

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 44

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** October 5, 2015

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

Wrestleshow fades into action.

Not with the flashy video introduction that such a show is conventionally launched with. No, not on this day, this was a new day, a new era, an era where flash video packages happen ever so slightly later than they had previously. The dawning of the Age of Aquarius indeed.

The door to the executive office of the now banished UTA leader, James Wingate stands with an almost haunted glow, covered in a zigzagging manner with crime scene tape. Assumedly due to fact that Ron Hall committed some form of career murder at Ring King. We slowly see a hand reach out a grab the tape, ripping it with a snap off the door. As we zoom out, a briefcase is spotted in his other hand. The owner of said briefcase seems to be clutching it tight, as if his very life may depend on its safety.

Mr. Ace in the Hole?

The Mental Analrapist? (That's an analyst and a therapist!)

The crowd in the arena certainly think so, you can tell due to the rampant booing that is rained down from on high.

As the camera continues to slowly zoom out, we see the hand drop the tape to the side and swing the door to James Wingate's former office wipe open. Slowly the figure of the man begins to form fully and it is not the artist known as Sean "The Jack" Jackson but rather it is the other UTA briefcase carrier of note, Cecilworth Farthington. Cecilworth quickly launches himself towards the swivel chair at the head of the desk, kicking his feet up on the table.

His uncle and dubiously official UTA Official, Bartholomew Farthington trails in behind, attired as he always is in his blue button up shirt and black bowtie.

Cecilworth leans forward and glares deeply into his uncle's eyes.

Farthington: Uncle Barty?

The portly and jovial beacon of fairness and justice snaps his head towards his darling nephew.

Barty: Yes, young master?

The wide grin creeps all over the smuggened face of Farthington as can no longer hide his giddy anticipation.

Farthington: It's time to clean things up.

Farthington cracks the briefcase open and begins stacking piles of paperwork neatly on the oak desk in front of him. Barty clears his throat to grab the attention of his rascalion of a nephew. Barty: And what should I tell the troops?

Farthington's lips pout for a few seconds as he drums his fingers across the desk. Farthington: Tell them a Farthington is in charge of their wrongs and their rights. Of their days and their nights. After all, it is a fact that everyone wants a Farthington in charge of them.

Cecilworth plunks down a name plate on the desk which reads "Cecilworth Farthington, Farthington in Charge". Barty

scrunches up his face a little as he slowly begins to exit towards the door.

LET THE WRESTLESHOW BEGIN!

The PSE logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

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

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

Ace: Let the Era of Farthington begin, Jason! The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: My colleague referring to what we just saw before the start of the show, Cecilworth Farthington seemingly occupying the now empty office of James Wingate.

Ace: It's not empty at all!

Blackfront: Well, unfortunately Tommy, you can't just sit in a chair and be in charge.

Ace: Yes you can. Cecilworth just did.

Blackfront: Well, we'll just have to agree to disagree then as we get ready to kick off our International Affair tour, right here in the heart of Mexico City!

Ace: The champ's home town Jason!

Blackfront: Honoring Mexican Lucha tradition, tonight the superstars will compete inside of a six sided ring.

We pan over the ring area, showing the ring.

Blackfront: Tonight folks, the action will be as big as ever... live... on Wrestleshow!

Smooove's I'm I Man begins to play over the sound system as the crowd begins to cheer. Their cheers get much louder when 'The Chocolate Statue of Masculinity' that is 'Doctor Lovegood' waltzes out onto the stage, striking an intimidating pose.

Blackfront: Look who is back, Ace.

Ace: Doctor Lovegood! Lucius Jones returns to the UTA after a year and half absence!

Announcer: Hailing from Birmingham, Alabama....

Rolling his neck slowly, a slight smirk spreads across his face. Jones starts the strut down the ramp. The fans reach out to try and get some of the Doc, and he playfully teases slapping hands, only to pull away at the last second each time.

Blackfront: Looks like the Universe is welcoming Jones back with open arms.

Ace: Why wouldn't they? Doctor Lovegood has a little something for everybody.

Lucius stops in front of a particularly good looking female fan, and shrugs his shirt off as he steps closer towards her. She slowly reaches out, hoping to feel the chiseled physique of the Nubian God, only for him to spin around before she can do so.

Announcer: Standing at 6'8" and weighing in at 385 lbs.....

After taunting the young female fan, he struts over to the ring steps, proceeding up them. He steps overtop the top rope, turning his back towards the center of the ring, shuffling backwards. Raising his arms in the air, the crowd cheers their loudest as the pearly whites in his mouth almost sparkle.

Announcer: LUUUUUUCIUS JOOOOONES!

He lowers his arms and begins to bounce on spot in the ring. Shifting his weight back and forth as he does so, he stares at the stage awaiting the arrival of his opponent.

A faint heartbeat pulses through the loudspeakers and is cue enough for Lucius Jones to turn

back to the entrance way. As the pounding guitar and drums of Inambush's Pulse picks up the tempo, the curtains are tossed open and out strides the man who the UTA Faithful had been beginning to know as Sanctus.

Blackfront: So this was the man under the white mask?

Ace: Amazingly as boring with or without the mask.

Taking no time to pose at the top of the ramp, Mitchell Quinlan rolls his neck as he walks toward the ring. He is walking near enough to the right side that the fans can reach out and touch him, but his eyes stay trained on the ring. He drags one taped fist over an eyebrow and flashes a mouthguard smile.

Announcer: Introducing next, hailing from Brantford, Ontario, Canada! Standing at six feet, two and one half inches, and weighing two hundred and thirty six pounds...

Stopping just before the ring, Quinlan casts his eyes to each side of the sold out arena, soaking in the emotion of the Mexican audience. With a nod, he slides under the bottom rope.

Announcer: He is MITCHELLLL QUIIIINLAAAAAN!

Popping back up to his feet, Quinlan finds Lucius staring dead at him, and he flashes back a grin. The referee backs him into a corner and begins searching him for any illegal objects. Content that he has no forks or spikes stuffed in the sides of his boots, the ref backs to the center of the ring for his final instructions. Both men nod in compliance, and our ref points to the time keeper.

DING! DING! DING!

Quinlan walks towards the center of the ring, and Jones follows suit. Meeting in the middle, pleasantries are exchanged before Quinlan drives his head into Jones' chest, pushing forward. Ace: What in the hell is Quinlan doing?

Blackfront: I think he is trying to intimidate Lucius Jones, maybe?

Ace: Yeah, good luck with that. Do you see the size of that man?

Quinlan quickly steps backwards, and swings forward a snap kick that slaps hard off of Jones thigh. Jones tucks his leg slightly as Quinlan just as quickly as the first, connects with another slaptastic kick.

Blackfront: Certainly has the right idea going for the tree trunks.

Jones grabs onto Quinlan, pulling him closer into his massive frame, not allowing the room for another kick. With a powerful thrust forward, Jones lands a solid elbow across Quinlan's jaw that staggers him back into the ropes.

Ace: Smart strategy indeed, but if he expect Jones to just stand there and take it, he is sadly mistaken.

Leaning against the ropes, Quinlan rubs the back of his taped forearm against his chin. Opening his hand up, he grabs onto his jaw, shifting it back and forth. Taking a slow step forward, Quinlan shoots in, dodging a slow elbow attack from Jones, positioning himself behind Jones.

CLAP!

Blackfront: Another thigh kick from Quinlan.

Jones swings wildly with a rear elbow, swinging around as Quinlan ducks underneath, narrowly avoiding the collision with his bulky arm. As Quinlan steps in, Jones catches him off guard, and uses all of his near 400 lbs to double Quinlan

over with a mule kick.

Blackfront: That looked like a mini car wreck right there.

Ace: Jones almost put his foot right through Quinlan's stomach.

Jones grabs the hunched over Quinlan's head, and proceeds to lift his knee driving it directly into his face. Quinlan's head snaps backwards, and he stumbles and falls into the ropes. As he rebounds forward and is met with...

Blackfront: What a clothesline!

Ace: That there Jason was a full on car wreck!

Quinlan goes head over heels, landing face down onto the canvas. Jones walks around with arms raised high in the air, as the Mexican crowd is going nuts for the violent collision. Quinlan slowly

tries to pull himself up, only to have Jones kick one of his arms out, dropping him back face down on the mat.

Blackfront: He is just toying with Quinlan at this point.

Ace: If you were the size of Dr. Lovegood, wouldn't you too?

Jones places his mammoth foot on the lower back of Quinlan, slowly stepping on top of him, Quinlan growling in agony. Jones lets out a slight laugh, as he walks over to Quinlan's head. Blackfront: Things aren't looking too good for Quinlan at the moment.

Quinlan, still struggling to get his bearings, grabs onto Jones pant leg to use as leverage in getting up. After a brief struggle, Jones assists him to his feet, before quickly latching on and tossing him overhead.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex!

Ace: Jones damn near launched Quinlan out of the ring there!

Not done dishing out punishment yet, Jones bypasses a pinfall attempt, and grabs onto Quinlan's head. With relative ease, he hoists him back to his feet, before hooking his legs and rushing him hard into the corner turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Quinlan is sucking for air after that impact.

Jones lining Quinlan up, swings his arm forward with scary velocity.

SLAP!

Ace: That knife edge chop was heard in the cheap seats!

The crowd lets out a collective "OHHHHHHH" after the slap echoes amongst them. Quinlan's chest is already three shades of red darker, as Jones recocks his arm, again swinging forward. Ducking out of the way at the last second, Quinlan steps through as Jones momentum swings him around in the corner.

Blackfront: Quinlan again targeting the big man's legs.

Quinlan snaps forward, connecting with two quick though kicks that too echo upon impact, but not quite as loud as Jones chop. After connecting with the the second kick, he quickly lands a dropkick to the knee cap that cause Jones to lose balance, resting himself in the corner.

Ace: What an idiot!. He needs to stay on Jones while he has him reeling!

Quinlan back to his feet, has sprint to the opposite corner. Turning back to face Jones, he lets out a battle cry as he runs full tilt back at Jones. About five feet away from impact, Quinlan leaps forward, tucking both knees into his chest.

Blackfront: Double knee attack!

Ace: I take it back, that one rocked Jones!

Jones stumbles out of the corner, as Quinlan lands on his feet, taking off in the other direction towards the ropes. Rebounding quickly off the ropes, he drops head first forward, connecting with a knee chop that catches Jones off guard and somersaulting through to the canvas. Scrambling over to the big man, Quinlan goes for the cover.

1

. KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Jones launched him out of that attempt.

Ace: Dr. Lovegood has scary strength!

Quinlan lands on his feet after Jones bench press launches him into the air. The big man pulls himself to a knee, deciding to take a quick breather while rubbing the leg that has seen numerous kicks thus far in the match. While focusing on his leg, Quinlan capitalizes, wrapping his legs around his neck while flipping through.

Ace: What in the hell was that?

Blackfront: It look like he went for a hurricanrana but ended up driving Jones headfirst into the mat.

Jones rolls through onto his back, and Quinlan quickly jumps o top of the Doc once more. 1

. 2

. KICKOUT!

Jones kicks out again, albeit lacking the authority of his last kick out. Back to his feet, Quinlan begins lining up Jones, who is trying to pull himself to his feet. Walking in towards the behemoth, as Quinlan goes to grab onto Jones...

CRACK!

Jones connects with a hard hitting right that lands flush on Quinlan's jaw. Quinlan staggers into the ropes, allowing Jones the time to get completely vertical. Looking to stay on the offensive, Quinlan runs forward, jumping into a shoulder block that does more damage to him the Jones. Blackfront: Jones didn't even move with that impact.

Ace: I'd hate to be Quinlan now, Jones looks pissed.

Quinlan back to his feet, again springs off the ropes before trying to use his body as a battering ram. Jones catches him in midair, and transitions quickly, locking his wrists before pulling tightly into a bear hug. He rips and reefs on Quinlan's lower back, who after a few seconds in the hold, starts to go limp.

Blackfront: It looks like Jones is sucking all the fight out of Quinlan.

Ace: Are you really surprised though, Jason? We've kind of come to expect this with Quinlan as of late.

Releasing his grip, Jones flows through to the rear position of Quinlan. Grabbing onto his waist, he lifts him a few inches off the ground, walking forward to the center of the ring. Snapping backwards once he reaches it, Quinlan lands hard on the back of his head, rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: That German suplex could spell the end of this match.

Ace: New mask, now a new name, but looks like we will get the same result.

As the ref looks to begin the count, he is cut off by Jones, who is quick to follow his fallen opponent outside. Quinlan trying to use the barricade to help get himself up, is spun around by Jones, who grabs onto his wrist, pulling forward, swinging with another clothesline attempt... Blackfront: Swing and a miss!

Ace: It's only a matter of time...

Quinlan ducks the clothesline via baseball slide through Jones legs. Ending the slide by springing to his feet, he rolls into the ring, Jones starting to show signs of frustration. Hands on his knees in the ring, Jones makes his ascent onto the apron. As he starts to step over the top rope, he is met with a dropkick that dumps him back outside.

Blackfront: Nice height on that dropkick, hitting the near seven footer flush in the face.

Ace: Why is the referee not trying to contain this match in the ring?

The Mexican crowd begins to get loud as Quinlan stands in the rings center. Jones nearly back to his feet on the outside. Quinlan starts to pump up the crowd, and a smile begins to spread on his face. Running into the ropes opposite Jones, he rebounds...

