

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #23

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: October 12, 2014

Preview

Deprecated: htmlspecialchars(): Passing null to parameter #1 (\$string) of type string is deprecated in /home/benhall/public_html/uta/admin/edit_booking.php on line 219

Results

WrestleShow

Segment

This show is dedicated to wrestling fan and loving grandmother, Joyce Vorwald. She always supported me in my weird adventures including eWrestling. You will be missed

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to High Octane Television. 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.

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 Bridgeport, Connecticut in the Webster Bank Arena..

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight. We have over twenty superstars who will be in action.

Ace: Not only that, NONE of them know who they will be facing tonight! No one knows for that matter as opponents will be randomly selected just moments before the match.

Blackfront: James Wingate has also sent a memo out that tonight he would be rewarding several of the superstars with an unknown prize.

Ace: I love it Jason! A night of surprises ahead!

Blackfront: Tonight will be historic, but not as historic as Wrestleshow live two weeks from now in Monterrey, Mexico.

Ace: The fact we're calling it Wrestleshow blows my mind Jason. This should be the pay per view event of the century!

Blackfront: To celebrate Pure Sports Entertainment launching as well as signing the UTA to an exclusive deal to air Wrestleshow, they are sponsoring a FIVE hour, yes... FIVE full hours of UTA excitement live on October nineteenth!

Ace: Five hours is INSANE!

Blackfront: Thirty-eight known superstars will take part in thirteen matches. All titles are on the line. There are absolutely no words that can explain the level of excitement the locker room has right now.

Ace: The Dirt Sheet broke the news online immediately following the announcement during UTA Radio this weekend. Now, it's everywhere Jason.

Blackfront: ESPN has picked it up, TMZ, MSN, CNN. The media coverage has been thick. Ace: It's a new era Jason, and along side of Pure Sports Entertainment, the UTA will lead professional wrestling into it. Just like Dynasty, we can't be touched!

Blackfront: Well folks, I'm being told it's time to find out who will be in our first match tonight! We know it's a triple threat, now, lets find out who will be in it.

Ace: I can't wait!

THE FIRST MATCH

We head backstage where we see James Wingate and Kevin Hawk standing beside a giant bingoesque ball tumbler. James hits the side of it.

Wingate: I thought you said this thing was working.

Hawk: It was. I don't know what happened!

James grabs the handle and tries to crank, but to no avail.

Wingate: It wont open, it wont turn. I give you one job Hawk...

He turns and looks sharply at the commissioner, who throws his hands up.

Hawk: I swear, I tested it and it worked fine!

Wingate takes a deep breath, anger coming over him.

Wingate: Damn it Kevin.... You're Fi....

Uncle Rocky: HELLO FRIENDS!

Before James can finish Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete come into the room. James and Kevin both turn to them.

Robot Pete: My mighty robot audio sensors couldn't help but notice that you two are having a super-big problem!

Uncle Rocky: And when our friends have a super-big problem, well... we just HAVE to help out!

Pete: That is what GOOD FRIENDS do - they ALWAYS help!

Rocky: They sure do, Robot Pete! And what are we?

Pete: We're THE GOOD FRIENDS!

Robot Pete poses behind Uncle Rocky and does jazz hands. Rainbow confetti shoots out of his palms as he does so. James looks at them and sighs.

Wingate: Maybe you can help. That thing have that ability to generate random combinations of information from a pre-loaded set of data?

James points to Robot Pete while looking at Uncle Rocky.

Rocky: If I know what any of that meant, I'd probably say yes!

Pete: Purple monkeys wash dishes on iced fans made from Steve McQueen's radioactive cucumber tricycles!

Rocky: Was that generating random... whatever James just said?

Pete: You betcha!

Wingate: OK... does it have a printer?

Rocky: Of course he does!

Pete: And it can print every color of the rainbow even! OH, except I'm a bit low on cyan, so try and go easy on the blues and greens please!

James turns to Robot Pete and walks over.

James: You know the list of superstars scheduled for tonight?

Robot Pete's screen switches to say 'COMPUTING' for a moment before he replies.

Pete: Query has returned 21 records, as follows: Alexander Redding. Apollo Cain. Blackbeard. CBR. Chris Ho...

Wingate: I get it, I get it. Since you two aren't booked to be in a match tonight, how about you help me choose the matches.

Pete: You can count on me, Mister Wingate!

Rocky: Me too! I'll supervise!

Pete: And I'll BE supervised, as I book eight random matches for Wrestleshow 23, LIVE, here on United Toughness Alliance!

Rocky: Great shilling, my mechanized muchacho! You get a HAPPY FACE STICKER!

Pete: Yaaaaaaay! James rolls his eyes.

Wingate: So, how does this work? We need to get the participants for the triple threat match. Uncle Rocky turns to Robot Pete.

Uncle Rocky: OK, Robot Pete, the first match is a three way dance, and it's set for one fall!

Robot Pete: I have a question!

Uncle Rocky: Oh?

Robot Pete: Has there ever been a wrestling match in the past two decades or so that WASN'T set for one fall?

Uncle Rocky: Good question! I suppose Iron Man matches can have more than one fall!

Robot Pete: Yes, but that's implied within the rules of an iron man match! What I mean is, has there been a match that was set for, say, two out of three falls, or three out of five falls, or four out of seven falls, or five out of--

Wingate: Is this really necessary?

Uncle Rocky: Believe me, it's just quicker to answer him.

Wingate: Fine. Yes, on October 19th FKA and J Stevenson is set best two out of three falls.

Robot Pete: Can I set one of the matches to eleven out of twenty-one matches?

Wingate: No.

Robot Pete: It would make wrestling history...

Uncle Rocky & James Wingate: NO!!!

Robot Pete looks alarmed for a moment. He shrugs his shoulders as the monitor on his face changes to say "COMPUTING"

Robot Pete: Fine, be a wet blanket, see if I care... PRINTING RESULTS...

Pete's tummy-door opens, and a piece of freshly-printed paper floats out. Uncle Rocky snatches it out of the air on the way down and hands it to James Wingate.

Uncle Rocky: Here you go!

James looks down at the paper and smiles.

Wingate: Kevin, take this and let the guys know.

He hands the paper to Kevin Hawk who quickly leaves the room.

Brought to You By

Rebirth

Rock Me Amadeus by Falco begins to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in gold letters on a black background. Ooh rock me Amadeus Rock me Amadeus Rock rock rock rock me Amadeus Rock me all the time to the top

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Ace: It looks like Dan Benson has something to say here tonight.

Blackfront: Since he arrived here in UTA he has been quiet and keeping out of trouble unlike some of his past actions on other companies he has been part of.

He was a punker And he lived in the big city It was Vienna, was Vienna Where he did everything He had debts, for he drank But all the women loved him And each one shouted: Come on and rock me Amadeus

When Dan gets in the ring he paces with a mic in his hand and waits as the crowd calms down. Benson: Since I have arrived here in UTA I have been bouncing around from one match to the next with no real sense of direction. Every week that would pass by I started to not care anymore. Hell I already became champion of the world, and the last one at that, so what more is there for me? I contemplated this over and over for the past several weeks, and there is somebody out there who managed to escape.

Dan pauses and looks around then grins.

Benson: Now, I'm not going to tell you at this particular moment who I am eyeing, but I will give you a small clue as to what you can expect.

Dan reaches into his robe and holds a skull up in the air showing it off to everybody.

Ace: What the hell? That appears to be a skull his he holding up in the air? What kind of sick plan does he have?

Blackfront: I don't know, but I have a feeling things are going to get interesting around here.

Benson: Does this clue help any of you out at all?

Here Comes Santa Claus begins to play throughout the PA System. Dan looks sharply up at the top of the stage as Santa walks out, microphone in hand.

Claus: Ho Ho, It looks like Dan Benson is about to be a naughty boy, and you know know what Santa thinks of naughty boys.

Dan: What the hell? You gotta be kidding me. Get out of here you damn fatass, this is my time, and MY ring.

Claus: Ho Ho, looks like you just made your way onto Santa's naughty list.

Benson: You've got to be kidding me. Dan begins to exit the ring.

Claus: Oh Dan... Santa would love for you to come up here so he could jingle your bells... The crowd pops.

Claus: But you know, you were drawn to be in the first match. So, be a good little boy for once, stay in the ring and

have your match.

Dan, halfway through the ropes starts yelling at Santa.

Claus: Santa knows who you wanted to call out, but Dan.. He's got enough on his plate as it is. Don't worry though... ho ho ho... Santa will gladly take his place and beat you back to be good in due time.

Dan gets back in the ring and is obviously angry.

Claus: Just be careful before you end up with a red nose like Rudolf. I'll see you soon. Ho Ho Ho! Santa waves to all the good boys and girls in the crowd before turning and heading backstage as Dan Benson kicks the ropes.

Blackfront: What was all that about?

Ace: I think Dan was about to make a Christmas wish, and Santa derailed his plan.

Dan Benson versus J Stevenson versus CBR Blackfront: Triple threat action to kick the show off tonight.

Ace: I'm unsure about the action part. We have CBR against two nobodies. The Internet Champion is going to demolish them!

Blackfront: Why are you such a cheerleader for Dynasty?

Ace: I'm sorry that I like to back the best.

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.

Ace: Well that all comes full circle in two weeks when they meet in a best two out of three falls match right here on Wrestleshow.

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 next, 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: Stevenson with a lot to prove tonight and a victory in a match that has the Internet Champion would be a great place to do so.

Ace: You just said something that made no sense Jason. A victory in a match that involves the Internet Champion? Those don't happen unless it's CBR himself winning!

Blackfront: One word Tommy, Spectre.

Ace: Shut up.

Blackfront: Benson looks in top shape for this showdown the Claude Baptiste Ranier and J Stevenson.

Ace: Jason, CBR is going to demolish Benson and Stevenson tonight.

Blackfront: You keep saying that.

Ace: It's the truth. It's so true that even The Good Reverend would speak it!

Blackfront: Oh come on now.

"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.

Ace: He's here!

Blackfront: Sounds like you lead the CBR Fan Club there Tommy.

Ace: I'm the admin. Blackfront rolls his eyes.

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.

Blackfront: One of the best in the business in Claude Baptiste Ranier.

Ace: CBR is the top tier around here.

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

Blackfront: Things are about to get even hotter hear as the crowd is going absolutely nuts. Ace: It's because the first match they get their Internet Champion in the flesh! It's great! Dynasty opening the show guarantees to get people turning the channel to Pure Sports Entertainment!

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Stevenson takes off attacking the Internet champion, CBR with a series of rights and lefts.

Ace: You're going to make him angry Stevenson. You wouldn't like CBR when he is angry.

Blackfront: The no longer undefeated Internet champion being rocked by those fist.

Ace: The Spectre got lucky Jason. In two weeks on October nineteenth CBR will get him back for tarnishing his record.

Dan Benson moves into action grabbing the shoulders of J Stevenson and yanking him back and down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now getting involved here.

Ace: You notice how he attacked Stevenson and not CBR? Benson is no idiot. He knows there would be reprocussions from Dynasty if he had.

Blackfront: Benson now stomping Will 'The Human Highlight Reel' Stevenson. CBR comes forward and begins to stomp him as well.

Blackfront: Temporary alliance here with this almost gang-like beat down on J Stevenson.

Ace: If you can't hang, you get beat down. It's as simple as that Jason.

Blackfront: CBR pulling Stevenson to his feet.

CBR and Dan Benson look at each other. Benson grabs the other side of Stevenson and working together they send him into and over the top rope, crashing to the floor outside.

Blackfront: This triple threat now, at least temporarily, down to just Dan Benson and CBR. CBR and Dan Benson look at each other before locking up in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Collar and Elbow are Benson and CBR.

Ace: Look at the strength in Ranier.

CBR tosses Benson into the corner and lands a few combinations.

Ace: Work 'em Claude.

CBR lands several boots into the mid section of Benson. He lands a powerful right fist that knocks Benson to the canvas.

