

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 37

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

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

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

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.

Blackfront: We're here in Augusta, Georgia in the SOLD OUT James Brown Arena... Tommy how are you THIS EVENING?

Ace: I'm stellar, Jason. It's been a great week here in Augusta. I always love coming back to Georgia.

Cameras pick up the fans in the arena.

Blackfront: Tonight is the big pay off. A night filled with that great UTA action. We start tonight off with a big time Tag Team showdown between Team Danger and The Spawn, Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: Team Danger is coming off a huge win over Two Bad Ass For A Name. Can they walk away with another marquee win over the Legends? We find out tonight.

Blackfront: Right you are, Tommy. The UTA World Champion, Sean Jackson is in non title action as he takes on Mikey Unlikely.

A graphic with Jackson and Unlikely fills your screen. Our play by play team continues to go over the card.

Ace: A big opportunity for Mr. Unlikely... A win over the champ will catapult him up the ranks.

Blackfront: It's going to be a challenge, for both men. Abdul bin Hussain and Will Haynes are up next.

Blackfront: A potential match of the night, between Abdul bin Hussain and the former UTA Legacy Champion, Will Haynes. This is the first meeting between the two since their big Flag Match.

Ace: I'm really looking forward to this one, Jason. It should be a great battle between two top stars here in the UTA.

Blackfront: Right you are, Tommy. And in our Main Event... The UTA Legacy title is on the line as the current champion, La Flama Blanca takes on "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper.

Ace: The match that has had the UTA Universe buzzing. I can't wait! Cameras swing around the arena and finally cut back to Ace and Blackfront.

Blackfront: We will also see Alex Beckman in action as well as John Sektor and Joshua Jones.

Ace: I'm tired of waiting, Jason! Let's get this thing started!

Blackfront: Tommy is ready, I bet you at home are ready... WRESTLESHOW IS LIVE!

Confronted By Security

The scene cuts to the back entrance of the arena. A line of approximately ten security officers and local policemen stand blocking the entrance. TS Jeremiah Woods can be seen pacing back and forth and very irate. He stops in front of one Head of UTA Security Bryan Wingate and begins poking his chest.

Woods: You tell your nephew James Wingate that he better let me in, or else someone is going to get hurt!

B. Wingate: I'm sorry, sir. I am under strict orders not to let you in. You have been banned from all UTA events, so you are not allowed to enter the arena.

Woods: What the hell for?! Is it because I pissed in his Wheaties a few weeks back? Is it because I actually had the balls to call James Wingate out on something no one else in the entire DAMN company had the sack to say?!?

Woods looks over Bryan Wingate's shoulder and catches a glimpse of James Wingate observing the scene unfold. As soon as Woods makes contact with James Wingate, Wingate disappears around the corner. Woods begins shouting at the top of his lungs, trying to inch forward, only for the security team to keep Woods at bay.

Woods:(yelling at James Wingate loud enough for him to easily hear) YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, JAMES!!! I CALLED YOU OUT ON YOUR BULL AND YOUR FAVORITISM TOWARDS DYNASTY AND WORKING WITH THEM!!

YOU THINK THAT BY "FIRING" CANCER JILES AND PERFECTION THAT PROVED MY ACCUSATIONS WERE UNFOUNDED?!?

One of the security team steps in front of Bryan Wingate.

Security: Sir, I am going to have to ask you to leave the premises, now!

Woods: Get out of my face, Paul Blart! (yelling again at Wingate)

Woods: YOU'RE A REAL PIECE OF WORK, JAMES! DO YOU KNOW THAT?! THAT WAS MIGHTY CONVENIENT THAT IMMEDIATELY AFTER MY INTERVIEW ENDED YOU SUDDENLY DECIDE TO FIRE JILES AND PERFECTION!

B. Wingate: Jeremiah, perhaps it is best you leave.

Woods: Or what?! You and these cops gonna arrest me and throw me into the back of a van? What the hell do you think this place is? Baltimore?

B. B. Wingate: Because, we... I don't want to be forced to hurt you.

Woods: (looking at Bryan like he is crazy) Screw off! (yelling at James Wingate again)

Woods: THAT FIRING WAS NOTHING BUT SHOW, AND I KNOW DAMN WELL YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE YOUR ASS BUDDY PERFECTION SHOW UP AGAIN AS SOME SILLY ASS SURPRISE AND SCREW SEAN JACKSON OUT OF THE UTA WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!!

The team of security and police begin to forcibly remove Woods up the ramp and away from the building. Woods jerks away from them.

Woods: Alright! I'm leaving, God damn it!

Woods starts to walk up the ramp towards the street, but stops short, and walks right back up to Bryan Wingate, poking him in the chest.

Woods: You tell your snot-nosed nephew that this isn't over between us, and that if he knows what is good for him, he will allow me to have access on the next Victory.

B. Wingate: (chuckling) Now why would he do such a thing?

Woods:(stepping in very close to Bryan) Because... I am going to make him an offer he can't possibly refuse... an offer that will rid him of Spectre, and of TS Jeremiah Woods, once and for all, from the UTA.

A look of bewilderment comes across Bryan Wingate's face at hearing Woods strange offer. Woods simply smirks and pats Bryan on the shoulder.

Woods: Good! The look on your face tells me you were listening. Just make sure your nephew gets the message, okay?

Woods looks at the rest of the security team.

Woods: Good evening, gentlemen.

Woods walks away from the security team, leaving Bryan Wingate with a still bewildered look on his face.

Desperate Times

Blackfront: Wait a minute; we seem to have something happening backstage. We need to get a camera crew back there NOW.

Ace: What is it? I've got nothing coming through on my headset?

The camera shoots down one of the corridors until it comes to a locker room. With the flag of Iraq on the front the door opens and the camera man enters.

There directly in front of the camera man is none other than the Butcher of Basra himself, Abdul bin Hussain. Abdul sits on a metal chair in the middle of the room. The camera man is playing with the video camera, shooting different angles of the locker room.

Abdul: Expecting someone else? No it is none other than the Butcher of Basra himself. Abdul bin Hussain is not the most vocal person usually but due to the kidnapping of my mouth piece by that racist infidel John Sektor. He believes that by holding Rafiq to ransom that he can blackmail me into a rematch after our first match was a draw. So how does he do this you ask? Is it Mr UTA camera man?

At the mention of this the camera man looks at him with all his attention. He suddenly brings the camera around and points it at Abdul. Abdul looks down at the floor for a long, long time before he raises his head and pushes head scarf behind his ears.

He is dressed in a black "Butcher of Basra" T-shirt and camouflage trousers. His hair is pulled back under his head scarf and we can see that he's been working out as he sweats under the light, which runs down into the scars on his cheeks. Hanging off the back of the chair is the flag of Iraq.

We also see that sat in the back of the locker room is his sister Nazirah.

Abdul: So, enough talking, it's time for action. What Abdul has become is more than you can take. Abdul will rip the UTA apart in revenge for your actions Sektor. But it seems that I will still have to go through the coward who thinks because he is the on the rise in this company that he is untouchable.

Abdul stands up and walks around the locker room.

Abdul: William Haynes, I embarrassed you before, and I will embarrass you tonight. The United States of Mediocre's representative thinks that he can get revenge for what I did to your flag in front of your people?

With a slight smirk on his face Abdul nods.

Abdul: But all the rest of UTA are mere bugs to irritate me. Their existence is meaningless to me.

They will not be remembered. You will be the first to fall beneath my.....no our feet!!!

Nazirah interrupts him.

Nazirah: Ours? This is all about you my brother. That criminal that holds your associate will get what is coming to him as will this Haynes chap. But you must always have an eye on the bigger picture.

A smile appears on Abdul's face.

Abdul: I am not underestimating them my sister, but look at what is going on. Abdul is the top of the game. And if people like Sean Jackson is so much what you would call a coward and ducking putting the title on the line against me what more is there me to do?

His voice rings loudly, echoing throughout the room. He holds his head for a few moments, until raising it again to focus on the cam-corder.

Abdul: So Sektor you will get yours when I am good and ready but I must concentrate on the here and now. William Haynes.

He pulls of his t-shirt to reveal the scarred torso of the Butcher of Basra.

Abdul: And Abdul is the man who shall take him to the next level. Hell, more than that, you look at as a stepping stone because of your embarrassment of losing to me. Abdul is bringing a bone chilling end to your innocence in this matter.

He stands and caresses Nazirah's face through her burqa.

Abdul: So William do you want any of me?

He shakes his head.

Abdul: For Abdul will bring a rightful destruction to all who stand in his way.....

Abdul visibly pauses, switching gears mentally.

Abdul: ANYONE!!!!

He looks directly into the camera lens, drilling into the souls of the viewers.

Abdul: It's do or die.....Abdul has to show his critics why he is the damn Best there is.....

He looks at Nazirah.

Abdul: Do you have anything else to say my sister?

Nazirah turns and looks at the camera. She pauses for a few seconds before smiling through her burqa.

Nazirah: Rafiq, stay strong.

Abdul: For there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger, and I am Mohammed's messenger to you.

The echoing beat of 'Shut It Down' by Dead Celebrity Status begins to pound upon the eardrums, instantly bringing the audience to a simmering anticipation.

The curtains part and out steps on to the stage, the one, the only, the legendary tag team of terror, into a storm of exploding, and perhaps nostalgic, cheers as the opening chorus is heard. Stephen Greer is out first, followed behind by a half step by his blood brother 'til the end, Tyrone Walker. The terrible twosome stop at the edge of the stage, taking in the scene before them with subtle smiles adorning their faces as Greer begins rubbing his hands together and Walker bounces up and down on the balls of his feet.

Blackfront: After an impressive victory over Two Badass for a Name last week, Team Danger step in the ring with the

legends of the UTA tonight!

Ace: Time to prove you two are worthy of the tag team championships you are striving to have! As the song hits a lull, they make their way down the ramp. Fans rush the guard rails, reaching out with their hands for even the slightest touch as Walker and Greer hit the aisle. Taking the left, Walker nonchalantly reaches out with an arm for the fans to slap and grab at, while Greer does the same on the right, the fans stroking and tugging on the pad that covers his lethal lariat arm. Announcer: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida.

Nearing ringside, Greer and Walker stop to peer into the ring and then all around, taking in the view of being surrounded by the crowd. Coming back around, Walker and Greer look to each other with a nod before both burst forward and dive in under the bottom rope.

Announcer: Weighing in at a total combined weight of Four Hundred and Forty Five pounds... Announcer: They are the "King of Pain" Stephen Greer and the "Black Jesus" Tyrone Walker, this is TEEEAAMMM DAAANNNGEEERRR!

Entering the ring simultaneously, they each make for one of the neutral corners. Greer throws up his lariat arm and pounds his chest with the other, while Walker throws his arms out wide and hollers to the crowd all around him.

Blackfront: These fans love these guys!

Ace: I'll admit they have been impressive since coming to the UTA.

Greer and Walker drop from the turnbuckles and join each other in their designated corner as the music fades. Greer gets a little last minute stretching in, while Walker punches his fists into the palms of his hands.

Blackfront: Team Danger has made such an impact in the UTA since debuting a few weeks back.

Ace: Now their biggest challenge. Two of the men that built this company, are they at their level yet...will see.

The new Spawn theme begins to play. The fans get to their feet. Gaze appears first dressed in black leather jeans. The name of The Spawn going down her left leg. She has a green corset top with her black, blue and green highlight hair in side ponytails. Gaze's new friend the mallet known as "Harley" resting on top of her left shoulder.

Mix reactions come from the crowd as the lights flashes off and on. Smoke rises from the stage as Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord are coming up from underneath the stage. The men are dressed in leather coats with the name The Spawn on the back and their respective logos on the front. Crimson's hair is tied behind his head, while Mr. Fantastic sports sunglasses.

Blackfront: Here comes The Spawn. They sure look more focused than last time they tagged. Ace: Coming out together, yeah, I would say that is a good sign that Gaze finally is getting through to them.

Mr. Fantastic slowly walks to the left of Gaze, followed by Crimson Lord to her right. The two men stare toward her then toward the ring. Gaze pulls Harley behind her head and slams it down on the stage! Pyro goes off behind The Spawn. Gaze leads her men to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring at a total combined weight of five hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Gaze slides Harley under the bottom rope then enters herself. Gaze looks up at her boys opponents. Gaze stands up and hops on the top mid rope. She then locks her ankles under the second rope and bends over the top rope. Crimson Lord walks toward Gaze and they share a kiss while she is upside down. Mr. Fantastic walks to the stairs and climbs up the steps towards the ring.

Announcer: First from the City of Angels...

Gaze sits back up onto the ropes and hops down getting a hold of Harley again. Fantastic wipes his feet on the apron and steps through the second rope. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron

and steps over the top rope. Mr. Fantastic moves to the center of the ring, followed by Crimson. Gaze gets in front of Mr. Fantastic and sets Harley up to lean on with her other leg outstretched.

Announcer: "The Master Class" MR. FANTASTIC!

Mr. Fantastic quickly raises his hands up into a V. The announcer introduces Crimson who slowly raises his arms from his sides.

Announcer: and his Tag Team partner "The Plague of Darkness"CRIMSON LORD! Ladies and Gentlemen THE SPAWN!!

The ring posts explode with flames, the fans have mix reactions toward the Spawn.

Gaze looks at Mr. Fantastic, and smirks at Crimson. She exits the ring as the two stare across the ring at Team Danger. As their theme fades out and the smoke clears from the pyro, the bell rings. Blackfront: Here we go! It looks like Mr. Fantastic and Tyrone Walker going to start this out.

Ace: Now we will see if all this hype for Team Danger is justified.

Mr. Fantastic and Walker lock up, and Mr. Fantastic is quick to get a side headlock. Walker slaps Mr. Fantastic's side and tries to throw him off the ropes. Mr. Fantastic holds the headlock and shakes his head.

Walker drops to a knee but quickly gets back up. He punches Mr. Fantastic in the gut a few times. Mr. Fantastic loosens the headlock a bit and Walker is able to break the hold by tossing Mr.

Fantastic to the ropes.

Blackfront: Walker with a leap frog over Mr. Fantastic who turns around and walks into a standing dropkick!

Mr. Fantastic quickly rolls out of the ring surprised at Walker's ability. Gaze makes her way to Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: Gaze looks to be giving Mr. Fantastic some words of encouragement.

Mr. Fantastic slides in the ring and Stephen gets the fans hyped for Team Danger. The two circle the ring and go to lock up but Mr. Fantastic with a swift knee lift, he quickly follows with a hard forearm to the back. Walker falls down face first. Mr. Fantastic quickly moves in with an arm bar pulling back.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic quickly going to the mat, trying to ground the high flyer.

Ace: Gaze seems to want Mr. Fantastic pull the arm out of it's socket.

Tyrone fights to get back to his feet. The two are now at a vertical base. slaps his arm a few times Mr. Fantastic torques back on the arm bar. Walker is trying to break the hold but Mr. Fantastic has it locked in.

Blackfront: Can Walker out wrestle the Master Class?

Ace: All he has done is jump around the ring like a jumping bean so I doubt it!

