

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #24

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** October 26, 2014

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

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

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

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 Monterrey, Mexico in the Monterrey Arena..

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight. Thirteen matches, more than thirty superstars in action for the next five hours right here on Pure Sports Entertainment!

Ace: This has pay per view quality written all over it Jason!

Blackfront: It sure does Tommy. With the new partnership with pure Sports Entertainment, we are bringing to you every title on the line, every superstar who has a contract, and MORE!

Ace: I love it Jason! This is why the United Toughness Alliance is the number one wrestling promotion in the world and wy Pure Sports Entertainment will be known as the number one sports network on all of television!

Blackfront: Tonight will be historic as the United Toughness Alliance has it's first event in Mexico in over twenty years!

Ace: At least down here all we have to worry about is the water, not like the Ebola crises the US is facing right now.

Blackfront: People have been in line for days to have a chance to get into the sold out Monterrey Arena tonight. It's standing room only as the UTA superstars prepare for what may be the biggest show of the year so far!

Ace: I thought I was in line for a good old fashion Mexican Donkey Show earlier down the block, it turns out that it was the line to get in tonight Jason. Simple astonishing!

Blackfront: There is just so much that will happen tonight, words can't even describe the electricity flowing through out the crowd.

v/o: Monterrey, Mexico. Can you feel it coming, in the air tonight?

Blackfront: What's this?

Ace: YES! Is it?! Is Dynasty opening up the show tonight? This is great!

The arena erupts into boos as Marshall Owens steps from behind the curtain, wearing a suit and tie as he brings the mic to his mouth.

Owens: Can you feel the dominance of Dynasty? can you feel it's aura flowing over each and every so called star

taking up space in the backstage area?

More boos as Marshall begins to make his way towards ringside. However, he manages to ignore it as he continues speaking.

Owens: Ah yes, Pure Sports Entertainment knew exactly when to strike. It knew exactly when to dial up Wrestle UTA, with it's move to Mexico, with every title on the line...

The boos begin to subside as Marshall reaches ringside, ascends up the metal ringsteps and upon stepping through the ropes, takes up position inside the ring.

Owens: With Dynasty headlining everything, as it should.

Ace: He's right! It's perfect! Marshall begins to pace.

Owens: Case in point, take the tag titles for instance. Out of all the teams in Wrestle UTA, only Kathryn Vermont Thomas and Sean Jackson have what it takes to leave that six team tag match as the UTA tag team champions.

Ace: Just give them the new titles now!

Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy, there are five other very great teams in that match as well. Inhale.exhale

Owens: The Good Friends have no chance at winning. Uncle Rocky is a goof and that Robot, worthless. Pour a bucket of water on his head and watch as the circuits fry and he stumbles around like the tin man in the Wizard of Oz.

The fans boo because they happen to like the Good Friends. Hell, everyone does.

Owens: But just like that television show Friends, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete will suffer the same fate as Dynasty members KVT and Sean Jackson takes it to them as only Dynasty can. A Good Friends chant begins.

Owens: Then you have Devereux and Reaper. Two more who stand no chance at winning because Devereux doesn't have what it takes to win it on his own. Now don't get me wrong Tobias, I'm sure that you could beat a few of these fat slobs in the audience on your own.... Marshall waves his index finger from side to side.

Owens: Hell, you probably could take out a couple of the teams in the six team tag tonight. But to even have a snowballs chance in hell of beating Dynasty, you need something better than Reaper....

As Marshall gets that devilish smile on his face, he continues with the message.

Owens: Hell, you need something like Kathryn Vermont Thomas and Sean Jackson. But since they're facing you tonight, I would say that you have no chance in hell of winning tonight. But I tell you what, go ahead and lie to yourselves tonight. Tell each other that you can win the belts tonight. Tell each other that you have what it takes to walk out of this ring as the tag team champions. That way, when you lose? you can walk out into the mass of losers that I see in this arena....

Marshall is referring to the fans.

Owens: And fit right in. Just like Red and Ted, just like Clauson and Rex, just like Simon and Judas of the Truth.

Marshall stops pacing, facing directly towards the back where the rest of the UTA roster is stationed, making sure they know that this rant is aimed at them.

Owens: Because let's face it, NONE of you are at the level of KVT and Sean Jackson. Sean Jackson, the man who is the former UTA champion, who would still be champion had it not been for the treachery of Spectre. Then, you have Kathryn Vermont Thomas. A woman who has beaten every man placed in front of her. A woman who showed her range by destroying Jade Justice this past weekend, proving that she IS the first lady of UTA.

Speaking the obvious, Marshall is quite pleased with himself. He completely ignores the boos as he continues

speaking about Dynasty.

Owens: And it will be this same team of KVT and Sean Jackson that begins the ultimate sweep of the title matches by Dynasty. After sweeping thru five other tag teams, Kathryn and Sean will be the UTA tag team champions. Then CBR proves that Spectre is no match for him as in this very ring, he will retain the Internet title, thus sending Spectre home with the knowledge that once again, he's no match for ANY member of Dynasty. That his ultimate plan, hashed out at Black Horizon to weasel his way into the championship title hunt, will end in ultimate failure. That his turning Wrestle UTA topsy turvy for his own selfish needs was for not.

He goes back to pacing again, the smile even larger on his face. That last sentence was a message for Mr. Wingate more than anyone else.

Owens: That Mr. Wingate now has this huge headache to deal with, a huge headache caused by the Spectre's own actions. But not so much that, to realize that by the end of this night, Perfection will go on to show that of all Spectre's actions, for all of his attempts to drive a wedge deep into the heart of Dynasty....

The smile is replaced with a look of pure contempt. A look that shows the evil wheel in Marshall's mind to be turning, to be concocting a plan of epic proportions.

Owens: That it was doomed from the start as he defeats the Giant Yoshii, right here in the middle of this ring. Thus completing the Dynasty sweep of the rest of UTA....

Marshall backs up from the ropes, now standing in the middle of the ring, pointing down at a specific location.

Owens: Mr. Wingate, can you just see it now. All of Dynasty, standing here, with all of the championship belts.

Ace: That would make my year Jason!

Blackfront: I'm sure it would. Marshall smiles.

Owens: Well, with all of the championship belts that matter that is. But before you get to thinking the wrong thoughts, I want you all to know that isn't a knock on Dick Fury. Hell, I happen to like Dick...

Blackfront: That explains a lot.

Ace: Shut up Jason. Laughter erupts from the fans.

Owens: Whoa, whoa. That's not what I meant. I was referring to the fact that when Dick Fury defeats The Second Coming Tonight, it has been rumored that his title will be retired. So, with that being said, by the end of tonight, Dynasty will hold ALL of the major championship belts in UTA. Securing the \*fact\* that they WILL be the most dominating force in professional wrestling today.

Inhale.exhale

Owens: In spite of those who have tried to rip it apart from it's inception. Mr. Wingate, I have nothing against you personally. But your failure to punish Spectre for his crimes against Dynasty will culminate with a hostile takeover of everything Wrestle UTA related. But Mr. Wingate, and I want to be crystal clear here. When Dynasty leaves Wrestleshow with all the championship gold, it will only be the beginning. We have plans, BIG plans Wingate, and it's all because of your inability to make the right choices when it comes to allegiance.

Marshall goes to say something else, but stops himself. He again starts to say something, but again, he stops himself. Finally, he brings the mic to his mouth one final time.

Owens: Don't say you weren't warned Wingate.

With that, Marshall lets the mic slip from his fingers and after it hits the canvas, Marshall exits thru the ring ropes and makes his way up the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Strong predictions of Dynasty sweeping the show tonight from Marshal Owens.

Ace: The man is a prophet!

Blackfront: Well, we will find out after this commercial break.

Brought to You By

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

Blackfront: This was originally supposed to be a Fatal Four Way match, but because of recent events, Frank Harrison could not join us tonight.

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

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

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

Announcer: Standing a very... manly 5'11, and weighing in at an impressive 240 pounds... Once in the ring, Jack gives the announcer a quick glance, making sure he is following the script he had shown them before hand, before relaxing and taking a strut around the ring.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Blackfront: Dan Benson hoping to pick up a win here after his recent encounter on the last Wrestleshow with Santa Claus.

Ace: What a joke.

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.

Announcer: Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota.. he stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty three pounds... DAN... BEEENNNSSSOOONNN!!!

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he

gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan. He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Blackfront: Benson now waits for his final opponent.

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

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

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

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

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring.

Blackfront: Triple threat action will kick tonight's exciting show off! The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Haynes takes off attacking Gentleman Jack with a series of rights and lefts.

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

Blackfront: Dan Benson now getting involved here.

Ace: If I was Benson, I'd just sit back and let these other two wear each other out then pick the bones.

Blackfront: Benson now stomping Will 'The THRILL' Haynes. Gentleman Jack comes forward and begins to stomp him as well.

Blackfront: Temporary alliance here with this beat down on Will Haynes. Gentleman Jack now pulling Haynes to his feet.

Gentleman Jack and Dan Benson look at each other. Benson grabs the other side of Haynes 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 Gentleman Jack.

Jack and Dan Benson look at each other before locking up in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Collar and Elbow are Benson and Jack.

Gentleman Jack tosses Benson into the corner and lands a few combinations. Gentleman Jack then lands several boots into the mid section of Benson. He lands a powerful right fist that knocks Benson to the canvas.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack landing some boots as Benson grabs the ropes to bring him to his feet.

Jack goes in for a waist lock but is meet with elbows to the side of the head.

Blackfront: Benson breaks the hold. Benson runs at Jack and his sent to the canvas by The Mustachioed One.

Ace: That was a big hip toss.

Gentleman Jack exhales and walks over to the in pain Dan Benson.

Blackfront: Benson is holding his lower back with Jack now focusing on the injured area. Gentleman Jack starts to land some forearms to Benson's back. Jack rakes his nails across Benson's back.

Blackfront: That looked like it hurt.

Benson walks from Gentleman Jack in pain. He turns and lands a quick right jab to his upper chest.

Blackfront: Looks like Benson is getting the offense going.

Dan Benson grabs Gentleman Jack in a side headlock and begins to crash knees into his face.

Blackfront: Benson going to Knee City on Gentleman Jack.

Benson takes a few steps from Jack and rushes him and lands a boot to the side of his head. Blackfront: A vicious boot to Gentleman Jack. Jack is back on the canvas with Benson going to work.

Dan Benson grabs Jack's legs and begins to stomp on the insides of Jack's legs. Blackfront: Benson is a vet and it looks like he could be setting Gentleman Jack 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 Jack, Gentleman begins to fight him.

Ace: Jack trying to fight off the hold.

Gentleman Jack tosses Benson to the ropes.

Blackfront: What shear strength displayed by Gentleman Jack.

Benson gets up and greets Jack 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: Out of nowhere!

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

Will Haynes slides into the ring and as the referee raises his hand for the third time, Haynes leaps through the air and comes down with his fist across the back of Dan Benson to break the count. Blackfront: Will Haynes saving Gentleman Jack, but for no other reason than he wants to win this match himself.

Haynes quickly gets to his feet. Dan Benson begins to get up as well.

Blackfront: Haynes runs, rising knee lift takes Dan Benson off of his feet! Will Haynes 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 Will Haynes comes toward him, booting him in the abdomen. Benson is sent over and lands back first on the canvas holding his stomach.

Blackfront: Haynes trying to take Dan Benson out so he can hopefully capitalize before Gentleman Jack comes back to after that devastating Shocker.

Haynes 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 Jack and Will Haynes now as this triple threat match continues. Jack begins to get up. Will Haynes quickly turns to him, grabbing his arm.

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

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes goes up top. As he leaps he throws his arms out.

Blackfront: Haynes connects with a head butt!

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 Jack. The referee drops to count.

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

Blackfront: Half way up, Gentleman Jack pushes Will Haynes back. Quick jab to the eyes.

Ace: That's not very gentleman like.

Haynes grabs his eyes in pain, turning away from Jack.

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

Blackfront: Jack showing a more aggressive side as he uses pure power to regain control in this match up.

Gentleman Jack drops Haynes's head and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack rolls Haynes over and lifts his leg. Elbow drop to the inner thigh of Haynes.

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

Blackfront: Stomp to the inner thigh of Haynes, followed by another. He then grasp Haynes's legs tighter and leans back, falling to the mat. Blackfront: Slingshot! Haynes slams into that turnbuckle!

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

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack jumps, lifting his knee into the face of Will Haynes. Haynes hits the mat as Jack runs and bounces off the ropes.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack leaps, leg drop across the chest of Will Haynes. It may be over for Haynes.

Jack covers his opponent and waits for the referee to count.

Blackfront: Kick out by Will Haynes!

Jack slaps the mat and gets to his feet. He yanks Haynes up with him.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Gentleman Jack, no, reversed. Jack off the ropes, spinning heel kick by Haynes!

As Jack flies back to the canvas, Haynes collapses to one knee. Blackfront: Haynes still recovering from the damage done by Jack. Ace: I hope it's permanent damage.

Haynes stands up, but falls to one knee again.

Blackfront: I think Will Haynes may have injured that knee. This can't be good for The THRILL. Jack uses the ropes to get to his feet. He looks at Haynes, struggling to get up.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack takes this opportunity as he runs at Will Haynes. Shining Wizard... NO!

Haynes grabs up under Jack's legs as he come sat him, lifts and falls backward.

Blackfront: Haynes able to counter! Haynes able to counter!

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

Blackfront: Haynes lifts Gentleman Jack. Irish whip. He catches himself by the top rope! Jack holds onto the top rope as Haynes 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. The referee leans over the top rope and begins his count.

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

Once up, Jack grabs Haynes and pulls him halfway up, before he hits Jack in the gut.

Blackfront: Haynes not out yet.

Will Haynes takes Jack and directs him to the ring, rolling him back in under the bottom rope. As Haynes 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 Haynes down from the apron.

Blackfront: Will Haynes yanked from the apron back to the floor.

Dan Benson quickly slides into the ring and immediately is stomped by the foot of Gentleman Jack.

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

Jack holds Benson's head and begins to pull him up. Jack boots his opponent in the gut, causing him to bend forward into a DDT.

Blackfront: DDT!

Jack 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: Gentleman Jack has done it! He's won this triple threat opening match!

Announcer: The winner of this match... GENTLEMANNNNNN... JAAACCKKKK!!!

Gentleman Jack stands up, his arm being raised by the referee in victory. Will Haynes watches from outside the ring, his hands on his hips, disappointment on his face as we go to commercial break.

Brought to You By

Something THRILLing

As we return from commercial, Jennifer Williams is standing backstage with Will "The THRILL" Haynes who has a towel around his neck and his hands on his hips. Disappointment still across his face.

Williams: I'm here with Will Haynes. Will, we just you in that impressive triple threat match with Dan Benson and Gentleman Jack in which Gentleman Jack scored the pin fall. How are you feeling?

He turns to her.

Haynes: How am I feeling? How am I feeling?! Really? How do you think I feel Jennifer?

Williams: Well-

Haynes: Look, there's one thing you should point out.

Williams: What's that?

Haynes: I may not have won the match, but it wasn't my shoulders on the canvas when the three count happened. I've told everyone time and time again, I am the most THRILLING superstar to ever step foot in the UTA ring.

Williams: Where do you go from here?

Haynes: It doesn't matter Jennifer, there is nobody in the locker room who can keep up with me. Not one person who has ever been in the UTA that is better than me. Wingate needs to quit jacking me around and give me someone worth mentioning to face!

Williams: Do you see yourself maybe challenging Gentleman Jack to a singles match now? Haynes: Why? Because he

beat Dan Benson tonight? Gentleman Jack is just another no name loser that can't even polish my boots. I am the greatest-

Suddenly from out of the scene, we see someone burst through, knocking Will Haynes in the back of the head with an elbow. Jennifer Williams drops the microphone and leaps back as the former UTA Champion.... Abdul bin Hussain turns and grabs the head of Will Haynes. He slams it into the wall and Haynes crumples to the floor.

Looking down at his handy work, Abdul bin Hussain turns away from Will Haynes throws his arms out to the side and looks up. He takes in all of Allah's love and grace before dropping his arms and looking over at a frightened Jennifer Williams then walking away. The camera zooms down on Will Haynes holding his head in pain.

Black Widow by Iggy Azalea ft. Rita Ora begins to play. Multi-color lasers begin to circulate the arena and then suddenly stop. Then a spotlight appears as an upside-down cross with Jade draped on it lifts from the stage elevator. She has a smirk on her face as she detaches herself from it and begins to walk down to the ring.

Blackfront: Inter-gender action here as Jade Justice will take on Santa Claus next.

Ace: She can take me on any day Jason!

Blackfront: Don't say that, she may make claims you took advantage of her if she hears you did.

Ace: Oh, I'd take advantage of her alright... She taunts the fans by blowing kisses.

Announcer: Hailing from Terciera Island, Portugal.

She then slides under the bottom rope to get into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five feet four and weighing in at one hundred twenty pounds... She stands and goes to each of the corners to taunt the fans even more.

Announcer: JAAAADDEEE JUSSTTTIIICCEEE!!!!

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. Here Comes Santa Claus by Bing Crosby overtakes the sound system. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere. A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reins and stands up in the sleigh. He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Announcer: Coming out next... from the North Pole... Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at an alleged six hundred pounds....

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder.

Announcer: SANTAAA... CLLUUAASSSSS!!!

He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the

ropes and bellows out a mighty HO..... HO..... HO! at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him.

Blackfront: Mrs. Claus now retrieving what looks to be a microphone. I think Santa is going say something.

Ace: Hopefully how he is giving me Jade Justice for Christmas Jason! I think I'm in love!

Mrs. Claus takes the microphone over and hands it to Santa through th ropes as Jade Justice just watches from the corner, ready to fight. He raises the mic up to his lips.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

The crowd goes crazy. Santa looks over at Jade.

Claus: Oh no Jade, Santa wasn't calling you. He was saying hello to all of the good little boys and girls in the crowd.

The fans begin to laugh.

Ace: That's not how you talk to my future ex wife!

Claus: You see Jade... Old Santa here just got done munching down on Mrs. Claus' famous cookie this morning and began going over the naughty list.

Ace: Her famous cookie!

Blackfront: I think he meant cookies Tommy. Get your head out of the gutter.

Claus: Well, Santa was looking at the list and he noticed something.

Jade yells at the referee to get Santa off of the microphone and get the match started.

Claus: I noticed you weren't on the list.

Ace: See! Jade Justice is on the nice list Jason! Jade mouths Of course not and smiles.

Claus: So, I took a drink of some delicious chocolate milk... You know how Santa loves his chocolate.. Ho! Ho! Ho! Well, and I checked the nice list.

Jade smiles more.

Claus: But then, on his way to the arena, Santa saw some greasy wrappers on the floor of his sleigh from when he went to White Castle, and on one of the greasiest wrappers, there was written a "filthy list" with your name on it.

Jade stomps her feet and yells at the referee more. The fans grow loud with laughter. Claus: You just can't go around saying some of the things you say young lady and expect Santa...

