

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #4

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: January 12, 2014

Results

WrestleShow

Segment

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

SPONSORED BY: DOLLARSHAVECLUB

As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out Hale Arena in Kansas City. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the words Previously Recorded appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

As the camera pans across the screaming fans, we are greeted with several shots of signs that they are holding high.

Shock-N-Rolla FX Express

Midget Von Crank is my Hero Jokers Wild!

I Came for the Nachos Hi Mom

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage where the one big screen has been replaced by multiple video panels displaying the UTA brand and pulsating to a remixed version of Eminem's You Don't Know featuring 50 Cent, Llyod Banks, and Cashis.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Rumor Man Stan sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to

another edition of WRESTLESHOW.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to another exciting edition of the United Toughness Alliance's WRESTLESHOW! As always, I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this huge go home show is none other than resident WrestleUTA.com Dirt Sheet disher, Rumor Man Stan!

Stan: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the sold out Hale Arena in the heart of Kansas City.

Blackfront: Welcome to the booth Stan. I'm glad you can be here to help call the action as we kick off the UTA Championship Title tournament with the first round.

Stan: I wouldn't miss it for the world Jason. We have seven insanely big matches coming tonight, with each winner moving on to the next round at the upcoming iPay Per View January twenty sixth.

Blackfront: Yes, three of the four winners tonight will compete on the twenty sixth in three second round matches with the fourth randomly selected winner facing a wild card entrant that will be determined on the WRESTLESHOW pre-show.

Stan: The winners of the second round matches will move onto two semi-final matches the same night Jason, it's crazy!

Blackfront: Even crazier Stan, two men will face off in the main event for the currently vacant United Toughness Alliance Championship!

Stan: Those two men will have already competed two matches that same night! You have to wonder what shape they will be in when that final bell sounds to start the action! Blackfront: Especially the final semi-finalist who will just have competed. Anything can happen, but at the end of the night we will have crowned a champion Stan!

Stan: Well, that is still two weeks away. Right now the arena is hot for some action tonight and I think it's just about time we give it to them, wouldn't you agree?

Blackfront: I've been waiting two weeks myself, lets get this party started!

Stan: That's what I like to hear!

The camera slowly pans to the left before fading to an angle in front of the stage as we get ready for our first match.

Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail begins to play over the PA as the crowd starts to cheer and the first verse hits.

"You wanna take, take, take, take, take it away from me. Take it away from me. You can't wait, wait, wait, wait, wait till I'm stumbling. Go get carried away."

The crowds cheers start to get louder and with the song the fans scream out.

"Go!"

EMO walks out on stage jumping up and down as if he was leading a mosh pit trying to get the crowd psyched up.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Roswell, Ohio. Standing at five foot eleven and weighing in one hundred and eighty-five pounds... DOCTOR..

EMMMMOOOOOOO

As he makes his way down the ring he high fives the fans that have their arms reached out towards the ramp.

Blackfront: The fans are welcoming Doctor Emo with open arms here tonight.

Stan: Everyone is just so excited for the action to begin Jason. The energy in the arena is electric tonight!

EMO slides into the ring and poses for the crowd on the turnbuckle as the song begins to fade out.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Fort Fizz, Ohio...

Stan: Both men in this opening match are from Ohio. This could be an interesting factor. Blackfront: I agree. I do not have the information in front of me, but they very well may have similar roots in the sport.

Ice Ice Baby by Vanilla Ice hits over the PA system as Fizz now rides out on a tricycle. Announcer: Standing at three foot three and weighing in at one hundred and twenty three pounds... FIZZZZ!!!!

He rolls down the ring in his stylin' trike, before hopping off and waddling into the ring to a moderately nice reaction from the fans.

Blackfront: Fizz was supposed to debut on the last two editions of WRESTLESHOW, but had personal matters to attend to, causing his debut to be pushed back to tonight.

Stan: What a night to debut though. Much like Doctor EMO, these two men have a chance to start their careers off with a bang, and potentially some UTA gold around their waist.

Blackfront: You have to wonder though how Doctor EMO will handle the uniqueness of the micro luchadore Fizz tonight.

Stan: He will be out of his element for sure, but that's what makes good wrestlers great. Take them out of their element and let them shine.

As Fizz enters the ring, his music fades away. The crowd is red hot as they cheer for both men.

Blackfront: Interesting note Stan, this is the first time since two thousand and three that the UTA has held a show in Missouri.

Stan: Even more interesting, this is Drew Stevenson's hometown and he was at that show Jason. But more on that when Drew competes later here tonight.

The bell sounds to signal the start of the match as both men begin to circle in the ring. Blackfront: Doctor EMO attempting to size up his opponent and decide the best route to take here.

Stan: I think you mean size down his opponent don't you Jason? You know, because he's short?

Blackfront: Yea, I get it.

Waiting no longer, Dr. EMO rushes forward toward Fizz, who drops down and crawls under his legs. EMO looks around for the now missing Fizz, who gets to his feet and waits.

Blackfront: You can tell Doctor EMO is thrown off a bit here.

EMO turns around as Fizz runs forward. He leaps up, throwing his legs up and connecting with Dr. EMO's shins.

Blackfront: Dropkick to the shins of EMO.

Stan: Ouch, that's smarts.

EMO immediately stumbles forward, falling. He catches the top rope in the process, leaning on it for balance. Fizz runs up behind EMO and begins to bite the backend of Dr.

EMO who lets out a blood curdling scream as the camera switches focus to his face, displaying the surprised and frightened look on EMO's face.

Blackfront: Oh come on, that is just wrong.

Stan: I never trust anyone shorter than me and that's why Jason.

The referee warns Fizz who then lets go. Dr. EMO grabs his behind in pain, stumbling to his left.

Blackfront: I'm unsure what Doctor EMO thought going into this match, but I doubt it was this.

Dr. EMO turns around in time to see the Mohawk of a mini man coming toward him. Fizz leaps up, delivering a head butt to the midsection of his opponent. As Fizz connects, EMO falls backward, hitting the corner turnbuckle with his back.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO stuck in the corner. I'm unsure if this is where I would want to be if I was facing someone who came with the force of Fizz out of the gate like he has.

Stan: I just wouldn't want to be backed into a corner with someone who could easily attack my man parts.

Blackfront: There's that too.

Fizz runs at Dr. EMO once more. This time EMO is ready as he grabs the top of the ropes and uses them to lift his lower body off of the mat, throwing his legs out and catching Fizz in the head.

Blackfront: EMO able to stop Fizz's attack this time, now if he can capitalize.

Stan: You have to take into consideration that Doctor EMO probably has a bruised shin and backend to deal with now.

Dr. EMO climbs backward to the second rope as Fizz holds his head away from him. EMO waits as Fizz gathers his bearings and turns back to face EMO who jumps from the ropes.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO catches Fizz's face with a flying knee, taking him down.

As Fizz's back hits the mat, Dr. EMO lands in a crouching position. He quickly shoots up and darts left toward the ropes as Fizz pushes himself back to his feet. Dr. EMO leaps up to the second rope, using it to push himself off, turning in the air and coming forward with a kick to the head of Fizz once again. The crowd pops with excitement.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO is back in this with full force, showing off that amazing agility that he is known for.

Stan: Well, once you find how to keep someone down, you need to keep on it. Dr. EMO doesn't need to chance letting up now.

Blackfront: I agree. He needs to continue this momentum to secure his place in the second round of the tournament at the upcoming internet pay per view.

Dr. EMO returns to his feet running back to the near by corner post. He grabs the top ropes and in one fluid motion uses them to leap up, landing on the top rope. Without missing a beat, EMO leaps backward in the air, turning and coming down in a beautiful moonsault that connects.

Blackfront: The EMOSault hits it's mark. Wow. Stan, have you ever seen such a picture perfect moonsault?

Stan: One time in Cincinnati.

Blackfront: OK....

Dr. EMO holds his ribs as he looks over at Fizz on the mat beside him. Seconds later, Dr. EMO crawls forward and lays on top of Fizz. Referee Mickey O'Conner drops down and begins his count.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO going for the win that will send him to the next round.

Stan: Not too bad for a guy who got a rocky start to this match.

O'Conner brings his hand down, connecting with the mat for the third and final time. The crowd cheers in excitement as Mickey gets up and calls for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner at four minutes and thirty two seconds... DOCTOR... EMMMMOOOOOOO!!!!

Dr. EMO continues to hold his ribs as the referee holds his free hand up in victory. Blackfront: Doctor EMO with the win. He will be the first person to advance to the second round of the UTA Championship tournament at the internet pay per view.

Stan: The best part about it Jason, is we only got a glimpse of EMO's amazing ability to fly.

Blackfront: Well, with him going into the second round he has the chance to show off more as he attempts to earn championship gold.

As Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail plays over the sound system, we get a replay of Dr.

EMO's moonsault from two different angles before heading to locker room area.

DO WORK

We move to an area of the backstage where Jamie Sawyers, microphone in hand, is standing beside Brez in front of a brick wall.

Sawyers: Brez, tonight you face Marcus Corbin in the first round of the championship tournament. Coming off of two surprising loses to "Daring" Darian Dumont...

The fans can be heard cheering at the mention of Dumont's name in the background.

Sawyers: ...how do you feel?

He holds the microphone to the mouth of Brez, who says nothing. His eyes pierce the camera as if he he is looking directly into your soul. An intimidating snarl is all Jamie can get out of him before pulling the microphone back.

Sawyers: Do you have any plans going into this match?

Once again as he holds the microphone to the mouth of Brez, nothing is said. Sawyers can visibly be seen becoming more intimidated in his current position.

Sawyers: Anything Brez?

As Jamie Sawyers holds the microphone out again, Brez leans in slightly and without blinking replies.

Brez: Do... Work....

He does a quarter turn, pushing Sawyers out of the way before walking off. Jamie gathers himself and turns to the camera.

Sawyers: There you have it folks. Brez is in the zone as he takes on Marcus Corbin later tonight.

THE JOKERS WILD

We fade into a short video promo for The Jokers Wild.

IN YOUR CORNER

We fade into the locker room of Drew Stevenson. Fellow Jokers Wild comrades, Scotty Addams and Frank Washington, stand on each side of him. In the background you can hear the faded rumble of the fans watching on the screen from ring side.

Stevenson: It's good to have both of you here with me tonight in my home town of Kansas City.

The crowd noise escalates a bit at the mention of their city.

Stevenson: Scotty, tonight I want you to go out there and kick the living hell out of that bible thumper and send him packing.

Addams rubs his hands together with a mischievous grin, nodding slightly in agreement. Stevenson: This isn't a remote part Canada boys, and this isn't the small time. The Jokers Wild is now in front of millions of people in over one hundred and twenty countries in over twenty languages.

Both Addams and Washington smile.

Stevenson: We have an opportunity to establish our dominance like never before, and it starts tonight.

Frank Washington turns a little more slightly toward Drew.

Washington: Kansas City is your home town Drew...

The crowd can be heard in the background once again getting over excited at the mention of their city.

Washington: ... and I want you to know that tonight, I will be in your corner. Drew Stevenson smiles and places his hand on the shoulder of Frank Washington. Stevenson: I appreciate that. Together, the Jokers Wild can rule the UTA. Addams nods in agreement.

Addams: No matter who gets hurt in the process.

The door pops open suddenly as all three men turn their heads. Newly signed, Peyton von Licht, takes a few steps into the locker room before realizing he has three sets of eyes glaring at him in a way you don't want them to be.

Stevenson: What the hell?

Addams: Who do you think you are coming into our locker room? Peyton throws his hands up and begins to step back.

Licht: Umm.. Oh boy... I thought this was..

Stevenson: What? You thought it was what? An open invitation to come in?

Addams: Get the hell out of here!

Licht: This is not my locker room. Oh man.

He quickly looks around as the three men step toward him. Finally Licht does the smart thing and turns toward the door, exiting as quick as he entered.

Washington: Can you believe that guy?

All three men circle together and resume discussing strategies as the feed goes inaudible and we fade back ringside with a panoramic view of the Kansas City crowd..

The PA system is filled with backwoods and animal sounds.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Mt. Washington New Hampshire. Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and five pounds... LOOOOG... HABBEEEEENN

Log Habben saunters out, standing at the top of the stage and glaring at the crowd momentarily before slowly making his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: Log Habben comes from deep in the woods of New Hampshire. After spending his career on small county shows, he is now here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Stan: Did you know that Habben earned his name when he was sixteen after a tree fell on his opponent during a fight?

Blackfront: I did not, but I will say that is a disturbing fact Stan.

Habben walks up the steps and across the edge of the apron before entering the ring. The backwoods sounds fade out as he waits in the corner.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from the city of Houston, Texas.

The lights dim as the menacing horns of The Spiteful Chant by Kendrick Lamar echo throughout the arena.

Stan: An All-American linebacker in both high school and college, Irving had a shot at going to the NFL but chose wrestling instead.