After a moment, Walker finally manages to reverse the arm bar. Mr. Fantastic arm is repeatedly slammed downward until Mr. Fantastic hits the ground. Mr. Fantastic quickly is back to his feet and reaches for the ropes. He grabs them and forces the ref to break the hold. Mr. Fantastic backs off, holding his left arm for a moment. He walks over to the corner and confers with Crimson Lord.

Blackfront: Stephen Greer is getting these fans into this match! What better way to assist your partner?

Ace: Spawn wisely slowing things down here, taking a moment to confer in their corner as Crimson is whispering something in Mr. Fantastic's ear.

The two rejoin in the center of the ring. They locks up and Mr. Fantastic quickly goes into a headlock and quickly gets behind Walker and nails a back suplex. He quickly gets to his feet and picks up Walker and tosses him against the

ropes. Mr. Fantastic tries for a clothesline Walker ducks and as he reaches the adjacent ropes climbs up to the top of the middle of the rope and twists in mid air with a flying forearm.

Blackfront: What a move by Walker!

Ace: Come on Mr. Fantastic!

Walker off the ropes and drives a knee into Mr. Fantastic's neck. Walker keeps the offense going by picking up Mr. Fantastic into a snap suplex.

Blackfront: Walker floats over to cover Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: Gaze does not look very happy out here.

Walker goes for the cover! Ref: 1....kick out!

Mr. Fantastic slowly gets to his feet, Tyrone is measuring him. Walker goes off the ropes nailing a flying forearm. Mr. Fantastic quickly stumbles out of the ring. Gaze runs over to him and helps him.

Blackfront: Walker and Greer firmly have this crowd behind them.

Ace: At the moment. These fans are so fickle.

Mr. Fantastic slowly enters the ring and backs into his corner and tags Crimson Lord in.

Blackfront: The monster finally enters the ring.

Ace: Remember that momentum Team Danger had? Say goodbye to it.

Walker looks like he is not going to back down, but Crimson is pointing at Stephen. Walker and Greer look to the crowd to see what they think. They look at each other and Stephen smirks as if they knew the answer. He extends his hand and Walker tags out.

Blackfront: Crimson wanting Team Dangers powerhouse in the ring. These fans are going crazy! Greer enters the ring and walks right up to Crimson Lord showing no fear

Ace: Either that or a complete lack of sense! Anyway, as everyone can tell, Crimson clearly has the height to offset Stephen's power. This should be good.

The two stare each other down for a moment. Crimson looks away towards his corner, if only for a moment then comes in with a right but it's blocked by Greer! The two begin to exchange lefts and right in the ring and the fans are going nuts as the brawl picks up intensity. Greer finally gets the advantage and drives Crimson back with a hard right that knocks Crimson over the top rope to the floor but Crimson lands on his feet. As Greer feeds off the crowd

Blackfront: Greer really getting this crowd into the match.

Ace: Yea, go ahead and make that mistake, take your eyes off the furious seven footer Greer! Crimson quickly grabs the top rope and steps on the apron and over the top rope back into the ring. Stephen gets ready for another physical exchange. Gaze is shouting at Crimson to control his anger. The two lock up and this time it's Crimson with a vicious display of power as he throws Greer from the collarbone lock up all the way into the neutral corner.

Blackfront: Crimson showing off his power here. Raw unadulterated power but Greer is smiling as he gets up.

Ace: Cocky as ever.

Blackfront: Maybe he feels like he's taken the best the big man's got and they both know it? They lock up again and this time Greer pushes Crimson back. Not with as much force as Crimson but enough to surprise the fans and particularly Crimson as the giant lands in the corner. Greer has done now as he has made Crimson angry.

Crimson charges from the corner, Greer maintains his composure and quickly catches the oncoming Crimson into a

spinning spine buster. Greer hops up and jaws around the ring really getting the crowd into the match. Mr. Fantastic quickly gets in the ring to assist his partner and Walker quickly spears him!

Blackfront: Spawn regrouping outside on the floor! Team Danger has this crowd going nuts!

Ace: Get them on the same page Gaze.

The Spawn look from the floor at Team Danger holding their respective body parts from the latest moves done to them. Mr. Fantastic returns to his corner. Crimson slides under the bottom rope into the ring and gets face to face with Greer. The two go to lock up and Crimson with a quick knee lift and tosses Greer off the ropes, as he comes off, Crimson runs at him and meets with a clothesline.

Greer ducks and Crimson stops and turns around. Greer quickly locks in a DDT and nails it. Stephan waits for Crimson to get up. Crimson finally gets to his feet and Greer grabs Crimson from behind, hitting a release german suplex! Greer quickly for the cover.

Ref: 1... kick out!

Greer gets up and picks up Crimson. He whips Crimson hard into the turnbuckle with enough force to knock Greer down. Crimson head whips back in the corner. Greer gets up and charges Crimson with a clothesline in the corner! Crimson staggers out but Greer pushes him back and unloads with a vicious flurry he calls the violence party!

Blackfront: Greer really taking it to Crimson lord!

Greer grabs Crimson head and bulldogs him out of the corner! He goes for a cover on a stunned
Crimson Lord.

Ref: 1... 2.....massive kick out!

Blackfront: Crimson kicks out with authority sending Greer tumbling through the bottom and middle ropes!

Ace: Crimson has slowly gotten to his feet inside the ring. So has Greer outside but it appears that won't be for long!

Gaze moves in to attack. Greer quickly looks toward her.

Ace: You wouldn't dare hit a woman Greer!

Blackfront: Come on Ace, you know damn well that woman had evil intentions written all over her!

Ace: She was just checking on him.

Greer gets in the ring, keeping one eye on Spawn's manager. His lack of concentration is his undoing as Crimson quickly cuts him off with an elbow to the back of his head! Crimson picks up Greer and throws him into Spawn's corner. Greer slams hard into the turnbuckle, he isn't moving and Crimson looks to charge.

As he charges, Stephen reveals his ruse by quickly sucker punching Mr. Fantastic knocking him off the apron! He moves out of the way at the last second. The veteran Crimson is able to slow down enough to not take as much impact from the corner but Greer manages to schoolboy Crimson!

Blackfront: Gaze is on the apron and she has the ref's attention! If you look behind you there is a pin fall!

Ace: Here comes Mr. Fantastic!

Mr. Fantastic double axe handles Greer. Mr. Fantastic quickly puts the boots to Greer. Walker quickly gets in the ring as the ref finally ignores Gaze to stop Walker from entering the ring.

Crimson exits the ring and slaps his hand.

Blackfront: There was no tag come on ref!

Ace: What are you talking about I clearly heard the tag.

Mr. Fantastic picks up Greer and side suplex Greer to the mat. The ref is asking Crimson about the legitimacy of the tag. He picks him up and throws him into the Spawn corner. Mr. Fantastic walks over to Walker and spits at him! Again Ty wants to get in the ring but again he is stopped by the ref! While the ref is getting Walker out of the ring, Lord assist his partner by wrapping the tag rope around Greer's neck!

Blackfront: Come on Crimson has the tag rope and is choking Greer in the corner!

Ace: I gotta admit I'm impressed with Spawn, this is much better teamwork then last time they tagged.

The ref turns around and Crimson lets go of the choke. Mr. Fantastic moves in and drives repeated knee lifts into Greer's stomach, following up with a snap mare out of the corner and a swift kick into the back of Stephen's head. Mr. Fantastic puts his foot between Greer's shoulder blades and grabs his arms and pulls back.

Gaze hops on the apron again goading Tyrone to get into the ring. As the ref tries to sort out the confusion the fans are booing the double team going on in the ring as Fantastic is getting an assist on his stretch from his partner!

Blackfront: Gaze has the ref's attention again and Crimson is helping Fantastic with leverage! Ace: I think Team Danger has finally met their match! Little boys are no match for grown men! Gaze hops off but it was enough to get Walker to get in the ring, only to be stopped by the ref. As the ref directs traffic, Mr. Fantastic releases the hold and exits the ring, slapping his own hand to simulate a "tag". Crimson enters the ring and stands over a slouched Greer and unloads with haymakers to Greer's forehead. He picks up Greer and throws him on his shoulders locking his ankles on the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Ow! Crimson with the Blood Stain!

Ace: Crimson has been known to study his opponent's weak points. He nearly put Hopper out of action with an all out assault on his neck.

Crimson tags Mr. Fantastic in and Mr. Fantastic quickly locks in a camel clutch.

Blackfront: it looks like they are focusing on Stephan's neck.

Ace: It seems like they want to add another injury to Greer's list.

Blackfront: Even if you don't agree with their tactics so far, Spawn has picked one part of the body and worked on it non stop for most of this match. This is great tag team wrestling.

Ace: It's the mark of an experienced team Jason!

The ref asking Greer if he wants to give up but he refuses. Mr. Fantastic pulls back even harder. Walker finally has enough and gets in the ring. Ty is able to get to Mr. Fantastic and kicks him hard enough to break the hold, before the ref grabs him and orders him to return to the corner. Mr. Fantastic gets up and looks out into the fans to a chorus of boos.

As Walker passes, he sucker punches him knocking him off the apron. They sense a chance to end this and go for the kill. Crimson enters the ring and Mr. Fantastic picks up Greer and lifts his feet on top of Crimson's shoulders and up into the...

Blackfront: SUPER OMEGABLASTER!

Ace: Nice combo move!

Mr. Fantastic floats over for the cover.

Ref: 1.....2.....2 3/4 Walker with the save!

Blackfront: Ty got in just in time! Greer really needs a tag here.

Ace: Spawn have done their job keeping him in their corner!

Mr. Fantastic tags in Crimson. Crimson throws Greer to the outside and flips off Walker. Yet again Walker out of frustration enters the ring enough to take the ref's attention once more. Mr.

Fantastic hops off the apron with a double axe handle to Greer who just got to his feet.

Gaze is shouting at Crimson for the necktie. Crimson is smiling toward her he quickly exits the ring and puts Greer on the apron. Gaze jumps on the apron and grabs the ref trying to talk to him?!. Crimson has his Columbian Necktie set and locked in.

Blackfront: Spawn is trying to break Greer's neck!

Ace: The glorious Team Danger going down in flames! Remember all that hype they got earlier tonight? Say goodbye to that and possibly your careers boys!

Greer is screaming in pain. Walker quickly runs around the ring and nails Crimson managing to break the hold, but Greer falls on the back of his neck. Mr. Fantastic quickly attacks Walker as the two go back and forth Crimson throws Greer in the ring and follows. Greer staggers to his feet holding his neck. Crimson is now just toying with him taunting him. Greer gets to his feet, and Crimson is just slapping him around and laughing.

Blackfront: Crimson showing absolutely no respect for Stephen.

Ace: Seems like everybody in this company has disrespected the Spawn and their legacy and now they want people to pay.

Greer out of no where nails Crimson with a vicious clothesline!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord is down!! Come on Stephan tag!

Ace: Crimson come on! Don't let him! Get to your corner and tag Mr. Fantastic!

Greer is crawling over to Walker who is trying to get the fans to help Greer get to him. Crimson starts to move and slowly grabs Greer's foot inches from the tag. Greer whitewashes Crimson's face a few times. Mr. Fantastic starts to get in the ring but Greer finally is able to reach Walker for the tag and tags in!

Blackfront: Tyrone is in fans!

Fans erupt as Tyrone quickly disposes of Mr. Fantastic, and starts to unload on a dazed Crimson Lord.

Ace: No...no....! This isn't happening!

Walker knocks Crimson down and clotheslines Mr. Fantastic. Walker goes right back to Crimson and picks him up and drives some knees into Crimson's gut! Walker with a quick swinging neckbreaker on Crimson. He goes for a cover and Mr. Fantastic quickly tries an elbow drop and Walker gets out of the way as Mr. Fantastic hits Crimson!

Blackfront: Walker is taking the legends to school!

Ace: Come on guys you're blowing this! Think about your legacies!

Greer gets in the ring and picks up Mr. Fantastic into a gorilla press! Crimson slowly gets up and Greer throws Mr. Fantastic at Crimson knocking the legends back down to the mat!

Blackfront: Team Danger is hyped up and they've got the fans hyped as well! Listen to these fans! What an amazing comeback!

Ace: Get it together Spawn!

Walker clotheslines Crimson to the outside. Walker is giving the sign for Simon Says Die!

Blackfront: Team Danger looking to finish this!

Crimson gets on the apron as they have Mr. Fantastic up! Crimson quickly gets in and clotheslines Greer before they can finish the move!

Ace: What a save!

Crimson grabs Greer and tosses him outside the ring. Walker looks up and sees Crimson, without hesitation he steps over Mr. Fantastic and starts to unload with punches knocking the big man back! Greer is getting to his feet and Mr. Fantastic has slowly gotten to his feet he starts to argue with the ref.

Gaze runs around into the ring as Greer has gotten to the ropes. With Harley in hand, Gaze takes the handle and runs at Greer and clotheslines him with the mallet in the back of the neck causing him to fall down.

Blackfront: Are you kidding me!? These fans are quickly turning on Gaze!

Ace: She is protecting her men!

Blackfront: From the sound of it, it might be Spawn as a whole as well...

Ace: She's right, these fans are ingrates!

Mr. Fantastic quickly stops arguing with the ref. He motions to Crimson. Crimson who was covering up from Walker's assault quickly follows Gaze's timely intervention with a knee lift stunning Walker.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic is sitting on the top turnbuckle.

Ace: Crimson has Walker in an atomic drop.

Crimson carries Walker over to Mr. Fantastic and puts him in Mr. Fantastic's arms. Crimson sets up for the Blood Lust.

Blackfront: You have got to be kidding me!

Ace: SUPER BLOOD LUST!

Greer is able to get in the ring but just as quickly Mr. Fantastic clotheslines him out, over the top rope as Crimson covers Walker!

Blackfront: What a vicious move!

Ref: 1.....2.....3!!

Ace: The Spawn have taken out Team Danger was there ever any doubt!

Blackfront: Till about three seconds ago, yes there was!

The Spawn's theme hits as Gaze slides in the ring. Crimson and Mr. Fantastic refuse to have their hands raised by the ref and get them raised by Gaze. The fans have completely turned on The Spawn with a chorus of boos.

Blackfront: The fans showing their dislike for how these two legends have pretty much turned their backs on them and everything they said they stood for!

Ace: Why would you say that? Why because they beat Team Danger?

Blackfront: I expected that much from Crimson Lord, but for Mr. Fantastic to use the tactics he used in this match has left me very disappointed. I thought he was above that.

Ace: I don't think Mr. Fantastic cares what people like you think!

An Answer to the Accusations

We open backstage where the boss, James Wingate, is standing in his office with his phone in hand.

Wingate: Trust me on this. He listens for a few moments.

Wingate: I already told you, it's a done deal. You kept up your end of the bargain, and I will mine. A knock at the door. Before he can answer, Bryan Wingate comes into the office.

Wingate: I've got to go.

James hangs the phone up and looks up at his uncle, and head of UTA security, Bryan Wingate.

Wingate: Is he gone? Bryan nods.

B. Wingate: Yea, he left and wont be back.

Wingate: Good.