Jade Justice has had enough as she charges across the ring and begins to hit Santa, causing him to drop the microphone. The referee calls for the bell to start the match.

Blackfront: Jade Justice not wanting to hear anymore, has taken matters into her own hands.

Ace: Get him baby!

Santa covers up as Jade continues to his him. Santa grabs her, and turns, tossing Justice into the corner.

Blackfront: Santa overpowering Justice with his pure size. Grabs her arm, pulling back... Jade Justice sent across the ring. Santa follows.

Justice hits the opposite corner as Santa runs like a locomotive and leaps up.

Blackfront: HUGE SPLASH!

Ace: No! He crushed my love!

As Santa backs off, Jade falls to the canvas, holding her chest. Santa bends down and lifts her to her feet.

Blackfront: For someone so jolly, Santa is showing he can be ruthless here tonight. This is why you should try to be a good kid through the year and not get put on his naughty list.

Santa hooks both of Jade's arms, and lifts up, her body rises, her feet in the air. She goes onto Santa's shoulder as he runs forward and jumps up, coming down in a sitting position as Jade's head hits the canvas from the massive double under hook pile driver.

Blackfront: THE SLEIGH RIDE! THE SLEIGH RIDE!

Ace: NO! Jade!

Santa turns Jade over and covers her as the referee slides into position for the count. Outside of the ring, Mrs. Claus jumps up and down clapping.

Blackfront: The referee counts.

As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell starts to ring. Blackfront: Quick victory for Santa Claus here tonight in Mexico. Announcer: The winner of the match via pin fall..... SANTA CLAUS!

Santa gets up as his music begins to play. Santa and Mrs. Claus celebrate in the ring as the referee checks on Jade Justice. We go to commercial.

Brought to You By

An Attempted Word with Abdul bin Hussain

As we return from commercial Abdul bin Hussain is seen walking through the parking lot. Jamie Sawyers tries to catch up with him, the camera man running close behind.

Sawyers: Excuse me! Mr. Hussain! Mr. Hussain!

Abdul stops and turns, shooting Jamie a sharp look. Jamie catches up and turns to the camera. Sawyers: I am here with former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain who just a little while ago attacked Will Haynes. Abdul, can you tell the UTA Universe why now, after all of this time, you have come back and have attacked Will Haynes who to my knowledge you have never even met?

Abdul just looks at Jamie and snarls. He steps in, his breathing gets heavier. Then he leans down and points to the sky, looking up and not saying a word. After a few moments he stands back up and raises his hand to Jamie Sawyers who cowers quickly.

Hussain: Infidel.

Abdul Bin Hussain turns and continues away as Jamie Sawyers tries to regain composure after almost feeling the wraith of the former UTA Champion.

Sawyers: No word on why the attack. Hopefully we will find out in two weeks here on Wrestleshow.

Who Do You Fear?

The arena goes black as the lights suddenly go out, on the screen a light is seen flickering and then goes out. Silence is now over the arena.

Blackfront: What the??

Ace: It's HIM!!!

Blackfront: No, I think HE would be different.

Slowly lights start to flicker on around the entrance ramp and the ring as the fog is seen filling the arena up. Then the lights return to see Nigma standing in the ring. He looks out among the crowd and with him is Jennifer Williams who is visible freaking out looking wildly around the arena confused on what happen as Nigma hands her a mic and nods to her.

Blackfront: How did he get here? What happened?

Ace: I'm not sure but Jennifer was sitting in the back waiting for an interview with someone I think.

Nigma looks around the arena as he slowly turns back to Jennifer.

Nigma: Well Jennifer, I hope that this hasn't been a to traumatic of an experience for you this evening.

Jennifer: N. n. no it wasn't.

Nigma walks closer to her and opens his hand into hers and she screams as a scorpion falls from her hand as Nigma grabs the small creature.

Nigma: Jennifer please don't lie to me, it's so unbecoming of a person of your reputation. I would completely understand if you were scared, we all have fear to over come.

Jennifer back's into the corner.

Nigma: Please Jennifer it's ok; I don't wish to harm you. I just thought you wanted an interview with me and find out why I'm here in the entity known as The UTA.

Jennifer slowly let's her guard down as Nigma nods, she slowly makes her way back to Nigma as he waits with the scorpion in his hand and extends his hand to her.

Jennifer: I do but.... Look how did I get here. What happened?

Nigma: All that matters Jennifer is the fear I'll induce within the company. I must find what ticks with all fears and show that the world can conquer their fears with my help.

Nigma laughs as Jennifer is now looking at Nigma's mask and backs away a bit. Jennifer: Ok Nigma. Well, um, er. What's going on as of late? What was the, um deal with Kathryn?

Nigma nods.

Nigma: James ask me to conduct a evaluation on all the wrestlers and employees here, and I knew Kathryn was a busy lady, So I wanted to make sure she wouldn't have to deal with my office pestering her. We had a great evaluation, and I learned some things from her and ways to help her progress as it were.

Nigma is playing with the scorpion as he then jumps at Jennifer

Nigma: BOO!!!

Jennifer jumps a bit as Nigma laughs and then starts to cough, Jennifer attempts to come to his aid but is rewarded with the scorpion into her hands as he drops the bug and screams as she gets out of the ring as soon as possible.

Nigma: I guess Jennifer's fear is so overwhelming that she couldn't handle a small bug. It seems The UTA has an abundance of fears. I can see most of you have the fear of failure. You'll fail at life, you'll fail to win gold, and you'll fail to achieve your goals.

Blackfront: It's good to have fear; it makes us human to have it.

Ace: Speak for yourself. Nigma starts to pace the ring.

Nigma: Sean Jackson, Second Coming, Madman, La Flama Blanca, and everyone else in the back. Your fears will come to me you will succumb to the fear that I hold. I see the fear and your screams are like music to my ears. Take

Sean, He failed at a match and blames all those around him. He failed to retain gold and it was lost to Madman. He thinks Spectre had something to do with it, thus his fear of failing was true and now he can't accept the fact of his loss. I don't blame him; I'm only here to help him realize his goals, to conquer that fear.

Blackfront: What is he talking about? Spectre did nothing.

Ace: No he's right.. I don't want to be afraid..

Nigma stops as he looks into the camera and nods.

Nigma: I want each and one of you to see me on a personal level, to find out what it is you fear, own up to that fear. I want to make you see that fear is nothing but my only enjoyment. I want to see who has the balls to face me. I will find your fear and help you. So who has the balls or well to put it in a better term the testicular fortitude? Don't be shy. I know none of you will, you fear what it is you do not know.

Nigma starts to walk closer to the ropes nearest the camera. He stops and leans on them. Nigma: Kathryn was the first and as you can see, I didn't scare her or make her fear come to light, I just exposed that fear for her to see. I allowed her to make the effort to change that fear heh. And look what happens. I went to her place of business to assist her on her match tonight. Am I that bad of a person?

Nigma laughs again and coughs a bit more. He turns after the fit and spots Ace and Blackfront and nods as he slowly starts to make his way to them. Getting out of the ring slowly but keeping his eyes on the two broadcasters.

Ace: Um, what's he doing? Blackfront: I don't like this. Ace: Can we get security?

Blackfront: I have nothing to fear but fear it's self.

Nigma finally reaches the two men as he leans close to them and speaks softly to them both. Ace screams like a little girl and passes out while Blackfront goes white as Nigma nods.

Nigma: Fear is the only thing you may have but fear grips us all, and when I'm done here you all will fear one word. And what is that word?

As he say's the last sentence the lights black out and return as Nigma is no longer standing there but a bucket of spiders as they start to creep and crawl their way out as Blackfront shoves the bucket away as Ace is now babbling about spiders.

Brought to You By

2020 by SOL, rings out through the arena, the lights turn a dark green, just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is wearing his wrestling gear, including a entrance jacket with the hood over his head.

Blackfront: This could be a huge victory for Mikey Unlikely tonight if he can get past the dreaded pirate, Blackbeard.

Ace: The only thing dreaded about this guy is his breath Jason.

Mikey points to the crowd, and smiles, he picks up steam and heads down the ramp. He gives his fans high fives on the way down the ramp, stopping to pose about halfway down! Mikey smiles and continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from 'The Louie, Ohio'.

Full of energy Mikey slides into the ring, running to the opposite end of the ring, and climbs to the second rope and drops the hood on his jacket and poses to the fans.

Announcer: Standing at 5'11", and weighing in at 225 pounds. Mikey Unlikely!!!!

Mikey hops down and removes the jacket, hands it to the ring crew, and starts warming up in his corner. He stretches

against the ropes, as the match is ready to begin.

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..... BLAAACCKKKKBBBEEEEAAARRDDDD!!!

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.

Blackfront: This should be a good one. The bell begins to ring.

Blackfront: As the bell sounds beginning the match, Mikey wastes no time trying to take Blackbeard's legs out from under him. Mikey delivers some stiff kicks to the right leg of Blackbeard, but the pirate shrugs it off by pushing Mikey backwards.

Mikey grits his teeth in determination as he goes back to the right leg of Blackbeard with kicks.

Blackfront: Blackbeard grabs Mikey by the throat and lifts him up off the ground.

He quickly slams Mikey down to the canvas hard and then shakes his right leg as if to shake the pain out of it. Mikey slowly gets up holding his head, Blackbeard looks over at Mikey with a wicked grin, laughing a wicked laugh for everyone to hear.

Blackfront: I guess this means something wicked is about to come the way of Mikey.

Ace: Now why on earth would you say something like that knowing that Mikey's head is going to get kicked off his shoulders?

Mikey has the same determined look upon his face and he starts to charge toward Blackbeard. Blackbeard lifts up his left foot which sent Mikey straight down to the canvas in pain. Blackbeard goes for a quick cover, but Mikey kicks out before the referee can get his hand down for the count of one.

Ace: I don't really see Mikey winning this match after that big boot. He is a pipsqueak compared to Blackbeard!

Blackbeard attempts to hook in a cross face on Mikey as soon as the ref said there wasn't even a count of one, but Mikey begins to wriggle free from the move.

Blackfront: Mikey is able to roll over on his back, delivering some right and left hands to Blackbeard.

These send the bigger man off of Mikey briefly.

Blackfront: He isn't giving up that much in size Ace. Only three inches in height. We will just have to see how much heart and determination the guys has as he is going up against a mean guy in Blackbeard who outweighs him by thirty seven pounds.

Ace: You mean pirate. He is supposed to be mean you dummy. He is the Pirate King after all. Mikey is able to get to one knee and keeps on delivering punches to Blackbeard as the bigger man tries to block them.

Blackfront: Blackbeard gets one knee before Mikey gets to both feet. Mikey now back to the strikes and kicks that he is known for.

Mikey delivers some stiff kicks to the chest and back of Blackbeard, as Blackbeard attempts to stand up, Mikey delivers a stiff kick to his right knee which sends the big man down to the canvas again on one knee.

Blackfront: That is the stuff. Mikey has a lot of determination to take down the big man. Ace: How much does he have though? I don't think he will make it much longer against Blackbeard.

Mikey then attempts to lock in the Texas Cloverleaf on Blackbeard. Blackbeard tries to wriggle free, but Mikey releases the hold and delivers some more elbows to Blackbeard, which has the big man reeling and trying to block the elbows.

Blackfront: Do you think Mikey has nothing left in him now? He is attempting to go for the Texas Cloverleaf one more time!

Mikey attempts to roll Blackbeard over for the Texas Cloverleaf but the lack of strength Mikey has won't allow him to get the big guy over. Mikey lets go and motions to the crowd for his finisher.

Blackbeard starts to gain his senses and he begins to get back to his feet as Mikey starts to get the crowd behind him.

Ace: The moron doesn't have Blackbeard weak enough. If he couldn't lock in the cloverleaf, what makes you think he can do anything else? Blackbeard is already getting to his feet, so that can be bad for your little buddy up there. He can't hit the 'One hit wonder' that fast on him...

Blackfront: Oh shut up for a moment and listen to this crowd! Mikey is making his way on the apron to attempt this dangerous but very effective maneuver. He is up...

As Blackbeard makes his way to his feet, Mikey turns around to see that he is up. Mikey smirks and then attempts his 'One hit wonder' finisher as Blackbeard is turning around. When Blackbeard does see that Mikey is on the top rope, Blackbeard quickly lifts up his foot again and connects with a boot to Mikey's face. The fans jeer as Blackbeard just shrugs off the boos.

Blackbeard covers Mikey...

Blackfront: The referee is down for the count. Blackbeard may have it here... KICKOUT AT TWO!

Blackbeard looks at the ref and motions that was a three count. The ref said it was two and Blackbeard argues with the ref for a few brief moments.

Blackfront: Arguing with the referee wont help you win this match.

Ace: It couldn't hurt.

Mikey slowly moves his head and grabshis left jaw as he is trying to come to. Blackbeard takes this chance to capitalize on this heads back over to Mikey. Blackbeard picks Mikey up by his head, lifting him up for a tombstone pile driver.

Blackfront: Unlikely trying to fight back.

Mikey tries to get out of the maneuver by hitting Blackbeard in the midsection, but Blackbeard drops and connects with the pile driver before going for another pinfall...

Blackfront: Now it has to be over. The referee counts... ANOTHER KICK OUT! This kid has some spunk in him!

Ace: He won't make it now! No one can after a tombstone pile driver like that!

Blackbeard has a shocked look upon his face as he slowly gets up. He motions to the referee that the count should have been three and the ref calmly holds up two fingers and says it was two.

Blackfront: I have to say, I am unsure how he was unable to keep Unlikely down after that myself.

Ace: It's an... unlikely situation Jason!

Blackfront: Not that again.

Blackbeard shovesthe referee and the ref shoves him back reminding the pirate that he could be disqualified if he

shoved him again. Blackbeard walks back over and bends down to pick Mikey up again, but Mikey rolls up Blackbeard in a small package.

Blackfront: Somehow, Mikey Unlikely able to roll Blackbeard up into a pin!

Ace: This guy can't be human.

Blackbeard kicked out of the package and both men make it to a standing position. Blackfront: Blackbeard runs at Mikey in a clothesline attempt, Mikey ducks. Blackbeard off the ropes and attempta another clothesline, which Mikey ducka again.

As Blackbeard hita the ropes and attempta a clothesline a third time, Mikey connecta with his 'Spinning Records' finisher, which only causea Blackbeard to stagger backwards back into the ropes.

Blackfront: Spinning Records not enough to put The Pirate King down!

Mikey quickly make his way over to Blackbeard who has retreated to a corner to catch his breath. Mikey goes back to the right knee that he worked on earlier and kicks it out from under Blackbeard.

Blackfront: This kid has a lot of heart in him. He just won't quit as he keeps working on that right knee of Blackbeard.

Ace: Blackbeard knows how to take him out. Blackbeard wins in the next three minutes. I will place money on it.

Blackfront: We are not allowed to bet here Tommy.

Ace: Just cause you know you'll lose!

Mikey keeps working on the knee of Blackbeard. Blackbeard shoves Mikey away from him, but Mikey connects with his 'Spinning Records' finisher again. The fans cring and groan as the heel of Mikey's boot connects with the temple of Blackbeard. As Blackbeard fell face first on the canvas, Mikey quickly gets frustrated with himself realizing that he can't pin him because he iis near the ropes. The ref backs up Mikey and begins the ten count...

Ace: The lack of strength the kid has means he won't be able to move Blackbeard away from the ropes to even attempt a pin. The kids own determination backfired!

Blackfront: Oh shut up! Where there's a will there is always a way. The ref saw this and thus began the ten count. Mikey may win this match after all, but now the pirate is starting to stir. Now at four.

Blackbeard slowly starts to stir and Mikey takes notice of this. Blackbeard looks around to see where he is and slowly make his way to the ropes.

Blackfront: At six, now seven. If Blackbeard can't get up in time, Mikey Unlikely will take this one home.

Mikey let his frustration get the better of him and as Blackbeard starts to pull himself up using the ropes, Mikey begins to send more elbows and fists to Blackbeard. Blackbeard lets go of the ropes and tries to block the shots once more as the ref starts a five count for Mikey to get out of the ropes and off of Blackbeard.

Blackfront: Unlikely frustrated and rightfully so. He backs off as the referee hits four.

Mikey quickly gets up off of Blackbeard and the fans start chanting Mikey's name. Mikey goes to the ropes that are directly across from Blackbeard and signals that this was the end of the match. Blackfront: Is this kid going to attempt the 'One hit wonder' again?

Ace: It's unlikely that he will connect.

As Mikey gesturs to the fans once more, Blackbeard finally makes his way up on his feet. Blackbeard is wobbly as Mikey attempt to go for his 'One hit wonder' finisher once again... Blackfront: He did it! He connected with the 'One hit wonder'! Here is the cover...

The referee drops and begins to count. This time his hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... MIKEY... UNLIKELY!

Blackfront: This is pure heart and dedication right here! Your winner is Mikey Unlikely after this beautiful finishing maneuver.

Ace: How could he have won? I call cheats and hacks!! Blackfront: Of course you would Tommy. Of course you would. Mikey celebrates his hard fought victory in the ring.

A Not So Merry Christmas in October

As we return from commercial Santa is walking through the back, his bag over his shoulder.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

He stops as he comes to Madman Szalinski.

Claus: Madman!

Szalinski: Santa!

Santa sits his bag down and opens it reaching in.

Claus: You've been such a good boy this year, Santa brought you something early.

Szalinski: Really?

Claus: Yes! Let me find it.

He digs some more before pulling out a box and handing it over.

Claus: Now don't open that until after the show.

Madman shakes the box, then he smells it. His eyes open wide as he knows the smell.

Szalinski: Santa! OC Kush! You shouldn't have. Santa just gives him a look.

Claus: Shhh... Don't want the federailies to hear. Rudolf had to help Santa bring that across the border for you, and trust me.. he wasn't happy about how he had to do it. HO! HO! HO!

Santa picks his bag up and continues on his way down the hall. Suddenly, Dan Benson runs into the scene, slamming a forearm across the back of Old Saint Nick. Santa drops his bag and goes to one knee as Dan Benson continues with a barrage of shots. He comes forward with a rising knee that catches Santa in the face, sending him to the floor.

Benson looks down admiring his handy work before picking up Santa's bag and dumping the gifts on the floor. He drops the bag and begins to stomp the boxes, stopping to pick some up and throw. Dan rears back and comes forward with a huge kick to the ribs of Santa for good measure before leaving the scene. The camera zooms down on Santa, laid out and hurt.

Clap Your Hands by They Might Be Giants hits the PA. The crowd BOOs loudly, as THE GOOD FRIENDS! step out onto the entrance ramp. Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete dancey-dance their way down the aisle. Uncle Rocky keeps offering select members of the audience his banana; there are no takers. Meanwhile, Robot Pete is tossing bright orange cakes of Uncle Rocky's Citrus Blast Deoderant Soap into the audience, and making motions with his robo-claw that suggest something stinks.

After a few moments of cheap-as-free crowd baiting, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete get to ringside. They give each other high fives and a BIG HUG, before rolling into the ring. As the music dies down, both Rocky & Pete reach for microphones.