Ace: Ranier is stalking his prey.

Blackfront: CBR landing some boots as Benson grabs the ropes to bring him to his feet. CBR goes in for a waist lock but is met with elbows to the side of the head.

Blackfront: Benson breaks the hold. Benson runs at CBR and is sent to the canvas by The Canadian Star.

Ace: That was a big hip toss.

CBR exhales and walks over to the in pain Natural Boy.

Blackfront: Benson is holding his lower back with CBR now focusing on the injured area.

Ace: CBR isn't the champ for nothing. See a weakness and exploit it.

CBR starts to land some forearms to Benson's back. CBR rakes his nails across Benson's back.

Blackfront: That looked like it hurt.

Benson walks from CBR in pain. He turns and lands a quick right jab to the upper chest of the champion.

Blackfront: Looks like Benson is getting the offense going.

Dan Benson grabs CBR in a side headlock and begins to crash knees into Ranier's face.

Blackfront: Benson going to Knee City on The Canadian Star.

Benson takes a few steps from Ranier and rushes him and lands a boot to the side of the champ's head.

Blackfront: A vicious boot to CBR. CBR is back on the canvas with Benson going to work. Dan Benson grabs CBR's legs and begins to stomp on the insides of Claude's legs.

Blackfront: Benson is a vet and it looks like he could be setting the champ up for a submission move.

Ace: This isn't over yet, Jason. This mid carder is biting off way more than he can chew.

Blackfront: Looks like Benson is going for a Figure Four. As Benson comes in on CBR, Claude begins to fight him. Ace: CBR trying to fight off the hold.

Ranier tosses Benson to the ropes.

Blackfront: What shear strength displayed by Ranier.

Benson gets up and greets CBR with a kick to the stomach, quickly turning and leaping up, grabbing his head and falling down to the canvas.

Blackfront: The Shocker! Benson Shocked the champ.

Ace: No! No! No!

Blackfront: Dan Benson looking to end this right now as he covers CBR.

Ace: Get up! Get up!

J Stevenson slides into the ring and as the referee raises his hand for the third time, Stevenson leaps through the air and comes down with his fist across the back of Dan Benson to break the count.

Blackfront: J Stevenson saving CBR, but for no other reason than he wants to win this match himself.

Ace: I don't care the reason, I'm just glad that CBR didn't just get pinned! Stevenson quickly gets to his feet. Dan Benson begins to get up as well.

Blackfront: Stevenson runs, rising knee lift takes Dan Benson off of his feet! J Stevenson showing an impressive come

back here that rivals the chamber match several months ago. Dan Benson pushes back to his hands and knees. he reaches up and holds his face as J

Stevenson comes toward him, booting him in the abdomen. Benson is sent over and lands back first on the canvas holding his stomach.

Blackfront: Stevenson trying to take Dan Benson out so he can hopefully capitalize before CBR comes back to after that devastating Shoker.

Stevenson grabs the top ropes and uses them for leverage as he puts his feet into the side of Dan Benson and pushes him across the canvas and under the bottom rope. Benson rolls off of the apron hitting the floor.

Blackfront: It is down to CBR and J Stevenson now as this triple threat match continues.

CBR begins to get up. J Stevenson quickly turns to him, grabbing his arm.

Blackfront: CBR whipped into the ropes. As he returns, Stevenson lifts him up on his shoulders and falls back. Samoan drop!

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

Blackfront: J Stevenson goes up top. As he leaps he throws his arms out.

Blackfront: Stevenson connects with a headbutt!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: CBR rolls Stevenson over and lifts his leg. Elbow drop to the inner thigh of Stevenson.

CBR gets up again, and lifts both legs this time.

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

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

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

Blackfront: Slingshot! Stevenson slams into that turnbuckle!

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

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

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

Blackfront: Kick out by J Stevenson!

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

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

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

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

Ace: I hope it's permanent damage.

Stevenson stands up, but falls to one knee again.

Blackfront: I think J Stevenson may have injured that knee. This can't be good for The Human Highlight Reel.

CBR uses the ropes to get to his feet. He looks at Stevenson, struggling to get up. Blackfront: CBR takes this opportunity as he runs at J Stevenson. Shining Wizard... NO! Stevenson grabs up under CBR's legs as he come sat him, lifts and falls backward.

Blackfront: Stevenson able to counter! Stevenson able to counter!

Ace: NO!

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

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

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

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

Ace: The outside of the ring tonight has seen more action than J Stevenson has his entire life.

The referee leans over the top rope and begins his count.

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

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

Blackfront: Stevenson not out yet.

J Stevenson takes CBR and directs him to the ring, rolling him back in under the bottom rope. As Stevenson reaches up to grab the ropes and pull himself up to the edge of the apron, Dan Benson runs around the ring and grabs the back of his pants, pulling Stevenson down from the apron.

Blackfront: J Stevenson yanked from the apron back to the floor.

Dan Benson quickly slides into the ring and immediately is stomped by the foot of the Internet Champion.

Blackfront: CBR now pulling Dan Benson to his feet. Pushes him into the ropes, using them for momentum to send Benson across the ring. CBR follows. Benson off of the ropes... HUGE clothesline by CBR!

Ace: YES!

CBR holds Benson's head and begins to pull him up. CBR boots his opponent in the gut, causing him to bend forward into a DDT maneuver. He stretches Benson's arm from his body, pushing it backwards. When he falls for the DDT, CBR jumps his legs upwards to lift his knees, putting Benson into the canvas even harder than normal.

Blackfront: THE CRAB DROP!

CBR pushes Dan over and covers him. The referee drops and begins his count.

Ace: YES! I TOLD YOU!

The referee's hand hits three and the bell sounds.

Blackfront: CBR has done it! He's won this triple threat opening match!

Announcer: The winner of this match... C.....B....RRRRRRRR!!!!!!

As CBR's music hits, the referee retrieves the title. He goes to hand it to CBR, but the champion just yanks it from the referee and holds it high, staring down at Dan Benson

Blackfront: Enjoy that title now, because in two weeks it's on the line against the only man with a singles victory over you.

Ace: That was nothing but a fluke! CBR will make up for it when they hit Mexico!

The Second Match

As Wingate approaches Rocky & Pete, we see that Pete's monitor-face is playing Minecraft. Robot Pete: ...and over HERE is where I built my THIRD castle! Notice how I improved on the outer wall design so that I can shoot arrows at zombies!

Uncle Rocky: That IS impressive! It must have taken you SO LONG to make all that stone brick!

Wingate: Uh, guys...

Robot Pete: Not at all! I found a HUGE lava lake under this plot of land, where I was able to build a foundry! Between that and my trusty enchanted diamond pickaxe, it took me no time at all to hollow out the ground and turn all the cobblestone into bricks!

Wingate: Guys, next match please...

Uncle Rocky: You can build foundries now? Is that something in the new update?

Robot Pete: Nope! It's just a super-keen crafting technique that I invented! You just set up a bunch of stoves next to a lava source and you--

Wingate: NEXT! MATCH! PLEASE!

Uncle Rocky jumps and holds his chest, panting loudly. Robot Pete quickly saves and exits his game, before his screen changes to say "COMPUTING..." After a few moments, another piece of paper floats out of his tummy-box. Uncle Rocky bends down and picks it up before handing it to James Wingate.

Uncle Rocky: Your match, sir!

James snatches the paper away and walks out of the scene. Robot Pete puts one hand on his hip, and uses the other to pull a megaphone out of his tummy-box.

Robot Pete: A THANK YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE!

Spectre Reasons With His Hands

A close up of two hands wearing purple fingerless gloves can be seen flexing open and close. With each closing of the hands the muscles can be heard rubbing together. The voice of The Spectre can be heard. His tone is a bit disappointed, but also a little off kilter, like he could snap at any moment.

Spectre: Sorry, my pretties. You will have to be satisfied and be happy with what the God of Randomness has set before you tonight. No Dynasty members to pummel, my pets. No grueling match to be had tonight. No pure adrenaline

rush to be had each time you connect with the skin of the likes of Apollo Cain, Blackbeard, or Yoshi. No, my children, you will have to be satisfied with the leftovers, the snacks, the tender vittles, tiny morsels remaining to be scraped out of the bottom of the pans to satisfy your appetite for destruction and thirst for blood.

But please be patient, my children. Your reward awaits you in two weeks, where you may feast upon CBR's sculpted face and toned body.

Use the time and opponent set before you this evening to send a message to Dynasty, to plant a seed in CBR's head....

That his time...

And his title reign... At Wrestleshow 24.... Will be over!!

Blackbeard versus Teddy Palmer

As we return ringside, Teddy Palmer is already in the ring.

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

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

A fearsome look is in his good eye as he snarls at the men. He has a live, talking parrot on his shoulder he calls Parley, a black eye patch over his bad eye, a hook over his left hand, and a thick black beard that trails to the center of his chest. Blackbeard climbs down from the litter and climbs in the ring. The Dread Pirate debuts tonight in just moments as we get ready to kick off the action here on Wrestleshow.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Teddy Palmer making his UTA singles debut tonight against The Pirate King, Blackbeard.

Ace: I've got to admit, I've been a fan of Palmer since his days in the now defunct Global Championship Wrestling.

Blackfront: Palmer has held quite a few titles in his career, but tonight may be the start to something even greater as he gets ready for this match.

As the bell sounds as Teddy Palmer immediately locks up with Blackbeard. He breaks away, quickly rolling behind Blackbeard, catching him by surprise

Blackfront: Teddy Palmer wraps his arms around Blackbeard's midsection early on. He lifts and drops with a belly-to-back suplex. I don't care who you are, that's got to mess with your mind a little bit this quick into the match.

Ace: I don't think Blackbeard expected Palmer to bring it out of the gate.

From a laying position, Blackbeard jumps from his back to both his feet while Palmer is turned away from him. He grabs Palmer, turning him around.

Blackfront: Blackbeard grabs Palmer's arm, goes for the Irish whip, no, Teddy Palmer reverses sending Blackbeard into the ropes!

Teddy Palmer runs to the opposite side, hitting the ropes and returning.

Blackfront: There's about to be a mid ring collision here.

Palmer ducks down to grab Blackbeard, who quickly leap frogs over him. Both men hit the ropes once more on the opposite side than before, Teddy comes back with a ring rope slingshot catapult clothesline!!

Blackfront: Teddy showing a lot of spunk in his singles debut.

Palmer waste no time as he gets to his feet, pulling Blackbeard up with him. He grabs Blackbeard's arm and sends him crashing into the turnbuckle. Palmer runs toward the groggy Blackbeard and leaps.

Blackfront: HUGE SPLASH!!!

Ace: Blackbeard has had a rough start since debuting, this match is no different.

Just before Blackbeard falls face first to the canvas, Teddy catches him and pushes him back into the corner climbing on to the second ropes with both feet, straddling Blackbeard and playing to the crowd before he begins to punch Blackbeard over and over.

Blackfront: The crowd counting along and as he connects. Teddy gets to ten and the referee steps in.

He jumps off the turnbuckle and Blackbeard falls to the mat face first. Palmer turns around after playing to the crowd for a few moments. However, Blackbeard quickly gets to his feet and hits a violent guillotine face driver

Blackfront: Out of nowhere Blackbeard hits a guillotine face driver!

Ace: Blackbeard is here to stay and he is not playing around tonight Jason. That was a great way to turn things around here early on.

Blackbeard pulls Palmer to the center of the ring quickly by his right leg. He steps over and turns Teddy into a Sharp Shooter. Teddy Palmer reaches for the ropes when he realizes he is dead center in the middle of the ring. He puts his fists on the mat and begins to pull himself towards the ropes.

Blackfront: He may tap here, he is now pulling himself closer to those ropes, but Blackbeard has Teddy right where he wants him.

Ace: If Blackbeard can make Teddy Palmer tap right now, he will send a message to everyone in the locker room.

Palmer reaches with every bit he has left for the ropes.