Blackfront: What is Quinlan thinking here?

Ace: Who knows with this guy.

Sprinting out of the gate, the referee steps out of Quinlan's way as he leaps overtop the top rope.

Blackfront: Vaulting Plancha!

Quinlan crashes hard into Jones who tumbles to the ground. During the follow through, Quinlan hits the barricade awkwardly, looking to have received the worst of the collision. The crowd are on their feet, cheering wildly for the high flying maneuver.

Blackfront: They are loving it here in Mexico City.

Ace: Sure the crowd reacted big, but am I the only one who noticed Quinlan all but took himself out of this match with that move?

The referee begins the count. 1

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Jones is the first to start moving. 3

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He is now back to his knees, Quinlan himself starting to get up. 5

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Having pulled himself up with help of the apron, Jones has now rolled into the ring. 7

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Quinlan is now resting against the barricade, still trying to muster the energy to get into the ring. 9

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Blackfront: He made it!

Ace: Probably not the wisest choice, but hey, I find myself saying that far too frequently in regards to this guy.

Quinlan slides into the ring beating out the referee's count, narrowly. As he ascends to his feet, it isn't long before Jones flows through with a head snapping uppercut, sending Quinlan stumbling back to the ropes. His arms draped over the top rope, he slouches.

Ace: You ready for a new name next week, Jason?

Blackfront: Don't count him out yet, Ace. It wasn't long ago Quinlan was three and oh.

Jones struts over to Quinlan, every step with his right leg done ever so gingerly, as it has taken quite the beating thus far. Shoving his left hand under Quinlan's jaw and pressing back, he slams his right hand downward.

SLAP!

The crowd again lets out a collective "OOHHHHHH!" Jones grabs onto Quinlan's head with both hands, and thrusts his tree trunk leg into his midsection with a knee strike that hunches him over. Grabbing onto his bent over waist, he lifts Quinlan up...

Blackfront: Gutwrench suplex!

Jones lays his massive frame across Quinlan's battered body. The referee drops for the count. 1

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. KICKOUT!

Blackfront:< Say what you will about Quinlan's recent struggles, he is putting forth one hell of a fight tonight.

Ace: I never doubted his toughness or abilities Jason. All I'm saying is don't get too attached to the name...

Jones sucking wind at this point, the big man really startin to feel the exhaustion of this match now, help Quinlan to his feet. Tucking Quinlan's right arm between his legs, Jones hooks his left arm and lifts up for a pumphandle slam.

Blackfront: Quinlan flipped out of it!

Ace: Wait a second...

SLAP!

Blackfront: OH MY LORD!

Ace: CRACKA SMACKA!

Jones spins around faster than anyone has ever seen the big man move before, connecting with the tooth rattling open hand pimp slap. Quinlan's neck damn near breaks upon impact, sending him crashing to the ground.

Ace: HE KILLED HIM!

Blackfront: Quinlan isn't moving.

Jones wastes no time picking Quinlan's limp body off the mat. Hoisting him high up in the air, he positions Quinlan in the very uncomfortable torture rack position.

Ace: HNIC! It's over!

Before Jones can slam Quinlan on his head, a desperation flurry of elbows begins to stagger Jones. Blow after blow after blow connects, each one slightly loosening the big man's grip. Finally Jones lets go, Quinlan falling to his feet behind him. As he begins to turn around holding the side of his head...

Blackfront: SICK KICK!

Ace: THAT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!

As Quinlan's connects with the spinning back kick, his heel drives through Jones face. Jones topples like a tree in the forest, motionless on the canvas. The crowd is stunned, as Quinlan crawls over to Jones, draping a single arm over Doctor Lovegood.

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DING! DING! DING!

Inambush's Pulse begins to play off the sound system and Quinlan rolls onto his back. The referee checks on both competitors.

Announcer: Your winner of the match via pinfall, MITCHELLLLL QUIIIIIINLAAAAAN! Blackfront: What a way to kick off tonight's show, and a big victory for Quinlan to get him back in the W column.

Ace: It looks like this name will live to see another day, Jason.

Quinlan is now to his feet, his hand raised in the air by the referee as the crowd cheers on. Holding firmly onto his jaw, he continues to celebrate as we cut away.

Allow Me to Properly Introduce Myself

The crowd erupts when the view of Chris Hopper standing backstage appears on the big screen. Blackfront: Looks like the living legend himself, Chris Hopper is ready to share some thoughts. Ace: I wouldn't say that about him. This guy's ego is the size of Mexico, that is the only thing you can say about Hopper.

Blackfront: Well you have to admit, he is beloved here in Mexico City. He raises the microphone and speaks.

Hopper: Hola a los fans más afortunados de lucha libre en el mundo! The fans erupt as he smiles widely.

Hopper: Esta noche, voy a estar haciendo algo que todo el mundo ha querido ver durante semanas y llegar a ser testigo!

He gives a laugh as he hears the massive pop for speaking the native language. He nods as the fans begin the "Papi Grande" chant in the arena. He smiles widely as he hears the adulation of these Mexican fans.

Ace: Get to it already! What a glory hog!

Blackfront: They love him! Get used to it.

Ace: What does that mean anyway, Papi Grande? Blackfront: I believe it means "Big Daddy" in Spanish. Ace: (sarcastically dismissive) Christ!

Chris finally raises the microphone again to speak.

Hopper: Now.....for those of you watching this at home, I think it is only fair to let you in on what I just said. I told them that they were the luckiest wrestling fans in the world because tonight, they get to witness something the entire wrestling world has waited for with baited breath.

A slight pause and those "Papi Grande" chants begin again. Chris smiles and nods, allowing the chants to go on for several seconds before raising his hand to quiet the crowd and allow him to continue.

Hopper: Because tonight, in this very ring. This ring, which may seem foreign to our American fans, but that is so richly part of the traditions of the lucha libra style here in Mexico....

Another cheap pop for the Lucha Libre reference causes a short pause and then he continues. Hopper: In that very ring, Sean Jackson and I will step in and be surrounded by six sides of steel caging and go to war!

The fans pop for the future match.

Hopper: Sean, you and I have danced around each other for nearly a year. You like to puff your chest out backstage in the locker room when the cameras are rolling, but just like the rest of the Dynasty Cobardes, you like to avoid standing in front of me when it counts.

He points to the ground as if making a point.

Hopper: That ends tonight! Another crowd pop.

Hopper: Tonight we step into the six sides of steel and make sure that you can't get help from those bastards you run with. Mikey Unlikely, CBR, and Kendrix won't be running in to keep you safe. And La Flama Blanca isn't going to estupendo kick his way to help you avoid the inevitable. They cannot help you inside this structure!

He points toward the camera, and the screen shows the arena view again and the cage, which is suspended above the ring almost ominously. Then it flips back to Hopper backstage speaking.

Hopper: Sean, you like to think you are the rugged backbone of Dynasty. The rock it was created on. But tonight as Wrestleshow begins this new era after the roster draft.....when that cage drops, you won't have that protection of numbers and that means you have to actually stand face-to-face with ME!

The fans erupt again.

Hopper: It will be an honor to stand inside the ring with a former UTA World Champion, just as it was an honor to be drafted to the same show that you were drafted by. However....it will be a greater honor when I grab your head and drop you with an Icebreaker and hear the crowd chant along....

He holds his right hand up and gets the crowd to count along in Spanish.

Hopper: UNO! DOS!! TRES!!!

At that moment, a clapping Sean Jackson enters the picture along with Marshall Owens. As they do, it is evident to everyone that the Dynasty member is holding the Ace in the hole briefcase and is sporting a new shirt.

Jackson: Excuse me Chris, but the fantasy world you live in is about to come down around you. Sean is now standing in front of, but off-set from Hopper where the camera angle changes and the print on the front of the shirt can be clearly seen. The words Ace in the Hole with an arrow pointing up is clearly visible, a direct poke at his challenger.

Jackson: You couldn't beat me at Ring King, and you sure as hell won't beat me tonight in front of a bunch of chalupa eating morons...

The arena is filled with boos, which causes Ace to laugh.

Ace: Oh my God, he's right. They are a bunch of chalupa eating morons.

Blackfront: Now that was totally uncalled for.

Clearly Chris Hopper doesn't like the comment but before he can say anything...

Jackson: Face it Mr. Geritol, you and the rest of the Geritaholics are no match for Mr. Ace in the Hole.

He points in the direction where the ring is located and continues to talk.

Jackson: Matter of fact, you can call me money because a bet against you is a 401k retirement plan that can't lose.

Mr. Ace in the Hole raises the briefcase and taps it a few times with his hand before bringing it back to his side.

Jackson: But since we are in Mexico City and your chalupa eating Ungratefults won't have a clue as to what I am talking about...

More boos fill the arena.

Jackson: I will explain it this way. It is like betting two chickens on Mr. Ace in the Hole and getting four in return.

Marshall has a huge smile on his face. He is truly enjoying the verbal barrage on not only Hopper, but the fans as well.

Jackson: Oh wait, I'm sorry Chris. Your people don't speak English, do they? Here, let me assist with that. You know, dos cluck...cluck becomes quatro cluck...cluck.

Now the boos are raising the roof as Hopper is reaching his boiling point. But he manages to keep his composure as the Dynasty member continues to run at the mouth.

Jackson: Come on Chris, don't get pissed at the truth. You know damn good and well these morons only cheer for you because they can't be me. They know you don't stand a snowball's chance in hell of beating me tonight, but damn it they can dream right?

He begins pointing at Hopper.

Jackson: Now don't get me wrong, you are one helluva superstar. Not too long ago you gave Cayle Murray everything he could handle and then some. But when the chips were down, you came up a bit short, just like you came up a bit short at Ring King...

Briefly the camera angle zooms in on the briefcase before going back to the regular shot. Jackson: And just like you will come up a bit short if you try that Ice breaker, because Chris... This is truly a different Sean Jackson. He is carrying himself with an even greater confidence than ever before.

Jackson: Your fate was sealed the moment you agreed to face me here in this hell hole... The Dynasty member curls up his nose.

Jackson: This place that smells of piss... Albeit cheap, mega boos none the less.

Jackson: Of common criminals like Pancho Villa, of El Chapo, of...

For some reason, he stops. A smile begins to form as he shakes his head momentarily. Sean then reboots and gets back on topic.

Jackson: Chris, you were a big deal several years ago. But now you should feel lucky to even share the ring with a mega-star like me. Matter of fact, if I was you...

The smile gets bigger.

Jackson: I would be back in Pittsburgh begging Barry for his forgiveness. Because God knows the last time you and I were in the ring, you embarrassed the hell out of him.

This time Sean steps over the line and he knows it. As Hopper rushes forward to get his hands around Sean's neck,

Mr. Ace in the Hole raises the briefcase in order to strike him with it.

However, before the two can go hands on, Security steps in and is able to pull the two apart. There is some inaudible screaming between the two that can't fully be picked up over the mega pop from the Mexico City fans. They were cheering as it appeared Hopper would get his hands on Jackson, but quickly turn to boos when Security steps in to stop them.

Blackfront: Total chaos backstage Tommy.

Ace: Hopper was acting like a thug, he should be barred from the arena.

Blackfront: Have you lost your mind? Sean was completely out of line with his comments, especially bringing up Hopper's friend Barry.

Ace: Yeah, yeah. Whatever.

Disassembling The Machine?

As the fans in Mexico City build their anticipation for the rest of tonight's Wrestleshow, "Go To Sleep" by Eminem begins to play over the sound system. Immediately, the crowd in the Palacio de los Deportes explode out of their seats for the triumphant return of the UTA Prodigy Champion-- and now formerly undefeated-- Alex Beckman. However, their excitement is dampened relatively quickly as Alexandra herself is not the one who walks through the curtain.

Blackfront: Well, here's Michael Best... but where's the UTA Prodigy Champion?

Ace: She can't face the embarrassment, Jason. After losing to La Flama Blanca at Ring King, I'm surprised she's still working for the UTA.

The Engineer of The Machine steps out onto the ramp, wearing a pair of fresh pressed slacks and a dark red dress shirt, his usual machine cog tie capping off the uniform. He has a microphone in his right hand, but the most notable accessory in his wardrobe tonight is a very disappointed, troubled look on his face.

Ace: I've been waiting to see that look on his stupid, smug face for months, Jason. I wanna lick up his salty tears.

Michael climbs the ring steps, ducking into the ring without paying much attention to the confused, letdown reaction from the UTA faithful. He steps toward the middle of the ring, the look of displeasure on his face growing by the moment as he raises the microphone to his mouth.

Best: Alex Beckman... will not be here tonight.

The crowd is deflated faster than a Tom Brady NFL suspension, as the booing in Mexico City becomes extraordinarily audible.

Best: She's not here tonight, and she won't be here next week. Or the week after that. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my unfortunate task to inform you that effective immediately and indefinitely, Alex Beckman is not medically cleared to compete in the United Toughness Alliance.

Now the boos are even louder.

Best: So what does this mean? What does it mean for the future of The Machine? What does it mean for the inevitable and highly anticipated rematch between my client, Alexandra, La Flama Blanca, and the four other men that he needs to successfully retain the UTA World Championship... by disqualification?

