

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 45

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** October 12, 2015

## Results

### WrestleShow

Segment

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: We're live here from Puerto Rico! The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: That's right folks, the International Affair tour continues as we march toward the Tokyo Dome show on November 18th.

Ace: We're going to bring the UTA to all parts of the world. It's going to be great! Blackfront: But first, we kick off tonight's show with the one and only, Chris Hopper! Ace: Oh, well, you sure know how to ill a mood Jason.

Welcome to the Show

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cuts through the crowd noise as he screams, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT. As the pyro exploded, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper stepped out from behind the curtain. Hopper, wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and a loud reception from the Puerto Rico UTA fans, walks down to the ring. Reaching out, he slaps hands with the fans as he slides into the ring.

Blackfront: There is one of the icons of our spo...

Ace: I'm calling you out on that. Hopper is far from an icon.

Blackfront: The man has literally been all over the world performing at the highest of levels and fans seem to back him everywhere he goes. What would you call that?

Ace: An old man long past his prime.

Blackfront: Show some respect for crying out loud!

He works the crowd in his normal ways before being handed a microphone by one of the stage hands at ringside and makes a motion for his music to be cut off. And then he raises the microphone and speaks.

Hopper: Esta noche es una gran noche para la lucha libre en una de las ciudades más apasionantes del mundo.

The fans erupt as he smiles widely.

Hopper: Esta es la noche en que la UTA empieza a entender lo que significa cuando digo que soy el Rey y me verán ganar un más excelente triunfo dentro del ring de lucha libre

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 takes his right fist and beats it against his chest then points to the fans in every

direction, making the pop even louder.

Ace: Spanish again? These people here are worse sheep than back home!

Blackfront: They love him! Get used to it.

Ace: You would think they would come up with something more original for him than "big daddy." Blackfront: It doesn't matter the phrase being chanted, but the emotion with which it is being done and Hopper's following, regardless of what some might think, is massive all around the world.

Ace: Drinking kool-aid again?

Chris finally raises the microphone again as he faces the camera side of the crowd.

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 tonight was a great night for wrestling in one of the most passionate cities in the world. And I also said that tonight was the night when the UTA begins to understand what it means when I say I am the King and they will see me gain a most excellent triumph inside the wrestling ring.

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: And that is the ice cold truth, people. I am so excited to be here in a land known for its fierce fighting and beautiful women!

Another cheap pop for the South American reference causes a short pause and then he continues.

Hopper: Last time out, I learned a valuable lesson... We hear our announcers as Chris pauses.

Ace: Yeah, you learned never to trust Sean Jackson especially when he has a chain in his hand.

Blackfront: Let the man speak!

He raises the microphone to his mouth.

Hopper: The year I have been in UTA has been wonderful, but one thing always seems to remain a constant. It seems that when big moments come, my moral compass causes me to do something that opens me up for a downfall.

He continues speaking, shaking his head in disgust.

Hopper: I get put against females with everybody knowing I won't lift a finger to hurt them. Anytime I face someone from Dynasty, I get sneak attacked in some fashion. Most recently by Sean Jackson when I truly thought he finally saw the light of how he was being used by those snakes in the grass.

Chris' face looks agitated as he speaks.

Hopper: Perhaps it is my desire to believe the best in somebody or maybe....just maybe, it is the fact that I desire to be as moral and upstanding as I can be at this point in my career. But it seems like every time there is a chance to let my guard down, it happens at the worst moment and usually costs me a chance to have some gold around my waist.

Another pause we hear the announcers over the view.

Ace: It's because you are a rub, Hopper! You're an absolute rub! Blackfront: Only you think that, Ace. Hopper is one of the best at heart. Ace: Whatever.

Chris continues with an angry look on his face.

Hopper: I don't know about each and every one of you, but I am sick and tired of allowing myself to get taken advantage of.

He points to the ground as if making a point.

Hopper: That ends tonight! Another crowd pop.

Hopper: Tonight Dylan Windsor finds out about this first hand. The British Lord will step in the ring with the King of Cool and get taught a lesson on how to face humility right in the teeth. I'm going to beat him down like a dog and give the entire UTA roster something to think about when they think they can ever take advantage of me again!

The crowd begins cheering, backing what Hopper is stating.

Hopper: And Dynasty better be watching because if I ever get my hands on any of you again, I'm going to be merciless. I have had enough of you, and so have these great fans!

The fans erupt again.

Hopper: But pay attention to Windsor tonight, boys. I'm going to take him down, around and show him the town. And just when I decide that the little Brit twit has had enough, I'm going to grab him by the head and drop him 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!! TRE.....

At that moment the opening riffs to Let 'Em Come by Scroobius Pip hit the arena, cutting Hopper off. The voices of the crowd go from chanting with Hopper to erupting in boos as Kendrix, the shortest tenured member of Dynasty, walks out from the back and stands in the entrance way.

Ace: Yes!!! Finally someone has shut that idiot up. Thank God for Kendrix!

Blackfront: This young man has been on a roll in the UTA since joining Dynasty. But let's not forget that it was Hopper who beat Kendrix during his Dynasty reveal.

Wearing his ring attire and holding the microphone up to his bearded face he speaks with his thick British accent.

Kendrix: Listen yeah...JFK has honestly heard enough from you Hopper. In fact, JFK thinks we've ALL had enough of you.

He pauses as the crowd erupts in boos again. We hear our announcers.

Ace: Finally a man speaking the truth out there to this crowd!

Blackfront: No, he's interrupting and hijacking a segment. A tactic he no doubt learned from his Dynasty cohorts.

Kendrix continues with that trademark cocky look on his face.

Kendrix: Bruv, JFK needs to let you in on a little secret. JFK is out here to save you from yourself. Now, It's never easy watching someone stick around longer than they should. Let's face it, You're PREDICTABLE...You're BORING...and quite frankly Chris...you're OLD HAT, MAAATTTEEE! It's actually downright pathetic.

Hopper's face is turning red with anger as he stands in the ring looking out to the brash young man who dared interrupt his time with the fans.

Kendrix: You want proof? You want me to prove just how boring you are?

The view has Hopper's face being shown on the big screen directly behind Kendrix so we see the reactions Chris is giving as the young man speaks.

Kendrix: You walked out here and did exactly the same thing you did last Wrestleshow. You spoke Spanish to get them to like you, no clue why you bothered with that considering how disgusting this country is, but you did it anyway. You talked smack about Dynasty, crying like a little girl and then made a bold statement about how things would be

different.

Closing his eyes he opens his mouth out wide, yawning and patting it with his free hand. Kendrix: It's all the same stuff! And what annoys JFK is that these mugs watching lap it up and actually believe you. Ha, JFK guesses the more that you say something the more stupid people will believe you, innit? It seemed to work on Sean Jackson a few weeks ago, that's for sure.

Looking into the camera he throws his, less than polite, trademark closed fist gesture aimed at his former mentor. Turning his attention back to Hopper, his cocky look turns serious. Eyes focussed, he strokes his beard and shakes his head in disgust before pacing from left to right across the stage.

Kendrix: But Sean can wait Chris. Right now, JFK is TIRED...of you hanging around with your old man smell. JFK is TIRED...of Dynasty having to beat your arse down time and time again. Chris raises the mic as e has had enough.

Hopper: Listen kid, you don't have the right to be out here right now. This is my.... He stops pacing abruptly as he returns to the centre of the stage.

Kendrix: You, You, You! Why can't you focus on what is important old man?

Chris's face can be seen on the screen behind Kendrix and he is getting very irritated at the brash Brits interruption.

Kendrix: I'll tell you what is important, Chris...JFK is tired of you...HOGGING HIS AIRTIME! So why don't you do us all a favour and jog on out of here so that these people can finally be entertained by the future of this business!

He modestly places his free hand onto his chest while looking out at the crowd to his right and then to his left with his cocky smirk slapped across his face.

Kendrix: You se.....

Hopper holds up a hand and interrupts again as this kid is really grinding his gears..

Hopper: I've had just about enough of your lip. You want to claim your spot as "the future," then by all means walk your mouthy ass down the aisle and step on in here.

He gestures for him to come on down.

Hopper: Otherwise, I suggest you shut up or I'll simply drop you again like a bad habit. I've been around awhile...

Kendrix: (interjecting) Oh, I know, bruv. Too damn long, honestly.

Hopper: I have had enough. Bring your annoying ass down here right now and take the beating you obviously want these people to witness you receiving. I'm sure they have had enough of you already because I have for damn sure reached my limit of tolerance with your disrespectful culo! Crowd begins to get behind Hopper and Kendrix stands there as Hopper's eyebrows both raise in a questioning mode.

Hopper: Well?

Rubbing his jaw line, Kendrix looks out at the crowd, his cheeks angrily puffed out before returning his attention on Hopper.

Blackfront: Kendrix seemingly still feeling the effects of the ice breaker he received from the top of the ladder in the Ace in the Whole match at Ring King.

Kendrix: I'll do what I want in my own time, not yours, bruv.

Chris does the wanker gesture back toward Kendrix and the fans cheer.

Hopper: I thought as much. Tough to get all chesty without your Dynasty buddies helping you out. Tal vez usted realmente es sólo la pequeña perra del grupo, ¿eh ?

The fans erupt at the spanish he speaks, though no translation is given. Through sheer frustration, Kendrix starts walking toward the ring and the fans get excited.

Kendrix: You wanna go at it right now bruv?

Hopper: I'm standing right here, kiddo....

But he stops just before the end of the aisle and shakes his head.

Kendrix: Not today old man.

The crowd boos as Kendrix walks backward up the aisle.

Hopper: Where you going, BRUV?

The crowd cheers Chris using JFK's own verbiage back at him as Kendrix shakes a finger. Kendrix: JFK's a busy man bruv. As well as preparing for his match later tonight, he's already had his way with your whore of a daughter. You did get the little picture, right gramps?

Hopper: SON OF A B-

He drops the microphone and gets through the ropes in record pace, running up the aisle toward where Kendrix was. JFK has already taken off backstage, Hopper is in pursuit as he disappears behind the curtain..

Blackfront: I wouldn't want to be in Kendrix's shoes right now, Ace.

Ace: Hopper better be careful because he just gave the world a bird's eye view of how to push his buttons. Dynasty will have a field day with that.

Blackfront: I hope security is on guard backstage because if Hopper gets his hands on Kendrix, no clue what he will do.

Brought to You By

Smoove's I'm A 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: After a year and a half absence, Lucius Jones made his return to Wrestleshow two weeks ago in an impressive match up.

Ace: Doctor Lovegood was physically dominating too, until Quinlan caught him off guard with the 'Sick Kick' to rip victory from his grip.

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: Well even in defeat, the UTA Universe has continued to welcome Jones back with open arms.

Ace: How could they not? He has Cracka Smacked his way into all of our hearts.

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 over 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.

As the opening chant of Supplication by Sami Yusuf begins over the sound 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. Staring straight up at the ceiling, he speaks softly to himself in Arabic.

Blackfront: And here comes Abdul Ahad, who himself made his return at WrestleShow 44 after a year long absence.

Ace: And like Jones, Ahad was impressive in his return up until the point where CBR hit the 'Crab Drop' for the three count.

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

He makes his way down the ramp, continuing to stare up towards the ceiling, still mumbling Arabic to himself.

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: Last week's defeats behind them, both these superstars have a great opportunity in front of them tonight.

Ace: Well, one will Jason. One will move on into a number one contendership matchup next WrestleShow for the Legacy Championship, while the other slumps to oh and two in their return. The two men begin to circle as the bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

DING! DING! DING!

The two meet in the middle of the ring and are quick to engage in a collar elbow tie up. After a very brief standoff, the size and power of Jones is a bit much for Ahad, who is quickly driven back into the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: I don't think trying to go power for power with Jones is the best idea.

SLAP!

Ace: Ouch! That'll take the wind outta your sails.

After trying to put his palm through Ahad's chest, Jones grips both hands underneath Ahad's arms. Thrusting himself out of the corner, he lifts Ahad with ease, sending him somersaulting hard towards the center of the ring.

Blackfront: The power of The Doc!

Ahad is quick to a knee, with his back arched in discomfort. Not waiting for Abdul to get to his feet, Jones is quick to follow through with a thrust kick the side of his head that drops him to his back. Going for the quick pin attempt, the ref drops for the count.

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. KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Kickout just after two. Jones isn't messing around tonight.

Ace: Stakes are high in this one Jason, and Lucius realizes that.

Grabbing onto Ahad's head, Jones begins to pull him to his feet. As he is almost vertical, Abdul slaps Jones arms outwards, and thrusts his hand into Jones throat. Stepping back to create distance, Abdul swings and connects with a hard thigh kick.

Blackfront: Quick strikes from Abdul A.

He doesn't stop at one kick, and follows through with another. Then another. Jones goes to protect his right leg, and Ahad switch hits, connecting with a shot on his left.

Blackfront: Taking a page out of Quinlan's book from last Wrestleshow, trying to chop the big man down to size.

Ace: You think Jones would have learned from last week.

Tired of being a kicking bag for Ahad, Jones lunges forward with a wild clothesline attempt that is easily dodged by Abdul, who takes the rear position. Putting his foot into the back of Jones knee causes the him to crouch down just enough for Ahad to hook his head...

Blackfront: Reverse DDT!

Ahad is quick to transition into a pinfall attempt, trying to hook on of Jones tree trunk legs for leverage.

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Kickout!

Ace: Get up and start pimp slapping your way around that ring Jones!

Ahad is the first to his feet, and takes position in the corner turnbuckle. Jones is now to his knees, his back facing Abdul who appears ready to take off in a sprint. Finally to his feet, Jones is slightly disoriented as he turns around to a running Ahad...

Blackfront: Big Boot! Wait...

Jones catches the launched left leg of Ahad with his right hand, using his momentum against him to lift him up. Catching him in air, Ahads legs are wrapped around Jones' head, and Jones has his arms positioned across Ahad's midsection. With one quick, violent motion, Jones slams downwards.

Ace: Powerbomb!

Blackfront: Jones used Ahad's momentum against him and reversed the big boot into a neck snapping powerbomb!

Jones stumbles backwards, eventually into the ropes. Draping his arm over the top rope for a quick breather, he looks over at Ahad who is rolled through onto his stomach and is barely moving.

Ace: What are you waiting for! Pin him Lovegood, pin him!

Jones lumbers over to Ahad who is attempting to army crawl to the ropes. Jones halts his

progress by placing his boulder of a foot in the center of his back, and uses him as a stepping stone.

Blackfront: Ahad is screaming out in agony.