Blackfront: It's a passion like that for the industry that brings those who will truly make their mark to our sport.

Kirk Irving steps out from behind the curtain nodding his head with a confident smirk on his face as the fans give him a nice pop.

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and thirty six pounds.... KIIIRRRKKK... IRRVIIIINNNGGGGG!

Kirk makes his way down the ramp interacting with a few fans on the way with handclaps and fist pounds.

Blackfront: Irving is full of charisma as he makes his way to the ring.

Stan: That's what I love about the UTA Jason, these guys really enjoy coming out and interacting with the fans.

The Ace slides under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle. Kirk slaps his chest twice and throws up his "Hook 'Em Horns" state hand sign as his music fades.

Blackfront: Here we go, our second bout of the night. Both men making their UTA debut in hopes to advance forward in the UTA Championship tournament.

Stan: This is an interesting line up Jason. Kirk Irving is a natural athlete while Log Habben is a backwoods man with little to no skill per say, just a ruggedness found in unsanctioned fights and bar room brawls.

The bell sounds to officially start the match. Irving quickly rushes Log, who drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring much to the fans dismay.

Blackfront: Habben exiting the ring in what I believe is some sort of mind game.

Stan: I'm not so sure about that Jason, I think he is more or less trying to cause Irving to slip up in order to counter the skill he faces.

Irving leans over the top rope yelling at Log to get back in the ring. When he doesn't, Kirk exits through the ropes and jumps to the floor. Seeing this, Habben slides back into the ring. The boos escalate from the upset crowd. Kirk Irving stands, looking up at Habben in the ring.

Blackfront: If Kirk Irving is going to get his hands on Log, he needs to do something here.

Kirk decides to take charge, and slides back into the ring. However, he is met with a short series of stomps to the back of the head. The crowd heats up even more.

Blackfront: It seems that Log Habben's strategy has worked.

Stan: Not strategy, just pure meanness.

Log Habben bends down and grabs Kirk Irving's head. As he begins to pull him to his feet, half way up Irving grabs the legs of Log. He lifts Habben up as he rises, stepping forward and slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinebuster.

The crowd cheers. As Log Habben rolls over and gets to his knees, Kirk Irving steps forward, his fist up, and begins using his right let to deliver several Muay Thai kicks to the side of Habben, catching his head as well. Log quickly throws his arms up, trying to block the kicks from connecting with his skull.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving bringing the pain with that flurry of kicks.

Stan: Log Habben is trying his best to block them, but Kirk Irving is just relentless. With one more swift kick, Habben falls to the left, rolling over while holding his side. Kirk Irving looks to the crowd then back down to Habben before stepping over him with his arms stretched out.

Blackfront: Irving looks as if he is about to go for a submission.

Stan: He's going to choke log Habben out Jason!

Irving reaches down, but not quick enough as Log begins to frantically crawl away and toward the ropes. Kirk stumbles forward a bit, but grabs one of Log's feet. Habben rolls to his back and uses his free foot to kick Irving in the face,

causing him to let go.

Blackfront: Log Habben trying to get away.

Stan: I've got to say, he's good at retreating.

Irving steps forward to grab Log again, however he is unable to get to him before Habben slides back out of the ring. The fans begin to boo Log's retreat as Kirk Irving gets a look on his face that tells the tell that he can't believe this guy.

Blackfront: It's got to be frustrating to Kirk Irving that every time he gets ahold of Habben, he is able to get away.

Stan: That frustration can be heard by the fans as well.

Habben uses the edge of the mat to hold himself up outside of the ring. Irving looks down at him, then back toward the ropes behind. He takes off, hitting the ropes and using them

to propel him across the ring with momentum.

As he approaches the front ropes, Irving drops down sliding. His feet float under the bottom rope, connecting with head of Log Habben. Log is jolted away from the ring, almost seeming to fly through the air before crashing into the ring side barrier.

Blackfront: Baseball slide connects, sending Log Habben into that steal barrier.

Stan: That metal is unforgiving to the human body. I can guarantee Log Habben is not feeling very good right now.

The camera focuses on Habben, who is now laying outside of the ring near the guard rail holding his head. Kirk Irving steps between the middle and top ropes, hopping to the floor.

Blackfront: Nowhere for Log Habben to go now.

Stan: Not that he is in any state to go anywhere right now.

Kirk grabs a handful of hair as he pulls a dazed Log Habben to his feet. Continuing to hold his head, Irving walks Habben over to the ring, rolling him back in under the bottom rope, where he lays still holding his head.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving rolling Habben back into the ring where he can finish the match. Stan: Technically Jason, they could get counted out or disqualified outside of the ring and finish the match that way.

Blackfront: You just have a counter for everything don't you Stan?

Stan: That's my job.

Blackfront: I obviously meant that he could finish the match in a way he advances to the second round of the championship title tournament.

Stan: I knew that.

Kirk uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron. As he steps between the middle and top rope, Log Habben looks up, and quickly crawls forward, under Irving, dropping back to the floor outside. The entire arena is on their feet, their distaste heard quite loudly in their boos.

Blackfront: Incredible. Log Habben refusing to stay in the ring and in this match. Stan: Kirk Irving has got to be as frustrated as a fat guy who realizes there are no more Twinkies.

Irving just stands between the ropes, looking back. His face full of astonishment. It's hard to tell if he is frustrated at Habben's actions, or amazed at his ability to escape when down and out.

Blackfront: Irving looking to the referee to do something, but what can he? Log Habben hasn't broken any rules.

Irving steps back to the apron, and hopes back down to the floor where Habben has crawled halfway under the ring.

Stan: It looks like Log is trying to go into hiding.

Blackfront: He didn't get there quick enough.

Kirk grabs the feet of log, and pulls back, pulling Habben from under the ring. Habben holds his hands under him, almost as if he is holding something as Kirk bends down, grabbing ahold of his head.

Inside the ring, the referee is counting as he tries to get a better view of the two men from over the ropes, but has some of his vision blocked. Irving turns Habben over and begins to pull him up. That's when the camera sees what the referee can't as Log has his back to him.

Blackfront: Log has brass knuckles! He has brass knuckles!

Stan: I think he's about to break those rules you were just talking about Jason.

Habben comes up and forward, his brass knuckled fist hitting Irving in the face. As Kirk grabs his face and stumbles back, Log falls back to the floor and quickly tosses the weapon back under the ring, never once giving the referee an opportunity to see his shenanigans.

Kirk Irving uses one hand to hold himself up on the commentator's table in front of Jason Blackfront and Rumor Man Stan, and the other continues to hold his face. Log begins to get up behind him.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving is right here in front of us folks, and it doesn't look good.

Stan: He's been busted open by those brass knuckles.

We can hear Irving, although faint, audibly say 'I'm bleeding?' to Blackfront and Stan who ignore the question and continue their job.

Blackfront: Log Habben now up behind Irving as the referee continues to count. Maybe it was the fact Kirk is literally two feet from Jason when he said that Log was behind him, or maybe it is pure instinct. But as Log comes forward to grab him, Irving

bends down, catching and lifting Habben up before bringing him down crashing onto the top of the table which doesn't break.

Jason and Stan immediately stand up and jump back as Log rolls their way and falls off of the table to the floor. Their equipment goes everywhere, with Jason's iPad slipping down and hitting Log in the head for an extra bit of smarts.

Blackfront: My iPad!

Stan: Screw that, he spilled my Starbucks. Come on now! Kirk rolls back into the ring then back out to restart the count.

Blackfront: Kirk wants to win this by pinfall as he restarts the count.

Stan: I just want him to move Log so I can sit back down.

Kirk walks around the table where Habben is now kneeling. As Irving leans in to grab him, Habben swings up, Jason Blackfront's iPad in hand, knocking Irving under the chin. Blackfront: NO!

Stan: I don't think there is an app for that Jason.

Kirk stumbles backward holding his mouth. Habben uses the table to push himself to his feet. He is visually hurting as he moves quit a bit slower toward Kirk.

Blackfront: I hope they are going to reimburse me for this.

Stan: Jason quit messing with that. We have a match to call!

Log grabs the back of Kirk's head, and turns with him before sending Irving into the guard rail. Kirk's arms hold him

semi-up as excited fans touch his shoulder from the front row.

Blackfront: I just got this for Christmas.

Stan: Seriously Jason, the match. It's happening right now.

Log boots Kirk in the gut a couple of times before grabbing his head again. With a wild look in his eyes he direct Irving toward the ring, rolling him in.

Blackfront: The screen is just busted. I can't believe this.

Stan: Damn it Jason, I told you to get the Apple protection plan. Now lets call this match!

Log slowly rolls into the ring, crawling toward Kirk who is still holding his face. Habben pushes up to his feet, coming forward quickly while raising his leg to come down with a

stomp. However, Irving moves out of the way.

Blackfront: Irving able to move.

Stan: Well, he needs to get to his feet and move a little quicker before Log runs away again if he's going to have a chance winning this match Jason.

Kirk gets to one knee, holding onto the middle rope to keep him up. He looks across the ring at Log Habben who stares back. Habben suddenly runs toward Kirk who at the last moment comes up, catching Log and throwing him backwards over the top rope. As Log Habben hits the floor, the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving with a big move there Stan. This could be his defining moment. Stan: it sure can. He just needs to get Log back into the ring. We've already seen how resourceful log can be outside.

Blackfront: Resourceful? The man brings brass knuckles to a wrestling match!

Stan: Yea Jason, resourceful.

Irving drops down to the mat again and rolls out. He bends down, lifting Habben to his feet.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving with a whip, sending Log hard into that metal corner post! Habben hits the post and stumbles back. As he turns toward Kirk Irving, he is grabbed and rolled back into the ring.

Blackfront: Kirk knows what he needs to do as he keeps control of Log and gets him back into the ring at the same time.

Stan: Habben has proven that's what you need to do. I'm amazed it's taken Kirk this long. Kirk slides back into the ring as Log gets to his feet, stumbling around disoriented. Irving rushes him, leaping through the air like a super hero and hitting Log hard with a flying forearm smash. The fans pop huge again.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving is on fire!

Stan: These fans are on fire Jason! Listen to them!

Irving moves over to the corner of the ring. His feet move left to right and back as he yells for Log to get up. You can see the energy flow through him. Habben begins to get back up, still showing how hurt he is. As Log turns to face Kirk Irving, Irving runs and leaps again. This time he hits an incredible looking spear. The fans are on their feet in the stands.

Blackfront: INFECTION! INFECTION!

Stan: Log Habben is going to be sick to his stomach for a week after that big spear! Irvig quickly rolls and drops, covering Log Habben while hooking his leg. The referee slides down into position.

Blackfront: This match could be over!

As the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time, he jumps to his feet, excitedly using his hands to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving has done it! Kirk Irving has done it! he's moving to the next round!

Stan: What a great comeback from an interesting match Jason.

Blackfront: The fans can't believe it. The noise level is so intense in here tonight! The referee holds Kirk Irving's arm in the air in victory.

Announcer: Your winner, at twelve minutes and seven seconds... KIIIRKKKK... IRRRRVVVVIIIIINNNNNGGGGG!!!!

Blackfront: Could this be our future UTA Champion?

Stan: It sure could Jason, it should could. We fade away from ringside.

A LITTLE LATE TO THE PARTY

As we head to the backstage area again, Shawn FX is seen entering the building, his bag hanging from his shoulder. A low cheer can be heard in the background from the ringside fans.

We watch as FX walks down the corridor toward the locker rooms when the door bust open again. Through it comes a man that hasn't been seen for a long time. He is the brand new Hall of Fame member, Rent-A-Cop Davey.

Wearing his patented security outfit, the round man holds his pants up as he attempts to catch up with Shawn FX. As Davey grabs the shoulder of FX, Shawn is startled, turning around in almost a defense mode. Seeing who it is, he instantly relaxes.

FX: Whoa there, you can't be sneaking up on people like that. Don't you know there are people out there who would love to take me out now?

Davey gives an apologetic gesture with his hands and body language.

Davey: Am I too late?

Shawn FX looks at him inquisitively.

FX: For?

Davey's look is a mixture of confusion, concern, and potentially hunger.

Davey: The Hall of Fame induction. Am I late?

Shawn's eye brows raise up and he gets a look over his face as in he isn't looking to be the one who breaks the bad news.

FX: Well, yea. You're about two weeks late. That was the last show.

You can tell the moment that Davey's heart sinks. Now Shawn FX looks almost sad for him.

FX: Hey, there there... Don't be upset. It was a nice induction video. I'm Shawn FX.

He extends his hand to Rent-A-Cop Davey we not only responds with his hand back, but another to hold Shawn's tight as he shakes.

Davey: Oh, I know who you are. I'm a huge fan!

The confidence level of Shawn FX can be seen going up.

FX: Appreciate that, it means a lot.

