

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 31

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** March 30, 2015

## 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 Columbus, Ohio!

Blackfront: What a weekend, Tommy...

Ace: It's only half over, Jason!

Blackfront: Last night, we had a change of the guard. Gentleman Jack is your brand new UTA Legacy Champion.

Ace: He couldn't even enjoy his win, Jason. CBR snapped and then La Flama Blanca kicked his teeth down his throat. Got to love it!

Blackfront: Tonight, we have a solid night of wrestling in store for you, the UTA Universe. Ace: Yes we do, Jason. Our opening match will be a showdown between two different UTA stars... The masked enigma, Paladin and up and coming star... Mikey Unlikely.

Blackfront: Mikey looks to keep on his winning ways. Paladin, should not be overlooked.

Ace: This has awesome written all over it.

Cameras follow the crowd at many angles. Graphics for the matches ahead begins to play. Blackfront: After that we have a one on one showdown between Robot Pete and Bobby Dean. Ace: "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and Robot Pete got into a little something last Wreslteshow in the tag match. They look to settle the score here tonight.

Blackfront: Should be a good one.

The pictures of Chris Hopper and Borhter Judas appear on your screen.

Blackfront: A battle of two giants... "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper takes on Brother Judas in what is sure to be... a slobber knocker.

Ace: You can say that again, Jason. This match is going to be good.

Blackfront: The first of our two UTA title matches, Abdul bin Hussain looks to continue his winning ways and take the Wildfire title from Kush.

Ace: Kush's first defense of her title... is against a former UTA champion... Good luck.

A graphic showing Dynasty's La Flama Blanca and Perfection side by side with The Spawn's Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic appears.

Blackfront: And in our Main Event... the grudge match between Dynasty and The Spawn, this is for the UTA Tag Team titles.

Ace: Do the Hall of Famers walk out with the titles or do we put Dynasty into the Hall of Fame? The cameras cuts to Blackfront and Ace as the fans around them wave to the cameras to their families at home watching live.

Blackfront: So many stories, Tommy. Are you ready?...

Ace: I was born ready, Jason!

Blackfront: Let's get this started... This is WRESTLESHOW!

Our Era

We quickly cut backstage. The lights are bright in the Dynasty locker room. Kate Kincaid stands in the center of your screen. As well zoom out we come to find her standing in the middle of Perfection and La Flama Blanca.

The UTA Tag Team champions stand ready for war. The titles are in view, the light shines bright off La Flama Blanca's title. Perfection has his Tag title over his shoulder and the UTA title around his waist.

Kincaid: This is Kate Kincaid, standing next to the UTA Tag Team Champions...

Perfection: We'll take it from here, Kate... Blanca...

He moves his right arm out with his palm up, signalling for La Flama Blanca to take the mic and start the shoot off. Blanca puts his hand around Kate's and puts the microphone and her hand close to his face.

La Flama Blanca: Right there, good... Now... There has been a lot... going on here in the UTA as of late. Last night on Victory... Dynasty beat a UTA Hall Of Famer down. We beat him with chairs and pipes and then... I made my presence felt in the Main Event. I showed Jack and The Second Coming, that I am the Legacy division.

Blanca takes a few steps back and paces as Perfection speaks.

Perfection: As one falls, another rises. Dynasty will regain the Legacy Championship, Kate. Hell, Claude held that belt over two hundred and thirty days. You'll never see that again, HE'S a legend. Not Mr. Fantastic, especially not that purple haired freak!

Kate Kincaid nods as La Flama Blanca quickly comes back towards the microphone, startling her. La Flama Blanca: The eyes are watching, Kate... Everyone is wanting to see how WE fare against two UTA Legends. Are they serious? Seems like they think this is the Two-Thousand era, Crimson Lord and Mister Fantastic, this is Twenty-Fifteen... our era.

Blanca turns to look Kate Kincaid in her eyes. He puts his hands on his hips and Perfection begins to speak, as he does Kate Kincaid turns to face him, putting the microphone close to his mouth.

Perfection: Okay, first of all back that thing up. James pushes her hand back a bit.

Perfection: Now, take last night in Florida at Wrestlezone for example...the beating we gave to the UTA Legend, Crimson Lord. You think you're the only one who can play mind games? Sure, you're some sick individual who can take a hell of a whopping but I GUARAN-DAMN-TEE you that isn't enough to take OUR Tag Team Championships!

Perfection rubs the UTA Tag Team Championship around his arm.

Perfection: You wanted to shake the hornets nest, Spawn, you can reap the wrath of Dynasty. Tonight, here in Columbus, Ohio....in front of this sea of Ungratefals stinkin' up the Value city arena....Spawn....will face us at our best-

when gold is on the line!

Blanca takes the floor, Kincaid places the microphone in the middle of the two men to pick up their voices.

La Flama Blanca: I ultimately blame James Wingate for everything wrong with the UTA... but this isn't One Hundred percent on him... Cancer Jiles. A Hall of Famer in his own right. He's been in this business forever it seems. I'm not sure how to feel about "Cool" Cancer Jiles. He has ties to those jabronis in WTFC. I feel like this is another bell end who is going to anger the monster that is... Dynasty.

Perfection: Another round of undeserving talent to crush under our boots.

La Flama Blanca: Cancer... you are just another one who tries our patience. You are another one who questions the greatness that is... Dynasty. Perfection and I are in the building.

Perfection and I are at the top of our game. Perfection and I are writing our own legacies... they will be padded with a huge win over two UNGRATEFULS.

Perfection shakes his head and huffs loudly.

Perfection: Probably the largest group of Ungratefals to ever come to the UTA.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight... tonight, is all about The Spawn. The pressure is more on them. They've been brought back to fight the evil empire that is... Dynasty. We have pressure on us as well. All the prognosticators are betting against Dynasty... good.

Perfection: I enjoy crushing the dreams of those who want these titles off of us. I take great pleasure in DESTROYING every ounce of hope that Dynasty will fall!

La Flama Blanca: We both get no respect around here, STILL... I guess the UTA Universe loves to be proven wrong. Bunch of ignorant MOUTH BREATHERS, both out there in the arena and in the locker rooms in the back. People living in a false existence... Don't they know Dynasty is above all of them... and that will always be so.

Blanca laughs and turns to face Kate Kincaid.

La Flama Blanca: Good job, Kate.

Perfection: Slam Dunk, Kate.

Kincaid: Thanks guys! I think I got the hang of this!

Perfection: Let's go. We have matters to handle.

The Tag Champs walk out of the frame, leaving Kate Kincaid by herself in the Dynasty locker room... a little confused.

Kincaid: Back to you guys at ringside?

We cut back to ringside with Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront.

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's Crystallize begins to filter through the PA system. A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin.

Announcer: From The Heavens Above....He is "The Shining Light"....THIS.....IS.....PALADIN!!!! Paladin drops to a knee and throws his hands out to the side as a single light glistens down upon him before he gets up and starts to the ring.

Blackfront: Paladin coming into tonight's match undefeated. Could Mikey Unlikely be the man who finally does?

Ace: Very unlikely Ja-

Paladin slides into the ring as the lights come back up.

Blackfront: Damn it Tommy!

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: Mikey Unlikely quickly moving up the ranks here in the UTA, looking to score a big win tonight over Paladin.

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, waiting for the match to begin.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely representing WTFC tonight, a group many thought were a joke when they formed, but quickly showing that they are nothing to laugh at.

Ace: Except for bobby Dean. That guy is an idiot.

The bell sounds to begin the match. Paladin and Mikey Unlikely circle, preparing to start. They

quickly touch hands in a light shake before making one more circle and locking up. Blackfront: Opening match here as Mikey Unlikely and Paladin go one on one. Ace: Two idiots who aren't Dynasty. Why do I care?

Blackfront: Maybe because it's your job to Tommy? Paladin taking control as he pushes Mikey back and into the ropes.

Paladin pushes him back further into the ropes before pulling back.

Blackfront: Paladin sends Mikey Unlikely across the ring. Off of the rope and on the return... leap frog. Off the ropes again... Paladin catches Unlikely with arm drag.

Both men quickly roll over and get to their feet. Mikey charges Paladin again.

Blackfront: Paladin with another arm drag taking Unlikely over. Both men quickly back up, setting the tone for the match to be high paced.

Ace: Setting themselves to blow up early.

Blackfront: UTA superstars are some of the most conditioned in the business Tommy.

Ace: Tell Bobby Dean that.

Blackfront: Unlikely forward, leaps up.. legs around the neck of Paladin... standing hurricarrana! As Paladin hits the canvas back first, he rolls up to his feet, leaps to the nearby ropes, and springboards back, elbow out, which catches Mikey as he gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Paladin out of the hurricarrana into a springboard elbow smash! What agility! Mikey rolls back and to his knees, rubbing his chin as Paladin spins around into an offensive stance.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet for these two already, live, here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Mikey stands up and nods toward Paladin, before both men begin to circle again.

Blackfront: Show of respect by Unlikely as we get ready to continue. They lock back up.

Blackfront: Locking up once again. Mikey pushing back and taking control. Unlikely rolls around Paladin. Belly to back.

Paladin stomps the foot of Unlikely.

Blackfront: Paladin, rolls around, now behind Unlikely.

Paladin drops to his knee, grabs the leg of Mikey Unlikely and raises back up, yanking Mikey's leg so he falls to his hands on the canvas as Paladin stand sup.

Blackfront: Paladin with an ankle lock on Unlikely. Mikey fighting it. Mikey begins to roll.

Ace: Break his ankle!

Blackfront: Unlikely over on his back. His free foot in the midsection of Paladin. Unlikely pushes back and Paladin sent backward!

Paladin stumbles back as Mikey kips up to his feet.

Blackfront: Unlikely back to his feet, comes forward... Paladin ducks the clothesline attempt. Both men turn... boot to the gut by Paladin.

He quickly grabs Mikey's neck and hooks his tights before lifting.

Blackfront: Paladin drops back... huge suplex by Paladin!

Mikey's back hits the canvas and he slides a little bit before sitting up, his face in pain, and grabbing his back. Paladin turns over and pushes up to his feet.

Ace: What a suplex by Paladin.

Blackfront: It sure was. Paladin controlling the most of this, but both men bringing it tonight. Paladin heads over, grabbing the head of Mikey, and turning him as he begins to pull him up. Blackfront: Paladin pul- NO! Mikey Unlikely pulling down, rolls Paladin up into a cradle pin! The referee slides into position.

Ace: He's going to steal a win! He's gonna steal it!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the second time.

Blackfront: KICK OUT AT TWO AND A HALF!

Mikey is shot back, rolling and popping up as Paladin quickly rolls over and gets to a knee looking at him from across the ring.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely almost pulling out a surprise victory, catching Paladin off guard. The two men begin to circle once again. As they lock up, Mikey begins to push Paladin backwards and into the ropes. As he holds him there, he puts his arms up. The referee warns

Mikey who lets go and steps back.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely regaining control of the match after almost scoring a win.

Ace: And you people say Dynasty are sneaky. Did you see Mikey try and weasel his way into a win?!

Blackfront: Weasel? It was a smart move.

Paladin and Mikey lock up yet again in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Unlikely taking control once again as he puts Paladin in a side headlock. Mikey pulls his arm in tighter, applying extra pressure around his neck.

Blackfront: Unlikely with that headlock firmly into position, continuing to hold Paladin stationary. Paladin takes his foot,

moves it forward, and brings it back between Mikey's feet. He wraps his arms around his waist and attempts to pick him up, by lifting up and back.

Blackfront: Paladin fighting back, trying to overcome Mikey Unlikely.

He is unable to get him up. However, his grip begins to loosen. As it does, he is able to pull him head free, and come back with an elbow into his face.

Blackfront: Paladin able to get free. He quickly grabs Unlikely... side Russian leg sweep takes Unlikely down!