Ace: Wouldn't you too if you had a four hundred pound chocolate statue standing on your back? Why aren't you pinning him Jones!

Instead of going for the pin, Jones lifts Ahad to his feet, before lifting him up, straddling The Missionary overtop his shoulder. Walking towards the corner, he sits Ahad on the top turnbuckle. Jones begins to ascend the ropes.

Blackfront: It looks like Jones is going to attempt a superplex.

Standing on the middle rope, he has Ahad's head hooked, and is trying to lift him up. Ahad has his legs wrapped and gripped around the ropes doing his very best to avoid the high impact move. Out of desperation, he begins throwing punch after punch after punch.

Blackfront: Ahad with the flurry of punches trying to fend off Jones.

Ace: He should have went for the pin when I suggested it...

Ahad puts all his strength into shoving Jones off the ropes, who lands on his feet, stumbling backwards. Jones is quick to head back towards the corner, but is met with a... Blackfront: Missile Dropkick!

Ace: Jones is still on his feet!

Again stumbling backwards, Jones falls into the ropes, rebounding quickly towards the middle of the ring. Ahad wastes no time getting off the canvas after the dropkick, and as Doctor Lovegood is rumbling towards him, he starts to spin around...

CRACK!

Blackfront: Did you hear that roundhouse kick!

Ace: Ahad damn near took Jones head off! This is deja vu from last Wrestleshow!

Jones' legs fall out from underneath him as Ahad's foot connects with his face. Landing flat on his back, his head snaps slightly as Ahad falls onto the big man, draping over him for the pin.

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Kickout!

Blackfront: At the last possible second, Jones gets his shoulder up!

Ace: Should have pinned him earlier! This is for a shot at a shot at John Sektor and the Legacy Championship!

Ahad is grabbing onto his head in disbelief. Looking at the ref, he confirms that Jones did indeed kickout at two.

Blackfront: That could have been Ahad's opportunity right there.

Jones has begun to pull himself up, as Abdul has him lined up from behind. As Jones gets to his knees, he looks forward and realizes he is facing the jumbo screen showing the in ring action. He is able to see Ahad behind him and how he is positioned. As soon as he gets to his feet, he swivels his hips and spins with a high velocity...

SLAP!

Blackfront: CRACKA SMACKA!

Ace: The pimp slap heard round the world!

The force of the slap causes Ahad's legs to buckle, dropping him to the mat. The momentum of the swing also takes Jones off his feet, as he tumbles down to the canvas. Both men lay on the mat, as the ref checks on Ahad. Standing back up, the ref begins the count.

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Jones has begun to stir, Ahad still lay motionless. 3

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Jones is now to a knee, Ahad has rolled over onto his stomach. 5

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Jones has pulled himself to his feet, Ahad is now on his hands and knees. 7

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Blackfront: Jones breaks the referee's count, pulling Ahad to his feet.

Ace: Why? Does Jones not want a shot at a shot?

Jones lifts Ahad up into a torture rack position, and has a firm grip on Abdul. Bouncing up and down, the awkward stretching caused to Ahad appears to be quite painful.

Blackfront: Jones softening him up, looking to finish it off with HNIC.

Ace: What does that even mean?

Ahad begins to throw elbows wildly at Jones head with his left arm, while punching the top of his head with his right hand as a last resort. Jones begins to stumble, and eventually lets go of Ahad, who falls behind him.

Blackfront: Ahad has broken free!

Ahad takes off towards the ropes, rebounding towards Jones who is in the process of turning around. Once he catches view of Ahad, it is too late to react as he is leveled with... Blackfront: What a running lariat!

Ace: The big man is down.

Ahad wastes no time rolling Jones over onto his stomach. Sitting his two hundred and forty plus pounds on Doctor Lovegoods back, he quickly pulls his arms overtop his knees, before clutching his hands underneath Jones jaw.

Ace: No! He's locked in the camel clutch!

Blackfront: Ahad calls it Du'a. Jones is in agony here!

Jones kicks his legs around, trying to see if he can get one of his long limbs towards the ropes. After struggling and

coming to the sad realization he is nowhere near the ropes, he has no choice but to tap.

Blackfront: The referee is calling for the bell! Jones is tapping!

DING! DING! DING!

Announcer: Your winner of this match via submission.....ABDUL... AHAAAADDDDD!!!! Ace: And with that, Abdul moves on to the number one contenders match in two weeks time. Poor Doctor Lovegood....

Abdul releases the hold and falls over to the side. Jones holds onto his neck, as the referee grabs onto Ahads wrist, and helps him to his feet before raising his hand victoriously. Supplication by Sami Yusu has begun to play as Ahad celebrates, the scene fading elsewhere.

Brought to You By

International Affair Tour Continues!!

The screen fades from black to the UTA logo. A in-studio shot filmed earlier in the evening, greets UTA fans in the arena and watching at home. Dr. Emo stands in a circular room with a large hanging screen behind him showcasing the Victory logo.

Dr. Emo: Dr. Emo here with your quick recap of what you missed with Victory last week! What better way than to have the winner of the Chamber at Ring King, open the first post-draft Victory? The screens behind him light up with Eric Dane in ring.

Dr. Emo: Well how about the Wildfire Champion Abdul bin Hussain, maybe?

The screen divides into two sections with ABH and Rafiq arriving and then confronting Dane in the right. These windows suddenly gets shifted up, shrinking the two slots as one massive form takes the width of the screen. The waving and smiling form of one Bobby Dean.

Dr. Emo: Let's not forget Bobby Dean! But folks there was one more man in this jumble -- and he opened up with a statement. Courtesy of the Wildfire champion's block.

The three sections fade out and show Colton Thorpe entering over the guard rail and attacking ABH. The two two slots showing both a left and right view as the Thorpedo connected, while the bottom and side slow showed an impressive overhead view of the very same.

Dr. Emo: We'll get back to those two in a moment. After all we had the Tag Team Championships on the line! Lew Smith and the one and only Ron Hall brought it to the champions and just when it looked like Team Danger had it won, having pinned Ron Hall, the match was restarted with Lew Smith as the legal man. The fans held out hope.

A brief clip of the action mentioned plays behind him, up until the point where Smith lands with the double foot stomp, while Walker's spiked to the mat with the spiked pile driver. A near three count and the collective gasps of the fans filling the arena follow.

Dr. Emo: In the end however Team Danger was able to pull it out and add another notch to their UTA tag team reign.

Simon Says Die connects on Smith as he is then pinned for the Champions to retain.

Dr. Emo: From one set of champions to the golden boy and ultimo luchador, your UTA World Champion, La Flama Blanca who had a few choice words for the Ace in the Hole and defected Dynasty member, Sean Jackson.

The footage queues up and rolls portions of his interview with Rumor Man Stan. A more condensed version, much like Dr. Emo's recap. The focus being on LFB's strong statements of: "Sean Jackson, know this... You are a dead man walking. No matter where you try to hide... Dynasty WILL find you." and " Dynasty is always in the arena and The Champ goes where he wants, when he wants. The UTA better remember that...".

Returning back to Dr. Emo who can not help but smirk at the last remark.

Dr. Emo: The Champion goes where he wants, when he wants. No matter the rumors put out on our website by Rumor Man Stan himself -- that is an undeniable fact, folks. And while LFB was correct in that Sean Jackson would be in the arena, nobody expected who he would be conversing with.

A quick clip of the Ace in the Hole walking into Team Danger's locker room, having accepted Dane's invitation it would seem.

Dr. Emo: Could Jackson be trading in Dynasty for Team Danger? It is anyones guess but folks the key point to take away from Victory is this. And if you missed the show, and feel too lazy to watch the replay on the UTA Network, pay close attention.

With a wide grin he steps aside and points to the screen behind him, no longer obscured. It lights up once more. A clip by clip recap of the match plays out. Starting from the bell, with focus on the high spots and momentum shifts of the match.

The clip slows down as the Arabian Knight is performed to the astonishment of the crowd; but the knees of Colton raise and just as if someone hit the fast forward button on the remote, ABH hits

hard. Colton crawls his way over and locked in the guillotine choke. Keeping it locked in and applying the pressure until ABH taps to the amazement of all.

Dr. Emo: And like that we have a new Wildfire Champion. But you know what they say... no rest for the weary. Come next week on Victory in the Main Event, Colton Thorpe will put his newly won Wildfire Championship on the line against Hall of Famer Ron Hall, the man rising just as fast as the champ himself, Cayle Murray, and the former Wildfire Champion, Abdul bin Hussain in a fatal fourway. Also on tap for the night are:

The screen once more illuminates this time to the WrestleUTA.com website, showing the Victory breakdown.

Skylar Montgomery Vs Jack Hunter Amy Harrison Vs Marie Van Claudio Lisil Jackson Vs Bobby Dean Stephen Greer Vs B.R. Ellis

Lew Smith Vs. Mikey Unlikely

Dr. Emo: That will do it for me tonight. I will see you again in Johannesburg when we rock the Coca Cola Dome. until then enjoy the rest of Wrestleshow!

The clip fades back out to black as the show continues to plow forward.

Battle Ready by OTEP kicks in and the fans rise to their feet. Pink and purple lights explode around the arena, circling the crowd. Out of the back steps Sabring Baker. The fans cheer, and Sabrina is PUMPED UP! for her match this evening with Kendrix.

Blackfront: Sabrina Banker with a tall task here in front of her tonight. She's going one on one with Dynasty's own, Kendrix.

Ace: And I've gotta say, this is a cakewalk for JFK.

Sabrina points at some fans, singling them out. She slaps hands with fans on both sides of the barricade.

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio. Standing at five foot four, weighing in at one hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sabrina is on the apron, she smiles and suddenly back flips over the top rope. She lands on her feet in the ring as the crowd pops.

Announcer: SABRINNAAAAAAA BAKKKKKKER.

The crowd roars once again. But those roars are short lived.

The lights go out, "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA system and the crowd begins to boo. Black and white lights flash, out of the back walks Kendrix, a devious smirk ranging from ear to ear.

Blackfront: And there is Sabrina's challenger tonight, Kendrix.

Ace: An amazing talent. One of the fastest rising stars the UTA has ever and I mean EVER had. The track's drumming style picks up, Kendrix walks down the ramp twisting his neck working out a knot before his match. He's careful not to touch any fans.

Announcer: Hailing from London, England. Standing at six feet two inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

Kendrix slides into the ring on his belly, staring a whole into Sabrina.

Announcer: He is KENNNNNNDRRRRIIXXXXXXX.

As his name is called Kendrix sticks a solo hand into the air, the crowd throws boos down on him. He smiles and nods his head, soaking them in.

Sabrina Baker steps forward, the fans applauding her courage as Kendrix confidently strolls out of his corner. The official motions for the two to step forward and calls for the bell to sound to start the match.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker set for action here tonight against JFK himself, Kendrix.

Ace: And let me tell you something, Jason, this one is going to be over before it even starts.

Baker and Kendrix circle in the ring. Baker careful, she knows that one wrong move and this one could be over. The numbers are not in her favor here, she trades both height and weight to Kendrix for only a small advantage, if any, in speed. She knows she has to pick her spot.

The competitors circle again. Kendrix keeping light on his feet. He's looking for anything that might try to catch him off guard. He knows that as long as he can grind this match out, he should have it in the bag.

Kendrix rushes forward Sabrina does as well. BAM - their hands interlock with the other's forearms. Each wrestler digging deep trying to find their footing. After a momentary battle Kendrix establishes control with a side headlock.

Ace: And just like that, Jason, this one is over. Kendrix steamrolls from here on out.

Blackfront: Alright, Ace, we get it. You don't have to be so hard on Sabrina.

Kendrix smiles, wrenching the hold, some fans give him lip from the barrier. Kendrix whips Sabrina hard across the ropes, Sabrina bounces off, Kendrix smirks and bends down fully intent on launching her over his shoulder and onto the canvas as hard as he can. He looks up and is shocked when he's greeted with a hard slap across the face.

Blackfront: And one across the face for Kendrix, Ace. I'm sure a lot of fans, both here in Suan Juan and watching at home, have wanted to do that before.

Ace: That's horrible, Jason. She's going to pay. Kendrix is fuming!

Sure enough, Kendrix charges her with a head full of steam. Sabrina stands tall. She side steps Kendrix, quickly, pushing him into the ropes. Kendrix goes past, and bounces off the far side in a hurry to repay Sabrina, back across the ring. Sabrina takes advantage of Kendrix's hot head and scouts things very well. She squats down and mostly using own velocity against him, is able to roll Kendrix over into her bread basket. She lifts Kendrix, briefly and drops him square onto her knee!

Blackfront: BACKBREAKER by Sabrina! And she's in control to start this one.

Ace: No, no, no. This isn't how things are supposed to go.

She presses into a cover as quick as she can. The official slides in. ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Kendrix powers out of that one.

Kendrix gets to his feet. Sabrina throws a clothesline which Kendrix ducks underneath of. He grabs Sabrina's wrist pulls her in quickly. He lifts Baker straight into the air, without lifting a sweat. He lowers her some and then in a feat of strength, he squats down and lifts her right back up again.

Blackfront: Kendrix showing his strength here.

Ace: He's as fit as a fiddle. Look at him, Jason.

Boos come down, Kendrix smirks before falling back to the ring. Sabrina crashes harshly to the mat with him.

Blackfront: And Sabrina has got to be reeling from that one, Ace. Kendrix could have an easy night here.

Ace: What did I tell ya?

Kendrix thinks about pinning the UTA diva but shakes his head, no. The fans shout their disapproval. Kendrix picks Sabrina up slowly, clubbing the back of her neck. Working over her shoulders even with a few massive clubs.

Blackfront: Kendrix doesn't want to end this one just yet. Although, let's be honest, he probably could've.

Ace: He's going to embarrass Sabrina like she embarrassed him with that slap.

Kendrix backs Sabrina up into the ropes and sends her over quickly. Sabrina off the far side, scooped by Kendrix and dropped firmly onto his knee with a backbreaker mimicking hers earlier in the match. Kendrix smirks as the boos come in even louder.

Ace: He's PURE MUSCLE, Jason. It's unreal. I wonder if he'd let me workout with him.

Kendrix nods his head, he loves the boos. He picks Sabrina up again, more boos this time. Now he's short with her, a short jab, another short jab, another. He's working her over, forcing her back into the corner. When there, it's much of the same as Kendrix whips Sabrina across the ring. She collides with the corner hard, with a sick THUD.

Blackfront: Alright enough is enough if Kendrix was any sort of gentlemen he would end this.

