

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 38

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** May 18, 2015

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

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

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

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on Pure Sports Entertainment. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: We're coming to you LIVE from Detroit, Michigan!

Ace: Joe Louis Arena is going to be rocking tonight, Jason!

Blackfront: Things are getting scorching hot as we proceed closer and closer to Black Horizon. Ace: Dynasty is back at full strength, The Machine is poking the UTA, new faces and the big wigs are finalizing the Ring King Tournament Brackets, very exciting times.

Blackfront: Absolutely... You all remember last year at Black Horizon when we saw history. Madman winning the UTA Championship, The Spectre making his return and then Madman having a heart attack. Expect nothing less this time around!

Ace: The AT&T Arena has no idea what it's in store for!

Blackfront: After tonight's program goes off the air there will only be one show before the big Pay Per View.

Ace: UTA has no time for breaks! We keep on rolling!

Blackfront: Let's not forget about tonight's show, Tommy! Another action packed show!

Ace: Tell me about it! Kicking us off is John Sektor facing Ruster Reno, my thinking... this won't take Sektor too long.

The pictures of Reno and Sektor disappear as quick as they appeared. Marie Van Claudio, Blackbeard, Abdul bin Hussain and Chris Hopper are shown in their respective matches.

Blackfront: Making her return to the UTA is Marie Van Claudio as she takes on the "Pirate King" Blackbeard in singles competition.

Ace: MVC better have had her Wheaties and a ton of milk. Blackbeard is going to look to make her walk the plank.

Blackfront: We will see... Also in action we will see Abdul bin Hussain go one on one with Chris Hopper. That match is sure to be a classic.

Ace: Classic good guy versus bad guy in this one. Hopper has the size and strength but Hussain will do whatever it takes to walk out with the victory.

Blackfront: A match where anything can happen... also Zhalia Fears gets a shot at the UTA World Champion in non title action as she takes on Sean Jackson, here on Wrestleshow.

Cameras moves back to the crowd and find their way to the UTA Big Screen where a UTA logo is pulsing.

Ace: Fears has a big challenge in front of her but the Champ is going to get victorious. Blackfront: Then in our Main Event... a Fatal Four Way for the UTA Tag Team Championship Titles... The Tag Team of The Damned face WTF, The Spawn and Team Danger.

Ace: Good times here in the UTA!

Blackfront: Let's get this thing started, Tommy! WRESTLESHOW IS LIVE!

She's Back!

We see Marie Van Claudio walking into the Joe Lewis Arena with her rolling bag behind her. Employees are looking at her as this could mean trouble again with her. Just then, Jennifer Williams comes up and greets her back.

Williams: Marie! Welcome back to the UTA!

Marie looks up and rolls her eyes through her tinted glasses as she looks down.

Claudio: YOU AGAIN! I swear, why the hell you have to be the backstage interviewer that has to bother me all the time. Don't you have anything else to do, like talk to freaking Zhalia Fears. She would like the company from you!

Jennifer looks at her as Marie keeps on walking away, but she catches up to her.

Williams: I just want a word with you, but I noticed that Preston Stuart, your manager and your husband are not here with you. Where is he?

Marie turns around.

Claudio: Is THAT what you want to know about? You want to know about the gossip of Preston and I? If you want to know, Preston and I are "separated", that's what we are. Not going into details and quite frankly, it's none of your business!

Marie walks away again, but Williams comes up as she again asks her another question. Williams: I also want to know your thoughts on your first match since All Or Nothing coming up since that was the last time we've seen you.

Marie stops in her tracks again as she turns around

Claudio: You want my thoughts on me coming back right? I said this before and I will say it again. It feels DAMN good to be back in UTA, but need to remind you something. I'm not going to be the same MVC that everyone's seen before.

Williams looks at her as she raises her microphone, but Marie cuts her off.

Claudio: This time around, things are going to be different with me. I aborted the "first lady of the UTA" because that was just a homage to what I was able to do. This time around, I'm going to display a side that nobody has seen before and it starts with Blackbeard.....TONIGHT!

Williams: Oh, I'm excited for what is- Marie cuts her off.

Claudio: Or maybe I should start this side off...RIGHT NOW if you don't get out of my face! Jennifer runs as Marie walks to her locker room with the bag rolling as we fade out.

Confrontation

The arena is buzzing for the start of the show. A few signs litter the audience, celebrating heroes new and old as a sense of excitement is in the air around the new direction of the UTA and the final Wrestleshow before Black Horizon and the Ring King tournament.

Blackfront: What a night we have ahead.

Ace: Yeah, we're gonna see La Flama Blanca single handedly defend the tag team titles!

Blackfront: Come on now Tommy...

Jason Blackfront is interrupted as the audience explodes into a chorus of cheers as soon as the opening riff of 'Promontory' hits the PA system. The coarse violin repeats itself, and from backstage the new Prodigy Champion, Lamond Alexander Robertson emerges, the title over his shoulder and a bright smile across his face. LAR wears a UTA Black Horizon t-shirt, blue jeans

and black and yellow trainers as he walks out onto the stage, unable to help himself from raising his arms into the air and shouting inaudibly over the music at the audience.

Blackfront: Here he is! The new Prodigy Champion, and what a match we witnessed last week on Victory!

Ace: It was a good match Jason, but Robertson knows his days are numbered with that belt. I can't wait to see the Machine teach this cocky kid a lesson!

Blackfront: Cocky? You know that's the least appropriate word to describe him. Besides, aren't you a Dynasty guy?

Ace: I am...I...I was...I. He beat a has been for that title. Let me know when he does something important!

Robertson moves down the ramp, slapping hands with fans and stopping to shake the hand of a man leaning over the railings. He whispers a few words with the man and shares what seems like a joke, before moving to the other side of the ramp and shaking another few outstretched hands. A young boy's arm is reaching out from his father's arms and LAR takes the title, putting it in the boy's hands and pointing to the camera, motioning for the kid to pretend he's the champ. The father thanks LAR who grins, taking the title back and ruffling the kid's hair before races to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to his feet.

Blackfront: Robertson, such a character here in the UTA, was able to beat three great competitors to win a shot at Ron Hall, and then he managed to beat a Hall of Famer and former World Champion!

Ace: You have to wonder what would have happened though if Ron had used "Harley" like Lady Gaze was trying to get him to.

A replay of the finish from Victory is shown where Ron refuses to use the mallet Lady Gaze attempts to give him and LAR is able to nail Ron with the Clansedge to win the belt.

Ace: Could have been a whole different ballgame if Hall just did what he had to do! Robertson almost sprints to the turnbuckle, leaping up onto the second rope and holding the Prodigy Title aloft in his hands. The crowd pops, as he looks over the sea of faces, pointing at

individuals and then at the belt as if to motion it's theirs as well. After a few moments, LAR comes down back to the mat. He drops to one knee and does the sign of the cross, before kissing a necklace he retrieves from beneath his shirt and getting back to his feet. Robertson takes a mic from outside the ring, sharing a few pleasant words with the ring hand and moving to the center of the ring.

Lamond raises the mic and shakes his head.

LAR: What a week, hey UTAAverse?

The crowd pops again, cheers and a chant starting... "WELL DONE LAR; WELL DONE LAR!"

Lamond folds his arms, taking in the applause, the smile widening on his face as he nods, looking across the fans. He lifts the belt into the air and points out, slowly circling in the ring.

LAR: Aye, guys...

He launches up against the ropes and shouts

LAR: We Did It!!!

Holding the belt Above his head to another pop and LAR laughs with the crowd, enjoying the moment.

LAR: What a week indeed! First, we got to meet a true legend last week in Dr. Emo. Then We got to fight a true legend in Ron Hall and won this!

He points to the belt again to more cheers, before letting it sit back on his shoulder.

LAR: And then it's been confirmed just today guys - the Claymore's Hilt has officially entered the Ring King tournament against Lew Smith!

Lamond turns facing the other side of the arena, looking around the audience and slowly walking to the center of the ring.

LAR: Apart from my son being born and the moment I married my Emily, this has been the proudest, greatest week of my life - and I have the UTA and all of you to thank for that. So, thank you. Aye, thank you.

A few members of the audience shout thank you back, but a chant doesn't break out.

LAR: You know, a few years ago when I was thinking about mine and William's future, I never imagined this. I had just left a well paying job in mining to look after my son, said goodbye to the

only woman I have ever loved and was lost in a state of confusion, uncertainty and regret...I had no idea I would be here, with the fine people of famous Detroit Michigan, a champion!

A smirk rises on his face as he leans on the ropes, looking out over one side of the crowd and raises himself up on the bottom rope.

LAR: But let no-one, and I mean NO-one guys ever tell you that you cannot achieve your goals. All the other Dads out here, do right by your kids and teach them it's right to have big ideas, to achieve big dreams. Standing right here is proof - it can be done and it is necessary that you encourage yourselves to...

Before he can finish, Lamond is cut off as the harsh tones of 'Go to Sleep' by Eminem hits the PA system. The cheering, excited crowd feels the positivity drain from the arena as Michael Best makes his way out from behind the curtain, immediately followed by his client Alexandra Beckman. In one hand, he has a microphone. In the other? A metal briefcase, containing the bounty he placed on his client several weeks ago.

The number one contender to the UTA Prodigy Championship pulls her hood back from her eyes, staring down into the ring at Lamond Robertson as Michael straightens his tie. He stares out into the crowd with a bemused look on his face, before finally turning his attention toward the ring.

Best: Mr. Robertson.... on behalf of myself, and The Machine, I would like to properly congratulate you on your victory last week. I remember my first singles championship. I remember that feeling, and I can assure you that it is the greatest feeling in the world.

Lowering the microphone, Michael Best gives a soft and respectful golf clap to Lamond Alexander Robertson in the ring. There is a huge reaction from an agreeing crowd, though in the ring, Lamond slowly paces back and forth, lowering his microphone with a look suggesting he himself isn't buying the words coming out of The Engineer's mouth.

Best: You deserve that feeling, Mr. Robertson, and were it up to me, I would turn around right now and let you go on feeling that feeling for so long as you can hold that championship. Were it up to me, you would never have to feel the WORST feeling in the world-- LOSING your first singles championship. Were it up to me, Mr. Robertson, we would part ways forever and you could go on being exactly what you are right now-- the UTA Prodigy Champion, and one of the

single most talented athletes that I have ever seen in my life.

There is another big ovation from the crowd in the Joe Louis Arena, who are showing Lamond Robertson a tremendous amount of respect here tonight. Even Michael Best legitimately appears to look happy for LAR, but the admiration on his face slowly begins to melt away into an absurd, arrogant sympathy.

Best: ...but it's not up to me, Mr. Robertson. I'm afraid that my client does not agree. Alex Beckman crosses her arms, her upper lip curling into a snarl.

Holding the microphone, Michael shakes his head pitifully, as Robertson stops pacing and leans on the ropes facing the ramp with a serious expression on his face. Though perhaps he has suspected this speech was a ruse all along, he is now certain of it, and the crowd is equally catching on.

Best: You see, Lamond-- do you mind if I call you Lamond? Actually, it doesn't particularly matter what I call you, Lamond, because after Black Horizon in two weeks, the only thing I will NOT be able to call you... is the UTA Prodigy Champion.

Now, the booing continues. It's as though the arena hit the pause button after his entrance, and have only now decided to let it resume. In the ring, LAR slowly shakes his head, still resting his forearms on the top rope, mic hanging down from his right hand.

Best: You are good, Lamond. Hell, I'm willing to go out on a limb and say that you are great. But you were there the night that Alex Beckman debuted. You were there, when the referee rang the bell. Do you know why a fight ends by referee stoppage, Lamond? In case you don't, let me explain it to you: A referee stops a fight when he believes that continuing will risk the health and safety of a competitor that is being completely dominated. When a competitor appears to be losing consciousness, or can no longer defend himself intelligently. Shall I put it bluntly, Lamond? Michael's fingers curl around the microphone in a death grip, as he speaks condescendingly down to the ring. LAR's eyes have narrowed toward both his opponent and her manager, as though there were no one else in the arena.

Best: The referee stops a fight when you are being beaten so badly that he fears for your life. The crowd has about had it with Michael Best's ruining of LAR's celebration, and they are very

vocal about that fact. Alex Beckman cracks her knuckles, looking eager to make her way down to the ring, but Best holds her back with a cautious hand.

Best: My client beat you on the night of her debut, Mr. Robertson, and that fact was enough to make James Wingate insert her into the match at Black Horizon. That match WILL be the end of your short and uneventful reign as Prodigy Champion. That match WILL be the beginning of the Era of Alex Beckman. That match WILL continue an undefeated streak that has spanned two continents and four companies. Alex Beckman does not stop. She does not quit. She wants your title, and at Black Horizon? She WILL take it.

He shuffles the microphone around, so that he can hold his briefcase up into view of the camera. He gestures it toward Lamond Alexander Robertson, holding it long enough to get the point across. Finally, he lowers it back down to his side, nodding at Alexandra Beckman and turning around to leave.

Having said their piece, The Machine walks back towards the curtain.

"Ally!"

The two leaving stop in their tracks as in the ring Robertson is leaning against the ropes with his forearms and facing the entrance ramp, title over his shoulder and a smile across his face. Mike Best turns his head to look.

LAR: Aye, she does'ne mind if I call her Ally does she...Mickey?

The crowd pops suddenly, the grin widening on Lamond's face. Beckman turns swiftly, fists clenched, but Best holds

her in place with an outstretched arm as he too turns.

LAR: Or oh, I forgot, the wee lassee can't speak without running it by Daddy here.

He laughs to himself, getting off the ropes and walking slowly up and down the side of the ring. LAR: Aye, we've fought before, and aye your wee angry rottweiler showed me a thing or two. But that was then. A lot has changed now girl and I am the Prodigy Champion of the UTA!

Lamond holds the title aloft in his right arm.

LAR: And if you Think for one moment that I am simply going to roll over and let you take it in such a fashion as our match a few weeks ago, I'm afraid you need a bloody wake up slap! I earned this belt beating a whole raft of talented superstars that with every word you disrespect and took it from a Hall of Famer. The fact that you are in this match and not others is a testament to your abilities and an affront to theirs. But Mickey, this is the UTA!! Here, we fight! Here we bleed! And at Black Horizon, once I've left it all in the ring...the Claymore's Hilt is leaving as the fBEEEEEPg Champ!!

The crowd goes nuts as LAR lifts the title high, 'Promontory' hitting the PA system as a furious Beckman is stayed her ground by Mike Best, the two backing away to backstage.

Stay Put!

Backstage and The Gold Standard, John Sektor, can be seen dragging his daughter by the arm through the backstage corridor.

Blackfront: That's Sektor's daughter! What's he doing bringing her here tonight?

Ace: Maybe it's bring your kid to work day...

She's a cute little thing, only nine years old, with long black hair with a green ribbon tied in it. Blackfront: It's a little risky, don't you think? Especially with the threats Abdul made last week.. Ace: Obviously Sektor feels that she will be more safe is she is kept close by and under his watch..

She's trying her hardest to resist but Sektor is obviously too powerful for her as he drags her feet along the ground, causing a squeaking sound as the rubber soles of her shoes friction against the floor.

Chloe: Let me go!

Sektor just rolls his eyes and brings them both to an abrupt halt outside a locker room. The sign on the locker room door reads 'The Machine,' and he grabs her by the shoulders, giving her a

brisk but still gentle shake.

Sektor: Listen to me!

She defiantly looks away from his eyes and he grabs her by the chin, turning her face so that she is looking at him.

Sektor: You're going to stay in here. I'm going to lock the door and you're gonna stay..PUT! Her little mouth tightens.

Sektor: You don't move, you don't make a sound, you just sit in there quietly and stay out of trouble. Understand me? This is the only way I can keep you safe..

Chloe: I hate you!

Sektor lets out a disgruntled sigh as he opens up the door behind her.

Sektor: Yeah, well I've got a match to wrestle and things to take care of, so just do as you're told! With that, he pushes her into the room and slams the door behind her, lifting a key to the lock and making sure it's secured tight. He then takes a final look around before walking out of shot.

Rest Assured

We start in the corridor of the Joe Louis Arena with Kate Kincaid in the center of the camera. She fixes her hair briefly as the camera then pans slightly left and adjusts the zoom to catch Perfection in a black Armani suit, jacket unbuttoned, a white dress shirt, and light blue tie, with the Wildfire Championship on his shoulder. Walking beside him is the Legacy Champion La Flama Blanca. Kate turns around and notices them right away, sticking the microphone right in their path.

Kincaid: Oh! Perfection! Welcome back, I...

Perfection snatches the microphone right out of her hand and continues to walk past her with LFB, Kate stands there in shock growing further away, he then turns his head towards The Luchador.

Perfection: Tired of her already.

Our former UTA Champion and now crowned Wildfire Champion slowly raises the microphone to his lips.

Perfection: Good evening...Ungratefults.

Perfection smiles, enjoyment in his eyes as he says the word. LFB motions with his hand at the camera to continue moving back as they walk, the cameraman obliges.

Perfection: It's been seventy-one days since I've spoken to you wastes, seventy-one days away on vacation and what an amazing vacation it was. Yachting across the Caribbean, traveling to some of the world's most exotic regions. I think Claude and I golfed sixteen different courses, but...in that mere seventy-one days the entire landscape of the UTA changed.

Witherhold rolls his hand as he speaks.

Perfection: WTF! lost Doozer and the Legacy Championship and somehow Marie Van Claudio sucked her way back onto the roster. Yet, in the mix of all that chaos one element stood strong, Ungratefults- Dynasty!

They stop their walk in front of Dynasty's personal locker room, Perfection opens the door and holds it for the Legacy Champion, he and the camera follow shortly behind. James tosses the microphone over his shoulder opting for the camera's onboard mic and continues to talk with his back to the camera.

Perfection: Dynasty remained as one despite Wingate..