Paladin rolls over and pushes up as does Mikey.

Blackfront: Paladin charges Mikey Unlikely. Unlikely catches him... arm drag.

As Paladin's rump hits the canvas the fans pop. Mikey quickly rolls over and gets to a ready stance.

Blackfront: Paladin over and up. Charges Unlikely again... he catches him.. lifts... SPINEBUSTER!

Mikey pushes to his feet as Paladin lies on the canvas, holding his back in agony.

Blackfront: Unlikely positioning himself, ready to strike once Paladin gets to his feet. He begins to move. This one could be over soon.

As Paladin stands up, Mikey runs toward the ropes. He leaps up, springboarding off with his forearm extended.

Blackfront: ONE HIT WO-

Paladin ducks. As he does, he brings his knee up and throws his hands behind Unlikely to help push his momentum into his knee more.

Blackfront: Paladin COUNTERS!

As Mikey is bent over, Paladin throws his arm over his neck and lifts his leg. He lifts with all of his might, snapping Mikey over to the canvas and bridging into a pin.

Blackfront: CRADLE SUPLEX BY PALADIN! HE HAS THE PIN!

The referee drops and begins his count.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to kick out at two! Back and forward action here tonight on WrestleShow!

The fans clap and cheer as Mikey is able to get free.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely possibly underestimating his opponent tonight.

Ace: It's hard to know what to expect when you face someone who has to hide behind a mask like Paladin!

Blackfront: Well, what does that have to say about La Flama Blanca?

Ace: Nothing! He wears a mask out of intimidation! Paladin wears one because he is chicken sh-

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Paladin rolls over and gets to his feet as Mikey begins to get up as well, a little slower than he has up to this point.

Blackfront: This match continues.

Paladin walks over and grabs Mikey's arm, helping him up.

Blackfront: Unlikely to his feet. Paladin with the whi- No! Reversed by Mikey Unlikely. Paladin is sent toward the corner. Mikey runs behind him.

As Paladin enters the corner, he grabs the top ropes and pushes his body up and over Mikey's head as his

momentum sends him past him. Mikey hits the turnbuckle full force with his chest as Paladin's feet come down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely right into that corner there. Can Paladin capitalize? Mikey stumbles around, turning toward Paladin who is waiting.

Blackfront: Paladin runs.. leaps up with a high knee catching Mikey Unlikely!

As he hits with force, Mikey is shot back into the corner again, but his quick thinking allows him to grab him as he connects. Mikey steps out of the corner and leaps up and forward, slamming all of his weight down on top of Paladin. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely able to turn a bad situation around, but it may be too late.

He rolls off of Paladin and lays on the canvas in pain as he is as well. The referee stands over both of them and begins to count.

Blackfront: One of these two need to make it to their feet before the referee can count to ten or this one is over!

As the referee continues to count, both opponents begin to move, rolling to their sides.

Blackfront: Who is going to make it up first?

Ace: Whomever does has the advantage going forward. They both reach their feet in time. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Both up! We will continue!

Mikey nods at Paladin, almost a sign of respect and him being impressed with him so far.

Blackfront: Paladin runs at Mikey... He catches him and lifts again...

This time when he lifts him up, Paladin throws him legs up, pushing on his shoulders to get some air. His legs wrap around his neck, and he leans back.

Blackfront: Paladin counters... hurricar- NO! Unlikely doesn't budge!

He uses his momentum to grab up under his arms and toss him down, hard to the canvas.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by Mikey Unlikely!

Mikey moves his legs over paladin's out stretched arms to hold them down. Paladin kicks, but can't get free as the referee counts.

Blackfront: Powerbomb into a pin..... MIKEY DOES IT! MIKEY DOES IT! MIKEY WINS!

The bell begins to sound as Mikey lets paladin's legs go and rolls over to his knees throwing his arms up. He pushes to a standing position before running to the corner, and climbing.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... MIKEY... UNLIKEEEEELLLLLYYYY!!!!

Ace: What an unlikely win for Mi-

Blackfront: No Tommy. you will not start that again!

Ace: Start what?

Blackfront: Oh you know!

Mikey holds his arms up as he stands on the turnbuckle. Paladin rolls over and pushes up, his hands on his hips. Unlikely looks back at him before hopping down to the canvas. He walks over, extending his hand to paladin, who accepts it.

Blackfront: Great sportsmanship by Mikey unlikely after a highly competitive match. You have to love seeing this.

Paladin nods to Mikey before heading to the ropes as Unlikely continues to celebrate.

#### Sixteen Reasons to Fear

The dimly-lit scene opens to the sight of a very scarred, very scruffy looking man. His eyes are sunken in his head, his cheeks are perma-bruised, and he has a long scar running over his left eye. He also has scars in his forehead that seem to spell out the letters XVI.

Unknown person: Hello, UTA. My name is Travis 16. Travis grins with a sneer.

Travis 16: Spoiler alert, folks - you aren't going to like me very much. Least of those reasons, will be my stench. I consider bathing to be a thing that happens to people I hate.

Sneer. Travis crosses his arms.

Travis 16: So, basically, everyone that isn't me. Which leads us to the next reason you're all going to regret being within hating distance - I'm kind of a relentless little bag of screw you when it comes to fights. Starting them... finishing them... don't care - I just love being in them.

Travis puts his hands on his hips, laughing maniacally. We can see the full extent of his physique

- pale, undefined, skinny, and lumpy in all the wrong places. Basically, not an impressive looking man.

Travis 16: Don't worry just yet though... I'm here on a mission. You see, I've been spending the last few months defending myself from Nirvana's rapier wit, in the form of Twitter Tweets. He, through no fault of my own...

Travis pauses and cocks his eyebrow. He's making a face similar to the classic "Troll" image found in internet memes.

Travis 16: ...has decided to be the world's oldest Internet Tough Guy and challenge me to a match. Of course, he got fired from his last job before I could get a job there, for reasons I'm sure have nothing to do with a Wellness Program...

Travis grins his "troll-grin" again and flexes his arm muscle. He shows off a bicep that would be the envy of any healthy toddler.

Travis 16: Buuuuut, as it turns out, you can get away with pretty much any level of childish shenanigans in the UTA day-care, as long as you don't swear too much while you do it.

Travis gets an innocent look on his face, then holds up a hand with every finger EXCEPT the middle finger raised. After a few seconds, he puts his hand down and looks into the camera with a little more intensity.

Travis 16: Next week, I'm coming down to that little PG-13 playground of yours, Nirvana, and after I sign that contract, I'm going to show you things that will take censors a fu... a friggin' WEEK to censor out of the broadcast. Then, after you cease to amuse me... and I am CERTAIN it won't take long... I'm coming for the rest of you make-beieve tough guys... and girls in the UTA.

Travis steps back as the light fades out to complete darkness. A digital effect makes it so we can only see his eyes and his mad Cheshire grin in the darkness.

Travis 16: Bet on it, kids.

The eyes and teeth fade into the blackness as the segment ends.

#### Break A Leg

Once more we are taken backstage where the Prodigy Champion stands at the doorway of the locker room in conversation with the occupants inside. She leans back and stretches her arms behind her, before running her hand up through her hair.

Fears: Well Becky, good luck tonight against Abdul bin Hussain. I may not be American but you know how it goes. Do it for the red, white and blue, and you too. We will do Ice Cream and Ribs later to celebrate MJ's birthday and your successful defense. Break a leg!

Zhalia snaps forth from the doorframe then heads down the corridor. Their plans being made for later that evening after Wrestleshow's conclusion, and even later still with Kush's manager and good friend Awesome Ava as the two planned to hit the Hustler Club in Cleveland.

The thought makes her grin. The perfect place to stop and unwind before her flight back to the --

POW!

The Estupendo Kick!

Fears drops face first as La Flama Blanca and Perfection pass by, not even caring to take a look back or down at who he just kicked in the head. Fears was out. And they had a Tag Team Championship match to win. Zhalia's eyes crack open as she rolls to the side and slumps up against the wall. Her hand carresses her jaw.

Fears: ... Maybe just the Ice Cream.

Fade.

Spawn of a New Era

Without warning, "Hi-Finesse" by The Wolf blares on the loudspeakers and The Spawn steps out from behind the curtain. The crowd rises to their feet and erupt in cheers as The Spectre, flanked by his pet hyena Johnny; Crimson Lord and his wife Lady Gaze, and Mister Fantastic walk down the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: What a huge ovation by these three Hall of Famers. The Spawn members- Spectre, Mister Fantastic and Crimson Lord, came together at Season's Beatings. It was a reunion no one expected.

Ace: You sure as hell got that right. No one expected these three over the hill idiots to ever be seen in the same ring again, especially given Crimson Lord and Spectre's volatile history.

Blackfront: That may be true, but Spectre and Fantastic have been friends for nearly twenty years. Those two men have a long illustrious history. And it wouldn't surprise me if Spectre called up Mister Fantastic, asking him to come back to the UTA, and Fantastic said 'yes' without hesitation.

The Spawn members step into the ring and look at the vast crowd who continue their raucus applause. Spectre smiles a wide toothy grin and props his forearms on the top rope as he looks into the crowd, while Fantastic climbs the corner turnbuckle and raises his arms in a V-shape. Crimson meanwhile merely watches on, not showing any emotion. Spectre walks over to the corner and grabs a microphone from the attendant and steps to the center of the ring, while the music dies down. Spectre brings the microphone to his mouth but the crowd continues to cheer. Crowd: SPAWN! SPAWN! SPAWN! SPAWN!

Blackfront: Listen to this crowd! They love them!

Ace: They're idiots, Jason! They're bandwagoners! They'll latch on to anything that isn't named Dynasty!

Finally the crowd dies down and Spectre speaks.

Spectre: Well, well, well, Columbus, Ohio! Bet you never thought you'd see this sight now, did you?

Crowd: YEEEEAAHHHH!!!

Spectre: You see, it finally dawned on me, that I was playing a fool's game trying to play the hero or savior all by myself. When you've got douchebags like Perfection and his little lapdogs in Dynasty running around like common thugs and bullies, that there was only one true response to their cheap little tactics. So I reached out to my longtime

friend and stablemate, Mister Fantastic. He looks over at Fantastic.

Spectre: I asked him to come back to the UTA. Now he didn't have to do it. Hell, he was enjoying retirement. But the thing is, I know my buddy couldn't pass up the opportunity to kick some douchebag asses like Dynasty!

Crowd: YEAHH!!!

Spectre: Even more surprising is the man to my right- Crimson Lord. Spectre motions to Crimson Lord who gives a long cold stare.

Spectre: This man was my enemy for several years. We went to war many times. Some people think I am crazy. But when you think about it, if two men like ourselves can put aside our differences for the greater good... and that is beating the holy hell out of Dynasty, then you KNOW that our alliance has been solidified.

Spectre pauses.

Spectre: So Dynasty, ask yourself this question...if none of you ...A-holes... DARE face each other DESPITE being at the top of the rankings for months on end just to get ahead or just to see who the better Dynasty members REALLY are... how well does that bode for you if you are already losing members? There's only so much of Perfection's narcissistic ego the other Dynasty members can stand before Dynasty implodes in on itself! Hell, for all we know, maybe Perfection ran Kathryn Vermont Thomas out of the UTA because he saw her as a legitimate threat to his pretty little pedestal that he resides upon! Because as all of you have seen and heard... Perfection is nothing more than an egotistical, chauvinistic PRICK!

Crowd: Yeah!!!!!!

Ace: Not going to happen!

Spectre: But enough about that odious toad! I don't want to give him any more mention than I already have. Tonight, Mister Fantastic and Crimson Lord take on Lord Douchebag and La Flama Blanca for the tag titles! The thing is though, Dynasty.... MAYBE The Spawn is here tonight to take those tag title away.....

He laughs.