Uncle Rocky: HELLO FRIENDS! BOOOOOO YOU SUCK is the crowd's reply.

Uncle Rocky: WELCOME, once again, to another super-awesome episode of the FRIENDZONE!

Robot Pete: This is my favorite segment of this or any show ever! It's the chance for all our GOOD FRIENDS in the audience to learn from the BESTEST teacher in the history of ever, UNCLE ROCKY!

Uncle Rocky: Not to mention we can all laugh and learn from the most awesome piece of technology since the Loaf-O-Matic Bread Slicer 9000, ROBOT PETE!

Robot Pete: And of course, since we're all GOOD FRIENDS here, I'm sure I don't have to tell you folks in the audience that you can learn our lessons SO much better, if you KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN!

The crowd takes the bait and BOOOOOOOOs loudly. Uncle Rocky makes a big show of looking surprised, before the duo laugh it off.

Uncle Rocky: Well, Robot Pete, that certainly WAS unexpected! I guess we shouldn't have assumed these folks knew anything about good manners! I guess that's why today's lesson will be about PREJUDICE!

Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky... what is prejudice?

Uncle Rocky: Prejudice is when you make assumptions about people without getting to know all the facts!

Robot Pete: I see! So you were actually demonstrating prejudice when you assumed that the people in the audience would be kind and polite, like all of the other special people we work with! I can see how--

Oh, the crowd does not like this. They BOOOO like crazy. Something has to be bleeped out by the censors. Robot Pete waves it off.

Robot Pete: PLEASE, friends! Let me finish! By assuming I'm about to say something you won't like to hear, YOU are being prejudiced!

Uncle Rocky: Well, we are in the middle of teaching a lesson about prejudice, Robot Pete! They probably don't know what that is yet!

Robot Pete: I know, that is why everyone in the audience should know...

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: WE FORGIVE YOooooooooou!!!

Another scattered round of BOOing, though less enthusiastic. The duo continue.

Uncle Rocky: Besides, I did some research, and I think I know why they are angry with us!

Robot Pete: Really? Well, I gleefully await your input!

Uncle Rocky: Remember how we helped our GOOD FRIEND James Wingate pick all the matches at the last Wrestleshow?

Robot Pete: I sure do! Of course, I cherish EVERY memory of the time we spend together, so that should not be a surprise!

Uncle Rocky: Well... I checked the internet message boards and social media feeds afterwards, and it turns out... there are people who think we FIXED THE MATCHES!

Robot Pete: GASP! You mean that piece of paper you gave me to work from... WASN'T random? Uncle Rocky: Honestly, I don't know, because the person that gave ME the piece of paper didn't tell me how random it was!

Robot Pete: But still... that means even if the matches WERE fixed, then it couldn't have been you that fixed them one way or another! You are completely faultless!

Uncle Rocky: Nonetheless, there are people who thought that everything we did, was not nice... That includes the way you, ah, "improved" the lottery machine...

Robot Pete: The machine lost over 6 pounds from all the parts I removed - at Weight Watchers, that's considered a HUGE improvement!

Uncle Rocky: Well, some folks didn't see it that way. They thought I was being... well...

Uncle Rocky starts to stammer and look embarrassed. Robot Pete consoles his GOOD FRIEND by putting an arm around him.

Robot Pete: Oh, come now, Uncle Rocky, what did they think?

Uncle Rocky: I... I don't think I can say it!

Robot Pete: You CAN say it! Be strong!

Uncle Rocky: It's just... they thought I was... OH it's such a bad word...

Robot Pete: Please, I'm your BESTEST friend! You can say it and I promise not to judge you for it!

Uncle Rocky clutches his chest and inhales deeply. He appears to wipe away a tear.

Uncle Rocky: They thought... t-t-they thought... THEY-THOUGHT-I-WAS-BEING-NAUGHTY THERE I SAID IT!!!

Robot Pete: ACK! NOT THE DREADED "N" WORD!

Both Robot Pete and Uncle Rocky start having a mini-freakout at the use of, ah... the "n-word". Once they regain their composure, they continue.

Robot Pete: So, you're saying, that the audience here is booing you, because they think you're... the n-word?

Uncle Rocky: I think there can't be any other explanation! Our GOOD FRIENDS in the audience don't like it when they see a person who they think is the n-word!

The HUGE round of BOOs from the crowd is equal parts furious and confused. Robot Pete turns to the crowd with a look of pleading on his video-face.

Robot Pete: PLEASE, friends! I know how you feel! After all, I also dislike n-word people, it's just that--  
MORE booing! Robot Pete even jumps a little.

Robot Pete: Please, let me finish! All I'm saying, is that just because Uncle Rocky LOOKS like an n-word person, doesn't give you the right to TREAT him like an n-word person!

Uncle Rocky: Exactly, because that would be PREJUDICE!

Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky, I don't exactly see why what we did could even be considered wrong! We were there for our GOOD FRIEND James Wingate when he needed us most!

Uncle Rocky: Correct-a-mundo, my digital dude-bro! However, there are others who weren't so mad about that. They say that we took up too much of the show!

Robot Pete: Hmm, so they think we were stealing too much attention away from other UTA superstars?

Uncle Rocky: I suppose they do!

Robot Pete: That makes sense! After all, it is true that stealing is totally n-word behavior, but what they-

THE CROWD HATES THIS! The wall of BOOs takes a full fifteen seconds to die down before

Robot Pete can continue his thought.

Robot Pete: You know people, it's really rude to keep interrupting us like this! I think you're ALL acting like n-word people!

ANOTHER thunderous round of BOOing cuts the air, but this doesn't stop Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete from getting together on the mic:

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: BUT THAT'S OKAY... WE FORGIVE YOOOOOOOOOU!!!

Uncle Rocky: Still though, this is not a very productive lesson, so maybe we should just wrap it up for now and go get ready to win our SUPER AWESOME tag team championship titles later in the show!

Robot Pete: Do we have time for a healthy snack? Because I could definitely go for some fried chicken!

Uncle Rocky: ROBOT PETE! How DARE you suggest we eat that awful n-word food!

Robot Pete: What?!

Uncle Rocky: Fried chicken is LOADED with nasty grease and carbohydrates! It is NOT a healthy snack, in fact it's one of the worst things you can do to your body before a match! Robot Pete: Oh, of course! Silly me!

Uncle Rocky: Let's just have a refreshing slice of watermelon instead!

Robot Pete: Nothing n-word about that!

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: SEE YOU NEXT TIME FRIENDS! The scene fades out as people are launching garbage at the ring.

#### Contract Renewal

Perfection and Marshall Owens are marching their way down the corridor, the UTA Championship held close to Perfections shoulder. Owens carries his briefcase with him, both in full suits, dressed to impress. They reach the office of James Wingate which is being blocked by head of security Bryan Wingate. Perfection doesn't say a word as Marshall does all the talking, he looks at his watch briefly before smiling at Bryan.

Owens: Listen guy, we are on a tight schedule, so if you'll move out of the way or you can explain to your boss why his Champion wasn't able to wrestle tonight because someone in the upper management forgot to sign his contract renewal!

Bryan smiles letting out a little chuckle.

B. Wingate: Pipe down, he's expecting you.

He opens the door for them as Marshall marches in, Perfection walks right past Bryan not even addressing his existence, strutting his way towards Wingate's desk who is sitting behind it.

Marshall immediately extends his hand towards James Wingate and they both shake, business is business.

Owens: Mr. Wingate it's nice to see you again, of course my client is also very happy to have the honor to extend his contract with the UTA.

Perfection sits there eyes almost burning a hole right through Wingate.

Perfection: Yes, it's a pleasure, Jim. Really.

Marshall immediately pops open his briefcase to kill the dead air mixed with tension between the champ and the boss. Owens pulls out stack of paperwork handing it over to Wingate who starts to review it.

Owens: Arhem! Of course, corporate down in Dallas is the ones who outlined the terms and conditions as well as

expectations, which we are totally on board for. There's a slight raise in pay, I see that as normal, as did corporate-plus just a few incentives. Let's not forget, my client, this man right here, is your champion...the image of this company!

Wingate sets the paperwork down and looks at Perfection sternly.

Wingate: And that's what scares me.

Marshall points at the paperwork from afar.

Owens: All we need is your initials on page one, five, and thirteen with a signature on thirteen as well. Then we will be out of your hair. Mind you, if we don't sign off tonight then you have no main event and can answer to the board of directors come Monday.

Perfection leans forward towards Wingate's desk.

Perfection: Sign the papers, Jim.

Wingate starts initialing and finally signs handing the paperwork back to Marshall.

Wingate: Just get out of my office.

Marshall and Perfection stand up and walk out of the office. The camera walking out with them, facing both as they continue down the corridor, a sinister smile on both of their faces.

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Announcer: Coming to the ring. Hailing from Frimley, England. He stands at six foot one and weighs in at two hundred and fifteen pounds.... LEW... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!

The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

The lights go out as "Scarecrow" From Ministry starts up as the strobe lights starts to flickers in the arena as Nigma walks out in his Scarecrow costume, He stops at the ramp and looks out as he lifts his noose from his neck and mock hangs himself as starts to stumble down to the ring. Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from parts unknown. Standing five foot eight and weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds.... NIIGGMMMAAAAA

The Screens behind him light up with various clips of experiments and fear images of spiders, clowns, heights, darkness, and other various things. Nigma's name comes on the screen as it cuts to his face staring at the crowd. He stops half way and removes his hat as he looks out to the crowd and continues to the ring, He stops at the steps and walks up as he stops and wipes his feet on the canvas before he enters.

The lights return as he enters the ring and walks around with a slow pace and is ready for the match to begin.

Blackfront: This is one match I have been waiting for. Lew Smith to go one on one with Nigma. Ace: If anything Lew will know better and run before Nigma ends his career once and for all. I will laugh all the way to the bank if this happens.

Blackfront: The bell sounds and the match is underway. Both men lock up in the center of the ring and Lew gets the upper hand by placing Nigma in a headlock.

Nigma sends Lew into the ropes by shoving him off of his head. Lew attempts a running clothesline but Nigma ducks and then Nigma attempts a standing drop kick. The fans jeer at Nigma as the drop kick connects. Nigma gets up quick

from the canvas and attempts a quick sharpshooter on Lew. Lew quickly makes his way to the ropes before the move could be placed upon him and Nigma splits his legs open and kicks him in the midsection.

Blackfront: Now that isn't right. That was a near low blow by Nigma!

Ace: Doesn't matter if it was right, it was effective. Look at the little wimp in the ring rolling around in pain.

Lew holds his midsection and writhing in pain. Nigma just laughs evilly and bends down to pick up Lew from the canvas. As Nigma brings Lew up to his feet, Lew breaks away and starts to deliver some staggering and small hits, which send him reeling into the corner.

Blackfront: Lew calls those series hits the Raging Angel.

Ace: Lew is going to need a few angels after tonight is over with.

Lew keeps on delivering those staggering and quick hits to Nigma, but he also throws in a few knife edge chops for some good measure. The fans are cheering for Lew as he grabs Nigma in a headlock and walks backwards towards the center of the ring. Lew attempts a suplex, but Nigma stops it.

Blackfront: Lew attempts the suplex for a second time and Nigma blocks it yet again.

Nigma instead lifts Lew into the air, but Lew wriggles free and lands on his feet as Nigma quickly turns around to see Lew behind him. Lew goes right back to the Raging Angel, but Nigma blocks some of the hits from his opponent and then delivers some of his own knife edge chops. Nigma kicks Lew in the gut and quickly delivers a bulldog on his opponent. Nigma then goes for a pinfall attempt...

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt and a quicker kick out there. This match continues.

Nigma gets up and gets into the ref's face before he quickly turns around to his opponent. Lew at this time is pulling himself back up and backs into a corner for what appears to be safety. Nigma quickly climbs the top rope and waits as Lew is trying to figure out where Nigma went to. Nigma gathers his balance upon the top rope and then he attempts a top rope drop kick. Lew sees him attempting this and Lew moves out of the way. Nigma hits the mat hard and Lew rolls Nigma over and goes for a free pinfall attempt...

Blackfront: Kickout at two.

Lew gets up a bit slow and then makes his way to the corner to shake what cobwebs he has in his head out.

Blackfront: Nigma slowly making his way up to his feet as Lew Smith is making his way towards him.

Once Nigma gets back to his feet, Lew starts to deliver some right knees to the stomach of Nigma. As the second and third knee connected, the fans are cheering for Lew.

Blackfront: This crowd is electric for Lew Smith to pull out the win here, but Nigma isn't going to stand for any of it.

Lew attempts to go for the suplex that he was attempting earlier in the match. Nigma won't have any of it and blocks the suplex attempt. As Lew tries to come back for the suplex attempt, Nigma connects with a perfectly placed superkick to Lew's face. Instead of attempting a pinfall, Nigma lifts the legs of Lew Smith and steps in, placing him in a sharpshooter.

Ace: This is going to win Nigma the match for sure!

Blackfront: It may not win him the match right away. Look at Lew fighting to stay in this match. Through the pain that is shooting throughout the body of Lew Smith, Lew manages to somehow try and make his way to the ropes. Lew uses what strength he can muster up and makes his way to the bottom ropes. The fans began to try and chant Lew's name as the ref starts up a five count for Nigma to break the hold...

Blackfront: Nigma broke the hold at four and a half.

Ace: I would have kept it on.

Blackfront: And you would have lost Tommy.

Lew feels the pressure off of his back and he holds his lower back in agony. Nigma doesn't let up on Lew however as he grabs the left leg of Smith. Nigma pulles Lew into the center of the ring and goes for a quick pinfall attempt...

Blackfront: This Lew kid has a lot of spunk in him. He is trying to pull himself up right now to get back in this fight after kicking out at two.

Ace: Don't be a dunce like La Flama Blanca Jason. Nigma is going to win this match no doubt about it.

Nigma quickly gets to his feet, bending over to pull Lew up off of the canvas. As Lew is brought to his feet, Nigma grabs him in a headlock. Nigma then liftes Lew up off of the canvas and holds him up in the air for a brief moment before connecting with a brainbuster and then going for the pinfall again...

Blackfront: Nigma doesn't look happy that the ref only counted two. The more he fights with the ref though, the more he gives Lew time to get up and start mounting the comeback.

Nigma backs up the ref into a corner and the ref threatens disqualification after Nigma raises his fist to him and says it was three. The whole time Nigma is jaw jacking with the ref, Lew is making his way up to his feet. After a few more seconds of fighting with the ref, Nigma turns back around and is met with the quick and staggering strikes from Lew.

Blackfront: Here starts the comeback of Lew Smith right now! Can he continue his...

Ace: Let me stop you right there space cowboy and answer you with an emphatic hell no! I will keep saying this, but Nigma is going to win this match.

Blackfront: Language Tommy. We don't need to pay more people than we already have to pay on this roster. Wait a minute, what is Lew doing?

Lew Smith had signaled that it was time for the end of the match to commence. Lew starts to deliver knee strikes to the midsection of Nigma which sends Nigma back into the corner.

Blackfront: Lew Smith pulling Nigma out of the corner. Another knee to the midsection of Nigma. He hooks him in.. lifts... SUPLEX!

As Nigma hits the canvas he tries to roll out of the ring, but Lew grabs his right leg and begins to pull him back into the ring. Nigma kicks Lew off of him and starts to slowly stand up. Lew tries to deliver some staggering hits, but Nigma blocks them and delivers some knife edge chops of his own. Nigma applies a cross arm breaker submission and Lew squirms in pain.

Blackfront: Nigma is about to break his arm!

Ace: Do it Nigma! Break his arm off of his body!

Nigma quickly breaks the hold and stands up in the corner waiting for Lew Smith to pull himself up on his feet. Once Lew gets to his feet, Nigma kicks him in the gut and grabs Lew in a front face lock. Nigma connects with a snap swinging neck breaker. The fans boo Nigma as he attempts a pinfall...

Blackfront: Yet another kickout at two in this back and forward match up.

Nigma gets into the ref's face again and shoves him. The ref threatens to disqualify him if he doesn't get out of his face and get his hands off of him. Nigma angrily pulls Lew up by his hair. Lew delivers a stiff strike to the throat on Nigma. He lets go of Lew and staggers backwards. Lew shakes the cobwebs out of his head and attempts a splash on Nigma. Nigma counters with a boot to the face and follows up with a bull dog. Nigma then covers Lew Smith yet again.

Blackfront: There have been a lot of pinfall attempts tonight, but only one winner can prevail as Lew Smith is able to get

free before the three count.

Ace: It's like neither of these guys want to lose.

Blackfront: Do I detect sarcasm?

Ace: Yes.

Nigma gets up and gets into a corner, gritting his teeth as he stares at Lew trying to get up from the canvas. Nigma walks over to Lew and delivers some stiff punches. The referee reminds him about having no closed fists. Nigma then connects with a kick to the gut of Lew and then quickly hits a front flip pile driver.

Blackfront: The pinfall attempt after that awesome move Nigma calls Face Your Fear! This one may be over.

The referee's hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... NIIIGGGGMMMMAAAAA!!!!

Blackfront: Nigma pulls off the victory here, but the former VCW Champion didn't let him take it easily.

Ace: Probably the first time he didn't easily give it up to another guy.

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Ace: What? What did I say?

Nigma yanks his arm away from the referee who tries to raise it in victory as we go to commercial.

Brought to You By

The Clause

The cameras open to the luxury private locker room of Dynasty. It's since been upgraded to host couches, benches, large screen tvs, the works. There's champagne on ice, ready to go, a celebration almost in order as Perfection stands next to CBR, Sean Jackson, and KVT. He smokes a cigar as both him and Claude host their titles around their waists.

Perfection: When Sean said he hired one of the best attorneys in the country I never thought he'd be able to pull this off. How many times in your life have you seen something like this, Sean? Perfection hands over a roughly fifteen page document to Jackson who looks at it smiling.

Jackson: Are you kidding? Marshall has been pulling stuff like this off for years. Why do you think that other wrestling organization hasn't sued to get their title back. Marshall threatened to lock them into years of litigation, filing for an injunction that would have grinded the entire company to a halt...

Sean skims over the document, a smile forming. Yes, this is the reason why Marshall Owens is one of the highest paid attorney's in the country today.

Jackson: I mean, I knew Marshall was smart. But I didn't think it was going to be THIS easy. KVT: This, gentlemen is going to be something that the UTA has never seen the likes of, and I can't imagine they'll be forgetting it too soon either.

Perfection exhales a cloud of smoke a sinister look crossing his face.

Perfection: Ungratefuls, in one pen stroke....James Wingate has sealed so many fates in this company.

Claude takes the document from Sean, a grin curling across his lips as he reads the fine print.

CBR: Time for the true power behind this juggernaut to play puppet-master...

The paperwork is finally handed back to Perfection. He turns through the pages and reaches the infamous page thirteen that was initialed and signed earlier by Wingate which he briefly reads out loud.

Perfection: James Wingate has hereby authorized complete booking control and rights to the stable known as Dynasty or Perfection, Sean Jackson, Claude Baptiste Ranier, and Kathryn Vermont Thomas; and has released creative control in conjunction with the General Management of WrestleShow Twenty-Five, on the date of November Second, Twenty-Fourteen.