He pauses.

Perfection: Sending me on vacation... The Ring King winner smiles.

Perfection: And all thanks to OUR World Champion, the NEW Legacy Champion, consoul from C-B-R, and business deals by Yours Truly with the boss himself!

Perfection walks over and takes a seat in a leather chair that sits smack dab the center of the room. We see Sean Jackson and CBR in the rear in full suit, Claude wearing his trademark dark navy pin-stripe with light blue shirt opened at the collar.

Perfection: Most importantly though, Ungratefults...in that seventy-one days, you lost the greatest Wildfire Champion this company has ever had...only to have him be handed the title back because of said deals and new found alliances.

The crowd responds in boos and it's picked up all the way in the locker room.

Perfection: Yes, I was HANDED it back by James Wingate- you're damn right I was! Because unlike others outside of this very locker room...Dynasty conducts business, we do what's best for US! Be it winning a title in competition or it being handed to us on a silver platter!

James runs his fingers through his hair and adjusts the title.

Perfection: I have earned that right...Dynasty has EARNED that right! We crushed the Shoot Queens, we decimated Too Lamé for a Name! Over fifty wins collectively with the men you see before you!

The Wildfire Champion huffs.

Perfection: Hell, you're looking at the only group that has held almost every legitimate title in this company! A group built on talent, built on Legacy...

Perfection stands from the chair and walks to join CBR and Jackson as the Luchador takes over. La Flama Blanca: That's what it comes down to... Legacy. I'm not just talking about this title. I'm talking about how you are remembered in this game. I'm talking about what goes on your plaque in the Hall of Fame.

The Cruiserweight pauses for a second and looks back down at his Legacy title.

LFB: My quest to be one of the greats has brought me here... I defend my Tag Team Championship later on tonight. My goal, to prove that I'm one of the best Tag Team athletes in the profession, no matter who my partner is.

Blanca holds his Legacy Championship in his hands. He takes a good hard look at it.

LFB: I will defend this title right here against any comers. No matter who is across the ring from me... it doesn't matter. The outcome will always be the same. I'm keeping this for a long... long time.

Blanca tosses his title over his shoulder. He changes the subject, the Black Horizon Main Event. LFB: In less than two weeks... I go into the biggest match of my career. It's been my goal since day one, to become UTA World Champion and now it's here. Dynasty versus Dynasty. Some make jokes about it but I'm not laughing. I think the line going around the internet is "finger poke of doom"?

They all let out a chuckle.

LFB: Come on people...Sean and I aren't enemies. You're just mad because we are smarter than you. We're not giving you what you want and that pisses you off. We're not ripping each other apart each week. Everything is cool in the Dynasty Camp. We're handling things in a civil way, like gentlemen.

Blanca shakes his head. It's all he can do.

LFB: I know you'd all like us to be at each other's throats... but who cares what you mouth breathers want? I know I don't...

He leaves you with these final words.

LFB: NO ONE is laying down at Black Horizon. Expect Dynasty to put on one hell of a show.

Cameras zoom out to reveal Sean Jackson holding his UTA World Title standing next to CBR and Perfection. It zooms in for a close up of the Mental Rapist.

Jackson: Ah yes, once again the dirt sheets and internet smarks are taking aim at Dynasty. Big surprise there...

His words are dripping with sarcasm.

Jackson: As if they are going to make us fall apart at the seams. Sean shakes his head, a smirk begins to form.

Jackson: When are you people going to realize that Dynasty dictates what happens in this company? When are you going to realize that we are in charge, that we do what's best for us... He lifts up the UTA World Championship, thrusting it out in mocking fashion towards the camera. Jackson: And not for a bunch of UNGRATEFULS that can do nothing but bite the hands that feed them.

He positions the world championship over his shoulder, snuggled ever so close which creates that euphoric feeling that sweeps over him. Truly the best high on the planet.

Jackson: You all hide in the background like a pack of hyenas, expecting the lions to devour each other so you can slink in and pick at the carcass. Well forgive us if we aren't going to play by your rules.

More boos echo through the arena.

Jackson: The bottom line is this. Eduardo and I will give a show, worthy of the Main Event at Black Horizon. We will leave it all in the middle of the ring because that is what Dynasty has always done.

He taps the faceplate.

Jackson: Which is the reason why we will ALWAYS have this.

Jackson turns away from the camera as a smile slowly inches across CBR's face. Ranier rises to his feet and brushes some dust off the lapel of his tailored suit. He steps forward to center stage and addresses the camera.

CBR: You know, ever since I came back on Wrestleshow people have been asking why. Why did CBR return at that time. Speculation has mounted that it is some unfinished business with Chris Hopper, or that it was the onset of Ring King. Neither of those are correct.

Claude turns, letting his hand wave across the three men behind him.

CBR: In truth, it was these gentlemen here. When I joined UTA, I knew I was the best damn wrestler in the company. I knew, in my heart of hearts, that on my day no one could beat me. Then I got to know Sean, watched Perfection and witnessed La Flama Blanca.

He turns back to face the camera, the smirk in full effect.

CBR: I dethroned Yoshii as the Internet champion and for two hundred and thirty seven days there was no one who had a hope of dethroning me. All your heroes tried, and all of your heroes failed. Truly there were only three men who would have had any chance of taking that belt from me and they are those men here in this room - and as if by magic, the Legacy Title now sits proudly around the waist of one of those very individuals.

Folding his arms, CBR's smirk passes as he shakes his head slowly.

CBR: And where are your heroes now? The Spectre? LFB derailed his momentum; Gone. Madman Szalinski? C-List comedy sidekick; Gone. Yoshii? Gone. Joshua Jones? Gone. Dr Emo? Gone. Gentleman Jack? Gone. There's no one left.

He leans forward into the camera.

CBR: Here, in this room, IS the UTA. We are your heroes, like it or not. Twelve title runs collectively in the UTA standing right here. Unfazed, continually at the top of this business and carrying the rest of you on our backs. To everyone new and old, you have been warned. Dynasty is back at full force, Dynasty is hungry and we are unbeatable. UTA, you are on notice...this is our town.

Perfection walks over and stands next to CBR.

Perfection: Rest assured, Ungratefults...no one is taking OUR town! We have been the most dominant group in this company if not this INDUSTRY...BAR NONE! There is no one, and I mean that, NO ONE that can topple this mountain. Now, if you'll excuse us...

Perfection looks at CBR and then motions his head towards the door turning from the camera.

Perfection: We have matters to attend to...good pep talk though, Ungratefults. We cut out with Perfection and CBR leaving the locker room.

The sounds of Sexy Boy by Air causes some murmur amongst the UTA crowd in attendance. The screen plays a

series of images of a male silhouette posing in various angles in front of a camera. Before long, the confusion from the fans begin to settle down as none other than 'Romeo' Ruster Reno casually steps out from behind the curtains. A grin spread across his face as he re-enacts the same poses from the big screen above.

Blackfront: And we begin tonight on Wrestleshow with John Sektor competing under The Machine banner for the first time in UTA, going against the man you see right now posing on top of the entrance way. Tommy... your thoughts?

Ace: I look towards that ramp and feel a little nauseous. Honestly, does anyone have a travel sickness pill? I don't think I can stomach Reno's moves for much longer!

Reno takes his time as he makes his way down the ramp, taking every opportunity possible to acknowledge a female member in the crowd. He pauses a few times to taunt some of the male fans, pointing at his abs as he does so.

Announcer: Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

Reno climbs up the ring steps and turns to face the fans whilst standing on the outside apron. He raises both his arms and points his fingers to the sky, taking this time to 'gift' a few females attendees with his trademark wink.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4" and weighing in at 247 pounds...

The self-proclaimed, 'God's Gift' steps through the ropes and into the ring. A few whistles can be heard from the female audience. Reno acknowledges them by posing to the cameraman, demanding him to flick the camera to the big screen.

Announcer: 'Romeo'... Ruster... Reno!

Reno begins to prepare himself and does some stretches you would normally see a bodybuilder perform prior to a dead-lift competition.

Blackfront: Reno showing his suspiciously large muscle as he parades around the ring but is brute strength going to overwhelm the self-proclaimed Gold Standard in the ring, tonight?

Ace: Ruster Reno will have to do something VERY special here tonight to pick up the victory. John Sektor was already on a roll here in UTA and now he has the backing of Mike Best and The Machine.

Blackfront: A tough hurdle for anyone to leap over.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into boo's of sheer hatred. '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. Fellow Hall of Famer, and now manager of The Machine, Mike Best walks out behind him, dressed finely in a crisp suit and clapping his client.

Blackfront: John Sektor's battle with Abdul bin Hussain has crossed many moral and ethical lines and you just have to wonder if he is going to be focused on his own match tonight.

Ace: Mike Best is not far behind him, ole Romeo may be taking a sip poison chalice here tonight if he's not careful. That's a literary reference!

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

Announcer: Making his way to the ring and being accompanied by Michael Best. Hailing from Miami, Florida.

Sektor pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking up the hatred and practically smiling as he absorbs it all.

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, whilst Mike Best climbs up the ring steps and joins him.

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

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

Blackfront: Despite everything going on, Sektor looks like he's ready to go. He looks ready to take out some of his recent frustrations on the model standing in front of him.

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.

Ace: Sektor must be thinking ahead to Black Horizon at this point, he has to be! The question now becomes whether Ruster Reno can make use of that distraction in the ring.

Blackfront: And as our official signals for the bell, this bout is under way!

Mike Best gives Sektor a pat on the back and whispers a few words into his ear as Ruster Reno looks on, demanding that Best be ejected from the ring. Best waves off the official who reluctantly approaches the manager of The Machine and hops out of the ring, taking his place at ringside.

Inside the ring, Sektor beckons Reno to the middle of the ring, something to hip swinging model doesn't seem too keen to do. A frustrated Sektor storms towards Reno and as Ruster attempts to beg him off, he instead gets met with an uppercut straight to the chin. Reno staggers back into the rope and Sektor is quick to follow up on his opening gambit, smashing his palm against Romeo's chest with a forceful chop.

Blackfront: Sektor is giving Reno no space to breathe in the opening moments of this contest.

Ace: Sektor has been relentless and is really using the rope to his advantage.

Best looks on at his client, openly applauding the assault and no doubt wishing deep down that he was involved. Sektor jams a few stiff elbows to the temple of Reno and smashes him into the corner of the ring. The Romancin' Romeo manages to get his first piece of the action as he jams his thumb straight into the eye of The Gold Standard, leaving a vocal Mike Best protesting to the referee on the outside. The protest doesn't last for long however, as an irate John Sektor lifts up Ruster Reno and sends him flying halfway across the ring with a belly to belly suplex.

Blackfront: It looks like Reno was hoping to buy himself some breathing room with some underhanded tactics there but all it seemed to do was enrage John Sektor.

Ace: A well timed jab in the eye can turn a match around, Reno's... was not well timed. I'm sure he's wishing he stuck in modelling right about now.

Sektor, looking very nonplussed about sending another man flying across the ring, walks over and proceeds to stomp the skull of Ruster Reno repeatedly. Sektor turns around the fans with a giant grin on his face as he recreates one of Reno's modelling poses from his entrance, a wave of boos engulf the arena as Best gestures towards his client's magnificence on the outside. Sektor is looking very pleased with himself but his self-satisfied smirk is short lived as Ruster Reno manages to slip behind Sektor and schoolboy him. Before the referee can even get down for a one count however, Sektor rolls through and pulls himself back up.

Blackfront: Not even a one count. He managed to catch The Gold Sektor off guard but just couldn't pin him down.

Ace: Well, I suppose Reno is more used to being a pin-up. Would explain his UTA record to date. Reno scrambles back up to his feet and makes a wide swing towards the face of The Gold Standard, instead though, his is met with a stiff and solid kick to the gut. Sektor follows up with a swiftness that allows him to send Reno crashing to the ground

with an Evenflow DDT. Sektor's eyes light up as a self-satisfied smile cracks upon his face, a second wave of boos hitting Mike Best and John Sektor, pillars of the industry. Sektor signals that this one is over, much to the delight of Best and almost no one else. Sektor drops down and...

Blackfront: The Sektor Stretch, it looks like it's locked in nice and tight!

Ace: If Reno values his looks at all, he better think about tapping. There's nowhere to go! Sektor looks in his Sektor Stretch snug in the middle of the ring and Reno screams out in pain.

Ruster takes a few seconds to survey his surroundings and realising that there is nowhere for him

to go, no ropes to grab, no options, leading him to tap out. The referee signals for the bell but Sektor is slow to break up the hold.

Announcer: Here is your winner by submission... at a time of four minutes and thirteen seconds... John Sektor!

Sektor keeps the hold locked tight as Reno continues to yell out in pain, beginning to fade out as he does so.

Blackfront: Come on John, you already beat him, you've proven your point. The Machine has proven their point.

Ace: He's taking his frustrations out on Ruster Reno, don't beat a man down over his coping mechanisms.

After about ten extra seconds of the stretch, Sektor finally lets go of the hold, dusting his hands off as he does so. Mike Best hops back into the ring and shoves the referee to the side, allowing himself the honour of displaying his client's victory to the viewing masses. Wrestleshow cuts away from the ring with Mike Best raising his client's hand up high to less than adoring public

Brought to You By

Mentally Prepared for the Mental Rapist

Suddenly the view opens up overlooking the the parking lot of the Joe Louis Arena in Detroit from high atop the arena. Pulling back slightly to cover the huge six-ramp staircase which some fans are already standing about waiting for tonight's Wrestleshow brought to you by the UTA.

Fears: In a short few hours this arena will be packed and radiating with energy unlike any other sporting event.

We pull back and center in on Zhalia Fears as she sits on the edge of the roof. Clearly this is recorded several hours earlier given how much the sun was basking in her own rays. Or was it the she was basking in the sun's rays?

Fears: Tonight I have an opportunity that not many get. Tonight I get to face the UTA World Champion.

She smiles and leans back slightly, dangling one leg off the side.

Fears: And yeah, it is not even for the Championship. A fact many of my fellow athletes have bothered to toss at me this week. As if I am unaware?

With a shake of her head she strokes across her mid-drift and points back at the camera. Fears: Maybe one day it will be. But tonight, tonight is not about the title. Instead I get the champion in his most un-caged state. As champion, you can get... lethargic. Add to that fact, a champion will do anything to retain his or her title. Even if that means cheating or using the rules that dictate the match to their favor such as taking a loss by countout or disqualification.

She pauses and can't help but chuckle.

Fears: Dynasty's MO, heh. Still, when the title is not on the line, they have no limits applied. They have no risk of losing their championship by going overboard or getting lost in a moment and suffering a rollup. Simple facts. A non-title match is just as, if not more so, dangerous.

With a grin she spins back around and steps up from the ledge, her back framed by the ray of the sun.

Fears: For both competitors. Because you see in a Championship match, the Champion has the advantage. That is why it is called the Champions Advantage. The challenger must obey the rules or risk being disqualified and lose any hope of earning that title. Now a non-title match puts that in reverse, so to speak. And that is why I am looking forward to tonight's NON-TITLE match.

Zhalia smiles and steps forward toward the lucky crew member she had follow her up to the roof and tape her for later.

Fears: Tonight I continue my climb of the UTA Kombat Challenge Tower as we head towards the first round of Ring King, until the end. Your end boss, the top dog, the legit - Sean Jackson. The boss has come down to test the worthy early. This is a fight I look forward to with every minute that counts down.

Crossing her arms across her she stares forward with a dead-pan look.

Fears: No more excuses. No DLC characters with or without four-arms that should have been in the game from the start; but took his leave after his suspension was over and returned, for a price. And no cogs from a dying machine. If I do this, I know that at the end of Ring King, it can be done again.

Slowly the left side of her mouth curves upward into a rather eerie grin.

Fears: Tonight, the Kimera gets to play. The scene cuts out and goes elsewhere.

#### An Introduction

The camera sparks to life, somewhere on the concourse. It's reasonably quiet, most of the fans are inside of the arena itself, but what we find are the two latest signings for the United Toughness Alliance. One of them is the man with the magically regrowing eye (Medical science is some FANCY SHIT these days, I hear), the artist formerly known as Silent Witness. And the other man is possibly the world's angriest looking twenty two year old - Rhys Townsend.

In one of Townsend's meaty hands is a tray of nachos, topped with pretty much everything the stand would top them with, and the Welshman's carefully picking nachos and crunching away...at least, until he sees the camera. Then, after a brief smile - which is the sort of smile you wish you'd never seen, he starts to speak.

Townsend: Some of you...know who I am. Know who he is. Know where we're from, and what we've done there. And I'm sure you have expectations. And then, some of you? You don't have a clue. Maybe you heard my name mentioned once or twice on Twitter, or in a news recap, or something. But...let's be honest. Brutally honest. What we've done?

He gestures at himself, and at Samuel Owens.

Townsend: It means nothing here. Absolutely nothing. His Hall of Fame status in Chicago, my five World Championships? Honestly...they're worth about as much as the napkin that guy gave me with my nachos. Nothing. And I could stand here and ramble on about how I've always been destined for greatness, about how I am the greatest wrestler you've never seen, how I am World Champion material, and about how I'm going to be the man who ascends to the UTA World Championship quicker than anything else. Witnes...I mean, Owens - he could tell you the exact same thing.

A smirk crosses his face, as he carefully lifts a nacho out of the tray, shaking the excess nacho cheese off of it, before he loudly crunches the chip.

Townsend: But all it would be is just noise. See...what I am, what I have always been, and what Owens has always been are not men who fucking ramble on and on and on about how great we are. We're professional wrestlers. Not sports-entertainers. This isn't about how good of a promo I am, or how charismatic I am, or any of that noise - not for me. Maybe it is for you, and maybe you'll get bored of me randomly accosting cameramen backstage to cut a promo and not going on some...crazy soap opera hijinks for three months where I kidnap someone's girlfriend or wife or boyfriend, or whatever the hell it is that floats their boat...because that? That sort of thing?