Spectre: Then again.... maybe we're just out to send a message, and could care less about the titles. Hmmm.... What do you think, Fantastic?

Spectre hands Mister Fantastic the microphone. The crowd cheers as Mister Fantastic smiles. Fantastic: Thank you, brother. Wow, can you people feel that? Can you feel the energy in this place? Do you feel the excitement, the intensity, the surge of adrenaline flowing through this arena? Are you people as jacked as I am?

Crowd pops loudly

Fantastic: If you talked to me a couple of months ago, I would have told you that a moment like this would have been as far away from being real as Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster. But, once The Spawn reunited at Seasons Beatings, there's been nothing I've wanted more than to be in this ring at this moment. Tonight, the UTA, the wrestling world and you people here in Columbus bear witness to revival of more than a just a group of wrestlers. More than just some faction or stable. The Spawn is an institution. It is finishing school for the elite and, sadly, doesn't have a very good graduation rate. We are the men behind the legend. We are blood, sweat and tears that have paved the way for superstars of today.

Mr. Fantastic pauses, letting the fans take in what he has said.

Fantastic: Now, don't get me wrong...I realize that all of that and two dollars gets you a cup of coffee. None of what we accomplished in the past means anything if we come out here to do nothing but take a victory lap for ol' times sake.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Spectre nods.

Fantastic: When The Spectre first brought up a return to the UTA, I saw what guys like Perfection, CBR and the rest of Dynasty had been doing to a place that is more than just a wrestling organization. Its my home. It's my legacy. It's a piece of my soul. The opportunity to get into this ring, kick some ass and show a group of wannabes how it's really done at the top of the mountain was all I needed to leave L.A. and get back here. This is the next chapter in the story of the Spawn. And what we create, moving forward, is going to be as significant to the wrestling world as the things we did a decade ago. Oh, and now we've got a shot to win the World Tag Team Titles? Ha! There's never been a piece of gold that I've ever turned down. Folks, get ready for one hell of a show. There's only one word to describe what's going to happen tonight.....FANTASTIC!

Crowd: YEEEEAAHHH!!

Blackfront: No truer words spoken by Mister Fantastic tonight!

Ace: Speak for yourself, Jason. Fantastic is trying to blow smoke up all these people's ass. Fantastic walks over to Crimson Lord, who has a deep cold and motionless stare. Fantastic is a little hesitant as he carefully extends the microphone out to Crimson Lord, who simply looks down at the microphone and back at Fantastic.

Ace: Well? Is Crimson Lord going to talk ... or not? Looks like he has no interest in taking that microphone.

Finally, Crimson Lord extends his hand and slowly takes the microphone. Spectre and Fantastic step to either side corner of the ring, as Crimson Lord stares out into the crowd.

He lowers the microphone to his side while the fans still cheer. He runs his hand through his hair as he stares at the microphone then out to the fans.

Crimson Lord: Sixteen....sixteen....sixteen

He walks toward the camera and stares coldly at it and this time yells.

Crimson Lord: SIXTEEN!

Ace: About the age level of this promo.

Blackfront: You do realize Dynasty jumped this man last night, right?

Ace: Wish they would have finished the job.

He lowers the mic and stares out into the fans for a moment then toward Gaze. Putting the microphone to his lips one more time as he walks toward the ropes facing the entranceway. Crimson Lord: Thank you, Dynasty.

Ace: See all he needed was some sense beaten into him.

Crimson Lord: Now,you are all probably wondering why would I thank the three men for the SIXTEEN stitches they gave me.

He looks out into a confused crowd before putting the microphone to his mouth.

Crimson Lord: That fire that was buried deep inside of me? Guess who rekindled it? You idiots! It took a lead pipe and three rounds of ravaged chairs to wake me up! But congratulations, you four just made my list!

He walks to the center of the ring and looks toward Fantastic, then raises the mic once more to his mouth.

Crimson Lord: You know its funny, you guys talk about Ron Hall like he is some imposter, like he is a nobody. What, Perfection? You couldn't do the job yourself? You needed Pinto Bean to help you. You know, the more I watch and observe you the more I realize you are one of those flash in the pans types. You hope to etch your name into the

history books. Why? Because you beat Yoshi? Why? Because you're a two time champion? Son, you're not even at our level.

Maybe in ten years you might come close. But until then, know your damn place! He lowers the microphone to listen to the fans and laughs a bit.

Crimson Lord: Perfection, you want to know the worst part of all this? Your very best with weapons STILL was not enough to put me down! What does that tell you, boy? If you think you're gonna out wrestle me, then good luck trying to out wrestle him.

He points to Mr. Fantastic, who gets a loud pop.

Crimson Lord: No, you see Perfection I never have been about wrestling I have been about absolutely decimating my opponent. You guys have awakened that flame inside me!! I have finally realized that it's not about those championships around your waist, no...it's about me breaking your damn neck!

Crowd: YEEEEAAAHHHH!!!!

Crimson Lord: Tonight, we begin the dismantling of the supposed "dominant" group in this company. Tonight we go to war... and unlike your other battles with men and women of this company, this war is not going to sway in your favor! I have craved a FEAST for a very long time....and Perfection... you will be my main course, with a side of Mexican!

He drops the microphone.

"The Wolf" by Hi-Finesse begins to play again as Crimson Lord stands in the middle of the ring. Spectre meets Crimson Lord in the middle and stands to Crimson's right as Fantastic moves in and stands to his left. Fantastic raises his arms in a V and beats his chest, while Spectre gets that sadistic look in his eyes and begins shouting inaudible words towards the camera.

Blackfront: Well, there's no doubt about it, The Spawn are not here to play games! These three men mean business. And it looks like they are making it business to try and take out Dynasty, where others have failed!

Ace: Well, like Spectre always says... 'in your dreams'. Dynasty are an elite crop of wrestlers who have dominated the UTA for the past year! What are these three has-beens going to accomplish, other than putting everyone to sleep!

The Spawn exit the ring to the loud approval and cheers from the capacity crowd.

Brought to You By

The snappy drum solo from "Clap Your Hands" by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Uncle Rocky dances on to the stage, whimsically clapping along with the beat for a few bars. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Robot Pete leaps out from behind the curtain, and immediately shoots sparklers from his antenna! This is answered by a kaleidoscope of colorful pyros that spit huge clouds of rainbow confetti all over the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Robot Pete taking on Bobby Dean tonight in singles action.

Ace: Oh come on Jason. We all know Uncle Rocky is out here and will get involved as well. He and Bobby Dean have unfinished business.

He high-fives Uncle Rocky, and the two start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle, amidst a chorus of BOOs. Robot Pete pulls a banana out of his chest compartment and tries to give it to a child in the audience, but a concerned parent quickly pulls the child away.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Orgeon...

As the duo gets ringside, Robot Pete and Uncle Rocky give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Robot Pete rolls into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet six inches, and weighing in at 310 pounds...

Robot Pete gets down on one knee. The video monitor in his face depicts a snare drum playing a drum roll...

Announcer: Robot... PETE!

Pete raises his arms and shoots more confetti out of his hands and head! He dances around in a circle, arms outstretched, then puts his claws to his face and does a happy little pee-pee dance. Blackfront: Robot Pete, amazingly undefeated in singles action, looks to grab another win tonight.

As the music fades out, Pete keeps dancing whimsically, waiting for the match to begin.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky is in the corner giggling. What is his deal?

Ace: He's weird Jason. What else do you need to know? "You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito begins to play.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean up next.

As the music continues to play, Bobby Dean does not appear.

Ace: Where is this idiot?

Uncle Rocky is still giggling like a school girl in the corner.

Blackfront: I'm unsure. But one of the rules state, that if you do not come out in a timely manner, you forfeit your match.

Ace: Just like Dean. Always a quitter.

The big screen shows backstage before it takes over our screen fully. We hear the unmistakable sound of WTF's team-sized golf cart coming through the hallway. The wheels squeak as the cart comes around the corner. In the cart, we see Mikey Unlikely and Doozer, accompanying their pal Bobby Dean to the ring for his match.

After a few seconds, we hear police sirens! All three look around, and they see flashing red and blue lights coming from a nearby hallway.

Doozer: What the... Are we getting pulled over?

Mikey Unlikely: I think we are!

Doozer: See Bobby, I TOLD you not to speed through that Slippery When Wet zone!

Mikey Unlikely: Hey guys, don't freak out, but is there someplace we can stash something? Bobby Dean's eyes bug out and he panics, but says nothing (his hands are occupied with the wheel so he can't write a sign). He quickly pulls to the side of the hallway, just as a golf cart with police pain on it pulls up, being driven by two female cops.

Doozer (looking at Bobby Dean): OK, just let me do the talking.

Bobby Dean frowns at Doozer and shakes his head in disbelief. The cops come up to either side of the cart. The one on the driver's side leans on the roof of the cart and looks in.

Female Cop #1: License and registration please.

Bobby starts to sweat a little. His eyes instinctively go down to the cop's cleavage. She slams her hand on the roof to get his attention.

Female Cop #1: Eyes up here, sir. License and registration.

Doozer: Actually, uh... He's on his way to a wrestling match, and y'know... No pockets in these stylish tights, so...

Doozer shrugs and smiles coyly. Mikey jumps in.

Mikey Unlikely: Oh, and he also doesn't have one.

Doozer goes bug-eyed and slaps Mikey on the shoulder, before looking back at the female cop and laughing nervously.

Doozer: BEEEEEECAUSE he has a learner's permit! Don't worry, I have a license, I'm supervising him!

The officer cocks her eyebrow and looks back down at Bobby Dean... who has returned to staring at the cop's chest. She slams her hand on the roof again.

Female Cop #1: Sir, you were going 6MPH in a 4MPH zone. Driving without a license is a strike two. What do you have to say for yourself?

Bobby blinks his eyes a few times and reaches for his white board. He scribbles a message on it, then holds it up, grinning hopefully:

YOU HAVE NICE BOOBS. WANT TO EARN SOME CASH?

Doozer can't see what was written, but Mikey can, and his reaction is to bury his face in his palm.

Mikey Unlikely: Doozer, we're going to jail.

Doozer: What?! What does it say?

Mikey Unlikely: It just says we're going to jail, okay?

Doozer: No! I'm too pretty to do hard time!

The police officer snatches the message board and throws it to the side. She removes her sunglasses and stares Bobby right in the eyes.

Female Cop #1: You trying to bribe me, sir? THAT... is strike three. Out of the cart, now. Doozer and Mikey throw their hands into the air and roll their eyes as they file out of the cart. Bobby enthusiastically rolls out of the cart and, without being prompted, takes up the "frisking" position. The female officer skips the pat down, instead she slaps a set of cuffs on Bobby Dean. Once his arms are locked up, she spins him around aggressively.

Female Cop #1: Call this one in Lana. We've got three reckless criminals to book.

Female Cop #2: Roger that. I'll get ready to take these boys... downtown.

Suddenly, sexy music starts coming from the police car. The two cops start stripping. Bobby's face lights up like a kid at Christmas, while the stunned Doozer and Mikey look on, confused and relieved at the same time.

The first cop strips down to a bra and panties and starts freaking on Bobby Dean, who is doing his best with his hands handcuffed to grind himself against the stripper right back. The second stripper starts dancing around Doozer and Mikey, who look at each other.

Doozer: You think this was Haynes or Slaw?

Mikey Unlikely: Probably Slaw. Haynes would have waited til after the match.

Doozer: Good point. Got any singles?

Mikey Unlikely: I'm sorry, what was that, mister "wrestling tights have no wallets?"

Doozer: I asked what else you're carrying, mister "stash this for me"!

The dup are distracted by the stripper cutting in between them, freaking against both of them as we head back to the

ring.

Blackfront: What in the name of?

Now Uncle Rocky is laughing like Crazy as Robot Pete is keeping himself amused by playing minecraft on his screen.

