

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #3

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

It's that time of the week, the time you get all sorts of excited. It's time for WrestleUTA streaming directly from WrestleUTA.com. No matter if you watch it on your computer, your smart phone, or your smart television device you wouldn't miss this for the world! Excitedly you press the 'play' button. Before the show begins we get a word from our sponsor.

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As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The WrestleUTA logo flashes across the screen and we are greeted with a shot of the sold out Madison Square Garden. A small 'Previously Recorded' shows at the bottom left of the screen.

The camera pans across showing the stage which is set up with one large video screen and WrestleUTA banners hanging on each side. Our view fades into Jason Blackfront sitting ringside, ready to call the action.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to WRESTLESHOW! I am Jason Blackfront and tonight we bring to you some exciting United Toughness Alliance action right here from the Madison Square Garden! The crowd is hot tonight.

We get a panned view of the screaming fans.

Blackfront: Tonight is going to be huge. We have several high profile debuts such as Drew Stevenson and Chance Von Crank. Also on tap is the two-thousand and thirteen Hall of Fame induction. It is guaranteed to be an explosive night going into the championship title tournament on the next WRESTLESHOW.

Jason picks up a razor for the camera.

Blackfront: Remember folks, tonight's WRESTLESHOW is brought to you by Dollar Shave Club. For just a few bucks a month you too can have a nice, clean smooth shave. The camera heads back up to the stage as the show gets ready to begin.

Blackfront: Now, Lets get this excited United Toughness Alliance action started!

As the camera sits pointed at the top of the stage. 'Quality Control' by Jurassic 5 starts to play. Dylan Daniels steps out with the hood of his jacket on his head. He raises both arms before throwing them down, taking the hood off and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly Daniels runs to

a turnbuckle and raises and arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing.

Blackfront: If Dylan Daniels is nervous about facing Chance Von Crank tonight, he isn't showing it.

Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded!" "Chance Von Crank"

His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a "CVC Fucking Sucks!" chant breaks out throughout the crowd.

Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous "Aw Ski Ski" after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished. He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle. Crank jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and "Fuck You CVC!" chants.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank has a reputation that is following him here as he debuts tonight against Dylan Daniels. Many are saying he is the wild card going into the upcoming UTA Championship tournament.

As the bell sounds as Dylan Daniels immediately locks up with Von Crank. He breaks away from the lockup, quickly rolling behind Chance Von Crank, catching him by surprise

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels wraps his arms around Chance Von Crank'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.

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

Blackfront: Crank grabs Daniel's arm, goes for the Irish whip, no, Dylan Daniels reverses sending Chance Von Crank into the ropes!

Dylan Daniels runs to the opposite side, hitting the ropes and returning.

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

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

Blackfront: Dylan is showing right here now who the veteran is in this matchup!

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

Blackfront: HUGE SPLASH!!!

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

Blackfront: The crowd counting along and as he connects. Dylan gets to ten and Referee O'Conner steps in.

He jumps off the turnbuckle and Crank falls to the mat face first. Daniels turns around after playing to the crowd for a few moments and is met violent guillotine face driver!

Blackfront: Out of nowhere Crank hits a guillotine face driver! Crank showing that experience he's gained the last few years while in Death Row Wrestling and DEFIANCE.

Crank pulls Daniels to the center of the ring quickly by his right leg and applies a SharpShooter. Dylan Daniels reaches for the ropes when he realizes he is dead center in the middle of the ring. He puts his fists on the mat and begins to pull himself towards the ropes.

Blackfront: He may tap here, he is now pulling himself closer to those ropes, but The Trailer Park Prodigy has Dylan

right where he wants him.

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

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

Blackfront: Mickey O'Conner steps in to break the hold. Daniels is hugging the bottom rope when the hold is finally broken.

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

Blackfront: Referee O'Conner is watching both of Crank's hands here just waiting for him to tap out.

Crank is able to somehow turn over. Using his free foot he kicks the face of Dylan Daniels, causing him to let go.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank now rolling to the edge and out of the ring.

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

Blackfront: Baseball slide by Dylan Daniels, but wait! Chance Von Crank moves! Crank rolls to the side as Dylan Daniels' feet slide under the bottom rope. Crank quickly throws his arm up and over Dylan's legs using his own momentum to pull Daniels out

and to the floor where his head bounces.

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels holding his head, he may be hurt. Of course Chance Von Crank is not deterred as he viciously begins stomping away at Daniels.

Inside the ring, the referee continues his count. Chance Von Crank picks Dylan Daniels up, and rolls him back into the ring under the ropes, following himself.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank now in full control of this match as Dylan Daniels may be injured.

Crank grabs Daniels by the head, yanking him to his feet. He grabs Dylan's arm and sends him across the ring into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Chance Von Crank. Dylan Daniels into the ropes and now on the return.

As Dylan Daniels he is leveled in the center with The Reluctant Slam™!

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.

Chance Von Crank stands over a fallen Dylan Daniels. Chance takes a few steps back then dashes forward, leaping up and coming down with a knee into the head of Dylan Daniels. He grabs his head and begins flopping around on the mat like a fish.

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

Of course that would be the easy way, which is never CVC's way as he lifts Dylan Daniels to his feet once again. Crank grabs Daniel's arm and whips him hard toward the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Hard whip that sends Dylan Daniels crashing into the turnbuckle.

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

Blackfront: These fans here in Madison Square Garden are on their feet.

Crank does his Aw Ski taunt, balling his fist and pumping it up and down out from his crotch. After so many pumps he opens his hand quickly at the top of his last pump simulating orgasm. He then takes off in Dylan's direction. He leaps right before he gets to him, Dylan, who is still seated in the very corner of the ring being propped up by his arms resting on a rope on both sides of the corner. He hits the Aw Ski in the corner bouncing up and down on his opponent's chest and abdomen area.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank's version of the Bronco Buster is finally broken up by Ref O'Conner.

Dylan Daniels attempts to get some momentum back after meeting the mat. He uses the bottom ropes to begin pulling himself up, very slowly. Chance Von Crank just stands with his hand on his hips, motioning to the crowd as if to say "What is with this guy?" and "Why won't he just stay down?"

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels just refuses to give up and Chance Von Crank can not believe it.

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

Blackfront: That running knee smash, which I believe is called Shock-N-Rolla™ has knocked Dylan Daniels completely out.

Chance Von Crank bends down and grabs Dylan Daniels by the head, pulling him away from the ropes without a care in the world that he could be doing more damage to Daniel's neck. He drops to his knees at the middle of Dylan Daniels and leans forward, covering him just enough to have it count. As he holds himself up, he looks out to the crowd making an obscene flicking gesture with his tongue as the referee counts.

Blackfront: The referee completes the three count and calls for the bell.

The crowd is booing and many chants break out as Chance climbs to the top turnbuckle to taunt the crowd. Chance begins to do the championship belt motion while on the top rope causing roars of boo's and obscene chants to break out.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank wins the first ever match here in the UTA, displaying his intentions in the upcoming championship title tournament that begins on the next WRESTLESHOW.

As Chance continues to celebrate we fade to the back.

NOT VERY ENVIOUS

Al Envy is seen sitting in the back lacing up his boots for his main event match later in the evening. He looks up at the camera.

Envy: Tonight The Show Stealer does what he does best, he main events and he wins. Envy smirks as he stand sup, placing his hands on his waist.

Envy: Corbin, I don't know what you were thinking when you put yourself into our match on the last WRESTLESHOW, but you made a big mistake boy.

He points to the camera, his face filled with seriousness.

Envy: I'm gunning for you tonight Marcus and I'm going to hurt you. Nobody takes a win from Al Envy, nobody.

Suddenly we hear the door fly open from behind the camera. Chance Von Crank walks into the shot and looks around. Al Envy just stares at him with curiosity.

Crank: Have you seen a midget, about pecker high..

Chance uses his hand to judge the height of the guy he's looking for, moving it up and down as he tries to adjust the

actual height.

Crank: The little bastard was supposed to meet me after my match. He looks like, well... a sawed off me. His mullet looks like a cheap bathroom rug from Ikea. You seen him?

Al Envy has a look of disgust on his face.

Envy: I don't know who the hell you think you are, but you need to get out of...

Al is interrupted by Chance Von Crank's fist hitting his jaw. Envy stumbles back and falls over the bench, hitting his head on a locker and falling between the bench and locker, with his legs draped over the bench.

Crank leaps over and begins punching Al Envy multiple times as agents and officials rush into the locker room. As they begin to pull Crank away from Envy, he spits toward Al, a wild look in his eyes. The group of men are finally able to pull Crank away, he holds his hand sup.

Crank: I'm done, I'm done.

As the check on Al Envy, one of the double lockers flies open. Leaping from it like a pig with wings, Midget Von Crank dog piles the men helping Envy. Crank points at the mini Shock-N-Rolla.

Crank: There that little bastard is!

As the group of men fight to pull Midget Von Crank off of Envy, we go back ringside.

As we return ringside Darian Dumont is the the ring warming up as Brez is walking toward the ring to an instrumental of "ET."

Blackfront: This should an interesting re-match after Darian Dumont, who self admittedly has no real wrestling ability, scored an upset victory over Brez on the last WRESTLESHOW.

Brez enters the ring, snarling at Darian Dumont.

Blackfront: I guess we will find out if the win was a fluke, or if Darian Dumont is full of luck.

The bell sounds. Darian Dumont rushes Brez, who comes forward with a big clothesline as if he is trying to take the head off of the former trapeze star.

Blackfront: Seems that Dumont's luck may just be out.

Brez doesn't waste any time as he picks Darian Dumont up and while holding him, spins around, sending Dumont shoulder first hard into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: WOW! I heard a pop from where I'm sitting!

Dumont just hangs between the ropes on top of the second as Brez steps forward. he reaches down and grabs Darian's legs, yanking him back and letting go. Dumont hits the mat face first.

Blackfront: Pure ruthlessness by the big man, embarrassed by his loss to Dumont on the last show and making up for it now.

Brez begins to stomp the injured shoulder of Darian Dumont with aggression, letting his frustration out.

Blackfront: Brez refusing to let up, not allowing Dumont even a moment to try and get into this match.

Brez now grabs the arm of Darian Dumont, kneeling down with his knee into the shoulder blade that had hit the corner post. Dumont lets out a scream of agony.

Blackfront: Having had shoulder surgery myself, this is hard to watch folks. It's almost as if Brez wants to rip that arm right out of it's socket.

He yanks back more, Dumont fighting every natural instinct he has to give up. The referee checks on Dumont who refuses to quit.

Blackfront: I do have to say, this man has heart. But all it seems to be doing is making Brez even more angry.

Brez lets go, getting to his feet and instantly kicking Dumont to the back of the head.

Blackfront: Brez needs to just end this now. I can't watch anymore.

Brez violently grabs the back of Darian Dumont's head and yanks him to his feet. He lifts Dumont up over his shoulder, with Darian Dumont's head in the front of Brez, facing the mat.

Blackfront: Brez going for a power slam. Darian Dumont begins kicking his feet.

Blackfront: Dumont fighting it.

Somehow Darian Dumont is able to force himself up and slide behind Brez. As his feet hit the mat, Brez turns around and comes forward with a clothesline.

Blackfront: Dumont ducks!

Both men turn around. Brez throws both hands out to grab Dumont's neck, but Darian ducks and steps around to the side of Brez who stumbles forward.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont with a swift kick to the back of Brez's knee. He is trying to get some momentum here.

Brez kneels a little but stands back up just to get another kick to the knee. He stumbles forward again. Dumont takes a few steps back and as Brez turns around, Darian Dumont steps forward and jumps up with a very sloppy, but on point drop kick.

Blackfront: Brez taken down by a drop kick! Dumont hit his mark!

Darian Dumont's face tells the story as his eyes show even he is surprised. Dumont runs toward the ropes, leaping to the second and moonsaulting off. As he comes down, Brez rolls out of the way, causing Dumont to crash into the mat.

Blackfront: Rookie mistake by Dumont as a dropkick is not enough to take someone like Brez out.

Brez crawls over and covers Dumont.

Blackfront: Brez going for a quick pin, however Darian Dumont is able to get a shoulder up.

Brez rolls over and sits up, looking frustrated. As he pushes himself to his feet, Dumont comes up and forward, grabbing Brez from behind and rolling him down and over.

Blackfront: Schoolboy pin by Darian Dumont!

As the referee drops to begin the count, Dumont throws his legs back to use the ropes for leverage and securing the three count. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont with another win over the monster Brez!

Dumont lets go of Brez, quickly rolling out of the ring as Brez gets to his feet. He rushes to the ropes, grabbing the top and leaning over, yelling at Dumont who is on the outside, backing away toward the ramp.

Brez turns to the referee and begins to argue, pointing to the ropes to show he had been cheated. The referee attempts to side step him, but Brez grabs him by the shirt, yelling in his face.

Blackfront: Brez is infuriated, and who can blame him?

Brez tosses the referee back, causing him to fall to the mat. Brez then leaves the ring,

pushing past the camera in anger as we go to the back.

STILL AHEAD

An infographic for the upcoming Hall of Fame introduction later tonight.

Still ahead tonight, two former United Toughness Alliance superstars join the elite few in it's long history to be able to call themselves, Hall of Famers.

Blackfront: Folks this next match is going to be a homecoming of sorts for the debuting Drew Stevenson tonight as he takes on Rodd Macc.

The camera pans the front row catching a glimpse of Scotty Addams and Frank Washington, of the Joker's Wild, who are teammates of Drew Stevenson.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson's fellow Joker's Wild members are here to support him in his debut. I need to point out that neither Addams or Washington are under contract here in the UTA

"2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted" begins to play as Rodd Macc steps out. He raises his arms in the sky before making his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc looking to get a win over Stevenson tonight, radiating confidence.

As Macc made his way around the ring, he stops in front of Addams and Washington, mouthing something we can't hear to them before heading up the steps and entering the ring.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc making sure that the Joker's Wild doesn't think about interfering in this match.

The arena lights suddenly just shut off consuming the arena into complete darkness. The sudden engulfing of a massive bright spotlight shines down onto the entry area, the fans try looking through it but it is far too bright to see through it with the naked eye.

Suddenly, the public address sound system comes on playing "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold as the stage is still engulfed in the massive light. After a few seconds, the spotlight begins fading away and the arena lights return to life as there stands Drew Stevenson with his hands on his hips just looking out nodding as these fans boo him, he just begins walking down the aisle sporting his usual attire which consists of dark green wrestling trunks, dark green kneepads, boots and his hands taped up in dark green tape as well.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson making a big entrance here. Even the hometown hero gets no love.

He begins walking down the aisle until he gets down to the ring, he quickly rolls into the ring from under the bottom rope immediately getting back to his feet just pacing the ring simply awaiting for the bell to ring thus getting this match underway.

Blackfront: Stevenson has been talking the last week about returning home to Madison Square Garden. We can expect an impressive debut here tonight.

As the bell rings, both men circle one another, Stevenson slapping his shoulders before locking up. Immediately Stevenson gains the upper hand, putting Rodd Macc into a side head lock.

Blackfront: Stevenson in charge out of the gate.

Drew Stevenson wrenches on Rodd before he moves Stevenson toward the ropes, following up with an Irish whip him into the ropes. Drew Stevenson on the return is leap frogged over by Rodd Macc.

Stevenson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring now. As he returns Rodd Macc falls to his back and lifts Stevenson up into the air, sending him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc illustrating his speed here! Using his leg strength to send Stevenson to the mat.

Both men roll over and get to their feet. Stevenson steps toward Rodd Macc, who grabs Stevenson's arm and sends him into the nearby corner.

Blackfront: Stevenson in the corner now.

Rodd Macc makes his way to the corner of the ring. He grabs Stevenson around the head and then sends him over his shoulder with a snapmare. Rodd Macc then follows up by grabbing Stevenson around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

Blackfront: Reverse chin lock by Rodd Macc. Wonderful placement here by Rodd Macc, he knows his way around the ring. Stevenson stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Rodd Macc wrenches back on Stevenson's head, Stevenson wincing from the pain. The ref gets down and checks on Stevenson, who shakes his head "no." Stevenson then slowly begins to get to his feet, one foot at a time and elbows Rodd Macc in the gut, once, twice, before Irish whipping Macc into the ropes.

Blackfront: Stevenson out of the hold, sending Macc into the ropes.

As Rodd Macc returns, he kicks Stevenson in the gut, causing him to bend over. Macc then hooks his arms DDTing him to the mat.

Blackfront: Impressive DDT by Rodd Macc. Rodd then covers Stevenson, going for the pin.

Blackfront: We've got a quick pin, this thing could be over! 1. . . 2—kick out.

He gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down, lifting Stevenson's legs and placing him in a Boston crab.

Blackfront: Submission move here by Rodd Macc, but Drew Stevenson is too close to the ropes!

Stevenson reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He counts, 1...2...3... Rodd Macc finally breaks the hold. Rodd then drags Stevenson by the leg and goes for another pin in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Another pin by Rodd! 1. . .2.. kick out!

Frustrated Rodd Macc pushes down Stevenson's raised shoulder and goes for another pin, yelling at the ref.

Blackfront: Yet another! 1. . .2—kick out!

Rodd Macc gets up and gets in the face of the referee. He jaws the referee a little and turns around, just as Stevenson gets to his feet. Stevenson rises with an uppercut, hitting Macc clean in the jaw and knocking him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Massive uppercut by Drew Stevenson! Rodd Macc should pay more attention to the man in the ring than the referee. That could have cost him his momentum. Stevenson shakes his head to get the cobwebs out and then goes to Rodd Macc, pulling him to his feet. Stevenson then lifts his left arm, measures up a bunch and punches Rodd Macc above the heart.

Blackfront: Heart punch by Drew Stevenson. A dangerous move, if done properly it could stop the heart.

Rodd Macc sells the punch, stumbling away from Stevenson to the other side of the ring. Stevenson follows him, then tosses him into the ropes. As Rodd returns Stevenson charges him and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block. Blackfront: Running shoulder block by Stevenson. Drew now with momentum.

Stevenson gets up, and raises his arms to the MSG crowd before turning his attention back to Rodd Macc who has made his way back to his feet. Drew grabs Rodd Macc around the waist and lifts him up and over.

Blackfront: Belly to back suplex by Drew Stevenson.

Macc gets back up just to be caught again by Drew Stevenson, who hits another belly to back suplex before going for a cover.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Stevenson! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! That was a close one. 2 and 8 tenths of a second!

Stevenson gets up, breathing heavy. He reaches down and grabs Macc by the head lifting him up. As Rodd Macc is brought up he punches Stevenson in the gut three times before running off the ropes for momentum and returning. As he returns Stevenson reaches up and grabs Rodd's neck, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinning neck breaker by Stevenson!

Stevenson then reaches down and brings Rodd Macc to his feet once again, following up with a very still short arm clothesline.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson trying to remove Rodd Macc's head. Drew Stevenson looks to the corner post then out to the crowd.

Blackfront: What is he thinking?

Drew Stevenson heads over, climbing up the turnbuckles. As he gets to the top, Stevenson turns to face Rodd Macc and stands up. Cameras begin to flash as he slightly bends his knees and leaping with a beautiful elbow drop.

Blackfront: The Emperor's Fall!

Drew is slow getting up, showing that the move was so impactful he was effected.

Blackfront: What an elbow drop from he top rope. It was amazing.

Drew Stevenson stomps Rodd Macc's arm before bringing him to his feet. He then hooks Macc's head under his arm, tossing Rodd's off arm over his head. Drew grabs his trunks and lifts him over his head, falling backward, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Textbook suplex by Stevenson!

Stevenson keeps his hold on Rodd and brings him up to his feet. He lifts him again and slams him back to the mat.

Blackfront: Another suplex by Stevenson!

Stevenson then crawls over Rodd Macc and goes for the pin. The ref slides to the mat for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Drew Stevenson! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Rodd Macc, in an effort to get away from Stevenson quickly rolls out of the ring. When he lands on the outside he leans back grabbing his back and breathing heavy. Drew Stevenson follows in pursuit, climbing out of the ring, but as he reaches him, Rodd reaches up and punches him promptly in his face. Rodd then grabs Stevenson and slams him face first into the commentators table.

Blackfront: Stevenson just went face first into this table!

Rodd Macc then grabs Drew but Stevenson raises an elbow and elbows Rodd promptly in the gut. Drew then tries to Irish whip Rodd into the steel steps, but Macc reverses it, tossing Stevenson into the steps instead. The crowd pops at the sound of Stevenson barreling into the steps.

Blackfront: And there goes Stevenson! He just went right into the steel ring steps! Frank Washington and Scotty Addams have a look of concern as they watch on. Security stands in front of them to make sure they do not do anything harsh.

Blackfront: Joker's Wild watching on, unable to do anything.

As Stevenson is slumped up against the steps, Macc rolls into the ring and back out to restart the count. He walks over and begins stomping Drew Stevenson in the gut.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc back in control.

He walks over and talks more trash to Addams and Washington, whom the security guards are now physically holding back. Behind him, Drew Stevenson crawls back into the ring. The referee turns his attention to Stevenson, checking on his well being and turning his back to Macc.

Blackfront: Rodd Macc should be focusing on capitalizing on his momentum, than talking trash to fans, which exactly what Frank Washington and Scotty Addams are tonight.

Rodd blows off Stevenson's friends and turns back to the ring. As he heads toward it, someone jumps out of the crowd with a hoodie on. The unknown person jumps on the commentator's table, runs the length of it and leaps off with a double axe handle hitting Rodd Macc.

Blackfront: What the hell?!

As Rodd Macc hits the floor, the man stands above him, removing the hood from his head and revealing who he is.

Blackfront: FRANKIE COCHEESE! FRANKIE COCHEESE!

Cocheese stomps Rodd Macc before grabbing him, lifting, and rolling him back into the ring. The referee turns in time to see Frankie Cocheese backing up with his hands in a "I didn't do anything" position. As security rushes Cocheese to remove him, the camera moves back to the ring where Drew Stevenson is now up, standing over Rodd Macc.

Blackfront: Frankie Cocheese hasn't been seen in weeks anywhere. It was rumored he would be here tonight, but when he wasn't seated with the Joker's Wild that's all it was thought to be, just rumors.

He bends down grabbing Rodd Macc's legs, lifting them up. He puts an arm between them for leverage, and steps forward, bending Macc under him.

Blackfront: Missouri Cloverleaf! Submission maneuver by... Rodd Macc already

tapping! This match is over!

The bell begins to ring as Drew Stevenson drops Macc's legs, walks forward placing his foot on the middle rope, holding onto the top rope with one hand holding his free hand as a fist in the air to celebrate.

Blackfront: Huge win for Drew Stevenson in his debut match here in his home arena, as he calls it. He is on top of the world right now.

Scotty Addams and Frank Washington clap and cheer from the front row as Stevenson exits the ring and joins them. All three men celebrate next to the barrier as we move backstage.

THE QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MIND

As we switch backstage, Frankie Cocheese is being put in the back of a police car. Rumor Man Stan rushes into the scene and over before the door is closed.

Stan: Mr. Cocheese, Mr. Cocheese.. Does this mean you have accepted the UTA's offer? Frankie leans out and smiles.

Cocheese: Just helping a friend in need, just helping a friend in need....

The police push Cocheese into the car and shut the door. Rumor Man Stan turns to the camera.

Stan: There are still so many questions to be answered still. Remember folks to check out with The Dirt Sheet, where I will give you all of the down and dirty on exciting developments such as this!

The police officers get into the car.

Stan: What could this mean for the UTA if in fact the isn't the last we have seen of Franie Chocheese?

The squad car takes off as we change scenes.

As we return ringside, both men are in the ring, awaiting for the match to begin.

Blackfront: This match should be a good one here folks.

The referee stands between Howard King and JC Davis and raises an arm, striking the air and signaling for the bell. The crowd lets out a weak pop as it rings, officially starting the match.

JC Davis says something inaudible to Howard King, sticks out his hand and points and finger in King's face. King reaches up with his right hand swats the hand out of his face. Blackfront: Howard King not appreciating JC Davis preaching to him about whatever he is saying.

JC Davis and Howard King then come chest to chest, face to face, jabbering at one another. They're faces contort as they fling insults at one another, and finally King has enough. He reaches back with his right and then swings it forward, connecting with the

jaw of JC Davis.

Blackfront: Hard right by King!

JC Davis rocks back with the blow and Howard King follows it up with yet another right. The blow connects and JC sells the right, shaking his head after the shot. King then throws another right and JC Davis shakes it off and grabs King by the head before leaning back and striking him in the head with his own forehead.

Blackfront: Head butt by Davis.

Howard King falls straight to the mat and JC Davis sells the effects of the headbutt for a moment. Shaking his head clear he makes his way over to King and grabs him by the hair, forcing him up to his feet. JC Davis then pushes King in the corner and goes to work on his gut, throwing hard rights and lefts.

Blackfront: And he's trapped in the corner, King is. There's no place anyone wants to be. You can't move, you can't go anywhere, you can't evade shit—you're literally trapped, like a mouse—and JC's the cat right now!

Howard King sells each blow, and JC Davis then steps back to admire his handiwork. King bends slightly in the corner, breathing slowly as if the process pains him.

Blackfront: JC Davis in control here.

Davis steps forward and grabs Howard King around the throat with both hands and then picks him up and turns, tossing him toward the center of the mat. King comes down with a large slam.

Blackfront: Look at the pure strength of JC Davis. He just tossed King around like a rag doll!

JC Davis smiles for the unresponsive crowd and then stomps his way over to King, who still sells the choke toss in the center of the ring. King sits on his ass, his left arm bent behind him, placed over the small of his back. JC Davis reaches King and hooks his around the head briefly before bringing up a left hand and bringing it savagely down on the top of King's head.

Blackfront: Hard left by JC Davis!

King slumps to the mat and JC Davis drops to his knees. He then covers King, hooking one leg, using his weight to pin him to the mat. The referee slides to the mat to perform his duties as sworn official of the UTA.

Blackfront: We've got a pin 1--kick out.

JC Davis rises up to his knees before he gets to his feet, one foot at a time. King rises to his feet around the same time. The two men face off immediately, circling around one another.

Blackfront: Both men showing a lot of passion here.

King and JC Davis go to lock up, but King rises up a leg, kicking JC Davis in the gut. Davis bends over from the blow and King then hooks JC around the head between his legs, and falls backward, pulling JC vertical as he does so.

Blackfront: Pulldown piledriver!

The crowd pops as JC slumps to the mat, selling the pulldown piledriver. King gets up to his knees before getting to his feet. King then makes his way over to the fallen JC and stomps him in the chest once, twice, three times before bending at the waist and pulling JC to his feet.

Blackfront: And King is not done, he's looking to unleash some more punishment here. King reaches back, forming an edge with his right hand before bringing it forward across

the chest of JC Davis. The shot rings out and the crowd lets out a meager pop.

Blackfront: Hard chop by King!

JC steps back and sells the chop, grimacing in pain. King takes a step forward to make up for the ground lost and again brings back his right hand, forming an edge by keeping his hand flat, and then brings it savagely forward across the chest of JC. Again the crowd applauds the chop.

Blackfront: And yet another hard chop from King!

JC backs up against the ropes and Howard King chops him once more before pushing him up against the ropes and tossing him in the opposite direction.

Blackfront: Irish whip, JC into the ropes now. .

JC hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, turning his back so that the ropes propel him from whence he came, and as JC reaches Howard King, King lowers at the waist and lifts upward, sending JC Davis over him and to the mat.

Blackfront: Back body drop by King! Davis got some serious air with that one.

King then scrambles over to JC Davis, selling the body drop on the mat. He hooks the leg, pulling upward and pinning him to the mat. The referee slides to the mat a second later and goes for the count, the fans rising up in anticipation of the possible pinfall.

Blackfront: We've got another pin by King! 1. . . 2-- kick out by JC. Not enough there. King didn't like the fact JC kicked out of that one.

King gets up to his feet angrily, and lets his anger out on JC Davis by stomping him once, twice, three times, before kicking his own feet out from under him and coming down with his head to the head of JC Davis.

Blackfront: Falling headbutt by King on JC Davis, returning the favor after that head butt from JC earlier.

King then grabs JC by the leg and pins him to the mat. The referee slides to the mat a split second later.

Blackfront: Another pin by attempt 1. . .2. . . kick out! And here's where frustration sets in.

King gets up and checks with the referee, who shows him two fingers. King gets pissed and threatens the man. JC Davis slowly gets to his feet, and King is done with the referee for now, and turns to face off with JC.

Blackfront: JC is up now, both men facing off once again.

King throws a left, rocking JC back, then another, and another, each blow landing successfully and taking JC Back a step until he is up against the ropes.

Blackfront: Several lefts from King, working JC into the ropes.

King pushes JC up against the ropes, and then grabs him by the wrist, tossing him toward the opposite side of the ring. JC hits the ropes on one side of the ring, turning his back so they propel him back toward the center of the ring. JC reaches King and King bends at the waist, preparing to lift JC up and over to the mat.

Blackfront: Another back-body drop—no!

JC stops on a dime and raises up a foot, kicking King in the chest. King sells the kick, straightening up.

Blackfront: Kick there by JC after the attempted back body drop by King. King then suddenly rises up extending an arm toward JC Davis's throat.

Blackfront: Lariat—no! JC ducks.

JC ducks grabbing the arm, as he passes. He then grabs JC's other arm pulling them back and over his head. JC then lifts King up and quickly pulls downward, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Look at that power! JC once again putting on a display of strength with that double under hook slam.

King sells the move on the mat, his face twisted into one of pain as he reaches back and touches the small of his back. JC looks around at the crowd for a moment before he makes his way over to him and grabs a hand full of hair pulling King to his feet. JC reaches back and throws a hard left, and King sells the blow, stumbling back into the corner.

Blackfront: King into the corner now after that hard left from JC.

JC makes his way to King, and as he reaches him, JC grabs King by the wrist and pulls him toward the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Irish whip by JC-no! Reversed by King. . .

King reverses, turning and pulling JC through, whipping him into the turnbuckle instead. JC collides with the corner with force, and before he has a chance to sell King charges him. King reaches JC and JC comes out of the corner with an elbow to the head of King. Blackfront: Hard elbow by JC Davis to the head of Howard King! Yowzah!

King staggers back toward the center of the ring. He turns as JC Davis taunts him from the corner. JC Davis then kicks King in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist. JC then grabs King by around the waist, and lifts him up quickly before snapping him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Gut wrench powerbomb by JC Davis!

The crowd pops as King sells the gut wrench powerbomb. JC then scrambles over to King and hooks one leg, going for the pin. The referee, ready as always, drops to his knees and goes for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by JC Davis! 1. . .2--kick out. Not enough there.

JC Davis gets up, grabbing King by the hair and bringing him to his feet with him. Suddenly King reaches up and grabs JC by the right arm, extending the arm and using one of his hands to push against the elbow.

Blackfront: Armbar by King now on JC.

JC bends down at the waist, and drops to a knee. He turns and uses his free hand to punch King in the face, once, twice, three times before he's back to his feet and the hold is broken. JC then grabs King's arm and lifts him up from the bent position up to his shoulder.

Blackfront: Pump Handle—No!

King slides off of JC's shoulder and lands on both of his feet and grabs JC by the arm dropping to the mat in an armbar.

Blackfront: King again going for that arm bar. . . And JC is trying to get to the ropes! JC slides his way toward the ropes as King tries to wrench the hold, the crowd buzzing at the attempted submission.

Blackfront: The fans are getting into this one folks.

JC reaches the ropes and grabs the bottom rope with his free hand. The referee rises up and makes the count as King refuses to break the hold.

Blackfront: JC able to get to the ropes, but Howard King did not want to break the hold there. He's going to have to watch out, the referee has no qualms with throwing him out of this one.

The referee warns King, but King ignores him as JC sells on the mat. Howard King stomps a fallen JC once, and JC sells the stomp. King then bends at the waist and grabs JC by his long hair and pulls him to his feet. Once there, King kicks him once again in the gut.

Blackfront: More offense here by King--look out JC!

King then grabs JC by the head and tosses him face first into the corner. JC collides with the corner and sells the blow turning into the corner, and dropping to his knees. King then stomps JC once in the chest, then grabs JC by the hair once again, pulling him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Howard King doing work here.

King then grabs JC from behind, and then bends his knees lifting JC up and over to the mat.

Blackfront: Belly to back suplex by King! What strength to lift JC up and over like that! JC sells the suplex on the mat, getting up on his side and shaking his head. King then forces JC's shoulders to the mat and covers him, hooking the leg as the referee slides to the mat for the count.

Blackfront: There's a cover here, 1. . .2--kick out.

Both men slowly get to their feet, King reaching his first and then stalking over JC Davis as he crawls his way to the ropes and pulls himself up. King then grabs a bent over JC and tosses him into the nearest corner, and JC goes between the top and middle turnbuckle, his shoulder colliding with the ring post.

Blackfront: Oh my God! JC just collided with the ring post! That's one way to burn out a shoulder.

JC sells the collision, falling backwards to the mat and grabbing his shoulder as the crowd applauds the bump. The referee bends down and checks on JC, and King stands over JC, laughing.

Blackfront: Howard King is enjoying JC's pain!

the referee asks JC if he would like to give up, and JC shakes his head. His face is contorted into a grimace, his hand up near his shoulder, still selling the collision. Blackfront: JC refusing to give up here, though he's obviously in some pain here. Howard King gets to his feet, bounces off the ropes and comes down across JC's throat with his leg.

Blackfront: Leg drop by King on JC.

King then grabs JC by the hair, who's still selling the leg drop on the mat, and pulls upward, bringing him to his feet. King then grabs JC around the waist, lifting him horizontally before dropping him down back first against King's bent knee.

Blackfront: What a back breaker!

JC sells the back breaker, The referee bending at the waist to check on him. King slowly gets to his feet behind him and walks his way to the front of JC Davis. King then bends over and again grabs JC by the hair, pulling upward and bringing him to his feet. King then reaches back and throws a hard right, the blow knocking JC to one knee.

Blackfront: Howard King keeping up with the offense, you can tell he really wants a win here tonight in his debut match.

JC Davis returns the blow with a hard right of his own, the blow knocking King back a step. King returns the right with a right of his own, the blow connecting and rocking JC back on his knees. JC returns the blow with a right of his own, to the gut of King.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging blows here. We've got ourselves a fist fight!

King rocks back from the blow but comes back with a kick to the chest of JC Davis. King kicks JC in the gut a second time and then takes off toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Howard King off the ropes. . .

King returns to the center of the ring and JC gets up to his feet and extends a foot, the foot hitting King in the face and knocking him clean to the mat. The crowd pops as King sells on the mat.

Blackfront: Big Boot from JC Davis!

JC sells his previous injuries, reaching up to grab his head and stumble around the ring. JC hits the ropes and catches himself, before stepping over the top rope to the apron. C then walks over to the corner turnbuckle and pulls himself up to the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: JC going for some high risk here! This may be a bad idea, this guy can't fly. JC perches on the top rope as King slowly gets to his feet. King reaches his feet and turns to face JC as he jumps off the top rope, raising both arms over his head. JC comes down but King sees him, kicking him in the gut as he lands.

Blackfront: JC Davis was going for the double axe handle there, but King saw it in time! JC sells the kick, stumbling back up against the ropes. JC bends at the waist and sells the kick, as King makes his way over to him. King reaches JC and then throws a right, which rocks JC back up against the ropes.

Blackfront: Hard right by King, and JC is trapped up against the ropes once again! King then reaches back and chops JC across the chest, the blow ringing out through the small banquet hall. The crowd lets out a meager pop at the blow, and the King grabs JC by the wrist, pulling him toward the ropes at the other side of the ring.

Blackfront: Irish whip by King--no, reversal by JC Davis.

JC turns, and pulls, whipping King into the ropes instead. King hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns to JC, JC grabs him around the waist from the side and spins him through the air before slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Twilt-o-Whirl slam by JC Davis! This one is back and forth, back and forth so far!

The crowd pops at the loud bump as JC Davis hooks the leg, pinning King to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat to make the count, his small hand rising and striking the mat.

Blackfront: 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out by King! King kicks out!

The referee rises up and extends an arm with two fingers extended as JC Davis slowly gets to his feet. He grabs King by the hair and brings him to his feet. JC Davis then whips King into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip--King into the ropes.

King returns to the center of the ring and jumps up into the air for a lariat, but JC ducks, and instead King tramples over the referee.

Blackfront: The referee is down!

The referee sells on the mat, as JC Davis goes to check on him.

Blackfront: JC you fool! Don't check on the referee! Watch your opponent!

Howard King grabs the shoulder of JC Davis, twisting him around. He kicks JC Davis in the gut, and lifts him up, dropping Davis on the mat with a cradle piledriver.

Blackfront: LAW AND ORDER!

JC crumbles to the mat and King covers him. The referee stirs, and looking up sees the cover. He slowly makes the count.

Blackfront: 1. . . NO! 2. . . NO! . . . 3!! He's done it! Howard King has done it!

The referee raises up and signals for the bell, and the bell rings out, signaling the end of the match. Howard King rolls over and gets to his feet, raising an arm and celebrating in the ring.

Blackfront: What a match! Howard King has pulled off an impressive debut victory here tonight in the Garden!

As he continues to celebrate we fade to the Hall of Fame logo.

Narrator: The United Toughness Alliance Hall of Fame is home to true legends in the sport of professional wrestling.

We get a small montage featuring the 2003 Class of The Spectre and Ron Hall, both former champions during the hay day of the UTA.

Narrator: Many men have come through the doors of the UTA, but only a few have went above and beyond, proving greatness.

Now the 2004 class featuring Crimson Lord and Matt "The Hitman" Fury.

Narrator: This year, two more men make their mark on the industry and join the ranks of legends.

Mr. Fantastic and Brian Ironside of 2005 now come across our screen, both raising championships in the air.

Narrator: Worldwide warriors carry the UTA to heights no other promotion can achieve, earning their spot in the hall.

The montage is now of the 2006 class, Michael Owens and Devin Lynch. With the Michael Owens montage we get a shot of when he introduced his private security guard, Rent-A-Cop Davey.

Narrator: Introducing first into the 2013 Hall of Fame, we are proud to welcome Rent- A-Cop Davey, Dave Pulaski, into the Hall of Fame.

A montage of Rent-A-Cop Davey as he followed Michael Owens, before breaking away to become a wrestler himself.

Narrator: Davey brought comedy whenever he was on screen, making the crowd smile with his hijinks.

We move into Davey's stint as just Dave Pulaski, highlighting some of his biggest moments.

Narrator: From all of here at the United Toughness Alliance, welcome Davey to the Hall of Fame.

We now move to an early version of the UTA intro video, highlighting the next person behind inducted as he stands with his hands on his hips in the shot.

Narrator: Our second inductee into the class of 2013, he is the uncle of the man behind the UTA right now and brother to 2004 inductee Matt "The Hitman" Fury. He was there beside Matt during his rise, supporting him as well as capturing tag team gold.

We get a montage of "Bad Ass" Bryan Fury.

Narrator: Welcome Bryan Fury to the 2013 United Toughness Hall of Fame.

Fury flashbacks include some his greatest moments, including breaking away from his

brother to go on his own.

Narrator: We are very proud to have experienced the excitement these two men brought to the table. From all of us here, welcome to your spot in history.

A graphic comes up with Bryan Fury and Rent-A-Cop Davey and the words of "2013 Hall of Fame" before we head back ringside.

The first chord of "Never Gonna Change" by Drive-By Truckers hits and the arena stands to their feet with a mixed reaction.

As the first verse hits, Corbin steps out onto the ramp. After a short pause, he raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and slaps himself in the chest twice.

Blackfront: Corbin forced his way into this match last week when he interfered in the main event of Shawn FX and Al Envy.

Slowly, he walks down the entrance ramp, slapping hands with the occasional fan. Finally, after arriving at the steel stairs, he decides to walk around the side of the ring instead of entering.

Blackfront: Originally scheduled as a triple threat match, Al Envy is unable to compete after the altercation between he and Chance Von Crank earlier tonight.

The lights in the arena go out. Suddenly strobe lights of multiple colors circle around the capacity crowd until they join together in one big circle on the entrance curtain.

You're The Best Around begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet.

Shawn FX comes out behind the curtain with a smile on his face and waving a towel over his head. He high fives and slaps the fans hands as he makes his way towards the ring.

Captain Ass does a double thumb point to his ass while the fans begin chanting, "A-S-S! A-S-S!" The Best Ass in the Business is getting ready to kick just that.

Shawn FX doesn't enter the ring, either following Marcus Corbin. Corbin who is turned away doesn't see it coming as FX drives a forearm into the back of Corbin, and then begins to rain down rights and lefts to the back of Corbin's head, not wasting any time. Blackfront: Shawn FC attacking Corbin from behind! And this match hasn't even started yet!

Corbin recovers from the punches and lays a forearm smash to the back of Shawn FX who is heading toward the ring. Corbin then grabs Shawn by the head and tosses him into the ring.

Blackfront: Corbin taking the upper hand, and FX in the ring now. Maybe now we can finally get this match underway.

Shawn FX gets to his feet inside the ring and Corbin climbs up to the apron knee first, before getting to his feet. FX quickly charges Corbin and goes for the clothesline but Corbin ducks it.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Shawn FX—no! Corbin ducks it.

Corbin then throws a right, the ferocity of which knocks FX back a few steps into the center of the ring. Corbin steps over the top rope and the bell rings.

Blackfront: Corbin in the ring now, now let's get this match going!

Corbin charges Shawn FX and goes for a clothesline but FX ducks it. Shawn then charges the ropes, turning so that his back hits the ropes and propels him forward into center of the ring.

Blackfront: Shawn FX off the ropes. . .

Shawn FX returns Corbin catches him and turning slams him straight to the mat, all in one motion.

Blackfront: Thunderous powerslam by Corbin!

Corbin raises up his knee and raises his arms out as he lets out a roar. Corbin raises his left arm bent at the elbow, and drops to the mat, bringing the elbow square across the chest of Shawn FX.

Blackfront: Corbin with the elbow drop! I don't think I've ever seen him jump like that before!

Corbin gets up and brings Shawn FX to his feet, but as FX rises, he rises with a fist and punches Corbin in the gut.

Blackfront: Shawn FX with a quick punch to the gut, and he's up now.

Shawn FX springs to his feet and uses his smart hands, peppering Corbin with a left right combination to the face.

Blackfront: Shawn FX going to work here, laying on the punches.

FX then runs off the ropes for momentum and as he returns Corbin grabs him and spins around, slamming him to the mat with a loud bump. The crowd lets out a mild pop and Corbin roars. Corbin then hooks the leg, going for the pin. Knox slides to the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here by Corbin! 1. . . 2—kick out! Not enough there from Corbin—Shawn FX is able to kick out.

Corbin gets up to his feet and stomps Shawn FX in the head, once, twice, three times, FX selling each stomp.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin stomping away on Shawn FX, and Corbin is not done! Corbin brings Shawn FX to his feet and lets out another roar before reaching out and placing a huge hand around the neck of FX. Shawn FX's eyes widen, as the crowd buzzes.

Blackfront: Look out Shawn! You're in store for a ride I don't think you're going to like!

Corbin roars once more before lifting Shawn FX up with one hand, high up over his shoulder. He holds him there for a few moments, and Shawn kicks his feet before using his right arm to elbow Corbin in the face.

Blackfront: We could have a choke slam here—but Shawn FX is trying to fight his way out of it. Elbow from Shawn FX!

The first elbow merely agitates Corbin, but the second sends his ears ringing and the third is enough for Corbin to break the hold. Landing on his feet, Shawn FX kicks Corbin in the gut and then hooks his head before him bringing him down to the mat, head first.

Blackfront: DDT by Shawn FX! DDT! Corbin is down!

Shawn FX gets up quickly, stopping to reach back and grab his lower back before running off the ropes. As he returns he jumps up into the air and comes down with an elbow on Corbin's chest. Shawn FX crawls over to Corbin and goes for the pin.

Blackfront: Shawn FX going for the pin, but no!

Corbin throws Shawn FX off of him, but Shawn FX scrambles over the mat and goes for the pin once again.

Blackfront: Shawn FX going for the pin once again, but Corbin doesn't want any part of it. He's already thrown Shawn off of him once already!

Again Corbin pushes Shawn FX off of him, Shawn FX landing several feet away from him.

Blackfront: And again, Corbin denies even the attempt of the pin. And Shawn is frustrated now!

Shawn FX scrambles over the mat once more, but instead of going for the pin he starts punching away on Corbin in frustration.

Blackfront: Shawn FX punching away on Corbin now, he's had it! He's had it! Shawn FX gets to his feet and starts stomping Corbin emphatically.

Blackfront: Shawn FX working on nothing but FX now.

Shawn FX then brings Corbin to his feet and throws a right, then a left, followed by another right, each blow rocking Corbin backward. Shawn FX then pushes Corbin up against the ropes before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Corbin into the ropes after the Irish whip from Shawn FX.

Corbin hits the ropes, and as he returns Shawn FX raises an elbow and hits Corbin square in the face, knocking him straight to the mat.

Blackfront: What an elbow by Shawn FX!

Shawn FX drops to the mat after the fallen Corbin and hooks his leg, going for the pin. Frank Knox hits to the mat to fulfill his duties.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Shawn FX. . . 1. . . no. He's not able to get the pin. Corbin kicks out after the first mat strike, and Frank Knox quickly gets to his feet to circle around the action.

Blackfront: Corbin kicked out though he is showing some signs of fatigue.

Corbin gets to his feet, with Shawn FX laying down lefts and rights the whole way. Corbin gets to his feet and still Shawn FX is punching him with random lefts and rights, but Corbin takes each one.

Blackfront: Shawn FX trying to hurt Corbin with these blows, but it seems like they're not doing much damage.

Shawn FX throws a final punch and Corbin takes it before letting out a massive roar. Shawn FX starts peddling backwards, his hands held out in an effort to halt Corbin. Corbin charges him and Shawn FX continues to move backward and stops only because he's run out of ring. Corbin then clotheslines Shawn FX, knocking him clear out of the ring.

Blackfront: Shawn FX out of the ring after that huge clothesline! That's the hard way to get out of the ring. I'm sure Shawn would have rather climbed out.

Corbin lets out a roar as Shawn FX hits the court outside of the ring. Marcus Corbin climbs out of the ring after Shawn FX, and as he reaches the ground Shawn FX reaches his feet. Both men exchange blows outside of the ring. Frank Knox starts to count. 1. . . Blackfront: Both men outside of the ring now, Corbin is pursuit. And this can't be good for Shawn FX.

Shawn FX throws a right, but Corbin blocks hit and hooks the arm. Shawn then throws a left and Corbin blocks the left and hooks the other arm. 2. . . With both of his arms locked Corbin roars and then head butts Shawn FX.

Blackfront: Head butt from Corbin!

Corbin doesn't stop there, and continues to head butt Shawn FX, three, four, five times

before releasing his hold. 3. . . Shawn FX falls back, selling the head butts. Corbin lets out another roar to a mild pop from the crowd. 4. . .

Blackfront: Shawn FX to the ground after a series of head butts from Corbin, and Corbin is looking like he didn't feel a thing.

Corbin brings Shawn FX slowly to his feet, who is by now looking quite dazed. Corbin bends down and hooks Shawn FX between the legs and then lifts him up over his shoulder. 5. . .

Blackfront: Shawn FX in a bad position here on top of Corbin's shoulder. . . This could be dangerous folks.

Corbin positions himself toward the steel ring ropes and then lifts of Shawn FX and tosses him forward, dropping him face first down on the ring steps. 6. . .

Blackfront: Shawn FX dropped face first into the steel steps!

Shawn FX sells the collision, reaching up to grab his face as he staggers back and falls over a fan in the first row. Corbin descends upon him, reaching down and grabbing him.

7. . . Corbin then brings Shawn FX to his feet and tosses him into the ring, following after.

Blackfront: Thank god, both men back in the ring now.

Shawn FX still sells his injuries, breathing heavy on his back in the center of the ring, and Corbin crawls over to him and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin by Corbin! This one could very well be over! 1. . . 2. . . kick out. Kick out by Shawn FX.

Shawn FX kicks out. Corbin slowly gets up after the kick out and grabs Shawn FX and brings him to his feet. Corbin then Irish whips Shawn FX into the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Corbin still in charge here—Shawn FX into the corner.

Shawn collides with the turnbuckle in the corner, and Corbin makes his way toward him, his eyes locked in on a wounded animal. Corbin reaches Shawn and bends at the waist, lowering himself before tackling Shawn FX in the gut.

Blackfront: Corbin with the shoulder thrust to Shawn FX!

Shawn FX stumbles out of the corner of the ring and Corbin follows in pursuit. Corbin then grabs Shawn FX by the head, bending him backward. Corbin then lets out a roar and comes down with an elbow across the throat of Shawn FX as he brings him to the mat.

Blackfront: What a move by Corbin! Shawn FX in trouble.

Corbin gets to his feet and steps up onto Shawn FX across the sternum. Corbin roars as he steps up, putting all of his weight down on Shawn FX, the pressure so much Shawn FX worms about the ring under Corbin's foot. Corbin then steps off and raises his arms, flexing, the veins in his throat sticking out as he lets out yet another roar.

Blackfront: All that weight of Corbin coming down right on Shawn FX.

AAs Shawn FX slowly gets to his feet. Corbin turns and Shawn FX stumbles to him. Blackfront: Shawn FX feeling the effects of this match, and Corbin is not done yet! Corbin reaches back and hits Shawn with a right, then a left, before locking up with him in the center of the ring. Corbin then kicks Shawn FX in the gut, but Shawn ignores the kick and punches Corbin in the throat with a right.

Blackfront: Throat strike by Shawn FX, and that hurts anybody. I don't care who you are, a punch to the throat is painful.

Corbin sells the throat strike, swallowing with some difficulty, and angered by the blow

Corbin then charges Shawn FX. FX drops, hooking the legs, bringing Corbin down face first to the mat.

Blackfront: Leg sweep by Shawn FX, and Corbin is down on the mat.

Shawn FX gets to his feet and grabs Corbin by the ankle and lifts it up, bringing the knee high up in the air before slamming it straight down to the mat. Corbin sells, grabbing his knee.

Blackfront: Shawn FX working the leg of the Marcus Corbin now. He's gonna chop and chop and chop at the knee until it's useless, and a house with a bad foundation is bound to fall sooner or later.

Shawn FX grabs Corbin by the ankle and lifts it, again driving the knee straight down to the mat.

Blackfront: And again, Shawn FX works the knee of Corbin.

Shawn FX stops the knee once before grabbing Corbin's leg and stepping around the leg before bending the leg back against his own leg, hyper extending the knee.

Blackfront: Shawn FX wrenching the knee now!

Corbin sells, grabbing his knee as he lets out the occasional cry of pain. Shawn FX wrenches on the leg, looking around at the crowd and smiling, the FX flowing freely now.

Blackfront: Shawn FX in control now.

Corbin gets to his feet, limping a bit on his knee.

Blackfront: Turn around Corbin! You've got some FX on the way!

Shawn FX reaches Corbin and drops to the mat, hooking him between the legs and pulling him backward to the mat, pinning his shoulders. Frank Knox falls to the mat and goes for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! An unexpected school boy pin by Shawn FX! 1. . . 2. . . Corbin manages to kick out! That was a close one! Shawn FX caught everyone off guard with that one.

Corbin kicks out after 2, the crowd letting out a mild pop at the near fall. Shawn FX gets up to check with Frank Knox, and when Frank Knox shows him two fingers, he lets out an audible DAMN IT.

Shawn FX makes his way over to Corbin, who is starting to get to his feet. Shawn FX reaches Corbin and stops one of his hands, stomping him from getting to his feet.

Blackfront: Shawn FX stomping Corbin's hands now, preventing the Marcus to get to his feet.

Corbin sells the hand stomp, shaking the afflicted hand in the air before bringing it back to the mat in an effort to push himself up to his feet. Again Shawn FX stomps his hand, and Corbin lets out a cry of pain and annoyance.

Blackfront: Shawn FX continuing to stomp Corbin's hands—and I think he's just upsetting him at this point.

Shawn FX then takes a few steps back from Corbin, who is on his hands and knees, and then strides forward, kicking his foot up against Corbin's ribs.

Blackfront: Kick to the ribs by Shawn FX—and he really winded up for that one! First it was the knee, and now the ribs—Shawn FX doesn't know when to stop, does he?

Corbin sells the rib kick, but still is on his hands and knees, having not yet fallen to the mat. Again Shawn FX takes several steps backwards and strides forward, kicking Corbin against the ribs. This kick seems to have more force, and it knocks Corbin to the mat.

Blackfront: Corbin knocked to the mat now after that final kick from Shawn FX.

Shawn FX takes a moment to curse at the crowd before going up to Corbin and hooking a leg. Shawn FX stands over Corbin and wrenches back his injured leg in the seated position.

Blackfront: Single Leg Boston crab by Shawn FX now.

Frank Knox checks with Corbin, and Corbin emphatically shakes his head as Allen Anderson barks orders from the outside of the ring. Shawn FX wrenches back on the leg repeatedly, Corbin letting out cries of pain. Corbin drags himself to the ropes, Shawn FX keeping his hold. Corbin reaches the ropes and still Shawn FX refuses to let go.

Blackfront: Shawn FX is keeping that hold on Marcus Corbin!

Shawn FX wrenches on the leg and Frank Knox tries to break the hold but FX refuses to let go. With a roar Corbin bends his leg straight, sending Shawn FX off of him.

Blackfront: What strength by Corbin! He just got Shawn FX off of his leg with his own power!

Shawn FX stumbles forward and turns around to charge Corbin, but as he reaches him Corbin has already turned onto his back and with his legs pushes Shawn FX backward knocking him to the mat. Corbin then slowly gets to his feet, using the top rope to pull himself upward.

Blackfront: Shawn FX is down, but it seems as if Corbin is having trouble getting to his feet himself. This match has taken its toll on both competitors.

Corbin reaches his feet, and Shawn FX gets to his feet as well, and both men circle one another. Corbin circles Shawn FX with a noticeable limp and Shawn FX circles Corbin, grabbing his abdomen occasionally as if bothered by some nagging rib injury.

Blackfront: Both competitors circling one another now, slowing down the match. I think they're just in taking a much needed breather.

Corbin and Shawn FX clash in the center of the ring, locking up. Using his speed advantage over the slow but powerful Corbin, Shawn FX quickly gets Corbin in a side headlock. Shawn FX wrenches the hold before reaching back and striking Corbin square in the top of the head.

Blackfront: Shawn FX with a fist to Corbin, caught in that headlock.

Shawn FX reaches back and punches Corbin once more in the head, then again, then once more, before Corbin becomes agitated and lifts Shawn FX up over his shoulder, and then turns him, dropping his abdomen across Corbin's own bent knee. Shawn FX sells, grabbing his abdomen and coiling into the fetal position on the mat.

Blackfront: Gut buster by Corbin! Shawn FX is hurt! He's hurt! That injury Shawn FX had earlier just got that much worse, and from the looks of it, Corbin knocked the air out of Shawn FX with that one.

Corbin lets out a massive roar, his single fan starting up a Corbin chant all on his lonesome. Frank Knox checks on Shawn FX, while Corbin makes his way toward the fallen Shawn FX. When Corbin reaches Shawn FX he brings him up to his feet and promptly Irish whips him into the corner of the ring with such force that Shawn FX bounces off the turnbuckle and stumbles out into the center of the ring.

Corbin meets Shawn FX in the center of the ring and wraps both of his arms around Shawn FX's back before lifting him up over his head. Corbin releases the hold as Shawn FX flies over his head, sending him to the mat on his back.

Blackfront: Belly to Belly suplex by Corbin after a whip into the corner of the ring!

Shawn FX lays on the mat on his belly, having rolled over in an attempt to get to the ropes. His eyes are closed, as his mouth is gulping air; he is otherwise motionless. Corbin fan lets out a roar that seems even more girly as Corbin lets out a roar of his own. Corbin then crawls over to Shawn FX and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Blackfront: Corbin with the pin now after that belly to belly suplex. 1. . . 2. . . NO! Shawn FX kicks out just a hair under three. I thought it was over right then and there. Corbin gets up and raises his arms in victory. He lets out a roar of triumph but Frank Knox gets up and waves his arms, showing two fingers to Corbin. The beast looks down for a moment, slightly confused, but then it finally clicks and he lets out another roar, this time out of anger. Frank Knox backs away nervous, and Corbin storms Shawn FX, stomping him on the mat.

Blackfront: Corbin thought it was over too! And now that it's not he's not a happy camper!