Ace: And he will, Jason, when the time is right.

Kendrix bends down, eyeing Baker up who's breathing heavy in the other corner. Kendrix charges in, looking to bring a world of hurt to Sabrina, Sabrina turns her shoulder.

Blackfront: Sabrina with some life!

It doesn't do much but it stuns Kendrix. He wasn't expecting it. Sabrina only has a moment to act. She vaults herself up onto the second turnbuckle and leaps off. She wraps Kendrix's neck, throws her weight and spins, driving Kendrix to the ground with an impressive looking Tornado DDT. The fans explode out of their seats.

Blackfront: Sabrina takes control here, Ace.

Ace: This is outrageous!

Sabrina picks up the far leg, a look of hope on her face. ONE...

TWO...

Ace: And Kendrix kicks out.

Blackfront: I don't think anyone is doubting that Kendrix should win this one but Sabrina Baker is bringing it here tonight. Not going down quietly.

Sabrina stands up, letting out a yell as her emotions overtake her. She slaps the turnbuckle and some fans respond with hand claps, they rise up in the stands as Kendrix stumbles to his feet. Sabrina charges, Kendrix turns...

Blackfront: SPEAR! Spear from Sabrina, taking Kendrix down to the mat again.

Ace: Look at this jezebel attack Kendrix, get her outta there ref!

Sabrina has mounted Kendrix and is throwing lefts, rights, scratches, claws. Anything she can. She's even pulling a little bit of hair. The official separates the two of them, the fans giving her praise once again for standing tall against Kendrix.

Ace: Sabrina has a bit of an attitude on her tonight, Jason.

Blackfront: Yes she does, Ace. I think the chip on her shoulder is working in her advantage here.

Ace: Yeah, we'll see for how much longer.

Kendrix is up, he rolls his neck. He stares a hole across the ring at Sabrina who doesn't break his gaze. Kendrix takes two massive steps to close the distance, he throws a clothesline, Sabrina ducks underneath of it. She shoots up driving her forearm underneath Kendrix's chin, driving him backwards into the ropes.

Blackfront: The fight in this girl, it's pretty impressive, Ace.

Ace: It's annoying, not impressive.

Kendrix is sent across, he comes off the other side, and that's when Sabrina leaps into the air, delivering a cross body and knocking Kendrix back to the mat. She grabs his leg. Pin attempt! ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: And Kendrix is able to get out again! Sabrina is so close!

Ace: Close only counts in horeshoes and Nuclear War buddy.

Sabrina now with a full head of confidence lifts Kendrix to his feet. Kendrix shoots a right hand into her stomach, bending her over and really what more does he need?

He brings her head down as he brings his knee up, slamming her with the knee, sending her head back to the mat with a Facebreaker DDT. Instead of letting her fall, Kendrix slips in behind her and quickly grabs her waist and arches back connecting with a textbook German Suplex.

Blackfront: One into the other, as Kendrix shows off his own unique speed, Ace.

Ace: He can do it all, Jason. And let me tell you something if LFB doesn't watch out he just might find Kendrix challenging for that title real soon.

Blackfront: Good just what we need. More Dynasty see sawing with the World Title. There are plenty of other people who deserve shots at that title, Ace. Starting possibly with Mike Best.

Ace: Mike Best, are you crazy, Jason?! You've lost your mind!

In the ring, Kendrix rolls through. Keeping the waist locked he lifts Sabrina up for a second German.

Blackfront: I'm not crazy, Ace. What about Eric Dane? Doesn't he deserve a shot. The man won the Chamber Match.

Ace: And what about Sean Jackson, he has the Ace in the Hole?

Blackfront: And when he catches it in, it'll be something that we have seen before!

Ace: And it was great!

Kendrix rolls through one more time, delivering his final German in picture perfect form. He doesn't hold for a pin, but rather lets Sabrina collapse into a heap on the mat. Smirk on his face goes from here to China.

Kendrix drops to his knees, he's confident. He pins, lazily.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Sabrina gets her shoulder up in the nick of time. The crowd echoes the two count,

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!" and the match continues.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker is still hanging around in this one, Tommy. Are you worried at all?

Ace: Not in the slightest. Not in the slightest.

Both wrestlers are to their feet. Sabrina looking worse than Kendrix. Kendrix in quick, backing Sabrina up into the ropes. Kendrix whips Baker across, Sabrina comes across and slides through Kendrix's legs. She's up quick and dives with a shoulder, catching Kendrix in the knee.

Blackfront: Sabrina going low on Kendrix!

Kendrix stumbles backwards, as Sabrina rolls to her feet. She leaps into the air throwing her front foot forward and catches Kendrix with an improved dropkick right in the side of the temple.

Kendrix falls like a sack of potatoes.

Ace: What in the hell was that!? Where did that come from!? NO !

Sabrina dives in for the cover. Ref down to count it. The fans counting along. ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Ace: Kendrix kicks out!

Blackfront: Sabrina is holding her head. She can't believe it. That was everything she had. Sabrina stands, unsure of what to do. Still in disbelief that Kendrix was able to kick out. She thought the kick had caught him off guard just enough. It didn't. Kendrix stands, dazed but not enough.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker is bringing it all here tonight. And she could catch Kendrix.

Sabrina throws a sloppy clothesline, Kendrix ducks it and levels her with a closed fist uppercut that nearly takes her head off. The boos fly down. Kendrix pays them no mind. At this point he's all business, he's had enough.

Blackfront: And Kendrix nearly took Sabrina's head off there. This is terrible.

Ace: She wanted to hang tough instead of roll over and die. This is on her.

Kendrix picks a punch drunk Sabrina up and whips her hard into the opposite side ropes. As she comes back Kendrix acts, he leaps into the air, bringing his knees up showcasing some athleticism. He drives them right into Sabrina's face while bringing her head down. It's the Bell End.

Ace: BELL END! BELL END! This one is over. Over. OVER! Kendrix lays back into a pin, the ref slides in to count it.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The fans boo. Kendrix pops to his feet, the ref raising his hand in victory. He leans over the top rope and he spits out to the canvas, his mouth dry from actually having to try there for a few seconds. The fans continue to boo, Kendrix merely nods his head, slides out of the ring and heads up the ramp. He blows kisses to the fans as they continue to boo him to the back.

Balls

We cut backstage just as a locker room door swings open, banging its knob into the plaster hallway hard enough to shed some plaster. From within the locker room we see stride the long flawless gams of none other than business manager extraordinaire Jane Katze and behind her, her client the Bombastic Bronson Box. The Original DEFIANT is already dressed for war, his match with...

Scott Stevens: Boxer.

The Scorpion lifts away from the wall opposite The Wargod's locker room door, arms crossed, and takes a few steps towards the man he'll meet in battle in just a few short minutes. Bronson seems somewhat impressed by his adversary's impertinence.

Box: Well, least we got proof ye've got a pair on ye' before we go out there and punch the clock, aye boy?

Stevens: I wasn't blowing smoke up your ass when I said this match was a big one, Bronson. For both of us. Just wanted to look you in the eye before I go out there and stomp you into the canvas, send you back to The Big Easy with your tail between your legs.

Jane steps back and crosses her arms, motioning for Box to go ahead and handle things. Stevens: You on that short of a leash, Wargod? She got your balls in her purse or something? Bronson slowly approaches Stevens, the two almost bumping chests.

Box: Ye' don't have to poke and prod this one, boy'o... I'm more'n ready to start pickin' you apart. As the two men push into one another, forehead to forehead, UTA security starts to move in, several sets of hands each start the task of pulling the two men apart. Right before that task is complete Bronson rears back and plants an open hand slap that literally echos down the long cinder block hallway across The Scorpions left cheek. The scene escalates several notches as Bronson and Scott are dragged apart.

The two men yell back at one another over the din.

Stevens: YOU'RE DONE! YOU HEAR ME?!

Heated, but smiling a big wild smile Box allows the security to drag him back. Stevens on the other hand is another matter altogether. The Scorpion is right pissed.

Box: How's 'at fer' BALLS ye' wee prick? Aye?!

As Stevens is pulled towards the entrance curtain, Box is pulled back towards his dressing room if only to contain him for a few moments whilst Stevens makes his entrance to ringside. We cut quickly to Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace sitting, shocked the both of them.

Ace: Well that escalated quickly.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens wants the best Bronson Box he can get. This is a make or break moment for both men, they each need this win pretty badly. String two losses in a row, slippery slope.

Ace: That's all well and good, but he's dealing with a dude who keeps a giant rusty spike in his boot. I mean... you just

don't screw around with a guy who sports that facial hair and dosen't work in a used record store, Jason.

Blackfront: True enough, partner. True enough.

Why Did You Do It?

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

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

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen where you can see letters slowly fade in, forming Mr. Ace In The Hole.

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

Blackfront: Well ladies and gentlemen, here comes the man who delivered the shot heard round the world two weeks ago in Mexico City...

Ace: Why Sean, why?

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson steps out on the stage on his own. With the Ace in the hole briefcase in hand, there is a sadistic scowl on his face as he comes to a stop, still standing at the top of the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: After standing alongside his Dynasty brothers after the Ring King pay per view, many thought the friction between La Flama Blanca and himself was all just a ruse, that it was just another Dynasty screw job to get over on Wrestle UTA...

Ace: Why Sean, why? there has to be a reason for this. There just has to.

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

As he stands there, soaking in the chorus of boos, Sean taps the briefcase and begins making his way towards the ring.

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

The Mental Rapist is dressed in dark slacks and a grey button down shirt and dress shoes. As the camera slowly zooms in, something is sticking out of his pocket.

Franklin: He is Mr. Ace In The Hole...

Once at the metal ring steps, Sean hesitates momentarily before turning towards Bill Foster. As the former Dynasty member approaches the Time Keeper, he simply vacates his chair as Sean grabs the free microphone. The Time Keeper doesn't sit back down until the former World Champion has started back towards the ring.

Blackfront: You know, I always knew that Sean Jackson had a mean streak. But never in a million years would I have ever thought he would turn on Dynasty.

Ace: Me neither. I...I...just don't understand this.

Climbing up the metal steps, he stops just short of stepping through the ropes. Instead, he begins staring daggers at the fans close to ringside.

Franklin: "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: I don't think anyone understands this Tommy. La Flama Blanca and the rest of Dynasty were his brothers, his family...

Ace: They are...they were. They...

Tommy Ace stays confused as Mr. Ace in The Hole finally steps thru the ropes and begins pacing in front of the announce table. As he does, Blackfront and Ace follow him with their eyes.

However, not lost on anyone is the chants of Ass Hole which is mixed in with the heavy chorus of boos that are now filling the arena.

Jackson: It didn't have to happen Eddie....

The pacing stops with Sean standing in the middle of the ring.

Jackson: It didn't have to be this way.

Looking down, his voice never wavers and his facial expression never changes. It seemed he cared less about his brothers, or one brother in particular.

Jackson: Over the past two weeks, I have heard the same old tired question, from the same old tired people.

He looks back towards the camera, still no change in his tone or facial expression.

Jackson: Why did you do it Sean? why did you rip the very heart and soul from your Dynasty teammates?

The camera shot never leaves the image of Sean Jackson, still standing in the ring, still holding the Ace in the hole briefcase.

Ace: Yes Sean, why?

As if on cue, his voice gets deeper and more ominous as he answers.

Jackson: Well the answer to that question is May 31st, of 2015.

Blackfront: Wait a minute, that is the night of... Jason never gets to finish as Tommy Ace blurts out.

Ace: That's the night of Black Horizon Jason. I...I...thought Sean was over that? I thought the friction thing was a ruse?

Blackfront: Obviously not Tommy.

Ace continues to sit there, completely stunned. Meanwhile the former Dynasty member continues.

Jackson: The night that Eddie stabbed me in the back. The night that Eddie decided he wanted it all...

As he stands there, in the middle of the ring, Mr. Ace in the hole taps his leg with the handle of the briefcase, probably not even realizing he is doing it.

Jackson: The night he decided that being one half of the World Tag Championship wasn't enough...

Everyone can see his face getting redder.

Jackson: That being the Legacy Champion wasn't enough...

Now even Tommy Ace could understand the turn. He is desperately trying to hold it together, hoping against hope that this is just another ruse. That at any moment, La Flama Blanca and the rest of Dynasty would come from behind the curtain to stick the middle finger at the Ungratefults. Jackson: That living the year of the Luchador wasn't enough...

The Mental Rapist shakes his head.

Jackson: No, none of that was enough. So in an act of pure jealousy, Eddie decided that he wanted what was mine. Instead of waiting his turn...

He then walks over to the closest turnbuckle and after placing the briefcase on top, takes out the object in his pocket.

A replica La Flama Blanca mask.

It is now in his hand, positioned where the former Dynasty member could look straight into the eye holes.

Jackson: Instead of doing what was right, he said the hell with Sean Jackson, the hell with Dynasty, and stole the UTA World Championship from under me.

He begins to shake his hand, the fingers gripping tighter around the mask.

Jackson: You made me do it Eddie, you know you made me do it. I told you to wait your turn, that patience was a virtue. But no...

The former Dynasty member brings the mask down to eye level.

Jackson: You were above waiting. You wanted everything in the company to revolve around you, to have your name on it all, and to hell with everyone else. Well Eddie...

Mr. Ace In The Hole checks around the arena, his eyes still throwing daggers.

Jackson: It was a fight you wanted, so it was a fight I gave you. What I did two weeks ago, should have happened at Black Horizon. Instead of thinking you would do the right thing, I should have blasted you in the back of the skull and ended this year of the Luchador nonsense.

And back to the mask.

Jackson: Instead of you ending Beckman's streak, it should have been me. Instead of you breaking her arm, it should have been me cracking her cranium.

With frustration mounting, Sean's face was now just inches away from the eye holes.

Jackson: YOU WERE MY BROTHER EDDIE!!!

The scene is turning more and more uncomfortable by the moment. Meanwhile, Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are looking on, getting more and more concerned for the mental well being of the man standing in the ring.

Jackson: WHY DID YOU MAKE ME DO IT?

He is now screaming into the mask.

Jackson: WHY DID YOU MAKE ME HURT YOU?

The former Dynasty member begins to punch the mask as his top lip curls.

Jackson: YOU KNOW THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO...BUT YOU MADE ME....

The veins are popping out of his neck.

Jackson: IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT EDDIE!!!!

Mr. Ace in The Hole turns his attention from the mask and towards the fans. There is a pause, a very...very long pause. His voice is now a bit calmer.

Jackson: Just like it is YOUR fault....