There is a loud reaction from the crowd for that, despite the moment of disappointment that surrounds it. They don't break out into some kind of weird unified chant or anything to show their approval, though, because that would be silly.

In the center of the ring, Michael begins to pace.

Best: Well I can tell you what it means. It means that it doesn't happen. It means that La Flama Blanca and the cowards in Dynasty win-- it means that they get what they wanted. Eduardo Sanchez will not have to defend the UTA World Championship against my client.

He shakes his head, his eyes looking completely devoid of emotion. His words are hollow, and it sincerely looks like he's devastated here tonight.

Best: At Ring King, I watched five grown men assault and disassemble a woman half of each of their size, with smiles on their faces. I watched Claude Baptiste Ranier work her over with a steel pipe, potentially ending her UTA career. And now, I have to stand here tonight, and tell you that there will be no recount, and there will be no rematch. La Flama Blanca will move on to his next contender, and he will not defend the title against Alexandra Beckman...

Michael looks down, sullenly at the ring. He looks so entirely frustrated with all of this that he could snap at any moment, but he retains his professionalism as he looks back up at the crowd. And smirks.

Best: ...he'll defend it against me.

As soon as the words have left his mouth, the ovation in the arena could move mountains. His eyes narrowing, Michael Best undoes the top button of his shirt, loosening his tie as he drops the microphone carelessly to the canvas beneath him.

The crowd is on fire.

Ace: What? WHAT THE HELL?! He can't just-- but James Wingate wouldn't--

Blackfront: Heh. Heh heh heh.

Ace: DON'T LAUGH THIS ISN'T FUNNY!

Without another word, or an explanation, Michael Best ducks out of the ring and drops to the concrete outside. The crowd is still roaring as he makes his way back up the ramp, disappearing

behind the curtain as Monday Night Wrestleshow continues.

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The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage. The opening riff of Hail to the King by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos.

After four repetitions of the riff the symbol joins in, and out from the back steps Claude Baptiste Ranier, the big screen glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag as the power chords fire into the tune.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads with white boots, he raises his arms outwards on the stage. He wears the trademark purple and white robe with 'Subjugation' written in black font on the back.

Blackfront: CBR with a strong showing just two weeks ago at Ring King in the Ace in the Hole match.

Ace: All of Dynasty were on their game at the pay per view Jason!

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics.

Blackfront: I can't disagree there as Sean Jackson would go on to win the Ace in the Hole while La Flama Blanca would retain his UTA World Championship against Alex Beckman, although under questionable circumstances.

Ace: There's no question about it. La Flama Blanca is the greatest!

CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada... Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as he pauses. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. He climbs the turnbuckle, raising his arms and flexing for everyone to see as the chorus starts.

? Hail to the King, Hail to the one; Kneel to the crown, Stand in the sun. ?

Announcer: He represents Dynasty... the Canadian Star...C.B.RRRRRRRRRRR!!

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savoring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: That man right there may be single handedly responsible for injuring Alex Beckman. The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

As the opening chant of Supplication by Sami Yusuf begins over the PA system, Abdul Ahad steps out onto the ramp in somber silence. He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad has returned!

Ace: But the question is, did anyone even miss him?

Announcer: His opponent... hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

Announcer: He stands at six foot three, and weighs in at two hundred and forty five pounds... ABDUL... AHAAAADDDDD!!!!

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

Blackfront: These two men have history ranging back to when CBR held the Internet Championship, but were never able to settle their differences. That changes tonight!

Ace: Hey, if you want to return after a year away just to lose to the guy you were going to lose to anyway, more power to you.

The two men begin to circle as the bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: Here we go. Collar to elbow in the middle of the ring.

CBR uses his strength to push Abdul backward and into the ropes. Ahad holds his hands up as the referee tells CBR to get him off of the ropes.

Blackfront: CBR one of the, if not the, strongest men in the UTA using that strength to overpower Abdul Ahad early.

The referee tells CBR to let go. He complies, backing away a couple of steps. As Abdul moves slightly from the ropes, CBR brings a foot up, catching him the gut as the fans boo.

Blackfront: Cheap shot by CBR.

Ace: Cheap, how? He let him go and gave him plenty of time to get away from the ropes! Abdul bends forward as he steps away from the ropes.

Blackfront: Big forearm shot to the upper back of Abdul Ahad.

Abdul's upper body arches up as he lets out a yell. The referee shakes his finger at CBR one more time.

Blackfront: CBR stepping back to allow Abdul to recover on the referee's instruction.

Ace: Why? It's not CBR's fault this guy can't hang with one of the great. Abdul shakes it off before the two men start to circle again.

Blackfront: Going into another tie up. CBR quickly turning it into a side headlock.

He holds Abdul steady in the center of the ring, telling to the fans heckling him from the crowd.

Blackfront: CBR in full control here.

Ace: Of course he is. I don't know why we continue to have this conversation Jason. CBR is in Dynasty. Dynasty includes the best of the best. It's simple mathematics.

Blackfront: Well, there is no denying they are the most dominating group in UTA history surpassing event The Spawn in many people's eyes.

Ace: Smart people.

Abdul moves his arms around, finally getting a good hold on CBR by the waist before pushing him from the back causing him to let go and run toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Ahad free now. CBR off of the ropes and on the return.

Abdul slams his shoulder into CBR, sending him down to the canvas as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: CBR checked by Abdul Ahad.

CBR looks up at Abdul Ahad with a little bit of shock.

Ace: No way Jason. CBR just slipped. That's all.

CBR rolls over and back, sitting up to his knees as he holds onto the middle rope, looking forward at Abdul who appears to be ready to continue.

Blackfront: CBR thrown off a little there.

He stands up and walks toward Abdul Ahad with authority, both men stepping into each other as close as you possibly can imagine while talking trash between themselves.

Blackfront: These two go back, as we were saying, to over a year ago. Obviously there is a distaste for one another but their business is unfinished.

Ace: Abdul is going to mess around, upset CBR, and become the next victim to taste lead. Blackfront: Tommy referring to the lead pipe that CBR enjoys carrying with him, most recently injuring Alex Beckman at Ring King with.

They continue to yell at each other. Abdul points out to the fans and we can hear him say that They are tired of your antics. CBR returns some words. Finally, Abdul makes the next move throwing his hands up into CBR's chest pushing him back a few steps. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: CBR gets pushed... gets shoved back, and doesn't seem too pleased about it.

Ace: Well, would you be? Who knows where Abdul's hands have been this last year! CBR looks around as the fans clap. He turns back to Abdul then comes in with a right.

Blackfront: CBR with a second, heavy, right hand there catching Abdul Had in the face. Another. A series of rights directed to the jaw, the face of Abdul Ahad.

He grabs Abdul's arm and pushes him back into one of the corner post before pulling back, attempting to send Ahad across the ring and into the post directly opposite of it.

Blackfront: Reversal by Abdul Ahad as CBR sent into the corner post. Ahad charges him. As Abdul raises his arms and comes in, CBR moves, causing him to hit the corner chest first. Blackfront: CBR quickly dodging Abdul Ahad, using his experience to avoid a collision there. Ace: Experience, skill, greatness... it's all the same thing.

Abdul is sent stumbling back as CBR grabs him by the back of the head, steps forward and sends his head into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: CBR introducing Abdul Ahad's face to that turnbuckle as he continues his dominance throughout this match up.

Still holding the back of his head, CBR directs Abdul to the ropes immediately to the left of the post, pushing him back into them.

Blackfront: CBR using those ropes yet again to send Abdul Ahad acr- no... reversal by Ahad. CBR now into the ropes and on the return. Ducks the arm of Ahad and back into the ropes.

As CBR returns this time, he leaps up with a cross body, however, Abdul is able to catch him in mid flight.

Blackfront: CBR caught by Abdul Ahad there, could be in a bad spot.

Ahad lifts CBR up as he leaps back, tossing him behind him and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with the big fall away slam there.

Ace: No. CBR was able to slip out of his clutches and got away, that's what happened.

Blackfront: Then why is CBR rolling on the canvas Tommy?

Ace: Testing it for imperfections.

Blackfront: Sure. That's it.

Abdul rolls over and up with momentum as CBR begins to get up.

Blackfront: Both men now getting to their feet. Abdul comes forward.. OH! He hit a big clothesline taking CBR off of his feet.

The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Did you see that clothesline that just nearly decapitated CBR?

Ace: Not even close! He's just giving him a false sense of security, that's all. CBR has this one! Blackfront: Abdul Ahad pulling CBR back to his feet now, sending him into the ropes. CBR on the return... back spinning elbow catches him in the face.

CBR grabs his face and stumbles back. As he does, Ahad kicks back.

Blackfront: Mule kick by Abdul Ahad now.

CBR stumbles back more, his back going into one of the corners. Ahad turns and runs toward him. As he approaches he leaps up with a forearm shot toward CBR. However, CBR catches him in mid air and pushes forward, leaping and

coming down.

Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER FROM THE CORNER!

The fans boo as CBR rolls up to a knee and shakes off being his in the face before getting to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR now grabbing Abdul by the head, pulling him up.

As he rises, CBR throws his arm around Abdul's neck and grabs his leg before lifting him up and dropping back.

Blackfront: Suplex by CBR.

Ace: He is nothing but pure power Jason.

Not letting go, CBR rolls back over and pushes up. He lifts Abdul's arm out while holding his neck. The fans continue to boo before CBR brings Abdul down in a DDT like maneuver where he throws his legs up, catching Ahad in the gut.

Blackfront: The Crab Drop!

Ace: This one is over.

The referee slides into place as CBR covers Abdul.

Blackfront: It just might be... two.. three. The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... C... B... RRRR!!!

Blackfront: Big win for CBR, defeating Abdul Ahad on his return match here tonight on Wrestleshow.

Ace: Was there ever any doubt?

His music comes back up as CBR holds his arm up in celebration.

Brought to You By

Important Announcement

Wrestleshow jumps backstage back to the office of James Wingate Cecilworth Farthington. It has been an evening of hustle and bustle in the executive office of the FIC (Farthington In Charge) of Wrestleshow.

Farthington: Ah, you are here. Seriously, that took like an hour? Just can't get the help these days, if I was in charge... I mean... I AM. I AM IN CHARGE. That is a real thing.

Cecilworth scratches the back of his neck in panic for a few seconds before managing to regain his composure to address the camera directly.

Farthington: Hello, I am Cecilworth Farthington. Please understand that this is a very busy night for me, so I sometimes forgot and allow my mind to go back to the days before I ran a very important wrestling brand. I have a lot of adult business to attend to in an adult manner. Actually now I think about it... UNCLE BARTY!

The uncle of the new boss cranes his neck into the office door on his casual walk by.

Barty: Yes, Young Master Farthington?

Farthington tosses a wad of rolled up dollar bills (DOLLA DOLLA BILLS Y'ALL) over towards his uncle. Bartholomew does what any awkward English gent who was just thrown something would do and fumbles with the stack for a few seconds, drops it on the floor and then scrambles to pick it up.

Farthington: I think I may need a second briefcase. I mean, I don't know if I have space for all of the money and the fancy dancy business type documents in one measly pathetic briefcase.

That's totes a nogo. I am a man of dignity and class, I require to be seem as above the common folk. Sean Jackson

will be well bloody jel. OH LOOK AT ME I'M SEAN JACKSON AND I ONLY HAVE ONE BRIEFCASE, ALSO I'M INFERTILE...

Cecilworth snaps his head back to the camera, almost ashamed of himself, an almost sheepish "school boy caught in the headlights" look appears across his face for a few seconds before he manages to snap back out of it. He tries his best to give a reassuring professional business smile. He fails.

Farthington: I gathered you all here in my beautiful new office to make a few brief comments and one MAJOR ANNOUNCEMENT. That's right, a major announcement! So major, you might blow off your own penis in shock. I would not recommend that you do that, I'm just saying it might happen. Look, whatever you want to do with your penis is your own business...

Uncle Barty clears his throat loudly once more as a gentle reminder to his darling nephew. Barty: Young master, these wonderful folks want to hear you speak about UTA business, none of the silly business about exploding genitalia. They want to hear about you! Your vision! Your ideas! Your dreams! They want to know what it means to have a Farthington man run their show.

Cecilworth bangs the table a few times in excitement, yelling "QUITE RIGHT! QUITE RIGHT!" as he does so. After having fun with that for twenty or so seconds, he refocuses.

Farthington: First of all, people have asked me to comment on the pressing Prodigy title situation. So as my first official decree...

Cecilworth unrolls a piece of parchment with "DECREE 1: THAT'S FOR ME TO KNOW AND YOU TO FIND OUT" written with presumably a quill. He tosses it off to the boom mic operator.

Farthington: Go shove that up on the bulletin board outside would ya? God knows I don't want the Sabrina Bakers of this world sully my office with their hussy mouths going on about "I AM ALSO A LADY SO I SHOULD HAVE BELT". I am an important man with important business to attend to!

The boom mic operator tosses the parchment to a production assistant who rushes off out of sight.

Farthington: Secondly, people have asked how it was decided that I, a man of nothing but a pure heart of fairness and respect for all could be put in charge of the Show of Wrestle in the great state of Utah. Well, as the saying goes, when power goes into a void, a Farthington will toss his arm into the great abyss and claim what is theirs. They will yank the rod of respect and leadership and hold it tight, for it is their birth right.