B. Wingate: But James.... The boss looks forward. Wingate: Yes?

Bryan takes a breath.

B. Wingate: He's still going on about you working with Dynasty and that firing Jiles was all but show.

James just chuckles.

Wingate: Did he now?

B. Wingate: Yes, he did. He also said if you'll allow him to appear at Victory, he'll make you an offer that will rid you of The Spectre and Jeremiah Woods forever.

As James thinks in silent, we can see that Bryan is becoming more nervous, unsure of what his nephew is contemplating.

Wingate: I see. Well, tell you what...

B. Wingate: Yes?

Wingate: Let him in next week on Victory, but watch him closely. I want to hear what he has to say.

Bryan takes a breath.

B. Wingate: O....k... What about the other thing? James laughs.

Wingate: What? Me working with Dynasty? He's been saying the same thing for weeks. Didn't I prove that crackpot theory wrong when I fired Perfection?

B. Wingate: Well, yea...

Wingate: And time and time again, have I not proved that wrong by making sure Dynasty could have no advantage? Removing their right to be ringside? Making sure if they cheated, they would lose their titles?

B. Wingate: Oh course.

Wingate: Then why would anyone ever give it a second thought? Bryan shakes his head.

B. Wingate: You're right James. It's just that...

Wingate: Just that nothing Bryan! You're not starting to believe this too are you?

B. Wingate: Well... umm.. no, I'm not. I just don't like that this is how rumors get started. James smiles as he walks closer to his uncle, placing his hand on his shoulder. Wingate: If I was working with Dynasty, would I do this?

B. Wingate: Do what?

Coleslaw is icing down a tub of champagne. And I mean a tub of champagne. He's struggling with one of the bags of ice and the THRILL comes over to help him out. The final bag of ice dumps over the bottles and the gang looks around the room.

Haynes: Guys I think he's going to like this.

Unlikely: Like what?

Mikey has stepped into the locker room a little ahead of schedule. Thrill turns around slowly.

Haynes: Um, what are you doing here?

Unlikely: I need to get ready - didn't know if you heard got kind of a big match tonight.

Mikey takes a look at the banner, looks at the champagne, and then he sees the cake. He points to it.

Unlikely: Wait - that cake -

Bobby has a piece of cake in his mouth. It's actually a part of Mikey's face. Mikey looks at Will, at the Dude, at Slaw, and at Deaner.

He picks up Bobby Clean and brings him in with a little hug.

Unlikely: You guys!!!

Mikey gets a little red. Coleslaw takes a bottle of champagne, and pops the cork. He pours Mikey a glass. Hands it to him.

Jenkins: T' gettin' dat green.

Unlikely: To WTF.

Slaw pours the rest of the guys glasses and BAM! toast city, population five.

Mikey sets down Bobby Clean and his namesake pours some champagne on the ground for the little fellas as we cutaway.

Another Message Pre Recorded Footage

White static is displayed on the screen for a few seconds, accompanied by the sound of white noise crackling through the speakers. Eventually, the feed begins to clear and as the image starts to focus, we see a man duct taped to a chair and gagged. The man, of course, is the overweight Arab manager of Abdul bin Hussain, Rafiq.

Kneeling next to him is the Gold Standard, John Sektor, smirking from ear to ear as he looks back and forth between Rafiq and the camera. It's also worth noting, that behind them three separate pairs of legs can be seen, but whose bodies and faces are cut off by the fixed the camera.

John Sektor: Greetings..as you can all see, it is I..the Gold Standard John Sektor..and this is STILL.. the fat sack of crap...Rafiq!

He chuckles to himself.

John Sektor: This week, I have decided to send this message not to Abdul..but to the production truck outside, as the message I wish to deliver is to a wider audience. However, I hope that the mere fact I am still in possession of Abdul's manager, will be enough to ensure him that I am still to be taken seriously upon my previous request.

His face turns serious for a second.

John Sektor: Abdul...tonight I want an answer. You and Me at Black Horizon...a rematch where there can be no count out...where there can be no stoppage...where there can BE...no..disqualification..

He smiles, taking in a long and deep breath as he basks in the thought of such an opportunity. John Sektor: It will be glorious. An opportunity for the two of us to rip each other apart in a sanctioned match. I know it has ME excited. So don't be a fool and don't make me WAIT...any longer.

He points his finger at the screen, waving it with an authoritative stare, before retreating it. John Sektor: Onto other business. It seems there has been some confusion amongst some of the fans and...a couple of the wrestlers actually, regarding some of my recent actions.

Kidnapping...verbally burying so called 'heroes' of the company? Apparently people thought I was supposed to be a nice guy or something..

Sektor bursts out laughing and turns around, and its at that point we hear more laughter coming from the people behind him.

John Sektor: Heh..ohhh man, thats funny. You know, I did say when I first came down to the ring to all those lovely cheers...that it didn't sit well with me. And that I'm more comfortable with the sounds of booing, jeering and pure HATRED!

He says the final word with such intensity that he clenches his fist and grits his teeth.

John Sektor: There's a reason for that. It's because I'm a bad person...for the most part anyway. I accept this, because it's how society deems me based on my overall actions over the years. I don't see myself as particularly bad.. I just do whatever I think is in my best interests..and I don't mind hurting people to make things happen for myself. That's all..

He says this with such innocence, even smiling afterward as though butter wouldn't melt.

John Sektor: But I certainly never claimed to be GOOD..or NICE. I'm simply true to my nature. This is what Abdul is about to find out...

He turns slaps a firm hand on Rafiq's thigh, shaking his leg gently before looking back at the camera.

John Sektor: Abdul is used to being the villain around UTA. He's most comfortable when he is the man CAUSING the terror. But you know? There is always someone around the corner..who is much..much..worse...

Sektor begins poking himself hard in the sternum.

John Sektor: Me!

A Cheshire cat smile spreads slowly across his face.

John Sektor: You see...to beat a villain..

Sektor begins to laugh, somewhat maniacally, before turning his face stern and angry.

John Sektor: You have to be the BETTER...Villain..

He laughs out loud again, and a set of hands behind Rafiq can be seen moving swiftly down towards his face, just before the screen breaks up into static.

Go To Sleep by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of boos as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain, escorted by HOW Hall of Famer Mike Best.

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring with very little fanfare. On her right side, Mike gestures toward her and tauntingly plays the crowd, smirking and berating them for not receiving her warmly.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman had an impressive win over Lamond Alexander Robertson last week, Tommy. But this week, wrestles for the first time on WrestleShow as she takes on local talent Jackson "Sweet Georgia" Brown in a regular

singles match.

Ace: "Sweet Georgia" Brown? Are you serious? That might be the worst name I've ever heard for a wrestler, Jason. Just the worst.

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring. Michael Best goes on ahead of her, stopping the announcer before he can announce her arrival and instead taking the microphone for himself.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets, what you are about to see is REAL. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

The booing only intensifies as Michael Best arrogantly heralds his client. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Best: ...she is a mind blowing physical specimen, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at lean, mean one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Best: ...she is the Thai-breaker, the BTKO Killer... she is the single most dominant woman in the history of women and domination... get on your knees and pay your respects to ALEX....

BECKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope, as Michael Lee Best holds it open for her, and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Beckman has promised a submission tonight, and she's promised it in record time. I just hope for the sake of Jackson Brown that he's prepared to step his game up against a real UTA superstar-- this is a big opportunity for him.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. The

HOW Hall of Famer in turn hands it off to the actual ring announcer, telling him to do something with it since he just had the last two minutes off.

As she stretches out on the ropes, "Go To Sleep" begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match, talking to Michael like he's her cornerman as she impatiently awaits the opening bell.

Ace: I'm pretty sure she's gonna tear him in half like a phone book. Write that down.

Jackson "Sweet Georgia" Brown is already in his corner, having made his way to the ring before the cameras came back to ringside. He adjusts his elbow pads, clapping his hands against the turnbuckle and ropes, trying to get his hometown crowd rallied behind him before the bell rings. There is at least a buzz in the James Brown Arena, as the locals get hyped to see Jackson make an impact here tonight on *WrestleShow*. For the most part though, wrestling fans-- even in Georgia-- are smart enough to realize that this is a showcase match. Some of them are even checking their watches, getting ready to keep time.

The bell rings, and the contest is officially underway.

Blackfront: We're off to the races, and it looks like these two intergender opponents are sizing one another up.

Ace: Wait for it, Jason. Like a freaking phone book. You'll see.

Stepping forward, Alex Beckman offers to tap fists with Chris Jackson “Sweet Georgia” Brown, starting this out like a mixed martial arts fight. Brown laughs, pointing offhandedly at her and gesturing out toward the crowd, clearly not taking her very seriously at all. He takes a step forward, pointing at his chin, beckoning for Alex to take her best shot in the opening seconds of this match.

Unfortunately for Jackson Brown, she takes the opportunity.

A snap front kick collides with Sweet Georgia’s jaw, knocking him back and onto his ass as the stunned crowd clearly didn’t see that coming any more than he did. He tries to pull himself back up, but in a flash, Beckman runs up his chest and clamps on with a Shining Triangle hold, locking it on in the center of the ring!

Blackfront: There it is! The BTKO! This match has barely gotten started!

Ace: The referee is checking for a submission... it looks like the local loser could tap out here....

...and he does!

Unable to make it to the ropes, Brown can feel himself starting to fade, and after a few seconds in the hold he slams his hand against the mat, tapping out in the opening seconds of this match.

The bell rings, and this one is all over.

Blackfront: Goodnight and good luck to Jackson Brown, because this one is OVER.

Beckman climbs up from the hold, allowing the referee to raise her arm in the middle of the ring. She doesn’t even smile, just nodding her head and looking as angry and intense as she did when she got into the ring.

Announcer: Here is your winner by submission, in 0:09.... ALEX.... BECKMAAAAAAANNNN! Suddenly, Beckman tears her arm away from Hortega as she looks back down at Jackson Brown. He’s starting to get up, recovering from the lightning fast loss. Beckman takes a momentum step toward him, rocking the local talent in the back of the head with a Superman Punch! The crowd begins to boo now, as her music cuts off abruptly from the sound system.

Blackfront: Oh come on! This is hardly necessary!

Ace: Alright, I think I’m gonna like her. You show him what a stupid name “Sweet Georgia” is, Alex!

But even as Michael Best climbs onto the apron to calm her, Alex isn’t finished. She begins raining elbows down on the back of Browns head as he lays on the canvas, smashing at the side of his skull as he tries to cover up. The booing gets even louder as both Mike Best and the referee desperately try to stop her. She’s in the midst of trying to throw on another triangle choke as Michael finally pulls her off of her opponent, restraining her and pulling her backward. A booing arena stares at her being carried away Wrestleshow does it’s best to carry on as planned.

Oh Great, This Guy Too?

The scene cuts to a shot of Team Danger exiting their designated locker room in the James Brown Arena. The Lean Mean Tee Dee Machine are dressed and ready to roll out, having already knocked out their obligations for the evening.

Out first is Tyrone Walker, and as usual the Black Jesus is sporting a random baseball jersey, loose jeans, and Timberlands. Following behind, Stephen Greer comes out in his usual King of Pain street apparel of a black tee, cargo shorts, and skate shoes.

With backpacks slung over their respective shoulders, they make their way down the hall. Random staff type people pass them by along the way, occasionally earning a polite head nod from Walker, while Greer is focused on getting while the getting is good.

Walker: One more match an’ we’re raisin’ gold again, bruh. The KoP nods as they round a corner.

Greer: Too bad it’s a handicap match.

Walker: Heh, sure, six of them an' only the two of us.

Greer: Exactly, with those odds, it really is too bad... for them. Ty smiles and shakes his head.

Walker: Right on, dude...

The Terrible Twosome carry on, their night's business against The Spawn already a fading memory as they make their way toward the building exit. A voice rings out from everywhere and nowhere all at once.

OSV: In two weeks time that lopsided afro's gonna fall right off the side'a your head.

Walker: What the f-

OSV: And you, shortpants, your mama still lets you go out in public lookin' like that?

Greer: Somebody's gonna die.

They turn in unison, as all great teams do, and are both shocked and appalled at what stands in front of them. Pale blond hair is pulled back Jedi-style, gleaming cerulean eyes hidden underneath Ray Bans, and thin lips are pulled tight over grinning pearly whites. To be succinct, the most Defiant man in the wrestling industry stands before the mighty Team Danger.

Walker: Mothafu... Who the HALE let yo' ass in here, bruh?

Greer: I knew Wingate wouldn't keep his word on ALL of our contractual demands!

There is a tense moment as the Tag Team Titans stare this Defiant fellow up and down. For his part he's suited and booted, black Armani three-piece down to a pair of black dragon-scale boots, with a silver tie the only thing of any "color" about him. He reaches up and pulls the shades off dramatically before tucking them into an inside jacket pocket.. Horatio would be so proud (YEEEEAAH!). He sucks his teeth and winks at Greer, smooches at Walker, silently daring them to make a move.

Walker: AAAHH, what up mayne?!

Ty grins as he reaches in for the quick bro hug, proving himself to be one of the few people that Eric Dane would ever allow to invade his "airspace." The Legendary DEFIANT reciprocates before turning to the King of Pain, who smiles and nods to his long time friend and sometimes estranged "sibling" rival.

Greer: Eric freakin' Dane, as I live and breathe. Daps are exchanged.

Dane: Yeah, see, I heard that Team Danger was giving out free dental work and chiropractic care over UTA way, and I looked around at the office down in NOLA and I asked myself: "Self, are you cracking teeth and breaking backs in UTA?" And myself took a long minute to come to the conclusion that no, I was indeed not.

Greer and Walker's eyes both go wide at that epithet.

Dane: That is to say how in Sweet Baby Jesus's name is Team Danger kicking names and taking asses somewhere if the third wheel of the Tricycle of Tyranny is sitting back in an office

somewhere dying under a mountain of paperwork?

They consider this for a moment. Ty is the first to perk up.

Walker: Kelly?

Greer: Yeah dude, I think she's busy running your show.

They snicker, clearly taking a cheap jab at him, the unofficially official frontman of Team Danger. Dane sneers briefly.

Dane: Eff you guys. Both of you. Right in the Aye. Greer cocks his head, an eyebrow raised in thought.

Greer: Wait a minute... You haven't said a single FCC-banned four letter word this whole time... You SIGNED A FRIGGIN' CONTRACT didn't you!

Dane: Yeah, well, that's what I was just about to tell you. I had to get outta that office. Kelly's been doing more and more of the heavy lifting behind the scenes and I was going stir-crazy behind that desk. I figured, DEFIANCE is growing, it's doing better than ever, throw in the fact that I'm banned from even appearing on Television over there and that I've got a serious craving to cave in a few heads, and here I am.

Ty nods, the KoP nods, both in unison and in lockstep with every raspy word coming from Dane's legendarily snarky mouth. Without hesitation, Ty chimes in.

Walker: When do we start?

A grin curls up on the KoP's mouth at the emphasis on "we."

Dane: We could always beat the brakes off of whoever comes around that corner next. You know, for old times sake.