Blackfront: He reaches... Reaches... He Has The Ropes! The referee is forced to break the hold! Blackbeard refuses to let go.

Blackfront: The referee steps in to break the hold. Palmer is hugging the bottom rope when the hold is finally broken.

He quickly trips Blackbeard then applies an ankle lock. Now Blackbeard is near the middle of the ring in a hold that could result in his ankle being broken. His twist and turns just cause Palmer to apply more pressure to his ankle.

Blackfront: The referee is watching both of Blackbeard's hands here just waiting for him to tap out. This is remanences of his match with Kidd Love a few weeks ago.

Ace: Yea, and we all see what happened there. love is already gone.

Blackbeard is able to somehow turn over. Using his free foot he kicks the face of Teddy Palmer, causing him to let go.

Blackfront: Blackbeard now rolling to the edge and out of the ring.

Blackbeard uses the side of the mat to hold himself up, wincing in pain as he tries to stand on the ankle. Inside of the ring Teddy Palmer sees Blackbeard. He looks out to the crowd with wild eyes before rushing the ropes.

Blackfront: Baseball slide by Teddy Palmer, but wait! Blackbeard moves!

Blackbeard rolls to the side as Teddy Palmer' feet slide under the bottom rope. Blackbeard quickly throws his arm up and over Teddy's legs using his own momentum to pull Palmer out and to the floor where his head bounces.

Blackfront: Teddy Palmer holding his head, he may be hurt. Of course Blackbeard is not deterred as he viciously

begins stomping away at Palmer.

Ace: The Pirate King showing a rough and rugged side to him here.

Inside the ring, the referee continues his count. Blackbeard picks Teddy Palmer up, and rolls him back into the ring under the ropes, following himself.

Blackfront: Blackbeard now in full control of this match as Teddy Palmer may be injured.

Ace: His career in the UTA may have just been cut short by the man who hails from The Seven Seas.

Blackbeard grabs Palmer by the head, yanking him to his feet. He grabs Teddy's arm and sends him across the ring into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Blackbeard. Teddy Palmer into the ropes and now on the return.

As Teddy Palmer returns, Blackbeard lifts him and spins around bringing him down with force. Blackfront: Talk about some hang time and the most violent Spine Buster I have ever seen in all the matches I have called over the years.

Ace: There is no doubt that Blackbeard has plenty of power behind him.

Blackbeard stands over a fallen Teddy Palmer. He takes a few steps back then dashes forward, leaping up and coming down with a knee into the head of Teddy Palmer. Palmer grabs his head and begins flopping around on the canvas like a fish.

Blackfront: OK Blackbeard, you can end the match now. There is no need to continue this assault.

Ace: He has to prove that he is a serious contender here in the UTA Jason.

Of course that would be the easy way, which is never Blackbeard's way as he lifts Teddy Palmer to his feet once again. Blackbeard grabs Palmer's arm and whips him hard toward the turnbuckle. Blackfront: Hard whip that sends Teddy Palmer crashing into the turnbuckle.

As Teddy hits the turnbuckle and nearly flops out of the ring but instead is now seated in the turnbuckle corner with a closed eyed, already defeated look across his face.

Blackfront: These fans here are on their feet.

Blackbeard takes off in Teddy's direction. He leaps right before he gets to him, Teddy, who is still seated in the very corner of the ring being propped up by his arms resting on a rope on both sides of the corner. He hits with his leg out across opponent's chest and abdomen area.

Blackfront: Blackbeard jamming that hard leg into Teddy Palmer.

Teddy Palmer attempts to get some momentum back after meeting the canvas. He uses the bottom ropes to begin pulling himself up, very slowly. Blackbeard just stands with his hands on his hips, motioning to the crowd as if to say "What is with this guy?" and "Why wont he just stay down?"

Blackfront: Teddy Palmer just refuses to give up and Blackbeard can not believe it.

Ace: I can't believe it either!

It takes a few moments, but a groggy Teddy Palmer is halfway up when Blackbeard jets toward him with a massive knee smash to the face. As Teddy Palmer flies up and over, you can almost see the moment in his expression of when he goes unconscious.

Blackfront: That running knee smash has knocked Teddy Palmer completely out.

Ace: This one is over.

Blackbeard bends down and grabs Teddy Palmer by the head, pulling him away from the ropes without a care in the world that he could be doing more damage to Palmer's neck. Suddenly, the lights go off.

Blackfront: What's this?

Ace: Oh, this can't be good.

Marilyn Manson's Man that You Fear begins to play as the lights go from nothing to a dim blue color revealing The Truth coming down the aisle. The Good Reverend leads his followers as Blackbeard gets up in the ring.

Blackfront: It's The Truth!

Ace: These guys creep me out.

As they reach the ring, the lights come up. The Good Reverend raises his hand in the air and with his other, a microphone and begins to speak in a southern accent.

Reverend: The man... in the ring... is nothing more than a farce. He's a cartoon character, who wants to appeal to your children by wearing a pirate costume.

The Good Reverend just shakes his head.

Reverend: This is the type of man, who would do things unspeakable to those children if he had a chance.

Blackfront: Really? That is uncalled for.

Ace: It's true!

Blackbeard heads toward the ropes. He exits to the apron and leaps off to the floor. However, as he does Brother Simon comes forward, wrapping his hand around his neck and lifting.

Blackfront: My lord! The power of Brother Simon!

Brother Simon, never letting go, slams the back of Blackbeard into the side of the ring before finally dropping him to the floor in pain.

Reverend: But we're not here to deliver HIS justice to this... man. No, the one who shall hear HIS word tonight... is in that ring.

Blackfront: He's talking about Teddy Palmer, one half of Red and Ted who will be in that huge tag match in two weeks.

Brother Simon and Brother Judas slide into the ring under the bottom rope as The Good Reverend makes his way over to the steps, heading up them and entering the ring. The two large men each grab an arm and pull Palmer to his knees as The Good Reverend stands in front of him.

Reverend: HE has watched you Brother Palmer... You and your partner. By the glory of all that HE speaks... we bring upon to you... HIS justice.

The Good Reverend drops the microphone before running back into the ropes. As he comes off of them he leaps up with both legs thrown out, catching Teddy Palmer in the face as the two followers let go. The Good Reverend just stays on the canvas, in an upright position and begins to laugh.

Brother Judas looks down at the fallen Teddy Palmer, tilting his head slightly to the left as his deformed and monstrous face looks at the justice that has been served. The camera moves in on a laughing Reverend before we fade to commercial.

A Random Match Part 1

The camera turns to backstage where David Hightower is storming through a hall way with Whiskey trotting by his side.

Hightower: Random drawin... Random drawin my God dang ass! Where the hell is this god dang office... I got business to take care of!

David says clenching his rusted chain with tow truck hook. Before he stops in front of a door marked executive's office.

Hightower: Just what I'm lookin fer! He wants to try and create this here scam of a show...

David storms over and opens the door. He looks around seeing no one is around as Whiskey starts sniffing around randomly as Jamie Sawyers happens to randomly be walking by. He stops and raises his microphone.

Sawyers: Folks I am backstage here and I have no clue what David Hightower is doing in the UTA owner's office... Hey David!

David Hightower turns and lets out a groan seeing Sawyers.

Hightower: What is it Peewee? Can't ya tell I'm busy here?

Sawyers: What are you doing? Don't you think it's kind of foolish to be messing around with the president's office?

David looks at Sawyers with a blank look.

Hightower: Foolish? Don't ya think it's foolish to advertise a random drawing show when it's nothin' but a complete and utter crock of *BLEEEP!*

Sawyers: Good heavens David language! You can't say that on national TV!

David rolls his eyes.

Hightower: Boy I'll say whatever the god dang hell I want!

Sawyers shakes his head sighing.

Sawyers: Regardless I am curious as to what exactly you are talking about saying this show is a crock of... Ummm.... Well... You know...

Hightower: I'll tell ya why! Here I am practically goin through 20 other guys tryin to think how ole David Hightower will fare against them in a complete mystery match... Nest thing ya know I hear some blow hard on the radio belchin out that he knows the entire card and was given away tickets to some Puddles Pissy Party... Whatever that is!

Sawyers raises an eyebrow.

Sawyers: So wait...

Hightower: I ain't done boy! Next thing ya know some nerd on the radio guesses that I'm in the fatal 4 way and one of my opponents is FKA The Wrassler!

Sawyers looks at David puzzled.

Sawyers: So what exactly is the issue? Most people would be happy with that kind of information...

David throws his arms up.

Hightower: What is the issue... Here I am losin sleep travelin across America belly achin over who the hell I may be up against... Gettin stuck traffic at 7 AM! I haven't even had a cuppa coffee in the past 3 days. I got a dent in my truck now and a parkin ticket in New York that I refuse to pay! Oh and ya wonder why Ole David Hightower is slightly agitated...

Sawyers: I still don't particularly understand... David rips the microphone out of Sawyers' hand.

Hightower: Will ya get yer head outta yer ass and think about it fer a second? Ole David Hightower ain't the sharpest tool in the shed but even I can see through the complete and utter manure this entire show is! How in the god dang hell does some random radio guy know the entire card givin away prizes but yet it's random lottery?

Sawyers scratches his head pondering.

Sawyers: Ya know David... You might actually have a valid argument... That is a strange point...

Hightower: So in other words this Wingate fella who is in charge of overlookin this here company pretty much blew a buncha smoke up my ass!

Sawyers sighs looking at David.

Sawyers: So that doesn't answer my question of what are you doing in the executive's office?

David smiles from ear to ear.

Hightower: Well seein as how this show is supposedly completely random I decided to do a drawin as to where David Hightower will go to the bathroom! Oh and guess what room I drew!

Sawyers look at David horrified.

Sawyers: David... You can't be serious!

Hightower: I'm as serious as that god dang Ebola virus goin round! I ate about 5 pounds of fried shrimp before comin here and belive me when I say I gotta take a dump that may attract some seagulls! Now if ya excuse me!

David throws the microphone at Sawyers, turns, and slams the door in his face. Sawyers stands there completely dumbfounded.

Sawyers: I so do not get paid enough for this!

Sawyers says walking away from the scene. The camera zooms in on the door where some noise can be heard from inside.

FAAAART

Hightower: Ohhhh god dang that hurt!

Brought to You By

Pardon the Random Interruption

v/o: Ladies and gentlemen, please pardon my interruption.

The fans quickly identify that the voice belongs to Marshall Owens, the mouthpiece for Sean Jackson, and the boo birds begin to cackle. Once the boos begin, Marshall steps from behind the

curtain and now stands on the entrance stage. He then looks out at the fans and responds back with as much sarcasm as he can muster.

Marshall: Thank you for your cooperation. More boos.

Marshall: Now then, for all of you uneducated, basement dwelling nimrods who aren't familiar with who I am...

The boos get even louder.

Marshall: My name is Marshall Owens, and I'm here to represent my client Sean Jackson in the most gravest of matters.

As Marshall begins to make his way down the ramp, he looks from side to side in an effort to make eye contact with as

many people as possible.

Marshall: I know that what I'm about to say is going to hurt some feelings. I know that what I'm about to say is going to make a lot of people uncomfortable, but it needs to be said.

Once he's made it to the ringside area, Marshall begins to climb up the metal steps while still addressing the fans.

Marshall: It needs to be said because you, ALL of you are living in denial. Denial about Spectre... He steps through the ropes.

Marshall: Denial about Madman Szalinski...

He turns and faces the announce table while still addressing the fans.

Marshall: Denial about James Wingate himself.

Yep, that's going to ruffle some feathers and Marshall knows it. But, he's delivering a message for Sean Jackson, so Mr. Wingate will just have to get over it. As Marshall paces the ring slowly, he continues with the mic time.

Marshall: Now as you all know, I'm not a man who comes out here and holds his tongue. I'm a man who speaks the God's honest truth, no matter how difficult it is. I'm a man who sets the record straight, who rights the wrong perpetrated by those who are in this business for themselves, and not for you fans.

