries to grab him he evades it by side stepping. CBR quickly rolls behind him, and before Spectre has a chance to turn around CBR tackles his knee, finally taking the monster down.

Ace: Fee Fi Fo Fum, Spectre just fell on his big fat bum!

Blackfront: CBR has got him down!

Immediately CBR starts stomping Spectre's knee, each stomp bringing a grimace to the face of Spectre. Grabbing his leg CBR rolls Spectre onto his belly and applies a single legged Boston crab. Spectre, in the center of the ring reaches toward the ropes as CBR wrenches back, applying pressure.

Blackfront: Impressive Boston crab by CBR, but can Spectre get to the ropes before his leg is snapped clean off?

Ace: You can't snap a leg like that off. Look at Spectre's thighs! They're as big across as a man's chest!

Blackfront: CBR trying to end this one early. Spectre tries desperately to get him to the ropes.

Spectre lets out a yell and uses his very own leg to toss CBR off of him.

Blackfront: Spectre able to get free. It's still too early to try and keep him down without working him CBR.

CBR scrambles to his feet as Spectre gets up himself, favoring his left leg just a bit. CBR charges Spectre and tries to take him down with a cross body, but Spectre just catches him, holding him across his chest.

Blackfront: Look at the strength, Ace! He just caught CBR like it was nothing! CBR is no small man!

Ace: Just like snatching at flies Jason.

Blackfront: Spectre just tossed CBR over his head like it was nothing!

Ace: How old is this guy? How can he do that like he is still in his prime?

Spectre tosses CBR, using his hips to toss him over his head. CBR hits the canvas with a loud thud. Turning around he picks up CBR and places his hand violently around CBR's throat.

Blackfront: Spectre with that huge mitt of a hand wrapped all around CBR's throat.

The referee begins to warn Spectre, who refuses to release CBR's throat until the four is called. He follows directly up with a hard hitting short arm clothesline that takes CBR down.

Ace: CBR's not looking too good. Where's Dynasty?!

Blackfront: You know damn well they are in the back, barred from ringside! CBR holds his back as Spectre drops to his knees and covers him.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! The ref is on the mat! One! Two! No! CBR kicks out! CBR kicks out!

Ace: Even that purple haired freak can't keep CBR down that easy!

Spectre picks up CBR and tosses him into the corner of the ring, where he slumps against the turn buckle, his arms on the ropes holding him up. Spectre walks patiently to the other corner, and charges at CBR, hitting him with a massive clothesline.

Blackfront: My God Ace!

The power of the blow sends CBR to the canvas, still in the corner. Looking down Spectre takes his boot and applies it to CBR's throat, choking him with it in the corner.

Blackfront: That huge sized boot is pressed right across CBR's windpipe!

Ace: Come on ref!

The ref counts, 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . . Spectre savagely removes his boot, raking it across CBR's throat. The ref tries to get in Spectre's face but he merely brushes him aside, nearly sending the referee as first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Woah look out there ref!

Ace: When men like these two clash, not even the referees are safe!

Spectre picks up CBR, lifting him high over his head and tosses him out of the ring. The fans begin to cheer as CBR crashes hard to the outside.

Blackfront: Well that's one way to get out of the ring.

Spectre follows, climbing over the top rope and landing with both feet outside of the ring. He picks up CBR, whipping him into the guard rail. Walking over to him he punches him in the face, several times, each blow rocking CBR up against the rail.

Ace: Look at that kid in the first row!

Grabbing CBR he rams his head face first into the steel steps. CBR falls to the ground grabbing his face as Spectre lets out a sadistic laugh. Spectre reaches down, and lifts CBR, rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Spectre treating CBR like a rag doll!

Spectre grabs the ropes, pulling himself to the apron before stepping back into the ring.

Blackfront: Spectre going for the cover... KICK OUT! How does he do it Tommy?

Ace: He is he Canadian Superstar and Internet Champion. What do you expect?

Spectre runs off the ropes and drops down on CBR with a leg drop, but CBR rolls out of the way and Spectre lands flat on his bad leg. Spectre grabs for his leg, the crowd buzzing as CBR tries to get up under his own power. He stumbles to his knees upon trying to get up, and then works his way to the ropes, pulling himself up with the top rope. Spectre too has gotten to his feet, favoring his left leg.

Blackfront: Another dropkick to the knee from CBR! Spectre is down again!

Ace: Fee fi fo fum, Spectre just—

Blackfront: We know, we know Ace. . .

With the dropkick complete and CBR up, he quickly lifts his foot and stomps onto the back of Spectre's knee, bending it against the joint. CBR grabs his leg, and drops down into a figure four leg lock.

Ace: Figure four leg lock! He's going to make him tap!

Blackfront: Applied expertly to Spectre's already injured leg! That's what he's got to do Ace, just chop down this tree until it's felled.

CBR applies pressure, Spectre groaning every time he wrenches back on his leg. Spectre struggles in the center of the ring, far from the ropes, even for him. CBR looks around at the crowd, smiling.

Ace: It's like Beauty and the Beast in there. Look at CBR, he's simply ravishing.

Spectre punches CBR in the face with one of his huge fists, but CBR keeps the hold. After another blow the hold is released and Spectre quickly crawls to the corner of the ring, looking to pull himself up. CBR is up first and heads over toward Spectre, pulling his hair to lift him up.

Spectre in desperation grabs CBR from the back of his knees and pulls his legs out from under him, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Both man down here in this huge main event.