Greer: Old school, I like it.

The KoP goes to rush off into the first mess of trouble that he can find only to be stopped in his tracks immediately when the three of them are confronted by resident mic stand du jour, Kate Kincaid.

Kincaid: Eric Dane, I'm Kate Kincaid, can I-

Carpeing the Diem, the newest member of the UTA roster interrupts our intrepid "investigative journalist." That's his style, get used to it.

Dane: What you can do, sweetheart, is hold that microphone up and make with the eye candy. Leave the talking at the camera to the professionals.

She bristles, but she is the picture of professionalism. The microphone is held upward and The Only Star's grin goes as wide as it can get before he starts earning his paycheck.

Dane: Well now, hello UTA. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Eric Dane, and once upon a time I was the best wrestler in the world.

Greer and Walker give a double-take at that.

Dane: Sure, I could come out here and I could lie to you and tell you that I'm the "second coming" of some retired old rambler who hasn't been relevant since the nineties, or that I'm here to rack up World Titles and another Hall of Fame ring, but I'd be wasting mine and everyone else's time with that schtick.

Eric reaches into his coat pocket and retrieves the Ray Bans. With a practiced ease he slides them back on, resting them comfortably across the bridge of his nose.

Dane: Besides, there's like thirty guys and at least two chicks already doing that. What I'm here for, however, is an opportunity. "At what?" you might be asking yourself. Well that's simple. The thrill of the chase. The ecstasy of Gold. I'm here to do what I haven't done in almost a decade, and that's lead Team Danger on a bloody path to the top of the wrestling business, one broken body at a time.

Tyrone Walker can't help himself.

Walker: Or two! Or six! You know, whatever! Greer snickers.

Dane: You see, I know what the UTA was thinking, that Team Danger was one scary as hell tag team on the way to making that division relevant again. Well that's true, but what else Team Danger is is the best collection of pure talent and unadulterated violence on either side of the Mississippi. The Black Jesus...

He jabs a thumb at Ty.

Dane: He's the craziest dude I know. He'll jump off a scaffold into a flaming vat of heroin-crazed piranhas if it means dropping half an elbow on somebody.

Walker: Sho' you right!

Dane: And the King of Pain, well, the name says it all. The guy gets his jollies off by splitting skulls and putting people in traction with the deadliest lariat in the business.

Greer rolls his arm, always ready to inflict Hellfire.

Dane: And me, you can call me The Only Star, and you can get ready for embarrassment and injury at every step in the process. It might have been 2006 since I've held a title belt, and I might not have had five matches in the last three years, but I'm standing here to tell you that I'm neither one to be trifled with, nor one to be ignored.

He snorts.

Dane: We're here to win. We're here to crush heads. We're here to Dominate the UTA into submission. We've got t-shirts to sell and buyrates to pop, and between the three of us we're gonna turn this place on it's ass and we're gonna rewrite its history in our image.

Walker nods. Greer mean-mugs. Dane's smirk widens.

Dane: Don't believe me? He chuckles.

Dane: Try us.

He winks into the camera and pushes past Kate Kincaid and out of the shot. Bewildered and a little bit awed, she turns her head back to the Dynamic Duo. Ty and the KoP look to each other, grins cutting across their faces before they chuckle their way out of the scene, following Eric Dane and leaving Kincaid speechless.

By Any Means Necessary

The scene opens with Sean Jackson and his attorney Marshall Owens standing backstage. With Sean Jackson wearing black slacks, a dress shirt and the UTA world championship draped over his shoulder, Marshall Owens is wearing the three piece suit that he's been known to wear. As they are standing there, the big screen comes to life so the fans in the James Brown Arena can see and hear everything that's being said.

Sean then turns to his right and motions with his hand, as he does, Kate Kincaid steps into the shot with a microphone in hand. Without saying a word, Kate placing the microphone in front of the UTA world champion who immediately begins speaking.

Jackson: First off, I want you all to understand that we aren't a bunch of robots. We do feel, we do hurt, and we do experience pain.

Kate Kincaid shifts her glance ever so slightly, not knowing how to respond to the beginning of the promo.

Jackson: In this business, pain is to be expected. When I, or anyone else steps inside of the ring, again pain is to be expected. But yesterday was Mother's Day and they are expected to be treated a bit different. So Mrs. Unlikely, I do hope you get to feeling better and I mean that.

Kate begins to smile. After all, it was something nice that Sean had just done.

Jackson: Now then, let's get down to business shall we.

Marshall crosses his arms, knowing that the feel good moment has just come to an end. Jackson: Mikey Unlikely, as good as Momma Unlikely is, I wonder how she would feel about her little boy being a tool of the establishment?

Yeah, that makes her smile disappear. On Mother's Day, you would think certain things would remain off limits, but obviously Sean didn't get the memo.

Jackson: I wonder how she would feel about her little boy, the one tasked with taking care of her, ending up in the hospital after having his neck broken?

Kate goes to say something, but Sean puts his hand up to set her mind at ease.

Jackson: Whoa, whoa Kate...just hang tight before the panties get into a bunch. I'm sure that little Mikey is somewhere back here, thinking about poor old Mom and realizing....

Marshall is grinning, his head tilting back ever so slightly.

Jackson: That he's about to step into the ring with the UTA world champion. That he's about to go toe to toe, face to face with the absolute best that the world of professional wrestling has to offer.

Sean removes the world title belt and drapes it over Kate's shoulder, causing it to dip ever so slightly. Thinking that she's going to fall, Sean removes it and replaces it back on his own shoulder. He then turns his attention to Kate.

Jackson: It's heavy isn't it?

Kate nods, trying to hold the mic in place.

Jackson: You're damn right it is.

He then shifts focus back to the camera.

Jackson: Now then, back to you Mikey. Like I told you when I was in Longview, I'm not going back to that hell hole way of life. I don't care how many times James Wingate has told you how possible it is....

The sound of confidence fills Sean Jackson's voice. After All Or Nothing, he's been on a serious run and is showing no signs of letting up.

Jackson: You will never beat me. You will never beat me in that ring, in the hallway, in the parking lot..

Every time he speaks, the world champion is pointing in a different direction.

Jackson: Or even the day after Mother's Day, because Mikey, I'm the best that has ever laced up the boots and you can believe that.

He motions for the camera to come in tighter.

Jackson: I survived Spectre, Madman Zsalinski, the Shoot Kings, and I'll sure as hell survive you Mikey. With your friend Doozer gone, he now joins that cast of classless punks who couldn't hack it in Sean Jackson's world.

Now the intensity level is rising, his index finger pointing towards the camera.

Jackson: Which is the same cast you'll be joining if you dare step into that ring tonight. Because Mikey, this isn't your same old Dynasty anymore. That classless little punk James Wingate started this war months ago, and now it is time for Eduardo and I to up the casualty list....

Sean brings his hands together, the fingers slightly spread apart.

Jackson: Which means that you're on the list Mikey, as well as Will Haynes, and that overweight slob Bobby Dean. And yes Will Haynes, never let it be said that I leave you out of an interview because God only knows, you had your ass handed to you by the true Legacy champion La Flama Blanca.

But of course, it will never be a Sean Jackson promo without going overboard about James Wingate. Get ready folks because it's about to be a bumpy ride.

Jackson: Just like James Wingate is about to get his handed to him by the true force of professional wrestling, that being Dynasty. For you see James, for every effort you make at totally destroying the most dominant group in the world...

His voice begins to rise, his eyes sharper in focus. There's just something about James Wingate that brings up Sean's game 250%.

Jackson: We just fight that much harder to see your plans end in failure. Because James Wingate, tonight I'm going to make an example out of Momma Unlikely's little boy. I'm going to make an example of him because he insists on being the agent of the establishment, an establishment who has already shown the propensity for trying to screw me over at last years Black Horizon.

He is referencing the event which resulted is Spectre coming out of nowhere and screwing Sean out of the UTA championship.

Jackson: Well James, it will be interesting to see who or what you come up with after I destroy Mikey tonight...

Once again, Sean motions for the camera to come in tight.

Jackson: And believe me, I will destroy him. By any means necessary.

Sean then steps out of the shot, as Kate prepares to call the interview to an end, Marshall stops her.

Owens: Just a minute Kate, I've got one thing to add. He then turns his attention to the camera.

Owens: Mr. Wingate, you made the fatal mistake with the main event at Black Horizon. There isn't a soul alive who doesn't believe that your ultimate plan is the destruction of Dynasty. But like always, Eduardo and Sean will be able to defeat the plan because nothing, and I do mean nothing is more important than Dynasty's survival.

Marshall faces Kate Kincaid.

Owens: After tonight, no one will be able to say that they weren't warned.

With that, Marshall Owens too steps out of the shot and Kate is left standing alone.

Brought to You By

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

Blackfront: This match made an UTA World Championship match. We could very well be looking at the next UTA World Champion!

Ace: Not a chance at all Jason! Not even in the slightest.

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!!!!

Blackfront: You have to know WTF is in the back watching on edge as Mikey gets this huge opportunity.

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

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

v/o: Augusta, Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion is set to defend his title right here tonight!

Ace: You mean retain his title Jason!

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

With the UTA world championship belt fastened securely to his waist, Sean makes a complete turn on the stage, making sure everyone gets a full view of his newly acquired championship. After soaking in a resounding chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he removes the belt and holds it up high for everyone to see. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

Blackfront: This one's gonna be good folks.

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

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Sean Jackson lock up.

Ace: I wouldn't want to be Mikey Unlikely right now.

Both men quickly tie up. The champion grabs Mikey's arm, and pulls back. Blackfront: Jackson taking control early, he whips Mikey Unlikely into the ropes. As Mikey Unlikely returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Unlikely slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

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

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

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off early here in this championship title match..

Ace: Mikey Unlikely even getting a shot at the title is an embarrassment.

Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy. Mikey has been one of the UTA's top stars here for the last year. In the ring now, Sean Jackson now stomping away the challenger.

He bends down and grabs Mikey Unlikely, pulling violently to his feet. Vanessa watches on from the outside in approval.

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

Ace: Maybe it'll knock some sense into him. Agreeing to face Jackson. I still can't believe it.

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

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

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can!

Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: Do it again!

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

Ace: YES!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Unlikely the advantage he needs to come back. Ace: If he really wanted an advantage against Sean Jackson, he'd be in the crowd watching instead of the ring!

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Mikey Unlikely uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Both men up now. Jackson rushes Mikey Unlikely.

He bends down and lifts Sean Jackson up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Jackson was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

Ace: Just goes to show you how stupid he is.

Mikey Unlikely turns as Sean Jackson uses the top rope to pull down and push himself up. For a split second he stands on the top rope before leaping off.

Blackfront: Clothesline from the outside of the ropes!

Ace: That was amazing. THAT Jason, is why he is the champion!

Mikey Unlikely just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Sean Jackson rolls over covering him.

Blackfront: The champion going for the pin...

Ace: This one is over.

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for a second time, Mikey kicks his feet up.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: He is just wanting more.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, Mikey Unlikely in hand.

Ace: The champion not happy and Mikey Unlikely is going to feel that here. As they both rise up, Jackson grabs Mikey's wrist, pulling back yet again.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips Mikey Unlikely into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. UNLIKELY MOVES! UNLIKELY MOVES!

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Mikey Unlikely holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Ace: THIS IS TERRIBLE!

Blackfront: A worn out and batted Mikey Unlikely climbing the turnbuckle. We could have a new champion!

Unlikely reaches the top and the cameras flash as he faces the crowd, preparing to sore. Sean Jackson pushes by the referee, running behind him.

Blackfront: My God! Mikey Unlikely has been pushed off of the top rope!

Unlikely falls forward, turning in the air and his shoulder hitting the steel steps before the rest of his body catches up and joins him on the floor.

Blackfront: My God, that was a bad fall.

Ace: Did you see his shoulder hit those steps? He's been broken!

Blackfront: Lets take a look at the replay.

We get a double screen with the camera showing the shoulder hitting the edge of the step before Unlikely hits the ground.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely is hurt. There is no way he can't be.

The referee looks down with a lot of concern on his face and begins to get into a count quickly. Blackfront: Medical staff running down here to check on Mikey Unlikely as the referee counts. Sean Jackson stands in the ring, leaning over the top rope and yelling profanities at Mikey Unlikely. The camera zooms in on Mikey Unlikely who's face tells the story of a man in intense pain.

Blackfront: I don't think he's getting up Tommy.

Ace: Good! I hope he never gets up again!

Jackson exits to the apron before leaping to the floor.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson pulling the medical staff out of the way to get to Mikey!

Ace: He's not done with him!

Officials try to get between Jackson and Unlikely, but he tosses them out of the way before yanking Mikey to his feet. He rolls him into the ring.

Blackfront: Jackson not done by a long shot. What is he doing now?

The champion pushes through the crowd, pulling the time keeper from their chair, before grabbing it and heading back

to the ring, pushing through everyone with their hands up. He tosses the chair up and over the ropes before he rolls into the ring himself, getting to his feet. Blackfront: Sean Jackson has that chair!

Mikey sees stars as he begins to push up. Jackson stands behind him, chair in hand and ready to go.

Ace: TAKE HIS HEAD OFF!

As Mikey stands, he begins to turn, his face showing that he has no idea what is in store. Jackson brings the chair forward, crashing into the top of Mikey's head. Unlikely's arm shoot to the side as he falls back, hitting the canvas. The referee starts to call for the bell.

Blackfront: The referee is stopping this!

Jackson stands over Mikey, pointing the chair down at him with a sadistic smile on his face. Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.... MIKEY... UNLIKEEEEEELLYYY!!!! And STILL the UTA World Champion... SEAN... JAAACCKKSSSOONNN!!!!

The fans boo as Jackson raises the chair up with one hand, taking it all in.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely gets the win tonight, but Jackson will retain as the title can not change hands via disqualification.

Ace: This is what happens when you stand in the ring with greatness!

Jackson brings the chair down and begins to head to the ropes as the officials hit the ring now to check on Mikey.

An Overdue Explanation

Backstage in the James Brown Arena, the camera comes to life in front of the generic backdrop for Wrestleshow. UTA reporter Jennifer Williams is standing by with a microphone in hand, and standing behind her are three of the company's newest and most controversial signings-- Cecilworth Farthington, Alexandra Beckman, and Michael Best.

There is an audible buzz, followed by a considerable boo, from the Augusta, Georgia crowd as Jennifer smiles at the camera, addressing the three unsmiling faces behind her.

Williams: I'm live tonight on Wrestleshow with a group that the United Toughness Alliance has seen a whole lot of over the last few weeks. The so called "HOW Invasion" has--

Before Jennifer can continue, a condescending smile comes over the face of Michael Best as he steps forward and snatches the microphone aggressively away from her. Jennifer Williams flinches away in recoil, not having expected it, and now the live crowd is even less pleased with what they're seeing on the screen.

Best: The "HOW Invasion". You know something, Jennifer? I've been hearing ALL ABOUT the HOW Invasion lately. That's what they called it in Columbia, South Carolina. That's what they called it last week in Orlando. And now here tonight, everywhere you turn, you know what they're talking about? They're talking about the ongoing... HOW Invasion.