Corbin continues to stomp Shawn FX, Shawn FX rolling after each stomp in an effort to get away. Shawn FX reaches the ring apron and Corbin stomps him once, twice, three times before shoving him out of the ring with his foot. Shawn FX lands face first on the ground.

Blackfront: Shawn FX out of the ring now.

Corbin hits the floor outside the ring and picks up Shawn FX lifting him high over his head.

Blackfront: Corbin just lifted Shawn FX like it was nothing!

FX begins to kick. Corbin tries to hold on, but Shawn is able to slip his grip and drop to the floor, somehow landing on his feet.

Blackfront: Shawn FX got away!

Suddenly, from behind Shawn FX drop kicks Corbin in the broad of his back out of nowhere.

Shawn FX gets to his feet and raises his arms, receiving a loud pop from the fans. He makes his way over to Corbin. Shawn FX stomps Corbin before he has the chance to realize what had exactly happened, and then brings him to his feet and tosses him into the ring, following behind.

Blackfront: Shawn FX could be on his way to victory right here.

Shawn FX mocks the crowd and smiles evilly, before stepping through the top and middle rope and into the ring. Shawn FX makes his way over to Corbin who is slowly getting to his feet. Corbin gets to his feet and Shawn FX goes into a run and then leaps up and kicks Corbin square in the head.

Blackfront: Running kick from Shawn FX!

Corbin stumbles to his knees and Shawn FX quickly jumps up and lands feet first on Corbin's back, sending him face first to the mat. Stepping off, Shawn FX looks around at the crowd with a wild look in his eyes.

Blackfront: That's not a good look for Marcus Corbin.

Shawn FX grabs both of Corbin's arms and pulls upward, bringing Corbin's upper torso up off of the mat. Shawn FX then places his foot at the back of Corbin's head and releases Corbin's arms and he stomps downward with the foot, slamming Corbin face first into the mat.

Blackfront: That looked extremely painful!!

Shawn FX turns Corbin over and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Blackfront: No! We've got a pin! 1. . . No. . . 2. . . no! . . . NO! Corbin KICKS OUT! I don't understand! That had to be three, that had to be three!

The crowd pops as Shawn FX gets to his knees with disbelief on his face. He throws his arms up and Frank Knox shows him two fingers. Shawn FX pounds the mat with his fist and then gets quickly to his feet, grabbing two fistfuls of Frank Knox's referee shirt.

Blackfront: Don't you do it FX! Don't you do it!

Shawn FX snarls in the face of Frank Knox, talking slowly but with vehemence. He lets go of the shirt and turns to Corbin, but Corbin is already to his feet and Corbin hits him once in the face with a right, followed by another right.

Blackfront: Corbin is up now! And he's fighting away! Listen to these fans!

The crowd goes insane as Corbin unloads several punches on Shawn FX before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Shawn FX into the ropes now. . .

Shawn FX hits the ropes and returns, and as he reaches Corbin, Corbin hooks him under each armpit and lifts him up before grabbing his legs and slamming him down to the mat with a thunderous bump.

Blackfront: Lifting sitdown powerbomb by Corbin!

Both men lie on the mat breathing heavily. Shawn FX lies on the corner, whereas Corbin lies on his back in the center of the ring. Frank Knox starts to count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . .

Blackfront: Both men feeling the effects on this grueling match here. Frank Knox making the count.

4. . . 5. . . 6. . .

Corbin slowly gets to his feet and lets out a roar turning to look at Shawn FX, who is slowly getting to his feet.

Blackfront: Uh-oh. I think Shawn FX is in for some serious trouble here!

Shawn FX gets to his feet determined, but then he see's the look on Corbin's face and stumbles a bit. He then shakes his head, feeling his determination flow back to him and he steps to the center of the ring to meet Corbin. He throws a right, the right connects, but Corbin ignores it. Shawn FX throws yet another right, then another, then a left, and Corbin takes each blow, but none of them seems to have any effect.

Blackfront: Corbin is somewhere else right now! Those blows aren't even fazing him! Corbin lets out a mighty roar, raising his arms and the crowd lets out a mild pop. Corbin then throws a right, knocking Shawn FX straight to the mat.

Blackfront: A hard right by Corbin!

Shawn FX quickly gets to his feet and again Corbin throws yet another right, knocking him clean to the mat.

Blackfront: And another!

Shawn FX gets up once more and Corbin reaches back with yet another right and brings his hand forward, clutching Shawn FX around the throat, his index and middle finger shoved down Shawn FX's throat.

Blackfront: He's got some sort of claw choke combination going here. . . What's he gonna?!

Corbin then lifts Shawn FX high up over his shoulder and then makes his way over to the ropes. Corbin then roars once more before dropping Shawn FX over the top rope down to the court below. The crowd lets out a loud pop, a few fans starting up an UTA chant.

UTA UTA UTA

Blackfront: Oh my God! Corbin just choke slammed Shawn FX out of the ring! There's no padding out there! Is Shawn FX even alive?!

Shawn FX lies on the ground face down, barely moving. Corbin in the ring lets out another bloodthirsty roar.

Blackfront: We may need some medical attention! Shawn FX just took a nasty fall! Corbin makes his way to the ropes before stepping over the top rope and out of the ring. Blackfront: Corbin coming to pick up the pieces of Shawn FX.

Corbin picks up Shawn FX's limp body, and slumps him over his shoulder like a sack of dirty laundry and then rolls him into the ring. Corbin gives him a good shove toward the center of the ring before reaching up and climbing up to the apron. Corbin then steps over the top rope and makes his way to the fallen Shawn FX.

Blackfront: Shawn FX still not moving. . . if it weren't for his breathing I would think he's dead.

Corbin then drops to his knees and goes for the cover, Frank Knox going for the count. Blackfront: We've got a pin. . . 1. . . 2. . . NO! Oh my God NO! Shawn FX KICKS OUT! What a man. What a fighter. That's about as close as you can get a three count. Shawn FX is hurt ladies and gentlemen. . .

Corbin gets to his feet and slams the mat in frustration. Shawn FX sells the injuries, hardly moving on the mat. Corbin then lifts Shawn FX to his feet, picking him up and throwing him over his shoulder.

Blackfront: Corbin still in control despite Shawn FX.

Corbin charges the corner with Shawn FX draped over his shoulder, but before he can bring Shawn FX down against the turnbuckle Shawn FX slips out, hooking Corbin around the throat as he falls to the mat, bringing him down to the mat with him.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT by Shawn FX!

Corbin sells on the mat while Shawn FX gets to his feet. Shawn FX then makes his way to Corbin and starts stomping him with his right foot. Shawn FX stomps him once, twice, three times before dropping to the mat to go for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat after him to make the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Corbin kicks out after the reverse DDT. Corbin kicks out and Shawn FX gets up quickly, not wasting any time to argue with the referee. Corbin slowly gets to his feet, and after a left, right, left from Shawn FX, Shawn FX Irish whips Corbin into the ropes.

Blackfront: Corbin into the ropes now, he returns.

Corbin hits the ropes, and as he returns, Shawn FX stretches an arm out and rakes it across Corbin's throat, knocking him clean to the mat.

Blackfront: Discuss Clothesline by Shawn FX!

Corbin sells the clothesline on the mat, and Shawn FX makes his way up and over to him. He then grabs Corbin's arms, placing his his foot against the back of Corbin's head.

Blackfront: This could be it! He's going for yet another of those moves from earlier!! Shawn FX releases Corbin's arms as he lowers his foot, bringing Corbin's face into the mat.

Blackfront: There it is again!

Shawn FX hits the mat and goes for the pin. Frank Knox slides to the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: 1. . . 2. . . 3!! He did it! He did it!

The bell rings and Frank Knox rises to raise Shawn FXs hand, the crowd reigning down a chorus of cheers.

Blackfront: Shawn FX wins after a hell of a match! Shawn FX sells his injuries as he celebrates in the ring.

Blackfront: This has to be a statement to everyone in the back as we head into the UTA championship tournament on the next edition of WRESTLESHOW!

FX stands victoriously over Marcus Corbin as the copyright hits the bottom of the screen. Blackfront: We're out of time folks. We will see you in two weeks. From everyone here in the UTA and at Madison Square Garden, thank you for tuning in!

The screen focuses on FX more before fading to black.

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