Uncle Barty twirls his moustached face in confusion for a few moments.

Barty: Cecilywessely, I'm almost certain that's not a saying.

Cecilworth scrunches up his face and waves off his dear old uncles dismissively. Realising he has to look like a professional gent for the cameras, he stops pulling a face that most closely resembles a bulldog chewing a wasp.

Farthington: As I usher in the bright, shining new era of the Utah's Show of Wrestling brand, I will be a firm leader, a loving leader, a fair leader. I have respect for you all, apart from those guys who walk around the halls yelling "DYNASTY!" while they tug each other off. Those guys are weird. That's why, in the interest of openness and justice, in two weeks time, I am going to appoint a NEW Head Official. I am going to address the Prodigy controversy, I'm going to find out whether Bobby Dean is indeed NOT the father.

There's a small yelp heard in the background that sounds suspiciously like "HE'S NOT ON THIS SHOW".

Farthington: On the next Wrestleshow, I will offer a vision of the best and brightest future imaginable during my State of Utah address. Trust me... bring your shades.

As if to firmly establish this point, Cecilworth wears his sunglasses at night as the cameras slowly fade out of the shot.

Battle Ready by OTEP kicks in as the fans are standing up for who is about to come out of the back as pink and purple lights are going around in the circles in the arena. Out comes Sabrina Baker as the fans are cheering for her as she takes a moment to look around before walking down to the ring.

Blackfront: Here comes a woman eager to prove herself after suffering a less-than-fortunate defeat in here UTA debut.

Ace: "Less-than-fortunate"?! That's an interesting way of putting it! I'm surprised the poor girl wasn't crushed when Bobby Dean's girth came crashing down on her!

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's pointing at them and reaches out to slap on of them on the hands.

Franklin: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

Sabrina gets on the apron and looks at the fans. She points at them before jumping on the bottom rope and flipping backwards into the ring.

Franklin: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 135 pounds...

Sabrina stands in the middle of the ring and raises her arm in the air as she points at everyone that is cheering for her.

Franklin: Sabrina Baker!

She walks around the ring and talks to the referee before their match as she has a smile on her face before warming up.

Blackfront: This is a big opportunity for Sabrina, Tommy. Zhalia is one of the most tenured wrestlers on the UTA roster, and a win over her would do wonders for Baker's fledgling career. Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching.

Ace: I dunno about that... the interaction these girls had at Proving Grounds suggests they're more likely to stand there and hug it out for 15 minutes than slug it out and fight.

Blackfront: You underestimate these girls, Tommy. They're good sports, but make no mistake, they're gonna duke it out and prove that their low draft selections were completely unjustified. I think this is gonna be a helluva match.

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as Pretty Little Psycho by Porcelain Black starts playing.

Blackfront: Zhalia's certainly been through the ringer lately but she's looking lively tonight!

Ace: I don't care for this chick, but I can't imagine the horrors that Crimson Lord put her through a few weeks ago. It almost makes me feel bad...

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

Franklin: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a cheery young fan before walking back to the ring.

Franklin: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking

out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says 'Keep watching Zhaliphires!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo.

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

Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out. Blackfront: For Zhalia, this is a great opportunity to continue the momentum built at Ring King, when she was just seconds away from claiming the Ace in the Hole briefcase. She turned a lot of heads in Seattle, even in defeat: let's see if she can continue.

Ace: What momentum, Jason?! Sean Jackson won that match the last time I checked. This is a chance to start building momentum, not continue.

The bell rings. Both girls walk into the centre of the ring immediately, and when Zhalia offers her hand, Sabrina is more than willing to shake it.

Blackfront: Great show of sportswomanship to kick things off! Their mutual respect runs deep. Baker and Fears start circling the ring, sizing each other up. They soon launch into a collar tie-up and start jostling for position. The taller Fears wins-out, pulling Sabrina into a headlock, but the Ohioan squirms loose and grabs one of Zhalia's arms. Applying a hammerlock, Sabrina wrenches tightly, but Fears puts her free arm over her shoulder, around Baker's head, and Judo throws her to the mat.

Blackfront: Zhalia trying to establish some dominance early-on here.

Sabrina, however, doesn't hit the mat hard, and quickly springs back to her feet. She stands face-to-face with Zhalia, who smiles and invites another tie-up. Sabrina obliges and out-techniques Zhalia this time, finding an angle to snag a free arm and whip Fears across the ring. Sabrina ducks, looking for a back body drop, but Zhalia bunny hops over her, hits the next set of ropes, and stops herself.

Ace: Jesus, girls, start throwing punches already!

Blackfront: I don't think you're gonna see any wild brawling going down here, Tommy. These women genuinely admire each other: they're not gonna go knuckle-to-knuckle.

Ace: Hey, what a coincidence! I "admire" both of them too!

As Jason groans, the action continues. Zhalia charges at Sabrina and rolls through Baker's arm drag. Both of them get up: Sabrina jumps over Zhalia's attempted legsweep, then grabs her arm and wrenches, but Zhalia's too light on her feet and flips backwards, completely releasing the pressure, then taking Sabrina's head over her shoulder and hitting a snapmare! Sabrina, however, jumps straight back up, leaving the two women practically nose to nose. They back-off a little as applause ripples around the arena.

Blackfront: These two are so evenly-matched in this feeling-out process. Neither has been able to outdo the other, and they're clearly both very well-versed in each other's game.

Ace: *ZzZzZZZZZzzzz*. Wake me up when actual moves starting happening.

Both competitors ready themselves for combat again. This time, Sabrina puts a hand up, calling for a Greco Roman knuckle lock, and Zhalia obliges. Fears' extra height gives her the leverage needed to pull Sabrina towards her and whip her across the ring. Zhalia puts her arm out for a hip toss and executes the move, but Sabrina lands on her feet and runs the ropes on her own accord. She flies back at Zhalia with a cross body into the match's first pinfall attempt!

...1!

Fears throws a shoulder up!

Blackfront: A quick kick-out and this one keeps on rolling!

They both get back to their full vertical and Sabrina applies the front facelock. She grabs Zhalia's belt and pulls back, but Fears slips-out of the attempted suplex, lands behind Baker, and rolls her up!

...1!

No! Kick-out!

Blackfront: Blink and you'll miss it, folks! These two are starting to set a blistering pace in what's sure to be a spirited battle.

Ace: This is far, far too nice for my liking, Jason. This is supposed to be professional wrestling, not "slightly overzealous hugging!".

Following the kick-out, Sabrina runs over to the corner. Zhalia follows her over, and ducks under the huge flying knee that Sabrina springboards back with! Landing on her feet, Sabrina steadies herself and goes for Fears, who dashes to the corner, runs up the turnbuckles, and backflips over Sabrina's head!

Ace: Whoa! Sick parkour skills, sis!

Zhalia grabs her for a reverse DDT, but an elbow to her ribs quickly puts an end to that. Once loose, Sabrina pulls Zhalia around by her shoulder and wrenches her arm, before backing-up a couple of steps and climbing the turnbuckles. Maintaining the hold, Sabrina sits down on the top 'buckle...

...before pulling Zhalia in and diving off with a big Tornado DDT!

Ace: There we go! That's more like it!

Blackfront: Big move from Sabrina Baker, who's so determined to make a name for herself here in the UTA!

Ace: She seems a nice, polite, respectful lady, but those aren't qualities that'll carry you far in the UTA. This match will be very telling of her future prospects.

With Kimera down, Sabrina follows-up with an immediate standing Moonsault! The crowd pops loudly as she executes the move to perfection then hooks the leg.

...1!

...2!

But Zhalia kicks-out!

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker is quite the athlete! We saw it in her first match, but let's be honest... everyone looks athletic in the ring with Bobby Dean... tonight, however, she's putting on a helluva show!

Keeping the pressure up, Sabrina climbs up, taking Zhalia with her by controlling the arm. She applies a tight wristlock before suddenly pulling Fears into her and swinging a short-arm clothesline, but Zhalia ducks it, breaks free, and hits a spinning back kick to Sabrina's stomach! With her opponent doubled-over, Zhalia levels her with a quick neckbreaker then stays on the deck herself, taking a few moments to recover.

Ace: I know she's pretty much the prime candidate, Jason, but I just can't imagine Zhalia running Crimson Lord over.

Blackfront: How so? There's no way I can condone the act, but Crimson did kidnap her... Ace: She's softer than cotton -- that's why. She barely looks like she wants to hurt someone inside the ring, let alone splatter another human across the asphalt!

Blackfront: She fights fairly, but she's nowhere near as impotent as you make-out, Tommy. Zhalia is one of the most focused competitors we have in the UTA -- you don't stick around for as long as she has if you can't hang with the best,

pure and simple.

Fears is first to her feet, but her head's still spinning from the Tornado DDT, and she stumbles a little as she rises. Sabrina notices this and charges forward when she gets up. The Ohioan rolls through another arm drag and charges again, but can't counter Zhalia's fireman's carry this time. Kimera keeps control of Sabrina's head and rises to her feet, before pulling her into the air and dropping her on her shoulders. Baker, however, wriggles free, and dropkicks the small of Zhalia's back.

Blackfront: Zhalia staggers forward, and here comes Sabrina...

Baker launches herself forward, catching the turning Fears with a big spear!

Ace: Ooooft! Right into the turnbuckles!

She takes the blow hard, Zhalia, and she's powerless to resist when Sabrina picks her up and quickly drops her down across her knee.

Blackfront: Backbreaker! And now the cover... this could be it!

...1!

...2!

No! Zhalia gets a shoulder up in the nick of time!

Ace: Now we're talking! Sabrina is really getting hefty with it now.

Blackfront: With the backbreaker, spear and Tornado DDT, Sabrina has been responsible for this match's three biggest moments. Could she be on her way to a first UTA win?

Absorbing the crowd's positivity, Sabrina gets up to her feet and hunches over, recovering some lost stamina. Zhalia is stirring on the canvas, and Baker decides to let her get up on her own accord. She starts by grabbing the bottom rope, then the middle, but eventually Fears is on her feet, and Sabrina is beckoning her forward.

Blackfront: Once again they meet in the middle...

The lock-up doesn't quite happen this time, as Zhalia drops down to her knees and pushes into Sabrina's stomach with her shoulder. Fears backs her against the ropes and stands up, grabbing Sabrina and whipping her across the ropes. The sort-of-former Wildfire Champion follows Sabrina's run, but the newcomer adjusts, hops onto the second rope, and springboards back... Blackfront: HURRICANRANA!

Zhalia flips across the canvas and lands flat on her back!

Blackfront: Beautiful move! Sabrina Baker is really showcasing her talents tonight!

Ace: Isn't it amazing what you can do when Bobby Dean's not smothering you--... wait, why's she not covering?!

Blackfront: Sabrina's got something bigger in-mind!

Sure enough, Ms. Baker takes a moment before climbing back to her feet and holding an arm in the air, drawing a few cheers from the crowd. After taking a couple of steps back, Sabrina handsprings forward, flipping through into a Moonsault...

Blackfront: REMIX 2!

Ace: NO! MISSFIRE!

... but Zhalia rolls out of the way!

Blackfront: WOW! Great ring awareness from Zhalia to dodge the Moonsault!

Ace: That moment of hesitation cost Sabrina, Jason. She waited too long to execute the big move and now she's gonna have to pay for it.

Blackfront: Hesitation? She was catching her breath, Tommy! Zhalia was just wise to it. Sabrina is wincing after eating a faceful of hard, rough canvas, and Zhalia is still struggling following her opponent's high-impact offense. The crowd start to clap and cheer, encouraging the ladies to their feet, but it's a long, slow process.

Blackfront: The fans showing their appreciation for this great effort from the two ladies of Wrestleshow now. What a show they've put-on!

Ace: One of them's gotta win it now though. There's no use playing nicey-nicey, buddy-buddy: one of 'em's gonna need to show some kind of killer instinct and put the other away, because lords knows they could both do with a win tonight!

It's Zhalia Fears to her feet first, but Sabrina isn't too far behind. Soon enough they're booth looking each other in the eye, feeding-off the crowd's energy, and ready to go right back it at again. It's Kimera who comes forward with the most intent, swinging a left roundhouse kick...

Blackfront: ODE TO KUSH!

... but Sabrina ducks the spinning hook kick!

Ace: Legsweep! Zhalia is down!

Down, but still with her wits about her, and able to hop right back up again. Sabrina swings for a running clothesline, but Kimera ducks beneath and grabs hold of Sabrina's head... BACKPACK

STUNNER!

Blackfront: THE OFFERING! ZHALIA HITS IT!

Ace: IT'S OVER!

As ever, Fears floats back straight into the pin.

...1!

...2!

...3!!!

"Pretty Little Psycho" starts to play almost as soon as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time, and Zhalia rises to her feet, smiling as her hand is hoisted-up.

Blackfront: Big win for Zhalia Fears! Things were looking a bit sketchy, but that missed Remix 2 from Sabrina proved to be the turning point, and Fears was able to eek-out another victory.

Ace: Baker showed her mettle tonight, but it just wasn't enough. Looks like that wait for her first UTA win will have to go on a little longer...

Franklin: Ladies and Gentlemen, here is you winner... ZHALIAAAAAAA  
FEEEEEEEEAAAAARRRRRRRRSSSSSSSS!