Ace: I told you. That whole bunch are idiots! The referee begins to count.

Blackfront: It seems that bobby Dean now has a count to ten or he forfeits.

Uncle Rocky begins hopping in place, his hands moving with each count by the referee. Getting ready. Finally, the referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner, via forfeit... ROBOT... PETE!!!!

Robot Pete looks up and a smile comes across his screen before it begins flashing in bright colors "I Won!". His heart speaker starts to glow and dubstep music begins to pump out loudly. Uncle Rocky jumps up and down, throwing his arms in the air as he starts to run around the the ring.

Ace: Are these idiots celebrating winning by forfeit?

Blackfront: I don't think I've ever witnessed anything like this.

Robot Pete dances to his dubstep as Uncle Rocky nervously climbs the corner turnbuckle, stopping on the middle rope and holding his hands out. Suddenly, with a loud pop, confetti begins to pour from the celing.

Blackfront: It's raining confetti?! It's almost as if they knew this would happen!

Ace: Morons. I'm surrounded by morons.

Uncle Rocky runs over and starts to dance to Robot Pete's dubstep with him in celebration as the confetti continues to pour and we fade out.

Well, Will He?

As the scene opens, we see David Hightower, clumsily plucking the strings on an acoustic guitar.

Whiskey is sitting at his feet, napping. The guitar seems very out of tune, and it's clear that Hightower doesn't really know (or care) how to play it properly. He looks at the camera with his interpretation of a serious frown.

David Hightower: Will David Hightower kick any ass, any time, any where?

He gets thoughtful look on his face, and strums his guitar strings a few more times. He then looks back up at the camera.

David Hightower: Does Kush have a hard time finding a seat on a bus?

Suddenly, the scene changes to the inside of a public bus. We see Kush and Awesome Ava, looking at rows and rows of single seats, but no two free seats next to each other.

Ava: Come on...

Kush: Ah... I don't know if... sorry...

Ava: Just... sit next to that guy!

Kush: But, what if he, ah... what if he doesn't want me to?

Ava: OK, what about her?

Kush: She has so many groceries, I don't, ah... don't want to make her move them-

Ava: AAAAUUUUGH!!!

The scene cuts back to David Hightower plunking away at his guitar again. After a few seconds, he frowns, suddenly stands up, and SMASHES the guitar across the chair! Whiskey suddenly stands up and trots out of the scene. Hightower looks at the camera and grins.

David Hightower: Aw, forget this wimpy music crap! I ain't that wuss Garth Brooks! David looks at the screen in a n aggressive pose.

David Hightower: You see, nobody's paying me to play guitar, and neither should you! If you need an ass kicked with no strings attached, you call 1 900 WHOOPASS!!! That's 1 900 WOUPAS!!! Yeah yeah I know I probably spelled it wrong but you ain't hiring me to spellcheck yer god dang resume either! Give ole David Hightower a call and I'll kick anyone's ass! I don't care who it is! Hey Kush, if you still can't get a seat, why not give me a ring? I'll personally come over and cram those groceries in HER god dang seat, if ya catch my drift! CALL NOW!!!

Whiskey trots back into the scene with a beer in his hand. David pats Whiskey on the head and takes the drink. He cracks it open as the scene fades.

Brought to You by

The crowd went nuts as 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 explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusionary arrogant wrestler ever?

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade.

Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring. Announcer: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over. Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell.

Ace: That may be true, but people can be really dumb sometimes.

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin!

The lights go out as a dense fog overtakes the stage. Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play as the towering and frightening Brother Judas steps out.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring standing seven foot and two inches, weighing in at three hundred and twelve pounds....

Brother Judas slowly and methodically begins down the ramp.

Announcer: Brother.... JUUUDDDAASSSSS!!!

Blackfront: Terrifying man. Over seven feet tall.

Ace: I would hate to meet this guy in a dark ally. Or, even a lit one for that matte!

Brother Judas walks up the steps and across the apron before looking across the sea of booing fans with his piercing eyes. He steps over the ropes and into the ring as the lights come back up. Blackfront: The battle of the big men!

Both men stand towering across from each other as the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Not many men are larger than Chris Hopper, but Brother Judas is.

Ace: He's not a man, he's a monster!

Judas tilts his head slightly to the side as he looks at Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Hopper looks ready to go, but may be a bit stand offish as little is known about Brother Judas.

Ace: Well I know that he is ugly as sin! Brother Judas heads toward Chris Hopper. Blackfront: Here we go!

Judas reaches forward with both hands.

Blackfront: Brother Judas going to choke Chris Hopper!

As he grabs hopper around his throat, Hopper tries to pry his grasp away. The referee yells at brother Judas to let him go.

Blackfront: The referee warning Judas. This match has just officially started and Judas may get disqualified within the first minute!

The referee begins to count. Hopper continues to struggle. Judas snarls as he pushes Hopper back, continuing to choke him. Chris finally gets his arms up between Judas' and forces them apart, making him release his throat.

Ace: That was stupid. If he held out for one more second, Chris could have had an easy win! Blackfront: Chris Hopper doesn't go down that easy as he is showing now bringing a big right hand to the side of Brother Judas' head. Another.

Judas takes the two shots and comes back, once again grabbing Chris Hopper's throat. He pushes him back as he holds on, until Chris is in the ropes.

Blackfront: Brother Judas choking Chris Hopper against the ropes now. The referee having to intervene yet again.

Ace: Intervene? There is absolutely nothing he can do but count. Chris Hopper struggles as the referee counts Judas.

Blackfront: Brother Judas came into this with one thing on his mind. To destroy Chris Hopper.

The referee gets to four. Brother Judas pulls away from Chris Hopper, turning toward him and stepping forward.

Blackfront: Whoah! Whoah! Whoah! The referee now back peddling.

Ace: Do you blame him?

Chris Hopper comes forward, grabbing the shoulder of Brother Judas, turning him around. He then begins rocking Judas with more big right hands. Judas stumbles back with each shot.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper with those fist. Each one harder than the last. Judas being knocked backward. The King of Cool bringing his all as he tries to get the big man off of his feet.

Chris Hopper brings a boot to Brother Judas' mid section.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper with a boot... he grabs Judas... ICEBREAKER! ICEBREAKER! ICEBREAKER!

Ace: What?!

Chris leaps across the chest of Brother Judas as the referee slides into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: Has he done it? Has Chris Hopper pinned Judas? YES! YES HE HAS! The bell starts to sound.

Ace: What?!

Blackfront: A quick and almost dominating win by Chris Hopper!

The crowd picks up as from the back, Brother Simon burst through the curtains, ripping his button up shirt off as he runs down the ramp.

Blackfront: It's Brother Simon! It's Brother Simon

Chris quickly gets back to his feet. As Simon slides in he jumps up.

Blackfront: Hopper ducks a clothesline. Both men turn.. boot to the gut of Brother Simon! ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: He laid out both members of The Truth!

Chris Hopper's music starts to play as he rolls over and pushes up looking down at his domination of two of the fiercest men in the UTA.

Blackfront: That power. How he can hit the Icebreaker out of nowhere! In a little over a month, we will see him in the ring with twenty nine others. Is tonight a message to everyone in the back?! Ace: It sure seems so!

As Chris makes his way up the ramp, he turns and looks down at the ring, raising one arm. Suddenly, through the curtains, Derek Parks burst with a chair in hand. He slams it into the back of Chris, causing him to fall to a knee.

Ace: A cheap shot by cheap shot Derek parks!

Blackfront: It sure as hell was!

Parks brings the chair across his back, sending Chris Hopper face first down. He stands over Hopper yelling down at him before tossing the chair down, with it landing on his back.

Blackfront: Derek Parks taking Chris Hopper out after a huge victory. I can tell you this, Chris wont be happy about this.

Ace: If he ever wakes up! I love it!

Blackfront: We'll be right back after this.

The camera zooms in on Chris Hopper down as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

Infinite Kindness

Gentleman Jack knocks, with clipboard in hand, on the locker room door of one Zhalia Fears. Hopefully, this encounter would go better than some of his previous ones. The door opens to the ever-cheery smiling form of the Prodigy Champion. With one difference, that being the icebag held up against the side of her face thanks to the kick earlier from La Flama Blanca.

Zhalia Fears: I told you guys before, I have an open door policy. No need to knock-

He poses dramatically, though with the fact he is still holding a clipboard, it loses whatever effect it might have had.

Gentleman Jack: Yes, your eyes do not deceive you! It is I, Gentleman Jack, come to knock upon your chamber door. Might I come in?

Before she can respond, Jack struts in, nonetheless. His vigilant eye examines the locker room carefully, looking to see if this lady kept up her own affairs neatly. If not, he doubted her ability to manage and serve his.

Fears: Pardon. I suppose I should be a bit disturbed at why a strange man, well-dressed of course, but strange... is in here?

Jack: Yes, I suppose why is the eternal question, isn't it? Why does the lark sing? Why does a man do the things he does? Why, indeed?

Fears: Yes... as in I need an answer before I ask you to kindly leave. My jaw is killing me. Jack: Ah, you meant in that way, did you? Well, as I am sure you well know, I am still on the search for a proper protege, you may say. One who I can take under my lofty wing and mentor and watch grow. And, who, in the meanwhile, will do whatever I say. Doesn't that sound tempting?

Fears: You know, this could be interesting. Please do... continue.

Jack: Of course it could be! And well, if you must know. Early applications have been... less than promising, I am ashamed to admit. So I have decided to be proactive, and lo and behold, here I am, come to see if you, my dear, are worthy and capable of handling this noble duty.

Fears: Well, uh...

Jack: There's no need to hide your enthusiasm! After all, there are many who would surely die for the opportunity I am granting you, in my infinite kindness. Now then. Are you ready to begin the evaluation?

Fears: This is a clothes-on at all times evaluation right? I should warn you now, I am terrible at tests-

Jack: Wonderful! Let's begin, then.

He ignores her and focuses his attention to his clipboard, where a few scenarios are written down with applicable answers for each one.

Jack: Question one. I, the oh-so-handsome Gentleman Jack, and you, the lowly yet endearing servant-girl, are walking down the street as you accompany me to the gym. Suddenly, a storm breaks, and rain begins to fall, and neither of us have an umbrella. What do you do? A. Hail a taxi to get me out of the rain as soon as possible. B. Allow me to carry you upon my back to shield me from the rain. C. Punch out the nearest umbrella-user and take theirs. Or D. Hoist me upon your broad shoulders and carry me into the closest building

As he waits for her answer, he continues to fiddle with his clipboard though it's mainly just to test Zhalia's focus and concentration.

Fears: Is not B and D practically the same thing? Can we not just use your jacket? Or better yet, the duffel? Surely one of us has one in this situation. It is the gym after all, sir.

Jack: Ooh... I'm sorry. The correct answer was actually E. Never leave the house without an umbrella. A good servant is prepared to handle any sort of incimate weather conditions, sleet, snow, or indeed, rain. Also, no, B was me using you as a sort of shield, while D was you carrying me to the nearest place with a roof. Not a good start, but I'm sure you can rebound. I believe in you.

Nonetheless, he records her first response as an incorrect answer before continuing to the second question.

Fears: To be fair, I always carry one in the car. It comes with growing up over in-

Jack: Question 2! You and I are at a bar together. I, perhaps having partaken in one too many pints of scotch, have raised the ire of several unruly bar patrons who seem intent upon separating my head from my shoulders. What do you do? A. Try to get me out of the situation as quickly as possible. B. Attempt to calm down the bar patrons. C. Use your

sweet ninja skills to take out every person in the bar. Or D. Offer your body to the bar-goers in exchange for leaving me alone. Fears: If I had to, and I mean really had to, I can go all ninja fighter for you. We may both walk out with some scrapes and badges from battle, but laugh about it later. At least I would. If D is even an option you are considering though, sir, I can guarantee you that that would lead you to a world of hur-

Jack: Really? Is that your final answer?