Jackson: This is going to be awesome. I wonder what Wingate is going to say when he realizes that he's been duped?

KVT: What do you mean when HE realizes? You think he has enough smarts to figure it out on his own? Don't be too nice, he might think you like him.

Perfection crushes his cigar in his hand as he begins to point at the camera.

Perfection: This is where all of you inept fools backstage come to the final conclusion of who's really in charge here! I've grown tired of your insolence, you're lack of respect for US! It's about time some of you pay! This constant biting of the hand that feeds you, the ones who get your checks signed- the hand is slapping back!

The four members of Dynasty share a selection of smiles as KVT leaves the dressing room, followed by Perfection, his hand on her waist and Jackson. CBR walks towards the door, turning to the camera before leaving, the smug look on his face evident despite the pair of Ray-Bans covering his eyes.

CBR: And if you think THAT's the only surprise we have in store for you tonight UTA...think twice.

The air raid siren sounds off as Apex Predator by OTEP starts up. The lights go down and a single spotlight shines on the entryway.

After several seconds of anticipation, The Second Coming walks through the curtain and stops just after entry. Her entire head is obscured by the hood of her sweatshirt, and her gaze is focused down.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with an opportunity tonight to become the very last Valor Championship Wrestling Champion and use that to turn it in for an UTA Wildfire or Internet title shot down the road.

Ace: This woman? Beat Dick Fury? Ha!

She took several cleansing breaths, as if she's psyching herself up for the evening's match.

Announcer: Hailing from New York, New York!

T2C walked the aisle in the very center, consciously oblivious to the cheering fans on either side of her. The black hoodie, black pants, black boots and black face mask nearly obscured her completely, though her confidence - filled walk implied that her nondescript appearance was not to be taken lightly.

Announcer: Standing at five feet nine inches, and weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds... There was no pageantry or fuss as the Second Coming stepped through the ropes. She paced the perimeter a step away from the ropes like a caged animal, flexing her tape - covered hands and wrists as the lights started to come up.

Announcer: THE... SECOOOOND... COMING!

As the fans cheered T2C's name, she unzipped the hoodie and waited.

Blackfront: As his final decree, James Ranger named this a submission match. To win, you must make your opponent give up. otherwise, everything is legal!

Ace: We know how submission matches work Jason.

The music dies down and the Second Coming awaits her opponent. Suddenly the lights lower to a dim pink and through out the speakers Mickey Avalon's My Dick begins to play.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now... He is the current Valor Championship Wrestling Champion....

Dick Fury steps through the curtains and stands at the top of stage, title around his waist, and poses.

Announcer: From Hollywood, California... he stands at five foot ten and weighs in tonight at two hundred and eighteen pounds.... SUPERB.... DICK... FUUURRRRYYYY!!!!!!

Dick begins down the ramp, unhooking the title as he speeds up. he bust into a sprint and slides into the ring popping to his feet and holding the VCW Championship in the air.

Blackfront: VCW Championship on the line!

Fury hands the title to the referee and begins talking smack to his opponent.

Ace: That is a true champion there Jason. This is going to be great! The bell sounds and both competitors walks in a circle around the ring.

Blackfront: Quick lock up. Fury overpowering The Second Coming as he shoves her back and into the corner.

Dick holds her there for a few moments as the referee tells him to break the hold.

Ace: I think the referee forgot that anything is OK here.

Dick lets up and takes a step back as The Second Coming stands against the post looking at him. He puts his hand out to her.

Blackfront: Fury... offering his hand to The Second Coming?

Ace: What a gentleman.

The Second Coming looks around and reaches out grabbing Dick's hand. He lifts hers up and kisses it. The Second Coming yanks her hand away and frantically begins to wipe it on her leg in disgust.

Blackfront: Who knows where that hand and mouth of Dick Fury has been!

Dick steps back allowing The Second Coming to come out of the corner. They circle again before locking up for a second time.

Blackfront: Fury overpowering The Second Coming yet again, putting her back in the corner.

Ace: He needs to put her in the kitchen where she belongs!

Blackfront: Come on Tommy!

Dick holds her there for a moment before letting go. He smiles at The Second Coming before patting her on the head.

Blackfront: Absolutely no respect from the champion tonight.

Ace: She doesn't deserve any!

Suddenly, The Second Coming reaches up with both hands and grabs the nipples of Dick Fury, twisting. He lets out a blood curdling scream as she pushes him backwards.

Blackfront: The Second Coming has full control now.

Ace: She can't do that!

Blackfront: She can do anything she wants to Tommy in this type of match.

She pushes him all the way across the ring and into the corner, not letting go. Dick continues to scream, trying to break the hold by putting his head down between the ropes, but the referee abides by the rules of the match this time and lets her continue. She twist one last time as hard as she can before letting go and backing away.

Blackfront: I think if she would have continued to hold on, that would have been enough to make Dick Fury quit!

Fury rubs his chest then takes off toward The Second Coming.

Blackfront: Second Coming catches Fury... Hip toss!

Fury pops up to his feet and hits the top rope with his hands in anger before turning and running again.

Blackfront: Another hip toss by The Second Coming.

Ace: Your hips are made for carrying babies, not tossing Dick around!

She holds onto Dick's arm and locks it into a hold. Dick slaps the canvas in pain as she applies pressure.

Blackfront: The Second Coming working that arm, hoping for Dick to tap out.

Dick gets to a sitting position as The Second Coming gets to one knee behind him, holding onto his shoulder with one hand as she twist his arm with the other.

Blackfront: The referee asking Dick if he gives up, but the champion refuses.

Fury begins to push up. As he raises to his feet, he begins to turn the arm of The Second Coming, reversing the lock into one of his own, bending the wrist of The Second Coming back. Blackfront: Fury now in control yet again, reversing that hold into a wrist lock.

She tries to fight back as Fury yells a her You think you're bad now little girl, don't you?!

Blackfront: The Second Coming in pain as she tries to fight back.

Ace: Just give up!

She is able to start getting a little power behind her, using her legs to press up and forward, slowly turning Dick around and reversing the wrist lock into her own. Dick lets out a scream of pain as he goes down to one knee and T2C applies pressure.

Blackfront: The Second Coming reverses! Dick now feeling the pain shooting from his wrist.

Ace: Let him go! he has important things he uses that wrist for!

Blackfront: You're sick.

Ace: I meant like caring the weight of his title!

She twist Dick's wrist harder, his arm going over further and him letting out another scream as the referee ask him if he gives up.

Blackfront: Dick Fury in pain but still refusing to give up.

Ace: It's because he is a real man Jason!

Blackfront: A real man in real pain Tommy.

Dick is able to get to his feet. He grabs The Second Coming's wrist with his other hand and she just twist his wrist harder, sending him back to his knees.

Blackfront: Fury trying to fight back.

Dick pushes up yet again. He fights back, releasing her wrist with his free hand, and swinging his arm down as he turns, lowering his body and rotating his arm. As he comes back up he now has The Second Coming's arm locked again and takes control.

Blackfront: Fury able to counter and now in control again. I would have never guessed we would have a technical showdown as we are having.

Ace: Dick has so many styles in his box Jason, he can face anyone with any style!

He bends his knee a bit and pushes up, rotating The Second Coming's arm again. She grabs her shoulder as she lets out a yelp. Dick holds her wrist up and bends it back yelling Dick's got some fancy moves don't he fancy pants?!

Blackfront: Fury talking smack as he bends that wrist of the Second Coming who may have underestimated him coming into this match.

Ace: How could she? This is the guy who beat Madman Szalinski. This is the guy who beat Conrad Teller. This is the VCW Champion for the last one hundred plus days. How can anyone underestimate him ever?

The Second Coming tries to pull Dick's fingers from her wrist with her free hand, he just applies more pressure to the wrist before yanking her arm and putting it behind her.

Blackfront: Fury wearing the arm of The Second Coming down. If he continues it won't be long until he is able to attack that arm and possibly make her tap.

The Second Coming holds her shoulder in pain as the referee asks her if she gives up.

Blackfront: The Second Coming refusing to give up, but at what cost?

She tries to get free but can't. Looking around, The Second Coming spins her body around, breaking free and sliding into a headlock that puts Dick Fury to a knee.

Blackfront: Impressive counter by The Second Coming who now has the VCW Champion in a side headlock.

She applies pressure as Dick pushes his way to his feet. The Second Coming retches again, putting Dick back down to one knee before applying even more pressure.

Blackfront: That side headlock is hooked on tight, keeping Dick Fury under control.

Dick throws his arms around her waist and begins to push The Second Coming, who refuses to let go, toward the ropes. She lifts her legs up, catching the rope, and pushes off, using them to turn and fall to the canvas ever releasing the headlock as she brings Dick Fury down with her. The fans begin to clap at the impressive move.

Blackfront: Very impressive counter there by The Second Coming who still has Dick Fury in that side headlock now on the canvas in the center of the ring.

Dick reaches through her arms and places his hands on the Second Coming's chin, pushing up.

Blackfront: Fury trying to fight back.

Ace: You got this Dick!

She applies pressure again, causing him to lower his arms as he is in pain. Fury tries to raise up now. T2C moving with him, refusing to let go. As they twist around, he throws a finger up, catching her in the eye and causing her to break the headlock. The Second Coming grabs her eye and stumbles back as Fury stands up and smiles.

Blackfront: That's nothing to be proud of Dick!

Ace: It did what it was supposed to, didn't it?

Fury moves forward, pushing The Second Coming into the ropes.

Blackfront: Second Coming sent across the ring, off of the ropes and on the return. She ducks the clothesline attempt, off of the ropes again.

Fury reaches to lift her up sideways, however The Second Coming swings her body around, her legs wrapping around his neck. However, her legs slip and come down to the canvas. She continues to hold him around his arm and neck, placing a leg between his and lifts back, taking Fury down to the canvas.

Blackfront: COUNTERED INTO A SIDE RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Ace: She has to be lathered up in butter to be that slippery! Referee! Check her!

Dick rolls over to his knees throwing his hands up and scooting back on both knees, yelling for a Time Out.

Blackfront: There are no time outs Dick!

Ace: The man needs a break! Give him one! I mean he is champion you know!

The Second Coming just looks at Fury begging for a time out in amazement. She looks out to the crowd as if seeing if they see this too. Dick pushes up to his feet and runs forward. the Second Coming turns her attention back to him just in time for Fury to throw his hand up, grab her face and push her back and down to the canvas with all of his might. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Fury with no regards that he his facing a female.

Ace: Who cares? She steps into the ring with a man, expect to get treated like one.

Dick stops running once he gets to the ropes. he grabs the top rope and leans out to the crowd, yelling at them for their boos as The Second Coming rolls on the canvas in pain.

Blackfront: Fury not too happy with the crowd's justifiable reaction to how he is treating The Second Coming.

Ace: What do they know? They don't even speak English!

Blackfront: Because we are in Mexico Tommy!

Ace: So?!

As she begins to get up, Fury turns to her and runs, lifting a knee that catches The Second Coming right in the face. The fans boo harder.

Blackfront: Running knee smash to the face of The Second Coming, putting her back on the canvas.

Ace: Right in the face, just like she likes it!

Dick yells to the booing fans some more as The Second Coming rolls in pain on the canvas.

Blackfront: The VCW Champion leading this match now.

She tries to get up and Fury heads over, kicking her in the fce again, sending her to the canvas on her back again.

Ace: Just like The Second Coming... always on her back!

Blackfront: That is uncalled for Tommy! Dick stomps T2C in the chest.

Blackfront: That can't feel good.

The Second Coming rolls over to her chest, trying to protect it. Fury steps over her back and thrust above her before reaching down. He wraps his hands below her and lifts.

Blackfront: The Second Coming being pulled to her feet.

Ace: By her.. by her... her chesticles!

Fury holds The Second Coming's breast. He lifts back and up, throwing her up and over.

Ace: BOOB PLEX BOOB PLEX!

Blackfront: A modified suplex by Fury! WAIT! The Second Coming lands on her feet! She lands on her feet!

Fury turns and The Second Coming runs forward and with all of her force throws a leg up, connecting fully with his groin. Fury's eyes almost pop out of his head as his feet come off of the canvas before he flies to the side and down to the canvas, holding his groin in pain. He screams loud, tears come down his face.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with a kick to what Dick Fury likes to refer to as his Little Fury!

Ace: No! Someone save the Little Fury!

The Second Coming doesn't let up as she runs over and begins to stomp him repeatedly in his groin.

Ace: My lord! Someone stop this match!

She slams her foot down with force, over and over. Fury screams in pain and cries out that he quits. She continues to stomp as the referee pushes her back and signals for the bell.

Blackfront: The Second Coming has done it! She's done it!

Ace: This is BULL SH-

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEWWWW Valor Championship Wrestling Champion.... THE SECOND.... COOOMMMINNNNGGG!!!!

The referee hands The Second Coming the title. She holds it close to her chest and drops to her knees, celebrating.

Blackfront: That is one happy woman right there folks. She earned her way into this match and has earned the chance to call herself the final VCW Champion.

Ace: Earned it? She stole it with that horrific assault on Dick Fury's little friend! That was wrong on so many levels and should be reversed!

Blackfront: No it shouldn't! All is fair in this type of match and she earned it Tommy. Let her have her moment!

The Second Coming continues to celebrate as we go to commercial break.

Brought to you By

Breaking Point I

As we return from commercial we see FKA the Wrestler walking through the back. A look of determination on his face as in a little while he faces J Stevenson in a two out of three falls match. He arrives at his locker room door and opens the door.

As FKA disappears into the locker room we hear a loud noise. The camera man runs forward, the camera shaking. As the camera reaches the door it burst open and J Stevenson is seen pulling FKA out of the locker room by his head. He kicks his feet, trying to get free and J Stevenson brings his right hand down slamming it into FKA's head a few times.

Stevenson turns FKA over and brings his knee up, smashing it into FKA's face. Stevenson begins to drag FKA down the hall as we move back ringside.

The start of Psycho Circus plays and when the festive carnival music stops. The camera pants to the ring where Ringmaster Kennedy is front and center. He turns around the center of the ring looking into the crowd.

Blackfront: Kennedy and Marney haven't been too successful so far in UTA.

Ace: Kennedy knows what she's doing, Jason.

Welcome to the greatest show you have ever seen.... From The Psych Ward...

Ace: Which one?

Blackfront: God only knows, Tommy.

Kennedy: Standing Six Foot Six and weighing in this evening at Two Hundred Ninety Six pounds...For your viewing pleasure...

The song picks up as flames burst from the top of the ramp. The flames go out and Marney is standing, staring at the ring. He starts to walk to the ring when Kennedy motions for him to come. Blackfront: Another good matchup right here on this big five hour Wrestleshow!

Ace: Still a lot more wrestling action to come. Kennedy: Here is... Rodney "The Carney" Marney! Ace: Big man that Marney. I'm not going with the upset. Blackfront: Thought you didn't like La Flama Blanca.

Ace: He seems different since he got attacked by The Truth. Something's different, I know it. Marney walks slowly down to the ring. The fans boo him as he passes. Marney gives them no mind. He's focused on his master. He grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron. He enters the ring by stepping over the middle rope.

The crowd in Mexico is already buzzing. They know who is walking out next. Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd erupts for their home town hero. The building is rocking.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Ace: These fans are going wild!

Blackfront: You can't ask for a better response from your home town crowd. He gets a nice pop as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico.

The fans are deafening. Blanca walks down the ramp and stops. He bows to the crowd. He continues down and slaps the hands of the fans. He hugs some of the fans and stops to take a picture with them. The fans are the loudest they've been all night.

Announcer: Standing at five feet eleven inches and weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds...

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. He pauses and looks at his people. He throws his arm up in the air for them to get louder.

Announcer:LA FLAMA BLANCA!

Blackfront: WrestleUTA dot com was able to get a word from La Flama Blanca earlier today and here's what he had to say.

La Flama Blanca appears in a black and red bordered box in the bottom of the screen. He is sitting in front of a black background with perfect lighting. The UTA logo under his face.

Blanca: It's going to be wild tonight. Mexico is getting the chance to see some of the best wrestling in the world. I'm happy to be here and going to put on my best show for my Mexican family.

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The fans are loving him. The screen in the corner cuts to another take of the Cruiserweight.

Blanca: Rodney, you may be a big and strong, but what I lack in stature I make up for in heart and grit. I'm celebrating tonight in Mexico. Tonight is mine.

He fades from the corner and we go back to live action. Blanca walks around the ring as the fans chant his name.

Fans: FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA! FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA!

He acknowledges the fans.

Ace: One of his biggest matches in the UTA and it's here in Mexico. La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean in his corner.

Fans: FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA! FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA!

Blackfront: Big test for the Luchador tonight.

Ace: Lot of pressure on his shoulders, Jason. Let's see what he does. The bell sounds and they continue to chant their fellow Mexican's name. Fans: FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA! FLAAMAA BLANCAAAA!

The two men lock up in the ring with Marney getting the upper hand by locking in an arm bar on Blanca. Blanca tries to flip his way out of the arm bar, but Marney locks it in tighter. Marney's manager Kennedy is out at ringside and is clapping very loud for her client.

Blackfront: I can't believe that clown Kennedy is out here. May ruin a great match that we have on our hands.

Ace: I can't believe that we have to watch this masked freak Blanca out here. Why couldn't we get someone of better talent out here?

Marney sends Blanca into the ropes and attempts a clothesline as Blanca comes towards him. Blackfront: Blanca ducks the clothesline and as he comes back the opposite direction, Blanca connects with a drop kick that sends Marney outside of the ring to the floor.

The crowd goes wild for Blanca as Kennedy goes over to check upon her client. Marney gets up from the floor and is telling his manager that he is all right as he makes his way to his feet. Blanca gets fired up and then runs into the ropes before running across the ring. Kennedy sees this and moves out of the way as Blanca connects with a suicide dive on Marney.

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE CONNECTS!

Ace: I wish he would have broken his neck!

Blanca throws Marney into the ring as quick as he dove out of the ring. Blanca gets upon the ring ropes to attempt something, but before he can try anything Kennedy grabs a hold of Blanca's leg to prevent the move from happening. When Blanca doesn't notice her, she whacks Blanca's back with her cane. Blanca turns to say something in Spanish to her as Kennedy just keeps screaming at Blanca and waiving her cane around.

Blackfront: Oh come on now!

Ace: That is the stuff Kennedy! You tell that masked doofus who the king is tonight!

The referee notices what Kennedy did and quickly makes his way over to where Kennedy is. He then tells Kennedy that she is out and she has to go to the backstage area.

Blackfront: Ringmaster Kennedy being ejected from ringside!

Kennedy ask why and the ref tells her that he saw her swing the cane at Blanca. Kennedy starts to scream that it isn't fair and the ref just keeps telling her to leave as Blanca shakes his head and gets back in the ring to make his way over to Marney.

Ace: This isn't fair! This isn't fair at all!