Even though he is still holding the mask, Sean manages to point his index finger towards the fans. He is blaming the fans now for his actions in Mexico City.

Jackson: You Ungratefals who wanted to destroy us. It was YOU who filled Eddie's head with nonsense, that he could steal from me, from Dynasty.

Again he shakes his head.

Jackson: Well I hate to deliver bad news people, but if anyone is going to destroy Dynasty...

Ace: Don't say it.

A smirk begins to form.

Ace: Don't say it.

Then quickly disappears.

Jackson: It will be me.

Dropping the mic on the canvas, the former Dynasty member uses both hands to begin ripping the mask in two.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, Sean Jackson has snapped.

Ace: I...I....

As both pieces of the mask falls to the canvas. Mr. Ace in the hole picks up the briefcase and the camera clearly picks up his voice.

Jackson: I will be coming Eddie, and so will Team Danger.

Blackfront: What the hell?

Ace: Huh?

The former Dynasty member goes from the smirk to a full blown smile. La Flama Blanca may have started the fight, but now the Mental Rapist was going to finish it.

Jackson: Don't think I haven't been paying attention Eddie, because I know your game. You will have the rest of Dynasty occupied, their attention on me, rather than on the real prize...

The former world champion looks down at the torn mask. The smile disappears and is replaced with a very ominous look.

Jackson: I wonder Eddie, who in Dynasty will be next?

Mr. Ace In The Hole lets the mic drop from his fingers and as In The Air Tonight starts back up, steps thru the ropes and down to the floor.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson planting seeds of doubt Tommy.

Ace: No way Jason, he's crazy. There's no way anyone else leaves Dynasty.

Blackfront: We'll see Tommy.

Ace: Shut up.

Blackfront: And now there seems to be a connection with Team Danger.

Ace: Shut up.

Brought to You By

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and Hellraiser by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfront: Here comes a man still looking to really establish himself here in the UTA.

Ace: Stevens came here with a big reputation, Jason, but he's done little to justify the hype thus far. He can make a huge statement if he puts Boxer away tonight, but it's a tall order...

Blackfront: Stevens is looking to make it two televised wins in a row for the first time in his UTA career here, and he's coming-off an absolute shellacking of Skylar Montgomery. He sees being drafted to Wrestleshow as a real "fresh start," and you're right: winning tonight would be a huge statement-maker.

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston...

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

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

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Ace: The guy clearly means business, and he comes with decent pedigree, I'm just not sure where he's headed at the moment.

Blackfront: Let's not forget that this is just the second show following the brand split, Tommy. Stevens is a superb professional wrestler, and he has as big a change of making an impact as anybody.

Lights all around the arena start shutting off one by one. When the big overhead lights shut off with a clunk the crowd pops simply for the sudden darkness. A whistling wind is heard, a hush falls over the arena. When the driving beat the man in black starts up, the fans perk back up. A few cheers, mostly derision from the UTA fans. When the lyrics to Johnny Cash's God's Gunna' Cut You Down kick in, the whole arena rises up in one clear voice.

B00000000000000!

Blackfront: You wanna talk about having a point to prove? Last time we saw Box, he took a big loss to Kendrix, who, of course, belongs to Dynasty: a faction the battle-hardened Scotsman has no love lost for...

Ace: Box is gonna be piiiissssed, Jason! I can't wait to see him conduct his symphony of destruction tonight. By the time this one's over, the canvas is gonna be stained red with Texan blood!

Announcer: Now making his waaaaaaaay to the ring! Hailing from the highlands of Scotlaaaaand. Weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

The lights come back on with a pop. Already standing on the ring apron, big as life and dressed for war. The Wargod. The Original Defiant. His name arching across the front of his tights.

Announcer: ... BRONS00000000000000N BOX! B00000000000000!

Boxer closes his eyes and soaks in the reaction from the UTA fans.

Ace: I wouldn't wanna be Scott Stevens at the moment, Jason! Box seems clam enough now, but as soon as that bell rings... phew!

Blackfront: An unenviable position, for sure, but you're seriously selling Scott Stevens short here! His record's been indifferent, but this match is just as important to him as it is Box. He's gonna give it his all tonight.

As the music fades Bronson slowly climbs between the top and second rope, then takes-off as soon as he puts boot to canvas.

Blackfront: Wait a minute!

Boxer's all over Stevens from the get-go, catching the Texan off-guard and clobbering his opponent with a barrage of hard lefts and rights!

Ace: Looks like Bronson didn't wanna wait for the bell!

Powerless to separate the marauding Box from the big Texan, the referee shakes his head and calls for the bell. The match is underway, and Box has Stevens backed into a corner. After clobbering him with a hard forearm to the jaw, Bronson knees Stevens in the stomach then pulls him away from the turnbuckles by the hair. A hard elbow to the back of the skull puts Stevens to one knee, and a knee to the forehead knocks him down outright.

Blackfront: Bronson Box has come-out here like a cyclone of rage and violence! I thought he'd come-out strong, but this is insane!

Ace: It's beautiful, Jason! That's what it is!

The Scot doesn't let-up for a second, stomping Scott Stevens multiple times before dropping to the mat and throwing several closed fists right into his face. The referee tires to warn him, but Boxer isn't even listening.

Blackfront: He's gotta be careful here, y'know – our official can easily disqualify him if he keeps this up.

Ace: "Careful"? I don't think Boxer knows the meaning of the word.

By the time the announcers are finished babbling, Boxer has pushed the Texan out of the ring. Stevens is back on his feet, but he eats a right hand and a big double axe-handle. Unrelenting with the pressure, Box forces him up against the barricade, gripping Steven's throat, then jamming both fingers into his eyes!

Blackfront: Blatant eye gouge from Boxer! Come on, referee! Do something!

Sure enough, the official bravely throws himself between Bronson and Stevens, but Box hasn't got time for that nonsense. He pushes the referee aside mid-admonishment then goes right back at Stevens by grabbing his head, pulling him to the ring, and slamming his forehead against the apron!

Ace: All hail the Wargod! This is everything I was hoping would happen, Jason: pure, unbridled violence from Bronson Box, who's out to make that Kendrix loss a distant memory.

Blackfront: Stevens hasn't even gotten out of the gate yet! Boxer caught him off-guard by attacking before the bell, and he hasn't let-off for a second.

Ace: Something tells me this is gonna be a long, long night for the big Texan.

Back inside, Bronson Box stands over Scott Stevens, gently kicking his sides, mocking his opponent. A smile – devilish and foreboding – stretches across broad Scottish features, before Boxer reaches down and wraps his arms around Stevens' waist.

Blackfront: Ohmygoodness! Look at the strength!

Boxer straight-up deadlifts 256lbs of heavy muscle off the mat and drives him back down with a German Suplex!

Ace: This guy is a goddamn freak! Name me a stronger professional wrestler than Bronson Box, Jason...

Blackfront: I don't think I can name a stronger man than Boxer, Tommy, let alone a wrestler! Understandably delighted with his handiwork, Box stands over his down opponent, laughing. Ace: He's enjoying every single second of this...

He is enjoyable himself, but he also knows there's work to be done. Boxer grabs Stevens and uses his immense strength to pull him up with another deadlift, but Stevens hooks his foot behind Boxer's leg! A desperate elbow catches Box in the temple, disorientating him and forcing a break, which allows Stevens to stumble free!

Blackfront: Stevens is out!

Agitated, Box charges at much larger Stevens, but his forearm strike is blocked and countered with one of Stevens' own! Scott follows-up with another, before scooping Scotsman up and slamming him down into the mat. Still feeling the

effects of Box's assault, Stevens falls back against the ropes, taking a few moments to recover.

Blackfront: Stevens is on-top, but he had to weather a heavy, heavy storm to reach this point. Ace: It'll take a lot more than a few seconds on the ropes to recuperate from the punishment Box has dished-out, and I don't think ol' Boxer's feeling too charitable tonight.

Sure enough, Box is already scrambling to his feet long before Stevens reaches the length of recovery time he wanted. Cursing his fortunes, Stevens approaches the rising Boxer and wraps his arms around his waist. He's forced to break his grip when Box lands a couple of elbows, but he ducks the clothesline that follows and whips his squat opponent across the ring. A big jumping calf kick catches Box on the rebound!

Ace: Houston Sidekick!

Blackfront: Things are starting to swing in Scott Stevens's favour! Boxer's brow-beating took a toll, but it'll show tremendous heart if he's able to come back from it.

Stevens lingers on the mat for a moment, but a groundswell of crowd support urges him to his feet, and seen his back at his full vertical – unfortunately for him, so is Bronson Box. Box holds his head, feeling the effects of the Houston Sidekick, so Scott puts both hands behind his head and locks him in a Thai Clinch!

Blackfront: Uh-oh! This isn't a good place for Box to be!

The Texan throws the knees, but he's not quite able to pull the outrageously strong Box all the way down, and they smash into Boxer's ribcage rather than face. Still, the shots are enough to drop Box to his knees. Stevens releases the clinch, throws Box's head under the arm, and snaps back with a quick DDT.

Blackfront: DDT! And now the cover! Scott Stevens hooks the leg.

...1!

...2!

But Bronson powers his shoulder off the mat!

Blackfront: Big-time move from Scott Stevens, and he's now in full control of this match-up. Ace: The guy's clearly a very capable wrestler, but Bronson Box is a goddamn force of nature. Don't expect him to be 'out of it' for too long...

Now deeply entrenched in his own comfort zone, Stevens knows it's time to go to work. He stands-up and immediately leaps into the air, crashing down on Box with a big knee drop. Instead of covering Boxer, Stevens hauls him up and Irish Whips him into the corner, following up with a running back elbow! Box slumps down to the bottom turnbuckle, giving Stevens the window he needs to back-off, then coming charging forward with the running knee!

Blackfront: Right in the kisser! And now the cover...

Stevens pulls Bronson away from the ropes before dropping to his knees.

...1!

...2!

No! Box kicks out!

Ace: C'mon, War God! Bring the thunder!

Blackfront: Heavy, slugging offence from Scott Stevens. His style isn't pretty, Tommy, but it's certainly effective when he's in full flow.

Ace: This is absolutely my kind of fight... it's just a shame the wrong guy is winning! Leeching energy from the crowd's support, The Scorpion clambers to his feet, taking Box with him. After looking around the arena, he makes a big

thumbs down motion.

Blackfront: Stevens might be looking to end it!

He kneels down and hoists Boxer onto his shoulders.

Ace: Don't Mess With Tex--

Blackfront: NO! RED RIGHT HAND!

Sure enough, before Stevens can execute the Death Valley Driver, Bronson runs his elongated fingernails across the Texan's scalp. Scott slackens his grip enough for Box to wriggle free and start clubbing the life out of him from behind.

Ace: Thank God for that!

Blackfront: How the hell does he keep getting away with this, Tommy?! Disgusting behaviour from Box -- this is supposed to be a goddamn sport!

Bronson has Stevens turned around now, and is laying into him with European Uppercut after European Uppercut.

Ace: Pah! If you can get away with it, DO IT. It might not adhere to your boy scout moral compass, Jason, but the game's about winning! There are no prizes for being a nice guy.

But Box isn't done making use of his scratchy right hand... oh no. Stevens is staggered, and with one hand on his head, Bronson clamps down with the other, digging his nails deep into Scott's flesh.

Ace: GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND!

Almost grinning with pleasure as he applies the rancid submission, Boxer makes his opponent toil and squirm in pain. Stevens, however, isn't gonna go out without a fight...

Blackfront: Wait! Look at this!

He battles through the pain, Stevens: reaching below Bronson's compact torso to wrap his arms around the thighs, then haul him over his shoulders. Still stuck in a wild-eyed frenzy, Box maintains the clawhold... but he's helpless to avoid the powerslam! Stevens falls away from Box and runs his hand across his scalp. When he pulls it back in front of him, it's coated in a predictable crimson gleam.

Ace: Look at Stevens' face...

Blackfront: He's absolutely infuriated, Tommy! As if their interactions earlier tonight weren't enough, Boxer has made him bleed now... he's gonna try and pulverize the stout Scotsman! Face flush with anger, Stevens rises to his feet and stomp, stomp, stomps away on Bronson with a righteous fury. He soon tires of this and violently yanks him up, tossing him into the corner, and dropping down to ram his shoulder into Box's gut once, twice, thrice. With his opponent suffering, Stevens pulls him out of the corner by the collar and tosses him across the ring.

Blackfront: What power from Stevens, ragdolling Box over the canvas!

He drops to a knee and balls a first, throwing it into Box's forehead, but he's so overcome with emotion that he doesn't realise the fatal flaw. It takes the referee's shouting and waving for him to do that, and soon Stevens is up off Boxer, not wanting to get himself disqualified.

Ace: How many years experience has this guy got, and he still doesn't know the damned rules?! NO CLOSED FISTS, STEVENS.

Blackfront: Stevens knows the rule, Tommy, but I think the sight of his own blood caused his animalistic side to come out there. Either way, both men are hurting...

Stevens eventually cools-off a little, accepting that the referee is in the right, before walking over to Box... and eating a

gut punch!

Ace: HA! That's what you get!

Boxer quickly tucks his head beneath Scott's chin and jerks downwards.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker!

Unfortunately for Scott Stevens, Bronson Box is done screwing around. The jawbreaker sends his opponent stumbling towards the ropes, so the Scott follows him and hits a big knee to the gut before throwing his head between his legs. Eyeing a corner and showcasing incredible strength, Box hauls Stevens up onto his shoulders.

Ace: BOMBASTO BOMB! NO!

COUNTER!

Stevens catches Bronson with a sharp elbow to the temple.

Blackfront: STEVENS BREAKS LOOSE! The Scorpion jumps...

Blackfront: TOXIC STI-- NO! ANOTHER COUNTER!

Box pushes Stevens into the turnbuckle before he can hit the counter! Box steps back. Stevens turns and charges...

Boxer leaps...

Ace: FLYING STRONGMAN! FLYING STRONGMAN!

The flying Guillotine pulls the big Texan down to the mat. He tries to fight, but Box's arm is tight a boa constrictor around his esophagus.

Blackfront: CAN HE STAY ALIVE?!

Ace: He's thinking about it, Jason! Nobody escapes this!

Blackfront: Look at how deep the hold is! Maaaaan, this is bad for Stevens... A little too bad, unfortunately.

It's a move Bronson's done a thousand times before, and it's perfect executed. Steven's thrashing and countering slowly fades away with his consciousness. Ace: YES! YES! YES!