As soon as her hand is let go, Zhalia turns her focus to Sabrina Baker, who's still lying down, rubbing her jaw. The victor kneels down, asking Sabrina if she's okay, before putting one of her arms over her shoulder and helping her to her feet. Once up, Zhalia grabs Sabrina's wrist and throws her hand up, much to the crowd's delight.

Blackfront: And that just about sums it up, folks! Great sports, great match!

Ace: Ugh, I'm gonna throw-up...

## Mental Enthusiast

The scene opens up backstage with Jamie Sawyers standing in front of a UTA banner alongside Sean Jackson. Jamie is dressed in a suit and tie while the Dynasty member is dressed in dark colored slacks and dress shirt, with the ace in the hole briefcase in hand. Hey, wasn't Mr. Jackson wearing something different just a bit earlier? Anyway, after receiving his cue, Jamie begins to speak.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome at this time former UTA World Champion Sean Jackson.

The backstage reporter turns to face the Dynasty member.

Sawyers: Sean later on tonight you...

Jamie is interrupted as Sean's hand raises up, bringing the statement to a halt.

Jackson: Excuse me Jamie, but before you get too far into this, a correction needs to be made. The Wrestleshow backstage reporter gets a confused look on his face.

Sawyers: A correction? what needs to be corrected? The Mental Rapist taps the briefcase a few times.

Jackson: I am Mr. Ace In The Hole, Jamie. So from here on out, I want you to introduce me as such.

Sawyers is taken aback by the request. He looks around, confused, seeing no one around to converse with. However, because no one is around other than the camera man, he decides to go ahead and correct the introduction.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome at this time, Mr. Ace in the Hole, Sean Jackson.

Acting as if there wasn't a restart, Sean breaks out in a huge grin, completely happy.

Jackson: Why thank you Sawyers, happy to be here....

As soon as he says it, the Dynasty member's nose curls up as if he's smelled something awful.

Jackson: Really.

Sawyers picks up on the sarcasm almost immediately. However, as a professional, he continues with the interview.

Sawyers: At Ring King, you made due on a promise to walk out of Seattle, Washington as the ace in the hole winner. You put on a masterful performance in which no one gave you a chance of winning. Do you have any comments for your detractors who thought you incapable of winning? Nodding the entire time, Sean is only too happy to respond.

Jackson: You are absolutely correct, I did walk out of Seattle as Mr. Ace In The Hole. But detractors are nothing new when it comes to Sean Jackson, even though you would think they would learn after the All Or Nothing pay per view.

Of course, this just loads up the next question.

Sawyers: Well yes Sean, you have become an expert at the cluster matches, but when it comes to defending titles against say...La Flama Blanca...

Of course the Dynasty member rolls his eyes.

Sawyers: You tend to fall a bit short.

The rolling of the eyes stop and now the daggers are flying in the direction of Sawyers. Jackson: I didn't tend to fall nothing Jamie. Like I said, I am Mr. Ace In The Hole now, which means I've got Eduardo's back in case some slack jawed moron wants to step up to take Dynasty's Championship.

Having already received two estupendo kicks from La Flama Blanca in a span of one year, Jamie Sawyers definitely didn't want to add a high knee to the back of the skull on his resume. So he quickly gets on topic of Chris Hopper.

Sawyers: You were able to get thru nine other superstars, including Chris Hopper to win that ace in the hole contract.

Do you believe you will be able to do it again here in Mexico City?

The Mental Rapist acts surprised at the question and then lets a brief amount of laughter before answering. To him, the question was so absurd that he completely forgot about being mad at Sawyers.

Jackson: Oh come on, what do you think Jamie?

To look at his face, one would think the former World Champion was offended by the question. Jackson: I survived nine other competitors INCLUDING Chris Hopper at Ring King. Now don't get me wrong, the King of Geritol is one helluva competitor at the old folks home. I hear he can eat pudding around the rest of the Geritolholics, but come on....

The Dynasty member holds up the AITH briefcase.

Jackson: I am Mr. Ace In The Hole. You can call me money, because....

Before he gets a chance to finish, Sawyers remembers the earlier confrontation Sean had with Hopper and finishes the statement.

Sawyers: Because a bet for you is a 401k retirement plan that can't lose... The Dynasty member isn't amused.

Sawyers: We heard you earlier.

Now Jamie realizes the interruption probably wasn't the best of ideas because Sean is now mean mugging him.

Sawyers: My apologies Mr. Jackson. I meant no...

The fans are booing. They don't appreciate the intimidation tactics of Sean Jackson.

Jackson: Were you attempting to make me look bad Jamie? Even louder boos now. They must love Sawyers in Mexico. Jackson: Were you attempting to pull a Hopper?

Jamie Sawyers shakes his head no.

Jackson: Because if you were, then I can give all these chalupa eating Ungratefults a sneak preview of what will happen later on tonight....

Before the backstage reporter can respond.

Jackson: By giving you the same kind of beating that I'm going to give him.

Sawyers: That won't be necessary.

Now the boos are outrageous. The Mexico City fans are really giving him the business.

Jackson: Good, then keep your mouth shut.

Once again the Dynasty member curls his nose up.

Jackson: I beat his sorry ass at Ring King, and would have destroyed him earlier tonight had it not been for those border crossing security guards.

More boos. Albeit cheap, but boos none the less.

Jackson: I could have sworn I saw those criminals Pancho Villa and El Chapo out there trying to pick my pockets.

Mr. Ace In The Hole turns from Jamie Sawyers and faces directly towards the camera. Jackson: Chris Hopper, you were a big deal back several years ago, but you are nothing now. You should be thankful I'm even letting you share the ring with me tonight....

He then turns back to Sawyers.

Jackson: And before you get your panties in a bunch Sawyers, I'm not disrespecting the guy...I'm simply telling the

truth. Besides, instead of being here tonight...

A huge smile forms on the face of the Mental Rapist.

Jackson: Maybe he should be back in Pittsburgh, apologizing for making a mockery of Barry's fight with cancer.

For the second time tonight, Sean brings up Hopper's friend Barry. Which completely offends Jamie.

Sawyers: Now wait a minute...

Off-Camera: -you really should not be diving into that big-C well so often, Sean. It will just anger Hopper moreso.

It wasn't Jamie that was finishing his sentence but rather one of the two women that just finished competing. Zhalia Fears smirks while leaning back against the wall taking a swig a bottle of water. Fears: Let us not forget also, Sean, this is Mexico. One of the birthplaces of this great sport and entertainment industry.

That got a cheer from the crowd, as one would expect.

Fears: And home of Lucha Libre! More cheers.

Jackson: Oh great, another Lucha loser. Zhalia grins and turns to Jamie for a moment.

Fears: You will have to excuse ol' Sean here. That Ace in the Hole briefcase of his is his shot at a return to glory... that he will not use until Blanca can no longer continue or somehow loses.

With a smile Jackson pats the case against his hip as she looks back at him.

Fears: Few realize this fact, huh Sean? Dynasty holds all the cards again and just when the deck seems to be in the favor of someone else you have that Ace up your sleeve. We are pretty much guaranteed no new champion outside of Dynasty until you have cashed that sucker in.

Jackson: You are damned right Zhalia, there won't ever be a new champion as long as I'm here. Fears: Quite true. I said this last week, all anybody ever does around here is talk. Alex talked, failed. 2C, bless her heart, talked but is now on the shelf. Even your opponent tonight the incomparable Chris Hopper. He has been talking, and to his credit, doing to a degree, but nothing has changed. The only thing that has changed is a madman went insane and Dynasty only grew stronger.

Jackson: You sound jealous Zhalia. Maybe if you weren't so hung up on the Ungratefals, you too could be a big thing here...just like Dynasty.

Fears: Jealous, nah. I am just tired of all the dang talking. I aim to misbehave, as one Mal Reynolds once said, and to do that... I think we have some unfinished business.

Jackson: And just what unfinished business is that?

Fears: I never was one for poker and all, and only have a faint recollection as to the purpose of an Ace and a few other important hands, but I do enjoy Chess, Sean. And as I told you last week- With a grin she steps forward and up close to Jackson.

Fears: This rook has the king cornered at the end of the board. You are looking at a perpetual check for Dynasty.

She does the unthinkable and places her fingertips up against the former UTA champions' chest, tapping lightly.

Fears: Your move, Sean.

Mr. Ace in the Hole looks down at her finger, still poking him in the chest. It wasn't that long ago where Fears got a dq win over him and the thought of pissing her off so close to his match with Hopper makes him back off just a bit.

Jackson: Look Zhalia, in order to be Mr. Ace in the Hole, you first have to be a man... He looks her up and down.

Jackson: And you definitely aren't a man. But I tell you what, you can work your magic in my kitchen or clean my pool for me. Lord knows, none of these chalupa eating morons could do that job better than you.

Zhalia starts to laugh prompting Jamie to interrupt.

Sawyers: What's so funny, Ms. Fears?

Fears: Sean has a point, and that made me think back two weeks ago. If I was a man, you know I probably would have had a few more inches to my height and that there briefcase -- would be mine.

She continues to laugh which seems to put Jackson at odds.

Fears: Think about that Mister Ace in the Hole. You won, thanks to a few inches. The laughing stops as Zhalia looks deadpan at Jackson.

Fears: You realize how stupid your comment is now? If you are afraid of getting bettered, just say it.

Grin.

Fears: Although that will not change anything

Fears might be grinning, but Sean Jackson wasn't. He knows that she was right about the height and that just didn't sit well with him.

Jackson: I...I...I'm not scared of anything. Especially some five foot nothing little chick who...who...

He looks at his watch and finds the right excuse to back the hell right on up at of there.

Jackson: You're lucky I've got someplace to be.

Not taking his eyes off of Zhalia, Mr. Ace in the Hole backs out slowly.

Zhalia shrugs as Jackson vanishes around the corner, then turns back to Jamie.

Fears: Must have been something I said? She looks at Jamie for confirmation.

Fears: Or maybe just had somewhere else to be, as he said? Still nothing.

Fears: He is after all a man that did not just talk about winning Ace in the Hole, he went out and did it.

Zhalia smiles after echoing the statement Jackson made recently, while the fans boo that fact; then she holds up her right hand out, lowering all but the index finger.

Fears: But I am the woman that said she would beat the Champion, and went out and did it. With a grin she double taps her temple as the fans cheer that statement.

Fears: Mayhaps, the Mental Rapist has finally realized he met his match?

Stepping up to Jamie she places her arm over his shoulder and around his neck, leaning up against him.

Fears: In that case Jamie, might as well call me the Mental Enthusiast!

Laughing, Zhalia walks off and out of the camera's view as Jamie signals to cut elsewhere.

Brought to You By

Fresh Start

The image of the backstage of Palacio de los Deportes arena is shown as various types of workers for UTA scurry about the hallways to their needed destination. The camera continues to follow Jamie Sayers as he makes his way down the hallway until he stops suddenly. Sawyers straightens out his suit and he makes his way over to Scott Stevens, whose dressed in street clothes, is watching the monitors of tonight's show.

Sawyers: Enjoying the show?

Sawyers asks as the Texan slowly removes his attention to the monitors.

Stevens: Very much so. This is why I was glad to be drafted to the number one show in Wrestle UTA.

Sawyers: Don't let Eric Dane hear you say that.

Sawyers informs Stevens, but the Texan reassures him of his conviction.

Stevens: I could care less what Dane thinks to be honest because our roster is superior. I mean we have The Machine. We have Dynasty. Hell, we even have his boy, Bronson Box. We are stacked to the gills with talent and star power.

Sawyers: Maybe so, but as you said that the roster is stacked with established stars where do you see yourself among the elite of Wrestleshow?

Stevens: I see myself at the bottom.

Sawyers: Seriously? Stevens: Seriously. Sawyers: I don't buy it.

Stevens: It's true. This is a fresh start for me. There is no confusion going forward.

Sawyers: What do you mean no more confusion?

Stevens: When I first came in it was a part of the Ring King tournament, and until it ended I was lost in the shuffle. Barely being booked. Facing opponents on secondary shows not knowing where I was going to be once Ring King was over with but now I know my place I can focus on the task at hand.

Sawyers: Which is?

Stevens: Continuing my winning ways and climbing that ladder of success. I came here to compete against the very best, and I got my wish by being drafted to Wrestleshow. I am going to bust my ass until I get the opportunity to face Alex Beckman, my buddy John Sektor, or that little coño, La Flama Blanca. I came here to be a champion and sooner rather than later I will be a champion in UTA, and there isn't a person on this roster or the other roster that's going to prevent me from accomplishing my goal.

Stevens informs Sawyers before turning his attention back to the monitors to watch Kendrix vs. Bronson Box.

The lights in the arena go out. Let 'Em Up by Scoobius Pip starts over the PA system and immediately the fans begin to boo. Lights flash in back and white as the camera pans the stage. Kendrix is at the top of the ramp, his back to the ring, dressed in a Dynasty t-shirt with "JFK" and "#BRUV" on it in bright red lettering. His Union Jack Hackett Scard, and the JFK black and green wrestling tights.

Announcer: The following contest is set for one fall, introducing first hailing from London, England, standing at six feet, two inches tall, weighting in at two hundred and eighty one

pounds...representing Dynasty...He is...

The song starts to pick up as the camera pans back.