Spectre gets up gingerly, and as CBR gets up he picks him up into a press position, and then slams CBR back down the width of his thigh. CBR crumples, but so does Spectre.

Blackfront: Massive back breaker from Spectre, but again he used that injured leg to hurt his opponent.

Spectre stumbles to his feet and as CBR gets to his feet he kicks him in the abdomen. Bent over, Spectre grabs CBR thrusting him between his legs. He wraps his arms around CBR's waist and lifts... then throws him down with force.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by The Spectre, CBR looks like he's in trouble.

Ace: Spectre sure put the power in power bomb with that one, but CBR isn't out yet! CBR rolls in pain from the powerbomb, but Spectre doesn't go for the cover.

Blackfront: What's he doing, go for the cover!

Instead Spectre picks up CBR and lifts him over his head in a military press, showing his strength. He lets out another cackle of laughter before dropping CBR face first on the canvas. CBR lies motionless on the canvas as Spectre soaks up the cheers of the crowd. Suddenly

everyone's attention turns toward the top of the ramp.

Blackfront: It's Dynasty! It's Dynasty!

Sean Jackson, Perfection, and Kathryn Vermont Thomas jolt from the back. Spectre quickly rushes the ropes and gets ready for them.

Blackfront: Dynasty is out here! Dynasty is out here! But if they get involved, CBR will be disqualified!

Ace: Who cares Jason?! We're going to see this freak put in his place! The best thing is there is no one to help him! He likes to be a lone gun, and tonight that bights him right in the behind!

The three quickly surround the ring. Spectre stays vigilant, waiting for one of them to make their move. Behind him, CBR begins to push up to his hands and knees.

Blackfront: If The Spectre wants to win this, he needs to turn his attention back to CBR.

Ace: Technically, if they make a move, Spectre wins any ways. Might as well give me something to enjoy and let them all attack.

The crowd begins to go crazy.

Blackfront: What's this?!

Suddenly from all three sides, we see The Shoot Kings emerge from the sea of fans. Szalinski throws a large come of cotton candy in their direction, strands still in his beard as he charges into battle.

Blackfront: The Shoot Kings! The Shoot Kings!

Ace: Get those fools out of here!

Madman Szalinski begins sending fists into the head of the UTA Champion as Thatcher Rex attacks Sean Jackson. Graham Clauson smiles and licks his lips as he moves in on Kathryn Vermont Thomas who steps backward, pleading to be spared. We see Ariel running into scene, coming from the back. She rushes around the ring as KVT turns to escape. Ariel leaps up bringing down a forearm shot to the face of Thomas. the crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: The Shoot Kings don't care about saving The Spectre. They just want to destroy Dynasty and they are doing a damn good job!

Ace: This isn't fair!

Inside of the ring, The Spectre waves his hands down, waving off the mess outside. As he turns CBR runs forward throwing a boot into his stomach.

Blackfront: CBR catches The Spectre with a boot. He could be setting him up for The Crab Drop! He quickly grabs The Spectre's head, however, The Spectre punches him in the side. In one swift, yet elegant move... The Spectre grabs CBR and lifts. As CBR goes up, his body turns over so that he is on Spectre's Shoulder. Spectre takes a few steps forward before pushing up, to send CBR behind him. CBR's legs fly backward and The Spectre reaches back catching under his neck before leaping up and coming down hard.

Blackfront: SWEET DREAMS! SWEET DREAMS! SWEET DREAMS!

Ace: NOOOO! NOOOO! NOOOOO!!!

The Spectre quickly covers the Internet Champion. Outside of the ring, Madman whips Perfection as Rex whips Sean

Jackson and both men are sent running, crashing into each other. We get a shot of Ariel slamming KVT's head into the mat outside of the ring as inside the referee's hand hits three. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... THE... SPECTTTTTRRREEEE!!!!

The Spectre looks up and begins to laugh as he stands. The Shoot Kings with Ariel keep their guard outside of the ring. Spectre looks down at them and the smile washes away from his face. Blackfront: I'm unsure if The Spectre actually appreciated The Shoot Kings coming out and confronting Dynasty.

Ace: They are the only reason he isn't being carted out of here right now!

The Spectre walks toward the ropes and exits to the apron before jumping to the floor. The group stands around him.

Blackfront: Could we see more action?

Madman stands directly in front of The Spectre and stares at him. The Spectre just stares back. No words are exchanged as Madman turns sideways and steps back, allowing The Spectre to begin up the ramp and mouthing "excuse us."

Blackfront: An odd ending here tonight, but for the second straight Wrestleshow, The Shoot Kings stand on top.

Ace: You heard Sean Jackson this week. He clearly said that The Spectre was only here to be relevant. How long until these three idiots will take his spotlight before they have to deal with him too?

Blackfront: Well, Shoot Kings or not, we just witness The Spectre deliver CBR his first ever loss in singles competition tonight. If the Internet Championship had been on the line, we would have a new Internet Champion!

Ace: But it wasn't and we don't.

Blackfront: Well folks, that's all the time we have tonight. I'm Jason Blackfront along with Tommy Ace.. wishing you a great night and we'll see you in two weeks!

We focus on The Spectre standing at the top of the stage looking down at the three men standing tall. He raises his hands up and mocks them with his fingers in a shooting movement before laughing maniacly followed by waving them off and turning toward the back.

Graham and Thatcher each throw their arms out, yelling up the ramp from outside the ring. Madman sits on the apron, Ariel approaching him. Madman just stares up the ramp as Wrestleshow goes off the air.

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