Blackfront: This is very fair. Now we will see who the better man is in a fair one on one contest. What is Marney doing?

As the ref is distracted by getting Kennedy out of the ring area, Marney attempts a low blow on Blanca. Blanca stops the low blow from connecting and steps over Marney's arm. Blanca then places the Fujiwara Armbar on Marney. Marney wriggles in pain.

Blackfront: Marney makes his way to the ropes as the ref finally makes his way back to the ring and begins a five count on Blanca.

Blanca lets go of the hold at three and then gets back up. Marney is grabbing his shoulder as he is getting up in the corner. Blanca goes over to the corner that was the opposite of where Marney was standing and begins to run at Marney. Marney quickly notices Blanca running at him and Marney attempts a big boot. Marney's boot connects with Blanca's face and Marney quickly attempts a pinfall...

Ace: He kicked out!!! I thought that the boot kicked the rest of Blanca's brains out of that soft skull he has.

Blackfront: What are you even talking about? Blanca is a really good wrestler with some smarts in him. He will figure out a way to win this match in due time.

Ace: Yeah, if what brain he has left isn't turned into mush by Marney. That still wasn't fair that Kennedy was kicked out of the

Marney makes his way back to his feet and shakes off the shoulder pain a bit. As Blanca is rolling around trying to gather his bearings, Marney just chuckles as he picks up Blanca by the mask.

The ref is telling Marney to watch the mask and Marney uses a few curse words towards the referee.

Blackfront: These people are going nuts at Marney grabbing the mask of Blanca. The foul mouth on Marney may get knocked off soon. If not by Blanca by the fans for sure.

Ace: We may end up seeing the ugly face of Blanca when the night is all said and done with.

Blackfront: Marney connects with a kick to the midsection of Blanca.

Marney then sets up for a power bomb and motions to the crowd that the match is over. As Marney takes Blanca over his shoulders in the power bomb attempt, Blanca manages to wriggle free by connecting with some right hands to the jaw of Marney.

Blackfront: Marney drops Blanca and Blanca lands on his feet.

Marney turns around and attempts to kick Blanca in the midsection again. Blanca grabs Marney's left leg that Marney used for the kick attempt and connects with a dragon screw leg whip. Marney grabs a hold of his left knee but Blanca shoos his hands away and pulls Marney to the center of the ring.

Blackfront: This crowd is electric for Blanca as he has the figure four on Marney in the center of the ring. Will Marney be able to escape the submission?

Ace: Of course he will be able to escape the submission! Marney is smarter than that masked moron and he will win the match in no time flat!

Marney is trying to figure out a way to get out of the hold that he was in. Marney starts to roll over on his right side to relieve some of the pressure off of his legs, but Blanca will have none of it and rolls him back over.

Blackfront: Marney attempts to roll to the right and gets over about half way before Blanca rolls him back over.

Marney slams his fists on the canvas in frustration and one more time he attempts to roll over to the right to reverse the submission hold. The fans chat Blanca's name as the figure four is reversed and Blanca screams in pain.

Ace: This masked fool better give up now before both of his legs get broken!

Blackfront: I don't think he will give up that easy Tommy. Blanca is trying to belly crawl his way to the ropes right now. He almost has a finger on them.

Blanca somehow manages to make it to the ropes and grabs a hold of them. The ref starts a five count on Marney to

break the hold. Marney finally breaks the hold and both men are slow to get up as you can see the pain etched clearly on the face of Marney.

Blackfront: Blanca releases at four.

Ace: That was five! Disqualify him!

Marney is the first to his feet followed closely by Blanca. Marney delivers a stiff right hand to Blanca. Blanca repays the favor kindly to Marney by delivering a right hand to Marney. The two men exchange fists back and forth, with Blanca getting a slight edge over Marney by ducking Marney's last punch attempt. Blanca delivers a series of hard knife edges chops that have the

fans cheering every time he connects one of the chops.

Blackfront: Marney's chest is as red as your shirt Tommy! Blanca sure knows how to make his point clear in the ring that he won't be beaten.

Ace: These fans are about as stupid as Blanca is in the first place. You can get 'em Marney! Come on!

Blackfront: Since when did you become female and carry a cane Tommy?

Ace: Since Kennedy was kicked out of ringside area. Bring her back and maybe I won't be so grumpy.

Once Blanca has Marney in a corner, Blanca connects with the chops quicker than the previous set of chops that were delivered. Then Blanca quickly connects with a kick to the gut of Marney followed by a double underhook snap ddt attempt. Once the ddt connects, Blanca quickly goes for the pinfall...

Blackfront: Foot on the bottom rope!!

The ref tries to tell Blanca that Marney's foot was on the bottom rope, but Blanca is already up with his hands raised high in the air. Marney slowly makes his way to his feet as La Flama Blanca slides out of the ring and goes to high five some of the fans.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca thinks he has won.

Ace: What a moron!

One of the fans tells him that the match isn't over and Blanca sees that Marney is back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Blanca quickly makes his way back inside the ring and is met with a spear by Marney. Marney quickly goes for a cover on Blanca... KICKOUT!

Marney looks at the ref and motions that was a three count. Marney stands up and starts to argue with the referee that it was a three count. This gives time for Blanca to slowly make his way up and on his feet. The ref tells Marney that the count was only two. As Marney turns around, he walks right into The Estupendo Kick.

Blackfront: That superkick took Marney's head clean off of his shoulders. Is this the chance for Blanca to set up his finishing maneuver and end this match once and for all?

Blanca quickly makes his way to the top rope after Marney landed back first on the canvas. Blanca gains his balance and then leaps off for the Ay Dios Mio.

Blackfront: He hit it! He hit that beautiful 450 splash. Now can this be the three count?

Ace: Come on Marney!! Kick out!!

The referee's hand hits three and the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca wins after the beautiful 450 splash off of the top rope.

Ace: This is the worst night of my life!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... LA FLAMA BLANNNNNCCCCAAAA!!!

La Flama Blanca gets to his feet and runs to the corner, climbing and holding his arms high in the sky as his fellow Hispanic fans scream for him.

Blackfront: What a huge victory here in La Flama Blanca's home country! This is a night for him to celebrate!

A Blanca chat starts out and he takes it in.

Blackfront: He's on top of the world ladies and gentlemen! You witnessed it live here on Pure Sports Entertainment on this very special edition of Wrestleshow!

La Flama Blanca continues to celebrate as we go into commercial.

Brought to You By

This Barbecue Sucks

The scene turns to backstage where David Hightower is spotted in the catering area flipping out.

Hightower: Ya call this barbecue?! I've had better barbecue from Wendy's! David yells as he throws the plate at the poor catering worker.

Hightower: See? Look! My god dang dog won't even eat this crap!

David says kicking the plate on the floor. The camera turns revealing Jamie Sawyer's sighing. Hightower: Don't any of ya'll know what barbecue is?! God dang I'm from West Memphis Arkansas! You'd get yer ass shot fer servin this kinda slop!

David says as Jamie Sawyers slowly approaches David.

Sawyers: Hey Ummm David?

David turns and looks at Jamie Sawyers and smiles.

Hightower: Well it's about god dang time I find someone who speaks English round here! Sawyers sighs holding his microphone.

Sawyers: Alright David tonight you have a big no holds barred match against Chris Hopper... David suddenly rips the microphone out of Sawyers' hands.

Hightower: Boy I know dang well what my match is tonight! However I have certain purple haired pansy ass to address!

David looks at the camera with a stern look.

Hightower: Hey Spectre! Remember me boy? Yeah that guy that ya were too scared to actually get in the ring with? Listen here ya purple haired fruit cake! Word round these here parts is that yer supposed to be some sorta legend!

David lets out an amusing laugh shaking his head.

Hightower: Legend... What a load of manure! Yer a legend but yet I had to drag yer sorry hide into the match just to face me! And ya couldn't even pin me! Congratulations Spectre ya pinned the guy I beat the god holy stupid outta! If I wanted to I coulda done the same god dang thing! David clenches his fist raising it.

Hightower: But wanna know why I didn't? I said this week against Chris Hopper... And boy I'll say it again... I didn't come to the UTA to face off against a buncha cream puffs! I came here to fight the nastiest sumbitches this here company has to offer! People look at ya like yer a legend... I look at ya like yer nothin more than a scared coward!

David shakes his head clearly disgusted.

Hightower: Tonight I got Chris Hopper in this here match! When I'm done with him the UTA will know why I'm The Toughest Dog In The Yard! So Spectre... Go ahead and try to change my mind about ya! Feel free to come into my yard any time ya want boy! I'll be waitin to knock yer teeth out!

David says throwing the microphone back at Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: Well then! Those are some very strong words from David Hightower! David turns back to the catering table.

Hightower: And as far as yer sorry asses go!

David grabs a chair and proceeds to stand on it in front of the catering table where all the food is.

Sawyers: David what are you doing!?

Hightower: This here barbecue is so bad my grandma is turnin' over in her grave! Ya want my opinion? This is what I think!

\*ZIP!!!\*

Sawyers: Oh god! I'm getting far away from here!

Sawyers shuffles out of the scene as David unzips his pants. The catering workers scatter like ants as David proceeds to release the proverbial flood gates all over the food on the table.

Hightower: Yeah! Maybe that'll give it some flavor!

David says zipping himself back up and hopping off the chair. David kicks over the chair before leaving the scene.

Hightower: C'mon Whiskey! Let's go!

Whiskey gets up and trots after David leaving the scene.

Brought to You By

Breaking Point II

We return backstage where J Stevenson is giving FKA a series of rights in the catering area. Blackfront: J Stevenson still attacking his opponent here later tonight. You have to wonder what kind of shape FKA will be in.

Ace: Who cares! I love to see this kind of aggressiveness.

Stevenson sends FKA running into the table. He follows over and begins to unscrew the top off of a giant water jug beside FKA who is using the table to hold himself up. Stevenson lifts the lug and begins to pour it, water and ice, over the head of FKA.

Stevenson: Don't drink the water!

Once the jug is empty he brings it down onto FKA's head before bringing a knee up and catching him in the stomach.

Blackfront: Someone needs to do something!

Ace: Yea! Grab me some pop corn! I love this!

Stevenson picks up a spoon used to serve mashed potatoes and slaps FKA's forehead with it. FKA grabs his head and falls to a knee.

Blackfront: This is just ruthless.

Stevenson reaches down, picking FKA's head up and begins to shove it down into the pan of barbeque.

Ace: Hey Jason.... isn't that the same barbeque that David Hight-

Blackfront: I think I'm going to be sick.

He grabs an empty pan from the table, heading around to in front of FKA and slamming it into his face, sending FKA to the floor as we head back ringside.

Blackfront: Folks, we can't condone the actions of J Stevenson tonight.

Ace: Speak for yourself Jason. He hit a breaking point with FKA and he is taking it out on him as he rightfully should.

Blackfront: In the ring Tommy, in the ring! Not like this!

Readying for War

The loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT. As the pyro exploded, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper stepped out from behind the curtain. Hopper was wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and a loud reception from the Mexican UTA fans. He walked down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans as he slides into the ring. He works the crowd in his normal ways before being handed a microphone by one of the stage hands at ringside and makes a motion for his music to be cut off.

Hopper: Hola a los fans más afortunados de lucha libre en el mundo! Esta noche, voy a estar haciendo algo que todo el mundo ha querido ver durante semanas y llegar a ser testigo!

He smiles at the massive pop for speaking the native language.

Hopper: For those of you watching this at home, I think it is only fair to let you in on what I just said. I told them that they were the luckiest wrestling fans in the world because tonight, they get to witness something the entire wrestling world has waited for with baited breath.

A slight pause.

Hopper: No, I'm not worrying about Perfection and his goon squad Dynasty tonight. Tonight is special. Tonight is more important than those stupid pieces of trash. Tonight, the UTA is putting on its best....no, its greatest event in recent memory. Allow me to give you some background because this is vital.

A "Papi Grande" chant begins to be heard, the crowd calling him "Big Daddy." The former 19-time World Champion loves this hot Mexican crowd.

Hopper: Tonight's event is meant to be something special, which is why a crowd like you was chosen. The best possible match-ups were drawn and every single one of them has a purpose to them. For some it is because of title opportunities. Others it is their debuts and for a few it is their last chance to avoid being fired. For me? What is my purpose in tonight's match? Tonight I am being challenged by the very men who sign my paychecks. I'm having my very manhood challenged.

He nods before continuing.

Hopper: Tonight they gave me this match, which will be hell on Earth. Hightower is no pushover and for that he deserves all of our respect. He is a bruiser and this match is going to be painful for both of us....but he was chosen to be my opponent because the men upstairs want to test the strength...the resolve...the pain threshold of a forty-year-old wrestler. They think I may be too brittle to carry on and want this match to push me to my limits. They fear I might break....but you know what I say?

The fans are quiet....awaiting his statement.

Hopper: Nunca, y nunca me refiero reto a la humanidad de alguien que está dispuesto a luchar hasta la muerte por lo que cree y la familia le encanta ! Y eso es usted! Usted es mi familia ! Tú eres la razón por la que luchar ! Tú eres la

razón por la que existo en este negocio .... usted es la razón por la que voy a ir hasta que la muerte de mi corazón !

The Mexican crowd erupts with the loudest "Papi Grande" chant ever...Hopper is smiling widely as he accepts the prize of his "family." Finally he continues.

Hopper: Tonight, I prove everyone wrong and show the world that an old man can not only cut it...but come out victorious in a match made in hell! And when this is over, UTA should expect this 'old man river' to wash away all that ails it. I have come for this business to be pure again like it was before...and nothing will keep me from giving UTA fans the kind of performance they deserve...

Not another wrestler... Not A man in an office....

Not even a certain dynasty.... NOBODY!

Fans chanting again.

Hopper: ¿Estás listo para ir a la guerra ?

Fans erupt at his question of if they were ready to go to war.

Hopper: Then you better be ready Hightower....because tonight just may be your last night. He drops the microphone and awaits the entrance of David Hightower.

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 continues toward the ring where Chris Hopper awaits.

Blackfront: David Hightower on his way to the ring and it looks like he's brought some items to use during this no disqualification match.

Ace: A tow chain and a six pack... this isn't anything special Jason. It's a typical day that ends in Y for Hightower. Just tonight he wont be disqualified if he happens to wrap that chain around that idiot Chris Hopper's neck.

Blackfront: I'm sure you'd call him that if he was where he could hear you.

Ace: Darn right I would.

We get a shot from behind the commentators toward the ring where Chris Hopper's eyes aren't on the approaching David Hightower, but directly in their direction. Tommy Ace's to be exact.

Ace: Umm...

Blackfront: I think he heard you.

Ace: I thought when you reached his age your hearing went out.

Hopper points at Ace and mouths You're Next before turning his head back toward David Hightower. The camera angle switches again, this time as Hightower sits the six pack up on the edge of the apron and slides into the ring, tow chain in hand.

Blackfront: Hightower has hit the ring, chain in hand in this no disqualification match up on this very special edition of Wrestleshow!

David stomps around the ring and toward Chris Hopper, who although is bigger, is no dummy. He knows that big chain can cause some damage. Hightower raises his fist and charges Chris Hopper as the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: And we're off. Hightower charging Hopper who looks to be thrown off a bit by David Hightower's quick use of a foreign object.

Ace: I'm not too sure how foreign that chain is Jason, it was probably made here in Mexico.

Blackfront: That's not what I meant.

Hopper uses his intelligence to bob and weave as he backs away in a circle.

Ace: Look at that idiot Hopper, running away scared.

Blackfront: He isn't running away Tommy, he's using a great defensive tactic that many great people before have used. When you have a crazed and potentially drunken maniac like David Hightower coming at you with a chain that has a hook on the end, you take your time and approach the situation with caution like Chris Hopper is doing.

David Hightower lets out a yell and runs toward Chris Hopper who side steps, swinging his body around at the same time, and pushing the back of David Hightower so his momentum sends him forward further. Hightower stumbles and bit but stomps himself by throwing his hands up in the corner and grabbing the ropes.

Blackfront: See, Chris Hopper was just waiting for the right moment.

David Hightower stomps and quickly turns, running at the same time. However, Hopper met him

as he turned, throwing his big boot up and watching as David Hightower runs directly into it face first. David's body twist with force as he turns around and falls face first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hopper lifting the leg of David Hightower up... he drives his knee into the canvas. Chris doesn't let go as he raises it and drives it into the canvas again.

Blackfront: Another.

Whiskey starts to bark from outside the ring as Chris turns David over.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper lifting that leg up, going for the other.

As he bends down to grab David's other leg, Hightower throws that big right hand up that has the chain in it and slams it into Chris Hopper's face. Hopper lets go, grabs his face and stumbles back. The chain swings wildly, and the tow hook swings around catching David Hightower in the side of the head as well.

Blackfront: Both men feeling that heavy chain!

Chris Hopper pulls his hands down, blood pours from his forehead. David Hightower rolls around the ring holding his head. A gash can be seen on the upper side of his head.

Blackfront: Early on, both men busted open.

Ace: Yes! BLOOD!

David groans, unwrapping the chain and throwing it across the ring as he sits up holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: I think David Hightower realizes that his plan backfired.

Chris Hopper bends his head down, blood pours out to the canvas. He shakes his head, trying to get his bearings back. Hightower, sitting up, reaches over and pulls a beer bottle out of his six pack. He twist the top off and takes a gulp before pouring the rest over his head to wash the blood off.

Blackfront: David Hightower giving himself a beer bath to wash the blood. That can't be sanitary.

Ace: What a waste of good beer.

David reaches back and grabs the ropes with his free hand, using them to pull himself up. He can be seen wincing as

he puts pressure on the leg that Chris Hopper had driven into the mat.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper, a bloody mess, runs at the now standing David Hightower.

David sees him and comes forward, swinging the beer bottle up and down. Chris quickly side steps, grabs the arm, and drops Hightower down to the canvas, locking the arm into an arm bar. Blackfront: Hopper able to avoid being hit with that bottle.

He applies pressure, causing David to release the bottle which rolls to the side of the ring then to the floor, breaking as it hits. Whiskey barks at the shattering sound.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper using his wrestling skill to keep the unorthodox David Hightower from attacking, but the damage may already be done as both men can't be at a hundred percent now. Ace: Lets not kid anyone Jason, David Hightower has never been one hundred percent in the head.

Blackfront: Hopper applying pressure to that arm bar, keeping Hightower immobilized. Whiskey runs over to the side of the ring they are near and barks more.

Ace: Someone shut that stupid dog up.

Blackfront: The referee checking on David Hightower who refuses to give up.

Ace: Why would he? It's just a little arm bar.

Blackfront: With pressure being applied by a monster of a man Tommy.

Chris pushes down farther as David yells. Hopper's blood continues to pour from his forehead as he exerts his strength and his blood pumps more. Chris lifts up and then comes back down, to apply more pressure. As he does, he turns both of their bodies a bit. Hopper's leg slides under the bottom rope as he presses down harder.

Blackfront: I'm unsure how much of this David Hightower can take before he has to give up. Whiskey runs and leaps up, latching his jaws onto the ankle of Chris Hopper. Hopper's eyes row large and he lets go of David as Whiskey hands from the leg that is extended under the rope.