He then points towards Jason Blackfront.

Marshall: Unlike those at the announce table who want to push certain agendas, who want to be the mouthpiece of a boss who wouldn't know the truth if you wrote it down for him....

Blackfront: You've got to be kidding me. Marshall Owens tell the truth?

Ace: Shh, I'm trying to listen.

Marshall: I don't have any agendas to push but the truth.

The boos get louder, which only pushes Marshall to produce the facts to his case.

Marshall: And the truth is that Mr. Wingate is trying to duck his responsibilities to you fans. Oh it's true, and the proof is right there for you all to see.

Marshall points towards the big screen and immediately it flashes a picture of the Spectre, at Black Horizon.

Marshall: Exhibit A. The Spectre. Brought in to be the special guest ring enforcer at Black Horizon. He was supposed to be impartial, he was supposed to make sure that no one interfered in the match, that there had to be a winner....

Marshall lifts his index finger into the air and wags it back and forth.

Marshall: But he didn't fulfill his job, now did he? No, not only did he make a mockery of the UTA championship, but he sent UTA into a tailspin of epic proportions. So what did Mr. Wingate do for a punishment?

The fans go into a full blown chant for the Spectre as Marshall does his best to ignore them. Marshall: That's right, he rewards Spectre with a bonafide contract and adds him to the roster. Then, allows Spectre to interfere in Sean's Chamber match in West Virginia. Again, without even as much as a slap on the wrist.

A devilish grin forms on Marshall's face.

Marshall: I know that you won't be able to explain yourself Wingate, so save yourself the trouble of trying to come up with a lie. You've Roger Goodell'd this whole thing from the word go and have even tried to Ray Rice Dynasty on several occasions.

Blackfront: Now that's uncalled for...

Marshall: What's the matter Blackfront, you can't handle the truth? You can't handle the fact that your boss has favored Spectre, has favored Madman Szalinski, has favored the Shoot Kings over

Dynasty every chance he's gotten?

Blackfront: What are you talking about? Perfection is the UTA Champion....

Marshall: Are you blind Blackfront? Perfection was banned from UTA arenas, not even allowed in the building. It's not like he completely screwed up a championship match at Black Horizon... For once, Blackfront was silent. There wasn't an immediate snappy comeback, which Marshall Owens was quick to capitalize on.

Marshall: What's the matter, cat got your tongue? No witty little comebacks Blackfront? Marshall steps closer to the ropes, looking directly at Blackfront.

Marshall: Or, how about CBR?

Blackfront: He's the Internet Champion. What more do you want Mr. Owens?

Marshall: How about some respect Blackfront? how about some respect to be shown to Dynasty? Yes, he's the Internet Champion but only because of the Ring King Tournament. Had it not been for that, Wingate would still have him toiling away in that bush league organization and not even a sniff of the Internet title.

Again, Blackfront is at a loss for words. But that doesn't stop Marshall who is going full speed ahead.

Marshall: CBR is the Internet Champion despite of Mr. Wingate, not because of him. But then of course, we have the first lady of UTA in Kathryn Vermont Thomas...

Blackfront: Are you kidding me? She's a superstar here, has been even since Wingate signed her.

Marshall: You see people, THIS is exactly what I'm talking about. The pushing of agendas, the re-quoting of talking points pushed by the Wrestle UTA hierarchy until it becomes the truth. No Blackfront, you may fool the lot of these Bridgeport zombies, who are stuck in the basement reading dirt sheets written by middle aged perverts in their underwear. But you don't fool Dynasty...

Marshall turns his back on the announce table and on Blackfront, but keeps with the same train of thought.

Marshall: And you don't fool me. Kathryn Vermont Thomas knew that Wingate signed her to be nothing more than tits and ass to look at, to bring more men into the arena so that he could make more money. But, what he didn't realize was that Dynasty was also looking to make an impact here. Perfection, CBR, and Sean looked at Kathryn, and they saw a weapon of angelic proportions.

Again, he begins to pace, more animated now...more specific.

Marshall: They saw a woman who was a double threat, who could beat you with her looks as well as her fists. Who could crush you with her personality, as well as her kicks. A woman who was fearless in any situation, a team player through and through....

He turns and faces back towards Blackfront. Marshall: And not just a sex object for the boss. Blackfront rolls his eyes.

Marshall: Oh, you can roll your eyes all you want Blackfront. But you can't dispute anything that I've said so far. I know that Mr. Wingate can't....

As Marshall mentions Mr. Wingate by name, he turns his attention away from Blackfront and begins to address the Wrestle UTA owner.

Marshall: Can you Mr. Wingate?

He waits a few moments, when there isn't a response, the smile comes back, bigger than ever. Marshall: No, of course

you couldn't. It must be difficult Mr. Wingate, sitting back there, in your office, haunted by a lie. Haunted by the fact that your blind allegiance for Spectre has put you, has put your company in dire straits. His dastardly deed at Black Horizon, his cowardice at the Chamber, his actions now being followed by the Shoot Kings....

Inhale.exhale

Marshall: All your fault. But I know you're sitting in the back, trying to come up with a plan to put this nightmare to rest. Trying to figure out how to climb out of the hole you've dug for yourself.

Again, the index finger goes up in the air.

Marshall: Then it dawns on you. How better to get rid of your headaches, than to get rid of Dynasty. You have Rumor Man Stan plant a news feed on the Wrestle UTA website planting seeds of disention between Dynasty members. Then Shoot Kings form from out of nowhere and

blatantly attack Dynasty during CBR's match against Spectre....

Marshall stops in mid sentence, it's as if the words Shoot Kings triggered something. Marshall: Ah yes, the Shoot Kings. You know Mr. Wingate, I'm going to end this right here and right now. However, I just want you to know that whatever happens tonight, it will be on your head. You created this, you allowed it to perpetuate by the constant babying and protecting of

Spectre and Madman Szalinski. Well tonight, my client is going to make due on a promise made. He told you that he wouldn't just stand by while you attempted to destroy Dynasty.

The evil smile reforms on his face.

Marshall: So just sit back and watch as Sean Jackson shows you the true meaning of the word

RANDOM

With that, Marshall allows the mic to slip from his fingers and it goes crashing to the mat. He then purposely steps through the ropes and strolls down the metal ring steps. As he makes his way up the ramp, the shot shifts back to Blackfront and Ace.

The Third Match

James Wingate approaches the GOOD FRIENDS, with a look on his face that suggests he's getting tired of all the pranks. Robot Pete is hopping up and down with all kinds of error messages on his face-screen, and Uncle Rocky seems tense as well.

Robot Pete: Mr. Wingate... Wingate: NO! I don't want to hear it! Uncle Rocky: But if you just...

Wingate: Stop, RIGHT there, NO words, just give me the next match.

Robot Pete: But...

Wingate: MATCH! NOW!

Robot Pete sighs and opens his tummy box. He removes the piece of paper gingerly and hands it to James Wingate.

Robot Pete: You really should know though that-

Wingate: SAVE IT. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to announce the match.

James Wingate walks away. Robot Pete shrugs at Uncle Rocky, who turns to a man in a "Parking Enforcement" uniform and shakes his head.

Uncle Rocky: Sorry, I wasn't able to get the car keys.

Parking Enforcement Guy: Well, here's the number of the towing company Mr. Wingate can contact to pick up his car.

Uncle Rocky: Thanks.

He tears the piece of paper off and hands it to Uncle Rocky before leaving. Uncle Rocky turns to where James Wingate was and looks like he's about to run after him, but Robot Pete stops him. Robot Pete: No, Uncle Rocky! Please allow Mister Wingate to enjoy these last few fleeting moments of ignorance!

Uncle Rocky: I suppose so. I'll just go put this on his desk then.

Tommy Lipton versus Yoshii

'Cult of personality' hits and pyros explode as Tommy walks out in his ring attire.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Toronto, Ontario. He stands at six foot five and weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty six pounds... The current VCW internet Champion...

Tommy.... LIIIPPTTTOOONNN!!!

Blackfront: Tommy Lipton made a name for himself in VCW, now looking to do the same here in the UTA.

Ace: What name was that? Crappy?

Blackfront: That's not nice at all.

Ace: He's not good at all. What's the difference?

Blackfront: Not good? He is the Internet Champion!

Ace: Of VCW. Blackfront: So? Ace: I rest my case.

Tommy enters the ring, mounting the turnbuckles and raising his hands to the fans as his music fades out.

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 next to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye.... Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii just two weeks from his UTA Championship match against Perfection. Announcer: He stands at six foot four and weighs in at five hundred and thirty nine pounds.... YOOOSSHHHHIIIIIIII!!!

Ace: So two weeks before he loses and falls into obscurity?

Blackfront: You know, I'm not one to wish bad things on anyone, but I hope that we see Dynasty lose all of their matches next WrestleShow just so you can sit beside me quiet for one.

Ace: It'll never happen.

Blackfront: What? Dynasty losing or you shutting your mouth?

Ace: Either.

Once he is in the ring and his music has faded, the bell sounds to signal the start of the match. Lipton runs at Yoshii with a quick clothesline that only makes Yoshii take a step back.

Blackfront: That is a big man who is hard to move right there.

Lipton begins punching Yoshii with rights with little effect. He grabs his arm, pushes back a step and goes to whip the big man, but is pulled into a clothesline himself, sending him to the mat.

Ace: You just can't over power Yoshii. No matter who you are. Blackfront: Even if you are Perfection?

Ace: Look, I'm not going to sit here and tell you Yoshii isn't a tough competitor. Perfection has his work cut out for him in two weeks. But in the end, he will win and he will retain the UTA Championship. I gurantee it.

Yoshii bends down, picking Lipton to his feet before whipping him across the ring and into the corner hard.

Blackfront: Yoshii runs... clothesline into the corner.

As he backs away the champion falls face first to the mat.

Blackfront: Things are not looking good for the VCW Internet Champion in the first moments of this match.

Ace: What doesn't look good? Tommy Lipton in general, or the fact he thinks he is someone worth wild because he holds a VCW title?

Yoshii turns him over and then looks at the corner post.

Blackfront: No Yoshii, don't do it!

He begins to climb the ropes to the second, holding onto the top.

Ace: He's going to flatten him like a pancake Jason.

Blackfront: These Yoshii Bombs have devastated many men who have faced him and it looks like tonight Tommy Lipton will be no different.

Yoshii jumps back and Tommy rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: Tommy Lipton escape s the Yoshii Bomb!

Yoshii sits on the mat where he just landed, his eyes wide. Outside of the ring, Jed Dye can't believe it.

Ace: It's a big move. Sometimes he hits it, sometimes he doesn't. The only advice I can give Tommy is right now is the only opportunity you are going to have to win this one, so you better make the most out of it.

Lipton, on his hands and knees, shakes off the stars before getting up. Yoshii, slowly begins to get up, his weight and the effects of missing the Yoshii Bomb working against him.

Blackfront: Lipton runs... shining wizard that catches Yoshii before he is able to get up.

As Yoshii meets the canvas again, Lipton stops at the tops, holding onto the top and looking out to the fans with a disgusted look as they boo him. He yells at them that they are all infidels before turning back to his opponnet.

Blackfront: The champion now going to work on the legs of Yoshii with hard hitting stomps.

Ace: Take Yoshii's legs out and there's no way he can put that massive weight on them. Lipton lifts the left leg of Yoshii and drives his knee hard into the canvas

Blackfront: I have to agree with you Tommy. The champion is showing exactly why he holds the title right here.

Tommy moves up, kicking Yoshii under the arm.

Blackfront: If he can bruise the arms of Yoshii that will also fight against him being able to get up.

Ace: How is he going to turn him over for a pin though? That's almost six hundred pounds of dead weight!

Lipton looks toward the ropes, running back and hitting them. However, Jed Dye reaches under, tripping him.

Blackfront: Oh come on Jed.

Ace: That's the sign of a good manager right there. Watching out for his investment.