The referee recognises this instantly and forces Box to break the hold before any further damage can be done.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... BRONSON BOOOOOOOOXXXXXXXXXX! Blackfront: Wow! How tough is Scott Stevens, folks?! He just wouldn't tap-out... but full credit to Box! He knew exactly the kind of fight he wanted to make this, and he succeeded in doing so.

Ace: This guy is NASTY, Jason! All caps. Sometimes there's just no escaping an expertly-applied submission, and honestly, I'm impressed Stevens didn't tap. He took it like a man, but the Bronson Box train is well and truly back on track.

What Will You See?

The feed cut away and the UTA's massive tron lit up. Standing in a darkened room, next to what looks to be a upright mirror; Zhalia Fears greets the Puerto Rican crowd - from her mirrored reflection.

Fears: Another night, another gigantic beast amongst men. Grinning she points upwards at the sky.

Fears: One more mountain to climb, and conquer. One more monstrous entity to fell. All the while a gargantuan step towards Legacy.

Zhalia slams her fist down through the air towards the ground. Suddenly spinning around and pointing forward at the

camera.

Fears: And then it is back to you.

With a grin once more she mouths the name but does not speak them. 'Sean Jackson'. Standing there still as the mirror behind her, she just waits a few seconds more.

Fears: At Victory with Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum. Or at Wrestleshow, my ol' chum. Dynasty no longer, that changes naught. I see what you have become, ever since we last fought.

With a smirk she turns back to the mirror, peering closely.

Fears: I also see right through you, Sean. Question is...

Zhalia spins around and leans in close to the camera, grabbing the ends of it and placing her right eye right up near the lens. Slowly cocking her head left and right while continuing.

Fears: If you look through the looking glass, what will you see? A man that could very well be the next UTA World Champion, again -- or a shell of the man that once was but like many others, could not put this one down?

She pulls back, flashing her Cheshire-like grin once more.

Fears: Step on through, and make your move Sean.

Stepping aside Zhalia starts walking off to the left and out of the shot laughing as the feed fades out.

Brought to You By

The Canadian Star

We open back inside the San Juan arena, where the crowd's unique chants contest with traditional wrestling chants as the show goes on.

Blackfront: A big night tonight Tommy so far! And still to come, we've got Chris Hopper in action and big Brother Judas will step into the ring with...a girl.

Ace: Ha I wouldn't want to be Zhalia Fears tonight Jason! Or maybe she likes that kind of thing, who knows.

Blackfront: But up next, we have CBR, the longest reigning Legacy Champion taking on Mitchell Quinlan for the opportunity at getting that belt back!

Ace: A belt he never should have lost Jason, it's only...

Before Tommy can finish he's cut off as the opening riffs of Hail to the King by Avenged Sevenfold erupts onto the PA System. From behind the curtain comes CBR, wearing his ring trunks, knee pads and boots and a Dynasty red and black t-shirt over his torso. A mic in his hand, Claude shows none of the usual pomp as he makes his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: Speak of the devil and he shall appear.

Ranier ignores the hands of outstretched fans and walks up the ring steps, the loud chords of the music covering the arena in its repetitive power. Claude steps into the ring and immediately walks to the centre, lifting the mic to his mouth.

CBR: Cut the music...

It does down as if on command, Claude looking slowly and carefully around the arena. Fans start to boo, the noise rising as he lowers the mic and waits for quiet.

Ace: These fans need to learn some respect! That's UTA royalty in there! Claude waits a few moments longer and lifts his hand up again with the mic.

CBR: I'm sorry to say, fine people of Puerto Rico, that rumours of Dynasty's demise have been greatly exaggerated...

He allows the hint of a smirk to rise on his face as his eyes flurry back and forth across the people in attendance. A boo raises out from the quiet, Claude lifting his head and rapping the edge of the mic with his knuckles as if a slow clap or call for attention. Finally it dies down and he lifts the mic back to his mouth.

CBR: They all said it, every one. From The Shoot Kings...to The Spawn...The Spectre...and lastly The Machine.

Claude turns to face a camera and waves his fingers at the lens, a sick smile on his face.

CBR: Bye bye Alex Beckman, give daddy a kiss from all of us here in...

The rest of his sentence is drowned out by a huge rise in volume, fans going nuts, so Claude raises the tempo.

CBR: And bye bye Mike Best, yeah I said it! Goodbye Machine!

He laughs to himself as he slowly walks back towards the ropes letting the crowd die down a little. CBR: Now the reason I'm out here is to address a few things. No, I'm not here to rub salt in the wounds of that little group that tried to topple the beast and failed, although it's extremely tempting...

Claude gets to the ropes and leans down over the top rope with his forearms, holding the mic up at his mouth.

CBR: Sean Jackson.

Instant pop from the crowd at the anti hero and new thorn in Dynasty's side.

Blackfront: Jackson made a statement last Wrestleshow when he walked out on Dynasty.

Ace: I always knew he was no good!

CBR: We started this thing, you and I. We made history together...travelled the road together. You were family man. But...

Claude lets the smirk return to his lips as he stands up straight, left hand still on the rope.

CBR: But we all always knew it was a matter of time. More losses than anyone in the UTA, how did you think you held the World Title? Luck? Where do you think those opportunities came from? The crowd starts to boo again but Claude ignores them, narrowing his eyes as he speaks.

CBR: From us Sean. From Dynasty! We put that belt on you and WE kept it there. You better watch you're back Sean, you owe a debt and what you got in your bank balance simply won't cut it.

Claude lifts off the ropes and walks slowly back to the middle of the ring.

CBR: Now moving on, what do you see in this ring?

An "ASSHOLE ASSHOLE" chant starts, which Ranier brushes off.

CBR: In this ring stands The Canadian Star. The man who has more victories than ANYONE in the history of the UTA. The guy with the longest title reign, who's been at more Wrestleshows than anyone alive. And what's missing?

He casually points to his waist with his left index finger.

CBR: My title John Sektor. MY title. The one you've been shining up real nice and hiding away from challengers. Yeah that one, my legacy belt. Psssttt...

He comes in close to a camera, beckoning it close before whispering loudly.

CBR: I want it back.

Claude backs off again, raising the mic once more to his lips.

CBR: Where have you been since Wrestleshow forty? After winning against women and tag team chumps, you've needed help against Box and outside luck against Mikey. And then where?

Wrestleshow forty four? I struggled to find you on the card this week too. What's wrong John? Feeling lonely all of a sudden?

Ranier smirks as he walks back over to the ropes, looking out up the ramp way.

CBR: It doesn't matter because soon by right or fight I'm getting my shot, getting my rematch at that damn title and getting my property back! You hear me John?

The volume rises as Claude lifts the t-shirt off of his head and throws it to the side.

CBR: You're on your own now you moustached son of a BEEEEP in a field of the elite! This isn't no Chicago operation this is UTA and when you step into the ring with the best of the best you're gonna come up short!

Ranier backs off, pacing around the ring.

CBR: For almost a year I was champion. For almost a year unbeaten. For a whole year I was top of this place and where is the damn respect? Where's my crown? My spotlight? I'm taking it damn it and putting you on notice!

Claude stops dead centre of the ring.

CBR: This is still my time! CBR takes a back seat to no one! I built the damn ground you walk on John, now it's time to give the devil his due...Mitchell Quinlan, get your damn ass out here and I'll DDT you like FKA in twenty fourteen. This is MY shot and not a god damn one of you are standing in my way!

The mic drops onto the mat as Claude waits, backing into his corner for his opponent.

Blackfront: CBR remaining in the ring after that somewhat emotional speech and he looks ready for the upcoming match!

The PA system of the KeyArena kicks back to life with the first few licks of guitar, followed by the opening lyric.

I could have been a contender, but my head wasn't cold enough...

The Glorious Sons' The Contender plays as from behind the curtain, Quinlan strides onto the stage. Mitchell walks down to the ring in his new attire.

Ace: And here comes his next victim!

Blackfront: I wouldn't be so sure about that Tommy. Mitchell Quinlan made a statement last week and he could have a bright future here in the UTA

Slowly, Quinlan makes his way down the ramp, eyes locked on Ranier. Fans reach over the rails and slap him on the shoulder, but his usual friendly exchange is much downplayed. When he gets to the base of the ramp, he grabs ahold of the painted black chains and shakes them twice.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Bell City, Ontario, Canada! Standing at six feet, two and one half inches and weighing two hundred and thirty eight pounds...

Mitchell springs up onto the apron and slips through the rope. He looks around at the fans and shares a stare with CBR, before climbing the ropes to perform his sign of the cross and a throat slashing pose.

Announcer: Mitchellllll...Quinlannnnnn!!!!

Jumping back down to the mat, Quinlan calmly makes his way to his corner of the ring. Blackfront: Mitchell looks focused. He's got his eyes set on the legacy championship Tommy. This should be a great match.

Ace: First he has to go through that man right there!

As if on cue, the camera switches to CBR on the opposite side of the ring, slapping his chest with his left palm, the small grin remaining defiantly on his face.

Announcer: And his opponent in the ring, hailing from Montreal, Canada; Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

Claude stretches on the ropes, using his large forearms to pull back on them.

Announcer: The Canadian Starr...C...B....RRRRRR!!!

Claude comes off of the corner and walks calmly towards the centre of the ring. Mitchell follows suit, glancing at the referee then back at Ranier. CBR stands calmly, one hand on his hip as the referee starts to talk to the two men, Quinlan paying attention with one eye on Claude whilst Ranier just studies him.

Blackfront: This should be a good contest. Two men of similar size, one a suplex strategist the other a dichotomy of technique and power.

The crowd rises its din, a far away Sanctus chant betraying a fan following for Quinlan's former alias before being over taken by a general rise in volume as he lifts his arm into the air in acknowledgement. The ref turns to Ranier, who nudges him aside with his elbow and gets straight into Mitchell's face, almost the same height and mouthing something to the former masked man.

Blackfront: Mitchell simply smiling back at CBR here, I can't make out what they're saying but I imagine Claude may have taken umbrage to some of Quinlan's words in his recorded promos this past week.

Ace: He should listen to The Canadian Star or he's gonna get hurt!

Claude drives his index finger into MQ's chest as if to accentuate the point. Quinlan quickly brushes it aside with the palm of his hand. Ranier tries again, stepping forward and making Mitchell step back a moment, mouthing louder "you will damn well respect me kid!" But again, Mitchell repels the finger with a chop of his hand. Suddenly a chorus of boos erupt across the arena, replacing the rising din of noise.

Blackfront: Wow! Vicious slap there by CBR right across Quinlan's face!

Ace: I guess he's trying to teach the young punk a lesson Jason!

Quinlan reels back, holding the lower end of his jaw and rubbing it with his thumb. Claude stands looking proud of himself and points down at Mitchell mouthing off again, the crowd getting louder in their boos. Before a second's notice though the boos turn to cheers as Quinlan leaps forward with a huge forearm to Ranier, sending him stumbling back!

Blackfront: Here we go! The ref calls for the bell and we're off! Claude Baptiste Ranier versus Mitchell Quinlan for a chance at the Legacy Title!

Quinlan follows up with a vicious left to the face and another right forearm, Claude falling back suddenly and into the corner of the ring. Quinlan charges forward.

Ace: Oh my god no!

Blackfront: Greetings from Bell City! What?!

The kick connects and CBR stumbles forward from the corner collapsing onto his front. Quinlan is shocked, the crowd going nuts and cheering for an inevitable finish. He rolls Claude onto his back and covers the Canadian Star!

One... Two... Thr...

Ace: Foot on the ropes! Look Jason!

Blackfront: The referee stops the count, almost as confused as Mitchell and no doubt Ranier as indeed CBR's ankle is

resting on the bottom rope. Wow! I thought this one was over!

Quinlan raises up from the cover onto his knees, scratching his head and wondering just how in the hell he almost won in ten seconds. Claude rolls onto his side, coughing down at the mat and grabs the ropes with both arms. He holds the side of his head with his left hand and curls into a foetal position at the ropes near the corner, the ref telling Quinlan to back off, which he does.

Blackfront: CBR there desperately trying to cling on in the hope that he doesn't receive a second shock there.

Ace: It's smart Jason, he's using the ring to his advantage.

The ref returns to Ranier and gets on one knee, the Canadian Star waving him off as he gets to one knee himself then up into the corner, resting elbows on each turnbuckle. The smirk gone, CBR looks over at Quinlan rubbing his face and then looks down at his hand to make sure there's no blood. The ref checks on Claude again who once again shoves him to the side coming out of the corner with a right fist to Quinlan, reeling him back.

Ace: Here we really go Jason!

Claude fires a second, causing Mitchell's head to bounce back but a third is blocked and returned with his own right. The two start to trade rights as the crowd erupts at the sudden energy shown in the ring. Finally, Claude gains an advantage, slipping his arms around Quinlan into a side lock. Mitchell fires his elbow to the side into Ranier's face, who simply tightens the hold and lifts, dropping Quinlan face first onto the mat.

Blackfront: Innovative takedown by CBR there and he floats over into a chin lock.

Claude presses his knee into the upper back of Quinlan, pulling back on the chin. Mitchell's face shows some strain as he claws towards the ropes, before lifting his knee up to get some leverage off the canvas.

Ace: That's the CBR we know Jason! That's the future Legacy champ right there!

Blackfront: CBR able to release the hold and drops an elbow onto the back of Mitchell Quinlan. And again!

Indeed, CBR has Quinlan back down on the mat and he drives his boot into the face of MQ rolling him onto his back. Claude mounts his opponent and lifts his head in his left hand, firing rights into his face.

Blackfront: Claude showing some real energy here after that Yakuza kick, but you have to think that must have taken a lot out of him earlier in this match!

Ranier finally relents, walking back to his corner and resting his left elbow on the ropes. He drops his head and catches his breath, once more rubbing the side of his face and looking back over to Quinlan.

Blackfront: Claude with a purpose, coming back to...no, wait... One...The ref's hand hits the mat as Quinlan rolls Ranier into a schoolboy! Two...

Kickout! Claude quickly rolls away and slams his palms down onto the mat in frustration.

Ace: Come on Claude! Get him!

Ranier is back on his feet and approaches Quinlan more cautiously, who is also up to a vertical base. Claude's arms move out, beckoning Mitchell to lock up with him. He does and is greeted to a knee to the gut from the Canadian Star!

Blackfront: He suckered him in! Cheap shot by Ranier!

Ace: Quinlan should know better Jason...

Ranier follows it up with a second, Quinlan bending forward into a headlock by Claude. He drives a couple of rights into the top of Mitchell's head before violently driving him head first into the corner! The crowd boos at the unsporting

behaviour as Mitchell looks trapped with his shoulder through the middle rope.