Behind him, Alex Beckman crosses her arms, her expression going entirely cold, as Farthington rustles with his expensive looking blazer. Michael doesn't turn back to them, nor does he look at Jennifer. He just shakes his head, the annoying smirk leaving his face.

Best: Last week, I promised to explain why the three of us have come to the United Toughness Alliance. But you know what, Ms. Williams? I think you've all got it figured out just fine, haven't you? I mean, it took the South five years and a quarter of a million deaths to figure out that slavery wasn't going to pan out, but they've probably got this one in the bag. And hey, they still haven't figured out running water and family trees that branch, but from where I'm sitting, if they're calling it an HOW Invasion, they probably know what they're talking about. I think our work here is done, and we can just pack it in and go home...

With a rude chortle and a grunt, Michael shovels the microphone back into Jennifer's hands as he turns to leave. His posse follow suit, but Jennifer Williams timidly puts a hand on his shoulder and tries to keep up.

Williams: Wait! Mr. Best, you have a candid audience right now and I'm sure they'd benefit from an explanation. If this isn't a High Octane Invasion, then what is it?

There is a moment of hesitation before Michael turns back around.

In that time, Alex Beckman takes a defensive step forward, glaring at Jennifer Williams and the hand that she has on the manager. Swallowing hard, the interviewer slowly pulls her hand away and steps back into her designated spot in front of the camera.

Finally, Michael turns back around and looks into the camera.

Best: That's a great question, Jennifer, thank you for asking. As you can see behind me, I've brought two of my friends with me into this company, but I'm not entirely finished yet. I've got one more Chicago Ace up my sleeve, and boy, is it a doozy. He's in the building tonight, and before the end of the show, you will see this group... this Machine... for all of it's cogs. You will see it become whole.

He glances over his shoulder, both at Cecilworth and at Beckman. Farthington smiles for the camera, giving it a little wave, but Beckman keeps her arms crossed, sternly.

Best: My associates and I? We aren't invaders. We aren't usurpers. We're under contract to the UTA. We have a purpose, we have a drive, and my plan for this evening was to lay it all out for you live on Wrestleshow. But see, all of this reminiscing about Chicago has reminded me that I have one last piece of unfinished business before we can close that last chapter of that old High Octane book forever. One last little glimpse into the past before I'm prepared to talk about the future. I will address that unfinished business tonight, when I go down to the ring and confront him face to face. And that, Jennifer Williams, is all I am prepared to say this evening.

He tosses the microphone casually back to Jennifer, who doesn't look as though she's had any of her questions answered tonight. She half heartedly shrugs at the camera as Michael snaps his fingers, signalling his posse to follow suit. They walk off of the Wrestleshow set, as the camera cuts away.

Brought to You By

Face Off

Backstage at The James Brown Arena, we see UTA Prodigy Champion "The Southern Rebel" Ron Hall sitting on a few crates quietly carrying on a phone conversation. It doesn't seem to be that important but Ron seems to be enjoying himself and the call.

Hall: I think they can still win the East. (Listens for a few moments) Yeah Love's shoulder was a big blow but they still have IRving and Lebron. (A few more moments) Houston!? You gotta be kidding me. If they get that far it will be because of Harden. I don't think they'll win it all because the West is too deep.

A shadow appears on the scene, cast over the seated Hall, stopping its movements and betraying the whereabouts of its origin, who stands just out of the screen.

Hall: Hey Pedro, someone just came up. I got to go. I'll call you back later ok? (Hangs up and looks up). L A R... So what can I do for you?

The camera turns to reveal the large frame of the 'Claymore's Hilt' Lamond Alexander Robertson

standing above Ron Hall. Robertson wears a blue shirt, open at the collar with sleeves rolled up revealing his powerful forearms and a pair of cream chinos, brown belt fastened around them. Beside him is a young boy, and Lamond has his left arm around his shoulder.

Robertson: Ron Hall.

A smile crosses the face of the Scot.

Robertson: Can I just say what an honour it is to meet you.

Lamond extends his hand towards the UTA legend, who slowly stands from his seat on the crates, his eyes slowly scanning, almost trying to study his opponent on Victory and then the son. Finally after a moment of observation, he shakes the Scot's hand.

Robertson: This is my son William. Say hello to Ron, William.

William Robertson looks up, his mouth open, then looks at the Prodigy Title, then up at his dad. Hall chuckles and ruffles the boy's hair.

Hall: Good to meet you William.

Lamond nods his appreciation at Hall, this is obviously a big deal for his son.

Robertson: I'm really looking forward to our match next week Ron. I still can't believe James Wingate has seen me worthy of a shot at the Prodigy Title - in fact...

He looks around, then down at his son.

Robertson: I still can't believe that I'm even here! He looks back at Hall, the smile returning to his face.

Robertson: Aye, I'm looking forward to our match and can't wait to step in the ring against a man like you.

Ron acknowledges the gesture, looking down at the boy and then back at Robertson with his own smile.

Hall: I'm glad you're looking forward to it. It's the biggest match of your career so far. An opportunity at this (Holds up the Prodigy championship belt). Just be aware, I'm not planning on going easy on you and I'm damn sure not planning on losing this.

Lamond nods then bends down to his son.

Robertson: William, why don't you head over there and see if the nice lady can make us both a coke. I'll be right there.

William looks up at Ron again, mouth still open, then at his dad and back at Hall, before taking the \$20 his father holds out and wanders off to the side where the expectant attendant bends forward, used to these situations. Robertson stands to his feet and looks back at Hall, slowly folding his arms.

Robertson: Aye, it's the biggest match of my career so far, but I remember the last biggest match of my career when I went one on one with Mr Fantastic. You cost me an opportunity in that match...my chance to test myself against a real legend.

Hall looks taken aback suddenly and narrows his eyes.

Hall: Really!? You think that was about you? Lamond shakes his head, letting out a light chuckle.

Robertson: No...no, but I wanted to make sure you understand that I am taking next week's match very seriously; very seriously indeed and I sincerely hope nothing like that repeats itself in Orlando.

Hall: You really think I have to resort to something like that or that I need them to beat you? Robertson: Don't get me wrong Mr. Hall, I know who you are and I know what you've achieved in this business. But I wasn't born yesterday. I've seen how involved you've become with Mr Fantastic and Crimson Lord and I'm not sure how far you'd go to keep that belt

Lamond pokes the belt hard with his index finger.

Robertson: Around that waist...

He points at Ron's mid-section. Hall steps forward and into LAR's face.

Hall: Don't worry about who I'm in with and who I'm not. Don't worry about who might be there and might not. Instead, I'd be more worried about having to face the music, Country Chin Music if I were you.

Lamond looks into Hall's eyes, not blinking once and emphasising the size difference as he bends his neck slightly downwards.

Robertson: Listen pal, I'm not worrying about anything, least of which what music will be playing when I manage to take that belt from your hands. But my son will be watching next week and I'll

be damned if he's going to see anything but his father fighting with everything he has to become a champion in the greatest wrestling organisation on the planet.

Robertson backs off, reaching his son and once again curling his left arm around William's shoulder, taking a coke from the boy's hand.

Robertson: I'll see you next week Mr Hall. I pray, for your sake, you mean what you say.

Ron stands there, leans back against the crates, slowly shaking his head in disgust as LAR walks off with his son.

Hall: Kids these days...

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into cheers. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and moustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk.

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside folks, where as you can see the Gold Standard, John Sektor, is about to make his way to the ring to take on Wildfire champion Joshua Jones. Sektor has been trying to get Jones to put his newly crowned championship on the line for the past two weeks. He's called him out on twitter, called him out on last weeks Victory show and even gotten agents involved. As far as we know..this match is STILL scheduled as a none title match.

Ace: Well, it's a strange one. Sure, Sektor is a pompous and arrogant idiot for challenging for a title after only two matches. But ducking challenges like that only makes Jones look like a wuss...at least that's how I see it.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, he slowly and calmly begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: Hailing from Miami, Florida.

He pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking in the adoration of the crowd in attendance.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: The Gold Standard...JOHN, SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announce echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: This should be a good test for the Gold Standard. He's no stranger to stiff competition, but Joshua Jones has been on such a hot streak since his debut in UTA, that Sektor may have his hands full tonight.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Blackfront: Earlier tonight Sektor felt the need to send a video message to the production truck, explaining why he isn't a nice guy and why he doesn't particularly care what the fans or other wrestlers think of him.

Ace: He was just being honest! He's a selfish guy who looks out for number one. If you listened carefully, he basically said he just does whatever he thinks is in his best interests..and that usually those decisions form an unpopular opinion about him.

As Sektor waits patiently in the ring, Immortal by Eve to Adam begins to play.

The crowd pops as Joshua Jones steps through the curtains. His face is an emotionless mask. He trembles visibly as he struggles to maintain his composed and stoic look, the Wildfire title strapped proudly around his waist.

Blackfront: Here comes the man who has taken the UTA by storm. But Sektor has sure had alot to say about him lately. Calling the champion lazy and overrated. We've not heard anything in the way of a reply from Jones, do you think he's been waiting for this match to come around to let

Sektor know what he really thinks of him?

Ace: I sure hope so..otherwise he's going to end up looking like garbage tonight if Sektor destroys him.

A few seconds later, Joshua's energy gets the better of him. He explodes into the air. As he lands, he breaks into a run.

Announcer: Hailing from Piedmont, California.

Joshua slides under the bottom rope before springing to his feet. He adds a second jump for good measure.

Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventeen pounds...

Joshua runs to the near ropes, bounces off them, and keeps running. He hits the opposite ropes at full speed, again rebounding and continuing to run.

Announcer: He is the CURRENT...WILDFIRE CHAMPION.. Joshua Jones!!!

Joshua jumps onto the middle rope, but instead of launching himself into the air, he grabs the top rope with both hands, killing his momentum. Standing on the middle rope, he nods several times. Blackfront: Huge match...you gotta wonder, given how fast Sektor is climbing the rankings..ifhe beat Jones tonight should he be considered for a title shot?

Joshua pushes himself away from the ropes. He lands on his feet, still nodding. He makes his way toward his corner, bouncing with each step and glaring at Sektor. The Gold Standard paces back and forth in his own corner, glaring at the champion like a caged animal.

Sektor then begins pointing around his own waist, shaking his head with a look of disgust.

Blackfront: Sektor not being shy letting Jones just what he thinks about him..

Ace: Sektor's been hovering his finger over the nuclear strike button for the past two weeks. If you ignore it and don't respond, you better prepare for him to push it!

The referee calls both men out of their corners and begins to run down the rules and usual pre match formalities. Sektor ignores the referee and just continues to yell abuse into the face of the Wildfire champion, who merely responds by curling his lip and looking away, almost too embarrassed to look him in the eyes.

DING DING!!

Blackfront: There's the bell and we're off an running in this matchup as both men begin to circle one another.

As they continues to size one another up, the separate pockets of fans begin to take turns chanting their favourite wrestlers name.

Fans: LET'S GO SEK-TOR....LET'S GO JOSH-JONES...

Blackfront: Split crowd tonight. You got any preferences in this one?

Ace: Wasn't a big fan of either to be honest. But I must say, Sektor has started to grow on me this past week..

Finally the two competitors lock up, but the Gold Standard instantly pulls Jones into a front standing waist lock, throwing him up and over his head with ease with a belly to belly suplex. The crowd yell with the excitement, mainly due to the sheer intensity Sektor hit the move.

Blackfront: Belly to Belly right off the bat. Sektor's not wasting any time going back in.. Sektor hits another Belly to Belly suplex, crashing Jones hard across the other side of the ring. Jone's keeps getting back up, but with each attempt Sektor rushes in and nails a belly to belly suplex.

Ace: Sektor is throwing Jones around that ring like a rag doll.

Blackfront: Sektor has done his homework...he's controlling the match in the early goings and stopping Jones from getting any momentum.

After the EIGHTH Belly to Belly suplex, Sektor begins to pull Jones back to his feet, but Jones manages to catch him with a flailing elbow.

Blackfront: Sektor stunned momentarily, Jones bursts to life and heads to the ropes..but OH WAIT!

Sektor ducks underneath Jones' arm and locks in a rear waist lock..

Blackfront: GERMAN SUPLEX!

Ace: Sektor likes his suplex's...reminds me of someone else but I can't think who.

Sektor keeps hold of the rear waist lock and begins to hit suplex after suplex after suplex. With each one Jones begins to look weaker and slightly more broken.

Blackfront: This isn't good for the champion. It's almost as though Sektor is trying to SUPLEX his point home about how he feels deserving of a title shot.

After the seventh German suplex Sektor releases his grasp, taking a moment to catch his breath and loosen off his muscles, whilst Jones lays in a twisted heap on the canvas. The Gold Standard soon approaches him again, pushing his head with his foot like's he's a peace of trash.

Blackfront: Oh come on now, Sektor..that's just plain disrespectful!

Ace: So is blanking a challenge...just sayin..

Sektor pulls Jones onto his knee's by his hair, smirking and laughing at him as he shows the crowd what he has done. He slaps his face a couple of times before pulling him up to his feet and nailing a European uppercut. Jone's lands against the corner, practically holding himself up by the ropes and desperately sucking air into his lungs.

Blackfront: Jones is in a bad way. Sektor is just toying with him at this point.

Ace: I agree. He should just put him down now, he's made his point. I want to watch a competitive match already!

Sektor begins to rub Jones' face with his hands, elbow, forearm...causing him complete discomfort and generally asserting his dominance over him. Alot of fans in the audience are now beginning to boo him for his conduct but he just laughs, pulls Jones head back so that they can all see what he has done. To his surprise, Jones nails him straight in the mouth, causing the Gold Standard to stumble backwards.

Blackfront: Jones lands a punch! And now he's sprinting to the ropes..

The crowd roar with excitement, believing Jones is about to make a comeback...but Sektor takes him down to the

canvas with a 'bread and butter' drop toe hold and locks him straight into the... Blackfront: SEKTOR STRETCH!! It's over...no one has ever broken this hold!

Ace: Slap bang centre of the ring..nowhere to go. Just tap you cake baking J-Word!

The referee is on his front, asking Jones the question as Sektor wrenches back on his neck. Jones screams and squeals like a little girl as he holds his hand above the canvas. However thunderous booing begins to fill the arena and something catches the referees eye.

Blackfront: MIKE BEST? What's he doing here!

Ace: Finally! Someone I actually LIKE!

Blackfront: Oh WAIT! Mike said earlier that he had 'unfinished business' to take care of. Is SEKTOR the unfinished business?

The crowd shower Mike with hatred as he hops onto the apron, distracting the referee he runs over to argue with him. Jones begins tapping out loudly on the canvas.

Blackfront: Jones is tapping out...but the ref doesn't see it!

Sektor begins looking around the referee, realising that the bell hasn't rung. Letting go of the hold, Jones head flops onto the canvas, whilst Sektor turns to see what's going on. Sektor's eyes bulge as he sees who it is, but before he can react he notices something out the corner of his eye.

Blackfront: Wait, look who's jumping the barriers...that's...Alex BECKMAN!