That's not me. That's not US.

He gestures, sending a few rogue nachos flying down to the concrete floor.

Townsend: So I'll answer another question I'm sure you have right now, because I hope what I've just said has gone some way to answering the question of "Well, just who IS this mouthy Welshman with the silly accent" - Are we part of The Machine? Because that? It's an easy answer.

No. We're not.

Townsend looks down at his tray of nachos, picking off a jalapeno or two and casually tossing them into his mouth. Owens...well, he sees this as a time when he should probably speak. Else, y'know. He'd be a Silent Witness.

Owens: I think it's safe to say we have blindly followed enough of the Best family for one lifetime, and we're not about to make the same mistake again. What we will do is bring a professionalism to UTA that we have prided ourselves on for a long, long time. We will focus on what we are good at - winning wrestling matches. We will entertain the paying public with high-quality wrestling and we will prove just how damn good we are while we're at it. This isn't about Mike Best, or The Machine. This is about Rhys Townsend and Samuel Owens; one of the greatest tag teams you could ever wish to see.

Owens stops for a moment, reaching over and taking one of Townsend's nachos, much to his fellow newcomer's chagrin. Townsend stares at Owens for a moment, but he merely shrugs and tosses the nacho in his mouth. He chomps away for a moment, before continuing.

Owens: Some of you will know me by another name - a name I hid behind for thirteen years in Chicago. But here I am, stripped bare of everything that held me back over there, ready to prove to everyone in UTA just why I deserve the respect that I have earned over the years in a territory known for its lack of respect for anything and anybody. Along with this big, bald monster alongside me, we will earn our respect here, just like everybody else. It feels damn good to be in the UTA, and it feels damn good to have something to achieve once again. We will work our way through the roster from the bottom; from ground zero, you might say... And we will earn our rightful spot at the top of UTA!

Townsend eats yet another nacho, before he starts to talk once again.

Townsend: For the record...when he talks about professionalism, he's speaking for himself. But...he had a great point. It's about one thing, right? One thing. Work. Hard work. All of the fancy words we're saying here will mean absolutely NOTHING to you if we just show up with a sense of entitlement. Yes, my debut is around about a month away, I believe...unless Wingate finds me a match before then, and I think his? His is a little further away. But we're not going anywhere...and that promise of hard work, that vow to...give everything we have just for a taste of glory? That's what Ground Zero's about. That's what WE are about. Now...if you'll excuse me, we have a show to watch, nachos to eat...you know how it is.

There's another smirk off the Welshman, before the UTA's two latest signings walk away as the feed cuts away.

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. He carries a metal briefcase in his left hand, along with a microphone in his right hand.

Blackfront: Three matches and three wins, ladies and gentlemen. Alex Beckman's last two fights have clocked in at under thirty seconds TOTAL.

Ace: Come on, Jason... she's the Human Submission Machine! Whatever poor bastard drew the short straw tonight is

just next in line to find out how well-oiled she really is. Hold on, let me stop and imagine that for second.

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... and at Black Horizon, she WILL become the next UTA Prodigy Champion... 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: Michael Best's words could potentially ring true, folks. At Black Horizon, UTA Prodigy Champion Lamond Robertson must take on both Ron Hall and Alex Beckman in a triple threat match for the championship. If I were LAR, I'd be watching very closely tonight.

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 don't know who the BTKO Killer is facing tonight, Jason, but I sure as hell feel sorry for him. This is just a warm up match for Black Horizon and Ring King, and it's gonna be ugly for sure.

Detroit Rock City by KISS suddenly begins to roar over the sound system, bringing the crowd surprisingly to it's feet for Alex Beckman's surprise opponent...s.

Stepping out from behind the curtain, regional tag team champions "D-Rock" Darren Stubbs and

Tommy "313" Thornton-- collectively known as the Rock City Express-- stand on the stage with some cheaply made tag team titles. The crowd is surprisingly behind these local heroes, who haven't quite made the big stage just yet but will get their opportunity tonight.

Blackfront: Wait, it's not just one opponent... it's two! Tonight, Alex Beckman will take on an entire tag team! And not just any tag team, Tommy-- it's the Rock City Express!

Ace: The what city who? Come on, Jason, this can't be a surprise. What did you think it meant when it said that Alex's match would be fought under "tornado rules"... that the winner is the first to destroy a three story building using only the

power of wind?

Pumped up and ready to go, Darren and Tommy slap hands at the top of the ramp, holding their titles in the air before literally sprinting onto the ramp. They make their way past legions of fans, slapping hands with them as they head down toward the ring. Of course, only about thirty percent of them actually know who in the hell it is that they're slapping hands with.

Announcer: Introducing the opponents, hailing from Detroit, Michigan...

There is a significant ovation from the Detroit crowd, as fans always seem to lose their minds when they hear the name of their own city. It's a strange phenomenon. The Rock City Express get to the apron, hopping up onto it and slapping hands one more time.

Announcer: ....coming in at a combined weight of four hundred eight six pounds...they are the MSWF Regional Tag Team Champions of the world... Darren Stubbs and Tommy Thornton... the ROCK... CITY... EXPRESSSSSS!

In unison, both men leap over the ropes and land gingerly inside of the ring. Engaging in some kind of a bro hug, both members of the RCX take a corner and hand their championships off to the referee. They start scheming with one another, as Beckman stares back with pure violence in her eyes.

Blackfront: This could be the biggest challenge that Alex Beckman has received so far in the UTA, folks. It's one thing to beat a man in singles competition, even a man as talented as Lamond Alexander Robertson. But this is two opponents, and the rules are tornado tag-- both members of the Rock City Express will be legally in the ring for the entire match.

Ace: Please, Jason. The way I hear it, it was Mike Best HIMSELF who insisted that the match be fought under these rules. He has a five thousand dollar bounty on this match, and he knows that these two indy scrubs aren't walking away from it with that briefcase in his hand.

Both Darren and Tommy step forward, looking to flank Beckman right off the bell. She steps forward, clenching her fists and throwing her ponytail back with a vicious smirk on her face. The bell rings, and the contest is officially underway.

Blackfront: Beckman not looking concerned at all about the odds tonight, Tommy.

Ace: That's because these two idiots are about to tank faster than the Detroit economy. Without a moment of hesitation, Darren takes off toward the ropes on one side, while Tommy heads for the other. Alex has to choose which side she's going to defend, and as both men

rebound, she immediately rails Darren Stubbs in the center of the face with a snap front kick. The crowd gasps as he stumbles back, collapsing against the ropes and falling into a heap.

But that leaves her back unguarded.

Tommy Thornton collides into her like a steam engine, blasting her in the back with the full weight of a running dropkick. The crowd explodes into cheers for some real offense against Beckman, and she falls forward, landing on her stomach.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman hits the ground! Not something we see very often, Tommy... care to take back any of what you said before?

Ace: Not a chance. Didn't you see random indy guy number two hit the ground like a fat girl discovering the lost art of gravity? It takes twice as long to beat two guys, that's just math. Immediately, Beckman flips onto her back, raising her knees up to guard her body. Tommy Thornton gets to his feet, trying to find an angle of attack. He backs into the ropes, ready to try something a little unorthodox, and he quickly rushes toward Alex, jumping into the air!

Blackfront: HERE COMES THE TRIANGLE CHOKE!

Throwing her legs around his head, Alex Beckman pulls down to lock Tommy into her patented BTKO submission hold. But before she can lock it in, Darren Stubbs grabs hold of his tag team partner, pulling him to safety!

Alex can't believe it, and now the crowd is firmly behind the Rock City Express. They exchange high fives as they stand out of striking distance, daring the Thai-Breaker to get to her feet and bring it on.

Blackfront: The Rock City Express are on a roll! If these two can keep up the teamwork, they could be leaving the ring tonight with twenty five hundred bucks each! James Wingate is watching this match backstage with a lot of interest, I'd imagine.

Ace: On a roll? Is that what you call "not being knocked out in five seconds" now? Because I think EVERYONE in UTA is on a roll right now. These two clowns aren't leaving with the money-- they'll be lucky to leave with their shoulders un-separated.

Alex Beckman scurries to her feet, the match essentially restarted in the middle of the ring. Now Darren and Tommy are ready to go on the offensive, as both men shoot in for a leg at the same time, hoping to overwhelm the opponent.

Unfortunately, Alex Beckman easily sprawls out of the takedown, leaving both men face down in the middle of the ring. She bounces off the ropes, and as Tommy Thornton sits up, rails him in the face with a running penalty kick.

Ace: The Thai-Breaker! That's one down, Jason!

Thornton is out like a sparkling vampire at theater camp, staring at the lights and wondering where he went wrong in life. As Darren Stubbs sees this, he rushes off the mat into a spear, trying to take Beckman off her feet and get a measure of revenge for his tag team partner. But you don't spear a submission machine.

Blackfront: THE BTKO! IT'S LOCKED IN THIS TIME!

Ace: What'd I tell ya? Why doesn't anyone listen to me?

Stubbs is tapping out before the move is fully locked in, as the referee calls for the bell. She doesn't let go of the hold, though, tightening it up in the middle of the ring and choking the life out of Darren Stubbs. The referee and Michael Best both get into the ring, trying to stop her from killing him as the announcer makes the decision official.

Announcer: Here is your winner by submission, in 1:07 .... ALEX.... BECKMAAAAAAANNNN! Once Michael puts a hand on her shoulder, trying to talk her down, she slowly lets go of the triangle choke. She gets back to her feet, leaving Darren Stubbs lying unconscious in the middle of the ring.

However, in a flash, she whips her head back around to Tommy Thornton. He's starting to get up, and she immediately turns and kicks him as hard as she can in the face! The crowd is livid now, literally pelting Beckman and Best with garbage in the ring.

Blackfront: Really great sportsmanship. Seriously. Way to prove you belong here, Alex.

Ace: What do you expect, Jason? By the time the adrenaline is rushing, her matches are over. Can't blame a girl for blowing off a little steam. I can tell you one thing-- if LAR is watching this match, he's not feeling very good about Black Horizon just now.

The booing gets even louder as she stands over her opponents, cracking her knuckles and deciding if she's finished yet. She snatches the MSWF Regional Tag Team Championships away from the ring announcer, throwing one each of them over each of her shoulders. Michael stands next to her with pride in his eyes, holding the bounty briefcase over his head and signifying that she remains undefeated in the United Toughness Alliance.

Wrestleshow continues.

Brought to You By

Oh Zhalia

The big screen comes to life with the UTA world champion standing backstage, in front of a Wrestle UTA banner. Sporting slacks and a dress shirt, the UTA world championship is draped over his shoulder. Also standing in the shot is Marshall Owens, who shifts his attention to the world champion as Sean brings a microphone to his mouth.

Jackson: Oh Zhalia....

Nothing like setting the tone early.

Jackson: I've got to give you credit girl.

The world champion appears to be in a good mood, sporting a smile.

Jackson: Knowing that you would have to step into the ring with the world champion, the Mental Rapist himself, you still chose to make the trip here to Detroit.

Marshall nods his head in approval as Sean begins to clap.

Jackson: You still chose to come here tonight, hoping against all hope that it would prevent your so called Zhaliphires from being disappointed in you. To make them less than UNGRATEFUL. His clapping is followed by smug indifference, even an over-exaggerated shrug.

Jackson: But Zhalia, that is nothing more than wishful thinking on your part. Sean taps the face plate of the world championship.

Jackson: As the UTA world champion, it is my civic duty to show you and the UNGRATEFULS the error of your ways. It's as if you're stuck on the notion that playing video games and handing over ringside tickets to the non-deserving dregs of society will somehow save you from a beatdown...

In another life, Sean Jackson could see himself liking Zhalia Fears. He could see himself talking her into simply laying down on the mat and accepting the inevitable, without even having to break a sweat. But this is far from another life.

Jackson: That it will cause me to look at you in a different light, to make me want to take it easy on you.

He shakes his head no.

Jackson: Well news flash girl, I'm not Chris Hopper.

The smile disappears and is replaced with a more serious look.

Jackson: I'm the man who survived shock therapy at Seasons Beatings. I'm the man who survived thirty-nine other superstars to become the UTA world champion, and I'm the man who beat Mikey Unlikely to within an inch of his life.

The tone of his voice gets deeper as the decible level itself rises. He isn't close to yelling, but he's also no longer speaking in an indoor voice.

Jackson: I'm also the man who will main event Black Horizon with my good friend Eduardo Sanchez...

Slight pause.

Jackson: That's La Flama Blanca to you MOUTH BREATHERS who have mush for brains. Marshall Owens breaks out in brief laughter. He always enjoys the digs taken by Dynasty members towards the wrestling fans that boo them. Sean also manages a short smile before getting back on point.

Jackson: So you can understand why I plan on making an example of you, right Zhalia?

He hesitates for a moment, allowing the rhetorical question to sink in for those watching on the monitors and big

screen.

Jackson: It's because you dared to step out of the kitchen, and into the ring. A male dominated world where little girls like you don't belong, unless your job is acting like eye candy.

Yeah, that'll get him in trouble with the feminists.

Jackson: Because as far as I'm concerned, you should be in our dressing room slaving over a hot stove, and making a three course dinner for me and the rest of Dynasty. You should be wearing one of those skimpy french maid outfits, making yourself available for stress relief...

Now Marshall is wearing one of those smiles, mixed in with a shocked look, his hand covering his mouth. If he knows Zhalia Fears, the furniture is being destroyed in her dressing room.

Jackson: Because realistically, that's all your good for.

Marshall lips an "oh man" as he turns slightly away from the camera, completely shocked that his client hasn't stopped with the verbal insults. However, Sean is unfazed.

Jackson: I say this because you dared to make the mistake of over stepping your bounds. To stepping above your pay grade and questioning where and when I defend my title?

Now it's about to hit the fan.

Jackson: If Eduardo and I decide to do the finger poke of doom, then we will do so.

Sean opens the palm of his hand, and balls his other hand into a fist. Mockingly, he does a rendition of rock, paper, scissors.

Jackson: If we decide to settle it this way, then that's exactly what we'll do. Because I'll be damned if I let a woman, a weak minded attention whore at that, dictate what I do inside of those ring ropes....

Both Sean and Marshall's attention is diverted as his personal valet Vanessa steps into the view bearing gifts....

Those being a steel folding chair and a tube of brilcream. As he stares at them, his eyes narrow and his nostrils flare.

Sean then grabs the tube of Brilcream and hands it to Marshall, who holds it up for everyone to see. Sean then turns his attention back to the steel folding chair.

Jackson: Because if I want to, I'll use this damn chair to show all this Detroit trash what a real home run looks like. I'll wind it up and I'll crash it into your skull like Ray Rice should have done to his wife.

Oh yeah, UTA will be hearing from the feminazis after that. In case no one is aware, there is a reason why Sean Jackson has upped the intensity, and it is because of Zhalia herself.

Jackson: For even suggesting that I would cheat in our match, I should go to your dressing room and beat you within an inch of your life. Better yet, just for implying that I needed help, should cause Wingate to hand down an automatic suspension.

He slaps his free hand against the chair, the echo bouncing off the walls.

Jackson: But then again, I'm all about taking care of problems on my own. Isn't that right Marshall?

Without even waiting for an answer, Sean hands the mic to Marshall and steps out of view, followed by Vanessa. Marshall then brings it to his own lips while nodding in approval.

Owens: A lil dab will do ya. Fade.

A Brief Discussion

The camera opens up to Lew walking down the hallway toward the locker rooms already in mid- conversation. Lew turns the corner and cuts to silence. The camera stops and leans around the corner to find Mikey Unlikely stretching in the middle of the hallway.

Lew turns his head to the camera and gives a little look, shudders and carries on walking down toward the locker rooms beyond Mikey. Mikey catches Lew in the corner of his eye, turns and stands up giving off a little wave to Lew before smiling and raising his fist. Lew, unsure what to think, lifts his fist as well.

Upon passing, Mikey pushes his fist against Lew's and returns to stretching. Lew smiles and continues walking on only to find himself stopping and returning to Mikey.

Lew: Hey man.

Mikey: Whats goin on buddy!?

Lew: Not much man, I felt that I should use this time to get to talk to you a bit. We've only been in the ring with each other once. I've said before that I've always appreciated the company of other wrestlers here, but never really spent the time to chat one on one.

Smith holds up one finger on each hand.

Lew: To be honest, I didn't think you were that too keen on me. I've always had this sense that I've not been the favourite amongst WTFC going up against Bobby Dean a few matches ago.

Mikey gets a confused look on his face, he raises an eyebrow but lets the man finish.

Lew: That whole teammates stick together thing. I'm heavy on team work, I always have this mentality that if someone goes for your team, you go for them. But perhaps I am wrong. What about you? Pumped for your upcoming match?

Mikey: A problem with you!? Dude, I am a TOTAL LEW-NATIC! I love the work, you've been putting in bud, and it looks like big things are happening for ya! WTFC doesn't like to hold grudges, we just like to play it cool man.

Mikey smiles and nudges Lew's arm.

Mikey: Bobby's a big dude, hombre! He can take care of himself. He did get you into a submission if you don't remember. As far as I know about WTFC, I've seen you as a loose ally. I've no dirt with you. I'm chill yo!

Mikey smiles again and continues warming up.

Mikey: And hell ya, I'm excited for this match! I'm going out on top Lew-fa! Going out big, man! Tag team gold is going to be sooooo sweet! Bout to take out the big, the bad, and the ugly!

Lew: Oh, that's all good to hear then! I can somewhat be at ease around you guys now. Maybe it'll drive me to chat with the other members. Ha! And thank you, I've been trying harder this year than I ever have. Bobby seems a decent fella, but when he locks you in...jeez! Yeah, there is some competition out there tonight, some big names and rising stars are there. Anyway, I didn't mean to keep you, I'm running an errand. Good luck for your match, man!