Blackfront: Whiskey coming to the aid of his master.

Ace: Hopper's going to have to get checked for rabies after this match!

Blackfront: Oh come on, Whiskey doesn't have rabies Tommy!

Ace: Not from that, from the amount of David Hightower's blood that is everywhere.

Chris turns over and shakes his leg. Whiskey just holds on. David begins to rolls to the side and out of the ring.

Blackfront: David Hightower trying to use this as an opportunity to rest.

As he slides to the floor, his feet land right on the broken glass from the beer bottle that had rolled out earlier. Hightower quickly leaps up to the apron, turning his body around and sitting on the edge. His face is one of pain as he lifts his foot up to see that a big piece of glass is stuck in the bottle.

Blackfront: This is not a match, this is not how the UTA conducts itself. This is brutality.

Chris continues to shake his leg. Finally, Whiskey lets go of his ankle and falls to the floor. Chris Hopper quickly slides backward into the ring, he reaches down and grabs his ankle in pain as David Hightower can be seen pulling the glass from out of his boot.

Blackfront: We need to end this match now. This can't keep going on like this.

Ace: Why? it's just getting interesting!

Chris pushes to his knees. We get an amazing shot of his face, with blood flowing down as he gets up. He almost crumbles back down as he puts pressure on the ankle Whiskey had in his mouth. However, Chris Hopper pushes through it.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper pushing through the pain.

Chris, running at 1/4 speed, heads to the side of the ring that David is on just as David removes the large piece of glass and holds it up as if proud. Just as he admires his work, Chris Hopper throws a boot forward, through the ropes, and catches him in the back. David Hightower flies from the apron, hard to the floor, his head going forward enough to hit the bottom of the commentator's table. Chris Hopper screams in pain as he used his bad ankle. He lifts his leg up, grabbing it as his body falls backward to the canvas.

Blackfront: These guys can't continue. Stop this match, please, for the love of all that is holy!

Ace: It's no disqualification Jason!

Blackfront: I'm not saying disqualify anyone. Just stop the match! This can't continue. These men have lost too much blood!

David Hightower reaches up, grabbing the edge of the table and pulling himself up to his knees. Blood pours down the side of his head as he gives a crazy smile to Jason and Tommy.

Blackfront: My lord, this man is sadistic. I think he enjoys the pain!

David pulls himself up, and turns toward the ring. He heads back, limping heavily from the hurt knee and sliced foot. Walking around to the other side, he pets Whiskey's head who whimpers at the sight he sees his owner in.

Blackfront: Hightower pulling himself back up to the apron. Inside the ring, Chris Hopper trying to get up as well.

David enters back into the ring through the ropes. He places his hands on his hips and looks down at Chris Hopper who is on one knee. Hopper signals for him to bring it.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper not giving up folks, no matter how much pain he is in. No matter how much blood he has lost. He is in this to win it!

David just looks down at Chris and shakes his head. He then looks over at the tow chain sitting to the left of him.

Blackfront: Oh no. Don't do it David. please, don't!

Ace: Do it! Do it!

Chris looks over, seeing the chain as well. As David makes a B-line for it, so does Chris. David dives, grabbing the chain and sliding to the side of the ring. Chris Hopper leaps forward, grabbing David's leg. He yanks back and begins to stand up, pulling Hightower's leg up with him, and twisting his ankle.

Blackfront: David Hightower has that chain again but Chris Hopper now has him in an ankle lock! That's that bad foot! David might have to give up!

Hightower screams in pain, hitting the canvas as he does.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper twisting that ankle. The same foot that just had a three inch piece of glass in it!

Ace: Break it off!

Blackfront: Who are you going for Tommy?

Ace: I don't care as long as someone is hurt! I love it!

Blackfront: You're as sadistic as David Hightower is!

David's head goes into the mat as he begins to black out from the pain. He then repositions his arms and pushes back up, blood flowing still.

Blackfront: Hightower fighting back. I don't know how, but he is.

Ace: Retard strength Jason.

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Chris pulls David back toward the center of the ring and applies more pressure. David's head goes into the canvas as he fights to not give up. He begins to push up again, letting out another loud scream of pain.

Blackfront: David Hightower still fighting to stay in this! David begins to turn over, pushing with all of his might.

Blackfront: Hightower trying to over power Hopper. Typically this would be something almost anyone couldn't do. But the amount of pain he is in and blood he has spilled, I do not know how Chris Hopper is standing!

Ace: Mexican steroids Jason.

Blackfront: TOMMY! That's how rumors get started.

Finally David Hightower is able to roll on his back. He uses his free foot to kick Chris Hopper who lets go of his leg and stumbles back. Hopper stumbles toward the ropes, using them to catch himself, and in fact, hold himself up.

Blackfront: This one is still going. I don't know how but it is.

David moves forward, pushing up to his knees. Chris looks down at him, breathing heavy, before taking off toward David. Hightower sees him, and comes up, throwing his fist forward, the chain wrapped around it, connecting with Chris' knee. Hopper tumbles forward and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hopper is down! He's down!

Ace: Someone call Log Habben so he can yell timber!

Chris holds his knee as he lays there. David Hightower pushes back to his knees and looks back at Hopper down.

Blackfront: David Hightower needs to use this time to his advantage. It's not every day you have Chris Hopper off of his feet.

David crawls around and toward Chris. He mounts him from behind, takes the chain, wrapping it around his throat and begins to pull back. Hopper tries to grab it, but it's already in place.

Blackfront: MY LORD! DAVID HIGHTOWER IS GOING TO KILL HIM!

Ace: YES! It's OK Jason, we're in Mexico. That's legal here!

Blackfront: NO IT ISN'T!

David pulls back with all of his might. The referee tries to get Chris Hopper to give up, but he refuses causing David to pull back harder.

Blackfront: I can't watch this.

Whiskey begins to bark loud as the fans collectively gasp at the violence being shown.

Blackfront: Please Chris, it's not worth it! Just give up!

He refuses, and it cost him as his eyes close. Chris Hopper's body goes limp, yet David continues to pull. The referee checks Chris and quickly begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: The referee is finally stopping this! Thank God!

Ace: It was just getting good!

David continues to pull back. The referee has to physically push him off of the back of the limp Chris Hopper, who's face hits the canvas. Blood still pouring from his forehead.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is out folks.

Announcer: The winner of this match by referee stoppage..... DAVID... HIIIGGHHHTTTTOOOWWWERRRR!!!!

David moves to the side of the ring, sitting up next to the ropes. His breathing heavy. He reaches over and pulls another beer out of his six pack, opening it. David raises the beer up from a sitting position as if toasting the fans. He then looks over at Chris Hopper who is starting to come to and raises it to him before beginning to pour it down his throat.

Blackfront: Hightower showing some form of country respect to a man who gave him a hell of a fight tonight. Folks, both of these men pushes through more pain than any human should endure for your entertainment. There is no other sport where you will find dedication like you will here in the UTA by it's superstars.

Ace: It's the lack of brain cells they have, that's what it is.

Chris, being helped by the referee sits up and looks over at David, who is still sitting on the ropes enjoying his beer. David reaches over and pulls another beer out and holds it out as if offering it

to Hopper. Chris mouths No thank you and rubs his neck.

Blackfront: All business here tonight with a lot of unspoken respect. This is what it's all about. David throws his arm back over the ropes and uses them to pull himself up. His legs and feet in a lot of pain as he can barely stand but he gets up. The referee tries to help Chris up. David limps heavily over and extends his hand. Chris takes it and Hightower helps him up as well.

Blackfront: That right there folks, amazing.

Ace: Sickening.

They mouth words to each other before Chris raises David's hand and we get a great shot before heading to commercial.

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Spectre's Nuts

Down in the boiler room, The Spectre is standing up in front of two men. One of them is recognizable as the same man that had ventured upon Spectre's mountain and near his cave before being caught by Johnny and Spectre. This same man identified himself as a former "Ungrateful" of Perfection. He had short dark blonde hair, a faux hawk, and thin-frame glasses. A second man had dark brown hair and a noticeable birthmark resembling a mole that ran on the upper and lower eyelid of his left eye. They are seated in metal folding chairs, looking a little bit unsure as they sit in almost complete darkness, sans one light bulb hanging from the ceiling about twenty feet away. Spectre paces back and forth, eyeing the men carefully. Finally, Spectre stops pacing, and looks at both men again. A strange smile creeps upon Spectre's face as he steps forward causing both men to become a bit frightened and lean back in their chairs. Spectre places his hands on both men's shoulder, and smiles.

Spectre: Relax, gentlemen. There is no need to be scared. I KNOW this was a difficult decision for you. It took a giant leap of faith, and might I add a giant set of balls, to do what you did. The two of you could have remained in the complacency and under Perfection's control of your self-esteem, accepted that "label" he gave to you as "Ungratefults", and followed him despite his utter contempt and disdain for you. But YOU, Seth...

Spectre looks at the man with the glasses, the one who had traveled to Spectre's mountain. Spectre: ....YOU, sir, decided you were not going to put up with Perfection's verbal abuse any longer. You opened your eyes and finally saw the truth in Perfection's shameful treatment for those that desired to follow him! You realized that no matter how much you supported him, or cheered for him, it was never going to be enough, and that his verbal abuse was going to continue. You basically told Perfection, 'Screw you!' and walked out on him.

Seth: Well, uh....yeah?

Spectre now knelt down in front of Seth, and places both hands on Seth's shoulders, and smiles. Seth wasn't sure what to make of this as Spectre continues to look at Seth with those wild eyes.

Finally, Spectre embraces Seth, and pats him on the back. Seth, unsure of how to react, looks over at the other man, who just shrugs his shoulders. Seth slowly pats Spectre's back as well. Finally, Spectre stops embracing the man, and looks at Seth with a huge smile on his face.

Spectre: I'm proud of you, Seth! You should be proud, too! BOTH of you!

Seth: I... I guess so.

Spectre: No, no, no... there IS NO guessing about it. You made your decision, and knew full well what you might be getting into. If you either of you knew me at all, and had any doubts, then you wouldn't have abandoned Perfection and sought me out.

Spectre stands up, and looks at the other man.

Spectre: And who might you be? Are you an Ungrateful, too?

Man: My name is Zack. And yes, I am an Ungrateful. Spectre placed his hand on Zack's shoulder.

Spectre: Not anymore, Zacky. Not anymore. Spectre raises his arms, a little gleam in his eye.

Spectre: From this day forward, YOU and Seth no longer have to live under the label of being one of Perfection's Ungratefals! You can renounce his Asshole-ery, and become something MUCH, MUCH more rewarding in the end with your loyalties.

Zack: And what might that be? I mean... this "something" that we will become. Spectre smiles with all honesty and sincerity.

Spectre: Why, one of Spectre's Nuts, of course.

Seth and Zack look at one another, a bit of shock and surprise on their face. Seth, wanting to make sure he heard Spectre correctly, speaks up.

Seth: Haha... um, I'm sorry, Spectre. But...did you say...one of your... nuts?!?

Spectre: Why, yes! Yes, I did! Isn't that exciting?! And because you were the first Ungrateful to seek me out, Seth,... you can be my right-hand Nut, and Zack here can be my left-hand Nut!...Or... or would you rather go back to being called an Ungrateful?

Zack: It's not that we want to be Ungratefals again, Spectre. It's just that...

Seth: It's just that Zack and I being known as your left and right-hand nuts sounds a little bit... uh, disturbing??

Spectre: What do you mean?

It doesn't take Spectre long for Spectre to realize what Seth is talking about.

Spectre: UGH! Both of you need to get your mind out of the gutter! I ain't Dick Fury! But if it makes you feel any better, you can be Spectre's Grape Nuts.

Zack: That sounds even worse, like we're a bowl of cereal.

Spectre: Look, gentlemen! It is what it is. You should know how I operate, and how crazy and twisted I am. You should embrace this opportunity I am placing before you- a chance to be part of some crazy, exciting shit, and a movement YOU TWO began! You can share in all the excitement, and in all the over the top antics, and shocking moments that will occur, and that I will make happen! Everyone has a little bit of crazy inside them. Embrace your inner crazy, and embrace the movement of Spectre's Nuts throughout the UTA!

There was an awkward pause. Seth and Zack look at one another. After a couple of seconds, Zack nods his head at Seth, and Seth nods back.

Seth: Very well, Spectre. We will join your movement, and follow you from arena to arena, and do so with proudly and with pride.

Spectre: Aaaaaaaaaand?????

Seth sighs, knowing what Spectre is waiting for Seth to say. Seth: Aaaaand... we are proud and excited to be your Nuts. Spectre smiles real big, and starts applauding.

Spectre: Thank you, gentlemen! Now, get out there and back to your seats, and show your hatred for the man that once called you Ungratefals. The movement begins tonight, Zack and Seth. And with you two, my Nuts, in CBR's ear, and me pounding away and slowly wearing down CBR mentally... the Internet Title is as good as mine!

Zack: As good as ours?

Spectre pauses then nods his head in agreement. Spectre: Why, yes! As good as mine... and my Nuts! Spectre pauses.

Spectre: Good evening, gentlemen. I will see you later.

Spectre walks out of the boiler room, leaving Seth and Zack alone. After a few seconds, Seth and Zack look at one another.

Zack: Well, that whole conversation was a bit awkward.

Seth: Awkward? Did you hear what he called me? I'm his right hand Nut?

Zack: He really IS, a Purple Haired Freak.

Seth: Indeed.

Language Barrier

A fade-in from black reveals Yoshii and Jed Dye standing in the locker room, talking amongst themselves without noticing the camera. A bark attracts their attention, as Madman Szalinski approaches them with Peach in his arms, tail wagging underneath his elbow as she looks up at Yoshii.

Madman: Hey guys, you got a minute?

Peach: Ruff! Ruff...RUFF!

Jed: For you, Madman...I might have thirty seconds.

Szalinski laughs, before turning to Yoshii who has a smile full of excitement on his face.

Madman: Peach, this is Yoshii. Yoshii, this is the Peach.

Peach: BARK!

Yoshii: PEACH!!!



Apollo rushes to the turnbuckle and leaps to the second rope. He pounds his heart with his right hand three times before letting out a viscous roar to the crowd and stretching his arms wide to a chorus of boos!

After a few moments, the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Here we go folks! Apollo Cain charges Conrad Teller right a big right hand! Another! Teller is reeling out of the gate! The Wildfire Championship is on the line.

Apollo grabs Conrad's head and with his free hand comes down with another big fist. Blackfront: Apollo Cain now taking Conrad Teller to the corner... he slams his head into the top turnbuckle!

Teller's head bounces off the turnbuckle and Apollo Cain grabs him by the head again, ramming it into the top turnbuckle for the second time.

Blackfront: And again Conrad Teller goes face first into the top turnbuckle, courtesy of Apollo Cain.

Conrad Teller comes up out of the corner along the ropes, his left hand grabbing the top rope. Conrad shakes his head and makes his way to the next corner, with Apollo Cain in pursuit.

Conrad Teller reaches the corner and Apollo Cain grabs him by the shoulder, forcing him into the corner before he starts throwing rights and lefts to the face of Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain working Conrad Teller in the corner! This one is a brawl so far ladies and gentlemen!

Ace: We knew it would be. These two hate each other.

Conrad gets rocked by another left, then a right and then Apollo Cain really reaches back and plants another stinging right to the face of Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Hard right by Apollo Cain!

Conrad staggers out into the center of the ring, Apollo Cain watching him. Conrad reaches the center of the ring before his knees give out and he falls face first to the canvas.

Blackfront: And down goes Teller! Down goes Teller!

Apollo Cain drops to the canvas, covering Conrad Teller and hooking the leg, pulling upward to pin Conrad's upper back to the canvas. the referee slides to the canvas, full of energy and goes for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin. One. . . kick out by Teller.

Apollo Cain gets to his feet and grabs Conrad Teller by the head. He takes a tug and Conrad Teller quickly gets to his feet. Apollo Cain then grabs Conrad Teller and goes to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip.. no. . .

Conrad Teller reverses the Irish whip, tossing Apollo Cain into the ropes instead.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain into the ropes. . .

Apollo Cain hits the ropes and returns toward the center of the ring, where Conrad Brown turns

and raises up and elbow, bringing it across the head of Apollo Cain. Apollo Cain hits the canvas on his back. He reaches up and checking his head for blood.

Blackfront: Hard elbow by Conrad Teller, and Apollo Cain is down!

Conrad Teller takes off for the ropes and comes back before he jumps up in the air and raises the very same elbow and brings it down across the chest of Apollo Cain. Apollo Cain holds his chest after the elbow drop and Conrad Teller gets up and salutes the crowd.

Blackfront: The fans are into this one tonight!

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

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

Blackfront: Hard Right by Conrad!

Apollo Cain shakes his head on the canvas, he rest for a moment before he slowly gets to his feet, Conrad Teller standing over him with a raised fist. Apollo Cain gets to his feet and Conrad Teller throws a left jab, then another, each jab connecting with Apollo Cain, and then Conrad Teller follows it up with a stiff right arm that he brings forward across the upper chest of Apollo Cain, knocking him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Lariat by Conrad Teller.

Conrad Teller then drops to the canvas and goes for the pin. He hooks the leg of Apollo Cain as the referee slides to the canvas to make the official count.

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

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

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

Blackfront: Hammerlock by Conrad Teller.

Apollo Cain's face twist into grimace as Conrad Teller wrenches the hold and sweats all over him. the referee circles around the two, leaning slightly over at the waist and asking Apollo Cain if he would like to submit. Apollo Cain shakes his head and cries out once in pain as Conrad wrenches the arm particularly hard.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain in a bad place now.

Apollo Cain tucks his legs underneath him and starts to get up to the standing position, and the fans start to cheer. Apollo Cain reaches his feet and throws a wild elbow behind him, the elbow connecting with Conrad Teller's head.

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

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

Blackfront: Hammerlock German Suplex!

Apollo Cain sells the hammerlock German Suplex on the canvas as Conrad Teller gets to his feet.

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

Apollo Cain slowly gets to his feet as Conrad Teller gives up on the fans and makes his way over to Apollo Cain. He reaches Apollo Cain, who's bent over in the process of getting to his feet and Conrad brings down a forearm to the back of Apollo Cain. Apollo Cain straightens up, though he sells the blow, and Conrad throws another right before grabbing Apollo Cain by the arm and tossing him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Conrad Teller.

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

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

Apollo Cain steps through the top and middle ropes before leaping down to the ground outside of the ring. He lands on both feet and looks down on Conrad Teller, who sells the back body drop.

Conrad Teller crawls forward on the ground and Apollo Cain reaches him pulling him to his feet while the referee instructs both men to get inside of the ring.

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

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

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

Blackfront: Both men exchanging blows on the outside!

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

Blackfront: Suplex on the floor outside!

Ace: That's gotta hurt.

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Those blows to the back of the head may slow him down here.

Apollo Cain then covers Conrad Teller once again, hooking the leg. the referee slides to the canvas, going for the count.