Fears: I was not finished. I think if this situation were to come to pass, I would first try to help you talk them down and offer to buy them the next round.

Jack: I'm afraid to say, but you are incorrect. The correct answer, again, is E. Let Jack take care of business himself. After all, do you really think I wouldn't be able to handle a few stray drunks? Just look at me!

Just to bring emphasis to his point, he flexes a bicep to show just what a strong man he really was.

Jack: I'll have to record that...

With a sigh, he records that response as another incorrect answer. He hopes she'll be able to recover, but he's beginning to have his doubts.

Fears: Something tells me that you will never wind up with this servant you seek...

Jack: Now, now. Don't get too upset. If you can answer this last question, I'll hire you on the spot. Question 3. Wanting to enjoy a sunny day for once, we walk into the park. As we do, a homeless man gestures to us, begging for money. What do you do? A. Offer what you can to the lost soul.

B. Ask me if I can do anything to help. C. Berate the man for ruining our good time with his smelly presence. Or D. Walk on by, ignoring him altogether.

Fears: Are we headed to dinner? Or the food trolley? I see no reason not to take him with us and have dinner on us, or me. Help him out. If the time is not on our side then offering him some cash from my person or yourself would be the right and proper thing to do.

He looks at her, staring with an incredulous expression. He would have thought she would have got it by now, but clearly that wasn't the case.

Jack: No. Once again, the correct answer is E. Do whatever you like, but just don't let the poor man touch me. I don't like being touched by people without money. Tsk tsk tsk.

Clearly displeased, he can only record the final answer on his clipboard.

Fears: You should really re-consider your evaluation process, sir Gentleman Jack.

Jack: Sadly, you didn't do very good. But don't worry! I thank you for your efforts, nonetheless.

Fears: Well best of luck in your... search?

Shaking his head, Jack nonetheless tries to keep a positive expression on his face, much like an interviewer trying to end a poor interview.

Jack: Yes, yes, of course. Don't call us, okay? We'll call you.

Fears: Who is us?

Jack: Uh....

Before he can elaborate, he decides to dart out of the room clearly not sure how to respond.

Fears: The girls are going to get a kick out of this.

She once more rubs her jaw and tries to keep her smile.

The opening notes to 'Verbal' by Amon Tobin begin to play, and the big screen cuts to Kush backstage, doing stretches while reading her Kindle. Her father, Asok Kush, is eating food from the craft table. After a few moments of this, her manager, "Awesome Ava", runs up to her and starts tapping her on the shoulder, motioning towards the entrance.

Kush gets a panicked look on her face. She rises to her feet quickly and starts running towards the gorilla position. Awesome Ava yells something at her, and she screeches to a stop, takes off her glasses, and thrusts them into her father Asok's hands, before turning and running again.

Ace: Y'know, just ONCE it'd be great if she was actually on time for her own entrance. Blackfront: Hey, she's getting ready in her own way, and obviously it's a successful formula! She's the UTA Wildfire Champion!

Ace: We'll see how successful that formula is tonight against Abdul Bin Hussain.

As the music builds, Kush goes from a sprint into a full run. Awesome Ava is running after her, breathing heavily, with the UTA Wildfire Championship belt over her shoulder. A few feet from the curtain, Kush launches her body forward into a handspring...

...BURSTS through the curtain in a full forward flip...

And hits the entrance stage in a three-point-stance RIGHT as the drums hit!

Announcer: Hailing from Columbia Maryland...

Kush nods her head to the beat, a "whoa, I totally just pulled that off!" look on her face, as she makes her way to the ring. Awesome Ava parts the curtains a second later, looking flushed but manages to smile and hold up the UTA Wildfire Championship belt behind Kush's head. As Kush walks towards the ring, she reaches out and gives high-fives to any fans that have their hand out. Announcer: Standing at five feet ten inches, and weighing in at 170 pounds...

When Kush gets to the ring, she gives Awesome Ava a high-five. Ava hands Kush the UTA Wildfire Championship belt. Kush then swiftly scales the turnbuckle - from the outside, and without using her hands. Once she reaches the top, she raises the UTA Wildfire Championship belt, holding it there for a few seconds while photo flashbulbs go off. She then waves at the crowd in a friendly way, before doing a backflip into the ring.

Announcer: The Unorthodox... KUSH!!!

Kush raises her arms once more and smiles. Awesome Ava is clapping and hollering for her. As the crowd reaction dies down, Kush makes her way to her corner, hands the belt to Awesome Ava, and waits for the action to begin.

Blackfront: Kush has said in her promos that she's fighting for America and for women everywhere!

Ace: As the kids would say, 'cool story bro'.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As "Call to Pray" by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Ace: Here he is, the former UTA World Champion!

Blackfront: USA! USA! USA!

Ace: Knock it off.

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carries the Iraqi flag on a pole. They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer: .....The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring.

Blackfront: Not since Turk has Kush had to square off against someone this sadistic!

Ace: And not since... well, no time I can think of, has ABH had to face a woman.

Blackfront: What's the problem with that?

Ace: Oh, you know how he hates those things.

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Ace: Looks like the referee is calling for the bell to get things started.

Blackfront: Kush lunging in, going for the collar-and-elbow- WAIT!

Sure enough, Kush goes to tie up with Abdul, but Abdul brings his arm back and SLAPS Kush across the face! Kush's entire head JERKS to the right with the impact! The sound echoes through the whole arena... The crowd BOOs as Kush holds her face and looks at Abdul with a confused look. Abdul points at her aggressively and appears to be saying something very angrily. Ace: The former UTA Champ has some strong words for Kush.

Blackfront: She clearly doesn't like what she's hearing!

Abdul finishes his speech by spitting at Kush! Kush flicks her head back and wipes her eye... the crowd BOOs once again, Abdul laughs and turns to taunt the crowd... He turns to face Kush and gets CLOBBERED by a Lou Thesz press!

Blackfront: Whoa! We've NEVER seen Kush fighting like this before!

Ace: Some master of martial arts... You think that's supposed to be capoeira or muay thai? Blackfront: I don't care what you call it, she's using it all over Abdul's head right now! The referee's stepping in, warning her about closed fists...

Looks like he's breaking it up...

Sure enough, the referee is counting. Kush gets up at 3 and takes her corner obediently, still frowning at Abdul over the referee's shoulder. The Butcher Of Basra takes his time rising to his feet, grinning slightly.

Ace: Looks like he knows he's under Kush's skin right now!

Blackfront: Not just her skin! Looks like Ava and Kush's father Asok have some problems with this as well!

As Abdul takes his sweet time getting vertical (and the referee is still restraining Kush), the camera cuts over to the barricade, where we can see Ava having a heated discussion of their own. Asok is sitting in the front row, while Ava is ringside, dividing her attention between Kush's dad and Rafiq. Finally, the camera cuts back over to the ring, where Abdul is vertical and indicates that he's ready to go. Kush thumbs her nose and gets back into her wrestling stance. Blackfront: Looks like we're finally ready to get things started! Kush lunging in for another tie- up...

Ace: Abdul actually playing along this time... Kush with the wristlock... Abdul counters with a judo flip... Kush vertical VERY quickly and OH!!!

Despite Kush's swift recovery, she isn't quick enough to counter a HUGE kick to the midsection by Abdul! Kush is bent over, clutching her stomach, and Abdul wastes no time grabbing her head... DDT!

Ace: Abdul going for the cover... Kickout at two by Kush.

Blackfront: Abdul gets a vertical base swiftly, runs for the ropes...

Abdul hits the ropes and comes back... He takes to the air... Elbow drop on Kush! Abdul hooks the leg and the referee drops to the mat... Kush kicks out just before two.

Ace: Smart ring work by Abdul, trying to get Kush to waste her energy on kickouts. Blackfront: I still say Kush has plenty of energy to spare. This is exactly the kind of stuff she trains for!

Ace: I have a feeling that The Butcher is just getting started though... He's lifting Kush to a standing position...

Abdul Irish whips Kush towards the ropes, then runs for the oppsite ropes... Both of them bounce, Kush ducks a clothesline... The duo bounce and come back to each other... Abdul ducks under a dropkick from Kush and keeps running! Kush crashes into the mat, but is back up quickly...

HUGE spear by Abdul!

Ace:Kush was just CUT IN HALF by a killer spear by Hussain!

Blackfront: THAT'S gonna knock the wind out of her sails!

Abdul scales the turnbuckle... Referee is yelling at Hussain, telling him to get down... Kush rolls around in the center of the mat, clutching her ribs in pain... Abdul casts a look of disdain at the BOOing audience... The referee begins counting... Abdul pauses, measures the distance... Kush still clutching her ribs... Abdul is airborne... SHOOTING STAR PRESS on Kush!

Ace: IT'S OVER! NEW CHAMPION IN ONE... TWO... THR-

Blackfront: KICKOUT by Kush at two-point-nine!

Abdul SLAMS his fists on the mat and growls. After a couple seconds, he gets to his feet, pulls Kush to a standing position, heads for the ropes again... Clothesline- NO! Kush ducks the attack! Abdul runs to the opposite ropes, bounces back... Kush nails him a palm strike to the heart! Abdul stumbles back, clutching his chest!

Blackfront: Kush calls that the "Kush Push"! She's got him stunned...

With a second to catch her breath, Kush inhale deeply a few times, then takes up a low capoeira stance... Abdul

recovers and charges forward... Kush swiftly dodges to the side and kicks him across the gut! Abdul takes another swing and hits nothing, as Kush dances behind him and hits an elbow to the back! Abdul yelps and swings around with a vicious backhand... Kush rolls under it and delivers a three-kick combo, followed by a dropkick! Abdul is down on the mat! Kush wastes no time... Flipping legdrop across Abdul's neck! Kush winces on the landing, clutching her midsection, then after a second goes for the cover...

Blackfront: Kush hooks the leg...

Ace: And Abdul kicks out with authority at two! Kush has a long night ahead of her!

Kush wastes no time getting to her feet. Still holding her midsection, she lashes out with a stomp on Abdul's chest, before heading for the ropes... She bounces off the middle rope and flies...

Moonsault connects! Another pin attempt... Kick out with authority at one.

Blackfront: Kush rallying back respectably here!

Ace: Yeah, clearly though she did almost nothing to Abdul with that moonsault... Kush pulling Abdul to a standing position...

Kush stops to grab her ribs again, then delivers a couple of swift elbow strikes to Abdul before pulling him into an Irish whip- NO! Abdul reverse the whip, then pulls Kush forcefully into a HUGE standing clothesline! He swiftly gets to his feet and starts VERY angrily stomping on Kush! After about eight of these vicious stomps, the referee steps in and breaks it up.

Ace: Abdul arguing with the official about his unfair treatment...

Blackfront: He's just trying to keep order! Hey wait, what's Rafiq doing?

Rafiq runs around to the side of the ring where Kush is laying and holding her ribs. With the referee distracted, Rafiq is able to wrap his arms around Kush's neck - Abdul's manager is choking Kush out! Kush's legs flail madly at this attack! The crowd BOOs for this interference! Blackfront: Oh, come on! Real big man, doing that!

Ace: Oh look, now Ava's gonna stick her nose in this...

Ava comes running over as quickly as she can (she's a big girl, give her a break). She slaps Rafiq a few times on the arm, but it doesn't appear to be doing much. Rafiq looks at her dismissively and SLAPS her across the face, hard enough to knock her down! He then turns back to Kush to continue his attack- WAIT! Kush grabs Rafiq's arms, pulls him so his head is between the ropes... swings her leg up... BAM! Rafiq is kicked in the head!

Ace: Hey! Rafiq isn't in this match! She can't do that!

Blackfront: He was just getting himself involved in the match earlier!