Lew shakes Mikey's hand and turns to leave. As Mikey bends down to stretch more, Lew quickly returns and grabs Mikey's shoulder.

Lew: Oh, hey. Seeings as I'm still in the flow of talking, I hope you don't mind me confiding in you real quick?

Mikey: Yea, what is it bro?

Lew: It's recently been made known that I'm the top contender for La Flama Blanca's Legacy Title.

Mikey nods.

Lew: We all know that Dynasty is growing stronger and stronger with possession with nearly all the titles in hand and

we all know that we need to start eliminating their power over the UTA and it's roster. In such times as this. It seems that I'm the only one who can break their hold of the Legacy title. Unfortunately...this means keeping Will Haynes and yourself away from it.

Mikey stands up right and tilts his head.

Lew: Granted, that can change at any point. But your match tonight for the tag titles could very well be vital to what my plans are. I'm sorry but there's no other way I can be clear enough about this. The Legacy title is mine and WTFC are getting closer to that. Again, good luck in your match.

Lew pats Mikey on the shoulder, nods and walks off. The camera pans to Mikey's face before fading to black.

The Pirate King from The Pirates of Penzance plays as a group of men dressed in rags all walk

out, chained together with shackles. The chains are all linked behind them and the men pull the chains and a large litter, where the Dread Pirate King, Blackbeard stands.

Blackfront: Blackbeard is a direct descendent of the original Edward Teach.

Ace: Yeah, so is like one-tenth of Maryland. The man had seventeen wives.

A fearsome look is in Blackbeard's good eye as he snarls at the men. He has a live, talking parrot on his shoulder he calls Parley, a black eye patch over his bad eye, a hook over his left hand, and a thick black beard that trails to the center of his chest. Blackbeard climbs down from the litter and climbs in the ring.

Blackfront: The returning Blackbeard is hoping to pick up some momentum on his second voyage of plunder in the UTA.

Ace: I'm pretty sure he goes into this match with the advantage. He's definitely bigger and stronger than MVC-

Blackfront: -but Van Claudio definitely has the speed and technique, she could still surprise us here in her debut match.

Ace: This will be the best "Pirate Versus Booty" match you'll see all night, trust me.

The Bitch Is Back By Elton John plays. Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks onto the ramp while flipping her hair around. Marie dusts off and walks to the ring as the fans boo her. Marie keeps on walking to the ring as the fans are booing at her, and gets on the apron while wiping her feet.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Marie gets right in the ring and looks at everyone yelling at her before yelling at the top of her lungs that they better RESPECT her.

Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie looks at the referee and yells at him that he better not mess up her match this time.

Announcer: Marie Van Claudio!

Marie then moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing. Her body moves back and forth while waiting for her opponent.

Blackfront: The self-proclaimed First Lady Of The UTA has come home!

Ace: And I think Blackbeard finds it hilarious

Sure enough, Blackbeard is laughing boisterously at the very idea of facing the smaller (and significantly less male) Marie Van Claudio. Marie frowns at Blackbeard, but still manages a grin that says "You have no idea what you're getting yourself into". The referee checks with the time keeper and then waves for the bell.

Blackfront: MVC approaching Blackbeard with her arms up, but the Pirate King backs off grinning!

Ace: He has his hands up, obviously he's too honorable to hit a woman.

Blackfront: Oh please, Blackbeard is "honorable"?

Ace: There's honor among thieves, Blackfront, look it up. I think it's a pirate code or something. Claudio begins pacing, her arms still up, trying to get a collar-and-elbow started. Blackbeard instead walks over to the men who accompanied him to the ring. He shouts something to one of them, and they hand him a wooden mug. Blackbeard grabs the mug and walks over to MVC with it.

Blackfront: What's Blackbeard doing?

Ace: Buying the lady a drink obviously. I told you, he's got honor. And once you get honor, you stay honor.

Blackfront: ...you know, it kind of sounded like you said-

Ace: I know what I said.

Blackbeard then hands the wooden mug to MVC, and yells something at her. We can't quite make out what he said over the booing, but we can see Claudio saying "What?!" with a look of complete disgust on her face. The camera angle changes and we can clearly see and hear Blackbeard yell "YE HEARD ME WENCH! GO FETCH ME SOME RUM!" The crowd lets out a huge BOO for this.

Blackfront: OK, you cannot tell me that wasn't a sign of disrespect.

Ace: I admit that was a little disrespectful. MVC shouldn't have made Blackbeard repeat himself like that.

Blackfront: In any case, Claudio is NOT happy with the request! She just smacked the mug out of his hand!

Claudio's eyes are bugged wide open in anger. She steps up to Blackbeard, we swiftly grabs her arm for an armwrench- NO! Claudio reverses! She smashes Blackbeard in the back of the head - Blackbeard falls and she wastes no time locking in an armbar! She swiftly changes up into a front headlock, Blackbeard rises to his feet, but Claudio fires off a few quick kicks to the midsection and pulls the Pirate King in for a DDT!

Blackfront: MVC goes for the cover...

Ace: ...and a kickout at barely 1 by Blackbeard!

Blackfront: Claudio rises to her feet, wasting no time in pulling Blackbeard to his feet...

Claudio runs for the ropes and bounces off, looking for the STO, but Blackbeard ducks under her arm and comes to a complete stop behind her! He stands tall, eyeing The First Lady with a menacing look from his one eye. Marie turns around and right into a two-handed chokelift! Marie is quickly swept off her feet and into the air!

Blackfront: Look at the elevation! Marie's feet must be almost two feet off the ground!

Ace: The ever-charming Blackbeard just swept her off her feet.

Blackfront: Look at the power! Blackbeard's had her up in that choke for well over ten seconds! After a few more seconds, Blackbeard SLAMS MVC into the mat and taunts the crowd with a loud "YARRRRR!" As Claudio rolls on the mat, holding her throat and coughing, Blackbeard slowly circles the ring, threatening members of the audience. The audience is BOOing like crazy for the big man.

Blackfront: Looks like Detroit is letting Blackbeard know what they think of him!

Ace: I don't think Blackbeard care what Detroit thinks of him. Neither does anyone else for that matter.

Marie finally rolls onto her hands and knees, still coughing and fighting to catch her breath. Blackbeard shambles over to her and lifts her up by the hair... Marie's face is showing some serious agony at having her hair pulled by the gruff Pirate King... Blackbeard gets MVC into a kneeling position, and then SLAPS her across the face! Marie falls violently to the mat, landing on her back! Blackbeard chuckles, and then puts one foot on MVC's heaving chest, striking a Captain Morgan style pose.

Blackfront: The ref drops for the count... One... two...

Ace: Thre-NO! MARIE KICKED OUT!

Marie lays on her side, holding her cheek. Her look of pain quickly switches to one of anger, as she feels Blackbeard's fingers lacing their way through her hair again... She gets to a standing position, ducks a short-arm clothesline from Blackbeard, and turns it into a roundhouse kick! It catches Blackbeard right in the face! Blackbeard doesn't fall though, he just staggers back... MVC runs for the ropes, bounces back, and hits a clothesline! Blackbeard still standing though, so Claudio bounces off the groggy, stumbling pirate...

Blackfront: Claudio having a tough time getting the big man down!

Ace: She's winding up for a third run, here she comes from off the ropes...

MVC dives with a cross body, but Blackbeard catches her in midair! The Pirate King gets psyched up, shaking his head... he hits a HUGE sidewalk slam! He drops for the cover...

Blackfront: And a kickout at 2! Claudio's not ready to give up the fight yet!

Ace: Well, she's not exactly known for brains.

Blackfront: Blackbeard taking his time getting to his feet, he wraps his hands around The First Lady's head and pulls her vertical...

Claudio looks dazed as Blackbeard gets her standing up again. Blackbeard laughs and taunts the crowd, before lumbering towards the ropes... He bounces back... and CUTS Marie in a half with a spear! Marie rolls to her side, clutching her stomach and coughing!. Blackbeard gets to a knee, and pauses once again to look at the crowd with his evil one-eyed glare, before swiftly and viciously locking in a crossface!

Blackfront: The Dreaded Pirate King Blackbeard, locking in that painful submission maneuver!

Ace: Say goodnight, Marie!

The referee leans in and sees if Claudio is ready to tap... Marie shrieks but still shakes her head no... Blackbeard leans back, adding more pressure to Marie's face and neck... Marie cries out, her arm goes up but it's shaky... The referee ducks in, still looking to see if MVC wants to call it quits... Marie still yelling in pain, but still not tapping... Blackbeard adjusts his grip, looking for a

tighter hold, but slips a little... This gives Marie enough wiggle room to rotate her body a little, and she gets her foot on the rope!

Blackfront: MVC makes it to the ropes! The ref has a count of five to work with here...

Ace: ...and Blackbeard breaks the hold at four-point-nine, but he's not happy about it! Blackbeard rises quickly to his feet and argues that MVC's foot only tapped the rope, but the referee stands firm on his decision. This little tussle gives Marie a few seconds to catch her

breath... She uses the ropes to start pulling herself to her feet... Blackbeard notices this and starts to approach Claudio, who smartly ducks her head outside the ropes! The referee gets between Blackbeard and MVC, directing Blackbeard to back off! Blackbeard continues his argument with the ref, and both are too distracted to notice MVC's leg slip

between Blackbeard's legs...

Blackfront: LOW BLOW! The First Lady manages to steal an opportunity there!

Ace: Oh sure, it's wrong when Blackbeard does it...

Blackfront: Turnablout is fair play!

Ace: You wouldn't know honor if it kicked you in the yam-bag.

MVC ducks back into the ring and taunts the crowd! She then turns to Blackbeard and flashes her hands in his face with the shutter shut... She then wraps her arm around Blackbeard's head...

Ace: No! Get out of there Blackbeard!

Blackfront: TOO LATE! SNAP DDT! SNAP DDT!

The referee drops as Marie flips Blackbeard for the pin... One.. Two...

Blackfront: THREE! CLAUDIO WINS!!!

"The Bitch Is Back" By Elton John hits once again, as MVC rises to her feet! She can't believe it - and neither can the crowd - but they're CHEERING Van Claudio for her victory! She poses once for the crowd as the scene fades.

Business is Business

Cameras fade up backstage to find Jamie Sawyers, dressed to impress, with microphone in hand. He smiles once the camera dude gives him the go signal and nods.

Sawyers: Greetings UTA fans, Jamie Sawyers here! Standing next to me is the number one contender to the Wildfire Championship, "King" Pin Smith. "King" thanks for joining me here tonight.

Ace: Get both these losers off the screen.

Blackfront: Knock it off. Jamie is a world class interviewer and Pin Smith earned his way to a title shot and is about to give Perfection a lesson about ring rust come Black Horizon.

Ace: Tweeting earned him a title shot? Pfft.

Blackfront: Just as much as a Tweet earned Perfection a suspension.

King: Appreciate the opportunity, Jamie.

Sawyers: Plenty of UTA fans are looking forward to you facing off with Perfection for the Wildfire Championship that was handed to him by UTA owner James Wingate. What are your thoughts on him being handed the championship that you wish to capture?

King: To be honest, Mr. Sawyers, I saw that comin' a mile away.

Sawyers: You don't say?

King: Suspended, stripped, reinstated. Blah. Blah. Blah. Wingate's a businessman and, judging from my experiences, businessmen are weasels. So, when all that went down, did I get pissed Perfection got the belt he never really lost?

He shrugs a casual shrug before waving a finger at the camera.

King: I got pissed when my contendership for said belt was handed over to some bull-lovin', Mike-Best-butt-rubbin' nobody when it was supposed to be me to welcome his grace back to action.

Sawyers: Sharp words from the challenger, folks. "King", I, as I'm sure many of the UTA fans, would love to see you win that belt off Perfection. At Black Horizon on May 31st you will have that very opportunity, do you think you can do

it?

Blackfront: I know I would love to see him take the belt.

Ace: What! Who would ever want that to happen?!

King: There's a lot to be said about who I'm goin' up against, J Money. There's a lot to be said about what's on the line in that match, too. Unfortunately, I don't have time to sweat any of it right now. Ring King is what I'm....

Pin stops talking as his face turns cold. The camera zooms out a little revealing Perfection finishing his approach, he stops so Sawyers is between both of them, a smug look on the champions face and the belt glistening on his shoulder.

Ace: Thank god! Someone with sense!

Perfection: "The King's People"? James smirks and huffs.

Blackfront: Go back to GPW you bum!

Ace: How dare you bring that up!?!

Perfection: I assume you mean those, Ungratefuls. Those pathetic and idiotic lumps that are sitting out ...

Our Wildfire Champion looks disgusted for a moment.

Perfection: ...there...but luckily for them, I'M back..and with gold to boot!

Witherhold rubs his Wildfire championship. Pin steps at the champ with Sayers a bit stuck in the middle.

King: Remember what that belt means, buddy. Those fans... they're the only reason any of us matter... including you...

Perfection raises an eyebrow and then raises his hand.

Perfection: Pipe down, I'M talking! The arena erupts in boos.

Perfection: Even they know there's only one Ring KING...and you're staring right at him! The

Ungratefuls matter because I make them matter- DYNASTY makes the UTA matter! The Wildfire champ gains his composure.

Perfection: However...Ring King is what you're after, Pin? Not this belt... James nods.

Perfection: I can respect that...in fact, I appreciate that you understand business is business. Perfection extends his hand towards "King".

Blackfront: Don't you shake that hand! That's like making a deal with the devil himself! Pin looks at him and shakes his head apathetically.

Ace: Save your career, shake that hand!

Perfection smiles and closes his hand right when Pin gives it a thought. Suddenly a fast blur approaches, it's CBR with a steel pipe.

Blackfront: What! No! NO! C-B-R with that damn steel pipe again!

The Canadian Star slams the pipe into the side of Pin's knee which sends Sawyers scurrying backwards.

Blackfront: This time to the knee of Pin Smith! This is the business they had to attend to?! Crippling Perfection's competitor before their match at Black Horizon!?

Perfection quickly pulls the title off his shoulder and drives into the skull of Pin.

Ace: God I missed them! Pure genius!

Blackfront: Purely disgusting!

Witherhold stands over Pin's body as the challenger holds one hand on his head and the other on the knee that just took the blow from CBR. James is beaming in delight and adjusts his title back on his shoulder.

Blackfront: You will get yours, Perfection! You will get yours at Black Horizon!

CBR and Perfection walk away laughing between them and "King" Pin Smith coming to terms favoring his knee with Sawyers attending to him.

Brought to You By

Say It Wit' Ya Chest!

Scuttling through the meandering hallways of the Joe Louis Arena at a breakneck pace is a rather non-descript intern. He's got a package under his arm and horn-rimmed glasses on his face. The kid looks like he couldn't be happier to be here, not only mingling with his boyhood heroes, but actually working in his desired field of television production.

Boy, is his day about to change.

The not so strapping young lad makes a swift turn and his eyes dart from door to door, looking for room number 66. Strangely, as he's been all over the building and this is the last corridor left unchecked, there is no room number 66 to be found.

Intern: Aye carumba, where in tarnation could it be?

His words hang in the air for an awkward moment before a door off to the side opens and two pairs of hands, one white and one black, grab the kid and pull him into the room. The kid tries to squeal but these are practiced hands and they don't allow it.

Once the adrenaline dump from being snatched out of his shoes starts to wane and his eyes clear, the young intern finds himself face to face with the Three Faces of Danger. Eric Dane, Tyrone Walker, and Stephen Greer stare back at him all mildly amused.

Dane: What's your name, kid?

Intern: Fuh... Fuh... Fuh...

Greer: Your name is Fuh Fuh Fuh? The hell kinda fake name is that?

Uncomfortable at being scrutinized by three very dangerous men, the intern swallows the lump in his throat in order to answer.

Intern: Uh, Fabian Kaye, sirs.

Walker: Fabian Kaye? The HALE kinda fake ass name is that?

The Mean Tee Dee Machine close in, mean mugging this poor bastard.

Dane: Doesn't matter. Do you have our package, kid?

He nods and thrusts the small box at The Only Star. Dane opens it and reveals a Team Danger branded microphone. He jabs it into Fabian's chest.

Dane: Good. Now stand there and hold that. Fabian cradles the microphone to his chest.

Walker: Naw, mayne, hold it up like you'se tryna interview somebody!

Greer reaches over and grabs Fabian's wrist, pulling it up into the exact position it needs to be.

Greer: Now look at the camera, say your name, and lead us in. How hard is this? Sheepishly the young intern does as

he's told.

Kaye: This is Fuh- Fabian Kaye...

The Black Jesus smacks him on the back of his head. Not enough to be abuse, but enough.

Walker: Say it wit' ya chest!

Fabian clears his throat. It would be about here that the UTA-tron hums to life for the crowd in attendance to get a first hand glimpse at the goings on in the back.

Kaye: This is Fabian Kaye for the UTA, and tonight I'm standing here with Tyrone Walker, Stephen Greer, and Eric Dane, the collected force known as Team Danger!

Fabian looks to all three for approval. Each member of the Almighty Team Danger nod, somewhat impressed at how quickly these kids are learning today. It must be that Michelle Obama lunch menu in all the public schools.

Dane: Now, as idiotic as this may seem to you, gentle viewer, I actually heard some douchebro on the internet the other day whining and complaining about how last week we did an interview with the Dynasty's own "personal interviewer" Kate Kincaid.

Walker shrugs. Greer rolls his eyes.

Dane: Yeah. Well. How is it our fault that she came running up to us? I mean seriously, it's not like we asked to get interviewed, we were just about to go find somebody to beat up when she ran up on us.

He snorts.