Davey pulls his hands back to himself, placing them in his pockets and looking down while tracing the floor with his foot

like some big kid.

Davey: I'm such a screw up, I missed my own Hall of Fame induction.

Shawn FX appears to think for a moment before raising a finger in the air as if he had just gotten a brilliant idea.

FX: I got it!

Davey looks up, hope in his eyes.

FX: Why don't you come out with me tonight in the main event and be in my corner? Rent-A-Cop Davey is now very excited, pulling his hands out of his pockets and grabbing Shawn's again, shaking vigorously.

Davey: Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! You wont regret it!

He lets go of Shawn's hand and grabs him in a giant bear hug. FX drops his bag as he tries to get away, unable to breath while the portly man holds him.

FX: I... Can't... Bre...

Davey lets him go, obviously very happy. Shawn gasp for air.

FX: Yea... no... problem...

He catches his breath and picks his bag back up.

FX: Shall we be on? I need to get ready.

Davey nods his head like an excited child as they take off toward the locker room.

An instrumental version of Katy Perry's ET begins to play throughout the arena. A chorus of boos ring out from the crowd.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Madison, Wisconsin. Standing at six foot six and weighing in two hundred and seventy three pounds.. BREEEZZZZ!!!! Brez steps out to the stage, his hands on his waist. He looks to the crowd with disgust before starting down the ramp.

Blackfront: This could be the night that Brez finally scores a win after two upset loses to Darian Dumont on the last two editions of WRESTLESHOW.

Stan: He has great potential, the size, and mean streak it takes to be a dominating force here in the UTA. But can he capitalize on those and take his rightful spot at the top?

Blackfront: We will find out tonight as Brez goes one-on-one with Marcus Corbin in the first round of the UTA Championship tournament here in just a few moments.

Brez slides into the ring snarling at the crowd as his music fades.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Tomstone, Arizona....

Stan: Corbin came in with a bang a few weeks ago, but just couldn't get past Shawn FX on the last WRESTLESHOW in the main event.

Blackfront: FX is on fire right now and Marcus Corbin just couldn't put it out. Maybe his luck will be better tonight as he takes on the winless Brez.

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

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

Announcer: Standing at six foot five and weighing in at two hundred and fifty five pounds... CORBIIIIINNNNN!!!

Slowly, he walks down the entrance ramp, slapping hands with the occasional fan. Blackfront: Both of these men have potential to break out tonight and earn their way into the spotlight going into the upcoming internet pay per view.

Stan: Oh, I agree. I'll tell you this also, I wouldn't want to meet either man in a dark alley, that's for sure.

Finally, after arriving at the steel stairs, he climbs up and wipes his wrestling boots off on the apron. He ducks underneath the top rope and into the ring. As his music fades, Corbin stands in the middle of the ring, raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and

slaps himself in the chest twice.

As Corbin's music fades out, the fan excitement grows. The bell sound sto signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: Well here we go, we're off.

Stan: It should be a good one. Brez is desperately seeking that first win while Corbin is looking for retribution after last week.

Brez lets out a roar as he takes several steps forward to get to Marcus Corbin, but for every step Brez takes forward, Corbin takes a step backward, keeping his distance. Brez eventually traps Marcus Corbin in the corner and goes for the lock up but quickly Corbin rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin doing his best to keep away from the monster Brez so far. Stan: The Reaper is just looking for an opening, that's all Jason. Wrestling is a lot like tennis, you know anything about tennis?

Blackfront: No.

Stan: Well it's a game of skill and finesse.

Blackfront: And?

Stan: Well I actually don't know anything about tennis... I was hoping maybe you did... Turning around Brez see's Marcus Corbin and continues to go after him. Corbin jukes left, jukes right, jukes left again, and slips past Brez as he tries to go for the lock up.

Blackfront: Another attempted lock up by Brez, another evasion by Marcus Corbin.

Stan: Corbin is doing just about the only thing you can do with Brez: keep away. Corbin slips past Brez, who turns around in pursuit, becoming visibly frustrated. He descends open Corbin again, this time stretching his arms out in an effort to swipe at Corbin if he attempts to get away. Corbin backs away, and soon finds himself cornered again but with nowhere to go.

Blackfront: Corbin much like a cornered rat now, and Brez is on him!

Stan: I wouldn't call Corbin things like a rat Jason. He's just being smart so far. Marcus Corbin is a beast in the ring as well as we saw on the last two shows.

Brez charges Corbin, using the weight of his own body to smash him up against the turnbuckle. Marcus Corbin crumbles, falling over onto Brez who simply grabs him and tosses him to the other side of the ring.

Blackfront: Brez just tossed Corbin like a rag doll, like child's play thing. It's amazing the strength that Brez possesses at only twenty pounds or so more than Corbin.

Stan: He's strong, we all know that. Just look at the man.

Marcus Corbin quickly gets to his feet, more to get away from Brez than anything else. Brez then lets out a yell and charges Corbin, going for the clothesline.

Blackfront: Attempted clothesline by Brez, Corbin ducks.

After evading Brez, Corbin quickly charges and jumps on his back. Brez flails his arms, turning toward the center of the ring before reaching up and grabbing Corbin's head, bringing him forward and slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin having trouble overcoming the power of Brez so far. Stan: Can you picture if Brez was to win the tournament and become the UTA Champion?

Blackfront: Especially if he continues the momentum he is showing in this match so far. He would be unstoppable.

Brez then descends upon the fallen Corbin, placing one foot on his chest and then

stepping up onto him with all his weight. Corbin kicks his feet as Brez's weight comes down across his chest, rolling over in pain once Brez has moved from top of him.

Blackfront: All that weight down on Marcus Corbin's chest.

Stan: That's two hundred and seventy three pounds crushing your chest cavity, taking your breath.

Brez then goes over to Marcus Corbin, bringing him to his feet by his head. Grabbing one of his arms, Brez whips him into the ropes. As he returns off the ropes, Corbin drops to the mat and punches Brez directly in his crotch. The referee quickly warns Corbin as the fans boo at the distasteful move.

Blackfront: Well Corbin going for the great equalizer. I'm sure even Brez is susceptible to that.

Stan: Looks like your wrong Jason, it appears he has only upset Brez more.

Brez stumbles back briefly, wincing slightly from the low blow. A few seconds later Brez looks upon a bewildered Marcus Corbin he lets out a massive yell.

Stan: We should call him "Iron Balls" Brez!

Blackfront: That's for sure!

Stan: Can we say balls on here?

Blackfront: Well, we are streaming on WrestleUTA.com. I'm sur it's.. wait, I'm getting this in my earpiece now... No, we can not.

Stan: Oops. My bad.

Blackfront: At least we're not live.

Corbin raises his arms as if to plead with Brez, but the monster ignores him. He reaches back before bringing his hand forward and placing it violently around Corbin's neck.

Stan: This can't be good for Marcus Corbin.

Corbin's eyes widen as Brez lifts him up into the air, holding him there for a moment before bringing him down hard into the mat.

Blackfront: Massive choke slam from Brez! Corbin got folded up like an accordion with that one!

Stan: Lifting a man like Marcus Corbin is no big deal to a monster like Brez, he hauls whole sides of beef into his room daily whenever he wishes to feed. This guy squeezes out bowel movements bigger than Marcus Corbin!

Blackfront: I'm not sure you can say that either.

Stan: Jesus! What can I say?!

Brez drops to his knees and goes for the cover. Seeing this, referee Juan Velazquez hits the mat and goes for the

count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! One.. two.. no! Kick out from Marcus Corbin. Corbin kicks out after the chokeslam!

Stan: With the exception of the low blow, which seems to have done very little damage, it's been all Brez so far. Marcus Corbin is going to have to figure something out if he hopes to make it out of this one Jason.

Blackfront: So far his resiliency has been what has kept him going, Corbin does need some offense though.

Brez gets up after the pin, pulling Corbin to his feet with him. Midway up, Corbin rises and rains down a barrage of punches to the face of Brez.

Blackfront: Corbin fighting back!

Stan: I'm not sure where he got that second wind from, but look at him go.

He hits him with lefts and rights, each punch rocking Brez, but only slightly. Corbin goes for another punch, but Brez quickly reaches up and head butts Corbin, knocking him to the mat and ending the assault.

Blackfront: Massive headbutt from Brez.

Stan: Coming from anyone else, I would say that a headbutt hurts both men involved, but from the looks of Brez, he's as hard headed as he comes.

Brez shakes his head, as to get the cobwebs out and then snarls, turning to Corbin. He brings him to feet and then looks out at the crowd, letting out yet another yell. Brez then takes Corbin, slamming him to the mat with a pumphandle slam.

Blackfront: The fans here don't like either of these men, but they are really starting to voice their opinion of Brez's display of pure meanness in this match.

Stan: If I was Brez, even with my impressive showing so far I'd take into consideration I have to loses on my record and extending this match is doing nothing but upping the chances that number goes to three.

Brez pulls Marcus Corbin off the mat with ease. He lifts him up over his head and trots over toward the corner to drop Corbin face first on the turnbuckle. However, Corbin slides out of the hold and lands feet first behind Brez.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin slides out of the grasp of Brez!

Stan: If he's going to make a move, now is the time to do it.

Corbin pushes Brez chest first into the turnbuckle. Corbin steps back before jolting toward Brez who steps back, slightly turning as he throws his elbow back connecting with Corbin's face.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin meeting the mat yet again.

Stan: It seems every time Corbin gets going, Brez pulls out something to halt all momentum.

Blackfront: This has to be aggravating.

Brez stomps Corbin several times before reaching down to pull him to his feet. Dazed, Corbin staggers. Brez then kicks him the gut and places Corbin's head between his legs. Blackfront: It looks like Brez is finally going to end the slaughter of Corbin.

Grabbing Corbin's waist, Brez lifts Corbin up over his head to deliver a powerbomb, but Corbin slides out of it at the peak, hooking Brez's head and bringing him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin reverses it! He reverses it! Brez was going for the powerbomb but he pulled it down into a huge DDT!

The crowd goes crazy at the reversal out of nowhere.

Stan: Listen to these fans in Kansas City! They may not be Corbin's biggest fans, but they sure love to see a good DDT! And that was one of the best we've seen in a long while.

The crowd continues to show their excitement for the sudden reversal as Corbin crawls over for a pin.

Blackfront: Pin! Pin! NO! Kick out by Brez! And look at Corbin! He went flying with that kick out.

Stan: Brez just sent him half way across the ring with that one. I don't know what Brez ate before the match, but whatever it is it seems to be helping him at the moment.

Blackfront: Wheaties perhaps?

Stan: Yeah—with beef jerky bits!

Corbin and Brez both push their way to their feet. Marcus Corbin spots Brez up and charges him with a shoulder. Brez rocks back on his heels, windmilling his arms to keep his balance and does. Corbin looks at Brez, sizes him up again and goes for shoulder thrust.

Blackfront: The first attempt didn't knock Brez to the mat, and the second one didn't either!

Stan: This guy has so much mass it's hard to knock him to the mat. Brez is still standing! The shoulder thrust knocks Brez back a few steps, now putting him up against the ropes. Corbin charges him, clotheslining Brez out of the ring over the top rope.

Blackfront: And there goes Brez! Marcus Corbin has finally knocked the beast off his feet!

Stan: Impressive clothesline from Marcus Corbin! Did you feel the ground rumble when Brez hit the floor?

The crowd pops at the bump, Brez lying down outside of the ring breathing heavy. Inside the ring, Marcus Corbin holds his arms up in a mini self celebration. The crowd lets out a boo, which Corbin seems to ignore.

Blackfront: It's not time to celebrate yet Corbin. You still need to pin the beast and you can't do that with him outside of the ring.

Stan: Look, it's been a rough match for Corbin. Give him his moment. He's earned it.

Blackfront: Until he can keep Brez down, Corbin hasn't earned anything.

Corbin heads toward the ropes as Brez gets up on the outside. Marcus steps through the ropes to the edge of the apron. He runs along the side of the mat and leaps off with an axe handle, but is caught into a bear hug by Brez.

Blackfront: Corbin went for the axe handle, but the strength of Brez allowed him to catch him.

Stan: Once again, Corbin is in a spot I wouldn't want to be.

Corbin frantically tries to get out of the grasp of Brez, who holds him as he runs toward the ring, smashing Corbin's back into the edge of the apron. Brez lets go of Marcus Corbin, allowing him to fall to the floor.

Blackfront: I'm sorry Corbin, but this match is over for you. There's no way to come back now.

Stan: This match was over when the bell rang Jason.

Brez turns to the fans and slaps his check before yelling out Do Work! Behind him, Corbin pushes himself up to his hands and knees.

Blackfront: Brez now wasting time when he should be securing a victory.

Stan: When you dominate a match as Brez has, you don't think about time Jason.