The referee leans over the ropes warning Jed Dye who attempts to play innocent. Tommy gets up, heading to the ropes as well, yelling at Jed Dye.

Blackfront: Tommy needs to pay attention to this match.

Yoshii is able to get up behind Tommy, obviously in pain, but still able to make his way to his feet. Lipton turns around.

Blackfront: Yoshii with a clothesline sending Tommy Lipton over the top and crashing to the floor.

Ace: How was he even able to get up?

The camera pans in on Lipton on the outside of the ring, still dazed before heading back to Yoshii who leans on the ropes, trying to rest as the referee begins his count.

Blackfront: Tommy Lipton may have been unprepared for a man the size of Yoshii tonight.

Ace: Everyone is unprepared for their matches tonight Jason. What separates the guys who wont be here long from the top stars is the ones who can come in and still dominate a match, no matter who they end up facing!

Jed Dye walks over and kicks Tommy in the side. The referee quickly points at him and begins yelling, at which time Dye throws his hands up and moves away.

Blackfront: Jed Dye unable to stay out of this, almost costing Yoshii the match.

Tommy crawls on the floor before reaching up and grabbing the apron. Using it to pull himself up, he crawls onto the edge of the ring and rolls in.

Blackfront: Tommy Lipton back in the match as we continue here. Yoshii grabs the head of Tommy Lipton and pulls him to his feet.

Blackfront: Yoshii scoops Tommy Lipton up... slam to the canvas!

Yoshii runs tot he ropes, as he returns he leaps up dropping a huge leg across the chest of Tommy Lipton.

Blackfront: MASSIVE LEG DROP!

He just stays there, his leg on top of Tommy Lipton as the referee counts. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... YOSHIIIIIIIIII

Blackfront: The VCW Internet Champion falls victim to the mammoth known as Yoshii.

Random Matches pt 2

The camera returns to backstage in front of the Executive Office door where the door swings open and David casually walks out waving his hand in front of his face. Whiskey comes out behind him wagging his tail.

Hightower: God dang! I think I dropped a pound or 2 in there!

David says with a laugh. He turns to the camera shutting the door behind him.

Hightower: I suggest not goin in there! Things were fine at first but it got ugly really fast! All ya need to know is I hope they got a good carpet cleaner here! They may need a shop vac!

Hightower says before he walks down the hall with Whiskey following him.

Hightower: I sure hope those papers I wiped my ass on weren't important!

David says before he turns a corner and walks out of the picture.

The Fourth Match

James Wingate walks over to Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete.

Wingate: OK, no funny business please. Just give me the next match.

Robot Pete: Funny business? What's a funny business? Like, cartoon bunnies wearing corporate suits or something?

Uncle Rocky: That sounds like an oxymoron to me! Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky, what's an oxymoron? Uncle Rocky: An oxymoron is-

Wingate: JUST GIVE ME THE NEXT MATCH!!!

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete both go wide eyed, almost catatonic for a few moments. Then, with a "DING!", a piece of paper floats out of Pete's backside and drifts to the ground.

Uncle Rocky: Pete, did you have to?

Robot Pete: I can't help it - he startled me!

Uncle Rocky pulls out a pair of tongs and uses them to pick up the paper. He carefully holds it towards James Wingate, who rolls his eyes and snatches it out of the tongs before quickly and wordlessly turning away from the GOOD FRIENDS.

Robot Pete: EW!!! Did he just touch that with his HANDS?!

Uncle Rocky: Let's make a note to give Mr. Wingate a private lesson about hygiene later! James' eyes grow large as he stares at the two before stomping off.

Game Called Due to Darkness

As we head backstage, Thatcher Rex is walking through the halls, on his way to the ring, a look of determination on his face. Thatcher reaches a corner and turns. As he does, a chair swings from the side, catching him directly in the face.

Rex grabs his face and stumbles back, turning away. Dynasty's Sean Jackson comes from

around the corner, chair in hand. He raises it up and comes down hard across the back of Thatcher, sending him to one knee. Quickly, Sean jolts back a few feet before sprinting forward, raising his knee up and catching Thatcher Rex in the back of the head, sending him face first to the floor.

Sean just stops and stands, his back facing the camera as if just taking the moment in before turning and heading over to Thatcher Rex, who is out on the floor in front of him. He looks down at his handy work and smiles.

Jackson: I guess the game has to be called due to darkness.

He begins to laugh before stepping over the Shoot King and exiting the scene. We zoom in on a knocked out Thatcher Rex before fading.

David Hightower versus FKA versus Thatcher Rex versus The Spectre

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

Ace: Why do we still book this freak?

Blackfront: He's a hall of fame member AND the number one contender for the Internet title.. why wouldn't we?

The Spectre walks slowly and methodically to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first.... From the deepest corners of your mind.... Hall of Fame member... THE.... SPPPECCTTTEEE!!!

Blackfront: Well we saw just a few moments ago that Thatcher Rex was attacked by that loose cannon, Sean Jackson. We've just received word he is being checked out by medical staff and will not be able to participate in this contest.

Ace: Oh no! Not Thatcher Rex! Tommy Ace laughs.

Ace: What a loser.

The Spectre walks around the ring.

Blackfront: It seems The Spectre is coming over here. Hopefully he will teach you a lesson Tommy.

Ace: Well, it wont be a lesson about hygiene. I'll tell you that much. The Spectre looks at Tommy Ace, towering over him.

Ace: What freak? What do you want? Huh?

The Spectre grabs Tommy Ace by the head and the crowd pops.

Ace: Hey.. Let me...

Spectre knocks the headset off of Tommy's head.

Blackfront: I have dreamed for this day to come!

The Spectre lifts Tommy out of his seat, tossing him to the side and into the area where the time keeper sits. The fans scream and yell more as he sits down beside Jason Blackfront.

Blackfront: Welcome Spectre! The Spectre puts the headset on.

Spectre: Look Jason, I'm not here to do your job. I'm here to watch this match. This match that was "randomly" chosen by a guy in a freakin' robot suit. And they call me a freak!

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play over the loudspeakers and David Hightower casually walks out with his dog Whiskey trotting along beside him. In his right hand is a 6-bottle pack of beer and in his left is a rusted chain with a tow truck hook attached to it.

Announcer: Now on his way to the ring. From West Memphis, Arkansas. Standing at six foot and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... DAVID.... HIIIGGHHHTTOOOOWWERRRR!!

He walks to the ring and sets the beer and his tow truck chain down under one of the bottom turnbuckles. He bends down and has a few words with Whiskey before petting the dog on the head. He slides into the ring and cracks his knuckles ready for a fight

Blackfront: David Hightower had some not so kind words for you Spectre if you were in this match. What are your feelings on this?

Spectre: Hightower is nothing but a hillbilly knock off of me Jason. Look at that mangy mutt. Johnny would have a field day with him.

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: FKA with a big chance here if he can overcome both David Hightower and, well.. Spectre are you going to even get into this match?

Spectre: Wingate wants to put me against these guys and not Dynasty? I think I'll just sit out here.

Blackfront: Speaking of Dynasty, Sean Jackson took out Thatcher Rex just moments ago. Spectre: Just like Sean, always having to jump people to get a leg up. It shows that Dynasty is scared Jason. Scared of Shoot Kings, scared of me.

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 shoot to the top in the rankings.

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.

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

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

Blackfront: FKA landing some hard lefts to the chin of David Hightower.

Spectre: I should have brought some popcorn.

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

Blackfront: Hard knees to the mid section by Hightower. FKA had his momentum stolen.

Hightower pauses and charges and lands a hard Knee and sends FKA down to the canvas. He begins to stomp FKA's shoulder.

Blackfront: Hightower now yanking FKA to his feet. Violently he throws FKA into the corner turnbuckle. Follows up with hard rights and lefts.

Spectre: Bor-ing.

David grabs FKA's head and drags it across the top rope before tossing him into the middle of the ring. FKA rolls a few times before rest on his back. The referee warns Hightower who pushes bast him. With both hands he reaches down and pulls FKA up.

Blackfront: David Hightower in full control as he holds FKA with one arm and delivers big arms across his back with the other.

David drops FKA back to the canvas before looking over at The Spectre and yells for him to get into the ring.

Spectre: Who me? Nah. You're doing fine on your own!

Hightower turns back to FKA stomping him a bit more before stepping back and coming with a boot into his rib cage. He turns back to Spectre and tells him to get into the ring. Whisky stands up and begins barking toward Spectre.

Spectre: You need to shut your dog up or he'll become Johnny's dinner!

Hightower drops to his knees and begins slamming his right hand into the side of FKA's head before taking his forearm and rubbing it into FKA's eyes. The referee goes into action warning him again. David finally stops and stands up. He heads over to the ropes and yells at The Spectre

again.

Blackfront: I think this newcomer wants to get you into the ring.

Spectre: He can call me into the ring when he actually does something in the UTA Jason. David stomps his feet and goes back to FKA stomping him more.

Blackfront: David Hightower assaulting FKA here tonight in what was supposed to be a fatale four way, down to a triple threat, and now what seems to be a one on one match.

David Hightower lifts FKA back up once again, this time directing him to the ropes and throwing him over so he hits the floor in front of The Spectre. Hightower yells at Spectre to get in the ring. The Spectre stands up, pulling the headset off.

Blackfront: The Spectre may be getting into this!

The Spectre walks around as David steps back, letting him get into the ring. Instead, the Spectre picks FKA up and rolls him back into the ring, then turns his back on David Hightower.

Blackfront: Or not.

David Hightower stomps his feet and yells as The Spectre begins to cackle.

Blackfront: David Hightower now rushing the ropes. He's getting out of the ring!

The Spectre turns around to watch the match but instead gets a big right to the side of his head.

Blackfront: David Hightower attacking the hall of fame member right out here!

Hightower grabs The Spectre's head and directs him to where Jason is sitting, slamming his head into the desk.

Blackfront: David Hightower now putting those big rights and lefts into the midsection of The Spectre right out here! Could he do the impossible and actually be able to defeat the Spectre live tonight on Pure Sports Entertainment?!

David brings an elbow down into the back of the head of a bent over Spectre then comes up with a knee smash, sending the hall of famer to his back. Whiskey begins to howl.

Blackfront: I don't think anyone ever expected to see this!

David knocks the stuff off of the desk before climbing up on top of it, raising his hands in the air and yelling to the crowd.

Blackfront: David, it's not a time to celebrate.

The Spectre raises up, now a more serious look on his face. He stands behind Hightower and rubs his jaw before grabbing the back of Hightower's pants and yanking him hard off of the desk, throwing David to the floor.

Blackfront: The Spectre is not happy!

Whiskey begins to bark and runs at The Spectre who just raises his backhand in a threatening manner. Whiskey stops in his tracks.

Blackfront: Spectre lifts David Hightower to his feet. He's sent hard, back first, into the barricade. Spectre now with one big boot to the gut of Hightower. He grabs the back of David's head and with force sends him forward and into the steps.

Blackfront: David Hightower being sent into that unforgiving steel.

Spectre walks over David Hightower, grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself to the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: The Spectre entering the ring with an unsuspecting FKA.

FKA is on his hands and knees, crawling forward until his head hits the legs of The Spectre. He begins to feel

Spectre's legs as he starts to look up. Once he sees who is in front of him, FKA's eyes grow large.

Blackfront: FKA realizing he is in trouble!

Spectre grabs FKA and lifts him up. Holding his head, he grabs the side of FKA's tights and pulls him up and over, back first onto his shoulder. Spectre uses his power to adjust FKA to be on his back. Spectre's hands are up and back, holding FKA's chin as his legs fly backward before Spectre steps forward and leaps up, coming down hard.

Blackfront: SWEET DREAMS! SWEET DREAMS! SWEET DREAMS!

Spectre rolls FKA's motionless body over and covers him as the referee drops and begins to count. David Hightower, now up, stumbles over to the apron but it's too late as the referee's hand hits for a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... THE... SPPPEECCTTTTREETEEEE!!!!!!