Ace: The referee would disagree!

Finally, Abdul stops diverting the referee's attention and approaches Kush, who is playing possum. Abdul laughs and reaches for Kush, only now noticing that Rafiq is laid out on the ground, holding his head... He turns to look at Kush... Kush pushes off, rocketing both feet into Abdul's jaw! The Butcher stumbles backwards as Kush raises herself into a handstand position... She does a twirling handstand kick that knocks Abdul off his feet! Kush kippups to a standing position, boosts off the ropes... HUGE corkscrew elbow drop!

Blackfront: Kush drops for the cover... I think she HAS this...

Ace: And a last-second kickout by the former UTA World Champion!

Kush slaps the mat and rises to her feet, rubbing her neck. Slowly, chants of "USA! USA! USA!" can be heard from the crowd. Kush feeds off this energy and gets into position... Abdul rises to a knee, clutching his chest... Kush begins her

sprint... Abdul suddenly charges back at her, hitting a HUGE dropkick from out of nowhere - wait! Kush tumbles backwards... Kush collides with the referee and lands on top of him in the corner!

Ace: Now just LOOK what that klutz did! The referee is out cold!

Blackfront: Kush flips around and is trying to wake the referee up... Bad move turning your back on Abdul...

Kush is kneeling next to the referee, repeatedly saying "I'm sorry" and trying to wake him up. Abdul looks over to Rafiq, who is finally stirring himself awake. He points and shouts something to Rafiq, who nods and reaches under the ring... the crowd BOOs as Rafiq emerges with a kendo stick!

Blackfront: NO! That is not fair!

Ace: I bet Kush is really wishing she didn't knock out the ref now, huh?

Rafiq tosses the stick to Abdul, who wastes no time winding up and CRACKING the stick across Kush's back! Kush winces in pain and immediately gets to her feet! She bites her lower lip, clutching her back in agony. Abdul laughs maniacally and winds up again... CRACK across the side with the stick! Kush drops to her knees, clutching her side! The crowd is BOOing like crazy! Ace: I sincerely doubt Kush was training for this!

Blackfront: This isn't wrestling, this is just brutal!

Kush is still kneeling on the mat. Abdul grabs Kush's hair and pulls her head back... we can see that Kush's face is contorted in pure agony... He laughs maniacally, and drags the kendo stick across Kush's throat dramatically.

Blackfront: Oh, now that is just sick!

Suddenly, Abdul takes a few steps back and BLASTS Kush across the head with the kendo stick! Kush flops to the mat. The crowd is BOOing very loudly.

Ace: Oh man, we are going to get some angry letters now...

Blackfront: Speaking of angry, look at Asok! He is REALLY not happy with what's going on here! Sure enough, the camera cuts over to where Asok is sitting. He is leaning on the barricade and yelling at Abdul (some of what he's saying needs to be bleeped out by the censors). Abdul chuckles and drops the kendo stick. He walks over to ringside and rolls out, grinning madly, walking slowly to where Asok is cursing him out. As he gets closer, Asok suddenly looks at the crowd and throws both hands in the air, starting a "USA! USA!" chant!

Ace: Oh man, I don't think Asok knows what he's doing here... The crowd is REALLY behind Kush's father on this one!

Crowd: "USA! USA! USA!"

Abdul's grinning turns very swiftly into anger, as he gets right up next to the barricade. Asok, eyes wide open, is leaning over the barricade, chanting "USA!" right into Abdul's face. Abdul stands there for several seconds, before VERY quickly rearing back and BLASTING Asok in the face with a closed-fist punch! Asok crashes into the metal folding chairs behind him, knocked out cold! Blackfront: THAT was just uncalled for!

Ace: Hey, maybe he should have just stayed in his seat and watched the match! What did he think he was going to do!

Blackfront: Wait, I don't think Abdul is done yet!

Abdul climbs the barricade and stands over Asok, admiring his handiwork! He laughs and looks at the crowd, pointing down at Asok as if to say 'This is what I think of you all!!' He concludes his taunting by spitting on Asok, and then turns to climb back over the barricade...

Blackfront: Wait... Kush is climbing the turnbuckle...

Kush, clutching her ribs and wincing in pain, is now on the top turnbuckle... Abdul looks to the center of the ring, sees that Kush is no longer there... He looks up just in time to see Kush get HUGE air... KUSH COLLIDES INTO ABDUL WITH A FLIPPING AXE HANDLE!!! Both

competitors crash into the barricade, with Abdul hitting head first!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!!!

Ace: I think that killed both of them!

Crowd: HOLY S\*\*T!!! HOLY S\*\*T!!! HOLY S\*\*T!!! HOLY S\*\*T!!!

As the crowd goes bananas, both Kush & Abdul lay in a crumpled heap on the arena floor.

Blackfront: Who's gonna wake up first?

Ace: Looks like the managers are rushing over to check on things...

Ava and Rafiq both run over to check on their clients, but when they see each other, a shouting match occurs between them. Rafiq rears back and slaps Ava across the face again - but Ava just turns her head back and faces Rafiq, a look of fury in her eyes... She SLAPS Rafiq across his face! The crowd POPs for this! Rafiq turns, holding his cheek, and Ava follows up with a kick in the crotch! Rafiq sinks to the ground, holding his junk, as Ava raises her hands and the crowd

CHEERS!

Ace: Do you see the two of them going at it on Proving Grounds next week?

Blackfront: Neither one of them is a wrestler! Stay focused! Ace: On what? Neither one of our competitors are moving...

Blackfront: Wait! It looks like Kush is starting to stir...

Ava turns and helps Kush get to her feet. Kush wraps her arm around Ava's shoulder and the duo start walking away... Ava turns towards the entrance, but Kush stops her... the girls appear to be having a discussion, with Ava pointing at the entrance, and Kush shaking her head... After a few seconds, Kush clutches her ribs and begins limping towards the ring... Kush rolls into the ring, shambles into the center, and crosses her legs into a meditative lotus position.

Ace: ...what the hell is she doing?

Blackfront: It looks like meditation! She says this helps her when she's trying to focus!

Ace: She's stopping in the middle of a wrestling match to meditate?

As Kush begins her controlled breathing, we now see Abdul is beginning to stir to life. With the assistance of the barricade, Abdul is able to get to his feet. An audience member tries to touch Abdul, but The Butcher slaps the fan's hand away angrily. Abdul holds his head, wincing in pain, as he limps towards the ring. He rolls in and sees Kush meditating. He rolls his eyes and reaches for the kendo stick...

Ace: And this is why we don't stop in the middle of a wrestling match to close our eyes and think about unicorns!

Blackfront: Oh no... Abdul winding up with that kendo stick...

Abdul swings the stick at Kush's head- WAIT! Kush's arm reaches up and catches the stick! The crowd POPs as Kush opens her eyes, looks up at Abdul, and snatches the stick out of his hands! Abdul looks on as Kush rises to her feet... reaches down...

Ace: Why is Kush taking off her kickpads?

Blackfront: She's uncovering her shins!

Kush then kicks her leg up and SNAPS the kendo stick in half across her shin! As her eyes stare daggers into Abdul,

she casts the halves of the kendo stick to either side! As the referee finally starts to come alive again, Abdul approaches Kush and SLAPS her across the face again - but this time, Kush's face doesn't move at all - she just keeps staring at The Butcher, intent on destruction!

Blackfront: I have NEVER seen Kush this focused! That meditation must have done the trick!

Ace: Abdul not quite convinced... He's going for broke...

Abdul charges at Kush, and gets BLASTED with a shin kick by Kush! Her shin connects with his arm! Abdul HOWLS and clutches his arm! Kush then launches another shin directly across Abdul's stomach! The Butcher doubles over in pain and stumbles back...

Blackfront: Kush is stepping back... This could be it...

Kush looks to the crowd and SCREAMS with warrior fury! The crowd SCREAMS right back at her! Kush lifts her left leg, slaps the shin a couple times... she starts her run... Kush kicks off and is airborne...

Blackfront: ENVERGADO!!! ENVERGADO!!!

Abdul's head bounces violently off the mat! Kush stumbles around for a few seconds... Her eyes roll into the back of her head... She literally crumples over onto Abdul... The injured referee struggles over to the heap of bodies... And he slowly counts out... 1... 2...

Blackfront: THREE!!! KUSH RETAINS!!! KUSH RETAINS!!!

The audience ERUPTS in cheers! An enthusiastic "USA! USA! USA!" chant is started... To be slowly replaced with "KUSH!! KUSH!! KUSH!!" Both Kush and Abdul are a lifeless heap in the mat, as the referee lays the Wildfire Title on her heaving chest.

Announcer: The winner... and STILL UTA Wildfire Champion... The Unorthodox... KUUUUUUUUUSSSSSHHHHH!!!

Ace: A hard-fought victory for Kush, but Abdul has nothing to be ashamed of here.

Blackfront: Except for being beaten by a woman, of course.

Ace: Why you gotta kick a man when he's down?

Ring crew rushes down to the ring to help both competitors to their feet as the scene fades.

Settling Up

Backstage, the camera view rounds a corner, where we see Uncle Rocky talking to someone. He appears to have a wad of money in his hands. Robot Pete is standing next to him, blocking our view of the person he's talking to.

Uncle Rocky: ...and that is why we ALWAYS make sure we put a portion of our earned income into an interest-yielding savings account, and another portion into a conservative 401K program! Robot Pete: WOW! This certainly has been a detailed and SUPER HELPFUL lesson on fiscal responsibility! I am certain that our GOOD FRIEND here will take your lesson to heart and invest this money wisely!

Female Voice: Look, are you going to pay us or what? I have places to be.

As the camera gets closer, we can now see that the Good Friends! are talking to the two stripper- cops from earlier! Uncle Rocky puts one hand on his hip, and points accusingly with the other.

Uncle Rocky: Hey! EVERYONE knows that Uncle Rocky keeps his promises!

Robot Pete: Scientifically confirmed fact!

Uncle Rocky: I agreed to pay you, and I WILL pay you - I just want to make sure you get the MOST out of your payment!

Robot Pete: Consider the priceless knowledge you just received a GENEROUS tip for your exceptional services!

Uncle Rocky: I know I do!

The strippers roll their eyes in unison. After a few seconds, they hold up their hands expectantly. Uncle Rocky places the money in their hands as the scene fades out.

What the F@%#!!!

The scene opens to Jamie Sawyers standing in front of a large backdrop that simply has the "Wrestle UTA" logo as large as possible across it. He looks ready to break some news as he raises the microphone to his mouth.

Sawyers: Fans, at this time, it is our chance to tell you about the revamped UTA website complete with pi....

A large hand reaches in and grabs the microphone out of his hand.

Sawyers: What the Hell?!?!?!?

The hand gives way to the rest of the man who swiped it from him. We see it is a very angry "Too Cool" Chris Hopper, still smarting from the post match attack by Derek Parks. We see blood on his eyebrow where Parks obviously caused a cut during the attack. The King of Cool looks like anything but cool at this point; with sweat covering his body, anger in his eyes, and still breathing heavy from the action in the ring.

Hopper: PARKS!

His eyes are wide with madness. Even CBR didn't get under his skin this way. Hopper: You think you can just run to the ring and do whatever the hell you want? He is taking deep breaths to regain composure, but the anger is making it difficult.

Hopper: You think this makes up for whatever kind of problem you have with me? It doesn't. All it does it create new problems for you.

The glare in his eye is frightening, to be honest.

Hopper: You are trying to get noticed every chance you get. You make stuff up. Then you sneak

attack me backstage. And now you decide to cheap shot me on national television in the middle of a ring after I beat one of the largest men in the world! You want to get noticed?

He laughs almost maniacally.

Hopper: Well you got it!

He takes another deep breath or two, seemingly now under control, but that glare in his eyes is teetering on craziness.