Brez yells at the fans jeering him from the front row. From behind Corbin uses this as an opportunity to jet forward leaping into the knees of Brez. The big man stumbles forward but is able to catch his balance.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin going for Brez's knees, but the man still isn't down! Stan: Well if hitting him in the family jewels doesn't do anything, I don't see what this will do.

Brez continues to stumble, grabbing his knee as Marcus Corbin gets back up from the tackle, measuring him up, and kicks Brez in the back of his knee. Again Brez stumbles from the blow. Marcus Corbin lifts his leg, knocking him on his back.

Blackfront: The beast has fallen!

Stan: TIMBERRR!

Corbin then reaches down on a fallen Brez and grabs his leg, lifting his knee into the air before bringing it down to the ground outside of the ring. Brez grabs his knees, roaring in anger as he holds onto his injured knee.

Blackfront: Brez is gonna have some trouble putting all the weight down on that hurt knee.

Stan: Given his weight and body structure, I'm surprised his knees haven't exploded already.

Corbin grabs the back of Brez's head, lifting him enough to roll into the ring. He follows up after him, putting one knee up on the apron and then climbing through the top and middle ring ropes.

Blackfront: Corbin needs to utilize this time now.

Stan: I just don't know Jason, the damage may already be done.

Blackfront: I've seen men come back from worse situations than this to win. It's all about what's deep in the gut of Corbin. If he has that fire burning, he may be able to take this one to the bank.

Corbin stomps away at Brez, focusing on his legs.

Blackfront: Corbin stomping those knees. That is a good start to keeping Brez down. Stan: Yea, but his upper body strength is enough to keep Corbin from getting a pin. He needs to work Brez completely over.

Corbin drops down, going for a quick pin.

Blackfront: We've got a pin! One. . . Two. . . kick out!

Stan: Brez is hurt but he's not out of this one yet!

Frustrated Corbin then reaches down and grabs Brez's leg, turning him over. He wrenches back on his leg with a single Boston Leg crab.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin with the single leg crab!

Corbin pulls back on Brez's leg, applying pressure. The referee gets down in Brez's face, asking him if he would like to quit, and Brez answers simply by roaring. Corbin continues to wrench on Brez's knee as Brez tries to reach for the ropes.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin putting pressure on Brez's already injured leg.

Stan: Come on Marcus, you know you couldn't have gotten a pin out of that.

Both men begin to get to their feet, Brez getting up gingerly and favoring his knee. Corbin waits no time, working Brez into the corner with lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Corbin has Brez trapped in the corner now, a complete reversal of what we had a few minutes ago.

Stan: He's tearing into him Jason!

Blackfront: Corbin using his frustration to fuel his attack.

Brez rocks with the blows, then as Corbin throws yet another right, he successfully blocks it, clotheslining Corbin out of the corner. With a roar Brez limps over to the fallen Corbin.

Blackfront: Can nothing keep Brez down?

Stan: Every time Corbin gets some momentum, Brez stops him.

Brez picks up Marcus Corbin and then dead lifting him over his head.

Blackfront: Look at the strength!

Brez moves toward the ropes but his knee suddenly buckles, giving way. Brez falls to the mat, hitting his back as Marcus Corbin falls on top of him. The referee goes down for the

pin.

Blackfront: We've got another pin! We've got another pin! NO! Kick out by Brez! He tried to lift Marcus Corbin but his knee gave way!

Stan: Corbin almost accidentally got the win there Jason.

Corbin gets up and grabs Brez's leg and lifts it, exposing his knee. He then stomps it again.

Blackfront: More offense from Marcus Corbin here.

Stan: Well Brez is down, but what can Marcus Corbin do? I doubt he can lift Brez. Corbin then pulls Brez by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: You were wrong.

Corbin kicks Brez once in the gut, and then runs past him bouncing off the ropes. As he returns he grabs Brez's head and slams him to the mat, face first.

Blackfront: Impressive bulldog by Marcus Corbin!

Stan: The Beast didn't even see that one coming. Corbin is heating up. Corbin gets up and raises his arms, taunting the crowd.

Blackfront: You see that Stan, Corbin would rather.. Stan? Stan. Stan: Sorry Jason, I was tweeting on the official UTA Twitter account. Blackfront: Well, the action is in the ring. Pay attention.

Brez slowly gets to his feet. Seeing him Corbin spins and hits him with a spinning backfist.

Blackfront: Backhand from Corbin!

Corbin runs back and hits the ropes. As he returns, Brez shakes the stars off and jets forward, extending an arm.

Blackfront: WHOAH! What a clothesline!

Stan: He almost took Corbin's head off with that!

Brez pushes himself up, steps forward and jumps, coming down hard on top of Marcus Corbin with a huge splash before hooking his leg.

Blackfront: Brez going for the win!

The referee hits the mat and begins to count.

Stan: he may have it Jason.

As the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time the bell begins to sound. Blackfront: Brez has done it! Brez moves

on to the second round of the UTA Championship tournament!

Stan: After two big loses to Darian Dumont, Brez finally has that win he's been looking for. To think, Brez almost called it quits after the last WRESTLESHOW!

The referee tries to hold Brez's arm up in victory, but he rips it away from him. Brez steps forward hitting his chest and yelling to the crowd Do Work!

Announcer: Your winner at sixteen minutes and fifty three seconds... BREEEEEZZZZ!

ET begins to play as Brez's face shows that of a man determined.

Blackfront: Corbin just couldn't get it done tonight.

Stan: You've got to wonder if anyone will be able to stop Brez now that he has found his groove and has shown how dominate he can be.

Blackfront: The UTA Championship could soon be around the waist of a very frightening man.

Stan: It sure can Jason, it sure can.

Blackfront: Oh, and Stan.

Stan: Yea Jason?

Blackfront: I was messing with you earlier, you can say balls. The beauty of distributing the show on WrestleUTA.com and having a really amazing and modern thinking sponsor, is what we can do.

Stan: Yea, Dollar Shave Club is awesome. You know for just nine bucks a month, I get four new five blade cartilages sent to my house for my executive razor.

Blackfront: It's a shave so smooth you'll think your face is a baby's ass.

STANDING IN THE SHADOWS

As we fade to black, our eyes adjust. A face can be seen in the shadows. Upon that face is wild and untamed hair. A little bit of light allows us to see the stare of the Mastodon of the Mountains himself, Frank Dylan James.

James has a crazed look on his face, with a scary grin that puts the icing on the cake. It almost feels as he is inside of all of our heads with his piercing stare.

James: Lemme tell yew baysterds somethin' real quick.

His unorthodox mountain accent sends the chills from his look even higher.

James: Ain't none'a that fancy talkin' an' muscle flexin' nonsense gonna happen when Ol' Frank gets a'old of ya.

He rolls into an almost evil chuckle.

James: Two Weeks and ya gon'a see.

FDJ begins to laugh as the shadows return to cover his face. Will anyone be safe?

JANUARY 26th, 2014

We continue straight into another video promo. This time it is hyping the upcoming iPPV which will be available January 26th right here on WrestleUTA.com directly after the WRESLESHOW #5 live pre-show.

As we have heard earlier, the pre-show will include an over the top rope battle royal for a wild card spot in the UTA Championship tournament later in the night live on iPPV.

JC Davis' entrance music begins to play over the sound system and the fans give a slight rumble.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... Standing at six foot six and weighing in at two hundred and sixty three pounds... J... C.... DAAAAVVIIISSSSS!!!

JC Davis steps out from the back, smile on his face. He points out to the crowd as he begins his decent toward the ring.

Blackfront: JC Davis still trying to find his footing here in the UTA. He could use tonight as a good jumping off point to build momentum through the ranks.

Stan: Davis might just be able to give the fans an underdog win tonight going into the internet pay per view.

As JC enters the ring, his music fads away.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Chicago, Illinois...

Blackfront: Another member of the Jokers Wild debuting here in the UTA tonight Stan. Stan: After the last edition of WRESTLESHOW, Addams had a chance for a sit down with management, signing a contract that very night to join his partner Drew Stevenson here in the UTA.

Blackfront: Gutsy move, but it could pay off. The big question now though is will we see Frank Washington and Frankie Cocheese make the same jump?

Stan: A betting man would say, yes, they need to head down to the UTA for the full Jokers Wild effect going into two thousand and fourteen.

"ONE STEP TO FALL!"

A loud opening scream hits with One Step to Fall by Across the Rain playing and Scotty confidently steps through the curtain wearing a smirk on his face.

Announcer: Weighing in at Two Hundred and Twenty pounds... "The hooottsst Commmoooddiitty" Scooootttyyy Aadddddaammms!!!!

Sliding onto the apron, Scotty stands facing the entrance and looking around to all of the fans with a smile before he throws his arms up above his head, crossing them at the wrist to form his 'A' without the dash in the middle. It brings boos from the people and it only makes his smile bigger.

Blackfront: The fans are letting Scotty Addams know their position on him and the Jokers Wild right now Stan.

Stan: These guys love the hate though Jason. What will be interesting is when Drew Stevenson competes here later tonight. This is his hometown, and just like the last edition of WRESTLESHOW from what he calls his home arena, I can almost see a split between those in attendance.

Blackfront: Well, that match is still coming up. Right now we have action about to begin as JC Davis takes on Scotty Addams.

Scotty turns around and jumps over the top rope into the ring where he runs and jumps into a corner, throwing his 'A' up again nodding his head to his theme music before jumping down and circling around the ring.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams making his official debut tonight against a man with a definite size advantage.

Stan: Yes, but I'm not sure JC Davis can compete with the speed and agility that Addams possesses.

As the bell sounds, both men begin to circle each other in the ring.

Blackfront: The bell has rung and we're about to see what Scotty Addams has to offer. Stan: Well if he gets into trouble, Drew Stevenson and Frank Washington are right in the back.

Blackfront: That's what I'm afraid of.

JC Davis makes the first move, rushing Scotty Addams. Addams sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes. Davis quickly turns and follows with speed.

Blackfront: There's that fast pace movement Scotty is known for.

Addams slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as JC Davis arrives, using Davis' own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor.

Stan: Did you see that?

Blackfront: My goodness what a counter.

Adams raises up, making sure to keep his balance on the edge of the apron. He jolts right toward the corner.

Blackfront: He's as quick as The Flash!

Outside, Davis holds his head as he begins to push his way back to his feet. Scott Addams climbs the corner post, balancing himself on the top rope.

Blackfront: Get your cameras ready, we're about to see a high risk maneuver!

Addams looks back, locating Davis, before settling his balance once more. He bends his knees slightly before pushing up and back. The cameras flash as Scotty Addams leaps backwards through the air, turning over.

Blackfront: Moonsault from the top rope to the outside!

Addams hits his mark square on as both men crash to the floor. The fans, although standing against The Jokers Wild, begin a chant that can't be repeated here at the amazing feat they just witnessed.

Stan: I thought Doctor EMO's moonsault was spectacular, but that... what kind of man puts his body on the line like that Jason?

Blackfront: The type of man hungry to become the champion.

We get a close up shot of both men rolling around on the floor. Addams holds his ribs as JC Davis attempts to locate the direction of the truck that just hit him went.

Blackfront: Both of these men may be hurt already.

Stan: Winning the match doesn't do you any good if you're in the hospital during the second round of the tournament Jason.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams may be regretting taking such a high risk in the opening moments of this match up.

Stan: JC Davis is regretting even lacing is boots up today, I'll tell you that much. Inside the ring, the referee continues his count a neither man makes an attempt to get back up.

Stan: So what happens if both men are counted out tonight? Do we get two people with a second round BYE in the tournament?

Blackfront: We might find out here shortly.

Scotty Addams looks up before slowly crawling toward the ring.

Blackfront: Addams is stirring, but can he recover in time?

Stan: The suspense is killing me.

Addams reaches the apron, using it to pull himself up. The referee continues as he reaches eight. The fans now begin

chanting another chant that can not be repeated here, but you can guarantee it's not a positive one.

Blackfront: The crowd here in Kansas City letting Addams know how they feel about what appears to be how quickly this match is going to end.

Stan: Hey, they got one crazy leap out of Scotty. He's got more important things to do tonight.

Blackfront: Like what?

Stan: Like supporting Drew Stevenson's hometown return! Blackfront: You actually like The Jokers Wild, don't you Stan? Stan: Someone's got to Jason.

Addams reaches his feet, rolling into the ring just a split second before the referee reaches ten. He does not roll back out to restart the count causing an uproar of unpleasantness from the fans as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: That was such a short match, if you can even call it that.

Stan: Just leaves more time for Drew Stevenson's match Jason.

Blackfront: Oh, yay.

Scotty Addams holds his ribs as the referee raises his free hand.

Announcer: Your winner in two minutes and twenty one seconds..... SCOTTYYY ADDAAAAMMMMMSSSSS!!!

A chorus of boos fill the venue as Scotty celebrates.

Blackfront: One member of The Jokers Wild just secured himself a spot in the second round of the UTA Championship tournament.

Stan: What if Drew Stevenson advances next? Could we see Scotty Addams and Drew Stevenson sometime soon?

Blackfront: Two of The Jokers Wild, one belt... anything can happen Stan!

FATALITY

Blackfront: I just got word that cVc and mVc are up to something in the back!

As we quickly fade away, a huge "cVc" logo sits backstage. Dashing quicking in front of the lit up logo comes Midget Von Crank with something across big across his shoulder. Midget Von Crank: Here 2 Show Ya...

Chance Von Crank charges from left side of the logo as the camera pans out showing both men in front of the logo. Midget Von Crank has a Doc Johnson Lex Steele replica dildo across his shoulder holding it with one hand in the front. The huge black dildo drapes across his shoulder a bit ways down his back. A blur on the screen attempts to censor it. However every time mVc shuffles his shoulder it comes into view clear as day in spots.

cVc: I have waited long enough for you Envy. It is now time for me to bounce all those checks your mouth wrote but your ass can't back. I know what you are thinking... That is a big huge black cock across that little midget's back. Yes. It is. He traded in the Disney chair for this Lex Steele black pecker he now has. I am going to show you in that ring tonight what a real bitch you are. You don't have it Like I got It. After I leave you in a beaten pile of Not Got It in that ring... cVc and this midget are going to fuck you with that dildo.

Chance points at the dildo with a fake terrified look across his face.

cVc: Lets face it, Al... I have already broken your spirit and haven't landed the first punch yet. You are already beaten and everyone here tonight knows it. There is only one

Chance Von Crank in this entire world. Al Envy's fill every high school gym on the indy circuit about every night. You

steal shows... You are the best... Save it. You are saying the same shit the last few shit heads before you said right before I Godbooked them. I almost feel like I put down no talent shit heads for a living now.

Midget Von Crank begins to act as if the the big black dildo is his actual penis. He whips it around and cVc stops him quickly.

cVc: Goddamnit quit swinging that fucking rubber dick dude! Jesus Christ, I don't want smacked with it. Cut the shit, Midget.

mVc throws it back over his shoulder pouting a bit.

cVc: Envy... Envy... I want you to know what it feels like to have a fake rubber dick rammed into your asshole by a crazy Midget. Look at it like Mortal Kombat and all you have done is get owned since the game started... Now this is the end, Al. Fatality!

Flawless Victory! I can't just beat you and walk away satisfied... No... Now I have to hurt you from the inside out. You may think he is just talking shit now he won't put that thing inside of me. Wrong. That just shows you had no idea the true beast you are tangling with. Rape ain't shit when you are from the trailer park, pussy.

Crank looks at mVc and holds his hand high above his head.

cVc: High Five!

mVc jumps as high as he can to attempt to smack Cranks open palm. He tries and tries to no avail. Crank slowly turns his head back towards the camera with his signature grin across his face as mVc continues his attempt to high five.

cVc: Drum Roll Please...

Crank drops his hand and pushes Midget Von Crank down to the floor palming his forehead to do so. "Get the fuckin' boombox!", he exclaims. Chance reaches inside his robe and pulls out the folder with Envy's "details" inside. He smiles as he rips the top off and mVc drags a boom box into view that is blasting a drum roll. Crank yanks out the paperwork. He reads it for a moment before dropping the sheets of paper to the floor. He claps his hand a single time as Midget Von Crank changes the tune on the boombox. "We got the itch

You got the scratch

Burns burns burns like the head of a match You took the front

I took the back Oh Yeah!

We got the clap"

Infant Sorrow's The Clap plays through the speakers of the boom box. Crank looks back at mVc sliding his hand across his own throat and he cuts the music immediately.

cVc: You have The Clap, Al Envy. You're Welcome... I would check out the homeless dudes needle we used to poke holes in the condom though. He looked like he a little AIDS on his chin, ah fuck it better you than me, asshole. I'm coming for you, hand me that mic!

Chance Von Crank reaches for a mic and gets one from his right. He holds it down to Midget Von Crank's mouth.

mVc: Shock N Rolla! Here to Show Yaaaaaahaaaa!!!

Crank takes the microphone back to his own lips giving a stern look at the camera.

cVc: COCKED BACK!!!! ANDDDDD FUCKING LOADED! Chance... Von... Crank!

HE IS COMING

The peaceful sound of a Japanese melody comes over the speakers followed by an image of their flag and foreign text.

???????

Darian Dumont's theme begins to play through the system.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Miami, Florida. Standing at six foot six and weighing in two hundred and fifty pounds.... "DARINNNGG" DARIAAAAAAANNNN DUMOOOONNNNTTT!!

He steps out from the back and begins to head down the ramp.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont looking to continue his winning streak here tonight as he faces Drew Stevenson.

Stan: Well Jason, Dumont has two big surprise victories over Brez coming into this match tonight, but how far can luck take you? This is a sport of skill and Darian Dumont has no skill.

Blackfront: As a former trapeze artist, Darian Dumont is athletic, but you are correct as he has no formal training.

Stan: Everyone's luck runs out sometime Jason, that's all I'm saying.

Darian Dumont enters the ring, throwing his arms out and doing a quarter spin as his music fades away.

Blackfront: Well, we will see here in just a few moments if Dumont is the real deal, or if he is just lucky.

The arena lights suddenly just shut off consuming the arena into complete darkness.

Stan: Who turned off the lights?

The sudden engulfing of a massive bright spotlight shines down onto the entry area, the fans try looking through it but it is far too bright to see through it with the naked eye.

Suddenly, the public address sound system comes on playing Hail to the King by Avenged Sevenfold as the stage is still engulfed in the massive light.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from right here in Kansas City, Missouri.... The crowd goes crazy, popping at the mention of their town.

Stan: People love a hometown guy Jason, even if he isn't the most likeable.

Blackfront: They sure do Stan, listen them scream.

After a few seconds, the spotlight begins fading away and the arena lights return to life as there stands Drew Stevenson with his hands on his hips just looking out nodding as a heavily mixed reaction from the fans. Beside him is his fellow Jokers Wild member, Frank Washington.

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... Being accompanied by Frank Washington... He represents The Jokers Wild....

WWSTEVENSOOOOOONNNN!!!

Drew and Frank begin walking down the aisle.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson getting a hell of a reception here in his hometown of Kansas City tonight.

Stan: It doesn't matter how you act the rest of the year, when you come home, they love you. Drew Stevenson is living proof of that.

Blackfront: After spending some time in Canada, you have to think that Drew feels good to be back home tonight.

Stan: Jason, I have it on good authority that the last WRESTLESHOW being at Drew Stevenson's self proclaimed home arena, and then tonight in his hometown is half of the reason he has signed to the UTA.

Blackfront: What's the other half?

Stan: The fact that the United Toughness Alliance has the richest history in professional wrestling, and well, it is just too darn cold in Canada.

Drew Stevenson rolls into the ring from under the bottom rope immediately getting back to his feet just pacing the ring simply awaiting for the bell to ring thus getting this match underway as Frank Washington walks around the side of the ring, scouting the area.

Stan: As I mentioned earlier, Drew Stevenson was right there in the crowd as a fan the last time the UTA was here in Kansas City. Ten years later, Stevenson now has his chance to entertain.

Blackfront: Could the next Drew Stevenson be in the crowd tonight?

Stan: Well, I would rather have another Shawn FX, but you never know Jason. You never know.

Blackfront: Weren't you just praising Stevenson right after the Addams match?

Stan: It's called sarcasm Jason. Don't worry, stick with me and you'll learn all about it. Jason lets out an audible sigh before continuing on.

Blackfront: The wild card here is Frank Washington. He adds a whole new factor for Darian Dumont to consider.

Stan: Two against one is never a good situation to go into, but it's even worse when those two men are Drew Stevenson and Frank Washington.

Inside the ring, Drew leans out between the middle and top rope, yelling something we can't hear to Frank Washington who nods.

Blackfront: Drew giving Washington some sort of instructions.

Stan: Maybe he's just telling him that he can handle this match on his own and to stay out of it?

Blackfront: Highly doubtful Stan.

Frank Washington begins to walk around the ring again as Drew steps fully back in, and prepares for his match.

Blackfront: There's the bell signaling the start of this match. This is probably the biggest match Darian Dumont has had in his career so far.

Stan: Lets see... Brez... Drew... no one else. Yea Jason, I think you're right.

Blackfront: Well aren't we just a little spitfire?

Stan: You shouldn't have ribbed me on the balls thing earlier.

Blackfront: Well, while you're holding a grudge, I'm going to watch this exciting match up we have here.

Drew Stevenson takes a step forward and extends his hand to Darian Dumont.

Blackfront: Stevenson is offering a handshake?

Stan: Maybe he's trying to please the hometown support?

Dumont places his hands on his waist and looks at Drew before out to the crowd who is offering a mixture of their suggestions. Drew assures Darian Dumont he just wants to shake his hand. He even plays to the fact there is quite a few fans encouraging Dumont to trust him.

Blackfront: I dunno about this. I've heard stories of Drew Stevenson and how dirty he can be. Darian Dumont could be making a rookie mistake.

Stan: Come on Jason. it's Drew's hometown!

Dumont finally gives in and extends his hand. Both men smile as they shake hands. After a few seconds, Darian goes to step away, but Drew tightens his grip.

Blackfront: I knew it!

Stan: See, I told you Jason. You can't trust Drew Stevenson.

Blackfront: What? You said...

Stan: The match Jason, the match.

Drew pulls Dumont in hard, lifting a knee which catches him in the gut before letting go. Darian drops to his hands and knees on the mat, trying to catch his breath.

Blackfront: What a shame. I bet his momma is in the crowd watching that!

We can see Frank Washington bending down and then crawling under the ring on the outside.

Blackfront: Now, what is Washington doing?

Stan: Maybe since this is going to be an easy match for Drew, he's finding a good place to take a short nap Jason.

In the ring, Stevenson comes forward with a raised knee to the face of Darian Dumont, sending him ass first to the mat. Drew turns and struts a few steps.

Blackfront: Stevenson showboating instead of having a gosh darn actual match here.

Stan: Hey look, Frank's back!

Washington shimmies from under the ring, using the apron to get back to his feet. He and Stevenson make eye contact with Washington giving him a small nod.

Blackfront: I don't think I like Frank Washington being out here Stan. I already lost an iPad tonight during shenanigans.

Stan: Next time you'll go Android, won't you?

Blackfront: What's that have to do with... Oh, nevermind.

As Stevenson was strutting and having his moment with Frank Washington, Darian Dumont was pulling himself to his feet with the ropes. Drew turns back to his opponent in just enough time to see the sloppy, but effective dropkick.

Blackfront: Dropkick by Darian Dumont!

Stan: He's not very graceful is he?

Blackfront: Maybe not, but he hit his mark.

The crowd cheers as Drew Stevenson stumbles backward. Darian Dumont quickly gets back to his feet, looking almost amazed himself that he hit Stevenson. Wasting no time, Darian heads toward Drew, who stumbles more, falling to the mat.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson now in retreat mode.

As Darian takes steps toward Stevenson, Drew scoots back closer to the ring post. He throws his hands up as he is backed into the corner, begging for Darian Dumont to stop. Dumont points down at Drew while looking at the crowd like Can you believe this guy?. Stan: He's helpless in that corner!

Blackfront: Helpless my butt Stan.

Darian takes one more step as Drew Stevenson shakes his head, pleading for him to not come any closer. Right as

Darian gets within range, the inevitable happens. Drew Stevenson sends two fingers up and into the eyes of Darian Dumont as he was reaching down to grab his opponent.

Blackfront: Come on ref! You didn't see that?!

Stan: I can guarantee if it happened again right now, Darian Dumont wouldn't be able to see it!

Dumont holds his eyes and stumbles back as Drew Stevenson throws his arms up to the second rope on each side of the corner post, and pulls himself up in one motion to his feet. The boos of the fans begin to drown out the hometown support Drew had originally had.

Drew Stevenson heads forward. he wraps his right arm around the neck of Darian Dumont, as he throws his right leg back, between Dumont's and brings it toward him. Using his arm to pull, Stevenson yanks back, bringing both men down to the mat.

Blackfront: Russian leg sweep by Drew Stevenson.

Stevenson rolls over and pushes himself up to his feet. He struts again, but this time toward a downed Darian Dumont.

Blackfront: Stop the showboating Drew, it is not needed.

Stan: It's for his hometown fans Jason, give the guy a break.

At the last strut, Stevenson drops a knee on Darian Dumont and gets back up, immediately dropping another. This time instead of getting back to his feet, he swings his left leg over Darian Dumont's body, mounting him, before he begins to offer up a barrage of rights and lefts to the face of his opponent.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont trying to block those punches, but Stevenson can strike hard.

Stan: It's not like adding anymore scars to the body of Dumont will make a difference. Bust him open Drew!

Blackfront: I really just can't read you tonight Stan.

Stan: Well, I'm not a damn book anyways. Lets call this match.

The referee warns Stevenson whom finally stops, holding his hands up with his palms out to show the referee he's done. Before getting up, Drew brings one more heavy right down into the face of Darian Dumont.

Blackfront: He's going to get himself disqualified.

Drew gets to his feet, throwing his arms out beside him and turning around for the fans to get a good look at him. Outside the ring, Frank Washington claps, nodding his head in support.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson now pulling a dazed and confused Darian Dumont to his

feet. This poor guy has very little actual wrestling ability, no formal training, and has only won his matches out of luck up until now. This is nothing more than a Mir slaughter he was led to tonight.

Stan: We thought that about his last two matches Jason, and see how those ended up. Lets not count Darian Dumont out yet.

Stevenson grabs the arm of Darian Dumont, sending him hard toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Stiff Irish whip by Kansas City's own Drew Stevenson.

Dumont hits the ropes with such force that he goes over, hitting the apron before crashing to the ground.

Blackfront: Is it just me, or has everyone met the outside of the ring tonight?

Stan: Sometimes twenty by twenty isn't enough to contain all of the action Jason. Blackfront: The really bad part is he landed right there in front of Frank Washington. Washington starts to head toward Darian Dumont, but is interrupted by

the referee leaning out of the ring and yelling at him. As Washington raises his hands and backs away, Drew Stevenson exits to the apron and hops down to the floor.

Blackfront: This is not a good situation for Darian Dumont as he is being surrounded by buzzards ready to pick him clean.

Both Drew Stevenson and Frank Washington begin taking turns stomping Darian Dumont. The fans take their booing to a new level of loudness.

Blackfront: Come on, how are they getting away with this? Stan: Because showing teamwork is a good life lesson for kids? Blackfront: You disturb me with your rationalization Stan.

The referee fails at getting them to stop stomping from inside the ring. Instead of counting the two actual opponents out, he exits between the ropes, heading across the apron and down the steps.

Blackfront: The referee looking to restore order and maybe save Darian Dumont from any further injuries.

Drew bends down grabbing Dumont's arm as the referee begins warning Frank Washington to not interfere anymore or he would be throw out. Frank holds his hands up and backs away. Drew Stevenson on the other hand, grabs the arm of Darian Dumont, and goes to whip him into the barricade. However, he crashes into the referee who had just decided to turn back around to the match participants.

Blackfront: Oh no! The referee is down! This situation just keeps getting worse for Darian Dumont!

Stan: On the bright side, we keep getting closer to possibly seeing Drew Stevenson and fellow Jokers Wild member Scotty Addams square off at the next show!

Blackfront: That meeting could be worth the low price of nineteen ninety nine that the stream will cost alone.

Stan: For sure!

Drew looks down at the referee and smiles. He mouths Now to Washington who begins to pull something out of his pocket as Drew lifts Darian Dumont to his feet, and holding him up from behind.

Blackfront: It can't be!

Stan: It is!

Frank proudly slips on brass knuckles and holds his hand up, displaying them to the angered crowd.

Blackfront: That weapon used earlier by Log Habben! He's got the knuckles!

Stan: Well, this is over.

Frank draws his fist back as Stevenson yells for him to do it. Frank comes forward with a super punch straight out of a heavyweight boxing match. At the very last second, Dumont slips from Drew Stevenson's grasp and jumps out of the way.

Blackfront: WASHINGTON HIT STEVENSON! WASHINGTON HITS STEVENSON!

The crowd pops louder than ever before as Drew Stevenson flies back, slamming into the apron and dropping like a dead fly to the floor holding his face. Frank Washington has a look of horror across his face as he stares down at his friend and partner who is kicking his feet, yelling in extreme pain.

Blackfront: That did not go as planned at all! Frank Washington may have just cost Drew Stevenson this match!

Stan: May have? His nose is certainly broken after that punch. Frank put everything he had into it!

Washington drops down apologizing like a death row inmate seconds before the switch is thrown. The knuckles drop from his hand to the floor where Darian Dumont raises his head and sees an opportunity.

Blackfront: Don't do it Darian. if the referee sees you, you'll be disqualified.

Stan: Sees him? The referee is barely coming to now.

Dumont reaches out and grabs the knuckles as Washington is sidetracked by Drew Stevenson cursing the day he was born. Using his right arm, Dumont pulls himself up by the apron to his feet. He holds the knuckles in his hand, his eyes popping out as he looks to his right than to his left seeing if he has the fans approval.

Stan: The fans want Jokers Wild blood Jason, and Darian Dumont is going to give it to them!

After a few seconds of contemplating, Dumont shakes his head no and tosses the foreign object away. This causes another small cheer from the crowd, applauding him wanting to do it the right way.

Blackfront: That's it Darian, don't stoop to their level.

Dumont helps the referee to his feet. Although groggy, with Dumont's help he is able to make it back to the ring, rolling in. Once the referee is safe and secure, Dumont looks down at Frank Washington who is still trying to help Drew Stevenson. A pool of blood can be seen under the home town anti-hero.

Blackfront: This match may need to be stopped. This could be really bad for Drew Stevenson here folks.

Stan: Dumont's luck makes me want to take him to the casino with me.

Darian Dumont, now rested, rushes forward, and jumps with a double leg drop kick to the side of Frank Washington's head. As Washington is tossed to the left, Dumont's legs fall down, knocking Stevenson in the back of the head, causing him to go completely down directly into the pool of his own blood.

Blackfront: This is not for the faint of heart.

Stan: Anyone else hungry?

Blackfront: You are sick.

Stan: No, I feel fine. I said hungry. Jeez Jason, get your hearing checked.

Darian gets back to his feet, and goes straight for Drew Stevenson. He grabs the back of his head, pulling him to his feet where we see the carnage caused by Frank Washington.

Blackfront: Children turn away, this isn't pretty at all.

Blood covers the face, hair, and chest of Drew Stevenson as Dumont directs him around and rolls him into the ring. The referee looks down and seems to become queezy at the sight as Darian Dumont slides in next.

Blackfront: That's it, he's going to call this match, I know it.

Dumont stands up and begins to head toward Stevenson but is stopped by the referee who wants to check on Drew first. Being a good sport, Darian steps back.

Stan: I hate to say it, but you may be right. I think Drew Stevenson can't continue.

Blackfront: You think? Look at him! He is a mess.

The referee shows concern as he tends to Stevenson who is groggy but alert. Drew sits up, looing down at the blood. His face swollen. The referee kneels down and we can see Drew telling him not to stop the match.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson refusing to quit! But I can't see how the referee will let him go.

Drew leans forward, now crawling to the ropes. Using them to pull himself up, the fans get a look at his busted face. he turns and keeps saying he is fine. We can see the referee telling him that he can't continue.

Blackfront: The referee is stopping it. Good job by the UTA official here.

Stan: Darian Dumont is going to get a chance to luck his way into gold Jason.

Drew steps forward, having to balance himself, and yells at the referee that he is fine. From behind, Dumont waits no longer as he comes up from under Drew, pulling him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Schoolboy pin by Darian Dumont!

The fans go nuts as the referee goes into action, no longer thinking about stopping the match.

Stan: Well, the bell never rang did it?

Blackfront: It did not.

Drew is able to somehow kick out at two. Dumont lets go and quickly rolls to the right and to his feet.

Blackfront: Kick out at two by Drew Stevenson just when we thought this was over. Darian grabs Drew Stevenson by the back of the head, pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont now on the offensive as he brings down a heavy chop across the blood stained chest of Drew Stevenson.

Dumont gives Drew another chop and another, the fans yelling with each new one. Blackfront: I'd say Drew Stevenson's chest would be glowing from those chops if it wasn't already stained red.

Stan: Darian Dumont is inspired Jason. he wants to win this one.

Dumont grabs the arm of Stevenson, he yanks back sending Drew forward, who stops Dumont in his tracks, reversing the whip. Dumont is sent hard into the corner. As he hits, his entire body turns upside down before falling to the mat.

Blackfront: What a whip by Drew Stevenson.

Stan: Darian Dumont crumpled like an accordian.

Stevenson doesn't strut this time as he heads over, gabs the top ropes for leverage and begins angrily stomping away at Dumont.

Stan: Drew is using that anger to fuel those stomps there.

Blackfront: His entire body has to be hurting from that punch Stan. He wants to make Darian hurt just as bad.

Outside of the ring, Frank Washington can be seen finally coming to. Back in the ring, Drew pulls Darian up and yanks him back toward the middle of the ring. He slides his arm under Darian's and stands beside him. Using his left hand to hold the back of Dumont, Stevenson lifts him up, coming down into a sit out slam that puts Dumont's back into the mat.

Blackfront: FINAL CONFLICT!

Drew rolls over and covers Darian Dumont.

Stan: This is it.

The referee hits a count of three, causing a mixed reaction from the crowd as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Although he paid the price, Drew Stevenson has done it. He will be advancing to the next round.

Stan: Yea, but he wont be getting any hot dates anytime soon with that face.

Frank Washington slides into the ring to help Drew celebrate. As he goes to grab Drew's arm to raise it, Stevenson pulls away.

Announcer: And your winner, in twelve minutes and seven seconds.... DREEEWWW STEVENNNNSOOOONNNN!!!

Blackfront: Could there already be a crack in The Jokers Wild after the punch heard around the world?

Stan: Well, I'd be angry too. Wouldn't you Jason?

Frank explains Drew in the ring what happened as the referee comes to them with a towel for Stevenson. Grabbing the towel, Drew wipes his face down before putting his hands on his waist and looking at Washington with irritation.

However, before long Drew nods and steps in hugging Frank Washington. The fans boo as Drew and Washington turn to each other's side and raise their hands in victory. Drew pats Frank on the shoulder as to tell him it's OK as his music begins to play.

Blackfront: The Jokers Wild showing that nothing can break their bond, not even a really bad screw up.

We are shown several replays from the match.

Stan: Stevenson advances. This could continue to get interesting for The Jokers Wild is he and Addams meet on the next show.

Blackfront: Well, if their bond can get them through brass knuckles to the face, I don't think a competitive match will do any worse.

WRONG LOCKER ROOM

We see Peyton von Litch backstage. He keeps looking around. Finally he comes to a door.

Litch: This must be it.

Peyton opens the door and goes in. We hear a scream from inside before Litch runs out of the room, sliding up against the wall. The door opens partially as a towel wrapped

Irresistible Rachel pops her head out.

Rachel: Did you need something? Litch shakes his head nervously.

Litch: Just looking for my locker room. I'm sorry.

Rachel: Ugh.. Well, this is not it!

She pulls her head back in, letting the door slam.

Litch: Dang.

Peyton turns and takes a step forward, running into someone. The camera pans up to show the face of Kevin "Kor" Hawk dressed in a nice suit. He smiles at Litch.

Hawk: Peyton von Litch, right? Peyton nods.

Hawk: I'm Kevin Hawk, hall of famer and commissioner.

Litch: Good to, uh, meet you sir. Hawk just looks at Peyton.

Hawk: You're not booked this week, hence no locker room.

Litch: Oh.

Hawk: Yea, oh. So before you create a sexual harassment case, can you quit opening random doors?

Peyton nods.

Litch: Yes sir.

Hawk: Two weeks, battle royal.

He walks past Peyton, patting him on the shoulder as he walks off. Litch looks off to left as we fade away.

JANUARY 26th, 2014

The iPPV logo comes across the screen for a few moments as a friendly reminder that on January 26th, right here on WrestleUTA.com the first iPPV since the UTA's return will be live.

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

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Fucking Loaded!"

"Chance Von Crank"

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

Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous Aw Ski Ski after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank is is vulgar.

Stan: I love him. The fact he has a miniature version of himself, is golden!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Harlan County, Kentucky. Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and sixty two pounds... Being accompanied by... his... little self...

Stan: HA!

Announcer: He is.... CHANCE... VON... CRAAAANNKKK!!!!

He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle, climbs up holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and Fuck You CVC! chants. Midget Von Crank jumps up and down in the middle of the ring with his arms held high... well, high for him.

Blackfront: How can you take this guy seriously?

Stan: How can you not? He talks a lot of crap, but Chance Von Crank always backs it up.

Dirty Angel by Voodoo Johnson begins to play

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Fort Worth, Texas

Blackfront: Al Envy wants to make these two pay for pulling him out of the last main event here on WRESTLESHOW. He gets that chance now as well as the opportunity to advance in the tournament.

Envy steps out from the back. He stands at the top of the stage for a moment looking down at Crank in the ring before continuing.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty eight pounds... He is... ALLLLL... ENNNNNVVYYYYYYYY!!!!

Envy burst into a full run, sliding under the bottom rope and into the ring. As he pops to his feet, Midget Von Crank rushes toward Envy, who takes a heavy step in his direction. mVc hopes back, then runs back and around behind Chance Von Crank.