Announcer: KENDDDDDRRRRRIIIIXXXXXX.

Kendrix turns to face the ring to a chorus of boos. He smiles and bounces in time to the music, before running a hand through his hair pushing it off of his face. He runs down the ramp at full speed and slides chest first into the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Kendrix here tonight with a tall order in front of him, Ace.

Ace: PLEASE, Jason - show some respect. You ungrateful!

Kendrix spins around in the ring, motioning for the fans to let him have it. He greets the heat with nothing but an ear to ear smile as he pulls at the ropes, testing them against his strength.

Suddenly the lights in the arena start shutting off. One. By. One.

Blackfront: Here he comes.

Ace: The Boogiemán if ya ask me.

A whistling wind blows that brings a hush to the crowd. The driving beat of the Man in Black, Johnny Cash starts. The lyrics to God's Gonna Cut You Down kick in. The fans rise up with a sea of boos.

Blackfront: Box has got to be a certain kind of angry tonight, huh Ace?

Ace: Box is no doubt about it pissed off, but guess what - he's up against one of Dynasty's finest. Announcer: Now making his way to the ring, hailing from the highlands of Scotland - weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

The lights come back on and already standing on the ring apron, dressed for war, is Bronson Box. The Wargod. The Original Defiant.

Announcer: BRONNNNNNNNSOOOOONNNNN BOX.

The crowd rises up again in deafening boos. Kendrix even gets in the act, directing his boos right out Box himself. Boxer staring daggers back across the ring at him.

Bronson closes his eyes and throws his head back, music to his ears.

Ace: The man loves to be hated.

Blackfront: His haters are quite truly his motivators, Ace.

Kendrix steps forward out of his corner, while throwing his arms back grabbing hold of the top ropes in the near turnbuckle. The official eyes up Box, thinking about checking him for weapons but simply throws his hands up, offering up plausible deniability for any illegal weapons the Original Defiant may have on him.

Blackfront: Wrestleshow action coming right into your living room folks. This one should be a real barn burner as the Wargod goes one on one with JFK.

Ace: And Dynasty's own is going to stand tall, Jason.

Blackfront: I don't think your opinion surprises a whole lot of people, Tommy.

Kendrix and Box both step towards one another, out of their respective corners and the ref calls for the bell. Kendrix dances around the Wargod careful not to get too close. Box doesn't take his eyes off of London's own Bruv as he looks for a spot to make his move. After two turns around Kendrix takes a big step forward and the men tie up in the middle of the ring.

Box with his hands on Kendrix's upper body, Kendrix fights to get ahold of Box's waist. Strangely enough it's Kendrix who is able to get ahold of Box's waist and spin the Wargod around. Kendrix has a firm grip on Boxer's waist as he pulls the Original Defiant in. Box throws an elbow that catches Kendrix's head. Kendrix hangs tight and twists around to the front side of Box and unleashes a forearm that catches Box right under the chin. Box takes a step back, not accepting the forearm. Kendrix presses him back into the ropes and whips him across.

Box reverses it and sends Kendrix across instead. Kendrix off the far side, Box bends down to send Kendrix over the top. Kendrix stops just short and with two hands drives Box's face down hard into his knee, sending the Wargod reeling. The fans offer up a conflicted reaction as the Wargod brings his hands to his face, showing the slightest bit of annoyance.

Blackfront: Strong start to this one as both men are standing tall, refusing to give much to their opponent. Could possibly be in consideration for match of the night here, Ace.

Ace: Look at me over here, Jason. I've got the popcorn ready.

In the ring Box shakes the cobwebs loose and mouths some choice words to Kendrix. Kendrix smirks, it pleases him knowing that he somehow crawled under Boxer's skin. Box charges

forward and Kendrix does likewise. Once again their is a tie up and this time Box wrenches a side headlock. Box shouts out to Kendrix, something about who the better fighter is now and tosses the Dynasty member into the ropes. Kendrix shoots back across and is leveled with an aggressive short armed clothesline from Box. Quick to his feet, Kendrix charges and ducks a clothesline from Boxer. Boxer turns and fires a quick jab which catches a charging Kendrix and sends him staggering to his back foot, throwing off his balance.

Blackfront: Still neither man giving in. Each man holding his own.

Box brings his hand around the neck of Kendrix and pulls him in at the same time he brings his own head forward and drives Kendrix back with a headbutt. The crowd pops.

Ace: What is this? How is he allowed to use his head as weapon? Answer me that!

Box keeps the offensive and steps forward with a quick jab, backing Kendrix up further. A chop to the chest drives him back even further, another chop, another, another, and finally another. Until Kendrix is back in the turnbuckle. Box pulls his arms and sends him across the other way, Kendrix hits the turnbuckle as Boxer charges. Kendrix turns the shoulder and stuns Box, Box stumbles back a bit and Kendrix surges forward. He grabs the Wargod's neck and drops him down hard.

Blackfront: What a DDT by Kendrix. Seemingly out of nowhere there. Let me tell you something, I hate to admit it but Kendrix has some moves. It's a shame he's been brainwashed by those low lives in Dynasty.

Ace: Easy now Jason, you don't wanna be labeled an Ungrateful now do you.

Blackfront: Label me whatever you want, Ace, doesn't matter to me. I just think that Kendrix could be doing some big things here in the UTA if he wasn't being held back by his so called friends in Dynasty.

Ace: Held back!?! Dynasty is the best thing to ever happen to his guy.

In the ring, Kendrix drops a hard boot into Box's stomach, as Box pushes to all four. Kendrix attempts a hard kick to the ribs but Box catches his foot and simply yanks Kendrix down to the mat with a Dragon Screw and quickly regains his own vertical base.

Box acts quickly and pushes himself off the near rope and drops an elbow into the chest of Kendrix. He gets up quickly and drops a staggered boot into the chest as well, and then another, and then another. Kendrix finally grabs hold of the nearest rope. Knowing Box's reputation for pushing the rules, the ref intervenes and backs Box up off of Kendrix. The crowd boos slightly.

Ace: Good give Kendrix some time to breathe. Champion's privilege and all.

Blackfront: I think that only actually applies TO the champion, partner.

Ace: Well it should extend!

Box has a few words with the official before shoving him out of the way and picking Kendrix up. Kendrix throws a punch but doesn't catch the Original Defiant at all. Box pulls him in again and nails him with a huge headbutt that slumps Kendrix into the ropes. Kendrix favors his ribs every so slightly as he takes a few deep breathes, trying to get some air.

Box pulls Kendrix off the ropes and steps behind him. He takes one hand and passes it under the arm of Kendrix and

locks it on Kendrix's neck. Box's other hand pulls Kendrix's arm across his own face.

Blackfront: Little Cobra Clutch hold here from Bronson Box.

Ace: Oh man, I think Kendrix is about to be in a world of hurt.

Box squats and lifts up pulling Kendrix up and then dropping him back first onto his knee. Kendrix

collapses in a heap on the mat and Box pushes into a lateral pinning position. Ace: Hope Dynasty has a good chiropractor. That one looked like it hurt...alot. ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

The ref jumps to his feet and waves off the count. He points to Kendrix's foot resting on the bottom rope and Box pops up in a tiff. He gets in the officials face screaming at him. "I don't care about no ring rope." The official explains that the pin attempt was broken and that the match will go on.

Blackfront: And if you're Kendrix, you don't want a mad Bronson Box. He's probably already fuming over what happened at Ring King. No sense throwing more logs on the fire.

Ace: Maybe Kendrix is gonna use Box's own anger against him. It's called mind games Jason, look it up!

Box picks up Kendrix and gives him a chop across the chest for good measure, another one, and another one. The area on Kendrix's chest looking rather red. And that's when Box slowly, with calculated precision draws his fingernails across the chest of Kendrix, who howls out in pain. Box gets them in there deep, and just a bit of crimson begins to trickle down Kendrix's chest. A devilish smile grows on Box's face.

Blackfront: Look at Box, those fingernails are kept pretty long if you ask me, Ace.

Ace:Totally agreed! He should have them clipped before every match. This is unfair!

The official shakes his head but dare not get in the way. Box smiles, having his fun he sends Kendrix across the ring hard. Kendrix bounces off, still in a daze from the backbreaker and is lifted high in the air for a One Armed Side Slam.

Blackfront: Box showing his incredible strength.

Kendrix doesn't go quietly. He shifts his weight a bit and Box has to abandon the move, unable to get it off cleanly. His other hand unavailable as he was showboating with it. Kendrix lands on his feet and ducks a wild punch from the Stongman. Kendrix backs up and clears space as Box charges him. Kendrix is able to scoop Box and deliver a picture perfect Sit Out Spinebuster to him that shakes the ring. Kendrix dazed throws two arms on Box's shoulders for a pin. The official slides in.

ONE...

TWO...

Box powers out.

Blackfront: Kendrix trying to get something going here. This one has been as good as advertised so far. Both men giving this one almost all they've got.

Ace: LET'S GO KENDRIX!

Box rolls to a knee and shakes his head. Kendrix is slow to get up, still feeling the affects of the devastating Cobra Clutch Backbreaker earlier. Box charges, Kendrix turns the shoulder as he holds onto the rope. That doesn't do much to stop Box though. Box grabs Kendrix's neck and pulls him down driving a knee high and catching him more in the neck than the stomach. Kendrix breathes deep from some air as Box pulls him in by the arm and applies a hard claw

hold to the pectorals of Kendrix. Kendrix immediately howls in pain again. Box smiles.

Blackfront: Bronson Box is an in ring surgeon. He knew that he was wearing Kendrix's chest down. The stomps, the chops, even the fingernail drag. It was all part of a grander plan.

Ace: Part of a plan of cheating. You saw those fingernails earlier!

Kendrix howls in pain as Box twists the arm, trying to leverage it and apply more pressure with his hold. The fans don't know what to do, a few of them start clapping willing Kendrix to get back in this match. Finally Kendrix throws a punch with his free arm, it connects. Another punch it connect, another one, and another one. All connecting not a single one breaking the hold, the focus, of the Strongman.

Kendrix brings his foot up hard and catches Box in the gut, he fires his knee up and further bends Box down. Now the hold gets broken and Kendrix has to act quickly, he pushes off his own two feet, vaults himself into the air and brings his massive tree trunk of a thigh hard over Box's head driving him down to the ring. The crowd gives a small pop.

Blackfront: Chance time for Kendrix.

Ace: Think he can take advantage.

Kendrix drops to the mat and he locks it in!

Blackfront: Kendrix Cross! Kendrix Cross! Oh my God he's going to try to make Box tap.

Ace: YES YES YES!

Box howls in pain, as his neck is pulled further back and back and back. Box reaches his long arm out and just touches the rope with his finger. The official slides in right away and forces Kendrix to break the hold. Naturally, in true fashion Kendrix holds it anyway.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

And finally Kendrix releases. Box rolls out of the ring quickly, falling to the floor holding his neck. Jane steps over to check on him.

Blackfront: And Kendrix with a page from the Bronson Box playbook there holding the Crossface for a few extra seconds.

Ace: I LOVE IT! I AM IN LOVE HERE IN MEXICO!

Blackfront: Damage is done, as Box is favoring his neck.

Box favors his neck and shakes his head, trying to get rid of the feeling of the Kendrix Cross. Kendrix leans back into one of the six turnbuckles and takes some deep breaths.

Blackfront: A break in the action means Kendrix has a chance to catch his breath here. Seems like Box has been at him from the word go, Ace.

Box slides back into the ring and Kendrix is instantly up on him. Box throws a clothesline that Kendrix is able to duck. Kendrix throws a staggering right hand, Box doesn't give in. He takes the punch like a champ. Another staggering hard right from Kendrix. Again Box takes it like a champ. Kendrix shrugs his shoulders and quickly closes any distance between the two men by driving his knee up and connecting right under Box's rib cage.

Blackfront: Box looking for another punch there and was caught completely off guard.

Ace: Not often that happens to Bronson, lemme tell ya.

Box bends over just ever so slightly. Kendrix takes his arm whips him across the ropes, Box comes off and Kendrix times it perfectly and is able to drop the Strongman with an impressive looking Neckbreaker. Kendrix quickly floats over and presses into a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Box powers out.

Box is quick to his feet and again he comes with a hard clothesline, and again Kendrix is able to get under neath of it. Kendrix acting quickly brings his shoe into the back of Box's knee causing him to buckle slightly.

Ace: Kendrix trying to take Boxer's feet out from under him here.

Blackfront: Not a bad strategy for a guy who seems like he's throwing everything and the kitchen sink tonight.

Kendrix floats next Box, facing him but slightly behind. Kendrix reaches under Box's arm and places the palm of his hand on the back of the WarGod's neck. Quickly Kendrix lits Boxer up, turns, and falls forward to the mat, slamming Box back first with a Half Nelson Slam.

Blackfront: Kendrix with a big slam there, and he pushes into a pin. Quickly the official is in for a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: And again the Strongman powers out. What is it going to take for Kendrix to put Bronson Box away?

Ace: I KNOW RIGHT?!

Kendrix argues that it should've been three. The official says two. Kendrix says three, the official says two. Kendrix turns his attention back to Boxer who is up and ready to fight. A hard right, another hard right, and finally a third drive Kendrix back into the ropes. Box throws him across hard, on the way back Boxer drops him with a clothesline. Kendrix rolls through, he storms in to close on Box, he rushes with a forearm. Box sees this and presses backwards, using the rope as leverage as he moves forward off the ropes and throws a hard Pendulum Lariat that sends Kendrix flipping down to the mat.