Ace: And CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON!

Both Farthington and Beckman storm into the ring from either side, cutting Beckman yields her fists in her usual fighting stance, whilst Farthington is yielding something completely different...a cast iron candlestick mould! Sektor off from any chance of escaping. He stands with his guard up, looking at Beckman and Farthington simultaneously.

Blackfront: What are they doing here? And what the hell is that in Cecilworth's hand?

Ace: I guess Sektor's past has followed him here...

Blackfront: Sektor had this match won! And now Jones is beginning to get to his feet and even HE doesn't have a clue what's happening..

Sektor eventually loses patience and begins yelling at them to fight him. Beckman and Farthington are narrowing their eyes at Sektor, ready to strike..and Beckman makes the first move!

Blackfront: WHAT?

Ace: Did she?

Blackfront: BECKMAN NAILED JONES!

The crowd is shocked after watching the MMA fighter turn and deliver a snap front kick straight to the Wildfire champions face. Sektor's eyes are wide with shock, but suddenly a smirk begins to spread across his face...and that smirk soon turns to deep bellied laughter as he looks around at

the booing crowd.

Blackfront: Is Sektor laughing? Is he in on this?

Farthington has Jones on his knee's..standing to one side he holds his head upright before yelling 'OFF WITH HIS HEAD' and clubbing him around the side of the head with the candlestick mould. Ace: So...I guess Sektor is the new signing Mike spoke about?

Blackfront: Ya think?

Farthington and Beckman quickly exit the ring, just in time as the referee turns around. Sektor cleverly pretends to argue with the referee for not watching the match and the referee even apologises.

The Gold Standard kneels down next to Jones and begins pushing and shoving his head, trying to wake him up.

Blackfront: What's he doing now is this not enough.

As soon as Sektor see's his opponent open his eyes he locks him straight into the Sektor Stretch again, and Jones instantly taps out.

DING DING DING!!

Announcer: Your winner of the match via submission...The Gold Standard...JONH SEKTOR!!! Heavy booing thunders around the arena and gets even louder as Mike Best, Beckman and Farthington all enter the ring again. Sektor literally kicks Jones' lifeless body out of the ring with a look of sheer disgust on his face.

Blackfront: I don't know what to make of all this..

Ace: Sektor has joined Mike's new Alliance..its pretty self explanatory..

Mike Best has hold of the Wildfire title and a microphone in his hand. He walks straight over to Sektor with an outstretched hand and the Gold Standard instantly shakes it, even pulling Mike in for a hug.

Blackfront: I can't believe what I'm seeing, I really can't. Two of wrestlings greatest rivals embracing one another in a hug?

Ace: Hugs make everything better Jason.

Mike is about to lift the microphone to talk, but Sektor stops him..looking at him as if to say 'come on..let me do this!'

Mike smirks and practically courtseys as he hands him the microphone, along with the Wildfire title. Sektor holds the title up in front of his face, taking a good luck at it whilst he waits for the volume inside the arena to settle down a little bit.

John Sektor: Ladies and Gentlemen...I don't think I need to explain what just happened here. Sektor looks at Mike and smirks.

John Sektor: Mike and I may have had our differences...but as I said earlier, I always do what I think is best for ME. And I'm smart enough to know that Mike is good for business. And he is smart enough to realise that no MACHINE is complete...without the WRESTLING..MACHINE! He smiles arrogantly at the crowd, who are all but throwing garbage into the ring at this point.

John Sektor: Now...I've pretty much just proved why Joshua Jones not only doesn't deserve to be Wildfire champion...but that he also doesn't deserve to be in the same ring as ME!

Therefore..and I don't care what any of you think about this...I am taking this Wildfire championship for myself!

Mike Best and the other two members clap Sektor whilst the crowd just boo.

Blackfront: He can't do that..

Ace: Hey! You don't know what kind of pull Mike Best has with Wingate..

John Sektor: This title deserves a true champion, and history has shown that there is arguably no one better than ME!

The camera picks up on Mike narrowing his eyebrows at this comment, but relaxing quickly and choosing to let it go.

John Sektor: So...ladies and gentlemen...Your winner of the match and NEW...WILDFIRE CHAMPION...

Hold Up

Voice: Whoa.. whoa.. whoa... Hold it right there Mr. Sektor.

The camera pans up and we see the boss himself, Mr. Wingate heading down from the back. His uncle Bryan, head of security, following closely behind as he comes down the ramp.

Blackfront: It's the boss!

Ace: Well, Sektor may be aligning himself with Mike Best, but even I think he is stepping out of line claiming to be the new Wildfire Champion.

Blackfront: John Sektor demanded that Joshua Jones put his title on the line. Just to be clear, not only did he not.. Mr. Wingate did not make this a title match.

Mr. Wingate and Bryan walk up the steps and along the apron. The boss enters the ring first, followed by his head of security close by him. Joshua Jones is now holding himself up on the ropes, looking at the group of people in the ring.

Blackfront: The boss is about to set the record straight here.

Wingate walks up to Michael best, and offers his hand. They shake, and Wingate mouths something inaudible before he passes The Machine and heads over to Joshua Jones. He stops and stares at Jones for a moment, who is demanding his title be handed back to him. Wingate raises the mic up.

Wingate: You want your title back? Jones nods. Wingate leans in.

Wingate: Do you know why I didn't make this a title match Mr. Jones? Jones doesn't have anything to say.

Wingate: After spending almost an hour in the All or Nothing match, then beating two of the top contenders here in the UTA, I pegged you as a winner.

Ace: Oh what? Stupid baking contest?

Wingate: Mr. Jones, I expected you to beat John Sektor tonight, and easily at that. Sektor steps forward, mouthing. Best holds him back.

Wingate: You didn't win, did you Mr. Jones? Jones points in the direction of The Machine.

Wingate: Them? Excuses. A winner overcomes all odds and you sir... did not do that.

Ace: It's the truth!

Blackfront: Come on Mr. Wingate. He was outnumbered!

Ace: He tapped out! he lost!

Wingate: Not only did you not win... I'm kind of tired of your attitude around here.

Ace: Yea! Attitude!

Wingate: Mr. Jones. You will not get the Wildfire Championship back as you no longer are the Wildfire Champion.

Sektor's eyes grow large as he pulls the belt into his chest. The fans give a mixed reaction.

Wingate: In fact.... GET THE HELL OUT OF MY RING! You're... FIRED!

More mixed reactions from the crowd, with a few more boos sprinkled in.

Ace: YEA! Go back yourself an unemployment cake!

Jones can't believe it. Finally he drops to the canvas and rolls out, stomping around the ring as everyone inside watches him leave.

Blackfront: Could it be? Could Mr. Wingate be aligning himself with The Machine?!

Ace: Why wouldn't he? He's already proved he isn't with Dynasty. And if you're not going to roll with the best... you might as well roll with Best... Get it? Ha!

Blackfront: I'm not too sure this is the right decision at all by the typically level headed Wingate. Joshua Jones is at the top of the ramp and walks behind the curtain, officially fired from the UTA. Wingate looks over at John Sektor with the Wildfire Championship in his hand, he begins to move it towards Sektor.

Blackfront: We are going to have a new Wildfire Champion, ladies and gentleman!

Perfect Gentleman by Halloween begins to blast through the PA system and when it does, the air in the James Brown Arena is sucked right out.

Blackfront: No...

Ace: YES! YES! YES! YES!

The camera cuts to Wingate and The Machine immediately turning around towards the entrance way and then moving in that direction as Perfection walks out on to the ramp in a full gray Armani suit, black vest, and gold tie. The crowd immediately responds in booing and jeering, his music is drowned out almost completely.

Blackfront: That man is fired! How did he get into the arena?!

Ace: Who cares! He's here! That means Wrestleshow is five-hundred percent better!

There's no doubt about it I'm one of a kind baby

I am l'artagan de coeur As you may see candy

Perfection spreads his arms out soaking in all the animosity in the arena. The camera goes to a ramp view as he begins to walk down it and Perfection starts his signature yelling and antagonizing of fans standing near the barricade.

Blackfront: They don't want you here, Perfection! You are nothing but trouble and I hope Wingate has you arrested, scum- pure scum!

Ace: Please. Without Perfection, Wingate and the UTA would be nowhere! Pfft, he MADE Dynasty powerful, that man right there is the cream of the crop!

Blackfront: ...more like the blight of the crop.

Kneel down Inhale my odor Come kiss my hand angel

dare to explode my higher ground strive to deserve me

Ma cherie

Perfection has reached the end of the ramp as the camera pans to look at Wingate who is furious and back to Perfection who just smiles making his way up into the ring. Both Wingate and the former two time UTA Champion exchange very heated words before Perfection ushers Wingate out of his way to mount a turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Are you kidding me?! How dare this nothing...this man owes everything to James Wingate show such disrespect, it makes me sick! Get out of that ring, Perfection, you don't work here anymore!

Ace: That's right, he doesn't work here! He doesn't have to listen to Wingate or a cry-baby like you!

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

Perfection spits towards some fans from the top of the turnbuckle before hopping off. He turns and faces Wingate. The music begins fading out as Perfection and Wingate stand nose to nose before the former Wildfire Champion smirks

and slouches back into the turnbuckles.

Crowd: Kick him out! Kick him out! Kick him out!

Blackfront: Yes, Please do! The crowd wants the owner to kick this cancer of UTA out of here, and he should!

Ace: Just leave him alone! He does more for UTA than you do with that headset on your head! A ringside attendant brings him a microphone. Perfection waves it off and points directly towards James Wingate saying words to each other that are better left unmentioned.

Blackfront: Perfection isn't going to speak? There must be a God!

Best asks Wingate if he should have The Machine remove Perfection, but Wingate holds a hand up. The fans continue to get rowdy but finally calm down enough we can continue. James turns to John Sektor.

Wingate: Mr. Sektor. While I am glad you could accomplish defeating the Wildfire Champion tonight, and as you know I DO have a business deal with Mr. Best here...

Blackfront: Wait... what is he doing?

Wingate: I also have an ongoing deal with Mr. Witherhold.

Blackfront: WHAT? He IS working with Dynasty?! Woods was right?

Ace: AMAZING!

The fans begin to boo. Bryan Wingate's eyes are large.

Wingate: Boo all you want, but at the end of the day.. I am a business man. Mr. Best, you can appreciate that, can't you?

Best does nod.

Wingate: Mr. Sektor, if you would...

He holds his hand out. Reluctantly, Sektor hands over the Wildfire Championship. Wingate looks at the title long and hard before continuing.

Wingate: You see... I made a mistake hiring Cancer Jiles as the commissioner. Within the first week, I saw that he wasn't cut out for the job. However, well.. I hate to admit this but I messed up. He paces a bit.

Wingate: I had the contract so iron clad, I couldn't fire him unless he went directly against my orders.

Blackfront: Sounds like a typical contract to me.

Ace: Shut up Jason, let the man speak.

Wingate: So, I reached out to Mr. Witherhold here who was unjustly suspended by Jiles and made him a deal.

Blackfront: A deal? Are you joking?

Wingate: You see, I knew Cancer wouldn't fire Perfection if I told him too. Jiles is not a stupid man. He knows how much money the UTA makes when he, or Dynasty for that matter, are in the ring.

Ace: MILLIONS!

Wingate: So he did exactly what I knew he would, and let Perfection return. James paces some more.

Wingate: Except, I knew he was going to. I told him him to.

Blackfront: Jeremiah Woods was not crazy at all! he was telling the damn truth!

Wingate: And when he did, I had the legal department sign off that I had grounds to do what I needed to have done.

He looks into the camera. Wingate: Fire Cancer Jiles. The fans boo.

Blackfront: But why is Perfection here now?!

Wingate: As for the Wildfire Championship? Perfection never lost it.

Ace: He's right! he didn't!

Wingate: And it was only right, that for our deal, I return what is rightfully his.

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: This is absurd!

James steps toward perfection who stand sup straight. he holds the title out. Perfection takes it from him, tossing it over his shoulder before shaking Wingate's hand. Bryan Wingate steps up, yelling at his uncle.

Wingate: Keep it up and you'll find yourself in the damn unemployment line!

Bryan steps back, shocked. He mouths to his uncle that he's done before he begins to pull the Security shirt off, tossing it at Perfection who watches it drift by and head over the ropes. Bryan drops down to the canvas and rolls out of the ring.

Wingate: You want to leave? Fine! I'm tired of giving you a damn hand out anyway!

Blackfront: That's family!

Ace: You don't do business with family Jason.

Bryan heads up the ramp, stomping angrily. Inside the ring, Wingate turns back to Sektor and The Machine.

Wingate: Mr. Sektor, tonight you beat a champion. Although you didn't win a title, you proved a point. You see, I am a fair man.

Ace: Yea he is!

Blackfront: I'm starting to really doubt that.

Wingate: And fair is fair. I wont give you a title shot, but I will tell you right here in front of the world, that you continue doing as well as you have and you will earn one.

Ace: See! very fair.

Sektor snarls. Best leans over and whispers in his ear before taking the mic from him and raising it up.

Best: James, that sounds fair and I'll make sure John here gets the job done.

Wingate: Great. I hope this deal with Mr. Witherhold hasn't hurt our business relationship.

Best: Not at all. I get it.

Sektor points at perfection, screaming I'm going to take that title from you! mark my words! Perfection smiles back at him. Best grabs Sektor by the shoulder and pulls him back. The fans boo and we watch The Machine file out of the ring, leaving Wingate and Perfection alone in it. James turns to Perfection.

Wingate: Tonight, The Machine wont touch you or anyone in Dynasty. You have my word. But, I meant it when I said if he earns the shot he'll get it.

Perfection mouths No problem.

Wingate: Welcome Back to the UTA Perfection.

Wingate shakes his hand once more before raising it int he air. The fans boo louder than ever before.

Blackfront: Never would I have thought I would see this day!

Ace: I love it!

Perfect Gentleman starts to play again as we fade from the ring.

Brought to You By

The beginnings of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking tonight to capture a win over Abdul bin Hussain who beat him before, the first time they had met in the ring.

Ace: Haynes just looking to make a fool out of himself even more, is more like it.

Will begins to walk down the aisle, nod his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

Announcer: Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes is ready.

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.

Blackfront: Here comes the butcher of Basra, who is still Rafiqless.

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing between his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

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

Slowly they walk down the ramp way, taking in the boos. They 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 exits out of the ring.

Blackfront: This is going to be a hell of a match!

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena. Ace: I don't like saying Abdul bin Hussain is going to win, but his opponent is Will Haynes. how can he not?

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell. Will Haynes and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet here in Augusta.

The fans continue to chant USA! as Abdul snarls. Will Haynes takes it in, pumping his hand in the air for them to get louder.

Ace: Hey dummy.. the love the USA, not you!

Abdul bin Hussain drops to his knees in front of Will Haynes, throws his arms to the side and stares to the sky, praying to the almighty Allah. The fans cheers turn to deafening boos.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain replying in his own way.

Arms still out, Hussain closes his fist. They begin to shake as Hussain brings his arms in, elbows almost touching the sides of his rib cage. He then raises up and leads off with right fist to the chin of Will Haynes.