Blackfront: Ranier now taking Mitchell's shoulders and pulling him out...and again! Vicious!

He drives him back into the corner head first, this time Mitchell stumbling out and turning around just in time to fall into a huge belly to belly overhead suplex across the ring!

Ace: That was beautiful Jason! Like Mozart!

Claude looks proud of himself in the ring, raising both arms into the air as the crowd boos incessantly at the former Legacy Champion. After a few moments of gloating, Claude returns towards Quinlan, who stirs onto his side. Ranier thrusts the heel of his boot into the face of Mitchell making him fall back to his back and drops a jumping knee across the young man's skull, rolling through and back to one knee once again raising his arms as the fans boo.

Blackfront: Claude sure thinks a lot of himself. Hasn't he learnt his lesson already tonight?

Ace: Silence Jason! The fans are cheering for a legend!

Claude is back on his feet and once again turns back to Quinlan. He lifts Mitchell slowly to his knees, looking down into the man's face and wording something with his lips no doubt derogatory before rubbing his wristband aggressively into his face. Quinlan flails with his hands on CBR's

wrist, who simply knees him in the face then surrounds his head in a suplex hold whilst Mitchell is still on his knees.

Blackfront: What is he doing? CBR is shouting to the crowd?

Ace: Haha yes! Can you hear it Jason? If FKA can win with a DDT, so can I!

Before he can do anything though, Quinlan launches off the mat and lifts the unsuspecting CBR into the air. Claude releases the suplex hold and Mitchell brings him down with a huge spinebuster!

Blackfront: I told you Tommy! Spinebuster by Quinlan, CBR taking too long to connect! Ranier holds onto his back and rolls out of the ring to escape a cover attempt, falling to the outside and onto all fours.

Ace: Clever move by Ranier. Taking this match to the outside.

Quinlan shouts at the fans who cheer after the move and notices Claude outside. He points at the ref to get him back in but the referee just shrugs his shoulders and starts to count. Mitchell, looking frustrated, moves to the ropes slipping through and dropping to the outside.

Blackfront: Quinlan is an honest competitor, he wants to win this one in the middle of the ring Tommy. Too bad you can't say that for Ranier.

Ace: A win is a win Jason

Mitchell lifts Claude to his feet and presses his back against the ring apron. He lifts Ranier's leg onto the apron, who fires a right fist back to Mitchell's head and another. Quinlan responds with a left and right of his own, before Ranier violently shoves him back and into the ring guardrail.

Claude comes forward with a clothesline, causing Mitchell to drop to a bending stance, his back against the steel rail and knees out.

Blackfront: The ref is already on four, they need to get back in the ring!

Claude fires another right into Quinlan's face before a knee and a slap to the side of his head, the crowd going nuts with boos at the move. Ranier backs off and comes forward with a running boot, scraping the sole off of the face of Mitchell who falls onto the padded ground holding his face.

Five...six...

Claude drops a knee onto the upper back of Quinlan, before wrapping his arm around the neck and yanking back.

Blackfront: CBR trying to work the neck there, but they really need to get back to the ring! Seven...eight...

Ranier notices the count and backs off, rolling into the ring momentarily then back out to break the count. He slowly approaches Quinlan again, lifting him to the feet and shouting at the former White Knight. Ranier wraps his arm around the head of Quinlan...

Ace: Ouch that's gotta hurt!

Blackfront: DDT to the outside by CBR and Quinlan looks out of it!

Claude stalks around Mitchell, nudging at him with the tip of his boot, shouting at a fan "There's no room for heroes in the UTA!" He lifts Quinlan back up and Irish whips him across the outside, lower back first into the steel steps. Mitchell vaults over the steel back first and onto his front beside it.

Blackfront: CBR looking very pleased with himself right now!

Claude walks slowly towards Quinlan, who crawls his way towards the guardrail. Ranier kicks at Mitchell's outstretched wrist causing him to let go of the railing and goes for another.

Ace: No!

Blackfront: Listen to the crowd! They erupt as Mitchell Quinlan grabbed CBR's foot and yanked him face first into the steel!

Claude is down holding his face as Quinlan rolls onto his front. He gets to one knee, using the ring apron for leverage and gets back to his feet. Ranier uses the guardrail to get up and turns just in time to receive a drop kick sending him back first into the railings. Quinlan follows up, grabbing the back of CBE's head and holding it above the steel, almost driving it down.

Blackfront: No! He won't do it! Quinlan follows the code, he's asking the fans but ultimately backs CBR away from the steel.

Mitchell rolls Claude back into the ring and slides in, the crowd right behind him. Ranier rolls onto his front and starts to rise as Quinlan pumps his fist into the air at the fans.

Blackfront: Ranier back up and down with a clothesline! And another!

Quinlan charges with a third, dropping Claude to the mat again, who once again uses his own adrenaline to get up, this time just in time to receive a Devil Lock DDT!

Blackfront: Running senton to the back of CBR! Can you imagine Tommy if Quinlan won the Legacy Title! What a story of recovery that would be!

Ace: Too bad it's fiction...oh no!

Quinlan has lifted CBR to his feet and lifts him high into the air with a vertical suplex. He holds him aloft a few moments, walking round looking at the crowd before dropping him down a few inches and driving him onto the mat with a Michunoku Driver!

Blackfront: CBR in trouble now! Mitchell going for the cover. One...two...th...no!

Claude kicks out but Quinlan tries again. One...two...th...kick out!

Quinlan is back on his feet and shaking his head down at CBR. He lifts him to his feet and Irish whips him across the ring. Claude returns with an attempted clothesline, which Mitchell ducks and springs up with a sudden vicious neck breaker!

Blackfront: Beautiful move by Quinlan!

Mitchell immediately capitalises and locks CBR's arm behind his back in a hammerlock, his knee on the Canadian Star's lower back. Claude struggles and yells out in pain, burying his head in the mat and using his free hand to hold his opposing shoulder. After a few moments, Claude rolls onto his side and uses the momentum to throw Quinlan off and onto his back. Claude immediately wraps in a figure four leg lock and lifts off the mat for leverage!

Ace: Tap Mitchell, tap!

Quinlan shouts out in pain some distance from safety and drops to the mat. One...two...

He lifts his shoulders off the mat and tried to pull backwards, but CBR's weight keeps him steady. The crowd go crazy trying to motivate Quinlan who finally turns onto his side and over, reversing the hold. The screams change to Claude, who's knees are painfully pressed into the canvas as Quinlan works the hold using his palms on the mat to lift upwards. Ranier pulls forwards and to the ropes, wrapping his arm around the bottom to break the hold.

Blackfront: Mitchell back up and dragging Claude back to the centre of the ring! He lifts him up. Quinlan kicks CBR in the gut and places him between his legs. He signals for the end of the match lifting Ranier's arms.

Blackfront: Here we go, Angel's...

Ace: Yes! Yes!

Claude slips out of the hold and boots Quinlan in the gut and drives him down with a vicious crab drop! The crowd goes nuts with boos as the two men lay crumpled a few feet apart from one another. CBR rolls over, draping an arm over Quinlan. The referee slides into place.

Blackfront: That reversal led to a cover... two.. THREE!

Ace: YES!

The bell starts to sound.

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

Blackfront: CBR may have gotten the win tonight, but not until Quinlan pushed him to the limit.

Ace: The only thing that matters is the three Jason. Anything in between is just a filler.

CBR pushes to his feet holding his gut with one arm as he raises the other, pulling it away from the referee.

Important Announcement

We head outside of an office door. On the door is a piece of brown masking tape. Upon the tape is written, crudely in Sharpie marker, the words Cecilworth Farthington, Supreme Leader of UTAH.

The fans can be heard cheering in the background as they watch on the big screen. Suddenly the door swings open and we are introduced to Uncle Barty himself, attired as he always is in his blue button up shirt and black bowtie.

Barty: Ah, why you are you here. Good. Come in, come in.

Uncle Barty motions for the camera to follow him inside. As it does, Barty walks over to desk and picks up a piece of paper before turning back to the camera.

Barty: The young master, unfortunately could not be here tonight. The fans can be heard booing.

Barty: Had he known how poor the people of Puerto Rico were, and how they liked to stab those with more than them, he would have never lost the three hundred and forty three dollars and eighteen cents he spent on the plane ticket he

had bought to come here.

Uncle Barty sighs.

Barty: Then maybe, well, I would not be here. but this is neither here, nor there.. or anywhere really. Well, it is kind of here if you think about it, but I.. oh, yes sorry. I'm rambling now.

He lifts the paper up.

Barty: I have a prepared statement from the young master right here.

Uncle Barty pulls out his reading glasses, placing them on his face and lifting the paper up.

Barty: And I quote... Barty... He smiles.

Barty: That's me! Uncle Barty continues.

Barty: Let the followers of the great promotion, UTAH, know I will be back soon and make my announcement then. Tell them, I was abducted by Ninjas from Victory or something. Thanks Barty!

He stops and gets a confused look on his face.

Barty: I see. I think I was not supposed to actually read that out loud. He lets out a Hmmm.

Barty: The Young Master was kidnapped by ninjas from Victory and he will be back soon to make his announcement! yes! That is one hundred percent, exactly what has happened! Now, if you would...

He starts to shoo the camera back. As it backs through the door, the door swings closed hard.

Brought to You By

The lights go dark as The Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas steps out from the back. His monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Blackfront: Brother Judas returning to the ring for the first time since All or Nothing.

Ace: He's about to destroy Zhalia Fears once and for all, then get rid of that overly happy weirdo,

Lisil Jackson, over on Victory!

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring now, standing seven-feet, two inches, being accompanied by The Good Reverend... he is... BROTHER... JUDAAASSSS!!

Blackfront: The Good Reverend and Brother Judas picking Jackson as their next target at Ring King.

Ace: They scared the mask off of Sanctus!

Blackfront: This man right here is one of the reasons there are a few superstars no longer here. He is a scary individual. Then you add in The Good Reverend. Things are about to get demonic. They continue down the ramp, the light following their every step. As they reaches the ring, The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Ace: Zhalia Fears shouldn't even show up tonight.

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: Fears looking to take down the biggest men in the UTA to prove herself as one of the best in the UTA.

Ace: The best at what? Sucking?

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.

Announcer: 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.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she 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.

Announcer: 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: Very uneven intergender match about to start.

The Good Reverend holds The Good Book in his left hand as he raises his right one to the air, yelling about The Truth to any fan who will listen in the front row as Brother Judas stands in the corner, his head tilted to the side as he looks across at Zhalia Fears.

Blackfront: This may be Zhalia Fears biggest challenge to date.

As the bell rings, Brother Judas steps from the corner. Zhalia lets out a warrior's scream as she takes off.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears charging toward Judas out of the gate. As she approaches, Zhalia leaps, turning sideways in the air.

Blackfront: Corssbody block by Fears... Judas catches her.

Ace: The man is like two of her. What is she thinking?

Brother Judas lifts fears up, body slamming her to the canvas. The energetic crowd boos as the Good Reverend praises Judas.

Blackfront: Brother Judas now reaching down, that massive hand around the throat of Zhalia Fears. This is sickening.

He pulls Fears up by her throat with one hand, lifting her in the air. She kicks her feet as he holds her up, his one good eye looking at her gasping to breathe.

Blackfront: The referee now warning Brother Judas.

Judas' head cuts over to the referee as he drops Zhalia. As she lands, Fears grabs her throat, choking loudly.

Ace: When you're officiating a match with a man like Judas, you should just let him do what he wants to do Jason.

The referee can be seen telling Judas that choking is illegal. Outside of the ring, The Good Reverend makes his way around to the side that Fears is on. He raises his hand toward her, telling her to accept her fate.

Blackfront: This match should have never been booked. Zhalia Fears is tough, but this is just torture.

Judas heads back over toward Zhalia, reaching down and grabbing her by the head before violently pulling her to her feet. He lifts Zhalia up into a jack knife position. However, before he lets go, Zhalia bends her body up and begins throwing rights causing Judas to stumble back and let her go. Fears drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears trying to fight back now, may have saved herself from The Crucifixion.

Ace: Only momentarily.

Judas steps toward Fears, who quickly crawls under his legs. He looks around, trying to spot her. Blackfront: Judas, being blind in one eye, having trouble locking onto Fears who is smartly staying on his blind side.

Ace: This is not fair at all! She's using his disability as an advantage!

Blackfront: Not fair? Are you kidding me?

He finds her finally. Bending down to grab her again, Judas is surprised by a boot coming up and catching him in the face.

Blackfront: Fears still fighting back, this young woman has a lot of heart folks.

Ace: A lot of stupidity.

Judas just shakes off the kick, reaching down and grabbing her by the throat again before lifting yet again.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears in the grasp of Brother Judas once again as the referee warns him.

Ace: he doesn't care. Brother Judas was born to this world to be just a destructive force. The lights go off and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: What's this?

The big screen begins to pan from darkness revealing the Tiki statue from Victory that Lisil Jackson has prayed to.

L. Jackson: Brudda Judas, who dew you tink you are. Picking on a gil like dat!

As the cameras flash, we can see Judas drop Fears. On the screen Lisil Jackson steps into the scene. Brother Judas heads to the ropes, grabbing the top and staring up at the screen. The Reverend holds the good book up toward it, yelling.

L. Jackson: You have made da spirits unhappy brudda. You and da Reverend.

The screen cuts off again as a thick cloud of smoke can be seen starting to come from under the ring. As the lights come back up, the smoke fills the ring. Through the smoke we can see a tiki statue facing Judas. Judas begins to scream in a way that is almost un-human as he backs away from the statue. He steps over the ropes and drops to the floor, beginning to back away as The Good Reverend joins him.

Blackfront: Brother Judas looks to be... scared.. of that statue!

Ace: WHERE DID IT COME FROM JASON?

Zhalia leans against the ropes as the referee begins to count out Brother Judas. As they back away we can see The Good Reverend yelling at Judas that Lisil is a demon. Finally the referee gets to ten, and calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match via count out... ZHALIA... FEARS!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears gets a win here tonight thanks to Lisil Jackson. You have to wonder, what will Brother Judas and The Good Reverend do now that Jackson is playing mind games with them?

Ace: I don't know Jason, but Lisil should sleep with one eye open from now on. I'll tell you that much.

The referee makes sure Zhalia is OK before he raises her arm in victory. She uses her free hand to rub her throat as she celebrates.

I hope That's Understood

Cameras fade in on Jennifer Williams. She is dressed professionally, looking like dynamite as usual. Williams stands in front of a UTA Wrestleshow banner with a smile on her face. The HD TV screen just behind her displays the UTA logo.

Williams: Jennifer Williams here... I'd like to welcome in my guest at this time. The UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca...

La Flama Blanca steps into the picture, followed by his attorney Marshall Owens. The World Champion is dressed for ring action even though he's not scheduled to compete. Owens slicks his remaining hair back, for the cameras obviously.

Williams: Earlier tonight we heard from Sean Jackson... He explained why he attacked you last week on Wrestleshow.

LFB adjusts the title that resides draped over his shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: Not only did he BLINDSIDE me... he did it in front of my home country. He attacked his brothers.

Williams: Care to make a comment?

The World Champion takes a second before responding.

LFB: I listened to every word that that Benedict Arnold said here tonight. Williams looks at Blanca as he speaks.

LFB: I made sure to pay close attention to everything that ungrateful had to say... Sean likes to point fingers. Blaming me, blaming the UTA. Who Sean Jackson really should be blaming is himself.

Williams looks a little puzzled by the remark. Owens has a grin on his face.

LFB: Sean Jackson needed to do one thing at Black Horizon. He needed to make me bleed and he just couldn't. Sean Jackson failed, much like he usually fails when Dynasty wasn't there to bail him out.

Blanca turns his head towards Williams.

LFB: If Sean Jackson was the best of the best... this title wouldn't be around my waist. Williams comes in quick with another question.

Williams: Are you worried about him cashing in his Ace In The Hole briefcase?

LFB: Really? You really asked me that? Williams again looks bewildered.

LFB: Why would I ever be worried? Did you forget about the three other gents in Dynasty? Sean Jackson will never cash in his World title match contract. Do you hear me, Sean? Do you all hear me? Dynasty will ALWAYS stop Sean Jackson from being able to cash in his briefcase.

Williams gets a little closer to The World Champion. Blanca looks Williams in the eyes and then turns his attention to the camera in front of him.

LFB: There is also one last thing I'd like to let Sean Jackson as well as the rest of the UTA know... When Sean realizes that things are a lot tougher without Dynasty, he will no doubt come groveling back. Sean Jackson is never... ever going to be a member of Dynasty again.

Blanca turns towards the cameras. His eyes pop through his mask as he looks into the camera lens.

LFB: Do you all understand what I'm saying? Do YOU understand what I'm saying, Sean? To the four of us, you are no longer welcome. I guess you can say... we wish him the best in all his future endeavors.

Owens and The Champ chuckle at the comment. Williams brings the microphone back towards her.

Williams: There have been a lot of UTA Superstars on Wrestleshow as well as Victory in recent weeks that have called you out, wanting a shot at the UTA World title.

Blanca shakes his head, he knows no one has earned a shot at his title.

LFB: La Flama Blanca has heard a lot of barking but it comes with the territory. Everyone wants what's mine. From the new guys in the door, all the way to the guys on the wrong side of Forty, who won't stay retired. The camera goes in close on a single shot of La Flama Blanca.

LFB: Let the mouth breathers flap their lips. Let them throw whatever dirt they want at me. The Champ isn't worried, Jennifer, and I'll tell you why... Because I'm the best. I've held UTA gold all year, and I don't see that changing as the year comes to an end.

Blanca takes the title belt off his shoulder and proudly displays the UTA World title for the world to see.

LFB: I've preached about the "Year of The Luchador" and it's looking more and more to be fact than fiction. I'm the UTA World Champion, I'm the MAN here in the UTA. Both rosters need to wake up but they'd rather continue dreaming.

Blanca raises his left hand to the elbow. He extends his hand, palm up.

LFB: It doesn't matter what any of them say at the end of the day. All it is, is talk. That's all it ever is. They all want what I have, and it kills them that they'll never own it. All the talk in the world ain't going to win them the UTA World title.

LFB pauses for a second, thinking of a good line to get on film.

LFB: When they stand across the ring from me, they'll see the man who IS UTA history. They will see the man who is the longest reigning UTA World Champion in it's history. They will see the man who has ended winning streak after winning streak.

He returns his title to his shoulder, his eyes locking with Jennifer Williams'.

LFB: Now... I'll leave with you ALL with one last thing. The Champ goes WHERE he wants, WHEN he wants. I hope that's understood.

Blanca and his attorney leave Williams alone in front of the Wrestleshow banner. She stares off as cameras cut to another commercial.

Brought to You By

Blackfront: The main event is before us, and this one will be interesting and full of pressure for Dylan Windsor.

Ace: It is going to be a great night for Britain. Kendrix made Hopper look like a chump earlier and now another Brit is going to take him down a peg on the pecking order.

Blackfront: Hopper is no easy mark.

Ace: But he isn't what he once was and that is going to become painfully apparent when he gets in there with "Lord British" himself!

Blackfront: We'll see if you are right or not, Ace. Let's send it to the ring to get this main event started!

The view shows the UTA ring with the fans going nuts as the ring announcers lifts the microphone to his mouth.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is set for one fall and has a twenty-minute time limit!

The crowd went nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the

hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT.

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

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: This guy is a narcissist to the extreme and I think everyone saw that he is not nearly as nice in private as he is in public.

Blackfront: Opinions vary, Ace. The fans here love him!

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: Introducing first....Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

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

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

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin and all heneeds is an opponent!

Announcer: And his opponent!

The deep thrumming bass of Wolf at the Door by Greymachine begins pounding throughout the small arena.

Announcer: Standing six foot, four-inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, forty-five pounds. Hailing from Cambridgeshire, England....

The fans begin to boo with little enthusiasm as 'Lord British' Dylan Windsor steps out onto the entrance ramp, his golden crown on his head, his royal cape around his shoulders, and a beautiful scepter in his right hand.

Announcer: Accompanied by his escprt, Eliza, here is...."LORD BRITISH" DYLAN WINDSOR!!! His escort, Eliza, takes the cape, crown, and scepter from him, and they both begin to walk down the entrance ramp. Dylan ignores the crowd mostly, but Eliza banters back and forth with some of the fans about British Royalty. Dylan approaches the ring, steps up to the ring apron, wipes his feet off there, and ducks underneath the top rope into the ring. There, he stands with an intense look on his face, focused on Hopper as they wait for the match to begin.

Blackfront: This is going to be quite the test for the UTA newcomer, Ace.

Ace: Windsor isn't a rookie by any stretch.

Blackfront: That may be true, but this is a different playing field.

Ace: Hopper is just what Kendrix said he was earlier....OLD! This match will show just how far away from real talent he

is these days.

DING! DING!! DING!!!

Blackfront: There's the bell and this one has gotten underway!

Ace: Windsor looks like he could star a hold through steel right now.

Hopper and Windsor circle each other, searching for an opening; suddenly the lunge into the classic collar-and-elbow tie up.

Blackfront: These two feeling each other out a little as the finally lock up!

Ace: Hopper showing more respect than I expected considering what a pain in the ass he is.

Hopper pushes Windsor back into the corner and the referee calls for a break. Hopper slowly releases his hands and steps away as the fans cheer his sportsmanship.

Blackfront: Referee calls for the break and Hopper obliges

Ace: This goody-goody image he puts up is all show. You know he actually hates dogs and small children, right?

Windsor steps away from the turnbuckles as Eliza yells for him to get in there and do what he came to do.

Blackfront: He does not! You obviously didn't see the way he was talking about becoming a grandfather on twitter.

Ace: Oh please! You believe the stuff that spews from his mouth? Speaking of mouths, that Eliza is certainly using hers well, wouldn't you say?

Dylan stalks up to Hopper and the two lock up yet again. Eliza's shrill voice still telling Windsor to "assert his dominance."

Blackfront: She has strong lungs and the high-pitched tons down perfectly; and I would say her annoyance points are off the charts, I will give you that.

Ace: But she looks good.

Blackfront: You tempted to start sounding like Dick Fury, Ace?

Ace: I have some self respect left, even though I'm here working with you.

Hopper again slowly pushes Windsor back into the turnbuckles and the referee calls for another break. Chris again slowly releases from the corner, but Windsor isn't doing it all again as he reaches out to rake Hopper right across the eyes, causing him to stumble away.

Blackfront: That is the kind of person Windsor is, I guess. That eye rake is a coward's way out of not being able to match up physically against the likes of Hopper

Ace: No, it is called being opportunistic! And look at the opportunity it opened up!

Windsor pounces on the opening, rushing out with a hard right hand to the side of Hopper's skull. Then he hits another and then another.

Blackfront: Windsor hammering the side of Hopper's head with those hard right hands!

Ace: He's teeing off on the "King of Cool" right there! There is only one King in UTA and it very well may be this guy.

Blackfront: I think our Ring King, Alex Beckman, might disagree with you.

Ace: She can feel free....oh wait, she's not here these days, is she?

Dylan grabs Hopper, whipping him across the ring into the corner and follows with an avalanche splash. He is beaming

as Eliza again rips ringside fans for daring to cheer against royalty.

Blackfront: Windsor using his solid frame to good use there in the corner.

Ace: Just imagine being stuck between those turnbuckles and a rushing heavyweight right into your body. That geriatric may not handle much of this.

Blackfront: He's far from old, Ace. How old are you?

Ace: That doesn't matter, I'm not in the ring!

Windsor pushes Hopper back into the corner and begins reeling off knife-edge chops one after the other. The crowd, even though foreign, still fires off a faintly-heard version of the normal response for each one.

Blackfront: Dylan Windsor really digging those forearms into Hopper's chest.

Ace: And the sheep out there are "wooing" like morons.

Blackfront: Wrestling is truly a sport that transcends cultures, Ace.

Ace: Give me a break. These people would fart on a snare drum if they thought it was the appropriate reaction.

Windsor grabs Hopper for an Irish whip across the ring, but Chris reverses and sends the Brit across the ring and hard into the corner.

Blackfront: Hopper reversing the whip!

Hopper rushes and nails a running lariat on Windsor as he stumbles out of the corner after impact.

Ace: Hopper may be old, slow, and out of date, but he can still hit power moves.

Blackfront: Did you just show some appreciation for the wrestling legend.

Ace: No, he throws a good lariat. Very different situation.

Chris pulls Windsor up and gets his arms wrapped around his waist from behind, lifting him for a massive German Suplex! The crowd erupts at the exhibition of power.

Blackfront: Hopper showing off the power as he sends Windsor flying with that German Suplex. Ace: Windsor isn't as large as Hopper, but he isn't a small man either. Even at retirement age, Hopper can still show some power.

Blackfront: Question is can Windsor withstand this assault or is this the beginning of the end for the king of British wrestling?

Ace: Look here! Now things are getting interesting!

The crowd's reaction turns to jeers as Kendrix comes walking out from the entrance area. He has a pad of paper in his left hand and a steel chair in his right. Hopper has no clue as he is in the ring bending to pick Windsor off the canvas.

Blackfront: What is he doing out here?

Ace: Exactly what he did earlier! He is making the part of the show with the boring old man in it somewhat passable! Thank you JFK!

Kendrix actually shoos Eliza away from ringside as he unfolds the chair and sits down, taking a pencil out from behind his ear as he watches Hopper lift Windsor for a second German Suplex that gets the crowd popping yet again.

Blackfront: Another German suplex by the "King of Cool" and I don't think he even realizes Kendrix is sitting out here, Ace.

Ace: It doesn't revolve around him, so I doubt he does have a clue what is going on.

Blackfront: Kendrix better hope it stays that way after what he said earlier.

Ace: Does he look scared to you? He did come out here and take a seat. I doubt a person with fear would do something like that.

Blackfront: No....now he's seen him!

Chris goes to pull Dylan up again, but notices JFK sitting at ringside. He holds Windsor doubled over at the waist as he yells to the referee, nodding down at the Dynasty member hanging out at the end of the entrance aisle.

Ace: Hopper is already whining about Kendrix being at ringside. What a big baby! (mocking) Oh the camera isn't fully on me so banish the poor lad!

Blackfront: I think he is more worried about Kendrix trying to affect the outcome of the match, Ace.

Ace: You can't claim to know what is in somebody's mind! It is impossible! And the referee agrees!

The referee shakes it off, essentially telling Chris that he hasn't broken any rules yet so he can't send him away. Hopper shakes his head and then lifts Windsor with a nasty gut-wrench suplex. Blackfront: Hopper doesn't let it stop him from nailing that suplex, but it is effecting him regardless because he didn't go for a pin.

Ace: Perhaps he knew a pin is worthless because he doesn't have what it takes to put Windsor down for the full count?

Blackfront: I doubt that is the reason. Why go for a pin if the dirt bag on the outside will just break it up?

Ace: Dirt bag? I'm disappointed in you. Here I thought you were supposed to be a "middle-of-the- road" announce man.

Chris gets back to his feet and walks to the side of the ring facing the entrance and leans over the top rope to yell at Kendrix to get lost. He points up the aisle and tells him get going, but JFK simply holds up his pad of paper and pencil and says "Taking notes, Mate."

Blackfront: Like hell he is taking notes. This is preposterous!

Ace: You like to talk Hopper up so much, why is it difficult to think the youngster wants to learn from a supposed icon?

Blackfront: There is a difference between showing respect and using a situation in order to cause harm!

Ace: You cannot assume or judge on this one at all!

Hopper pulls Windsor to his feet and whips him into the ropes, grabbing him for a nasty spinning power slam. The crowd erupts as Chris gets to his feet and points to the corner.

Blackfront: Hopper on fire!

Ace: And daring to be stupid! Weird Al Yankovic would be so proud of him.

Blackfront: Hopper is heading to the turnbuckle as the fans go nuts!

Ace: Feast or famine. This is all or nothing.

Hopper rushes to the corner and climbs to the top turnbuckle. He perches for a second and looks down at Kendrix, before he leaps and nails a flying elbow drop right to the sternum of Dylan Windsor.

Blackfront: He got it! Flying elbow drop lands perfectly and the crowd is going insane!

Ace: Our guest in the ringside area looks less than thrilled.

Blackfront: Hopper hooks a leg! The referee starts to count.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!

Ace: Windsor gets the shoulder up in time!

Blackfront: That was a close call for the Brit.

Ace: Not as close as you think. Hopper has some work to do, but kudos for his old bones taking to the air like that.

Hopper smiles after the near fall and stands to his feet, looking at Kendrix, who again pats the notepad he is writing on and nods with a faux grin of appreciation on his face.

Ace: See? He *\*IS\** taking notes.

Blackfront: I don't believe it for a second.