Hopper: I still have no idea who Bowa the Snake Charmer was or whatever the hell you called yourself back in the day. But I can tell you this....

He finally cracks a wild-eyed grin. Hopper: I know who Derek Parks is now. A slow nod.

Hopper: You wanted to be in the big time. You wanted your name in lights. You wanted to get back all you think was taken from you years ago. Well you got it now, son.

The crazy grin returns.

Hopper: Because now you're on my radar. Not because I want to hold you down or do anything you think I have done before. But because of what you have done since showing your face in UTA. Because of the lies, the rants, and especially the attacks...

The grin disappears and a cold, steely expression is found on Chris' face.

Hopper: I'm going to take you out. Another crazy-man type of laugh.

Hopper: So watch your back Parks! Because I'm done trying to be nice and put up with your garbage! Next time I see you, I'm knocking your ass out!

We hear the fans reacting with a chorus of cheers as they are witnessing this in the stadium. Hopper turns to Sawyers and hands her the microphone.

Hopper: Sorry about that, my friend. I just had to get it off my chest.

He walks away, leaving him standing there almost speechless. Finally, he raises the microphone to speak.

Sawyers: Uhm...well back to you guys then because I totally forgot what I wanted to say a bit ago.

Scene fades out.

Brought to you By

The New First Lady of UTA?

The scene starts with Marie Van Claudio as she's checking up her nail. She looks up and begins to speak to everyone that's watching Wrestleshow in the arena.

Van Claudio: So, it looks like I have to address the UTA fans about what happened last week on Victory when I faced off against Kathryn Vermont Thomas in the most important match up of my UTA career. I hope everyone's ready for a piece of my mind.

Marie moves her hair off her shoulders and begins to talk as everyone back in the arena is looking at her.

Van Claudio: When I came into the UTA, my mission was to be one of the best of the best in this company. My goal was to get my name out there after being gone for almost two years. I never thought I would wrestle again knowing that it wasn't in my heart at the time, but seeing that my sister was making a name for herself, I thought it would be fair to once again, go out there and prove what the Van Claudio's are able to do when you step in the ring against them.

Marie presses her lips before going back to speaking.

Van Claudio: I came to the UTA because I wanted to compete with the best around. Sure, I may have lost my first couple of matches here and there. Plus, my head wasn't even on right at the time and I thought to myself "I wanted to quit because I didn't belong in a company where it had many major names. If I competed against them, I would've been crushed!"

Marie folds her arms as she once again presses her lips, but licks them because they are getting dry.

Van Claudio: But I didn't. I didn't quit. Just like everyone else that has their bad spots, we ride them out and it was that one match that changed everything for me! It was that ONE match against that sick....sick...FREAK that lite the fire inside of me! Sure the match didn't go the way I wanted to, but it got the people talking about it.

Marie brushes her hair out of the way and puts it to the side, so it won't distract her.

Van Claudio: So now we move on to Victory where I was told that this match, would make me or break me. I was told that if I didn't defeat KVT, I would've been done and my UTA career would've shattered right before my eyes. I trained, busted my ass, did some yoga and didn't get sleep because I wanted to get that first win in this promotion! I wanted to show every UTA fan that I wasn't a fluke and I wanted to show that I could be here like everyone else. January 17th, 2015 was the day I would never forget because it was the day my wish came true. I finally won my first match and it felt good defeating the so called "First Lady of the UTA" in that ring. It felt good driving her head right into the mat, it felt well seeing the look of shock on the fans faces and most importantly, I felt a big weight that was lifted off my shoulders.

Marie gets a smirk on her face as she reverts to her evil ways.

Van Claudio: Now that KVT's outta this company and it's about time she's out of this company! The question remains about one thing and that is..."Who's the new first lady of the UTA?" Well let me answer that one for you, ladies and gentlemen.

Marie gets a devilish grin on her face before heading back to speak.

Van Claudio: The New first lady of the UTA happens to be...well...ME! That's right, I'm appointing myself to be the new first lady of this promotion and let me tell you, it will be better to have me than someone that looks like a ghost to call herself that. I bring the glamour, I bring the beauty and most importantly, I bring the danger that steps in front of my opponents each time I step in that ring!

Marie puts her hands on her hips while showing off her amazing body.

Van Claudio: Here's the deal everyone! If you have a problem with me, you ADDRESS it to me right to my face. Gone are the days of running away from problem, gone are the days being afraid of people. As the new first lady, I plan on yelling at each and every one of you that has a problem with me! And if anyone wants to take it further, than face off against me in the ring because like KVT.....

Marie leans into the cameras.

Van Claudio: You'll have your career ended.....in a flash!

Marie leans back up and again has that devilish grin on her face as we go back into the arena for the next match.

Genghis Tron's "Board up the House" plays and the arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage and out steps Crimson Lord.

He stands at the top of the ramp looking down his wet black, red and white hair dangles over his

face. He has a long black gothic style leather coat on, and black long tights with black strap boots on. Gaze walks from the backstage to stand next to him. She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. Her make up is red and designed to look like her eyes are bleeding as the makeup goes to mid portion of her cheek, with black lipstick on. She wears a chainmail bra, with blue jeans ripped a little on the thigh and over the knees along with black high heel boots.

Ace: Some entrance.

Blackfront: I wonder if Crimson Lord is still feeling the effects of the beatdown by Dynasty.

Ace: It seems like it was only yesterday... because it was. We will see, Jason. Gaze makes her way to the ring first while during the introduction.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Lady Gaze hailing from Parts Unknown

As she reaches the ring she climbs the steps and enters the ring, and walks to the center of it. She turns toward Crimson and motions for him to approach. He slowly looks up blood covering his mouth, he slowly heads toward the ring ignoring the fans. As he reaches the front of the ring he grabs the top rope pulls himself up to the apron, and steps over the top rope and walks to the center of the ring.

Announcer: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

He stares down at her, the two exchange a blood kiss.

Announcer: "The Plague of Darkness"...CRIMSON LORD!!

The lights slowly come on he slowly looks over his shoulder toward the entranceway.

Blackfront: We await the entrance of Mr. Fantastic...

The lights dim as "Thunder Underground" by Ozzy Osbourne begins. Mr. Fantastic emerges on the stage.

Blackfront: Here comes Mr. Fantastic...

As the hook to the intro begins, fireworks go off as Mr. Fantastic raises his arms in a "V".

Ace: A lot of pressure on the returning UTA stars.

Blackfront: I'm sure there will be some ring rust.

He then comes to the ring, wipes his feet on the edge, enters and goes to his corner. He pats Crimson Lord on the shoulder as the fans cheer the former UTA stars. Mr. Fantastic walks around the ring, raising his arms to the crowd in a V.

Ace: The challengers are in the ring.

Blackfront: We await the champions...

'Short Change Hero' by the Heavy begins to play.

As the opening riffs begin Perfection and La Flama Blanca walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring.

Ace: The real "legends" are here!

Blackfront: You can't deny it... if Dynasty wins this match, you can make a strong case for their Hall Of Fame careers.

La Flama Blanca walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely ripping any signs from their hands that are anti-Dynasty. As he does that Perfection walks straight down the ramp pointing and yelling at the camera, most if not all is inaudible due to the music and booing in the arena.

La Flama Blanca slides into the ring as Perfection walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope before they both take their positions around the ring.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined Four-Hundred Forty pounds...

Both members take their places on opposite turnbuckles taunting the crowd below that answers back with boos and jeers.

Announcer: DYYNAASSSTTTYY!!!!

They both jump down and meet in the middle to discuss a few things as the referee shakes them down for any weapons.

Blackfront: This match has been one of the most popular trending topics on social media. We are going to witness history...

Perfection nods a few times and decides to take position on the outside of the ring, as La Flama Blanca stays on the inside prepared to start their tag team bout.

Ace: I've been looking forward to this match since our UTA Commissioner, Cancer Jiles booked it last WrestleShow.

Blackfront: Both teams look ready. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Fantastic and La Flama Blanca meet face to face in the middle of the ring.

Ace: These fans are loud and this match just started!

The two men continue to look each other in the face. Blanca quickly comes at Mr. Fantastic with a hard right hand. The

Spawn member stumbles back a little and is attacked by The Luchador.

Several rights turn into Fantastic being bounced back into the ropes.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic sent across the ring... Big time Spinning Heel Kick from La Flama Blanca.

Mr. Fantastic sits on the mat holding his mouth, checking for blood. La Flama Blanca hits the ropes himself, landing a Dropkick right on the chin of his opponent. Crimson Lord yells towards Blanca and is flipped the bird.

Ace: Crimson Lord not taking too kindly to LFB's... greeting.

Blanca grabs Mr. Fantastic by the hair and brings him to his feet. Blanca still holding his opponent by the head, sends him face first into the top turnbuckle in the Dynasty corner. Blanca lands a stiff left jab before tagging in Perfection. The fans boo Dynasty for making the tag.

Ace: Here comes the champion.

Perfection takes one step into the ring as Blanca lands a knee into the gut of Mr. Fantastic. Perfection keeps control of the match as he lands a hard right to Mr. Fantastic's chin. Both men take Mr. Fantastic by a hand and send him running towards the ropes.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic sent into the ropes. Blanca drops to the mat and... Ohhhh!

Ace: Big Spinning Back Elbow from the UTA champion.

Mr. Fantastic grabs at his face and stumbles on his feet. Fantastic goes towards his corner to try to tag himself out.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord wants in this match, Tommy.

Ace: He'd love to get his hands on Perfection. He just wants in this match.

Lord slaps his hand on his corner's top turnbuckle as he puts his hand out for a tag. The UTA champion lands a hard forearm smash into the lower back of Mr. Fantastic. Perfection then grabs Mr. Fantastic in a Headlock. He goes close to the ropes in his corner and drags the face of his opponent across the top rope.

Blackfront: Perfection being warned by the referee.

Ace: Classic Perfection.

Perfection waves the referee away and goes back to work. He goes to swing a right but it's blocked. Mr. Fantastic lands some fists and finishes it off with a few European Uppercuts. Mr. Fantastic dashes towards the ropes. When he comes back to the center of the ring, Perfection puts a knee into his face.

Blackfront: High Knee from Perfection! Mr. Fantastic sent down to the mat. Perfection wastes no time and jumps on his opponent and begins choking him. Referee: One! Two! Three! Four! Come on!

Ace: Referee Knox warning Perfection again.

Perfection sits on his knees and goes back to start choking Mr. Fantastic again. Without warning, Crimson Lord steps over the top rope with one foot and then the other. He lands a forearm to the rear shoulder area of Perfection.

Blackfront: Referee Knox trying to get Crimson Lord back to his corner.

Ace: They should be disqualified!

Knox is in the ear of Crimson Lord. Perfection locks Mr. Fantastic in a Side Headlock. La Flama Blanca calls to his tag team partner. Perfection sneaks to his corner and tags La Flama Blanca into the match. Knox sees the tag and Blanca puts a foot into the ring.

Blackfront: Tag by Perfection... Oh my god!

Mr. Fantastic wraps his arms around his opponent's waist and lifts him up to ultimately slam Perfection down hard on the back of his head. He goes for the pin.

Ace: He's not the legal man, dumby!

The referee does nothing which causes Mr. Fantastic to get angry. La Flama Blanca comes from behind him grabbing him by the hair. Perfection rolls out of the ring and leans against the side of the ring. The Luchador sets Mr. Fantastic up for an Inverted DDT.

Blackfront: Blanca hit an Inverted DDT!

Ace: Dynasty is going to win!

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

The fans go crazy and Blanca can't believe it.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic kicked out!

Ace: How?!

Blanca complains to the Referee about his counting speed. Blanca goes from his knees and gets vertical.

Fans: You tapped out! You tapped out! You tapped out!

The Cruiserweight waits as Mr. Fantastic gets to his feet. Almost toying with him.