Dane: But fine. Whatever. The internet gets what the internet wants. This right here is Fabian Kaye, and his fake ass has now been officially promoted from UTA Intern to Team Danger Microphone Stand. And since my boys just happen to have a big Tag Team Title match scheduled for later on in the Main Event, I figure now is just as good a time as any for them to get in a few last digs at the band of idiots they'll be sharing the ring with.

Walker and Greer stand silent for a moment, letting it build as it's eventually thoroughly crushed by the sound of cheers from the HOMETOWN crowd.

Walker: Y'all hear that? That's the sound of Murder City, USA welcomin' their boys home. Now far be it for me for to bring up the past again, 'cause I know how much y'all be raggin' like it's that time'a the month when we refuse to walk an' talk like we're just a bunch of rookies that ain't done nothin'.

Ty snorts and turns his neck.

Walker: But that ain't gonna happen here, mayne, nuh-uh. This place gave birth to Team Danger, so all'a y'all can thank this great city for that.

The Only Star chimes in.

Dane: I can't even tell you how many lives we've ruined in this very building. On top of that I won my third World Title here. Those people out there love us, and tonight the Terrifying Twosome are gonna go out there and win themselves some Tag Team CHAMPIONSHIP GOLD in front of tens of thousands of their closest friends and relatives! Say something Stevie!

Diligently Fabian Kaye puts the microphone in position for the King of Pain.

Greer: DETROIT! RAWK! CITY!

Big ass friggin' pop of the cheapest variety for the Detroit born King of Pain, who waits for it to simmer down before getting into it.

Greer: Home sweet, home, boys. Man, it's funny now that I think about it, because Dane's won big gold here, Ty and I have wrecked shop right here in this very building. But you know what we haven't done?

Ty nods, but asks the question anyway.

Walker: What's that, bruh?

Greer: We've never played our game on the biggest stage, for all of the marbles anywhere in this great city of ours.

Walker: Somethin' tells me that's all about to change. The KoP nods.

Greer: It most definitely is going to change. Because tonight, we're going out there and we're putting our stamp on this place. And when it's all said and done? The only thing people are going to remember about tonight is that Team Danger became the NEW You Tee Aye Tag Team Champions of the WORLD.

Walker: HALE YEAH, mayne.

Dane: And if you kids can't deal with that, I honestly don't know how to help you. Frankly, we just don't give a damn what you can and can't deal with!

Eric winks at the camera, Ty and Stevie mean mug. Fabian tries not to crap his pants. Cut.

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screams, 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 delusionally 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!

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

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

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

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still without Rafiq as he and Narirah make their way out. Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing next to his sister Nazirah who 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 with a look of amusement on Abdul's face. They reach the ringside and climbs the stairs; before entering 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 should be an interesting match up as neither man has faced each other in singles competition before.

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

Blackfront: The fans are ready for the action here tonight.

Ace: It's electricity in the air Jason.

Chris Hopper cracks his neck before walking toward the center of the ring. Abdul bin Hussain, still in his corner, drops to his knees throwing his arms out and looking to the skies.

Blackfront: Hussain singing the praise of Allah before he is set to face Chris Hopper here in one on one action.

Hopper stands, hand son his hips, letting Abdul finish. As he does, he pushes up to his feet and walks forward himself, looking up at Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is no small person, but the former UTA Champion being towered by The King of Cool, Chris Hopper.

Ace: There's not many men in the UTA that can stand toe to toe with Chris Hopper. But in sheer aggression, I have to give this match tonight to Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: You may be right, but Hopper will not go down without a fight. Both men get ready as the bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: I guess we will find out now!

Hussain yells at the fans in the front row taunting him as Chris Hopper looks ready to strike. Hussain points at Hopper and heads in, trying to lock up with him. However, Chris Hopper pushes Abdul bin Hussain back and down with ease.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain a very confident individual trying to get control quick here. Hussain quickly pushes up and charges Chris Hopper again, trying to lock up. But once again, with ease, Hopper shoves him down. Hussain rolls up and leans across the ropes.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain charging Chris Hopper again!

Ace: This guy doesn't give up, does he?

Blackfront: No he doesn't. That is why he is a former UTA Champion.

This time, Hussain ducks the arms of Chris Hopper and turns around as Chris does. But as he turns, Abdul bin Hussain brings his right hand up and slaps Chris Hopper across the face while yelling what we can only imagine are profanities.

Blackfront: I'm not sure how smart that was.

Chris Hopper looks at Abdul bin Hussain as he rubs the side of his jaw.

Ace: He's just letting him know what he thinks of him Jason.

Chris Hopper, stunned, pauses for a moment before coming with a big right hand that sends Hussain to the canvas.

Blackfront: Oh, that hard right by The King of Cool.

Abdul leans on one knee, holding himself up with his left hand and holding his forehead with his right. Chris Hopper grabs Hussain and lifts him up, twisting around and almost throwing Abdul into the corner.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now with a big right hand. Another AND another! Hussain begins to slouch.

Blackfront: Right to the midsection of Abdul bin Hussain. The former champion reeling.

Abdul moves to a seated position in the corner now. Using the ropes he begins to get up as Chris Hopper moves in and hooks his arm. With force, Hopper pulls back and tosses Hussain over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hip toss out of the corner by Chris Hopper who is not here to play tonight it seems.

Ace: That slap fired him up Jason.

Hussain lets out a yelp as he arches up, holding his back. Hussain rolls over and still tries to get up but is met with another right from Hopper before Chris throws him into the ropes where Will grabs the top and holds himself up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper following up with a boot to the gut of Hussain. he grabs his arm... whip across the ring.

As Hussain hits the other side, he grabs the top rope to stop himself, and drops to the canvas, rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: Hussain trying to gather himself now by getting out of the ring. The fans boo Abdul.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain trying to decide if he should even stay and continue.

Abdul yells at the booing crowd as he walks around the ring. As it looks like he will in fact head back up the ramp, Chris Hopper leans over the ropes and grabs his head, turning him around. Blackfront: Hopper using that pure strength to pull Hussain to the apron.

Hussain reaches up and grabs Hopper's head, then jumps down so that the ropes go into the throat of Chris Hopper. He is sent up and stumbles back.

Blackfront: Hussain on the apron and now climbing the turnbuckle from outside of the ring. Chris Hopper turns around and comes forward with a big rising uppercut to the jaw of Abdul bin Hussain. Hopper reaches up and grabs the thigh of Hussain, and then his head. He lifts up, and sends Hussain over and crashing into the canvas.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper only momentarily disoriented continues to dominate this match.

Abdul is checked on by the referee as he arches up and holds his back again. He rolls over to his hands and knees, but is met by Chris Hopper who reaches down and grabs his head. Blackfront: Chris Hopper now controlling Hussain, introduces his head to the corner turnbuckle. Ace: I think Abdul bin Hussain may have picked off more than he can chew tonight.

Hussain is turned around, back first into the corner as Chris Hopper follows up with an elbow across his chest. He walks a few feet away and turns back. As Chris Hopper comes back, Hussain comes forward with a quick boot to the midsection, followed by a right to the head of a now hunched over Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Hussain fighting back. Another hard right.

Hussain grabs the head of Chris Hopper and bends him down as he forces him back into the corner and follows up with another big punch.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now taking control here.

Hussain runs back to the middle of the ring, turning and facing Hopper in the corner before taking off. As he approaches, Abdul leaps up with both knees going hard into Chris Hopper's chest as he grab's the back of his head. He drops backward to the canvas, sending Hopper forward and cover as he releases.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain flipping Hopper over with that modified monkey flip.

Ace: Monkey flip on a big dumb ape.

Blackfront: He's got him down, now Abdul bin Hussain needs to stay on Chris Hopper if he wants to win.

Abdul bin Hussain rolls over to his knees, throwing his arms out as he looks up and yells. The fans boo him.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain getting to his feet. It looks like he stalking Chris Hopper like wounded prey.

Hussain crouches in a ready position, his arms out and his finger tips moving as Chris Hopper rolls over and begins to push up. As he moves to his knees, and starts to raise, Abdul takes off toward him.

Blackfront: Hussain charges Hopper.. he leaps... PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH CONNECTS!

Ace: Hopper is out after that!

Abdul bin Hussain rolls over and kips up, his arms outstretched and the chorus of boos almost deafening.

Blackfront: All Abdul bin Hussain has to do is cover Chris Hopper, and the former UTA Champion will walk out the winner.

Abdul brings his arms down, looking forward into the camera. A sadistic smile comes across his face before he drops down to his knees again, grabbing Chris Hopper and rolling him toward himself onto his back. Hussain covers Hopper as the referee slides into place.

Blackfront: This one is ov- Wait.. What's he doing here?

The camera zooms up to show John Sektor strolling onto the stage and beginning down the ramp. Inside of the ring, Abdul bin Hussain gets up, forgetting about the cover.

Blackfront: John Sektor is out here and Abdul bin Hussain's attention is all on him.

Ace: What a dummy. He had Hopper pinned! This one was all his! Abdul leans over the ropes yelling at Sektor.

Blackfront: These two men will meet at Black Horizon in a shock therapy match.

Sektor stands near the ring, hands on his hips smiling up at Abdul who steps back yelling for him to get into the ring.

Ace: You're going to get your hands on him in two weeks, why ruin a perfectly good win tonight? Behind Abdul, Chris Hopper begins to slowly push up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper not down for long, starting to get up.

Ace: See!

The crowd buzzes again as the camera moves up, this time we see CBR stepping out from the back and starting down the ramp.

Blackfront: It's Dynasty's CBR! The man who attacked Chris Hopper Brutally just two weeks ago with a steel pipe!

Inside of the ring, Chris grabs Abdul, twisting him around. As he does, he sees CBR. This causes him to push Abdul out of the way and head to the ropes himself, yelling down toward CBR. Blackfront: Chris Hopper distracted now by the approaching CBR.

Abdul steps up to Hopper, who turns briefly yelling at him as he points up at CBR. Hussain points at Sektor.

Ace: These two idiots are comparing their distractions!

CBR approaches the ring, stopping next to Sektor. He smiles up at Chris Hopper who is now yelling for him to get into the ring as Abdul bin Hussain goes back to focusing on John Sektor. Blackfront: Folks we have an old fashion Mexican stand off here as the two opponents too focused on outside influences.

Outside of the ring, both Sektor and CBR try to yell at their distracted opponent louder than the other. CBR moves in front of Sektor, pointing at Chris Hopper in the ring. Sektor looks over at CBR, a scowl on his face.

Blackfront: It now seems the two men whom have come out here, are trying to one up each other.

Sektor moves in front of CBR now, bumping past his shoulder.

Ace: Four idiots.

Blackfront: I thought you were a Dynasty and Machine mark Tommy?

Ace: Well, I am when they aren't acting like idiots. Come on! Where is the violence!

CBR turns to Sektor, yelling at him and pointing to Hopper. Sektor yells back, pointing up at Hussain. Inside of the ring, Hussain and Chris Hopper both stand, hands on their hips now, looking at the two outside of the ring before looking at each other confused.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain and Chris Hopper don't know what to make of this, and quite frankly neither do I.

John Sektor pushes CBR who is sent back a few steps. CBR bows up, coming forward and pushing Sektor who then retaliates by jumping forward with a big right hand.

Blackfront: John Sektor and CBR now exchanging blows outside of the ring!

Ace: I don't understand! Didn't they come out to... oh never mind.

The two men exchange heavy lefts and rights as the match opponents, and the referee watch from inside the ring. Suddenly, all members of Dynasty and The Machine are seen bolting down the ramp.

Blackfront: We have an invasion going on!

Quickly, Dynasty pushes CBR back as The Machine pushes Sektor away. The two men try to break free.

Blackfront: It's a stable war outside of the ring!

Members from each faction yell at the other as they continue to hold CBR and John Sektor back.

Ace: Come on guys! You're all on James Wingate's side! Can't you work together?!

A shoving war breaks out between other members of the groups. Suddenly we hear the voice of the boss himself, the God of the UTA if you shall, James Wingate who is walking from the back, stopping at the top of the stage.

Wingate: Cut that out! Cut that out right now!

The two factions stop shoving and yelling, other than the occasional quick quip.

Wingate: Damn Mike... Perfection... keep a damn leash on your groups. We have a damn deal! Blackfront: Mr. Wingate referring to the deal he has with Mike Best as well as one he has forged with Perfection.

Wingate: You two want to get your hands on each other? Huh? CBR, you're back now and you want to get your hands on Hopper? Want to get your hands on Sektor?

CBR nods as he mouths a reply.

Wingate: And you Sektor, you're facing Hussain at Black Horizon and now you want to get a piece of CBR don't you?

John Sektor screams Of Course back.

Wingate: What about you Chris? I know you want to get a little revenge on CBR. Chris Hopper slams a fist into his open hand as he nods.

Wingate: OK... At Black Horizon... it is now a FATAL FOUR WAY SHOCK THERAPY MATCH! The crowd goes insane. Mike Best as well as Perfection both turn and begin yelling at James Wingate.

Wingate: You guys want to act like fools? Do you? Maybe some shock therapy will fix you! Now get away from my damn ring and let this match continue!

The Machine begins up the ramp first, disagreements with the decision being vocalized. Behind them, Dynasty begins to leave ring side as well. CBR walks backward up the ramp, pointing at Hopper and yelling before turning and heading forward. Wingate just watches from the stage. Inside of the ring, the two men watch.

Blackfront: A temporary distraction here, it seems like we may be getting back on track. Ace: I can't believe it Jason! CBR and Chris Hopper are now in the Shock Therapy match! Inside the ring, Hopper turns as Abdul bin Hussain comes forward with a boot to the gut.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain wasting no time as he uses the distraction to gain an advantage. Off of the ropes...

As he returns, with Hopper bent over, Abdul speeds forward. However, at the very last possible second as Abdul begins to jump up, Chris Hopper leaps up and sideways, turning and grabbing Abdul's head before he drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER SAVES HOPPER FROM A SECOND PRAY TO ALLAH! HOPPER GOING FOR THE COVER!

The fans scream and yell as the referee slides into place. His hand raises up, coming down. As it hits for a third time the bell begins to sound.

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain thought he could gain a win, but was caught with an Ice Breaker. The most recent development of Black Horizon, we now have CBR and Chris Hopper being added into the mix of Sektor and Hussain. This pay per view is certainly stacking up.

As Chris Hopper celebrates in the ring, we see Wingate on the stage in a heated discussion with both Perfection and Mike Best as we cut from ring side.

## Revenge of the Rebel

Jamie Sawyers is standing backstage in the interview area.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, my guest at this time. The former UTA Prodigy Champion Ron Hall.

Ron the now former Prodigy Champion and the third in the three way match at Black Horizon walks in. He doesn't seem too happy right now. His green eyes staring a hole into Sawyers. Ron is dressed in a Michigan wrestling T shirt, and blue jeans. He's wearing his glasses and his normally long hair has been shortened by a trip to a barber.

Ron stands in the middle of the interview set. He slowly looks around, almost as if he's looking over the sold out crowd at the Joe Louis arena. He looks at Sawyers and coldly addresses him. Hall: You gonna ask me something or are we going to stand here all night?

Sawyers: (Very nervously) Ron we know your request for a rematch at

Jamie doesn't get to finish. Ron grabs the microphone. Sawyers wisely backs off. The look on Hall's face shows that he has been thinking about the Prodigy Championship and LAR quite a bit. He raises the mic to his mouth and begins to speak.

Ron: LAR, congratulations champ. You got it done. You took advantage of the opportunity presented to you by Lady Gaze and won a match you never should have. You can be like everyone else and over look me and try to ignore me all you want between now and the 31st. What do I mean by ignore? I heard you and Beckman's little back and forth earlier. How convenient you both left me out of your little exchange. If you ignore me, I'll go away right?

His anger shows in his eyes, his rage in his voice.

Hall: I called you out for a rematch, man to man at Black Horizon. Do you do the honorable thing, the manly thing, the right thing and say yes? HELL NO YOU DIDN'T! Instead, not only do you watch as Wingate goes behind my back and gives some new kid on the block my rematch, but you try to play it off like you didn't know that he tried to keep it from happening! You've played completely along with him!

Boos can be heard.

Hall: The sad reality for you is that you can't get out of this, the rematch clause is rock solid! Ron regains his composure but you can tell this isn't sitting well with him.

Hall: However, try as he may, cooperate as you might, at Black Horizon, the clock hits midnight and this fairytale you profess to be living in comes to a short and sweet end. That belt you're so happily parading around with now. Well, your rental of it ends.

A mix of boos is heard as Ron continues.

Hall: Then there's The Machine and Ms.Beckman. The UTA's flavor of the week. Yes, I said week, not month. I've seen them come and I've seen them go. Among things that will go for you Ms. Beckman on the 31st, is your vaunted winning streak along with your championship dreams, not because of the one hit wonder you beat to a pulp your first night here but because of the UTA original, the legend you all want to pretend doesn't exist.

On the morning of June 1st, none of you will be able ignore the fact that belt is back with its rightful owner, once again.

Ron puts the mic in Sawyer's hands and walks off to the back without giving the interviewer a chance to respond or ask anything else.

## Jekyll Disorder

Crimson Lord is seen on the big screen to a chorus of boos from the fans here at Joe Louis Arena in Detroit, Michigan. Crimson is staring intently at his locker, filled with his gear.

Crimson: Where is he!

Obviously very frustrated, Crimson starts to pace back and forth and then suddenly stops as he passes the mirror. He slowly looks toward it his eyes quickly widened, with a look of instability in them.

Mirror Crimson: I told you he was not dependable. You are going to have to do this yourself! Crimson clenches his teeth toward the reflection in the mirror.

Crimson: Get out of my head, you're just a figment of my twisted mind! The reflection laughs diabolically.

Mirror Crimson: A figment huh? I am your true essence. You foolishly keep trying to hope for the impossible.

Crimson slowly clenches his fists in a rage filled motion. Crimson: What do you want of me? Just leave me alone! The reflection just smirks at him.