Blackfront: And another quick pin here. . . NO! Kick out at two again.

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

Blackfront: Irish whip now by Apollo Cain. . .

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

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

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

Blackfront: Atomic drop by Conrad Teller!

Apollo Cain sells the atomic drop and Conrad Teller rises quickly and hooks Apollo Cain around the head and falls backward to the canvas, bringing his head straight to the canvas with him.

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

Ace: But can he keep him down?!

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

Blackfront: Eye gouge by Apollo Cain.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Flap jack by Apollo Cain!

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

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

Blackfront: Head butt Drop!

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

Blackfront: Quite literally.

Apollo Cain scrambles over the fallen Conrad Teller and hooks the leg, pinning him to the canvas. The referee slides to the canvas and goes for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! ANOTHER KICK OUT! Conrad Teller kicks out of it!

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

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

Ace: Whatever you say.

Apollo Cain makes his way over to Conrad Teller, who is still laying on the canvas. Apollo Cain reaches Conrad and bends at the waist, grabbing him by the hair and pulling upward. Conrad Teller gets to his feet with a cry of pain and

Apollo Cain reaches up and grabs Conrad around the top of the head before dropping to his knees, forcing Conrad's chin downward over the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jaw breaker by Apollo Cain!

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Apollo Cain off the ropes. . .

Apollo Cain returns to Conrad Teller and jumps up in the air, and catches him with his body, sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Leaping Air Press!

Apollo Cain then begins slamming his fist into Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Ground and pound here.

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

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

Blackfront: What a match!

They both get to their feet. Conrad stands behind Cain. Cain stumbles around and turns as Conrad comes forward with a superkick.

Blackfront: LIGHTS OUT! LIGHTS OUT!

As Cain goes down, Teller falls on top of him, hooking his leg.

Blackfront: We have a pin! We have a pin!

The referee drops and begins to count. His hand hits the canvas the third time and the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: He did it! he did it! Conrad Teller retains!

Announcer: The winner of this match and... STIIIIIIII Wildfire Champion... CONRADDDD TELLLLLLEERRRR!!!!

Conrad pushes up as the referee grabs the title and hands it over to him. Conrad lifts the title up high as he celebrates his hard fought victory.

Breaking Point III

We are taken to the parking lot where J Stevenson is dragging FKA still by his head.

Blackfront: Folks, throughout the entire show J Stevenson has been fighting FKA everywhere int eh arena.

Ace: Fighting? You mean destroying.

Stevenson sends FKA head first into the side of a car. He opens the driver's side door and reaches in, pulling a button.

Blackfront: I hope that's his!

The trunk pops open. Stevenson grabs FKA's head, and puts it in the door, before slamming it on him.

Blackfront: My lord! He just slammed FKA's head in the driver side door! Stevenson yanks FKA by the head and pulls him along side of the car.

Blackfront: What in the world has possessed J Stevenson tonight?

Ace: I think his wires are coming loose in his head.

He lifts FKA up, throwing him in the trunk. Stevenson looks around before slamming the trunk shut.

Blackfront: Oh thank God! I think it's over. I couldn't watch anymore! Stevenson's face is one of a man gone mad as we move away from the shot.

The Truth I

The screen goes dark. A soft voice in the background can be heard singing Hallelujah. As our eyes adjust to the darkness we can see the outline of The Good Reverend with both Brother Simon and Brother Judas behind him. They become clearer as they come closer.

Reverend: Tonight. Brother Judas snarls.

Reverend: Tonight. It isn't about tag team championships. Brother Simon cracks a grin.

Reverend: Oh no brothers and sisters, the only title that matters is the title of saved. Saved by HIM and HIS grace within HIS kingdom for all eternity.

He takes a moment.

Reverend: Tonight. Tonight is about speaking the truth... HIS truth... and unleashing upon those who fail to embrace it HIS judgment. Brother Simon and Brother Judas shall cast upon HIS judgment with a vengeance. They shall strike all down who oppose HIM and tonight... Oh brothers and sisters, tonight... HIS will shall be done.

Brother Simon looks into the camera.

Simon: HIS will shall be done.

We fade as Hallelujah can still be heard in the background, ever so soft.

We head back ringside with our commentators.

Blackfront: We were supposed to see FKA and J Stevenson in a best two out of three falls match tonight, but it seems that word has just come down that the match is canceled due to FKA not being able to be located. J Stevenson will pick up a win on his record via forfeit.

Ace: What a chicken!

Blackfront: You know damn well why they can't find FKA! J Stevenson hid him in that trunk after beating him all over the building! All it takes is a replay of the tapes to see that!

Ace: It's too big of a show Jason. Management has too much on their hands to worry about where FKA ran off to, to hide.

Blackfront: To hide?! You've got to be kidding me! I hope they do see the tapes and that J Stevenson is reprehended accordantly!

Ace: For what? Getting rid of the trash. He did Wingate a favor. I hope we never see him again!

Blackfront: If we do, I wouldn't want to be J Stevenson, I'll tell you that much.

Blackfront: Well ladies and gentlemen, with that being said it is time for the six man tag team match for the brand new, UTA Tag Team Championships!

The lights dim and Marilyn Manson's Man That You Fear begins to play.

Blackfront: The Truth set to be the first team out. However, as the teams are making their way to the ring, we have a video just in from the UTA's newest tag team to sign, The Barker Brothers Aamir and Tyrone Barker.

Ace: Great, more people I have never heard of.

Blackfront: Quit being rude.

Here We Are!

We are in Western Quebec in the great city known as Gatineau. The sun is still in the sky and is shining down on the camera. The zooming of the cars can be heard. The camera goes onto a seedy house where there is a yellow couch sitting in front of it, occupied by UTA's new signings, The Barker Brothers. They are dressed in tee shirts and jeans. Aamir is wearing a dark blue tee shirt with a logo of a local beer company. He also has a cigarette lit in his right hand. His brother, Tyrone is wearing a dark green tee shirt that is blank and ripped jeans as well.

Aamir Barker: Hey you bunch of losers watching, we are here right now to tell you that we are going to dominate the UTA tag team division, punks.

Tyrone Barker: That's right, we are here to take control of the tag team division, sucka. Who ever wants to face us, just step up.

The scene cuts out as The Barker Brothers take sips of their beers.

As we return ringside, The Shoot Kings are the final team to enter the ring.

Blackfront: We're about to get started in this big twelve man tag match for the UTA Tag Team Championships.

Ace: This is a big one Jason!

Blackfront: Yes it is. The rules are simple. Two men in the ring at all times. You can tag in anyone you would like to, it doesn't have to be your partner. But to secure the win either you or your partner must pin one of your opponents.

Ace: I'm not sure why we're even having this match to be honest.

Blackfront: Why's that?

Ace: Just give Dynasty the titles and move along!

Blackfront: It's not that simple Tommy. Plus, we have five other stellar teams here tonight with anyone having the chance to walk out the champions.

Ace: Nope. Just Sean Jackson and Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

The superstars begin heading to the apron as the teams get ready to start the match. Blackfront: It looks like we'll kick this match off with Thatcher Rex or The Shoot Kings and Teddy Palmer of Red and Ted.

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

Blackfront: Teddy Palmer wraps his arms around Thatcher Rex'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 Thatcher Rex expected Palmer to bring it out of the gate.

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

Palmer, turning him around.

Blackfront: Rex grabs Palmer's arm, goes for the Irish whip, no, Teddy Palmer reverses sending Rex 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 Rex, 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 Palmer starting this match off strong as he wants to walk out one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions.

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

Blackfront: HUGE SPLASH!!!

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

Just before Rex 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 Rex and playing to the crowd before he begins to punch Rex 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 Rex falls to the mat face first. Palmer turns around after playing to the crowd for a few moments. However, Rex quickly gets to his feet and hits a violent guillotine face driver

Blackfront: Out of nowhere Thatcher Rex hits a guillotine face driver! Thatcher quickly steps over and tags in his partner, Graham Clauson.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson now in the ring as The Shoot Kings working together as a team. Graham Clauson 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 Graham Clauson. Teddy Palmer into the ropes and now on the return. As Teddy Palmer returns, Graham Clauson 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 Clauson has plenty of power behind him. He just is no match for anyone in Dyansty and we'll see that here tonight.

Clauson 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: Graham continuing the domination started by his partner.

Graham Clauson lifts Teddy Palmer to his feet once again. Clauson grabs Palmer's arm and whips him hard toward the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Hard whip that sends Teddy Palmer crashing into the turnbuckle. Alexander Redding quickly reaches in and tags his partner.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding tagging himself in.

Alexander quickly gets into the ring and runs at Graham Cluason who charges him as well.

Blackfont: Clauson leaps, grabbing the head of Redding.

Graham Clauson attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Redding just shoves him off and down to the canvas.

Blackfont: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: Alexander Redding looking to show doubters that they are wrong tonight, and help Red and Ted become the first Tag Team Champions. Too bad that won't be how this plays out.

Blackfont: Alexander Redding now stomping away at Graham Clauson. He bends down and grabs Graham Clauson, pulling violently to his feet.

Blackfont: Redding directing Clauson to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Graham Clauson's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Redding turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfont: Alexander Redding now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Graham Clauson.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Redding wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove and I have a feeling he'll prove that by showing just a purely mean side of him.

Blackfont: Alexander Redding releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Graham Clauson.

Ace: I love to see a Shoot King get what he deserves.

Blackfont: Alexander Redding now using that foot across the throat of Graham Clauson to choke him again.

Ace: He's resourceful.

Blackfont: Redding releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Redding grabs the left arm of Graham Clauson and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfont: Irish whip across the ring, Alexander Redding follows Graham Clauson.

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

Blackfont: Graham Clauson with a kick into the face of Alexander Redding!

The fans cheer as Redding hits the canvas. Graham Clauson lays face down on the canvas himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfont: That may not be enough to give Clauson the advantage he needs to come back.

Ace: Maybe not, but he is wisely resting, conserving what energy he has left.

Redding shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Graham Clauson uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfont: Alexander Redding rushes Graham Clauson.

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

Blackfont: Graham Clauson thinks he has tossed Alexander Redding out of the ring. Graham Clauson turns as Redding climbs back into the ring and leaps forward with an arm extended.

Blackfont: Clothesline by Alexander Redding!

Graham Clauson just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Alexander Redding rolls over covering him. Quickly, both members of Dynasty as well as Tobias Devereux and Reaper rush the ring, all quickly stomping the two.

Blackfront: Dynasty and Devereux and Reaper stopping the count there. However, none of the four leave the ring as it quickly turns into a brawl.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson attacks Tobias Devereux with those heavy rights. Kathryn Vermont Thomas charges Reaper. She leaps... flying clothesline takes Reaper down!

Thatcher Rex quickly gets into the ring. On the apron, The Truth just stand and watch, no emotion over their faces. Across the ring from them, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete play Patty-Cake.

Blackfront: Thatcher Rex now attacking Sean Jackson. Lefts and rights. Jackson whipped into the ropes and on the return...

KVT quickly runs and slams her shoulder into the back of Thatcher's knee, causing him to go down as Sean passes and grabs the ropes to stop.

Blackfront: Thomas backing her partner up. The referee is trying to restore order, but I don't think he'll be able to.

Reaper come sup behind Kathryn Vermont Thomas and grabs her by the head, violently yanking her backwards and down to the canvas only to look up as Sean Jackson runs forward and tries to take his head off with a clothesline. Jackson though, follows through the run and directly into a perfectly timed super kick by Tobias Devereux. The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: It is anarchy in this match!

Ace: Did you expect anything else Jason?

Graham Clauson comes up behind Tobias, grabs his head and shoots him forward into and over the top rope.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson, one of the legal men in the ring, sending Tobias Devereux to the floor outside.

He turns just as Alexander Redding runs, raising his knee.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding with a raising knee lift right into the mid section of Graham Clauson! He quickly follows up with a huge impact DDT!

Through all of the commotion, Alexander Redding quickly covers Graham Clauson. The referee drops into place.

Blackfront: Quickly broken up by a knee drop to the back by Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Ace: Dyansty is always one step ahead Jason!

The referee gets up and pushes KVT back pointing to the ropes. She snarls at him before heading to the ropes. Sean Jackson begins to push to his feet and the referee quickly gets over and yells at him to exit the ring as well. Reaper rolls out of the ring to the apron then moves to the floor to check on his partner, leaving Graham Clauson and Alexander Redding in the ring.

Blackfront: Order seems to have been restored here at least momentarily.

Ace: I would not want to be the referee of this match, I'll tell you that much.

Alexander Redding gets to his feet, pulling Graham Clauson with him. He drags Clauson toward the corner and reaches out tagging Brother Simon. Simon just looks at him oddly before grabbing the top rope and stepping over into the ring.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding bringing Brother Simon into the ring.

Ace: I guess we're about to see what The Truth can offer.

Brother Simon moves over and boots Graham Clauson in the stomach as Alexander Redding holds him. As he is kicked, Clauson drops to his knees. Alexander begins to walk to the ropes, but Brother Simon grabs him by the

shoulder.

Blackfront: I'm unsure if Brother Simon is happy about being brought into this by Alexander Redding.

He turns him around, reaches forward and grabs Redding by the throat before lifting him up.

Blackfront: Alexander Redding unable to get free.

He pulls Redding in before pushing out hard and releasing, sending Alexander Redding flying across the ring before crashing into the canvas with enough force to send him rolling out of the ring under the bottom rope. He then turns back to Graham who is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Brother Simon helping pull Graham to his feet. Knee to his stomach.

Brother Simon grabs the arm of Graham Clauson and yanks back, sending him across the ring. Blackfront: Clauson on return. Brother Simon comes forward... big boot to the face of Graham Clauson!

Brother Simon fixes his collar before walking over and reaching out to Brother Judas who just snarls at him before reaching in and tagging his partner.

Blackfront: The extremely big and scary Brother Judas now coming into the ring.

Ace: This man is big Jason, but that isn't the worst part. I mean just look at him!

He steps over the top rope and begins to stomp toward Graham Clauson who looks up to see him before scooting backwards toward the ropes. Clauson pulls himself up and tags Reaper before dropping to the canvas and sliding out of the ring.

Ace: That may be the smartest thing Graham Clauson has ever done.

Blackfront: I don't think Reaper is appreciative of being tagged in.

Ace: Why wouldn't he be? This is his chance to become one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions!

Reaper just stands on the apron talking to Tobias Devereux as Brother Judas walks over. He looks at Judas and begins saying he doesn't want in. Brother Judas reaches in and grabs the throat of Reaper, lifting him up and pulling him over the top rope and into the ring down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Pure power by Brother Judas.

Ace: He is a seven foot plus monster. In the most literal sense.

Blackfront: Brother Judas grabbing Reaper's head from behind.

He squeezes Reaper's head hard. Reaper lets out a yell as he is pulled up to his feet by the sheer power of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Brother Judas squeezing the head of Reaper, his fingers in the eyes of his opponent. He lets go, lifting his arm and coming down with a massive elbow into the top of Reaper's head, sending him face first down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Brother Judas lifting the leg of Reaper... he drives it hard into the ring.

Ace: That will hurt for a while.

He lifts his leg again, once again driving the knee of Reaper into the canvas.

Blackfront: That knee yet again into the canvas.

Reaper holds his knee and rolls over to his back as Brother Judas begins to stomp him.

Blackfront: Multiple huge stomps by the monster, Judas.

Tobias Devereux enters the ring. He runs and leaps behind Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux with a double axe handle to the back of Brother Judas to save his partner.

Ace: Not sure if that was the smartest move.

Brother Judas turns around and looks down to Tobias Devereux who begins throwing right hands into the side of Brother Judas' head.

Blackfront: Multiple rights by Tobias Devereux. Now an elbow. Another right. Brother Judas reeling.

Brother Simon steps over the ropes and gets back in the ring.

Blackfront: Brother Simon charges Tobias Devereux. Tobias ducks a clothesline attempt. Brother Simon turns.

Blackfront: Devereux with a right to Simon. Now one to Judas. Tobias Devereux on fire as he takes on the Truth!

Ace: About time this guy brings something to the table.

The referee tries to get control as Tobias Devereux runs back, hits the ropes and heads toward both members of The Truth. However, they both bend down and grab him, lifting up. Devereux goes up and over, landing hard behind the two.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux hard into the canvas. Reaper crawls toward the ropes reaching up.

Blackfront: Reaper trying to use this as an opportunity to get out of the ring.

Ace: I don't blame him.

Brother Simon heads to the ropes and begins to exit the ring as Brother Judas starts toward Reaper.

Blackfront: Reaper reaches.... the tag is made!

Sean Jackson quickly enters the ring and runs toward Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Jackson with a series of rights, rocking Brother Judas.

Ace: Go Sean! I tell you! It's Dynasty tonight baby!

Jackson pushes Brother Judas into the ropes and yanks back.

Blackfront: Brother Judas whi... no, reversal. Sean Jackson across the ring. Off of the ropes and on the return.

Brother Judas throws his arm out for a clothesline as Sean Jackson leaps up, throwing one arm around the neck of Brother Judas, and grabbing his other. He wraps his legs around the waist of Judas and begins to squeeze.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson with some type of modified submission there as I have never seen him use before.

Ace: Always coming up with something new.

Jackson squeezes hard. Brother Judas stumbles forward, falling to one knee. Sean Jackson continues to hold, yanking back.

Blackfront: It looks like Brother Judas may almost be out as Sean Jackson applies more pressure.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas cheers on Jackson from the apron. Brother Judas falls forward, Jackson's back hitting the canvas. Yet he holds on.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson may have brought the beast down! If Brother Judas passes out or taps out we have new tag team champions!

Brother Judas begins to fight back. He begins to lift to a knee. Sean Jackson holds on.

Blackfront: Brother Judas trying to come back. This could be huge.

Judas stands up, Jackson still holding on. Brother Judas turns and runs forward toward the corner.

Blackfront: Jackson slammed into the corner turnbuckle. Brother Judas steps back... he slams Jackson again.

Sean Jackson lets go and slumps down in the corner. Brother Judas grabs the top rope and comes forward with a knee into the stomach of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Brother Judas able to escape the clutches of Sean Jackson, now on the assault. Behind them Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete play rock, paper, scissor. Uncle Rocky appears to win as he turns and slaps Brother Judas on the shoulder.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky tagging himself in.

Ace: Yea, that's smart.

Brother Judas turns to Uncle Rocky who thrust his shoulder threw the ropes and into the gut of Brother Judas. As Brother Judas stumbles back a bit, Uncle Rocky grabs the top rope, bends down, then uses the ropes to shoot himself up. His feet land on the top rope and he leaps off as Brother Judas looks up.

Blackfront: DROP KICK FROM OUTSIDE OF THE ROPES BY UNCLE ROCKY!

Brother Judas rolls to the edge of the apron, before sliding to the floor as Uncle Rocky pops to his feet. He waves to the crowd as he yells Hello Friends!

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky wasting no time as he runs and spins into an elbow smash to the face of Sean Jackson.