Blackfront: Blanca... sizing him up.

Ace: Blanca not letting the fans get to him.

La Flama Blanca hits the ropes. He runs full speed at Mr. Fantastic.

Blackfront: HE PULLED DOWN THE TOP ROPE!

Ace: Very smart, cheating but smart.

La Flama Blanca crashes down to the ring side area by The Spawn's corner. Mr. Fantastic stands close enough to Crimson Lord for him to tag him on his shoulder. The referee starts the Ten Count on La Flama Blanca.

Fans: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Ace: Oh no!

The fans get on their feet as Crimson Lord enters the match. The arena is rocking.

Blackfront: These fans want to see Crimson Lord and Dynasty!

La Flama Blanca leans against the barricade holding the back of his head. Perfection now stands in his corner.

Ace: Blanca taking his time getting back into the ring.

Crimson Lord drops down to the floor and instantly La Flama Blanca moves in the opposite direction. He runs over to his corner which causes Crimson Lord to follow him.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord in pursuit.

Referee: Five!

La Flama Blanca slides under the bottom rope and glides into the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord better get back into the ring, Tommy.

Crimson Lord stops in front of the announcers table and walks towards the ring to go to grab the middle rope.

Blackfront: What's LFB doing?

Ace: He's going to fly!

Blanca bounces off the ropes and soars over the top rope hitting a Suicide Dive that sends both men crashing into the announcers table.

Blackfront: Ahhhhh!

Blackfront and Ace nearly escape a terrible fate as the top of the table comes undone. Both Crimson Lord and La Flama Blanca roll over the table and lay on the floor.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Ace: Oh god! You okay, Jason?!

Blackfront: We almost done come out of that one folks! La Flama Blanca putting his body on the line.

Ace: They almost killed us!

Blackfront: That was insane!

The fans continue to go insane as the two competitors begin to move around.

Referee: Six!

Blackfront: What a horror scene...

Ace: Come on Blanca! Get back in the ring!

LFB struggles to get to his feet. He holds his left arm as he moves towards the ring.

Referee: Eight!

Ace: The Luchador breaks the count!

La Flama Blanca rolls in and out of the ring to restart the count. He is still favoring his left arm.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca might be injured here.

Ace: Stop the match!

Crimson Lord slowly gets to a vertical base and is quickly met with a Knife Edge Chop from his opponent.

Fans: Wooooo!

Ace: Crimson Lord isn't phased!

Another Knife Edge Chop to the chest of Crimson Lord does nothing.

Fans: Wooooo!

Crimson Lord steps over some of the rubble from the announcers table and sends a knee into the gut of his opponent. Blanca turns away and holds his mid section as he walks towards the ring apron. Crimson Lord slams his forearm down on the middle of the back of LFB.

Ace: Does our equipment still work?!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord, sends La Flama Blanca back into the ring.

La Flama Blanca gets to his feet and starts landing some boot stomps onto the incoming Crimson Lord. Lord pulls Blanca's right leg, sending him crashing to the mat. As Crimson Lord still holds his opponents foot, Blanca uses his free leg to kick at Lord's face.

Ace: You never want to have one of those massive hands wrapped around any part of your body.

Blackfront: Blanca is able to break free from the hold of Crimson Lord.

Perfection holds his hand out and Blanca leaps over the body of Crimson Lord to make the tag. Referee Knox slaps his hands together to signify the tag is legal.

Ace: The champ is back in this match!

Blackfront: Perfection giving it to Crimson Lord.

Perfection goes rapid fire with boot stomps, keeping the Hall Of Famer on the mat. Perfection hits the ropes.

Ace: This is it! Nooooo!

Blackfront: CRIMSON LORD WITH THE CLOTHESLINE!

Crimson Lord goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

Referee: One! Two!

Ace: BLANCA WITH THE SAVE!

Fans: Boo!

Referee Knox gets in the face of The Cruiserweight. Blanca puts his good arm in the air and holds his possibly injured arm close to his body. Crimson Lord turns around and has some words for La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Referee Knox now between Crimson Lord and La Flama Blanca.

Perfection slithers behind Crimson Lord and lands a low blow that makes Crimson Lord bend at the hip.

Ace: School Boy!

A little sloppy but Crimson Lord's shoulders are now on the mat. Referee Knox moves into position and starts to count the pinfall attempt.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: CRIMSON LORD WITH THE KICKOUT! THESE FANS ARE GOING WILD!

Ace: Perfection is stunned! I'm stunned!

Perfection runs to the ring ropes and climbs up high. He perches himself on the top rope and waits for Crimson Lord to make it to his feet.

Ace: This match is over!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has his back to Perfection! He's a sitting duck!

Perfection flies off the top rope for a Double Axe Handle as Crimson Lord turns around. Crimson Lord puts his right hand up and catches Perfection by the throat.

Blackfront: Here we go! Perfection has nowhere to go.

Ace: Nooooo!

Crimson Lord shakes his head side to side as the fans cheer like lunatics. Perfection's face turns red and his eyes go wide. He knows what's in his near future. Crimson Lord goes to lift Perfection up for a Choke Slam...

Blackfront: Get Blanca out of the ring!

La Flama Blanca rushes into the ring, forcing Frank Knox to give him all his attention. Knox warns Blanca for the last

time about coming into the ring illegally. The referee's back is turned giving Perfection the chance to land a kick between the legs of Crimson Lord. The fans show their displeasure.

Blackfront: More cheap tactics from Dynasty.

Ace: I didn't see anything, Jason!

Crimson Lord falls to his knees, Perfection hits the ropes and comes back with a vicious boot to Crimson Lord's face. The UTA Hall Of Famer appears to be knocked out cold.

Blackfront: Not like this! Ace: He's going for the cover! Referee: One! Two!

Blackfront: MR. FANTASTIC WITH THE SAVE!

The fans erupt!

Ace: They're cheating!

Blackfront: Oh shut up, Tommy! Have you not been watching this match?!

Ace: Been fair and down the middle up until this point.

Blackfront: What?!

Frank Knox seems to be getting tired of both teams and forces Mr. Fantastic back to his corner. Crimson Lord sits on one knee as Perfection stands in his corner, ripping the tape of his wrists. Ace: Perfection is looking heated. He had this match won!

Blackfront: Give it a break, Tommy!

Perfection pauses for a second and poses for the cameras and his showered with boos. He rushes his opponent for a Splash but is caught by Crimson Lord. The Hall Of Famer in one motion brings his weight back and drops Perfection neck first across the top rope. The fans erupt as the match seems dead even.

Blackfront: This match... this is a Main Event!... This is a title match!

Perfection rolls on the mat holding his throat. Crimson Lord lays on his back taking a breather.

Ace: Blanca and Mr. Fantastic want in this match!

Mr. Fantastic slams his right hand on the top turnbuckle as the fans clap in unison to support The Spawn members. Perfection on his knees, still holds his throat. He rises up and goes for the tag. Ace: Blanca is back in this match!

Crimson Lord is close to his corner and is tagged out by his partner.

Blackfront: Blanca and Fantastic exchange blows.

Ace: This match has turned into a fist fight!

Mr. Fantastic pulls La Flama Blanca in close and lands several hard lefts as he pushes him into the corner. He lands some stiff elbows to subdue Blanca for a second.

Blackfront: Fantastic sends Blanca across the ring...

La Flama Blanca jumps through the middle rope and stops himself. Mr. Fantastic right behind him is met with a swinging kick over the top rope to his face.

Ace: Ridiculous!

Blackfront: Watch this... He cuts through the middle and top rope and stops him momentum and look at this kick that hits Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: He's an agile man! Not many people can pull that off!

La Flama Blanca swings his body around and makes his way towards Fantastic.

Blackfront: This could go either way.

Ace: No it can't! It can go only one way!

Perfection kneels beside the ring outside as inside La Flama Blanca leaps back. Fantastic turns and Blanca launches forward....

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! ESTUPENDO KICK!

As Fantastic drops, La Flama Blanca leaps over, covering him. Crimson Lord quickly begins to enter the ring. Perfection stands up from beside the ring, a chair in hand, and slides in himself. Blackfront: Perfection has a chair!

The referee counts as perfection runs, catching Crimson Lord with a hard shot to the head with the chair, sending him to the canvas. The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell rings.

Blackfront: Perfection still hitting Crimson Lord with that chair! You've already won! Announcer: The winners of this match and STILL... UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... LA FLAMA BLANCA AND PERFECTION... DYNNNAAASSSTTYYY!!!

Crimson Lord pushes up to a knee, laughing as Perfection swings the chair and slams him in the back. Suddenly, The Spectre is seen running from the back.

Blackfront: Here comes Spectre!

Ace: Someone get this idiot!

Next we see Sean Jackson burst from the back.

Blackfront: SEAN JACKSON IS HERE! SEAN JACKSON IS HERE!

Spectre hits the ring first, but Perfection catches him in the gut with the chair, before bringing it across his back. Sean Jackson slides in and leaps forward, slamming a forearm into the back of Crimson Lord. La Flama Blanca runs over and starts to sling rights into Crimson's head as Jackson grabs him from behind.

Blackfront: It's like a gangland war going on!

Ace: This is just a prelude to what will happen at All or Nothing Jason!

Blackfront: Spawn and Dynasty are tearing each other apart!

Ace: This is it! Spawn dies tonight!

In all the chaos "Gold Medal" by Tha Trademarc begins to play over the P.A.

Blackfront: What in the world is going on?

Ace: You've got me. I didn't hear about anyone new debuting tonight. The crowd comes alive as we look to the entrance way

Blackfront: You've gotta be kidding me!? It's Ron Hall, the Southern Rebel. No one's seen or heard from him in weeks!

It's the Southern Rebel Ron Hall, wearing an Ohio State National Champions T Shirt and blue jeans. His face a reflection of seriously bad intentions as he walks out to the ring.

Ace: The rumors are true!! He's wised up! He's joining Dynasty!!

Blackfront: (Resigning himself to that) Please don't let that be true.

Ace: They've traded up from a great wrestler in Hawk to an all time great!!

Blackfront: And two weeks ago you were calling him an old man?

Ace: That's ancient history, focus on the present Jason.

Ron enters the ring, slowly surveying everyone, almost like he's trying to figure out who he wants first. As the brawl goes on, Ron side steps and avoid everyone. Spectre is woozy from a shot from LFB, he turns around and Ron seems to be measuring him for Country Chin Music.

Ace: Hall is gonna kick Spectre's head off!

Ron shoots forward with a foot. Spectre ducks at the last second and LFB takes the full force of the blow.

Ace: What the hell!? He missed! He had to have. Owens said Ron is in with Dynasty. Blackfront: I don't know... it looked like he was going to k.o. Spectre but he moved at the last second and Ron didn't stop...

Perfection and Sean grab La Flama Blanca and quickly get him and themselves out of the ring.

Blackfront: Dynasty retreating?

Ace: No. Just getting out of the way of fire!

Spectre, Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic all approach Ron. None of them look like they trust him. Crimson Lord looks like he still wants a piece of him.

Blackfront: Oh man.... This could get ugly fast. They all have a history with Ron.

Ace: Ron play it smart, get out of the ring and go with your friends!

Spectre mouths "Who's side are you on?" Ron doesn't answer, instead he calmly flips Spectre the bird and slides out through the ring and exits through the crowd.

Ace: (Dumbfounded) Uhh... this is a ruse... yeah that's it. Ron's just biding his time before he makes the announcement. No need to rush him.

Blackfront: I'm not so sure. He had a golden opportunity to do it and it doesn't look like he's in with anyone right now... maybe we'll have more on this on the UTA website this week? I don't know... your guess is as good as mine on this one.

The camera pans around the arena, we see Dynasty trying to make sense out of what just happened and cut to the ring where Spawn looks just as confused as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

## Show Credits

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