Mirror Crimson: I want you to take back what you once had. I just want you to see my reasoning behind it. Accept that you don't belong here. If you want gold as badly as we both know you do, you're going to have to do it alone!

Crimson's rage slowly diminishes.

Crimson: I am going to prove you wrong tonight, when me and Fantastic walk out with the gold! The reflection just shakes its head toward him.

Mirror Crimson: (Unmoved) End this tonight. You know what is best.

Crimson walks up to the mirror and slams his fist into the mirror while shouting in mid motion.

Crimson: NOOO!!!!

The impact of his fist on the glass shatters the glass in a ripple effect. Crimson slowly removes his fist from the glass, drops of blood drip from his still clenched fist. He is breathing rather heavy staring at the broken mirror. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a cell phone and starts to punch buttons on it and then puts it to his ear.

After a few moments of the ring tone on the phone it is picked up.

Crimson: Where the hell are you!? We've got a match coming up!

Brought to You By

This Is What Dreams Are Made Of!

Cameras fade in on Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace our UTA Play-by-Play Announce Team. The fans around them are going wild behind them. Some make "Peace" signs, some mouth "Hi Mom" and others show off their UTA related t-shirts.

Blackfront: Welcome back folks! Still more to come here tonight! Don't go anywhere, our Main Event is still to come!

Ace: Big Fatal Four Way Tag Team Match for the UTA Tag Team Championships as La Flama Blanca and The Second Coming put their titles on the line.

Blackfront: The Champions do not, I repeat DO NOT need to be pinned to lose their titles. Ace: It's just not fair, Jason! James Wingate is trying all he can to take away the titles from the champs!

Blackfront: It's the rules, Tommy.

Ace: Rules were made to be broken.

Blackfront puts his finger to his ear, he's getting a message from the back. Blackfront: Ladies and gentleman... I'm getting word now from the back... Ace looks over at Blackfront and smiles. He too can hear what's being said.

Blackfront: The rumors we heard all week are true. UTA World Champion Sean Jackson and his opponent at Black

Horizon, La Flama Blanca will be in the WrestleZone on Victory.

Ace: Yes! Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca together LIVE on Pure Sports Entertainment! Blackfront: La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson will be at Victory to address the UTA World Championship Title Match at Black Horizon.

The screen darkens and a curiously quick graphic for Black Horizon appears.

Blackfront: The much talked about title match headlining our next Pay Per View. Black Horizon takes place on May Thirty First LIVE from the AT&T Arena in Arlington, Texas. Black Horizon is just weeks away.

Ace: I wonder how the UTA will out do itself, Jason... Then I remember Dynasty is STILL going to walk out of Black Horizon with the UTA World Title! This is what dreams are made of!

Blackfront shakes his head at his partner.

Blackfront: This match has been highly debated for weeks. Everyone assuming Dynasty will do what Dynasty always does and screw with the fans and the organization.

Ace: You know Jason... I'm getting sick and tired of people making jokes and bashing this match. These are two of the top competitors in the UTA and the sport.

We cut to different camera shots around the arena. Catching different signs in the crowd. Ace: This is what locker room is talking about and the internet forums are going berzerk over. Back to Ace and Blackfront.

Blackfront: You're right, Tommy. Dynasty are the most hated group in the UTA, even with all that you need to respect them and know they have something in the works.

Ace: Very smart men in Dynasty... one of those men is in action coming up next, Jason. Blackfront: Right again, Tommy. Dynasty clashes with Too Bad Ass For A Name once more as Sean Jackson takes on Zhalia Fears next on WRESTLESHOW!

Ace: DON'T GO ANYWHERE!

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as 'White Rabbit' by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears makes her way to the ring to get this huge match started!

Ace: I don't know about "huge". After all, it's non title. Besides, what's Fears' record looking like these days?

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK! She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smiles at it and says 'We Miss You Kush!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out. It's soon replaced with darkness and silence, followed by...

v/o: Zhalia? 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.

## 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.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the UTA world champion... The Mental Rapist... SEAN

JACKSON!

Blackfront: Jackson of course trying his usual mind games leading into this match, let's see if his tactic pays off!

Ace: Of course it will, Blackfront, he's the master of mind games, and Fears is a mentally unbalanced space case! Her mind is not going to be in this match!

Sean makes a special effort to turn, title belt still aloft, and look Fears directly in the eyes as he kisses it. His gaze into Zhalia's eyes doesn't break as he hands the belt to the referee for safe keeping. Fears also does not break eye contact, a slight smile in the corner of her mouth as she goes through her warm-up motions. After a few more moments, the referee hands the belt to the time keeper and calls for the bell.

Blackfront: And it's on! Fears and Jackson circle the ring, as this match gets underway!

Ace: Jackson doesn't seem too concerned about Fears right now.

Jackson's face is a smirk, as he mimics Fears' circling. After a few seconds, she steps forward for the collar and elbow, and Jackson leans back and out of the ropes. The referee waves Fears back and starts counting the grinning Jackson back into the ring. Fears paces back and forth, rubbing her wrists impatiently.

Blackfront: Jackson once again playing mind tricks on his opponent!

Ace: What? I think you're misinterpreting that. Jackson is a master of pacing, he just wants to make sure the fans get their money's worth.

The referee gets to five before Jackson leans back into the ring. The referee signals that the match can proceed, and Fears wastes no time running in for another collar and elbow attempt. Jackson & Fears tie up in the center of the ring...

Fears pushes Jackson into the corner...

Jackson once again leans himself out of the ropes and the referee breaks up the hold! Fears not backing down immediately, so the referee slips between the competitors. Jackson and Fears both put up their hands... Jackson suddenly ducks back in and nails Fears with a kick to the gut! Fears doubles over, and Jackson grabs her for a suplex... SUPLEX INTO THE CORNER!

Blackfront: Fears crumples into the corner and lands on her head!

Ace: See? Strategy. Smart men like Jackson know how to control the action.

As Fears lays crumpled in the corner clutching the back of her head, Jackson paces around the ring, looking out at the audience with a smirk on his face. The crowd BOOs for Jackson, which he arrogantly waves off as he slowly approaches the corner. He grabs the top rope and unleashes a series of stomps on the cornered body of Fears. He hops up on the middle rope and drops his last stomp from the elevated position. He lets go of the rope on impact, and then walks off of Fears' body, holding his arms up and smiling as the crowd BOOs their disapproval.

Blackfront: Oh, now he's just rubbing everyone's nose in it!

Ace: What, he shouldn't be proud of his tactical mastery? He's the UTA World Champion! That's something worth flaunting!

Jackson, still smiling, takes his time heading back to the corner. He grabs Fears by the hair, lifts her to a standing position, and slingshots her at the opposite corner - wait! Fears reverses the Irish whip, and sends Jackson into the corner! Jackson hits the corner, and sees Fears coming - Jackson ducks out of the way of a body splash - WAIT! Fears gets her feet up on the middle turnbuckle...

Blackfront: CORKSCREW SENTON ON THE CHAMP!

Ace: Get up Jackson! It was a lucky shot!

Fears gets her wits about her enough to go for a cover, but Jackson arrogantly pushes her off face first before she can even lay down. Fears lands on her butt and leaning in the corner, rubbing her jaw, and narrowing her eyes at The Mental Rapist. Jackson gets up on one elbow, rubbing his own jaw, and begins laughing at Fears as he looks her in the eye. The duo get to their feet (Fears with the help of the ropes) and square off again, circling the mat slowly. This time, it's Jackson that breaks the deadlock, going for a collar-and-elbow, Fears has her arms up- BAM!

Kick to the midsection by Jackson! Fears doubles over, and Jackson follows up with a throat thrust! Fears stumbles into the ropes, leaning on the top rope with one arm as she holds her neck with the other... Jackson takes his sweet time walking over to her, before grabbing her arm, Irish whipping her towards the opposite ropes... He charges as she bounces back...

Blackfront: SWINGING NECKBREAKER! That HAD to hurt!

Ace: And Jackson's gonna end it, he goes for the pin...

Blackfront: Kickout at two-point-nine!

Ace: That wasn't a kickout, that was a reflex spasm! There's no way Fears could have survived that!

Fears rolls to the side, rubbing her neck, as Jackson coolly rises to his feet. Barely breaking a sweat, he takes a moment to slowly wander the ring, taunting the fans as they BOO for their champion. After several seconds, he wanders back around to Fears, who is once again pulling herself to her feet using the ropes. She holds her neck and seems to be struggling for breath. Jackson clutches Fears' head and drags her towards center ring, his movements still slow and calculated. Jackson faces the camera, smirks, and tucks Fears' head under his arm. He winks, and then lifts Fears into a stalling suplex... Fears' legs straight up in the air for a good five seconds... Jackson's eyes still locked onto

the camera... and he just releases Fears, changing his grip along the way to hit Fears with an RKO-style stunner! Fears hits the ring with a gunshot-like BAM and crumples into a heap!

Blackfront: That was a sick drop!

Ace: The champ just hit his signature "Mental Rape" maneuver - it's over for Fears!

Still smirking, Jackson moseys over to Fears' crumpled body. He flips her over with his toe, then slowly drops to his knees, grabs Fears' wrists, and holds her arms over her head as he pins her. The resulting pin is Jackson lying on top of Fears, nose to nose with her...

Blackfront: Oh, now that is just vulgar... Referee goes for the count...

Ace: Be smart, Zhalia, you can't- WHAT?!

Blackfront: FEARS JUST BIT SEAN'S NOSE!!! FEARS JUST BIT SEAN'S NOSE!!!

Jackson's arms flail all over the place, as Zhalia bites down on the champion's nose! After a few seconds of this, she releases her toothy grip, and Jackson scrambles backwards, clutching his nose! The referee has his back to Sean Jackson as he warns Fears about the biting. Jackson rubs his nose to check if he's bleeding and seems satisfied that he isn't. He rolls out of the ring while the referee's back is turned and grabs a chair.

Blackfront: Hey, that's illegal!

Ace: It's not illegal to carry a chair, relax. Trust your champion.

Blackfront: He's carrying the chair into the ring!

Ace: I'm sure he has a perfectly legitimate reason to do that.

The referee turns around and sees Jackson carrying the chair. Jackson puts a look of innocence on his face as the referee yells at him. Jackson sets up the chair and takes a seat on it, continuing to wear a look of innocence. The referee shakes his head as Zhalia approaches.

Jackson stands up, and the referee begins the task of removing the chair from the ring... As he's distracted, Fears approaches and walks right into an eye gouge by the champ! Blinded, she doesn't see Jackson approach... He grabs her... picks her up with a gorilla press... and drops her across the rope neck first! Fears falls to the ground and Jackson hooks the leg...

Blackfront: The referee slides in... and a kickout at two!

Ace: Looks like Jackson took her breath away! Hah!

Fears is still clutching her neck as Jackson rises to a kneeling position, hands on his knees. He has a look of irritation on his face for a few seconds, then rises methodically to his feet, carrying Fears by the head on the way up. He gets her to a vertical position... picks her up...

POWERBOMB! Jackson carries his motion through for a cover...

Blackfront: ...and another kickout by Fears!

Ace: How can she think she even has a chance here? The champion has been in control for most of this match!

Jackson once again rises to his feet, carrying Fears to a standing position. He Irish whips Fears into the corner, and she blasts against it back first. Jackson rushes Fears, looking for a clothesline - but nobody's home! Fears slips under the ropes! As Jackson reels back holding his arm, Fears scales the turnbuckles... The referee warning her and telling her to get down...

Jackson turns to face Fears... CORKSCREW MOONSAULT!

Blackfront: Fears calls that move "Down The Rabbit Hole"! She follows it up with the cover...

Ace: ...and the champ kicks out at two!

Fears clutches her hair and screams to the heavens, before rolling to her feet. She clutches Jackson by the head, and receives a sudden punch in the gut by the champion. He fires off two more before hitting a standing neckbreaker. With Fears laid out, Jackson paces the ring again,

clutching the back of his head and frowning at his opponent. Fears begins to stir, and Jackson responds with a few quick angry stomps to her midsection, then continues his methodical pacing, stalking Fears while still grabbing his head.

Blackfront: You have to wonder what's on the mind of Sean Jackson right now.

Ace: YOU do, because you don't know how a champion thinks. I guarantee he's already planning his checkmate on Fears. She's on borrowed time.

Fears again tries to roll onto her stomach, but is stopped with a few more stomps. The referee steps in and pushes Jackson away, warning him about bad sportsmanship. Jackson rubs his neck and spits outside of the ring, clearly not happy with the referee's words. Fears is finally able to roll to her stomach and get to her knees, and Jackson approaches her, reaches for her head- wait! Fears grabs Jackson's arm and slingshots him over the top rope! The champion spills to the outside! The crowd is CHEERING for Fears as she measures the distance... Jackson gets to his feet with some help from the outside barrier... Fears runs to the opposite ropes and bounces back... Jackson turns... Fears jumps up onto the top rope, balances for half a second...

**HURRICANRANA FROM OFF THE TOP ROPE AND INTO THE ARENA FLOOR!**

Audience: HOLY \*BLEEP\*! HOLY \*BLEEP\*! HOLY \*BLEEP\*!

Blackfront: Fears goes high risk and the gamble pays off! Jackson ate all of that!

Ace: She deserves to break her neck for trying moves like that!

Both contenders lie in a pile outside of the ring. It's Fears who is the first to stir as the referee gets to two on his count. She pulls Jackson to his feet... He goes for a wild swing but Fears ducks under it... Jackson comes back around... And gets **BLASTED** with a capoeira hook kick!

Blackfront: ODE TO KUSH! ODE TO KUSH!

Ace: The dummy forgot that the match takes place in the ring! How's she going to pin him out there?

Jackson's eggs are clearly scrambled, as Fears rolls into the ring and then back out to break the count. She stalks Jackson as the duo start walking around the apron, Jackson trying to get away for a brief breather. Fears does not stop following Jackson as he makes his way to the ringside announcer area. Fears grabs Jackson's shoulder and spins him around... **JACKSON BLASTS HER IN THE FACE WITH THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TUCKED UNDER HIS ARM** - but the

referee doesn't see it!

Blackfront: That bastard Jackson is taking shortcuts again!

Ace: Neither I nor the referee know what you're talking about, so you're out-voted 2 to 1.

Fears flops to the ground, motionless. Jackson quickly tosses the belt behind his back and back onto the announce table. Breathing hard, he looks up at the referee, who has reached seven on his count. Jackson smirks once again towards the **BOOing** crowd, then rolls into the ring. He counts along with the referee... **EIGHT... NINE...** with a sudden burst of energy, Fears springs to her feet and quickly rolls into the ring!

Blackfront: She is running on pure instinct right now!

Ace: She's doing the smart thing and letting Jackson pin her fair and square. She knows what's up.

Jackson shakes his head and laughs at the crumpled body of Fears. Fears continues to breathe heavily as Jackson takes slow, metered steps towards the corner behind Fears.

Blackfront: We've seen this before, he's setting up for Game Called Due To Darkness...

Ace: It's over now! GET HER, CHAMP!

Jackson scales the turnbuckle, looking for the elbow to the back of the head, but Fears suddenly leaps up and runs at Jackson, slapping the ropes! Jackson falls right onto his crotch and is sitting on top of the turnbuckle! Fears looks to the left and right, then parts the ropes and goes to the outside apron... she springboards off the top rope... CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP ROPE AND INTO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE! THE TABLE SHATTERS UNDER THEIR BODIES!

Blackfront: Once again Fears is taking the fight to the outside in a big way!

Ace: YOU SPILLED MY COFFEE! YOU SPILLED MY COFFEE YOU CRAZY \*BLEEP\*!

The referee once again forced to employ a ten count, as Jackson & Fears lie in a crumpled heap. By the time the ref gets to five, both competitors roll painfully to their feet. Fears is looking unsteady on her feet, but she still demonstrates she has lots more gas in the tank by running and sliding into the ring, then sliding back out to break the count again. Jackson stumbles to his feet as well, leaning on a folding chair for support. As Fears rounds the corner, Jackson makes a

motion with his arms like "screw this" and starts walking towards the entrance ramp. Fears follows the exiting champion, and just as she grabs his shoulder, he swings around and BLASTS her over the head with a folding chair! The referee sees it and calls for the bell!

Announcer: The winner of this match, as the result of a disqualification... ZHALIA FEARS! Jackson lazily throws the chair down and spits on the ground, again motioning that he doesn't care. He wanders to the entrance ramp, ignoring the BOOs from the crowd as he passes them. Blackfront: Looks like Fears gains a bittersweet victory over the UTA World Champion tonight! Ace: Yeah, whatever. She's so beneath Jackson that he doesn't even care. He's saving his energy for opponents that actually matter, like La Flama Blanca.

Fears is able to get to her feet under her own power after several seconds. She clutches her forehead outside the ring, as the referee exits and raises her arm in victory, as the scene fades to black.

Hyde Disorder

Crimson Lord is seen pacing back and forth while Gaze tries to calm him down.

Gaze: He'll be here Love. (Tries to have Crimson look at her) Trust me. Mr. Fantastic has never been one to no show a match.

Crimson stops pacing and looks at her full of rage once more. Crimson: Maybe he is right... maybe it is time to do the unthinkable. Gaze's eyes widened with shock.

Gaze: I thought we decided to wait on this. Crimson looks at her coldly.

Crimson: I am moving the timetable up!

Crimson notices the promo for the build up to the tag title match from the monitor sitting at the gorilla position. Suddenly a voice is heard in the background, both Gaze and him look toward it. Mr. Fantastic: Whew thought I never make it. (Puts his hand out for a handshake but both Crimson and Gaze leave him hanging) I'm sorry about that man.

Late connecting flight from Green Bay to Detroit.

Crimson and Gaze stare at him without much emotion.

Mr. Fantastic: You guys ok?