Blackfront: Hussain following up with another right to the face of The THRILL.

Ace: The former champion coming out strong.

Will Haynes throws an arm up to block Abdul's next punch, and returns back with his own, followed by more. Both men then begin exchanging fist. With each punch landed by The THRILL,

the crowd pops with excitement.

Blackfront: Both men trading intense rights and lefts.

Ace: It's a flurry of fist Jason!

At the same time, both men move forward. Abdul bin Hussain attempts a clothesline, and Will Haynes ducks under. Both men take a couple steps forward and turn. As they face each other, both leap with a standing dropkick.

Blackfront: Double dropkick!

Ace: If either could have had the idea themselves, and would have connected, that could have been a match changer. But as it is, they are keeping it even.

Blackfront: Both men looking to bring it to the other here tonight.

As they both push up, the two men look each other up and down, before jetting toward opposite ropes.

Blackfront: Both men off the ropes.

They return. Hussain ducks down as Will Haynes leap frogs over him. Both continue to the ropes again.

Blackfront: Off the ropes again. Will Haynes drops to the canvas.

Abdul bin Hussain leaps over him, slowing down and stopping in a few steps. As he turns, Haynes pushes him self up and leaps with another drop kick, this time connecting. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Haynes with the drop kick that connects.

Ace: These fans don't care that it's Haynes, they just don't like Abdul.

Hussain rolls over and begins to push himself up as Haynes gets to his. Haynes comes forward and grabs the neck of a bent over Hussain, twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Spinning neckbreaker by the former Legacy Champion!

Ace: The fans here in Augusta are loving it.

Will Haynes quickly returns to his feet. He uses his hands to cup his mouth and lets out a yell to the crowd who returns with loud cheers. As he turns, Abdul bin Hussain is on his knees. Will Haynes grabs his left arm, steps in and spins around, then leans in and rolls back, pinning Hussain's shoulders.

Blackfront: Oklahoma Roll!

Ace: You don't see that every day.

The referee drops and begins to count. Abdul bin Hussain struggles.

Blackfront: The THRILL looking to end it now.

Ace: Nope.

Hussain is able to kick out at two. As he breaks away from Will Haynes, Abdul slides out of the ring to the floor. Haynes rolls over and up to his knees, watching his opponent standing outside. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain re-evaluating his attack plan.

Ace: This is a dangerous situation. You let Abdul bin Hussain take a break like this, he comes up with more ways to hurt you.

Hussain holds his hands on his hips and his sister Nazirah come over, trying to check on him. Hussain pulls away, turning toward his sister and pointing down at the ground for her to look. Blackfront: Oh come on.

Ace: He's frustrated.

Inside the ring, Will Haynes is up. He looks to the outside where Nazirah is walking over to the time keeper's area to sit down. Hussain yells something inaudible to them then turns back toward the ring. As he does, his eyes widen at the sight of Will Haynes soaring over the top rope.

Blackfront: Haynes cleared the top rope.

Ace: Look! It's a flying idiot!

Haynes crashes down and Abdul crumbles to the floor. The THRILL, rolls up and over off of him from the momentum of the crash, landing near the barrier, holding his midsection and kicking his feet.

Blackfront: He is a risk taker, but the risk paid off.

Ace: Why couldn't he have landed on his neck?

Will Haynes grabs the top of the barrier and uses it to begin pulling himself up. Abdul bin Hussain crawls toward the ramp. Haynes looks over, still disoriented, but alert.

Blackfront: The THRILL needs to get back in the ring.

Will Haynes looks at Abdul, then takes off in a sprint toward him. Hussain, on his hands and knees, looks to his left to see Will Haynes coming. He springs up from a crawling position, and catches Will Haynes, grabbing the top of his head and dropping down so that Haynes's jaw connects with the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: Haynes got cocky.

Will Haynes holds his jaw and stumbles backward. Abdul bin Hussain kneels down. From inside the ring, the referee continues his count.

Blackfront: If Abdul gets in the ring before the count is over and Will Haynes does not, we will have a winner here.

Abdul stands up. He walks over to the ring, and rolls in under the bottom rope. Outside, Will Haynes begins to shake off the effects of his jaw meeting the top of his opponent's head.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now rolling back to the outside.

Ace: This can't be good for Haynes.

Hussain yells and runs toward Will Haynes. Haynes bends down, catches him, and lifts. Abdul crashes down across chairs behind the barrier as fans quickly jump out of the way.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain sent over that barricade and into the crowd.

Ace: The fans getting their money's worth tonight.

The fans are cheering and screaming. Some are trying to touch Will Haynes as he crosses over the barrier and heads toward Hussain.

Blackfront: THRILL pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet and dragging him back to the barrier. He tosses Hussain back over before crossing over again himself.

Blackfront: The THRILL in control and the fans are loving it.

Will Haynes rolls Abdul bin Hussain into the ring before sliding in himself.

Blackfront: Haynes may be looking to finish this match here while Hussain is still feeling the effects of being thrown into those chairs.

Will Haynes brings down a boot to the knee of Hussain, followed by another.

Blackfront: Will Haynes weakening those knees of Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: He knows he can't just pin Hussain now without making sure he won't be able to kick out.

Blackfront: I'm unsure he is looking to pin Hussain as he lifts his legs.

Will Haynes steps in, crossing Abdul's legs and twisting over into a sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Submission maneuver.

Ace: Is Will Haynes going to make him tap?!

Blackfront: He applies pressure. Hussain desperately reaching for the ropes, but he just can't get there!

Nazirah quickly leaps up, running over to the ring. She quickly grabs the ropes and pulls herself to the apron.

Blackfront: Oh, come on!

Ace: Rafiq may not be here, but Nazirah distracting the referee for Abdul.

The referee quickly rushes over and begins yelling at Rafiq to get down. Behind him, Abdul bin Hussain begins to tap out.

Blackfront: Haynes HAS DONE IT! Haynes HAS DONE IT! HUSSAIN TAPS OUT!

Ace: NO! Jason, the referee is distracted!

The fans begin booing at an incredible level. The referee goes to turn around but Nazirah grabs his shoulder to stop him. Haynes leans back, retching the legs of Hussain who continues to tap. Blackfront: The referee needs to turn around!

Haynes lets Hussain go and gets up, turning to see what the issue is. He quickly runs over and begins yelling for the referee to pay attention. He yells at Nazirah who leaps from the apron back to the floor.

Blackfront: Now get back and end this THRILL.

Ace: The damage is done, he just needs to make the pin.

Will Haynes turns and heads back over to Hussain who is laying on his stomach. As The THRILL stands over Hussain, he reaches down. However, Abdul quickly crawls on his elbows behind The THRILL.

Blackfront: Hussain moves.

As Will Haynes turns around, Abdul bin Hussain gets to his knees and reaches back. he pushes up, grabbing the head of Will Haynes, and twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from Hussain!

Ace: Where was he able to pull that out from?!

Abdul leans back on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the heavens of Allah. The fans can't stand it and they verbally show their frustration.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah as the entire arena continues to yell.

Hussain drops down and crawls backwards, rolling to the outside of the ring. He yells for his sister to get back to her seat.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain doesn't care that she is the reason he is still in this.

Blackfront: Hussain taking a breather, but I agree. he should be taking advantage of the situation and not yelling at Nazirah.

Abdul is seen testing his leg strength, making sure permanent damage wasn't done by the sharpshooter before turning back and heading toward the ring where Will Haynes is starting to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Taking that time outside of the ring, may have just cost Abdul bin Hussain this match.

Ace: I'm not complaining.

Hussain walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the apron watching Will Haynes as he heads toward the ropes. Haynes leans over the ropes, yelling for Hussain to get in the ring. Blackfront: The THRILL wanting Hussain to bring himself back into the ring and fight.

Hussain gets a wild look in his eye before running across the apron. However, Haynes quickly moves back into the ring and away as Hussain stops himself. Abdul enters back into the ring. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain was looking to hit his Pray to Allah off of the apron, but Will Haynes quick thinking may have saved him.

Ace: It was about to be lights out for Haynes.

Blackfront: Will Haynes meeting Hussain with rights and lefts now. Hussain blocks.. fires back with his own blows. Abdul now with a boot to the gut of Haynes...

He takes off to the ropes.

Blackfront: Hussain on the return... Leaps up...

Haynes moves out of the way again, causing Abdul to stop in mid stride, bringing his leg down. Haynes quickly spins around and grabs Abdul by the head and neck, bending him backward before rolling through with a cutter.

Blackfront: HE HIT IT! I've heard rumblings that Will Haynes would be introducing a move to his arsenal and he has! The THRILL RIDE!

Haynes quickly floats over and covers Hussain, lifting his leg as the referee slides into place and begins his count.

Ace: No way Will Haynes is about to pin the former champion... The referee's hand hits for a third time and the bell begins to sound. Blackfront: He just did!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... WILL... THE THRILL.... HAAAYYYNNNEESS!!!

Haynes pushes up, his arm being hoisted into the air by the referee.

Blackfront: Will Haynes, the former Legacy Champion, now getting a win over Abdul bin Hussain putting them at one and one!

The fans cheer as Haynes continues to celebrate.

Al Has Taken Over

The scene cuts backstage to the long winding corridors of the James Brown Arena in Augusta, Georgia, following the form of 2 Badass For A Name before they come to a stop in front of a set of vending machines.

Fears: Thanks again, MJ. That trip was definitely what I needed.

2C: Yeah, good times.

Fears: Good to see she is doing well. Hey, so you want MUG Root Beer or A&W?

2C: ...You know I don't soda.

Fears turns from the vending machine and tilts her head at her.

Fears: So, MUG?

2C: Water, Zhalia.

Fears: Pft. What fun is that?

She pulls out a crisp ten dollar bill and flattens it even more, before attempting to slide it into the retrieving mechanism. Unfortunately it spits it back out. So she once again flattens it, wrapping it up against the corner of the machine and making sure no folds exist to try again.

Fears: Dang machine. So, after I got home I went back to the Victory stream to, you know, re-watch our match and see where things went wrong. What we can do different and all that, right? 2C: Right. But it's not necessarily what we didn't do or what they did. Team Danger just had it that night. Won't always be the case.

Fears: Yeah!

She stops her attempts and wraps an arm over 2c's shoulder and smiles.

Fears: That is one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions of the Forevers, speaking here people! Passersbyer's just continue on, a few giving notice while Fears puts the ten back in her pocket and tries a five dollar bill.

Fears: Anywho... You said you were going to show the rest of the mouth breathers why you two are at the top of the heap.

2C: Yeah...?

Fears: Not that I disagree!

She smiles and finally the five dollar bill slid in with that ever so satisfying sound in return knowing the thirst would soon be quenched. She hit the Dasani button.

Fears: It is just that, well this is new to me. You know. I know it is rather new to you as well. We came from similar backgrounds. Spent our fair share of being a fan, being a family member, and being an outright kickass wrestler.

She pulls the Dasani water bottle out and tosses it to 2C.

Fears: So I get it. I am a mouth breather, right?

2C: I didn't say --

Fears: So, okay then. I can fix that. I never really saw the need but I can certainly do it. I will go buy one after tonight's show.

2C: Buy one of what?

Fears: A mask, silly!

That causes The Second Coming to take a step back while twisting off the bottle's cap.

2C: Zhalia, that isn't... I mean that's not what I meant.

Fears: Do not worry Friend Raven. We shall defeat the evil that lurks in that which you call the heap.

2C: Raven?

She set her hand on her shoulder after giving her Teen Titans impression and ignoring her friend's look.

Fears: I wonder what type works best for non-mouth breathing? Sanguine? Face? Full-on hood? Or-

2C: Zhalia.

She stops her friend mid-thought.

2C: That isn't what I meant. There's a certain type of wrestling fan, and wrestler - beyond labels, they either get it or they don't. The ones who don't understand how me and Eddie work as a team

- they don't get it. That's the kind'a person that we mean by 'mouth breathers'.

Somewhat taken back Zhalia hits the A&W button, when it doesn't work she hits the MUG Root Beer button. Both failing to dispatch her delicious beverage.

Fears: Oh, I see. Well you both kick booty, dear. But do I need a special type of mask for this non-mouth breathing that only you two have?

The Second Coming rests her palm over her left eye and forehead smirking beneath her mask, glad that her friend seems back to normal.

2C: Whatever you want.

Fears: I want my root beer but the Gods have deemed it not so tonight. I wonder if anybody will be brawling back here tonight? Break the machine. Get my Root Beer. Profit.

2C: We'll talk later, Zhalia.

She starts off down the hall as Zhalia's phone kicks into the X-Men: Saturday Morning Animated Series intro, which serves as her ringtone. Zhalia pulls it from her pocket and hits the talk key.

Fears: Pizza Hut [pause] Petey! [pause] Just glaring down an evil machine of the vending. [pause] Yep, holding my flavor hostage. [pause] Hey! It is healthy! Root Beer is a food group. [pause]

Suddenly the machine kicks into life, rods spiral forward and drops both Root Beers down to the slot much to her glee. She pulls them both out and starts skipping her way down the corridor.

Fears: Yay! thanks Petey [pause] So guess what! They released a new patch to the Hexxit mod. New dungeons and loot. [pause] Yep! A new enemy has surfaced in Minecraftia. Time for the Dark Elf & the Magic Robot Wizard's Excellent Adventure's to continue. [pause] Glad you returned my call though. [pause] Well I was thinking, Avengers: Age of Ultron is finally here-

The scene cut out to elsewhere as she continues down the hall towards a destination unknown.

Brought to You By

We Find Out... Next

We quickly come back from commercial to see the UTA Legacy champion on his way through the backstage area. He has his title around his waist proudly.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca on his way to the ring for a big one on one showdown with Chris Hopper.

Ace: The champ has a target on his back, Jason. Tonight is going to be a true test in his first title defense.

The Luchador continues down the hallway as cameras continue to follow his movements. Blackfront: Can the champion retain his title tonight? We know Chris Hopper is going to give Blanca his best.

Ace: Sometimes your best just isn't good enough, Jason.

The cameras cut to Ace and Blackfront by ringside. The fans behind them are excited for the upcoming match.

Ace: Chris Hopper has his work cut out for him tonight. The Luchador is going to go above and beyond to keep his Legacy title.

Blackfront: Will we see a new Legacy Champion? Or will La Flama Blanca end Chris Hopper's hopes for UTA gold? We find out... NEXT!

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!

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his Dynasty apparel, his UTA Legacy and Tag Team Championship title belts stacked on his waist. He stops, putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca defending his Legacy Championship tonight. But the Ace in his sleeve has be the fact that perfection is back!

Ace: Tonight is the greatest night of my life Jason! Sean Jackson retains his title..

Blackfront: By using a damn chair!

Ace: Perfection returns and his given back what is rightfully his, and now, La Flama Blanca will beat this big idiot to retain the Legacy Championship! Dynasty is on a hot streak tonight!

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Twenty pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is one half of the UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, HE IS THE UTA LEGACY CHAMPION... MR. MAIN EVENT, LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The Luchador puts his arms in the air.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Blackfront: These fans letting La Flama Blanca know what they think of his here tonight in

Augusta.

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo. He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes of his belts and handing them to the referee. Blackfront: Legacy Title Action about to be underway!

Ace: It's a great time to be alive!

The fans stomp their feet as the bell sounds. Both men stand, staring at each other. Blackfront: When these two first met, it was a match that rivaled David versus Goliath. Since then, La Flama Blanca has been on a path that has placed him solely on top of the UTA. Can

Chris Hopper be the one who knocks him off? Will we see Chris Hopper tonight become not only the new Legacy Champion, but the pinnacle of the UTA?

Ace: Simple answer Jason... no. Both men step closer.

Blackfront: At any time this could explode.

Hopper can be seen mouthing to Blanca that This isn't him and that He can change.

Blackfront: Hopper trying to get through to La Flama Blanca

La Flama Blanca places his hands on his hips and takes a few steps to the side. Hopper walks up behind him, placing his hand on his shoulder. The camera moves in close enough we can hear him.

Hopper: Blanca... Dynasty is not you. You're a good person... Please... listen to me.

La Flama Blanca moves away from hopper, his body language showing that of a man conflicted.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper trying to make La Flama Blanca see the light.

Ace: Don't listen to him!

La Flama Blanca turns to Hopper, looking up at him. Hopper extends his hand. The fans scream and cheer.

Blackfront: Did Hopper get through to him? I think he has!

Ace: No... no.. no... NO!

La Flama Blanca looks at Chris' hand, and then out to the crowd on his left, before looking to his right. They cheer loudly.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca may have seen the light!

La Flama Blanca does it. He reaches out and grasp the hand of Chris Hopper, shaking it. The fans explode.

Blackfront: HE HAS! LA FLAMA BLANCA IS BACK!

Ace: OH COME ON!

The fans continue to rumble and cheer. Hopper smiles huge, bringing La Flama Blanca in for a hug.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are witnessing something nobody ever thought we would! La Flama Blanca has seen the error of his ways!

They let go of the embrace and Hopper moves to beside La Flama Blanca holding his arm up. The fans get on their feet.

Fans: Thank you Blanca.. CLAP CLAP CLAP... Thank you Hopper... CLAP CLAP CLAP.

Blackfront: The fans here in Augusta are witnessing history.

As they break away from each other, Hopper walks toward the ropes and along side of them, clapping in excitement. La Flama Blanca holds one arm up, taking in the fan's cheers. He clinches his fist with power.

Blackfront: We may not get to see a Legacy title match tonight, but we are seeing something more earth shattering!

Ace: I'm going to be sick!

Hopper continues to celebrate his achievement, turning and heading back toward La Flama Blanca who turns his head back to see him. He then rotates his head back forward before bringing his arm down. Hopper moves closer. Suddenly, La Flama Blanca, spins around and shoots forward, throwing his leg up higher than he has ever before, catching Chris Hopper right in the jaw with his foot. Hopper's arms fly out and he falls back and to the canvas like a tree falling in the

woods.

Blackfront: NO! THAT SONOFABITCH WAS LYING!

Ace: I KNEW IT!

The fans begin to rumble and the arena shakes as the boos come in. Pieces of trash begin to fly as La Flama Blanca looks down at Chris Hopper, holding his jaw. Blanca tilts his head to the side before aiming his pointer finger down at Hopper before bending it in and extending his middle finger, while bending his wrist upward.

Blackfront: What a disgrace!

La Flama Blanca paces a foot onto Hopper's chest and yells for the referee to Do his damn job. Blackfront: The official dropping to his knees and counting. This is just... I have no words for it. Ace: I do... AWESOME.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a second time before he raises it, bringing it down for the final count. However, before it hits. Hopper throws an arm up. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Hopper not out of this one yet.

La Flama Blanca stomps toward the referee who gets up, placing his hands up and trying to motion that it was only two. Behind him, Chris Hopper rolls over and pushes up to one knee, holding his jaw.

Blackfront: Hopper to a knee.

Blanca turns and sees him. In a fit of rage and anger, he shoots forward, throwing his leg out again. This time catching Hopper as he is down lower.

Blackfront: Oh come on! Another Estupendo kick by the Legacy Champion.

Ace: YES!

The fans continue to boo loudly as La Flama Blanca leaps over, covering Hopper and motioning for the referee to count. The referee drops down and begins to count again.

Blackfront: Blanca with a pin...

At two, Hopper throws Blanca up and off of him. The fans cheer loudly.

Blackfront: Hopper not out yet!

Ace: Stay down you idiot!

Chris sits up, turning and pushing up to his feet. Hopper twist around as La Flama Blanca quickly rolls up to his feet. He moves to the right as he turns around, maneuvering behind Hopper. Chris quickly swings his right arm out as he twist around.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using his quickness here and the fact that Hopper is moving slower than usual after two Estupendo kicks... Ducks the arm of Chris Hopper.

As he ducks, Hopper's momentum takes him off balance for just a moment which is long enough for La Flama Blanca to leap up and twist around with a spinning heel kick, catching Chris Hopper in the stomach.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Blanca.

Ace: Kick him in the face again!

Chris is sent stumbling back just a hair as La Flama Blanca takes off again. He hits the ropes and returns. Chris hopper throws a boot up, but La Flama Blanca does a baseball slide under his leg and leaps up quickly. As Chris Hopper brings his foot down, La Flama Blanca jumps up and throws a leg behind him, kicking Chris Hopper in the behind.

Chris stumbles forward.

Blackfront: Blanca the healthy man here, able to out maneuver the much larger Chris Hopper.

Ace: This is why he is champion Jason! La Flama Blanca takes off again.

Blackfront: Blanca off the ropes. Hopper regains his balance. Turns around.. Blanca leaps... La Flama Blanca throws both legs out and catches Chris Hopper in the gut. Chris is sent stumbling backward again. He catches himself in the ropes.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion in full control of this match.

Ace: I love it!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca runs...

La Flama Blanca leaps up at the very moment Chris Hopper moves to the side, holding the top rope, and pulling it down with him. La Flama Blanca flies out of the ring. As he comes down, he violently hits the side of the commentator's table. His body is jolted back, and Blanca twist over and down to the ground, holding his body in pain.

Blackfront: Oh my God. La Flama Blanca may be hurt. he hit the side our table here with a lot of force.

Ace: NO! ARE YOU OK?! GET UP!

Blackfront: This could be what Chris Hopper needs to turn this match around.

Chris Hopper quickly exits to the apron and jumps down to floor before heading toward La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Hopper pulling La Flama Blanca to his feet now.

Chris slams La Flama Blanca's head into the side of the table before twisting him around and moving forward, rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Hopper now pulling himself to the apron, to get back into the ring himself as this match continues.

Chris Hopper steps into the ring and heads over to LFB. Hopper bends down, pulling him up before he reaches out, grabs La Flama Blanca's left arm, and uses it to send him across the ring. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent toward the ropes.

As La Flama Blanca hits the ropes, Chris bends down to catch him. However, La Flama Blanca, keeping his right arm tucked in, jumps up and literally rolls across the back of Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: No! Blanca still able to counter.

Ace: Because he is the greatest! The fans boo.

Blackfront: Hopper back up and turns. La Flama Blanca with a kick... caught by Chris Hopper! As Chris holds Blanca's leg, he leaps on one before jumping up and spinning around.

Blackfront: ENZIGURI!!!

Ace: YES! KNOCK HIS TEETH OUT!

The crack of la Flama Blanca's foot hitting the side of Chris Hopper's head can be heard loud as Hopper is sent down to one leg. Protecting his right arm, La Flama Blanca gets up again. He takes a few steps away, turns, and runs at Chris Hopper, leaping up and throwing his legs around Chris' neck.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to go for a hurricarrana...

As Blanca leans back, Chris places his arms up and grabs the back of La Flama Blanca. He rises up to his feet, and lifts Blanca into a power bomb position. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: It looks like La Flama Blanca is about to go for a ride here!

Ace: Please, somebody do something!

Chris, still holding La Flama Blanca, starts running forward. However, La Flama Blanca leans forward himself, and with the agility he has, is able to thrust himself over Chris Hopper's head. He slides down, head first, and although it causes him enormous pain, throws both arms around the waist of Chris Hopper. La Flama Blanca's throws his legs back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca going for some form of a sunset flip into a powerbomb on Chris Hopper!!!!

His feet just hit the mat, and La Flama Blanca is just arched, still holding Hopper's waist. Chris pries his hands apart, and La Flama Blanca collapses to the mat.

Blackfront: And he fails! The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now lifting La Flama Blanca back up.

He puts La Flama Blanca's head between his legs, grabs his waist and lifts.

Blackfront: Blanca up again. Hopper forward.. he tosses him!!! POWERBOMB!

La Flama Blanca's arms go straight out as his upper back hits the canvas hard. Not wanting to waste any time, Hopper leaps down and covers La Flama Blanca as the fans get on their feet and cheer.

Blackfront: THIS ONE IS OVER! WE HAVE A NEW LEGACY CHAMPION!

Ace: NO!

The referee moves into position and begins his count. However, La Flama Blanca is able to throw his legs up and to the side enough, his shoulder comes off of the canvas. The fans boo.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca somehow able to kick out at two!

Ace: Because he is the greatest of all time Jason!

Chris pushes his way to his feet. La Flama Blanca, still in a lot of pain rolls over and begins to crawl toward the ropes. Chris Hopper steps forward and reaches down. He grabs La Flama Blanca by the waist and lifts him up, displaying his power.

Blackfront: Belly to back here by Chris Hopper. Hopper lifts... German Suplex!

Ace: What happened to Hopper being nice to Blanca?!

Blackfront: He ruined that when he decided to kick Chris not once but two times with the

Estupendo kick!

La Flama Blanca seems to be out. Chris Hopper once again, turns over and moves up covering La Flama Blanca. The referee drops.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper looking to end this one again and become the Legacy Champion... However, La Flama Blanca is somehow able to get his leg up and on the ropes. The referee stops his count and gets to his knees pointing. Chris just looks over and snarls

Blackfront: Even Chris Hopper can't believe that La Flama Blanca is still in this.

Ace: Because he's a big, dumb, ogre. That's why.

Chris puts his hands up as he stands up, and takes a step back. The fans begin to chant for Hopper.

Blackfront: These fans behind Chris Hopper here tonight folks.

La Flama Blanca begins to get up, his body in pain, his arm still hurt. As he is almost up, Chris Hopper runs toward him.

Blackfront: Running knee lifted by Chris Hopper, catching La Flama Blanca in the face!

Ace: Not his face!

Blackfront: It's OK Tommy, he already wears a mask.

La Flama Blanca is sent backwards into the corner post. Chris Hopper grabs the top rope and begins using them to thrust his shoulder into the chest and mid section of La Flama Blanca. Blackfront: Chris Hopper now lifting La Flama Blanca up, sitting him on the top turnbuckle.

Ace: WHY IS NO ONE DOING SOMETHING?!

Blackfront: Why don't you get in there and save him?

Ace: Umm.. you need me out here.

Blackfront: Sure I do.

Chris Hopper begins to climb up. He wraps his arm around the neck of La Flama Blanca, and hooks his tights.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper going for a superplex here...

He starts to lift La Flama Blanca, falling backward and to the canvas. As they hit, the ring shakes and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: SUPERPLEX BY CHRIS HOPPER!

The fans go insane. Hopper rolls over, lifting Blanca up with him as he stands.

Blackfront: Big time impact move by Chris Hopper, may be looking to his the Ice Breaker.... He grabs Blanca's arm and sends him toward the ropes. However, the referee is in the way and Blanca slams hard into him. Both men twist around, falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: Oh no! the referee is down!

Hopper's eyes grow large as he runs his hand through his hair, shocked.

Blackfront: Hopper more than likely was about to his the Ice Breaker and become the new legacy Champion! Now, the referee is down!

Chris quickly heads over to check on the referee, unable to believe what just happen. Perfect Gentleman by Helloween begins to play.

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

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

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

Ace: YES! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Blackfront: OF COURSE HE IS!

Perfection stops at the top of the stage as Hopper raises up and turns around seeing him. Suddenly, he takes off, dropping to the canvas and sliding under the ropes before heading up the ramp.

Blackfront: Perfection looks ready as Hopper charges up the ramp...

Suddenly, from the crowd, we see someone jump over the barricade and leap right into the side of Chris Hopper, taking him down to the steel grate of the rampway before mounting him, sending heavy rights and lefts.

Blackfront: MY LORD! MY LORD! THAT'S CBR! CBR IS BACK!

Ace: DYNASTY IS WHOLE AGAIN!

Perfection watches on from the ramp as CBR stands up, bringing Chris Hopper up with him to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR and Chris Hopper last met at Seasons Beatings. Shortly after he took a leave of absence to take care of some personal demons. Now he is back!

Ace: I told you Jason! This is the best day of my life!

At the top of the ramp, the UTA World Champion Sean Jackson emerges. He walks down and past Perfection, who begins to follow him down the ramp toward where CBR is directing Hopper back toward the ring.

Blackfront: CBR sending Hopper's head into that barricade. Now forward and hard into the the corner turnbuckle.

Ace: The best thing about this is Hopper has made no friends! There is nobody to save him! Inside the ring, La Flama Blanca has pushed up to his hands and knees before sitting up on just his knees, watching in enjoyment as outside of the ring Perfection and Sean Jackson each grab an arm of Chris Hopper, holding him on his knees as CBR stands in front of him.

Blackfront: CBR said that it wasn't over between him and Hopper and tonight he is cashing in on that statement!

CBR grabs the jaw of Chris Hopper, yelling at him before letting go and stepping back. He unzips the black hoodie he is wearing and from inside of it pulls out a steel pipe raising it high as the crowd boos.

Blackfront: What is he going to do with that?

Ace: Something amazing Jason!

As Jackson and Perfection hold him, CBR comes forward with the pipe, slamming it down right into the forehead of Chris Hopper. Instantly a crimson river begins to flow and the Dynasty members drop him to the floor. The referee, whom has come too, has no clue what is going on and from a laying position begins to call for the bell. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper has been screwed tonight ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: Screwed? How? HE knocked out the referee with La Flama Blanca!

The referee, who has rolled out of the ring, makes his way over to the time keeper's table as the three members of Dynasty enter the ring to join a now standing La Flama Blanca.

Announcer: The referee has determined that this match has ended in a no contest! STILL UTA Legacy Champion... LA FLAAAAAMMMAAA.... BLAAAANNCCAAA!!!

Blackfront: This is just terrible. A three on one assault after the match Hopper just had with La Flama Blanca. How the hell is this fair?

Ace: Well, the guy is almost seven feet tall...

Blackfront: What the hell does that matter? This is just not right!

Dynasty celebrates in the ring, all four men holding one closed fist in the air as the fans boo and more trash is thrown.

Blackfront: What a scene, echoing what we saw just one year ago right before Black Horizon. Dynasty stands tall as a singular unit. Is there anybody who will be able to oppose them?

Ace: Not a chance Jason. Not a chance.

The copyright comes up before we fade to black.

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