The fans pop.

Blackfront: Kendrix nearly broken in half there.

Box slumps into the corner, tired, and sweating. The fans roar. Box wills Kendrix to his feet, motioning for him to get up, wanting the fight to continue. Kendrix gets up punch drunk, staggering, and close to his breaking point. Box charges, Kendrix moves, Box collades with the turnbuckle. He's briefly caught off balance. Kendrix leaps, pushing down on Box's back shoulders while driving his own knees up into the center of Bronson's back.

Blackfront: Double Knee Backbreaker by Kendrix. Out of deseperation. Both men down in the ring.

Ace: They're going all out here tonight. ONE...

TWO....

Blackfront: Both men are spent. THREE...

FOUR...

Ace: Who's it gonna be? FIVE...

SIX...

Kendrix slumps himself over Box who hasn't gotten up yet. The ref slides in for the count. ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Blackfront: Box gets the shoulder up. TWO COUNT.

Ace: And this one keeps going.

Kendrix staggers to his feet, he pulls Box up. Box is ready for him, a quick headbutt clears space. Box charges closer, boots Kendrix, puts him down in between his legs in a Double Underhook.

Blackfront: Ought oh. I think I know what's coming here.

Box lifts Kendrix up into a Powerbomb, takes two massive steps forward, and launches Kendrix. However, Kendrix throws his body down as Bronson throws him, causing Box to go over and forward, turning upside down as he slams into the corner.

Blackfront: Kendrix with a hurricarrana reversal!

Kendrix starts to crawl forward away from Bronson who crumples to the canvas.

Ace: That right there shows you the difference between Kendrix now and Kendrix prior to Dynasty. He's smarter, quicker, and just better at everything including reversals.

Bronson rolls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to a knee, holding his head. Kendrix rolls over to a knee, his other leg extended out to hold his balance.

Blackfront: This one continues now

Bronson pushes up and stomps toward Kendrix who brings his leg in. As Bronson fumbles forward with his forearms swinging, Kendrix leaps up, grabs the back of his head and throws his knees into the face of Box before dropping down.

Blackfront: BUT NOT FOR LONG! THE BELL END! THE BELL END!

Ace: This one's over!

Blackfront: Kendrix going for the cover...

The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: Two.. THREE!

The bell begins to sound as Kendrix pushes to his knees and then up, his arms in the air as the fans boo.

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

Blackfront: Kendrix with a huge win here tonight, putting away the Wargod.

Ace: Did you expect anything else?

Kendrix's music plays as he continues to celebrate in the ring.

Place Your hand on Mine

The crackle of a flame can be seen in a dark room upon a single candle. From the shadows we see a figure appear. It is The Good Reverend. As he steps from the shadows, still half covered, you can see a larger figure behind him. The Reverend places his hand up, facing the screen, as he closes his eyes.

Reverend: Brother Lisil.... Oh Brother... I know you are watching. He takes a deep breath.

Reverend: Brother Lisil.. place your hand upon your screen and press it against mine... For now if your time of redemption.. for now if your time to feel HIS power... and HIS word...

His eyes glare straight forward.

Reverend: Do you feel it Brother? Do you feel HIM within you? He begins to laugh.

Reverend: No longer do you need to portray yourself as a false prophet! Let it go Brother... LET IT GO!

Brother Judas moves closer to the camera, a little more of his monster-like figure being illuminated by the small light.

Reverend: Do not fear us Brother Lisil.. for HIS love will allow you to redeem yourself... He begins to laugh more as the flame flickers before going out and the darkness fading.

Brought to You By

Chillin' With Colt... Exclusivly on WrestleUTA.com

Your UTA World Champion Is Speaking

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play over the sound system in the Palacio de los Deportes.

As the opening riffs begin Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely step onto the entrance ramp. The two are followed by CBR and Marshall Owens. Sean Jackson comes out slowly, rubbing his right hand on the Ace In The Hole briefcase.

Blackfront: Dynasty making their way to the ring. The first time we've seen the group together in this post Ring King international tour.

Cameras focus in on Mikey Unlikely, who pushes the camera out of the way.

Blackfront: After the UTA Draft, Mikey Unlikely the only member of Dynasty not on the Wrestleshow roster.

Ace: Dynasty is always around, Jason. Remember that.

Blackfront: It does not appear that The Champion is with the group.

Ace: I know for a fact that La Flama Blanca is in the building. I'm sure his entrance will be grand! Kendrix walks close to the barriers looking out into the Mexico City crowd. CBR walks straight down the ramp pointing and saying something at the camera. The music and booing in the arena drown his voice out.

Ace: Dynasty STILL on top of the UTA Universe. They dominated Ring King... Sean Jackson climbed the ladder to retrieve the Ace In The Hole briefcase, becoming the first ever contract winner in UTA history.

A short re-play of the Ace In The Hole Ladder Match hits your screen.

Ace: Then.. in the Main Event, we saw La Flama Blanca take on Alex Beckman. Soon after the AITH footage, the Main Event highlights.

Blackfront: That we did. La Flama Blanca with a huge win over the undefeated Alex Beckman. That was only half the story, folks, Sean Jackson came out during the match and we all thought he was going to cash in on La Flama Blanca. He did not, and Dynasty won out in the end.

We cut back to the arena where Mikey Unlikely is the first into the ring, followed by Kendrix. Owens walks up the ring stairs as CBR and Sean Jackson take their time getting to the ring. Ace: The crowd in Seattle was going wild, only to have the rug pulled out from under them, one more time!

CBR enters in through the top and second rope. Sean Jackson still on the floor looks out into the crowd and holds his Ace In The Hole briefcase high into the air.

Ace: Mr. Ace In The Hole, ladies and gentlemen! Get a good look at Sean Jackson!

Jackson soon makes his way up the ring steps, and finally into the ring. The Dynasty members pat Jackson on the back and shoulders as he moves toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Dynasty despite being pitted against one another showed some solidarity at Ring King.

Sean Jackson continues to show off the Ace In The Hole Briefcase to the world. The fans boo the sight before them as Dynasty clap for Jackson. Cameras outside the ring get a close up of the briefcase.

Ace: That's what teams do, Jason! All that mattered is that the briefcase... as well as the UTA World Championship stayed within Dynasty.

Marshall Owens walks over to announcer Jonathan Franklin, and asks for a microphone. He turns and walks back towards Dynasty who are near the middle of the ring. He stops and looks at the Dynasty members and then towards the fans.

Owens: My name... is Marshall Owens. I represent these fantastic athletes and gentlemen in the ring this evening.

Blackfront: Get your puke bags ready, folks.

Ace: Quiet, Jason!

Owens: One man is the biggest entertainer on the planet. Another man held the Internet title for Two Hundred and Thirty Seven days straight.

Owens takes a breathe and continues going down the line.

Owens: We have the next big thing in the sport of professional wrestling... Then there is the living legend, the all time great.

The Dynasty members get hyped up by Marshall's words. He knows how to rally the troops as well as build them up.

Owens: There is... a missing piece to this puzzle. A rather large piece of the puzzle here in the UTA. The man who stands alone on top of the mountain. A man who defeated the one who he wasn't supposed to beat.

Marshall Owens pauses as the fans start to turn around. They know who he is referring to. Owens: I'm talking about none other than the REIGNING, DEFENDING, AND UNDISPUTED UTA World Champion... LA FLAMA BLANCA!

The UTA logo is displayed on the screen high above the ring, dead center of your HD Television. "Down" by Yelawolf begins to play. A video package of LFB's greatest moments rolls on the big screen. Cameras turn towards the entrance ramp. The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca

walks through the curtain.

Ace: The Champ is here! Listen to this crowd!

Blackfront: They're cheering?!

The fans cheer for their hometown hero. A very odd sight to behold. He looks dressed to impress with a fine new gray suit. Flaunting his new "I'M THE ONE" t-shirt in black under his jacket, and his UTA World Championship title belt over his right shoulder.

Ace: There's the longest reigning UTA World Champion in history, Jason. LFB stops putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: Many have taken their shots at him during his reign. His win at Ring King might have quieted the critics.

He gets a nice round of applause as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. The Luchador pauses for a few seconds, seeing fans faces, knowing they are in the palm of his hand.

Blackfront: We haven't heard this kind of response to La Flama Blanca in a UTA arena in almost a year.

Ace: These fans here in Mexico are showing their respect to one of the greatest athletes to ever come out of this country.

Blackfront: We all remember the last time UTA was in Mexico... The Super Kick heard round the world.

Ace: LFB bought in to Dynasty and almost a full Three Hundred Sixty Five days later, he's the UTA World Champion Blanca walks down the ramp as the video package ends and "10-1" is then displayed on the big screen behind him. He keeps walking and is unaware.

Blackfront: I wonder when the balloons and confetti are gonna show up.

Ace: I hope there's a pinata!

Dynasty tries to get his attention by motioning him to turn around. LFB looks behind him for a second and then turns back. He points at the ring and back to the screen, as if asking if they did this.

Blackfront: Beckman's future is in question, Tommy. Beckman was attacked by Dynasty and broke her arm in the process.

When Blanca finally gets to the six sided ring he walks up the ring steps pointing his finger at the men in the ring.

Ace: Let's not talk about losers, Jason. I want to talk about winners, like Dynasty!

After stepping inside the hexagon ring he is met with applause from his friends and from the crowd. ]

Blackfront: The Champion getting a nice ovation from his hometown crowd. The fans in Mexico are on their feet!

Ace: This is Mexico's number one sport, Jason!

The fans continue to cheer the current UTA World Champion, the pride of Mexico. He shakes hands with each member of Dynasty, ending with Marshall Owens who brings him close and says something into his ear.

Ace: Looks like we are going to hear from The Champ.

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in the middle of the ring; Marshall hands him the microphone. The floor is all his.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, the UTA World Champion... La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront and Ace go silent. The Champion continues to look out into his people. Blanca holds the microphone towards his face.

La Flama Blanca: Your UTA World Champion is speaking...

The fans in Mexico cheer him. The members of Dynasty look around the Palacio de los Deportes, seeing their reaction to The Champion.

LFB: It's nice to be around some REAL wrestling fans for a change.

The fans explode again. Blanca nods his head up and down, feeling their excitement.

LFB: And... it's good to be home. It's nice to see that my home country has embraced me here tonight. El Campeón del Mundo está aquí en México.

The fans continue to cheer. La Flama Blanca is loving every second.

LFB: Now do me a favor, shut your mouths and listen to what I have to say.

The Champion laughs into the microphone as the fans quickly turn on him. The Dynasty

members also get a kick out of it.

Blackfront: That didn't last long.

Ace: Who needs these people when you're on top of the world, Jason?

LFB: I don't need anyone to cheer for me. Only reason any of you clapped is because I was born in this disgusting landfill of a country.

The fans erupt in one massive boo. The arena is deafening.

LFB: But you all should have been clapping anyway. Yeah... You all were on your feet like you needed to be. Cheering the man who defeated the unbeatable.

LFB opens up his jacket to show of his brand new t-shirt. The fans continue to show their displeasure.

LFB: Hot off the presses! I am the ONE! I was the first person to defeat Alex Beckman... He stops himself.

LFB: Or as we like to call her... Alex Broken-arm. Hope she enjoyed the fruit basket I had shipped to her house.

The men in the ring have a nice laugh at Beckman's expense. The people in the arena wave their anti-Dynasty signs in anger.

LFB: I am the one who went up against the monster, the machine... and I killed it. See that... See the big screen, that's Alex Broken-arm's record. I defeated Alex Beckman in the middle of the ring. That is something none of you can take away from me!

The fans boo the remarks from LFB.

LFB: I shocked you all. You all bought in to what Mike Best was feeding you. I told the world I was going to win... and I did. I proved without a shadow of a doubt, that I am the BEST in the WORLD!

The fans continue to show their hate for the man standing in the middle of the ring.

LFB: No matter who the next challenger is, no matter what show they come from... Your fate will be much like Alex Beckman's. The "Year of the Luchador" continues.

La Flama Blanca extends his hand with the microphone over to Marshall Owens. Blanca steps over to Sean Jackson, putting his hand on his shoulder.

Owens: Ladies and gentlemen... your World Champion. Give him a big hand!

The fans boo as LFB holds up his left hand graciously towards them. The ring soon is filled with balloons. White, black, and gold colored balloons fall from the arena ceiling.

Owens: Show him the respect he deserves. This man should be thanked by each and every one of you.

Blackfront: I knew it was only a matter of time...

Cameras get a shot of the balloons which have "10-1" printed on them.

Ace: Woo! Those are a collector's item, Jason!

The fans are getting more and more angered but Owens quickly cuts them off.

Owens: La Flama Blanca saved this company from the mouth, the bravado of Mike Best. You should all be kissing his feet.

Owens still holds the microphone to his mouth. He looks over at his client La Flama Blanca and puts a smile on his face.

Owens: This man shouldn't be hated. La Flama Blanca needs shown the proper respect and gratitude. So Dynasty and myself included did just that. You all saw the video package. LFB beating the who's who in the UTA. That was just the beginning.