Ace: You are so jaded. Try having some faith in basic good of humanity.

Blackfront: Are you even paying attention to what you are saying?

Ace: Ok, you have a point. Even *\*I\** can't say I believe in the basic good of humanity.

Chris pulls Windsor to his feet and then lifts him up for a vertical suplex, holding it straight in the air for a bit. Hopper holds his left arm out wide as he stares toward Kendrix, a grin on his face, then he finally drops the vertical suplex right in the center of the ring with a loud thud.

Blackfront: Hopper showing off now with that stalled vertical suplex. That move is one that can be extra dangerous if enough blood gets to the head before the drop.

Ace: God knows he held him up long enough. Yet curiously, Hopper still not going for the pin.

Blackfront: And now you see why.

Ace: I love it.

Kendrix jumps out of his seat as the suplex lands and steps right next to the ring, Chris notices and is up quickly to get over and tell JFK to get back in his little chair and watch to learn something.

Blackfront: Kendrix is out of his chair and causing a commotion at ringside, garnering every eyeball of attention in the arena and especially from our referee and Chris Hopper.

Ace: He's just telling Hopper how he could have done that suplex better.

Blackfront: I thought he was out here to take notes.

Ace: This is UTA, everybody both takes AND gives notes, you know that.

Blackfront: Hopper is now over and telling Kendrix to get lost. The referee still refusing Hopper's statements.

Ace: Now we see just how far the young guy has come to be in Hopper's head like this. Kendrix isn't moving, begins jawing back at Hopper telling him he has seen better from Dynasty sparring sessions. Chris again appeals to the referee, but again the only reply is that JFK has done nothing to warrant being sent to the locker room to which Kendrix beams with defiance toward the veteran.

Blackfront: I cannot believe the referee is allowing him to stay. Ace: How can he send him back? Has he attacked either man? Blackfront: No.

Ace: Has he stepped inside the ring or actually, physically done anything to change the outcome of this contest?

Blackfront: No.

Ace: Then he can stay and watch just like any other fan.

Hopper and Kendrix begin yelling at each other, most of the words are not fit for family programming. Hopper hits the top rope and points toward the entrance aisle when suddenly he jerks backward as Windsor had snuck behind him for a backslide.

Blackfront: But a fa....BACKSLIDE BY WINDSOR!!!

Ace: YES!

Referee with a count.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....TH.....NO!!!!

Blackfront: Hopper's escapes, but that was nearly a massive upset!

Ace: A veteran never takes his eyes off the ball, so to speak! Never!

A close call indeed as Kendrix is laughing at the "King of Cool" from outside the ring.

Blackfront: Look at that man laugh. This is despicable.

Ace: And yet the problem was Hopper not paying attention. Kendrix didn't do diddley to cause it.

Blackfront: I beg to differ.

Ace: And you usually do, but it doesn't make meless right.

Both men back to their feet, Hopper dodges a haymaker from Windsor and plants his knee directly into the Brit's stomach to double him over. Chris immediately jumps and plants Windsor to the mat with a rocker dropper leg drop.

Blackfront: Face plant by Hopper and Windsor tastes the canvas yet again! Despite that little setback at the hands of Kendrix, Hopper is still in control.

Ace: He didn't do anything!

Blackfront: He is now!

Ace: Uhh....yeah, he is....sort of.

No cover as Kendrix is now on the ring apron and yelling to the referee that Hopper is cheating to keep such an advantage!

Blackfront: Kendrix now teetering very closely on going past that line of whether he is out here to cheat Hopper out of a match or just "taking notes."

Ace: But he hasn't crossed it.

Blackfront: How in the world do you see it this way?

Ace: Again, has he touched Hopper or simply talk to the referee about something he notices?

Blackfront: That has to be the biggest technicality I have ever heard.

Ace: I should have gone into law.

The referee is finally yelling at Kendrix to get off the ring apron as the crowd boos him unmercifully for his actions. Chris grabs Windsor for an Irish whip, but Dylan reverses and sends Hopper toward that side of ropes where JFK awaits. Kendrix is getting off the ring apron as Hopper arrives at the ropes and he has pulled the top rope down just enough for the big man to go flying over the top rope and to the arena floor.

Blackfront: HOPPER HITS THE ARENA FLOOR HARD!!! Get him out of here!

Ace: He can't! Kendrix didn't do it on purpose.

Kendrix looks up at the referee with both hands help up as if to say "I didn't do anything there." Blackfront: Oh yeah, you did! Kendrix pulls that rope down and Hopper is down and trying to get to his feet outside the ring.

Ace: What a shocking happening! How unfortunate for Hopper that he hit at that very moment.

Blackfront: You really looking to the coincidence idea there?

Ace: It was! I believe what JFK said there.

Windsor exits the ring as the referee gives a warning to Kendrix to stay out of the action. Windsor leaps off the apron and plants a double axe-handle right between Hopper's shoulders to send him back to the floor.

Blackfront: Windsor now using it to his advantage with that big axe-handle to Hopper's back and youth may now have its day on Wrestleshow!

Ace: It was always going this way, if it makes you feel any better.

Blackfront: This is a travesty and Chris Hopper is being robbed right in front of our very eyes!

Ace: I'd say he could get help, but let's be honest....nobody likes him. (chuckles)

Dylan grabs Hopper and whips him as hard as he can into the ring post. Chris hits him with his shoulder and head and bounces off and ends up on the floor against the guard wall. Kendrix literally steals the popcorn being held by a young fan and sits down with a giddy expression on his face to watch the action.

Blackfront: Kendrix is stealing fans' popcorn for crying out loud! The guy is stealing everything! He may have stole this match from Hopper just like he stole the popcorn....

Ace: (interrupting) and the spotlight! Don't forget he has stolen that tonight as well! Blackfront: But an underhanded way to do it. Kendrix has legitimate talent. He doesn't need to do these things to get ahead.

Ace: There are times when I really don't think you understand this industry.

Windsor pulls Hopper up and sets him up for another whip, this time pointed at the steel ring

steps. Hopper hits them hard and sends the top section flying off the bottom ones as the crowd gasps. Kendrix is so excited that throws the popcorn in the air with excitement like his team just scored a goal.

Blackfront: Hopper in serious trouble after hitting those ring steps and Kendrix is loving it. Ace: Of course he is. It is like watching your most hated rival lose in any sport. Kendrix is acting like he is in his own man cave enjoying this moment. And he ought to enjoy it as much as he wants.

Windsor finally rolls Chris under the ropes and back into the ring, following right behind him. Kendrix is beyond happy as he watches at ringside, even clapping a little as the fans begin booing him yet again.

Blackfront: Back into the ring now and Hopper in serious trouble.

Ace: You know what is interesting?

Blackfront: What?

Ace: The referee is still trying to save Hopper.

Blackfront: How do you figure?

Ace: Did you see him count when Hopper went out of the ring? How about as both men were outside the ring battling?

Blackfront: Uhm...No.

Ace: My point exactly.

Back inside the ring, Windsor begins stomping at Hopper's ribs and upper back. He talks a little trash as he does it, though honestly with his accent, nobody is sure what he is saying as he stomps a mud hole in the veteran.

Blackfront: Windsor getting very sure of himself, and why not when you have a fellow Brit on the outside helping you every step of the way.

Ace: That is implying they worked together on this. I doubt they did.

Windsor pulls Hopper up and hits a scoop body slam. Then he quickly drops a standing elbow drop right to Chris' chest.

Blackfront: An elbow drop after the scoop slam and Dylan Windsor is in complete control.

Ace: He needs to finish this before the referee can screw him out of it.

Dylan Windsor stays on the attack as he pulls Hopper up and whips him across the ring and into the ropes. Chris rebounds into the waiting arms of the supposed royal for a spinning spine buster slam that seemingly shakes the ring.

Blackfront: Spinning Spine buster by Windsor with authority! Holy Moly!

Ace: That was the thunder right there! Blackfront: Here's the pin attempt by Windsor! Referee drops to count.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....TH.....NO!!!

Ace: WHAT?!?!?!?

Blackfront: Hopper escapes! The veteran refuses to go down without more of a fight.

Ace: His fight left the moment he went flying over that top rope!

Kendrix comes unglued from his chair outside the ring yelling "Aww, Come on, Mate!" to the referee after the third count doesn't make it to the mat. Windsor is upset as well, but knows he needs to keep the pressure on to get the win.

Blackfront: Kendrix not happy there.

Ace: Well he wants Hopper to lose, so you can imagine the emotions going through him at this moment.

Windsor pulls Chris to his feet and hauls off with a swift kick to the groin for no apparent reason. Kendrix again begins laughing and pointing at Hopper as the crowd erupts in boos.

Blackfront: The bow! That swift kick to the private areas ought to be outlawed.

Ace: I guess it is technically, but nobody enforces it.

Windsor grabs Hopper and lifts him for a reverse scoop slam/piledriver that he uses to finish matches.

Blackfront: LONDON'S CALLING!!!! He nailed it!

Ace: This one is over!!!

Blackfront: Windsor lays out for the cover and the fans are going nuts! Referee down to count.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....TH.....NO!!!

Ace: WHAT THE HELL?!?!?!?!?

Blackfront: Hopper kicked out of the main finisher for Dylan Windsor! What an expert in survival instincts Hopper is to get that shoulder up at the last possible second

Ace: Last possible second? I swear I saw that hand hit three.

Blackfront: Are you sure?

Ace: Don't play games with me! Of course, I'm sure!

Blackfront: Windsor is all over the referee right now, arguing the count went far too slow.

Ace: It did! Even Kendrix agrees.

Dylan Windsor explodes in anger. He rushes the referee and begins accusing him of helping Hopper. He points to

Kendrix on the outside and JFK simply makes the three count reference with his hands. Windsor calls the referee a "tosser" and backs down from actually striking him to turn back toward the downed veteran.

Blackfront: Oh yes, of course he does.

Ace: This....THIS is the real travesty! Hopper should be the loser right in this moment and now he still has life in this match.

Blackfront: Well, if Windsor is as good as advertised, he can finish him off and get his arm raised anytime he wants.

Ace: You're damn right he can!

Windsor pulls Hopper up and pushes him into the corner, drilling him with those knife-edge chops over and over. Chris' chest is turning beet red because of those strikes as the crowd reacts to each chop.

Blackfront: The fans still giving some hate toward Windsor as he tries chopping Hopper down again.

Ace: This time is going to be very different. Here comes the big whip!

Windsor whips Hopper across the ring and delays before following. Hopper gets to the corner and leaps up with his right foot on the middle rope, then left foot on the top rope and he propels himself back with a spinning round house kick that connects square on Windsor's jaw.

Blackfront: SHOWTIME KICK! SHOWTIME KICK! Hopper hits that spinning roundhouse off the corner and both men are down!

Ace: How in the hell did he pull that off?

Blackfront: Push men to their limits and they can truly do the unthinkable.

Ace: Hopper may have used whatever he had left to pull that off. Both men are down and struggling to get to their feet.

Blackfront: You may be right, Ace. Both men struggling to get to their feet and the referee has started the obligatory ten count.

Ace: They are both grabbing for ropes. Hopper really hit that kick flush and rung Windsor's bell.

Blackfront: Looks that way and at the very least, he evened the playing field for now.

Ace: Once those stars clear up, I still see Dylan in better shape.

Windsor stands to his feet as Chris pulls himself up as well. Windsor rushes to attack and throws a right hand, but Hopper hooks it with his right arm and twists it deftly into a float-over DDT as the crowd erupts again.

Blackfront: DDT by Hopper! What a reversal!

Ace: He is digging deeper than we have seen in awhile.

Blackfront: Well he is facing two men, in reality.

Ace: Oh knock that off already!

Kendrix gets off the chair again and Hopper points at him as he pulls Dylan Windsor back to his feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix looking to get involved again?

Ace: He hasn't yet, has he? Blackfront: No comment. Ace: Whatever.

Chris whips Windsor across the ring and catches him, lifting him into a gorilla press slam. He holds Windsor up high for a bit showing off his power before dropping him right into a nasty Icebreaker as the fans go nuts.

Blackfront: ICEBREAKER!!! He hit it out of nowhere and Windsor is out cold!

Ace: Can Hopper make that cover?

Blackfront: He hooks the leg!

Crowd chants in spanish along with the referee.

Referee/Crowd: ONE (UNO)!!!! TWO (DOS)!!!!!!!! THREE (TRES)!!!!!!!!!!!!

Blackfront: He did it! He pulled out the win against the debuting youngster!

Ace: I can't believe the old guy had it in him.

Before the referee can even raise his arm, let alone Hopper even get to his feet from the pinfall, Kendrix attacks with that steel chair. JFK smashes it to the back of Chris' head with extreme force.

Blackfront: KENDRIX ON THE ATTACK!

Ace: Now the real match begins for the "King of Drool!"

Blackfront: Kendrix blind sides Hopper with that steel chair! He may not have caught him fully though.

Ace: Perhaps he was just getting his attention and didn't mean to hit him at all? Oh DAMN!!! The referee tries to grab the attacking Brit, but Kendrix shoves him off and again pegs him with the steel chair. This time he hit him square on top of the head so hard the chair goes around his neck like a necklace.

Blackfront: KENDRIX BREAKS THE STEEL CHAIR OVER HOPPER'S HEAD!!!

Ace: He's cut! Hopper is bleeding like the proverbial faucet!

Blackfront: Kendrix definitely has decided to make a name for himself as security rushes out to make sure he doesn't go further than the damage he has already done.

Ace: That is a shame. I'd love to see if the old man can recover from a concussion.

Hopper has been cut by the second chair shot and he lays in the center of the ring out cold as security rushes out to keep Kendrix from doing any more damage.

Blackfront: Medical is on their way and security is pushing Kendrix out of the ring as we speak.

Ace: Best part of the show!

The crowd is booing louder than ever before during this night as Kendrix keeps pointing and yelling at Hopper as security begins pushing him out of the ring.

Blackfront: I cannot believe it took Kendrix this long to attack. We all wondered when he could take it no longer and Hopper winning the match was the breaking point.

Ace: I think the breaking point was when the chair hit Hopper on the forehead!

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, that is all we have tonight. Hopefully we will have updates on this situation on the UTA news site as soon as they come available and we hope you will join us for the next Wrestleshow.

Ace: I doubt Hopper is there. (chuckles loudly)

Blackfront: Until then, good night everybody!

The screen simply focuses on Hopper lying in the center of the ring with blood flowing from his forehead as medical staff arrive in the ring as the credits begin to roll.

## Show Credits