Blackfront: David Hightower with a strong showing, but The Spectre will take this one home.

As The Spectre's music plays he and David Hightower stare at each other, one from the ring, one from the floor. It's clear this is not over as we go into commercial.

Brought to You By

The Fifth Match

James Wingate approaches Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete, both of whom are standing at attention, military style.

Wingate: You gonna tell us who's in the third match?

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: SIR YES SIR!!!

James waits patiently, but both GOOD FRIENDS continue standing still.

Wingate: ...well?

Robot Pete: SIR WE ARE PREPARED TO PROVIDE YOU WITH THE NEXT MATCH SIR!

Uncle Rocky: SIR WE ARE AT ATTENTION AND AWAITING YOUR COMMAND SIR!

Wingate:...uh, why do you think I came over here?

Robot Pete: SIR WE ARE NOT PAID TO THINK SIR!

Uncle Rocky: SIR WE ARE COMPLETELY FOCUSED ON YOUR NEEDS AND WILL DO ONLY AS YOU COMMAND SIR!

James Wingate pinches the bridge of his nose and grits his teeth.

Wingate: Give me... the next... MATCH.

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: SIR YES SIR!!!

Pete's tummy-box opens and out comes another piece of paper. Uncle Rocky retrieves it as it floats to the floor and hands it to James Wingate.

Uncle Rocky: SIR ONE MATCH DELIVERED AS ORDERED SIR!

Robot Pete: SIR WITH ALL DUE RESPECT YOU CAN'T SEND ME BACK TO THE FRONT LINE! MY NERVES ARE FRAZZLED AND I SEE THE FACES OF MY EVERY TANGO WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, HAUNTING ME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE SIR!

Wingate: ...are we done here?

Uncle Rocky: At ease, my positronic pal!

Robot Pete: Whew! Let's head into Saigon for some poontang!

Uncle Rocky: ROBOTRICK STEVEN PETERSON! Who taught you that word?!

Robot Pete: Stanley Kubrick, in his cinematic masterpiece "Full Metal Jacket", which is what I was watching ten minutes ago when I suggested we do this bit next!

Wingate: ...I'm ignoring you idiots now.

James walks off to let the next two men know they are up.

Two For the Price of One

We head to the locker room where Thatcher Rex is sitting on a bench, holding his head. Graham Clauson is pacing, his hands making fist. He raises his right hand and punches a nearby locker. Clauson: Wait till I get my damn hands on Jackson.

Thatcher looks up, a glazed look over his eyes.

Rex: It's OK Graham. We'll get these Dynasty bastards. Trust me. Graham looks back at his partner.

Clauson: It's not OK damn it! First Ariel is attacked, then Madman gets a chair to the head. Now you? They are going too far!

He is fuming.

Clauson: I'm going to go find Madman. We need to decide how to handle this.

Rex: I'll be here.

Graham starts to head to the door. As he approaches it, the door burst open. Sean Jackson runs through it, chair in hand, thrusting it forward, catching Graham in the stomach. As he bends over, Jackson comes up and brings the chair down across his back, sending Clauson to the floor.

Thatcher leaps up from the bench and charges Sean, who swings the chair sideways, catching him in the face for the second time of the night. Graham crawls toward Sean, reaching up toward his legs. Jackson just smiles and kicks forward, catching him in the shoulder and sending him over to his back.

Jackson: So you're going to go find madman are you? Huh? I've got your mad man right here! He raises the chair over his head and brings it down hard into the left knee of Graham, following up with another hard shot before turning the chair upside down and bringing it down, the corner smashing the left knee cap of Graham Clauson. He lets out a scream of pain.

Jackson: What's that Graham? You can't walk? No problem buddy.. I'll find Madman for you and let him know you're looking for him.

He smirks before he begins to laugh, walking past the two Shoot Kings and heading out of the locker room. The camera zooms in on Graham Clauson wincing as he holds his left knee, Thatcher Rex on the floor holding his face in the background.

Alexander Redding versus Will Haynes

The spotlight hits the stage as "My Reward" plays throughout the arena. First from behind the curtain is Grady Patrick, beneath the bowler cap and accompanied with the less-than-needed cane. He sneers as the crowd audibly pelt him with boos.

Blackfront: Welcome back Tommy. Ace: Lets never speak of that again. Blackfront: You got what you deserved! Ace:

Wait until Dynatsy hears about this!

Twenty seconds later, Alexander Redding strides onto the stage under the UTA Official Red & Ted tee. He wears the Joker Grin on his thigh and a knowing grin on his face. He stops at the bottom of the ramp to look at the masses assembled and into the ring. He clears his mind and removes the tee.

As Grady Patrick is finding his way over to beside our announce team, Your Willing Villain has spotted the cutest woman ringside and is handing her the tee, despite the objection for the boyfriend/husband beside her.

Up the steps and onto the top and middle rope, Red again scopes the magnitude of this arena and bobs his head with the heavy drum line of the song.

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. A few moments later the two men re ready to start the match. As the bell sounds, Alexander Redding puts his hand out to shake Haynes.

Blackfront: Good gesture of sportsmanship by Alexander Redding in this random match tonight.. Will pushes Redding's hand away and then pushes Alexander in the chest. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in Haynes' face. The crowd buzzes in excitement.

Blackfront: Come on Will, can't you just be civil for two seconds?

Ace: Well, this is a wrestling match Jason. Why should he not be aggressive from the get go?

Blackfront: He doesn't have to be a jerk though.

Thrill pushes Redding again, but this time Redding retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends Thrill immediately to the mat. The fans go crazy

Blackfront: Alexander Redding is as tired of Will Haynes' cockiness as everyone else is. Haynes quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Redding then motions for Will to come at him.

Haynes complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Redding quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Will Haynes backward toward the canvas.

Blackfront: Will Haynes sent off of his feet again. He needs to try and take Redding in another way as Alexander is the stronger of the two.

Will Haynes then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Redding, the blow causing Redding to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. Thrill raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Redding's head.

Blackfront: Will Haynes now in control.

Ace: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Blackfront: Will Haynes working the back Alexander Redding.

Ace: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Haynes grabs his arm and Irish whips Alexander Redding into the ropes. As he returns, Thrill drops to the mat, Redding jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Redding then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Haynes square in the head.

Blackfront: Big boot from Alexander Redding, and Will Haynes is down!

Ace: The fans are loving it as support for Alexander Redding can be heard throughout the crowd although he is typically booed

Blackfront: This is definitely an anti-Will Haynes crowd tonight.

Redding raises his arms as Thrill gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Haynes and Redding lock up in the center of the ring again. Alexander Redding quickly rolls behind Haynes with a rear lock.

Blackfront: Redding with that bear like grip on Will Haynes.

Haynes makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He pushes back, putting Redding into the ropes. Haynes moves forward, breaking out of the hold. As he turns around, Alexander Redding runs at him. Will Haynes quickly spins around with an elbow catching Redding in the face and sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Counter by Haynes, sending Redding to the mat with that elbow smash.

Ace: You have to admit that Will Haynes has an arsenal in his tool box and can handle almost any situation, such as that one right there.

He makes his way to Redding, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Blackfront: Will Haynes going to work now.

Haynes Irish whips Redding into the ropes. As he returns, Thrill hooks Redding's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Blackfront: Hip Toss by Will 'The Thrill' Haynes! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Alexander Redding right to the canvas.

The Thrill taunts the crowd and is rewarded with a chorus of boos.

Blackfront: Will Haynes has been outspoken as of recent in the direction he has been going, and honestly the fans are just tired of it.

Haynes takes Redding's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Redding, standing across the shoulder blades. Haynes grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Alexander.

Blackfront: Will Haynes using the ropes to choke Alexander Redding! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and Haynes is mercilessly choking him!

Ace: See, he is still the Will Haynes we all know.

The referee quickly makes the count. Will Haynes breaks the hold at four. The ref warns Haynes yet again with a finger in his face.

Blackfront: That choke doing damage to one half of Red and Ted.

As Alexander lays on the canvas, he holds his throat. Redding swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Blackfront: Redding is struggling to swallow after being choked by Will Haynes. There's no place for that kind of stuff in the UTA.

Will Haynes climbs up the corner post and raises his arms. Alexander Redding slowly gets to his feet as Haynes gets down and turns to face down toward him.

Blackfront: Will Haynes more interested in inflating his own ego than wrestling in this match. Haynes jumps down to the canvas.

Ace: Well, he isn't one to steer away from his ego, we all know this.

After a few moments, after Alexander Redding is able to get back to his feet, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Blackfront: Starting back from square one, Alexander Redding needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Ace: Well he already has everything going against him. Will Haynes takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Ace: I'm just not sure if tonight i the night Alexander Redding beats Will Haynes.

Alexander Redding takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Haynes off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Will returns, meeting the arm of Alexander Redding.

Blackfront: Redding with the clothesline! He may be turning this around.

Ace: He needs to stay on Haynes though. You can't let someone like Will Haynes even have a moment to rest.

Haynes quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Haynes goes for the shoulder block but Redding out powers him, the blow causing Will Haynes to fall to the canvas instead.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding with the shoulder block. Errr... well Will Haynes with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Will Haynes gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Alexander Redding. Redding catches Haynes, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the mat.

Blackfront: Huge military press there by Redding.

Ace: I may have been wrong. This may be the night of Redding.

Redding stomps Haynes a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Will Haynes kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Ace: He needs to try and not get into a position that he can be pinned like that if Haynes expects to get the upper hand. All it takes is the referee's hand hitting the canvas three times.

Alexander Redding checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Al reaches down, grabbing the head of Will Haynes and pulling him to his feet with it.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding grabs the arm of The Thrill. Irish whi... NO.. Reversed! Redding off of the ropes.. Haynes leaps...

He grabs bringing Alexander down with a cutter.

Blackfront: THE KUSH OUT OF NOWHERE!

Haynes quickly covers Alexander Redding and the referee begins to count. The bell begins to sound.

WHO IS THE SECOND COMING?

Static - cut; 2C is now facing front with her hood down. Her black hair is pulled back into something, but several wisps have escaped and are neatly framing her face.

2C (V/O): "I've taken criticism thus far for not having the experience needed to be a Champion, or to win a tournament, or to be a featured player on the UTA television. As much as I hate to admit it, those critics are absolutely right: Cashmere said it before my tournament win over Santa, I have no prior championship experience, but he didn't go far enough."

"My first match in Valor Championship wrestling... was my first match."

"Kathryn Vermont Thomas took to the twitter to criticize my seasoning and my credentials, and as much as it pains me to give her any credit whatsoever... aside from what this company has presented to date, I have no credentials."

"But Hex Girl accused me of being one step up from a sad, pathetic emo child. Santa Clause accused me of being too naive and not seasoned enough to be able to hold a championship belt." "In a way, they're both right."

WHO IS THE SECOND COMING?

Static - cut to an extreme closeup of the Second Coming's face. Her facemask has a Glasgow Smile imprinted on it and there is a small thin braid of hair hanging down next to her eyes.

2C (V/O): "What they forget is that I beat Santa Claus, and I beat Hex Girl, and I beat Santa Claus again. All the talk about whether or not I have the experience to be a Champion is rendered moot by the fact that I simply am good enough to be the next and final VCW Champion."

"All the talk about experience forgets the fact that every former Champion had to win their first title as an unproven commodity."

"Who am I?"

FADE TO BLACK

2C (V/O): "I am the Second Coming. And while I'm not the biggest name in this sport... it's just a matter of time."

Brought to You By

Chris Hopper versus Frank Harrison

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 Politician, Frank Harrison.

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.

Agents Anderson and Benson step out from behind the entrance curtain, making sure that the way is clear. Anderson brings up his sleeve, saying something into the microphone piece placed there. He touches the ear-piece in his right ear, then nods, allowing "God Bless Texas" to begin playing over the PA System.