Marshall goes into his suit jacket and pulls out a little black jewelry box.

Owens: Since the UTA has done NOTHING to honor this man for being the first UTA Superstar to win the UTA Triple Crown...

Owens gets even more smug, if that's possible.

Owens: Not only did La Flama Blanca win all three titles, he held them ALL at the SAME TIME. LFB is the first and last to ever achieve this feat, for that WE would like to present him with this... Owens hands LFB the box and he looks at it humbly.

Owens: That is a one of a kind Dynasty Triple Crown ring. That ring has more diamonds than your UTA World title! The one and only in existence.

The Champion soon opens it. LFB puts the ring on his right hand's ring finger. His eyes gaze as the lights above make the diamonds around the ring shine bright.

LFB: Thank you, thank you. It's amazing.

The men in the ring clap for La Flama Blanca. The fans in the arena aren't happy with what is going on inside the six sided ring.

Owens: That's not all! No... there's one more thing! This I KNOW you will enjoy. I took that very mask from your Ring King victory, and put it in a beautiful case. Then I sent it over to company headquarters in Orlando.

Now stills of photos taken at the UTA Headquarters in Orlando, Florida appear on the big screen. The images now hit your screen. The mask of LFB is displayed proudly by the main desk in the lobby of UTA HQ.

Owens: Now every time people step foot into Headquarters they can see greatness first hand. Now that... is how you treat a CHAMPION! We now return you to your regularly scheduled programming.

LFB stares at the big screen in front of him. He turns back and takes the UTA World title off his shoulder. His voice is picked up by Marshall's microphone.

LFB: I don't know what to say, guys...

Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and CBR congratulate La Flama Blanca as Sean Jackson stands behind them, looking down at his briefcase which is now being held in both of his hands.

Blackfront: Hey.. what is Sean Jackson doing? Ace: He's just adm--

WHACK@~!

Jackson brings the case up and forward, slamming La Flama Blanca in the head with it. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: MY GOD! SEAN JACKSON JUST ATTACKED THE WORLD CHAMPION!

Ace: What is going on?!

Jackson swings the case around and catches CBR in the side of the head with it. As he goes to his knees, Jackson brings the briefcase back down on top of his head this time. The fans continue to go crazy.

Blackfront: I have no idea what is going on Tommy. It appears that Sean Jackson is administrating his resignation from Dynasty!

Jackson charges Kendrix and Mikey who both side step him and drop to the canvas near the ropes. As they both slide

out, they each grab an arm of the champion and pull him from the ring. Jackson rushes over and yells at them as he holds onto the top rope with his free, non briefcase holding, hand.

Blackfront: Dynasty never saw it coming.

Ace: I'm so conflicted!

Jackson turns to CBR. CBR looks up at him. As Jackson rushes CBR, CBR quickly rolls under the ropes and outside of the ring. Sean Jackson can be seen screaming out toward Dynasty who are yelling back.

Blackfront: Folks.. I can tell you now, no one saw this coming. Especially after Ring King where Sean Jackson seemingly helped La Flama Blanca retain the World Championship!

Ace: SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON!

The group and the former member continue to yell back and forward as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

During the Commercial

Blackfront: Folks, during the commercial break, Dynasty was forced to the back by a slew of officials.

Ace: I still can't believe it Jason! Sean Jackson attacked Dynasty!

Blackfront: Enough is enough. Sean Jackson is a lone wolf. The former World Champion has drawn a line in the sand and has crossed it.

We get a show of the officials forcing Dynasty to go up the ramp during the commercial. La Flama Blanca holds his hand in pain.

Blackfront: Not the celebration the champion was hoping for. Ace: But what about that ring Jason?! WHAT ABOUT THE RING! The cage begins to lower as Sean Jackson stands in the ring.

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT.

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

Blackfront: Chris Hopper and Sean Jackson to meet for the first time ever in singles competition, but what do you think is going through his mind after what Sean Jackson just did to his one time friends?

Ace: He's thinking that maybe tonight isn't the night to face The Mental Rapist.

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer:: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area, stepping up and through the door of the cage as the referee closes it behind him.

Announcer:: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

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

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

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper unsure what to make of Sean Jackson, and quite frankly so am I!

Ace: You can't make anything of him, how about me?! A Sean Jackson-less Dynasty sounds like a new car with only three wheels! You have to have all four to drive right! He's a founding member for God's sake!

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Sean Jackson doesn't wait for the bell as he rushes Chris Hopper, slamming a barrage of forearms into his back. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: A more vicious Sean Jackson here tonight folks. A violent Sean Jackson.

Ace: A.. a traitor!

Chris Hopper drops to a knee as Sean Jackson continues to bring his forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: Jackson grabbing Hopper by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Holding the back of Chris' head, Jackson spins him around and slams his face into the side of the cage. The fans boo as Hopper grabs his face and stumbles backward.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper taste that steel early here in this match.

Ace: He may not be in Dynasty any more, but this is the Sean Jackson you have to admire Jason.

Blackfront: He's just ruthless.

Ace: It's great!

Chris Hopper shakes it off as Jackson comes forward, jabbing his fingers up and catching him in the eyes.

Blackfront: Jab to the eyes of Chris Hopper, this is all legal here in this type of match.

Chris closes his eyes and stumbles around with his arms out. Jackson grabs him from behind and sends him first into one of the turnbuckles. Hopper falls to the canvas, rolls over and while on his hands and knees, holds his head. Jackson leaps up, grabbing the cage and using the ropes to start climbing as the fans boo.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper looking to escape the cage now and take home a main event win over Chris Hopper.

Chris looks up, seeing Jackson, and begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Hopper trying to get up.

Ace: He's too late. Just like your career, it's over Hopper!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper up.. moving slowly, but moving...

Hopper heads over, places a foot up on the bottom rope and uses it to get more reach, grabbing the boot of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: He's got ahold of Sean Jackson. Jackson fighting.

Hopper pulls. As much as Sean Jackson tries to kick free, he can't. Jackson flies from the side of the cage, slamming to the canvas as Chris Hopper drops back down to one knee close to the ropes. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper able to save himself for at least a little bit longer. Sean Jackson hit that canvas hard.

Ace: Someone should check on him!

Jackson rolls over and starts to push himself up.

Blackfront: Jackson moving already. Chris Hopper now getting to his feet as well.

Hopper walks toward Sean Jackson. Bending over him, he grabs Jackson around the waist.

Blackfront: Hopper grabbing Jackson. He lifts him up vertically.

Blackfront: Oh my lord!

Hopper falls backward to a seated position.

Blackfront: PILEDRIVER!

Ace: CALL THE COPS! CHRIS HOPPER IS TRYING TO KILL SEAN JACKSON!

Blackfront: Both men down. Hopper tired from the relentless assault by Sean Jackson early on.. Sean Jackson now after his head driven into the canvas with that vicious piledriver.

Hopper sits up and the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper getting to his feet.

He looks down at Sean Jackson then up at the cage. The fans go crazy even more.

Ace: Get up Sean!

Hopper walks over and reaches up, grabbing the cage before he begins to climb. Blackfront: Chris Hopper now climbing the side of that cage. If he escapes, this one could be over.

Ace: No Jason, if he escapes this one will be over.

Blackfront: That's what I meant.

Ace: But not what you said.

Blackfront: You sure are a pain in the behind Tommy.

Hopper stops as he nears the top of the cage and looks back at Sean Jackson who is still on the canvas.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper sizing up the distance between him and Sean Jackson. What does he have on his mind?

Ace: Something stupid Jason!

Chris Hopper pushes off of the side of the cage, leaping down with an elbow out.

Blackfront: ELBOW DROP FROM THE SIDE OF THE CAGE! HE CONNECTS!

The roof explodes as Hopper lands the elbow drop. Sean Jackson holds his chest in pain. Hopper rolls on the canvas, holding his elbow.

Blackfront: Both men down. While Chris Hopper hit his mark, his is far from 100%.

The fans get loud with boos as from the back, we see the four members of Dynasty coming back. La Flama Blanca's hand is noticeably taped from the assault earlier. CBR is holding what looks to be bolt cutters in his hand.

Blackfront: What are these guys doing back out here?

Ace: They are going to show Sean what happens to traitors!

The outside referee rushes over and tries to tell Dynasty to stop, but they just push through him. Blanca points up to the lock on the cage door, directing CBR to take it off.

Blackfront: Dynasty looking to enter the ring. This could be bad for both Chris Hopper and Sean Jackson if they are successful.

Ace: There are no disqualification in this type of match also Jason. So they can enter the cage and this match will

continue.

CBR squeezes the bolt cutters hard, snapping the lock on the door. Kendrix grabs the chain and pulls it from the door, causing it to swing open. The inside referee rushes over, screaming for Dynasty to not get in the ring.

Blackfront: The four members of Dynasty are getting into the ring and they have two really dangerous weapons with them. Those bolt cutters and that chain that Kendrix now has a hold of. Dynasty enter the ring, one by one. They circle both men.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson the obvious target, but Chris Hopper looks as if he may be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Jackson rolls to his side as Hopper rolls over and begins to push his way up. Jackson finishes his roll, starting to push up as well.

Blackfront: Both men getting to their feet.

As they stand, back to back, Jackson and Hopper look at the men surrounding them.

Blackfront: Could this be? An alliance?!

Ace: I never would have seen this coming..

Suddenly Chris Hopper comes forward slamming a fist into the side of CBR's head causing him to drop the bolt cutters and then over catching Mikey Unlikely. Sean Jackson does the same to Kendrix. As he turns toward La Flama Blanca, the World Champion shoots a leg up.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KI- NO! SEAN JACKSON GRABS HIS LEG!

As Sean pulls La Flama Blanca's leg forward and throws an arm out, Blanca throws his upper body down, ducking the clothesline. He quickly crawls forward, and grabs the bolt cutters.

Blackfront: La Flam Blanca with those cutters.

Jackson reaches down as Blanca turns. He swings the cutters upward.

Blackfront: HOPPER GRABS THE CUTTERS!

He pulls them away from Blanca as Sean Jackson mounts the World Champion and begins to slam his fist hard into him. Hopper tosses the cutters over. As he does, CBR pushes his way up and charges, slamming into the midsection of Chris Hopper, taking him off of his feet.

Blackfront: Hopper now on the receiving end of CBR's fist.

Unlikely and Kendrix roll over and get up. They rushes over and grab Sean Jackson's arms, pulling him off of La Flama Blanca. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix saving the World Champion. Blanca rolls over and starts to crawl toward the door.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca slithering out of the ring like the snake he is.

Ace: Snake?! If anyone is a snake it's that dastardly Sean Jackson!

Jackson pulls his arms from the two Dynasty members. He slams a fist into the side of Mikey's head, sending him to the canvas. As he does, Jackson grabs the back of Kendrix's head and sends him over the ropes and through the door, slamming to the outside. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Jackson pulling CBR off of Chris Hopper now.

Behind them, Mikey escapes the ring under the bottom rope as well. CBR pulls away from Sean and leaps forward and down. Jackson grabs the chain from the canvas and stomps toward him as CBR quickly escapes.

Blackfront: Dynasty deciding they will handle this some other time as they quickly get out of the ring.

Hopper moves up and rolls to his knees before standing. He and Sean Jackson both yell at Dynasty outside of the ring, who regroup, yelling at the two as they back around the ring and start up the ramp to boos.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson and Chris Hopper both standing tall in the ring.

Ace: This is sickening.

Hopper turns to Jackson and looks at him as he breaths hard. Jackson nods to Hopper.

Blackfront: A respect here between these two.

Chris puts his hand out, offering to shake Jackson's. Jackson looks around as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: I never thought in a million years would I ever see this!

Jackson nods his head and smiles. However, instead of dropping the chain and shaking the hand of Chris Hopper, Jackson slams him in the face with it. Hopper falls to the canvas hard as the fans start to boo yet again.

Blackfront: There is no alliance. Only when convenient to Sean Jackson.

Ace: See! he's great!

Jackson throws the chain down. he points up at the top of the stage, yelling toward Dynasty before dropping down and covering Chris hopper. The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: Jackson sending a message to his former teammates before covering the King of Cool. Two.. Three. Sean Jackson wins, but how can you call that fair at all?

The bell begins to sound. Jackson pushes up as he music starts.

Announcer:: The winner of this match via pin fall... SEAN... JAAACKKSSOONN!!!

The fans boo loudly as the cage begins to rise. Dynasty stand at the top fo the stage, yelling down at Jackson as Sean just stands tall in the center of the ring, staring up at them. The referee hands Jackson his Ace in the Hole briefcase. Jackson raises the briefcase high above him as he continues to send a message up top.

Blackfront: What a night this has been. Sean Jackson has removed himself from Dynasty, attacking each member. Then, as Dynasty sought retribution, Jackson would team with Chris Hopper to run them out of the ring.

Ace: Thanks for the recap of what we just saw.

Blackfront: That alliance would just be temporary as Sean Jackson viciously attacked him with that chain.

The cage is fully up and the scene is one of drama as the fans boo loudly and the members of Dynasty stare at Mr. Ace in the Hole.

Blackfront: Folks.. this is far from over and there are many questions that need to be answered.. but for tonight, I'm Jason Blackfront with Tommy Ace wishing you a great night and we'll see you

next week on Victory!

The copyright logo comes up as we fade to black.

## Show Credits

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