Gaze looks up at Crimson and he looks down at her.

Gaze: I am sure you two have things to discuss before this match. I'll leave you to it. (Looks at Crimson with a look that says "maybe you were right" as she walks off) Remember boys, we got five minutes before we're on.

Gaze walks off and Fantastic looks kind of baffled. He looks at Crimson who looks to be burning a hole right through him.

Mr. Fantastic: I know, I'm sorry man. I had business to handle. Trust me I am ready to win tonight.

Crimson slowly crosses his arms obviously not believing a word Fantastic has to say.

Crimson: Oh are you? Then explain to me why I am the one doing all the publicity for this match. Why do I get the feeling I am the one that actually gives a shit about the outcome of this match?!? Fantastic puts his hands up trying to explain himself.

Mr. Fantastic: Look man I appreciate you picking up the slack. I've been busy! If there's something on your mind, can we talk about it after this match?

Crimson extends his right arm from his crossed arms, with his palm upward.

Crimson: So all this is to you is another match? You do realize we're getting a second chance to get these tag titles right?

Fantastic looks shocked.

Mr. Fantastic: It's a tag title shot?

He rubs the back of his head obviously he has totally forgotten the importance of the match.

Crimson: (Fantastic's reaction is the last straw) You and me are done after this match! Crimson Lord is no longer a part of The Spawn!! I consider myself a free agent now!

Mr. Fantastic: Whoa whoa whoa big fella. (Tries to grab Lord's shoulders and talk this out with him) Don't you think you're overreacting a bit here?

Crimson turns from Fantastic.

Crimson: This is no longer going to work. You have to make a decision after tonight what is more important to you this...

Crimson points out to the arena of fans. Then points at him while he looks down at Crimson's finger.

Crimson: And the opportunity we've been given OR your other love in life.

Fantastic swallows hard, takes a deep breath and as he steps back still in shock and awe at what looks like the demise of The Spawn.

Mr. Fantastic: Does Gaze feel the same way?

As he says that Gaze walks past him and responds while her and Crimson walk toward the curtain.

Gaze: Yes I feel the same way.

The two walk off camera with Fantastic looking down with his head shaking and hands on his hips.

I Don't Make Threats Either

Backstage, Abdul bin Hussain can be seen moving through the corridors with purpose. He is still sweaty looking from his match and is breathing heavily, but has a look of menace in his eyes. He finally stops outside of a locker room, and the sign on the door reads:

“The Machine.”

Ace: Hey that's the Machine's locker room. He's looking for Sektor!

An evil smirk creeps its way across his face as he takes a couple of steps back from the door.

Blackfront: No..I think he's looking for his DAUGHTER!

Gritting his teeth, he lunges forwards and throws his boot straight towards the lock of the door.

BANG!

And again..

BANG!

again..

BANG!

The door then flies open and he opens and he marches in with a huge smile on his face.

Blackfront: Oh this isn't good at all. Where the heck is Sektor?

Ace: Probably hitting on Kate Kincaid again..

The smile on Abdul's face soon fades and is replaced by a look of confusion as he finds nothing but an empty room. In front of him, dangling from the ceiling on a piece of string, is a remote control with a pink post-it note on it. The note reads:

“Play Me!”

He hesitates as he reaches for the remote, as though realising that he may have been conned. He clicks play and a television at the back of the room fires to life.

Video

In a dull-lit and dusty looking container, sits Rafiq, tied and bound to a wooden chair as he has been for the past several weeks. Sektor's face pops up in front of the camera, smiling from ear to ear, before he steps away and heads back towards Rafiq.

Sektor: Hello Abdul. You must be feeling a little confused right now, hm? But do you really think I would have left my daughter unattended like that? You should have figured out by now, that I'm much smarter than that..

He taps his temple as he points this out.

Sektor: No, all of what you saw at the beginning of the night was pre-recorded. Solely so that I could get you right where you are standing now, and so that you can watch this video.

Sektor is looking completely and utterly proud of himself and even places an arm around Rafiq's shoulder, gently caressing it with his hand.

Sektor: As for my daughter? Meh, I shipped her off to West Point! I may not be the greatest father in the world, but I do take her safety very seriously. So just like the Taliban...good luck trying to get through America if you want to get your hands on her.

Sektor laughs a little, and even gives Rafiq a gentle shake.

Sektor: But you know Abs...I was starting to lose interest in you. I mean, at first I thought a pay per view match with a former UTA champion was a good idea. But then I began to realise that you are nowhere near that level any more.

He raises his eyebrows and puffs his cheeks with a look of disappointment on his face. Sektor: So, I took Rafiq here to try and amp you up a little bit. Turn up the voltage so to speak, because facing Abdul bin Hussain at his best and most dangerous and BEATING him? It only means good things for John Sektor, right?

Sektor smiles innocently, but the smile soon fades as he suddenly begins to completely serious. Sektor: But threatening my daughter? Well now you've took this to a whole new level of PERSONAL. And because of this, we are now set to face off in one of the most brutal matches in the history of UTA. A shock THERAPY match!

Sektor hands tightens around the shoulder muscle of Rafiq, causing him to groan through his gag.

Sektor: Now, remember how last week you said that you make good on your promises? Sektor holds up a finger, signalling that he is requesting a second as he disappears out of shot. He then returns, carrying what looks like a huge cattle prod.

Locker Room

Abdul's eyes bulge as he spots the device in Sektor's hands.

ABH: No..

Video

Sektor: Well so do I..

A loud humming noise begins to be emitted from the device, getting louder and louder before Sektor finally turns and jams it into Rafiq's sternum.

Rafiq shrieks and convulses in the chair as blue flashes light up the inside of the container as Sektor continues to shock the hell out of him, laughing Maniacally as he does so.

Eventually Rafiq's chair tips over and Sektor retracts the device, blowing on the end as though it's a pistol in the Wild West.

Sektor: Eww..I think he pissed his pants..

Locker Room

Abdul is pacing the spot and yelling out Arabic speak in an irate and incensed tone.

Video

Sektor: Now..I know what you've just saw is upsetting to you..

Sektor pauses and closes his eyes calmly, taking a deep breath and half opening his eyes with an almost lustful appearance to him.

Sektor: So turning around would be a REALLY bad idea..

Locker Room

Abdul frowns as he listens to this, appearing confused as he goes to turn around..

CRACK!

Abdul hits the deck as Sektor nails him in the middle of the forehead with a small statuette of the Statue of Liberty.

Blackfront: SEKTOR SET A TRAP!

Sektor looks at the statue of liberty in his hand and huffs at the Irony, tossing it onto the floor as he leans over Abdul.

Sektor: I warned you...I..

SMACK!

Abdul swings a right hook from the deck, landing it straight across the left side of Sektor's jaw and sending him stumbling backwards.

His eyes look a little groggy as he gets back to his feet, but he lunges straight at Sektor as the

two lock up into an aggressive and vicious scrap, hammering one another with right hands and taking turns ramming each other against the walls.

Blackfront: This has BLOWN UP now..months in the making and these two don't want to wait until Black Horizon!

Ace: And neither do we! This is AWESOME!

The two continue to scrap, neither really getting the upper hand on the other as they fall to the ground and hit somewhat of a deadlock.

ABH: I'LL KILL YOU!

Abdul tries to plant a fist down but Sektor moves his head out of the way. Security, lead by a very large security guard, flood onto the scene, grabbing hold of Abdul and dragging him off Sektor.

Sektor tries to get up and get at him but the large security guard literally sits on top of him.

Blackfront: Wow! This match at Black Horizon is going to be brutal..

Ace: Those two locked in an electrified cage with weapons of mass destruction..oh yeah..Brutality guaranteed!

Blackfront: Not just them, but also CBR and Chris Hopper!

Ace: Shock Therapy is going to be electrifying!

Brought to You By

Franklin: This next contest is a four corners tag team match, scheduled for one fall and no time limit, and it is for...

Blackfront: Here we go...

Franklin: The UTA... TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP... OF THE WORLD.

The fans cheer as the bell rings, and a familiar song fills the arena.

"You must die! I alone am best!"

Franklin: Introducing first... representing the Hashtag-Dubya-Tee-Eff-See...

He stops, and looks at the cards in his hand. Franklin appears to give a skeptical look to the hard camera before he continues.

Franklin: Accompanied to the ring... by their life coach, Coleslaw Jenkins, their... valet and dietician, 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean... and their...

He exhales.

Franklin: Their head of maintenance, 'Battery Operated' Bobby Clean...

Blackfront: Get on with it!

Franklin: At a total combined weight of four hundred and sixty five pounds... WILL... the THRILL... HAYNES... and MIKEY... UNNNNNNNNNLIKELY!!!!

A faint, nonthreatening 'Beep Beep' echoes through the arena as a too-small, over-stuffed golf cart enters the arena. 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean sits behind the steering wheel, waving to the fans

as if he was the Queen of England, himself. Who knows, he may think that.

Next to him, Coleslaw Jenkins sits, gangsta-leaning, with his foot up on the dashboard and a 98% Filler Bobby Dean Weiner in his mouth. He chews with what appears to be true joy on his face.

He may also be stoned.

In the back seat sits the men who are about to go into battle. Mikey Unlikely is dressed in a T- Shirt advertising the #WTFc – though it is done up in Jurassic Park style, with an X-Ray of what could be Bobby Dean on the front. Next to him is the former Legacy Champion, Will Haynes.

Haynes is much more serious – minded: his focus is on the ring.

Picking up the rear is a Roomba, keeping pace with the golf cart. Bobby Clean follows behind with a bucket of fried chicken precariously balanced on his top.

Blackfront: As much as this group likes to joke around; as little concern they give to the gravity of the big matches that come across their schedule, Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes are a serious threat to the World Tag Team Championships. They've proven their ability to win when they have to; getting the belts in addition to getting their hands raised would really just be a formality to their careers.

Ace: It's a reality that's totally unrealistic.

Blackfront: Who do you see taking this one?

Ace: The Champs retain, of course. Dynasty's power will overcome whatever handicap La Flama Blanca gets from dragging around that partner of his. Although she's starting to see the light.

Franklin: Their opponents...

CUE UP: "The Wolf" by Hi Finesse. Some fans cheer, some fans boo – but everyone was vocal. Franklin: Accompanied to the ring by the First Lady of the UTA, GAZE... and representing The Spawn!

Blackfront: In many ways, these are the men to beat.

Ace: Yeah, every way but the ones that involve wrestling skill or practical intelligence. Franklin: At a total combined weight of five hundred and twenty five pounds... They are both former UTA Champions... they are both members of the UTA Hall of Fame... THEY... ARE... LEGEND...

Blackfront: These fans have not left their feet!

Franklin: The Plague of Darkness... CRIMSON LORD... AND... The Master Class... MISTERRRRR... FANTASTIC!!!

Gaze appears first, dressed in black leather pants and a green and black corset top so tight she looks as if she was poured into it. The fans give her some good natured catcalls as she regards them with a cold glare.

Behind her, Crimson Lord and Mister Fantastic emerge from the backstage area as one, though their demeanors are quite different. Crimson Lord is businesslike: his focus is on WTFc in the ring. Mister Fantastic is a little more cognizant of the fans; he has been playing to the crowd since the second they stepped through the curtain.

Blackfront: The legends have arrived! Ace: They're not legends without title belts. Blackfront: What if they win tonight?

Ace: Then they're just old men with belts to hold up their pants.

Blackfront: I think I get it.

The Spawn reach ringside, where Bobby and Coleslaw are still sitting in the golf cart. The cart backs up slightly and beeps nonthreateningly at Crimson Lord.

Franklin: Their opponents...

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.

Beyond that, a resounding chant of "WELCOME HOME" echoes through the arena, drowning out the music.

Blackfront: To me, this is the big question mark of the match, Tommy.

Ace: The only question is, which of these losers will La Flama Blanca defeat?

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. Franklin: 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.

Franklin: Weighing in at a total combined weight of Four Hundred and Forty Five pounds... The members of WTFc discuss the new arrivals with each other, while the Spawn simply wait. Gaze has not left the safe zone in between the two.

Franklin: 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: You might be right about that, Tommy - but there's a long way to go between the opening and closing bell, and there's certainly no guarantees over who the winner will be. Mikey and Haynes have consistently proven themselves against some of the top talent in the world here in the UTA; Team Danger very specifically holds a win over 2 Badass 4 a Name, pinning the golden half in the Second Coming, and The Spawn holds a victory over Team Danger. With all of these questions, La Flama Blanca is certainly the wildcard in this match, as well as being the holder of the Legacy Championship and the World Title top contender, has the biggest target on his back.

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: Regardless, you can bet Team Danger is ready. These men have been teaming up for so long; they've had such overwhelming success as a tag team, that as far as actual teamwork and general awareness of each other, they have to have the advantage.

Ace: Be that as it may...

Blackfront: Who in this match has as much experience as a team?

Ace: ...

Blackfront: Exactly. Stop talking just to talk.

Franklin: And their opponents...

Ace: DYNASTY! DYNASTY!

Blackfront: You're only half right.

"Talk Shit, Get Shot" by Body Count sounds up as the fans give a surprisingly positive ovation. Franklin: At a total combined weight of three hundred and forty pounds... they are the current reigning UTA Tag Team Champions of the World...

Ace: He'd better announce Blanca first. Franklin: THE... SECOND... COMING... AND... Blackfront: Or what?

Franklin: The UTA LEGACY... CHAMPION... LAAAAAAAAA FLAAAAAAAAAAMAAAAA BLAAAAAAAAANCAAAAA!!!

The Champions enter the arena as if they own it – and, to put a not-too-fine point on it, they do. The Second Coming soaks in the cheers from the crowd that has come to appreciate the hard work she gives them every time she comes to work, and La Flama Blanca – while he sneers at the people he and his associates routinely call 'ungratefuls', the fact remains that he is the Legacy Champion, one half of the World Tag Team Champions, and the number one contender to the World Championship.

He has earned their respect, if not their adoration.

Blackfront: Was the drawn out name worth it for Blanca to be announced second?

Ace: Nope. He should've been announced first, and the chick could've been the afterthought.

Blackfront: I hear that's how you look at it.

Ace: Exactly! Wait, what?

The Champions walk – slowly – to the ring. Neither of them reach out to slap a hand, or slap one away. They are focused on their six challengers.

Almost invisibly, Marshall Owens follows the Champions to the ring. As they stop at the point where the ringside area meets the ramp, Blanca takes his Legacy Championship belt from around his waist and hands it to Owens, who folds it and leaves the area. The subtext is clear. 'You Ungratefuls don't deserve to be in my Legacy's presence.'

Blackfront: There's the bell, the Champions have entered the ring, and we're underway!

Ace: Not quite yet, Jason. There's eight wrestlers in the ring and everyone's yelling at everyone. Although, it would be more efficient to just let all eight beat each other up at once. We'd be out of here with the champions in less than five minutes.

Blackfront: While they discuss the rules, and who's going to start the match with the official, I'll give you fine UTA fans the rundown of the rules. This match is one fall to a finish with no time limit. Anyone can tag anyone at any time, and the Champions do not have to be pinned to lose the belts. Ostensibly, the competitors are subject to standard UTA rules concerning foreign objects and leaving the ring, though I can't see how the match could end like that.

Ace: Give both belts to La Flama Blanca and he can share with CBR. Seems fair to me.

In the ring, the referee talks to all eight competitors to explain the rules in greater detail: they can tag anyone at any time, the first pinfall or submission ends the match regardless of who gets it, everything. He then asks for the Tag

Team Championship belts from the Second Coming and La Flama Blanca, holding them both high in the air to another round of applause.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with a high five to Will Haynes, and he steps to the ring apron. Apparently, Haynes wants to start this one off!

The Thrill points at La Flama Blanca and the fans cheer.

Blackfront: And you know Haynes has been dreaming of this! He's wanted another shot at the Luchador ever since they faced off for the Legacy Championship!

Ace: And that just goes to show how dumb Will Haynes is.

Blanca and Haynes circle each other, and Haynes moves in to lock up – but Blanca ducks him and waits in his corner, shrugging at the Thrill. Haynes takes a breath and tries it again, only for the Legacy Champion to dodge him, to a chorus of boos.

Ace: That's right, don't let that mouthbreather touch you!

Blackfront: I don't think that's quite the mindset that Blanca has, Tommy – but he's certainly getting Haynes riled up. An angry Will Haynes is a dangerous Will Haynes, but he's also not going to be thinking clearly.

At this point, Haynes is shouting something that we probably can't broadcast at his opponent, but La Flama Blanca is unruffled. He leans back to listen to his partner whisper something in his ear: their masks pretty much keep the conversation confidential.

Blackfront: The fans are cheering for Haynes to get a measure of revenge, but if Blanca doesn't lock up or tag out soon, we could have a riot on our hands.

Ace: Ten thousand ungratefults against Dynasty? The odds are hardly fair.

With some encouragement shouted by Mikey Unlikely, Haynes moves in again, and this time, Blanca locks up. The Luchador immediately transitions into a standing side headlock, from which he slaps Haynes on the top of the head and shoves him away.

Blackfront: Now it's on!

Haynes is red – faced and nearly at the point of exploding as he and Blanca move toward each other again. His hands are curled into fists, with all pretext of a technical match apparently gone from his game plan. As he fires a right toward the Legacy Champion, Blanca lurches left, grabs Haynes by the outstretched wrist, and shoves him by the elbow into his corner, where 2C fires a right hand of her own into the former Champ's face.

Ace: Blanca's strategy is top notch! Look how he suckered Haynes!

Blackfront: I think that might've been the Second Coming's strategy, Tommy.

The referee admonishes the Champions for the cheap shot, though neither of them actually indicate that they're listening to him. Blanca tags his partner, who pulls back on the top rope and slingshots herself forward.

Ace: Hurracarana!

Blackfront: No, it's not a hurracarana, you idiot! 2C just hit Haynes with a flying clothesline, and a cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Ace: It should be noted, I guess, that we just saw Unlikely, Greer, and Crimson Lord all enter the ring.

Blackfront: Why is that noteworthy?

Ace: They didn't seem to care when the Champ was messing with Haynes. There's no animosity here, it's all about the

belts.

Blackfront: ...So?

Ace: So? That's insanely significant, you amateur.

2C pulls Haynes to his feet and drives a forearm into his chest. He doesn't look damaged or worn down – simply caught off balance. She keeps on him, though – she whips him into the ropes and fires a clothesline at him on the back end. Haynes hits the mat, back – first, but it's Mister Fantastic who follows up with a short arm clothesline to the Second Coming.

A review of a replay would show that Fantastic slaps Haynes on the shoulder as he was whipped into the corner.

Blackfront: The Thrill is being escorted out of the ring, all the while shouting at the Luchador!

Ace: It's all sour grapes. Blanca had this match in the bag weeks ago.

Blackfront: You say that, but La Flama Blanca is only one half of the current World Tag Team Champions.

The referee acknowledges Fantastic as having made a blind tag to Will Haynes. The Thrill looks confused for a moment, but leaves the ring reluctantly, after kicking 2C in the ribs.

Fantastic raises one hand in premature victory, soaking in cheers from the crowd, before he scoops 2C, pulls her to her feet, and drops her back down with a vicious snap suplex. He rolls over with the cover, ONE... TWOKICKOUT!

Blackfront: Interesting, we saw Mikey and Greer both move in to break up the pinfall, but not Blanca.

Ace: He doesn't need her.

Blackfront: He does if he wants to remain the holder of two Championships.

Outside the ring, Gaze pounds her hand on the mat, while Bobby Dean yells encouragement... and sprays bits of food all over everything.

Before she can get her wits about her, Mister Fantastic pulls 2C to her feet and tags his partner, Crimson Lord, who enters the ring and pounds her back to the mat with several crushing forearms.

Ace: See?

Crimson picks the rookie up by the hair and wraps a massive hand around her neck, lifting her up one handed with a delayed chokeslam. He waits, letting the crowd build and build... and finally deposits her on the mat, hard enough that she bounces.

He covers, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Ace: If these vets were so talented, they'd know you need to hook the tights and grab the ropes to get the pin.

Blackfront: That's cheating!

Ace: Any port in a storm.

2C refuses to stay down – after the kickout she rolls to her knees and tries to pull herself up on the ropes. Crimson Lord decides to help her.

What a guy.

Of course, his help involves a handful of hair and sudden jerking motions, putting the young rookie off balance. He sends her into the ropes, and takes a large, massive swing on her rebound.

Blackfront: The Second Coming ducks the clothesline!

Ace: Tag the Champ!

Blackfront: Stephen Greer just stepped into the ring behind Crimson Lord! Replay shows he made a blind tag to 2C when she hit the ropes! Crimson Lord with a grab for 2C, but she hits him with a jumping forearm on the rebound!

It's clear that neither the Second Coming, nor Crimson Lord were wholly aware of the blind tag. CL didn't go down when 2C impacted the forearm, but he did stagger back a few steps, into

Greer's waiting grasp. He hooks Crimson Lord by the back of the neck in a modified full nelson, and pulled back.

Blackfront: Dragon suplex! He bridges!

Ace: The chick runs – Why is Mikey stopping her from breaking the pinfall?

The referee counts, ONE... TWO...TKICKOUT! However, more significantly, Mikey Unlikely just kept the Second Coming from breaking up the pin. Tyrone Walker had started to move for the ropes, but he stops when the pinfall attempt fails.

Mikey sends 2C out of the ring, between the ropes, right in front of the WTFc golf cart. Bobby Clean backs away from her, but tentatively approaches her and bashes her in the head two or three times, at a whopping six miles an hour.

Blackfront: Greer with another scoop, and he tags Walker! Team Danger has the Spawn in a precarious position!

The referee starts his five count after the tag, while Stephen Greer lifts Crimson Lord up in the air for a vertical suplex. Tyrone Walker climbs the turnbuckle and flies forward, dropping the former Champion to the mat! He hooks the leg!

Blackfront: ONE... Fantastic in the ring! Greer cuts him off! TWO... La Flama Blanca in the ring, and Haynes cuts him off! THKICKOUT! The referee shouts at everyone who shouldn't be in the ring, but he's functionally powerless to stop them! Haynes with a knee to Blanca's stomach, and a clubbing forearm to the back of the head! Mister Fantastic has locked up with Mikey Unlikely, and the former UTA Champion takes him down with a wristlock slash armdrag takedown!

Ace: Blanca! Don't lose focus!

Blackfront: Will Haynes just whipped La Flama Blanca into the corner, hard! He hooks the Legacy Champion and sends him again – Blanca puts on the brakes as Haynes rushes!

ESTUPENDO KICK! If only these two men were legal, we could see an attempted pinfall!

They were not the legal men. More to the point, the legal men – Crimson Lord and Tyrone Walker – were all but ignored by the referee as the official continues to shoo the rest of the match away.

Blackfront: It's pandemonium!

Ace: Is it even the least bit surprising?

Blackfront: Greer pulls Crimson Lord to his knees and has him set up – the fans are on their feet! They know what's coming! New UTA Tag Team Champions!

Indeed, the fans are as one, chanting "SIMON-SAYS-DIE!" over and over again. The referee catches them out of the corner of his eye and finally returns his attention to the legal men.

Except for the forgotten athlete on the outside of the ring.

Blackfront: THE SECOND COMING WITH A BULLDOG FROM THE TOP! SHE CLIMBED TO THE APRON AND TO THE TOP TURNBUCKLE, AND SHE BROKE UP THE ATTEMPTED SIMON SAYS DIE!

Ace: I never thought I'd say this, but thank you MJ! You saved Blanca from losing a title! Blackfront: Just in the nick of time, too! Had Team Danger hit that move, this match would've been over!

Unfortunately for 2C, Tyrone Walker was not stopped by her bulldog, and he easily scoops her for a hard powerslam. He covers, and the referee gets into position – but there's no count.

Everyone's attention focuses on her foot, draped over the bottom rope.

Mister Fantastic takes a series of shots from Mikey Unlikely, and he's been backed into the corner. Unlikely with a monkey flip sends the Hall of Famer across the ring!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca slaps his partner's hand, and he rolls Will Haynes up tighter than a burrito!

Ace: Racist.

ONE... TWO... Kickout by the Thrill! Crimson Lord clotheslines both members of Team Danger over the top rope! Greer lands right on the canvas roof of the WTFc golf cart, causing Coleslaw Jenkins to scatter!

Bobby Dean might've scattered as well. You know, if he could get up.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with a stun gun on Mister Fantastic! Fantastic holds his throat in pain, gasping for breath! He rolls up, ONE... TWO...

Ace: Who's the legal mans, anyways?

Blackfront: Blanca breaks up the pin! I'm not sure the referee has been able to keep track of that, Tommy! La Flama Blanca sends Mikey Unlikely into the ropes, and a drop toe hold puts him

face first on the mat!

Ace: At least he can pretend the dinosaurs punched him or something.

The Second Coming gets on Mikey Unlikely immediately and pulls him up. She holds him steady while the Legacy Champion measures.

On the other side of the ring, Crimson Lord has lifted Will Haynes and put him down with a devastating powerbomb – HAYNES WITH THE REVERSAL!

Blackfront: The former Legacy Champion fights back! He's sending rights and lefts into Crimson Lord's face!

HAYNES: MIKEY! DUCK!

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! Mikey Unlikely dropped to his knees! THE LEGACY CHAMPION JUST KICKED HIS PARTNER IN THE FACE! WILL HAYNES DROPS CRIMSON LORD BACKWARDS! HIS ARMS TIE UP IN THE ROPES!

Ace: Come on Blanca!

La Flama Blanca immediately checks on his partner, but Mister Fantastic grabs him by the mask and pulls him backwards!

Blackfront: STEPHEN GREER WITH THE COVER ON THE SECOND COMING! ONE...

TWO... THREEKICKOUT! KICKOUT! Tyrone Walker has Bobby Clean in his hands!

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean has managed to remove himself from his golf cart and is trying, in vain, to retrieve the WTFc mascot. It's going about as well as you can expect; both from the man who can't climb into the ring and for the fans in the front row with a perfect view of Bobby's business end, crammed into a banana hammock.

It wasn't a thong to begin with, but it looks like one now.

Blackfront: Mister Fantastic sends La Flama Blanca into the ropes – Superman punch by Blanca! Fantastic goes down!

Ace: The referee's given up, I think. Who's the legal man? Does it even matter anymore? Blackfront: Haynes moves in

to cut off the man who took the Legacy Title from him –Blanca with a quick hook and a chinbuster! Haynes just spit a wad of blood on the mat, he might've bitten his tongue! The Legacy Champion has Tyrone Walker hooked!

La Flama Blanca sends Walker back – first into the corner and pounds him with a series of punches. He pulls him out slightly and sits on the top turnbuckle with Tyrone Walker's head hooked, and we're about to see a tornado DDT.

Blackfront: STEPHEN GREER JUST BUSTED LA FLAMA BLANCA ACROSS THE FOREHEAD WITH BOBBY CLEAN! THE ROOMBA SPLINTERS INTO A DOZEN PIECES! THE LEGACY CHAMPION SLUMPS!

Outside the ring, Bobby Dean reaches for the pieces of Bobby Clean that fell near him. He looks to be near tears.

The sudden death of their mascot seems to have lit a fire under Mikey and Haynes: Unlikely grabs Stephen Greer by the arms, allowing Will Haynes to beat him in the face for a few seconds. All the while, Tyrone Walker climbs the corner, forcing La Flama Blanca up with him.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion is dazed from the exploding Roomba that bounced off his skull, I don't think he can defend himself!

Ace: More to the point, if Walker hits this, we could see new Champions!

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker clearly looking for the superplex, and for the moment, the Number One Contender is unable to stop him!

True to Jason Blackfront's prediction, Tyrone Walker has La Flama Blanca hooked around the neck and appears to be ready to superplex the Legacy Champion to the mat, amidst the existing chaos.

Until...

Blackfront: THE SECOND COMING SLINGSHOTS HERSELF TO THE TOP ROPE! DROPKICK TO WALKER'S RIBS! BLANCA HOLDS ON!

Ace: I told you so!

Blackfront: 2C hits the mat hard, but I think she made an appropriate save, and gave Blanca the few precious seconds he needed to fight back!

Ace: That's all he needs... but he can get down any time now.

Blackfront: They're struggling on the top turnbuckle, fans – right above us! And I don't like it, not at all!

Tyrone Walker and La Flama Blanca teeter on the top turnbuckle; each trying to gain an advantage over the other. They were trying so hard to gain the advantage, neither of them noticed that the struggle ultimately worked out to nobody's benefit.

Blackfront: WALKER AND BLANCA JUST FELL! THEY LANDED RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

All around ringside, the fans swarm the point of impact. La Flama Blanca catches the worst of the fall, being on the bottom of the two – man pile, when they fell from the top turnbuckle and land on top of the announcer's table.

The table splintered, sending shards in all directions.

Blackfront: We've got a quarter of the match down, Tommy – and possibly out!

Ace: Forgive me, Mister Witherhold – but go, 2C!

In the ring, both Stephen Greer and the Second Coming are distracted by the fate of their partners, which allows Will Haynes to grab 2C from behind, and Mikey Unlikely to grab Greer in the same capacity.

The Spawn is right on them, however. Mister Fantastic separates Mikey and Greer and puts both men down with a double clothesline, while Crimson Lord drops Haynes with a vicious headbutt and wraps the Second Coming's long

hair in his hands.

Fantastic measures the Second Coming, and he hits her with the Savate Kick! 2C slumps, on her feet solely because Crimson Lord is holding her up.

Ace: What are they doing out there?

Blackfront: Coleslaw Jenkins and Bobby Dean just separated Tyrone Walker from La Flama Blanca and sent the Human Pinball Wizard back into the ring! Walker is still out of it!

No sooner does the WTFc support staff send Tyrone Walker back into the ring, than the Second Coming mule kicks Crimson Lord, causing him to let go of her hair!

Blackfront: Hard clothesline by the Second Coming just sent Mister Fantastic to the mat! She covers Walker!

Ace: Haynes rolls up Crimson Lord!

The referee, along with everyone in the arena, counts aloud. ONE... TWO... THREE!

Blackfront: There's the bell, but who won?

Ace: The Champions retain!

Blackfront: The Second Coming and Will Haynes appear to have pinned their opponents at about the same time! Whose shoulders did the referee count?

Ace: Who was legal?

The referee leans over and talks to the ring announcer Jonathan Franklin for a brief moment, before he calls for the bell once again.

Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. The referee has counted a pinfall, both for Will Haynes and for The Second Coming. As this match is considered one fall to a finish, and we have a double finish, the referee's decision is that Team Danger and The Spawn are to be removed from ringside, and this match will continue until there is a decisive winner between the Double- You – Tee – Eff – See and the current UTA Tag Team Champions.

The fans cheer even louder at this.

Franklin: THERE MUST BE A WINNER.

Blackfront: WOW! Team Danger and The Spawn are removed from the match by referee decision, and the title defense will continue with the Hashtag against the Champs! I have to say, however – La Flama Blanca has barely stirred since he went through that table, while both Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes are up and mostly able to wrestle! Things don't look good for the – CRIMSON LORD JUST HAMMERED THE SECOND COMING ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Ace: I hate to say it, but can you blame him? She mule kicked him in the nuts and caused him to get pinned. By Will Haynes, to boot. That's enough to drive anyone mad.

The hammer was effective. 2C goes down, and Will Haynes immediately covers. ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT! There was still some fight left.

Blackfront: Haynes hooks 2C and pulls her up, and he has her hooked for the THRILLRIDE! We're about to see new UTA World Tag Team Champions – 2C REVERSES!

The fans were on their feet as Haynes attempted to flip the Second Coming for the impact of the Thrill Ride, but she held on, spun him more than he had attempted, and leaned backwards, locking him in the Holy Experience! Mikey Unlikely grabs her by the hair and pulls her back,

bouncing her head off the mat!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord and Mister Fantastic are arguing – I think Crimson Lord is blaming Mister Fantastic for the fact that he was caught by the surprise roll up!

As Mikey puts the boots to the Second Coming, Mister Fantastic chooses the high road, leaving Crimson Lord behind as he leaves the arena to a chorus of boos. Of course, the boos could also be attributed to the fact that Team Danger, the hometown heroes, were unable to capture the UTA Tag Team Championship tonight and have also left the ringside area.

Even still, Crimson Lord reenters the ring, and drops Mikey with a big boot to the face and a lot of angry fans. He picks up Haynes, and drops him with the Blood Delicacy, which stops The Thrill in his tracks.

And, at Gaze's urging, he turns his attention back to The Second Coming. He picks her up with ease, and puts her back down with the BLOOD STAIN.

And Crimson Lord leaves the ring. The referee watches him go, and has no choice but to count.

Blackfront: After all this, the match ends on a countout?

Ace: That's what you get when you involve non-Dynasty people in a title match.

Blackfront: The referee is at four, and the only person stirring is outside the ring!

Ace: He'll keep the Legacy Championship no matter what, and if there's a countout, he'll keep the tag team gold, too. No harm, no foul.

Blackfront: Six! Seven.

Eight.

Mikey pulls himself toward the Second Coming. Nine.

And he drapes an arm over her chest. One.

Two. Three. Ace: NO!

Blackfront: Her foot is on the bottom rope!

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: This match continues!

Mikey Unlikely is, not surprisingly, the first one to his feet. He staggers, but steadies himself and pulls the Second Coming, and sends her into the ropes. She hits the opposite side and comes back, and he sends her back to the mat with a backdrop.

Except, he doesn't.

As he lifts, she manages to twist her body halfway and hook him by the head.

Blackfront: She's got it again! The Holy Experience! The Second Coming has Mikey hooked!

Ace: It's not over though! Will Haynes is stirring!

The Second Coming can clearly be heard shouting for her partner. She drops back, driving Mikey's head into the mat, and hooks the leg! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT! He barely kicks out! 2C hooks him again and pulls him up, keeping him off balance.

Blackfront: This is it! Can she hold on?

Ace: She better!

Blackfront: Will Haynes rolls to his stomach, he's almost back up!

Ace: Don't blow it, chickie!

Blackfront: Mikey is fading fast! His arm drops once!

Ace: Haynes has her in his sights! Blackfront: His arm drops twice! Ace: Too late!

Blackfront: The referee lifts Mikey's arm up – LA FLAMA BLANCA WITH THE GRINGO BOMB! HAYNES IS DOWN! MIKEY'S ARM DROPS!

The bell rings, and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: THE CHAMPS DID IT!

Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of this match – AND STILL UTA World Tag Team Champions... THE SECOND COMING... AND... LA... FLAMA... BLAAAAANCA!!!

Ace: Dynasty's gold is intact!

Blackfront: The referee hands the title belts back to the Champions, and The Second Coming points at Crimson Lord, who is still at the entrance!

Ace: This is a bad idea.

Blackfront: The Second Coming retrieves a microphone from the timekeeper, what's this about? 2C (Breathing heavily): Crimson! You got a problem with the way this match shook out? Don't hit me from behind... look me in the eye and TRY to get one over. You've got an open contract for Black Horizon? Consider it filled!

Blackfront: WHOA!! The Second Coming has apparently just filled Crimson Lord's open contract for Black Horizon! I don't know if it'll hold water with the front office, but for the moment, the Champions have held onto their titles and La Flama Blanca will have the chance at Black Horizon to add a third belt to his resume! Fans, we're out of time, for Tommy Ace, my name is Jason Blackfront – we'll see you soon!

We fade to black.

## Show Credits

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