Uncle Rocky walks forward as Sean Jackson stumbles out of the corner. Rocky takes off to the side, hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up, throwing both legs out and kicking a bent over Sean Jackson in the side of the head.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky on a roll here late in this match. Being the most rested this has to play a big part into this quick assault.

Ace: It's not fair if you ask me! He's been sitting up on the apron playing stupid games instead of working hard like Sean Jackson!

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky picking Sean Jackson up, knowing that if he slows down he may lose his momentum.

He sends an elbow into the stomach of Jackson before reaching up, grabbing his neck and turning before falling.

Blackfront: Neck breaker by one half of The Good Friends! Uncle Rocky now runs, off the ropes. leaps over Jackson. Off the ropes again.

As he returns he does a goofy dance before leaping up and twisting around, coming down across the throat and abdomen of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky calls that the Dancey Dance and he just hit his mark perfectly! Rocky now going for a cover.

Quickly Red & Ted, plus Tobias Devereux and Reaper hit the ring followed by Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex.

Blackfront: The other teams pour in to break up the cover!

As it is broken up all hell breaks loose yet again as Devereux and Thatcher Rex begin to exchange punches. Alexander Redding and Teddy Palmer both attack Reaper before Graham Clauson comes in and takes Palmer away, hitting him with rights and lefts.

Blackfront: I'm unsure how anyone will be able to pull off the victory here! Robot Pete's screen lights up as he enters the ring under the top rope.

Blackfront: Robot Pete now in the ring!

Ace: Oh great, this idiot.

He throws his arms out to the side and suddenly the heart in the middle of his chest lights up before it begins to pulsate, dub step music pumping out. His Beast Mode face takes over his screen as Robot Pete as he turns Thatcher Rex around.

Blackfront: Robot Pete with big rights to the head of Thatcher Rex.. He grabs him and sends Thatcher over the top rope! Tobias Devereux now attacking Robot Pete who retaliates with a series of rights.

He runs past Tobias. As he returns, Robot Pete leaps up.

Blackfront: DROPKICK!

As Tobias hits the canvas, he quickly rolls out of the ring. During the commotion, Sean Jackson makes it over and tags in KVT, before rolling out of the ring. She quickly jumps down from the apron and makes her way to the commentator's table.

Blackfront: Robot Pete now tosses Graham Clauson from the ring! Hey, that's my water.

Ace: She's just thirsty.

Both Alexander Redding and Teddy Palmer charge the Titanium Toddler who just ducks as they runs into the ropes and end up flying over the top with momentum. Robot Pete helps Uncle Rocky up and begins to dance before Rocky pushes him out of the way and drops Reaper with a drop toe hold. As Reaper hits the canvas he roles over. Robot Pete runs and jumps up, coming down with a big leg drop.

Blackfront: HUGE LEG DROP BY ROBOT PETE! That leg armor has to add to the hurt!

Ace: It has to be illegal!

Reaper rolls out of the ring as Robot Pete and Uncle Rocky hug. They then turn and look for Sean Jackson. As they head toward the side of the ring he is in, Kathryn Vermont Thomas slides in behind them. She runs toward the duo.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas on the attack, the legal person in the ring. I'm unsure that The Good Friends! are aware of this.

Uncle Rocky leans over the top rope and yells at Jackson as Robot Pete turns around. As he does, KVT splashes the water up into his face. Robot Pete begins to convulse as a poof of smoke comes out from under his neck and a blue error screen overtakes his face. Uncle Rocky looks back and is able to move out of the way as a stiff Robot Pete just falls back first to the canvas.

Ace: HA! That's one way to take care of things.

Uncle Rocky's face is full of surprise as he yells at his metallic buddy to get up, but Robot Pete is out. Even his dub step has quit playing and just the word Error continues to flash on his face.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky checking on Robot Pete. Kathryn Vermont Thomas runs past them, leaps up toe hte second rope.. she spring boards off...

Uncle Rocky stands up and turns just as KVT leaps.

Blackfront: Spring board into a cross body hits her mark!

Both superstars fall back to the canvas with KVT quickly slowing herself down and moving to position to cover Uncle Rocky. The referee drops down to count.

Blackfront: We have a pin! We have a pin! COULD WE BE WITNESSING THE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS BEING

CROWNED!

The referee's hand hits three right as Uncle Rocky kicks out.

Blackfront: Was it in time?! Was it in time?! The referee jumps up and calls for the bell.

Blackfront: IT WAS! DYNASTY HOLDS THE BRAND NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP TITLES!!!

ACE: OH MY GOD! YES! YES! YES!

Blackfront: Your winners and NEW UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSS..... DYNNNASSSSTTTYYYY!!!!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas gets up and begins to scream with glee, jumping up and down. Sean

Jackson heads over to grab the titles. Behind KVT, Uncle Rocky gets up and argues with the referee.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky demanding the match to be restarted.

Ace: What a sore loser.

He pushes the referee away and runs at Kathryn Vermont Thomas, clotheslineing her in the back, before turning and stomping the champion as she is down.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky attacking KVT from behind. he is not happy.

Sean Jackson sees the attack and quickly slides in. As he does, uncle Rocky looks back and sees him, quickly retreating to the ropes and down to the floor. Jackson stops, so he can kneel down and check on Kathryn. Anger and rage fill his eyes.

Blackfront: The celebration is cut short as Sean Jackson tends to Kathryn Vermont Thomas. I don't think this will be the last we see of The Good Friends! and Dynasty. Not by a long shot.

Truth II

Darkness yet again. The soft singing of Hallelujah can be heard. This time only one silhouette can be seen, and that is of The Good Reverend.

Reverend: Brother Jeremiah... Oh Brother Jeremi-ah... He comes more into view.

Reverend: Are you ready Brother Jeremiah? Are you willing to remove the mask of lies and embrace HIM with open arms?

He closes his eyes and begins to hum the song that is sung ever so softly. He opens his eyes. Reverend: IS will shall be done. I do not want to, but I will bring down the sword of justice upon you with a fury like you have never seen tonight. Are you ready Brother Jeremiah? Are you ready to receive HIS justice?

He begins to hum again, backing away into the shadows as we fade.

Celebration

We head back to the Dynasty locker room where the members are all celebrating except for Kathryn Vermont Thomas who stands to the side holding her back. Sean Jackson walks over to his partner.

Jackson: Don't worry. Those two idiots are going to pay. She sighs.

Thomas: It's not that. I should have seen him coming. CBR walks over.

CBR: He blind sided you! Don't beat yourself up over it. Like Sean said, we will get them back. Perfection picks up on of the tag team titles sitting on the couch and walks over. He hands it to her and looks into her eyes.

Perfection: YOU won this tonight for Dynasty. YOU earned it Kat. He looks over at CBR.

Perfection: CBR is still the Internet Champion. I am still the UTA Champion. At the end of the night, you are why we will be able to stand up to all of the ungrateful out there in the crowd.

CBR: What if I don't beat The Spectre tonight? Perfection gives him a sharp look.

Perfection: You will. Just like I will beat Yoshii. Tonight, Dynasty sweeps and we will hold all of the championships except the Wildfire. That one will come soon enough.

KVT looks down at the title and smiles.

Thomas: You know, I feel better already. I have the perfect boots to go with this.

Jackson: That's the spirit!

The continue their celebration as we go to commercial.

Brought to You By

As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain.

Blackfront: An interesting match here as The Good Reverend makes his in ring debut against the former champion.

Ace: I don't like Madman, but The Truth creeps me out.

Madman begins to make his way down the aisle. He slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up as he does.

Announcer: weighing in at one hundred eighty-seven pounds... Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Blackfront: Madman looking for the win tonight as he goes against The Good Reverend which we know very little about.

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and remains there for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning to wait for his opponent.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski hoping to avenge the attack on his friend, La Flama Blanca, a few weeks back tonight.

The lights go dark as The Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas and Brother Simon step out from the back. Their monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Blackfront: Those two men are scary Tommy.

Ace: They proved that just a little bit ago in the tag match.

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, standing six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... THE GOOOD.... REVVVEERREENNDDDD!!!

Blackfront: We're in for maybe the match of Madman's life.

The Good Reverend turns to his followers and begins to speak to them. A few moments later they look disturbed but turn and begin heading to the back.

Blackfront: It looks as if The Good Reverend is sending Brother Judas and Brother Simon to the back.

Ace: He wants Madman Szalinski for himself. In a match where we thought the numbers game would play out, this is almost worst. I mean, what could he possibly have planned, that even he doesn't want the other two seeing?

The Good Reverend continues down the ramp, the light following his every step. As he reaches the ring, he walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Blackfront: The atmosphere is electric here.

Ace: I've got chills Jason.

The Good Reverend heads to his corner and stares at madman across the ring as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: This match is underway.

The Good Reverend stands in the corner across the ring from Madman Szalinski. Both men looking at each other. Suddenly they both burst out of their corners. As they meet, The Good Reverend reaches up and grabs Madman into a tie up, using his size to push the former champion back into the corner.

Blackfront: We're off! The Reverend over powering Madman... NO! Madman fighting back with right hands pushing The Reverend back, taking the fight out of the corner.

The Reverend returns with his own right followed by a knee to Madman's mid section.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend fighting back with rights.

Ace: I'm not how sure how good The Reverend is, but he's taking Madman to school.

The Good Reverend with a massive head butt following Madman Szalinski has he stumbles back to the corner. Another head butt to Madman with that unorthodox style he is displaying here tonight.

Ace: I don't know if you can even call it a style, but calling it unorthodox is putting it mildly.

He rocks Madman with another shot. Szalinski is sent stumbling along side of the ropes with The Good Reverend in pursuit.

Blackfront: The Reverend grabbing the back of Madman's head, and using his power to send him across the ring. Madman on return, spinning elbow smash takes the former UTA Champion off of his feet and to the canvas.

The Good Reverend raises one hand to the sky look up as Madman tries to catch his bearings and begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend not allowing Madman to get to his feet as he comes forward and stomps the back of Szalinski.

Ace: I'm all about that masked idiot getting what is coming to him. But The Truth scares me Jason. There is something sinister about them.

Madman rolls up to his knees and The Good Reverend comes forward and steps on one of his hands while slapping him across the face.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend grabbing the head of Madman Szalinski and pulling him to his feet. Madman fighting back again.

The Good Reverend is rocked with each punch stumbling back into the ropes. He shakes it off and charges Madman who throws a leg up, catching him in the mid section. The Good Reverend flips over his leg and hits the canvas.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski taking The Reverend off of his feet. The Good Reverend grabs his left leg.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend looks to have landed wrong, possibly hurting that leg.

Ace: At least we know he is human.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski grabbing the head of The Good Reverend lifting him up. As The Good Reverend gets to his feet, Madman doesn't let go of his head.

Blackfront: Madman with a left knee, now a right, now another left to the midsection of The Good Reverend.

He lets go and runs to the ropes. However, as close as they are, The Good Reverend follows and shoots a raised leg up into Madman's back, causing him to crumble onto one knee, being held up by only the second rope.

Blackfront: Hurt leg or not, not enough to put The Reverend out as Madman is now painfully aware.

The Good Reverend paces before heading over and picking Madman up. He pushes him backward into the ropes and sends him across the ring.

Blackfront: Madman on the return, he ducks the arms of The Good Reverend. Off the ropes again. The Reverend bends down to catch him... no! Madman rolls over his back and lands on his feet. Quick swift kicks to the back of that possibly injured leg of The Good Reverend.

The Good Reverend's leg buckles and he falls to one knee. Madman quickly runs and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: Szalinski with that speed, he leaps... dropkick to the back of The Good Reverend! The crowd screams like crazy as The Reverend falls to the canvas and just as quick rolls out of the ring. He holds himself up with the edge of the apron, standing, but showing pain in his knee as he applies pressure.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski climbing the turnbuckle, he's going to go airborne.

Ace: You idiot. That wont help your bad health.

The Good Reverend steps back and looks up as Madman leaps off the top rope.

Blackfront: HUGE CROSS BODY OFF THE TOP ROPE MAKES HIS MARK!

As he connects, both men hit the floor hard, Madman rolling away from The Reverend.

Blackfront: High risk move paid off. Madman Szalinski rolling to his feet.

Szalinski quickly runs toward the back of The Good Reverend who is trying to get up as well. He grabs the back of his head and runs forward, rolling him into the ring.

Blackfront: Madman rolls The Reverend in. Now quickly climbing to the apron.

He runs across the apron and begins to climb the turnbuckle from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski going up top yet again

Ace: It worked once. Why try and press your luck a second time?

Madman Szalinski stands up, balancing himself as The Good Reverend begins to stand in the ring. The Reverend turns and Madman leaps.

Blackfront: Another big cross body from the top rope hitting his mark! Lateral press. Kick out by The Reverend.

They both quickly roll over and begin getting to their feet.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski meeting The Reverend with an European Uppercut. Grabs his head, another.

The Good Reverend stumbles forward and into the corner.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski follows. Swift quick again to tat bad leg of The Good Reverend! The Good Reverend turns around, back first into the corner.

Blackfront: Another swift kick. Madman trying to take that leg out.

Ace: It may be the only way he is able to keep this man down.

Blackfront: Now a right kick to the mid section of The Good Reverend, a left.. Madman grabs his arm and pulls back.. Irish Whi... No, reversed! Madman Szalinski sent hard into the corner.

The Good Reverend takes a few steps back and runs toward Madman.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend charging Madman Szalinski... Madman gets his feet up! Boot to the face of The Good Reverend!

The Good Reverend spins around and leans back on the ropes as Madman begins to climb the turnbuckle backward, perching on top. The Good Reverend looks to his right, seeing Madman. He swings his right arm across and up, catching Madman in the chest.

Blackfront: The former UTA Champion knocked off the top rope!

Madman falls to the side, slamming into the edge of the apron before falling fully to the floor outside.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend taking a huge amount of punishment tonight, but still able to keep control.

Ace: It's almost like he has some force controlling him.

The Good Reverend walks a circle, his hand in the sky as the fans boo him. He yells at them to Embrace HIM. The Good Reverend slowly walks to the ropes, stepping outside to the apron and hopping to the floor as Madman begins to get up.

Blackfront: The Reverend grabbing the head of Madman, pulling him to his feet. Quick right to the side of the former champion's head.

Madman stumbles back and falls down into a sitting positing next to the steps. The Good Reverend heads over to the barricade and tells a fan who is booing him to Repent before laughing and turning back to Madman.

Blackfront: The Reverend charges Madman Szalinski...

Madman quickly moves as The Good Reverend charges knee first. He grabs his back and uses his own momentum to slam The Good Reverend, knee first, into the steel steps, sending him up and over them. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend smashing that injured knee into those steps. Quick thinking by Madman Szalinski as he side stepped him.

The Good Reverend rolls on the floor holding the back of his knee. Madman Szalinski, panting, rolls over and holds himself up on the edge of the ring, trying to get his bearings as the referee continues his count inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski sliding back into the ring. We may get a count out here.

Madman, in a sitting position, scoots back to the ropes, holding them. The Good Reverend begins to get to his feet. The referee continues to count as he hobbles over using his good leg, and slides into the ring.

Blackfront: The Reverend able to make it back in time here.

He grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself up, still not putting much pressure on his leg. Madman uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Szalinski runs, going behind The Reverend... quick chop to the back of that knee sends him to the canvas!

The crowd gets to their feet as we see Brother Judas and Brother Simon heading down the ramp. Blackfront: The rest of The Truth making their way to the ring. madman Szalinski is out numbered!

Ace: Story of his life, isn't it Jason?

Madman looks up and sees them. He pulls himself to his feet using the ropes, then takes off. Blackfront: Madman Szalinski toward the ropes.. he leaps! SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!

Madman crashes into both members of The Truth, all three men hitting the floor on the outside. Inside the ring, The Good Reverend rolls on the canvas, holding his leg.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski takes flight, taking out the followers of The Truth!

Madman pushes up to his knees, then stands. He looks to make sure the two men are down before looking into the ring at The Good Reverend who is on his knees.

Blackfront: Szalinski takes off. Sliding back into the ring and to his feet.

He walks a few steps forward toward The Good Reverend who stays on his knees. He lifts both arms out and yells to Madman Yes! Remove your mask of lies! Reveal Your Truth Self to Me and the World!

Blackfront: it's almost as if The Reverend wants Madman to attack him.

Ace: He's a martyr Jason!

Not knowing how to take what is going on, Madman looks conflicted on if he should attack or not. Behind him, out side of the ring, Brother Judas and Brother Simon are getting to their feet.

Blackfront: It's just a ploy Madman! Look out behind you!

They grab the ropes at the same time and pull themselves to the apron. The Good Reverend looks past Madman and begins to yell at his followers. NO! I must do this on my own in HIS word! Let us be! Szalinski looks back, seeing the two.

Blackfront: The Reverend telling The truth not to interfere! I don't know what to think about this! Madman looks back at The Good Reverend as the followers drop to the floor. He begs him to attack. Szalinski gets down into a three point stance.

Blackfront: Could it be? Could Madman be going for the Tecmo Elbows?

He yells out Hut! Hut! Hut! as The Good Reverend yells back Do it! Madman takes off.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski charges forward.

He throws his arm around, his elbow swinging. Right as it comes across, The Good Reverend ducks down causing the elbow to miss. He springs forward, grabbing Madman's legs and yanking back as he rises up.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend tricked Szalinski into attacking! He now has him on his back on the canvas!

Ace: That mask is so tight, it cuts of the circulation to his brain making him even more dumb Jason!

The Good Reverend stands, holding Madman's legs up. he begins to smile and nod to the booing crowd before reaching down too apply pressure. He begins to get a better grasp on Madman's legs as if he plans to sling shot him. As he leans in to do so, Madman reaches up, wrapping his arm around The Good Reverend's neck and pulling him down. He drops Szalinski's legs, who in turn quickly wraps them around his waist. The fans get on their feet

Blackfront: HE'S GOT THE DEATH TRAP LOCKED IN! DEATH TRAP! DEATH TRAP!

Ace: NO!

The Good Reverend tries to fight back, but he can't. Madman has the front guillotine choke locked in. The Good Reverend begins to slam the side of his legs. The referee quickly signals his fingers to call for the bell.

Blackfront: It's over! It's over! The Good Reverend taps out!

Brother Judas and Brother Simon look at each other and start toward the ring as Madman lets go of his lock. The fans scream even louder as La Flama Blanca bursts out of the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: The hometown hero is back out! He's coming to the aid of his friend! He's coming to extract revenge on the Truth!

Ace: He's an idiot! He's like one tenth the size of those guys!

Judas and Simon turn just as Blanca leaps up, throwing both legs out and catching them both with his feet.

Blackfront: DOUBLE LEG DROP KICK BY LA FLAMA BLANCA! He quickly rolls over and gets up, running to and sliding into the ring. As he pops to his feet, The Good Reverend quickly rolls out and begins to head around the side to get away. Madman and La Flama Blanca stand tall together as Madman's music begins to play.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca making an impact but not as big of an impact as Madman Szalinski pulling off this impressive victory over The Good Reverend! What a night!

They slap hands and hug as we go to commercial break.

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