Ace: This guy is quickly becoming one of my favorites in the UTA.

Blackfront: This guy is a jerk, Tommy. He's a sore loser who has his agents get involved to save him.

Ace: He's paying those guys. Put them to work.

Frank Harrison steps out from behind the entrance curtain, a big smile over his face and waving to the crowd. He makes his way down the entrance ramp, flanked by both Anderson and Benson, pausing to wave to the occasional fan. A random crowd member holds out his hand to shake it, and Harrison shakes his head and quickly steps out of the way.

Blackfront: Told you he was a jerk.

Ace: That guy probably didn't wash his hands. Harrison has to look out for his health.

Blackfront: Gimme a break.

Finally, arriving at the steel stairs leading into the ring, Frank takes a moment to pause and give a big thumbs up to the closest camera, and into the ring he goes. He stands in the middle of the ring, waving to all of the fans before finally moving towards his corner.

After a few moments, once the music fades out, the bell sounds to start the match. Blackfront: Chris Hopper is larger than most of the superstars on the roster. But tonight, although he is still smaller, Frank Harrison's size gap is smaller than a lot others as well. Ace: Hopper has reach on him still, but yes, Frank Harrison should give Chris Hopper a challenge with as stout that he is.

Blackfront: It doesn't hurt he has his agents ringside as well.

Chris Hopper storms across the ring at Frank Harrison, who sidesteps and Hopper hits the corner.

Blackfront: No feeling out process, its action straight from the bell.

Frank Harrison starts to unload on Hopper with rights and lefts, he slows down before sending a knee into the gut of Hopper and attempting to send him across the ring into the opposite corner. Ace: He puts the breaks on.

Hopper doesn't leave the corner though, he holds onto the ropes and uses his strength to pull Frank Harrison towards him and into the corner.

Blackfront: What strength!

Hopper throws a big right hand but Frank Harrison moves out of the way and once again starts throwing rights and lefts, this time to the body of Chris.

Blackfront: Early on and it looks like Frank Harrison is just a tad quicker than his opponent.

Ace: When you're that big, you give up some speed. It's normal physics. Plus, isn't Chris Hopper like eighty?

Blackfront: Not even close Tommy. Come on.

Chris Hopper manages to get his hands up to protect himself, he then pushes Frank away sending him across the ring.

Blackfront: Another impressive display of strength!

Hopper comes out of the corner as Frank Harrison is getting to his feet, he sends him off into the ropes with an Irish whip and swings for a big clothesline but Frank Harrison ducks it and comes off the ropes.

Ace: Big shoulder tackle....

Blackfront: And Hopper hits the canvas for the first time in this contest.

Ace: Not many people can get Chris Hopper off of his feet. But Frank Harrison is no normal man. He's a man for the people!

As Hopper gets to his feet Frank Harrison kicks him in the shoulder forcing him to stand up straight. Harrison then quickly locks on a sleeper.

Ace: It might be a bit early to go for a submission.

Blackfront: I think Harrison just wants to buy a little time.

Chris Hopper pushes Harrison back into the corner and breaks the hold before he staggers into the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: It didn't take much for the King of Cool to get out of that one.

Chris Hopper turns and charges towards Frank Harrison, but at the last minute he manages to get his boot up and kick Hopper square in the jaw. Frank Harrison then runs out of the corner and hits the ropes on the far side of the ring, he bounces off them and takes Hopper down with a big running boot.

Blackfront: Twice Chris Hopper takes a boot to the face. Now Harrison with the cover!

The referee drops and begins to count. However, Chris doesn't stay down past a count of one.

Blackfront: He gets a shoulder up.

Frank Harrison pulls Hopper to his feet quickly, throwing an arm around his neck and hooking him for a suplex.

Blackfront: Two big men doing battle in the ring now.

Frank Harrison tries to lift Hopper into the air, but he dead weights him. He tries once more but Hopper sends a knee into his gut and Harrison drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: That knocked the wind right out of him.

Hopper starts to ruthlessly stomp away to the body of Harrison who curls up trying to protect himself.

Ace: You can only imagine what size boot Hopper is.

As Chris Hopper lets up, Frank Harrison starts to pull himself up using the ropes. Hopper sends him across the ring with an Irish whip, he comes off the ropes and Chris grabs him around the throat as if he's going for a choke slam. Frank Harrison then starts replying with elbows to the back of the head.

Blackfront: It might be to early for a move like that.

Harrison breaks free but almost as soon as he does he gets kicked in the stomach. As his upper body is thrust forward, Chris Hopper turns and leaps, grabbing his head and dropping.

Blackfront: THE ICEBREAKER! THE ICEBREAKER! OUT OF NOWHERE!

Ace: This seems familier.

Hopper covers Frank Harrison and the referee drops to count. His hand hits the mat three times and the bell begins to sound.

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

Blackfront: Chris Hopper with a big win here tonight.

Ace: He lucked out.

Chris holds his arm in the air as the fans cheer.

The Seventh Match

James Wingate turns to Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete. It appears that Pete's monitor is blinking a big red exclamation point. Uncle Rocky is fiddling with wires in Pete's chest compartment.

Wingate: What now?!

Uncle Rocky: I'm sorry, this wasn't supposed to happen! Pete just said that the next match was so mind-blowing that it jammed his printer, and then he passed out!

Wingate: You CANNOT be serious...

Uncle Rocky: Do I LOOK like I'm not serious?!

James Wingate looks at the goofy guy dressed in an orange jumpsuit and his bright yellow robot pal. Before he can say what everyone is thinking, Uncle Rocky turns to the audience.

Uncle Rocky: C'mon, friends! We can save Robot Pete's life, but only if you believe in robots! Everyone CLAP YOUR HANDS IF YOU BELIEVE IN ROBOTS!!!

This gets a combination of boos and dumbfounded silence from the crowd. James Wingate rolls his eyes.

Wingate: You guys have been nothing but trouble all night, now if you don't--

Uncle Rocky: Okay, Plan B -- CLAP YOUR HANDS IF YOU WANT JAMES WINGATE TO GIVE YOU ALL FREE POPCORN AND SODA!!!

This gets a HUGE pop from the audience! The clapping and cheering seems to have a healing effect on Robot Pete, who immediately comes back to life! James is flustered at this point.

Wingate: Are you insane?! I can't afford to give a full capacity crowd free popcorn and soda! Uncle Rocky: I never said you were going to - I just told the crowd to clap if they wanted you to! NO FREE POPCORN FRIENDS, SORRY!

This gets a HUGE round of BOOs from the audience. Robot Pete displays a frowny face on his screen and puts his robo-claws on his hips.

Robot Pete: Oh, can't you folks just be happy that I'm OK and ready to print out this mind- blowing match?

Uncle Rocky: I know I am! Let's see it!

A piece of paper pops out of Robot Pete's tummy-box. Before Uncle Rocky can reach for it, James Wingate snatches it away and does the "shoo" motion to the GOOD FRIENDS. Wingate: Go on, scat!

Robot Pete: What a meanie! No wonder he won't give our friends in the audience popcorn!

Wingate: LEAVE!!!

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete scurry backstage. James Wingate wipes his brow and looks at the piece of paper.

Follow that Dog

We head backstage where Dynasty is in their locker room. The door behind them is propped open allowing Kathryn Vermont Thomas to come in with out an issue. Perfection looks at Sean Jackson.

Perfection: Good work so far tonight. Any luck finding that masked idiot?

Jackson: Not yet. I've looked everywhere.

Thomas: I just came back from the food court. He isn't there. Perfection looks over at her.

Perfection: Is that... ketchup on your sleeve? She looks down at the obvious ketchup stain. Thomas: Of course not!
He sighs.

Jackson: Don't worry, I'll keep looking. CBR: I'll help.

What they do not notice is Peach has poked her head into the locker room.

Perfection: He has to be here.

CBR: Well, maybe he knows we're looking for him and left?

Perfection: No, he's not smart enough for that.

Peach reaches her head up toward the UTA Championship that is hanging off of a bench.

Jackson: Where could he be?

She bites the strap of the title and yanks it down. All four Dynasty members quickly look.

Perfection: MY TITLE!

CBR: Come here you stupid dog! KVT quickly throws her hands up.

Thomas: WAIT! Maybe if you follow the dog, she'll take you to Madman. Peach quickly runs out of the locker room, title in her mouth.

Perfection: Good idea. Sean, you and CBR follow that stupid dog and get my title back!

Jackson: No problem.

Both men exit the locker room and our angle changes to out side of the door. They look around.

CBR: There she goes!

Jackson: Jesus. For a fat dog, she can run quick.

They quickly begin pursuit, staying a good distance behind. Peach stops and so do they. As she looks back both men quickly pretend to be looking away. As the puppy takes off again, they continue pursuit.

She rounds a corner and they rush toward it. However Sean stops and puts his hand up. He peaks around and then motions for CBR to 'come on.' They turn the corner and continue following. Peach stops again and looks back, title still in her mouth. Both Sean Jackson and CBR casually look away. Finally peach continues and so do they.

Jackson: She's heading down those stairs. CBR: Lets just get the title back to perfection. Jackson: Good idea.

They start down the stairs behind her and Sean stops again.

Jackson: Look!

The camera and CBR look down. A taped hand reaches down and takes the title from Peach's mouth before patting her on the head.

Jackson: Lets get him.

They head down the stairs and Peach begins to bark. Madman looks up, his eyes large through his mask.

Szalinski: Why hey guys!

Jackson and CBR look at each other before looking back at Madman and stepping forward.

Szalinski: I wouldn't do that.

Jackson: Why?

Szalinski: He might not like it.

CBR: Who?

Szalinski: The guy behind you.

Both men turn around and we are revealed Chris Hopper who has a towel around his neck, still sweating from his match.

Hopper: I think you've had enough fun tonight. CBR: Oh yea? What are you going to do about it? Chris just looks down at him and glares

Hopper: Jeremy, I know Dynasty has been a thorn in your side tonight and what they did to Thacther and Graham is uncalled for.

He inches closer, his eyes filled with rage.

Hopper: But give them the belt back. it's not yours to take.

Szalinski: But.. but..

Hopper: There is a time and place for this to be settled. Lets do it the right way. Madman Szalinski sighs and tosses the belt over to Sean Jackson who almost drops it.

Hopper: You two.. get out of here and I swear.. any more shenanigans tonight and I wont be so nice. Sean throws the title over his shoulder, what a familier and good feeling as he passes Hopper and begins back up the stairs. CBR follows, but he slams his shoulder hard into Hopper. CBR: Oops.

He laughs and follows Jackson as Chris walks toward Madman Szalinski. Szalinski: Why did you do that man? They attacked both of my partners tonight! Hopper: The art of war Madman.. the art of war.... and this is war.

Szalinski: Well, I'm glad you're on our side.

Hopper: Me too Madman, me too.

Chris bends down and pets Peach who tries to raise up and lick him.

Hopper: How'd you train her to get the title?

Szalinski: Funny story. When I had the belt, I kept dropping it in her food bowl. She just ended up associating food with the title.

Peach barks. Hopper: Alright then. Peach barks again.

Szalinski: Since I didn't send her for the belt, i guess she's hungry. Peach barks a few times.

Szalinski: Alright Peach Puppy, lets go get some nachos. She barks happily as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

Perfection versus Graham Clauson

The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first. hailing from Los Angeles, California...

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

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

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

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

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

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am, I am, yes I am

(perfect)?

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

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.

Announcer: From Cincinnati, OH, weighing in at 219 pounds... GRAHAM CLAUSON! We wait, but no Graham.

Blackfront: Of course he can't come. Perfection made sure of that earlier when he sent Sean Jackson after The Shoot Kings!

Ace: He's just scared Jason!

Blackfront: He's not scared, he's injured! This is just wrong!

Ace: There's nothing wrong about this. Graham knows he has a match! Perfection yells at the referee who throws his arms up before calling for the bell.