Blackfront: Al Envy doesn't seem to be in a playing mood tonight.

Chance talks to Midget Von Crank, sending him outside of the ring so he can get started.

Stan: This is going to be so great!

Blackfront: These two men want not only to get their hands on each other, but to have a chance to become the UTA Champion.

The bell rings but both combatants remain still, trash talking one another. Frank Knox signals the start of the match and cVc, content with his trash talking, reaches up and pushes Al Envy. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in Crank's face. The crowd buzzes in excitement.

Blackfront: What is this, a schoolyard? Crank pushing Envy around like a little kid.

Stan: Just trying to get into the head of Envy, Jason. That's all.

cVc pushes Envy again, but this time Envy retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends cVc immediately to the mat.

Blackfront: There yah go Chance! Envy just pushed YOU to the mat!

Stan: Envy may have more power, but Crank has him beat in every other area. He gets more of the ladies and is definitely the better wrestler.

Blackfront: Crank just may be the only active wrestler with three forms of sexually transmitted diseases.

Stan: Hey! That's never been proven! You can start rumors just because you don't like the guy.

Crank quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Envy flexes his muscles in a display of strength. Envy then motions for Chance to come at him, and Crank complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Envy quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Chance Von Crank backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: I think it has been well established that Envy is the stronger man here. What is Crank doing?

Stan: He's giving Envy a false sense of superiority. It's always best to build a man up before you cut the feet out from under him, it makes the look on his face all the more enjoyable when you beat them.

Blackfront: Uh-huh. Whatever you say Stan.

Chance Von Crank then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Envy, the blow causing Envy to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. cVc raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Envy's head.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank in complete control now.

Stan: He usually is.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank working the back Al Envy.

Stan: I told you he was just getting into Envy's head. Watch as he dominates the rest of this match.

Crank Irish whips Al Envy into the ropes. As he returns, cVc drops to the mat, Envy jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Envy then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Crank square in the head. Blackfront: Big boot from Al Envy, and Chance Von Crank is down!

Stan: Come on ref! Something about that big boot had to be illegal! Let's get some order in there!

Blackfront: What is it you kids say? Haters will be hating?

Stan: . . . Something like that. . . And I aint hating! Check Envy's boot that thing's gotta be loaded!

Envy raises his arms as cVc gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Crank curses as he and Envy lock up in the center of the ring again. Al Envy quickly rolls behind Crank with a rear lock.

Blackfront: Envy with that bear like grip on Chance Von Crank.

Stan: He'll get out of it Jason, don't you worry about that.

Blackfront: Who's worried? Well, other than the miniature Crank pacing outside of the ring here in front of us.

Crank makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He raises his leg backwards between Envy's legs, striking the ole family jewels. The fans boo as Envy falls to the mat

holding his manhood. Frank Knox quickly gets in Crank's face, giving him a warning.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank with the low blow. No one with a set likes that one. Stan: Yeah, I'm sure there are a lot of man hating lesbians out there who love a good low blow, but for the love of God!

Crank throws his hands up as the crowd continues to boo. He pretends to ejaculate in the face of a few audience members in the first row. Crank tells Frank to Fuck Off before turning around. He runs his hands through his hair as he makes his way to Envy, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank going to work now...

Stan: Doing what he does best...

Blackfront: And what's that? Disappointing every woman he goes to bed with?

Stan: What? No. . . Why are you being so personal?

Crank Irish whips Envy into the ropes. As he returns, cVc hooks Envy's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Blackfront: Hip Toss by The Trailer Park Prodigy! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Al Envy right to the mat.

The Shock N Rolla taunts the crowd and is rewarded with a chorus of boos. Crank pretends to ejaculate once more before dragging Envy, face down, toward the ropes. Blackfront: It's antics like this that will keep us off of network television.

Stan: Who needs TV anyway Jason?

Crank takes Envy's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Envy, standing across the shoulder blades. Crank grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Al.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank using the ropes to choke Al Envy! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and cVc is mercilessly choking him!

Stan: That's right baby, cocked back and freaking loaded. Chance Von Crank is gonna choke out Envy here tonight.

Frank Knox quickly makes the count. Chance Von Crank breaks the hold at four. Frank Knox warns Crank yet again with a finger in his face. Behind them, Midget Von Crank jumps up, grabbing Envy's head and pulling down, continuing to choke him.

Blackfront: Can we not get a fair match tonight?

Stan: What's unfair about that? It's just an extension of Chance.

Blackfront: That is a completely different man Stan.

Al Envy is let go, and flops bat to the mat. As he lays there, he holds his throat. Envy swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Blackfront: Envy is struggling to swallow after being choked by both Chance and Midget Von Crank. There's no place for that kind of stuff in the UTA.

Chance Von Crank climbs up the corner post and raises his arms. Al Envy slowly gets to his feet as Crank gets down and turns to face down toward him.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank more interested in inflating his own ego than wrestling in this match.

Crank jumps down to the mat.

Stan: Listen here Jason, it's not a sprint, it's a marathon. Chance Von Crank is just taking his time. We all know the longer he's on the screen the better it is for the UTA. After a few moments, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Blackfront: Starting back from square one, Al Envy needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Stan: He needs to just give up.

Chance Von Crank takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Stan: There's no stopping him.

Al Envy takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Crank off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Chance returns, meeting the arm of Al Envy.

Blackfront: Envy with the clothesline! This match has been back and forth so far, neither man seeming to get the upper hand!

Stan: Are you seriously suggesting that Al Envy is on the same level as Chance Von Crank?!

Crank quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Crank goes for the shoulder block but Envy out powers him, the blow causing Chance Von Crank to fall to the mat instead.

Blackfront: Al Envy with the shoulder block. Errr... well Chance Von Crank with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Stan: Oh is that what you do these days Jason, run into brick walls?

Blackfront: Don't get snappy with me.

Chance Von Crank gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Al Envy. Envy catches Crank, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the mat.

Blackfront: Huge military press there by Envy.

Stan: Damn. . . you know, Chance Von Crank is such a great wrestler he even looks good when he's losing. You see the grace with which he fell through the air? Amazing. Blackfront: Well as Stan further professes his love, Envy is back on the offensive now, stomping away.

Envy stomps Crank a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. Knox hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Chance Von Crank kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Stan: Well don't sound so disappointed Jason.

Al Envy checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Blackfront: Al Envy can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Al reaches down, grabbing a hand full of mullet, listing Chance Von Crank to his feet with it. Envy then grabs Crank's left arm, raises it over his own head and pins it there before reaching back and punching him right over the heart. Blackfront: Heart punch from Al Envy!

Stan: he's trying to kill him!

Crank brings his shoulders forward and bends slightly as he makes his way into the corner. Al Envy follows, hitting Crank in the face with a left, then another left, followed by a right, each blow rocking Chance Von Crank in the corner.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank just can't recover.

Midget Von Crank watches on from outside as Al Envy grabs Crank's arm and pulls him hard into a short-arm clothesline.

Blackfront: What a clothesline from Al Envy!

Stan: Come on Chance take this guy out!

Al Envy looks out on the crowd for a brief moment before bending down to pick Crank up. He places Chance on the top rope, in the seated position. Al Envy then goes to climb up after, but Crank punches him in the face, forcing him to step back down.

Blackfront: Well we've got a high risk maneuver here. . . Or at least I think that's what Envy has planned.

Stan: But Chance Von Crank aint out of it yet, he's fighting back from that precarious position.

Envy goes for another hold, but again Crank punches him. This one sufficient enough to knock Envy back a few steps. It's a big enough of an opening for Crank to get to bring his feet up to the top rope and jump off.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank trying to comeback.

He jumps over Envy, but hooks his head as he flips over him, bringing him down to the mat with him. The crowd pops with such veracity at the big move that the referee actually jumps.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from the top rope by Chance Von Crank! I think both guys are hurt after that one.

The referee begins to count. Midget Von Crank holds his head, jumping up and down outside of the ring.

Stan: Get up Chance! Get up!

Blackfront: One of these men need to get to their feet before the count of ten.

Stan: Come on Chance!

At four, Envy and Crank both start to slowly get to their feet.

Blackfront: We have movement.

Chance Von Crank now following suit. Frank Know continues to count. Finally, they both reach their feet at about nine.

Blackfront: Both men are up after that near double count out.

Stan: Get him Chance! Get him!

Each man stares at the other from across the ring as they both hold themselves up with the ropes. The crowd's noise level is getting intense as they know this match is about to explode. After a few moments, Chance Von Crank slowly raises both hands, middle fingers in the air. Out side of the ring, Midget Von Crank gets closer to the ring and holds his

mini middle fingers up as well.

Blackfront: The two Cranks letting Al Envy know their stance.

Envy whips his head to the right, looking out to the crowd, and then the left. They both take off toward each other.

Blackfront: Al Envy leapfrogs Crank!

As Chance Von Crank hits the ropes, on the opposite side, Al Envy drops down and slides.

Blackfront: BASEBALL SLIDE CONNECTING WITH THE FACE OF MIDGET VON CRANK!

Stan: NO! He's too fragile Jason!

Crank stops almost in his tracks, his hands grabbing his head in disbelief at what he just saw. Al Envy, now back up and leaning on the ropes looks Chance Von Crank directly in the eyes before raising his two middle fingers up.

Blackfront: Right back at you Chance!

Stan: Someone, please... M.V.C might need medical assistance!

Envy heads toward Crank. Both men begin exchanging heavy fist in the middle of the ring. Envy throws his arm out and steps forward.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank ducks the clothesline attempt by Al Envy.

Both men quickly turn. As they do, Crank steps in wrapping one arm around Al Envy's neck and holding his other arm out.

Stan: Here it comes!

Chance Von Crank leans forward before leaping back. Al Envy's face crashes into the mat courtesy of a Swinging Reverse STO.

Blackfront: GodBooked out of nowhere! GodBooked out of nowhere! Crank rolls Al Envy over, covering him as Frank Knox drops into position. Stan: He's got him! He's got him!

Right as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time, Al Envy kicks out of the pin.

Blackfront: AL ENVY KICKED OUT! AL ENVY KICKED OUT!

Stan: NOOOOO!!!!

Knox quickly gets up and begins signaling to the outside of the ring. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Huh? No! Frank Knox is saying it was three!

Stan: Chance Von Crank wins! Chance Von Crank wins!

Al Envy sits up, just looking at the referee. Chance Von Crank is on his feet now, runs to the corner turnbuckle. He climbs to the top and begins to make a motion with his hands around his waist as if there is a title belt there.

Announcer: Your winner, in seventeen minutes and forty one seconds... CHHHANNNCEEEE VON CRRRANNNNKKKK!!!!

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank is going to the second round of the UTA Championship tournament.

Stan: Al Envy is going home crying! Ha!

On the outside of the ring, Midget Von Crank is back up, hopping around in excitement as we fade from ringside.

THE DOCTOR IS IN

We fade into a scene which with the image of what can only be described as the “chocolate statue of manliness”, the “Master of smooth operation”, the man who put the “hood” into Manhood, he put the Man into it as well just for extra measure.

He is “Doctor Lovegood” Lucius Jones, as the text overlay tells us at the bottom of the screen, who we find currently kicked back in his extra plush bed. He has both of his arms under his head as he stares up at the roof, as we pan out we can see the sheets are zebra print and the cover that keeps this from being rated R right away looks like it's bear skin. We see a rustling from under the covers as a mocha goddess slithers from under the covers popping up to the left of The Doctor. She's quickly followed by another on his right, both women cuddle in close to the manliness that is Lucius Jones.

As we pan out we see all sorts of posters and pictures on the walls, ranging from tigers and panthers in terrifying poses to actor Jim Brown, the god father of soul James Brown, and martial artist Jim Kelly. We also see several other women coming out of the woodwork so to speak. One comes from the kitchen in a robe with a beer in hand, while another comes from the other room with a robe in hand. Lucius sits up on the edge of the bed with his back to the camera as the women hand him the beer and robe. As the man wraps up he pops the top on the beer and takes a swig before releasing a small satisfied sigh.

Jones: It's good to be The Doctor

He begins to laugh. The women join in, laughing as well. Lucius stops laughing and gets a serious look on his face.

Jones: Bitches... I didn't say you could laugh. Women: Sorry daddy.

Jones: That's better.

He smiles at the camera as we fade into an image.

NEW GENERATION, NEW WEIRDOS

As we go backstage, Kevin Hawk is seen watching a monitor that displays Jones' promo with his arms crossed. He shakes his head.

Hawk: So this is what the United Toughness Alliance legacy turned into.

The hall of fame commissioner lets out a sigh before turning around where he is met by Irresistible Rachel.

Hawk: Can I help you? She smiles.

Rachel: I just wanted to say that it's good to see such a distinguished man of.. She grabs his arm, rubbing it softly.

Rachel: ... power.

Kevin pulls his arm away from her.

Hawk: I'm not sure what angle you're trying to pull, but I don't have time for it. Our main event is about to begin.

Rachel pouts.

Rachel: I just want to know what I can do to help. Hawk raises an eyebrow.

Hawk: Help? There is nothing that...

Rent-A-Cop Davey stumbles into the scene. He bumps into the commissioner from behind.

Davey: Oh, sorry.. I.. Kor?

Kevin Hawk turns around looking at him.

Hawk: You.

He lets out another sigh.

Hawk: It's Kevin Hawk, the United Toughness Alliance commissioner.

Rachel: And one very attractive man if I say so myself. He looks back, frowning at Rachel.

Davey: I went to get a drink and when I came back Shawn FX wasn't in his locker room! I was supposed to go to the ring with him, and now I can't find the gorilla position.

Davey looks sad.

Davey: So many hallways in this place.

Kevin Hawk looks down the hall, the camera panning with him, showing the obvious doorway that heads to the stage area. He shakes his head as Rachel steps up, putting her arm through his. He pulls it away quickly, adjusting his tie.

Hawk: You...

He points at Rachel.

Hawk: You want to help me? Go find Jamie Sawyers and see if he needs anything. She gives him a salute and a nod before heading away. Hawk turns to Davey.

Hawk: And you...

He points just down the hall.

Hawk: It's over there.

Rent-A-Cop Davey claps with joy before stumbling away. Kevin Hawk just shakes his head.

Hawk: In my day the worst thing we had to worry about was purple haired freaks with hyenas...

Kevin Hawk shakes his head again as we fade back ringside.

Blackfront: It's time for the main event.

Stan: This one is going to be big!

Blackfront: It sure is. Both of these men crave championship gold, but only one will advance to the next round.

Stan: Well, the other could win the BYE battle royal and still have a shot at the internet pay per view.

Blackfront: That is true.

The camera focuses in the ring, where Howard King is already standing.

Announcer: Our first competitor, hailing from New Shoreham, Rhode Island... Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds... He is...

HOWWWWAAARRRDDDD KIIINNNNGGGG!

King raises his arm up to a chorus of boos from the crowd.

Blackfront: Howard King, on work release tonight in order to be here, looks ready to face Shawn FX.

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

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

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

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Orlando, Florida and being accompanied by UTA Hall of Famer... Rent-A-Cop Davey...

Stan: The fans love Shawn FX.

Blackfront: They sure do Stan.

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

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and thirty two pounds... He is... SHAAAWWWNNNN FFFXXXXXXX!!!

Now in the ring, Shawn FX raises his arm as the crowd cheers. Howard King looks unimpressed. Rent-A-Cop Davey stands outside of the ring, slapping the apron for Shawn. FX throws his towel into the crowd as the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Stan: Rent-A-Cop Davey is some sight Jason. It almost looks like he gained weight since being here tonight.

Blackfront: That's not very nice at all Stan.

Stan: I'm just saying, he's fat.

Blackfront: I know what you're saying, and it isn't nice.

Both men circle. Howard King swipes forward as Shawn FX moves to the side. They continue to circle. FX swipes forward, King now moving. Finally, they both step forward, locking up.

Blackfront: Howard King gains control, pushing Shawn FX back into the ropes.

He places his forearm under Shawn's throat as he leans him into the ropes. The referee warns King who lets go, stepping back with his hands up. Shawn FX holds his throat. King then comes forward with hard right.

Blackfront: Howard King being ruthless.

Stan: Prison does that to a man.

The referee warns King again, who ignores him, grabbing Shawn's arm and using the ropes to whip him across the ring. As FX returns, Howard King steps forward catching him. King lifts Shawn FX up, bringing him down across his knee.

Blackfront: Huge atomic drop by Howard King!

Stan: What is wrong with these guys tonight? Do we have to keep trying to make me cringe?

Shawn FX holds himself, his mouth open as he turns and falls to his knees on the mat. Howard King steps forward, wrapping his arms under Shawn's, locking his fingers behind FX's head. King pulls back, lifting Shawn FX to his feet and retching before yanking FX up, and slamming him to the mat again.

Blackfront: Full nelson slam by Howard King, who is not letting up his assault. Stan: It's been proven a few times tonight, you can't let up Jason or you may lose that momentum.

Howard King quickly covers Shawn FX. Blackfront: Howard King looking to end this now. Stan: He might do it Jason, he's on a roll.

As the referee counts, King throws his legs back and on the ropes for leverage. the fans jeer him loudly as Rent-A Cop Davey climbs up on the apron, almost falling off, and begins yelling at the referee who looks up and sees King's feet.

Blackfront: Howard King caught.

Stan: That's why he is in jail Jason.

Blackfront: No, I mean.. oh, never mind.

The referee warns King yet again who gets up. He looks over at Davey on the apron. Angrily, Howard rubs, using his shoulder to slam into Davey, sending him flying from the apron and into the guard rail. The fans go even crazier with their distaste.

Blackfront: You can't do that! He is a hall of fame member! That's just disrespectful.

Stan: Not to mention how fat he is, he could and on someone and kill them. Blackfront: You're not a very nice guy Stan. I'm slowly figuring that out tonight. Stan: Maybe, but my momma still loves me.

King smiles as he looks down at Davey on the floor, behind him Shawn FX is able to hit to his feet. As King turns, FX shoots forward with his leg up.

Blackfront: SUPERKICK!

Shawn's foot catches the chin of Howard King who throws his arms out and falls backward to the mat. Shawn FX goes down to his knees, still feeling the effects from Howard king's assault.

Blackfront: Shawn FX still not fully recovered, but he has a moment to breath. Shawn crawls forward to cover Howard King, but notices Davey outside of the ring. Blackfront: Shawn FX now rolling out to the floor instead of pinning Howard King. Stan: This just sealed his fate here.

Blackfront: Why? Because he has concern for a legend?

Stan: Legend? Rent-A-Cop Davey is a bumbling idiot who cost Michael Owens more matches than he would have lost without him.

Shawn checks on Davey, showing concern and yet unsure what exactly happened.

Blackfront: Howard King coming to in the ring.

Stan: Shawn FX waisted his chance, and these people here like him?

FX looks up toward the ring, seeing Howard king. He gets to his feet and rushes over. King yells for Shawn to get in the ring, but instead FX reaches under the ropes and grabs his feet. Pulling back, Howard King his the mat and is drug to the outside.

Blackfront: Shawn FX is upset about the disrespect of Rent-A-Cop Davey.

Stan: I'm upset he's in the main event, but you don't see me complaining.

Blackfront: You just did.

As King's feet his the floor, Shawn FX starts laying into him with rights and lefts. He grabs King's arm and pulls back, but Howard King reverses sending Shawn FX into the barrier. The fans in the front row begin reaching over and trying to touch their hero.

Blackfront: Shawn FX can't catch a break. His mind must be on the well being of Rent- A-Cop Davey who is still out cold outside of the ring here.

Howard King, back on his game, heads toward FX. He begins stomping away at Captain Ass.

Blackfront: King showing his desire to move forward and gain the gold as he destroys Shawn FX.

Stan: I wonder if he'll get to keep the belt in his cell?

Blackfront: Well, he has to get past Shawn FX tonight and then at least three other men

at the internet pay per view before that question can be answered Stan. King grabs Shawn FX's head and directs him toward ring.

Blackfront: Howard King rolls Shawn FX back into the ring. FX not making as strong showing as he has been in recent weeks.

Stan: Maybe it's because he just hasn't face a man as good as Howard King?

King grabs the middle rope and begins to pull himself up to the apron. however, behind him Rent-A-Cop Davey has gotten up. Still groggy, the big man stumbles forward and grabs King's foot as he tries to enter the ring.

Blackfront: Rent-A-Cop Davey coming to Shawn FX's aid!

Stan: Disqualify him now ref!

Howard King looks back and yanks his foot away before bringing it down again, kicking Davey in the face. As he turns his head back toward the ring, Shawn FX leaps from a crouching position up. He grabs King by the head and pulls backward. King flies over the top rope and into the ring. The fans go crazy.

Stan: How is he still in this?

Blackfront: I don't know but the fans love it!

FX runs toward the corner as King rolls over and shoots back to his feet. Shawn leaps to the ropes, using them to push himself to the side, and turning around with a powerful kick to the face of king. The fans go crazy again.

Blackfront: Shawn FX with a second wind. Can he do this? Can he secure his place in the next round of the UTA Championship tournament?!

Shawn FX looks to the turnbuckle, then runs toward it climbing.

Blackfront: FX going up.

Stan: I hope he falls

As Shawn tries to balance himself, Howard King slaps the mat and gets up. FX flies from the top, throwing his legs out.

Blackfront: Missile drop kick from the top rope! As both men hit the mat, the fans get even louder.

Blackfront: Shawn FX is going to do this! He's going to go all the way!

Rent-A-Cop Davey yells for the fans to show their support from the outside as Shawn FX gets to his feet. Suddenly a ruckus can be heard from the stage area.

Blackfront: What's this?

Scotty Addams, Frank Washington and Drew Stevenson, who has his face bandaged up in several places, are seen coming from the back as the camera pans in on them.

Stan: It's The Jokers Wild Jason!

Blackfront: I can see that. What are they doing out here?

In the ring FX drops an elbow into Howard King, followed by another. As The Jokers Wild approach the ring, Rent-A-Cop Davey tries to stop them but is pushed down as the group slides into the ring.

Blackfront: This match is about to lose all sense of order!

Stan: It just got more interesting.

The referee tries to stop the men, but they quickly surround an unsuspecting Shawn FX.

Blackfront: Shawn FX in trouble. What do they want with him?

Stan: They want to establish the dominant force here in the UTA, that's what.

Shawn FX puts his fist up, ready for a fight. The three men laugh and all begin attacking him. The referee begins to frantically call for the bell.

Blackfront: The Jokers Wild are beating Shawn FX down. He needs help!

The referee tries to grab Addams, but is pushed down. Howard King slowly gets to his feet and realizes what has just happened.

Blackfront: Howard King not happy that his match has just been called.

King steps in, grabbing Frank Washington from behind. He turns him around, and comes forward with a clothesline. Scotty Addams and Drew Stevenson turn from FX, rushing him as well. Outside of the ring, Rent-A-Cop Davey is yelling for help, but it isn't coming.

Blackfront: It's pure anarchy.

Stan: This is excitement!

Shawn FX uses the ropes to pull himself up. He leans back and uses them to shoot himself off. Both Addams and Stevenson turn around in time to get their heads almost taken off by a double clothesline. The fans pop.

Blackfront: FX with the clothesline!

The Jokers Wild roll out of the ring, regrouping on the outside as Shawn FX rolls to his feet. Davey slides in, backing up Shawn.

Blackfront: Do we even have a winner here?

Stan: Who cares, that was awesome.

King crawls forward and begins to get up. He looks down, yelling at The Jokers Wild before turning to FX and Davey. He places his hands on his waist and just shakes his head.

Blackfront: Howard King can't believe it. He must be wondering the same thing we all are about the official decision of this match.

The referee signals to the ringside crew before checking on the match participants as he holds his own back.

Announcer: The official decision of the match is as follows. Due to disqualification, your winner... SHAAAWWWNNN FFFF XXXXXXXXXX!!!!

The arena erupts.

Blackfront: Shawn FX gets the win!

Stan: What? Did the referee not see the attack on Howard King also?

Blackfront: I guess not, but the decision has been made!

Howard King can't believe it. He begins yelling at the referee before turning to Shawn FX and yelling at him. FX tries to calm him down and offers an extended hand, but Howard King isn't having any of that. King comes forward with an elbow smash to the face of Shawn FX, mounting him and continuing to deliver shots.

Blackfont: HHoward King has lost it.

Stan: He was robbed!

Rent-A-Cop Davey grabs King and pulls him off of Shawn. Howard turns around with a backfist to the legend's face. As Rent-A-Cop Davey bends over, King comes up with a knee smash to his face sending the big man down.

Blackfront: Uncalled for.

Stan: No, it's justified.

Howard King steps forward and leans on the ropes, yelling at the Jokers Wild who smile as they walk backwards up the ramp. He turns to a fallen Shawn FX and Rent-A-Cop Davey before stepping over his opponent, reaching down and slapping him.

Blackfront: That's just about all the time we have tonight. In two weeks, LIVE via streaming pay per view right here on WrestleUTA.com, we continue the UTA Championship tournament.

Stan: It's ok King, you'll have a shot at the title. Just win the battle royal! Blackfront: I'm Jason Blackfront with Rumor Man Stan, thanking you for turning in tonight for another exiting episode of.. WRESTLESHOW!

King continues to stand over the two men, yelling into the camera about how it's not over as the copyright comes across the screen and we fade to black.

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