Blackfront: The referee is going to start the count on this one folks. If Graham Clauson doesn't make it out here by the count of ten, Perfection wins via forfeit.

Ace: This is great!

Blackfront: No it isn't Tommy.

The referee counts as Perfection stands in the ring smug. A few moments go by and the referee hits ten, then calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via forfeit.... The UTA Champion... PERFECTION! Perfection begins to celebrate in the ring, yelling how he is the best.

Blackfront: This is uncalled for. This is how you want your champion acting Tommy?

Ace: I love it!

Blackfront: I'm sorry everybody that you have to witness this. Everything Dynasty has done tonight is uncalled for!

Ace: Oh yea? What about madman sending his dog for Perfection's belt?!

Blackfront: Oh come on. They're lucky Chris Hopper is the kind of guy he is or Sean Jackson and CBR would have felt some of pain and embarrassment that was dished out tonight.

Perfection holds his title high up for all to see as if he had just finished a hard fought match for it as we fade.

The Main Event

James Wingate walks over to Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete, who appear to be rolling dice and working on pieces of paper. There's a nearby dry-erase board covered in complex mathematical equations.

Wingate: C'mon guys, there's only ONE more match, we KNOW who is in it, we just need to know who is tagging with who.

Robot Pete: With WHOM.

Wingate: ...the [BLEEP] did you just say?

Uncle Rocky: You need to know who is tagging with WHOM. And we're working on it. James Wingate grits his teeth.

Wingate: Guys, COME ON! This isn't rocket science!

Robot Pete: Of course not. It's calculus. We're making sure that our algorithm for this main event is given the undivided attention that it deserves.

Uncle Rocky: It will be just a few more moments, I promise.

Wingate: OK, fine, just... make it snappy.

Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete roll some more dice and make some more calculations. Finally, Robot Pete raises his arms in victory!

Robot Pete: Success! It turns out that your paladin did EXACTLY 14 points of damage to the orc! Not only is the orc slain, but your paladin goes up a level!

Uncle Rocky: YES! I'm finally high enough level to summon a steed!

Wingate: ARE YOU INSANE?! WHAT ABOUT THE MAIN EVENT?!

Robot Pete: Oh, right, that... Call it, Uncle Rocky!

Uncle Rocky: TAILS!

Robot Pete flips a coin. He looks at the result of the coin toss and his printer starts printing. After a few moments, he hands the piece of paper to James Wingate.

Robot Pete: There. Now if you'll excuse us, there's still two more orcs and we need to roll initiative!

Grumbling, James Wingate walks away from the GOOD FRIENDS one last time, so he can announce the main event...

Brought to You By

Sean Jackson/Gentleman Jack versus Mikey Unlikely/Apollo Cain

As we return from a long break, all four men are already in the ring.

Blackfront: Main event action about to kick off as Sean Jackson and Gentleman Jack were chosen randomly to compete against Apollo Cain and newcomer Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: Mikey Unlikely is... unlikely to win this one. I mean, his team has to go against Sean Jackson!

Blackfront: Don't count Apollo Cain out Tommy, or Gentleman Jack.

Ace: Look, it's unlikely that those two will even matter. It's Sean Jackson we're talking about after all! Look at the damage he's caused tonight!

Blackfront: Anything can happen here in the UTA Tommy. Mikey Unlikely could be the winner of his debut match!

Ace: Very unlikely.

Blackfront: Really Tommy? This again?

The teams talk amongst each other and decide on who will start.

Blackfront: It looks like Gentleman Jack and Apollo Cain will kick things off in tonight's main event!

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack with one hand behind him, offers the other to Apollo Cain to shake. Apollo looks at Jack and out to the crowd before slapping Jack's hand away.

Blackfront: Cain not caring to shake the hand of Gentleman Jack. Disrespected Jack follows up with a quick clothesline taking Apollo off of his feet.

Ace: Why would you want to shake his hand anyway? Who knows where it has been. Just look at that mustache!

Blackfront: What does that have to do with anything? Gentleman Jack bends down to pick Apollo Cain up.

Blackfront: Cain pushes Gentleman Jack back. he charges him.. No! Drop toe hold by Gentleman Jack!

Apollo Cain quickly pushes up, obviously angered.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain charging Gentleman Jack once again.. Jack sidesteps and grabs his arm.. Cain down into an armbar!

Apollo struggles, but is able to reach Gentleman Jack with his free arm, punching him in the face, causing him to let go.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain needs to re-think his offense it seems and quit shooting from the hip. Both men quickly get to their feet.

Blackfront: Back to the drawing board as they lock up. Apollo Cain takes control, forcing Gentleman Jack into a head lock.

Gentleman Jack stomps the foot of Apollo Cain, causing him to let go, before he spins around behind him.

Blackfront: Belly to back lock now by Gentleman Jack. Ace: Watch out Apollo! This might give him flash backs! Apollo grabs the tightly locked fingers of Gentleman Jack.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain trying to get Gentleman Jack to release the grip he has, but the hold is locked in tight.

Finally, Apollo is able to start moving Jack's hands out. He struggles but gets his opponent's arms out in an X shape before rearing back with a kick behind him and into the groin of Gentleman Jack who collapse at the shock of the kick.

Blackfront: Come on! That low blow was not needed! Isn't the referee going to do something about it?

Ace: Very unlikely.

Blackfront: SHUT UP TOMMY!

Apollo kicks Gentleman Jack before heading over and tagging in Mikey Unlikely.

Blackfront: The newest member of the UTA roster now coming into the match as Gentleman Jack tries to get his bearings back.

Mikey heads over to Gentleman Jack who is beginning to get up. He slides in front of Jack, hooking his leg while grabbing him.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely lifts Gentleman Jack up... Big t-bone suplex by the newcomer!

Ace: What an unlikely situation!

Blackfront: SHUT UP TOMMY! Where is The Spectre when you need him?

Unlikely quickly gets to his feet, but drops down just as fast with a fist to the head of Gentleman Jack.

Blackfront: Fist drop by Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely leaps up, throwing his hands out and yells to the screaming fans.

Blackfront: Unlikely lifting Gentleman Jack up. He sends him into the ropes. Jack on the return. Mikey Unlikely leaps up.. catches him with a spinning heel kick! This guy is on fire!

Mikey quickly lifts Gentleman Jack up again.

Blackfront: Jack whipped into the corner. Mikey Unlikely follows... he leaps.. BIG SPLASH! As Mikey bounces back, Gentleman Jack is only held up by the top ropes.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely now with several quick strikes, alternating between his fist and elbows.

He takes a few steps back, turns, and runs toward Gentleman Jack.

Blackfront: CORNER SPEA.... GENTLEMAN JACK MOVED! GENTLEMAN JACK MOVED!

Mikey Unlikely crashes shoulder first into the corner as Gentleman Jack uses the top rope to make his way across the ring.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Gentleman Jack allowed him to completely turn this match around.

Ace: I knew that he was unlikely to connect with that spear.

Blackfront: Can we please shut his mic off? Jeez.

As Mikey Unlikely hangs in the corner, holding his shoulder in pain, Gentleman Jack reaches Sean Jackson, tagging him in.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now in this. The former UTA Champion heading over to the injured Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: He's about to join The Shoot Kings in the hospital! Jackson grabs Unlikely and yanks him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Big right to the head of Mikey Unlikely, followed by another. Now a knee to the midsection.

Jackson grabs the head of Mikey Unlikely and yanks him backward and to the canvas. Blackfront: The Dynasty member now stomping away at the injured shoulder of Mikey Unlikely. Ace: Pick him apart piece by piece. That is exactly what you do!

Sean Jackson grabs the arm of Mikey Unlikely, and pulls him to his feet hard. Blackfront: Sean Jackson sends Unlikely into the ropes. Unlikely on the return. As Mikey Unlikely returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Unlikely slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfront: Unlikely leaps, grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

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

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: What an idiot, trying a move that unlikely wouldn't be pulled off right!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at Unlikely once again. He bends down and grabs Mikey Unlikely, pulling violently to his feet.

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

As Mikey Unlikely's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

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

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can. All night this has been his goal. Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: That made my chest hurt just watching!

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

Ace: He's resourceful.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

The fans cheer as Jackson hits the mat. Mikey Unlikely lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Unlikely the advantage he needs to come back. Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Mikey Unlikely uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Mikey now heading for his partner.

He reaches out to tag Apollo who just looks at him before stepping back and jumping to the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Wait.. what?

Mikey's eyes grow large, as he sees Apollo just smirk at him from outside. He turns in time to see Sean Jackson's big boot coming toward him, directly connecting with his face. Mikey Unlikely flies down to the canvas back first.

Blackfront: Why would Apollo do that? Why?!

Ace: Don't be so damn gullible Jason. Apollo Cain knows that Dynasty is the only people to back. He's showing his loyalty tonight.

Blackfront: I sure hope that isn't the case.

Apollo heads around the ring, leaving. The fans are booing him as Sean Jackson covers Mikey Unlikely in the ring. The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: This one is over. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winners of this match.... SEAN JACKSON AND GENTLEMANNNNN JAAACCCKKK!!!

Gentleman Jack enters the ring and goes to raise the arm of his tag partner for the night. However, Jackson quickly pulls him into a short arm clothesline.

Blackfront: Oh, COME ON!

Apollo Cain walks up the ramp backwards, clapping and smiling as Sean Jackson stands tall, one arm in the air.

Blackfront: Jackson has went crazy tonight!

Suddenly from the back Chris Hopper and Madman Szalinski burst through the curtains. They run past Apollo Cain, who's face lights up in shock as he is passed. Both men quickly slide into the ring as Jackson drops and rolls out to the floor.

Blackfront: The calvary has arrived, but it's too late.

Sean Jackson points to his head as if to say he is smarter than them. Apollo Cain, however, is obviously not as he jets forward and slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain hits the ring. Hopper sees him.. he leaps.. ICEBREAKER! ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Sean Jackson steps over the barrier and begins to exit through the crowd as Madman Szalinski holds the top rope and yells at him to get back to the ring. Chris Hopper checks to make sure Apollo is down before joining Madman. They both turn to check on Mikey Unlikely and Gentleman Jack as Madman Szalinski's music hits.

Blackfront: I'm unsure what Apollo Cain has to do with Dynasty, but right now I bet he is wishing he hadn't decided to get mixed up with them.

Ace: This is terrible! Someone get Apollo some help!

Thank you

We head backstage where James Wingate stands with The Good Friends! All three are watching a monitor as Madman Szalinski and Chris Hopper help Mikey Unlikely and Gentleman Jack to their feet.

Pete: Wow. Those must be good friends!

Rocky: They sure are Robot Pete. James turns to the duo.

Wingate: You two were irritating tonight, but you bailed us out. So, thank you.

He pats Uncle Rocky on the shoulder as he walks out of the scene. Once James is out of sight, Uncle Rocky turns quickly to Robot Pete & leans in close to him.

Rocky: So where did you stash the... you know...

Pete: Oh, you mean those extra parts from the ball tumbler? They're right here...

Robot Pete holds up a handful of important looking wires and parts, but Uncle Rocky hushes him quickly and snatches them away!

Rocky: Quick, hide these in one of your compartments!

Pete: But Uncle Rocky, I thought you said that the modifications I made to the ball tumbler would help Mr. Wingate!

Rocky: And I was right, because WE DID help him! Robot Pete claps his robo-claws together gleefully.

Pete: Oh yeah, that's RIGHT! How lucky is it that you had this random list of matches for me to work from?

Rocky: You know me - I always like to be prepared! Now let's go home and have a healthy snack!

Pete: That's a HUGE affirmative!

Pete starts playing "She'll Be Coming Round The Mountain" out of his internal speaker, and the duo dance off into the distance as the show fades to a close.

Conclusion

Deprecated: htmlspecialchars(): Passing null to parameter #1 (\$string) of type string is deprecated in /home/benhall/public_html/uta/admin/edit_booking.php on line 224

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite