

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 46

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: October 26, 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 "Pre-Recorded" 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 Egypt!

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, 'm being told we have Jamie Sawyers with Chris Hopper backstage. Ace: Just like I like to start the show.

Blackfront: Do I sense sarcasim? We move backstage.

Ready to Roll

The screen shows the backstage interview area where Jamie Sawyers is standing with a microphone, ready to speak.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, joining me at this time is one of the few who will potentially have a very full evening as they try to earn a shot at the Legacy Title, "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. Chris steps into the camera's view, dressed in his ring attire and a wide grin on his face.

Hopper: You got that right, Jamie. This is going to be a long night without a doubt.

Sawyers: Chris, I know you are ready to roll for your shot at the Legacy Title. Chris' grin widens.

Hopper: Tonight is a test. There are some out there who think a man who has been around awhile can't keep up with these younger guys. However, this old dog is always up for the challenge. I can still bring it and deliver in the ring and tonight is going to be no exception. Sawyers: And one of your opponents is someone you know really well.

Chris' grin curls into a very disgusted face.

Hopper: No doubt about it. Ranier and I have history and it isn't pretty. And you have to give the devil his due on this one as he was the first Legacy champ and one of the great workers in that ring for sure. But tonight is my night, and I'm going to do my best to even up the score with my old friend and advance.

Sawyers: Sounds like you are looking forward to seeing him in the ring again.

Hopper: What is the old saying, Sawyers? "Familiarity breeds contempt?" We have been in so many matches against each other that I have to honestly say I respect him and his ability....

He pauses.

Hopper: But I can't stand him otherwise. I'm looking forward to getting my hands on him and putting him down once again to see what happens.

Sawyers: And you can't sleep on Bronson Box.

Hopper: Of course not! The guy is a tough customer that has handled his jump into the spotlight really well. This is my first chance to really size him up.

He looks down at Sawyers.

Hopper: That is how you really know what they are worth, Sawyers....by testing them in the ring. He looks back to the camera.

Hopper: And Box, I'm looking forward to the challenge. I want to see if you are everything you have been advertised to be or if you were just the beneficiary of a lot of happenstance. Three men battling for one spot is never easy, especially this group of men. This match could headline most weeks of WrestleShow for certain!

Jamie Sawyer's face goes from jovial to serious.

Sawyers: Now Chris, I have to ask due to what the nature of tonight could be....how bad do you want the shot at the Legacy Title?

Hopper: I want that belt more than I have wanted a lot of things in the past few years. I think it is because it signifies so much more than just an individual time and place....it's very name gives the idea of an ultimate success. So it is something I would love to achieve, should my effort be able to do so.

Sawyers: And that brings up an interesting follow up...the other qualifying match has three people in it very unique.

Chris nods as he wrings his hands together in front of him.

Hopper: Abdul is a future contender here in UTA, and I know that he wants nothing more than to beat people down, make them humble and succeed in a match like this. Then there is Kendrix.... A pause as he moves his head about, almost as if reliving the chair shot from last WrestleShow. Hopper: Young man, you woke me out of a slumber last WrestleShow. You came at me with a chair, busted me open for all the world to see. And you did it for one reason....cowardice.

His nostrils flaring as he speaks.

Hopper: You obviously weren't man enough to come at me face-to-face. You had your chance early in the show and you ran away like a scared animal. Then you waited until my back was turned and after a hard match to strike....

Another breath.

Hopper: Like the coward you are. I'm not sure if this is something you picked up from the boys of Dynasty or not, but rest assured, you won't be able to run if we face off in the contender's match. And that is when you will feel the payback for what you did last WrestleShow, I promise you that. Sawyers: What about Fears? Your stance on women in the ring is long known and even been called chauvinistic. How do you plan on seeking the title shot if you win this triple threat and have to stand across from the top female in UTA right now?

He looks down at Sawyers, seemingly annoyed by the question.

Hopper: Is it chauvinistic to want to not have violence against women? Sawyers: I don't think that is exactly the reason people think that way, Chris. Hopper: Well then, have I ever said they shouldn't wrestle at all?

Sawyers: Not that I am aware of. Chris turns back to the camera.

Hopper: It has never been a secret how I feel on the subject and I'm not a fan of it at all. I look at the potential size disparity and think that she, or any lady trying to wrestle a man, could be seriously injured or even killed in the right set of circumstances...

A pause.

Hopper: But it has NEVER been because I considered them lesser athletes or lesser skilled in the ring. I respect the hell out of Zhalia and what she has done in UTA thus far, and if she and I both come out on top of our qualifying matches....and I stand across the ring from her with the Legacy Title shot on the line...

He pauses again, everyone wanting to know what he will do and it is apparent even he doesn't know.

Hopper: The match will happen. I'll stand in against her and let the chips fall where they may. I hope my fans will forgive me if that happens and she is hurt somehow. I'm not even sure I could

forgive myself....but I also don't want the fans to get short-changed and lose a match they paid to see.

He stares at the camera.

Hopper: Good luck tonight, Zhalia. If it comes down to us, may the best person win. His smile hesitantly returns.

Hopper: Now, I'm going to head out there and get the journey started! He walks off, leaving Jamie Sawyers alone again.

Sawyers: There you have it, Hopper seems motivated to win no matter the opponent. This is shaping up to be a shocking evening already with those words, guys! Back to you!

Fade out.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage.

The opening riff of Hail to the King by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the former Legacy Champion of the UTA.

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

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

Blackfront: CBR hoping to have a chance to regain the championship he once held.

Ace: It's only a matter of time.

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one fan's abuse, his smile turning to a frown straight into the eyes of an overweight male in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Ranier feigns a slap to the fan, but then smirks and continues walking to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds... CBR walks up to the ring

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

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

Announcer: The former UTA Legacy Champion...the Canadian Star...C...B...RRRRRRRRRR!! Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savoring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: This should be a good match up.

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

Ace: I can't wait to see CBR beat these two idiots.

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.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Bronson Box has had a rocky start here in the UTA, but this match could be what helps propel the Wargod to the next level.

Ace: Not sure how being added to the list of men CBR has defeated helps, but OK. 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: ... BRONSOOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOXXXXXX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Ace: See, even the fans know this guy is terrible.

Blackfront: Don't let him hear you say that.

As the music fades Bronson slowly climbs between the top and second rope, placing boot to canvas.

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

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

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional and arrogant wrestler ever?

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

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

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

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

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

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over. Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

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

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

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin!

As the bell sounds, Chris Hopper stands on one side of the ring as CBR and Bronson Box on the other.

Blackfront: Far from the first time that Chris Hopper and CBR have stood in the same ring but the first time that the War God, Bronson Box, has been involved.

Ace: You'd think by now, Chris Hopper would get tired of being on the receiving end of a CBR beat down.

Blackfront: In singles action, CBR has two wins to Chris Hopper's one. However, this has a completely different dynamic being a triple threat match.

Ace: Nah. Just means CBR has two idiots to beat.

Blackfront: With a chance to face John Sektor for the Legacy Championship on the line, I believe we may see a very motivated Chris Hopper here tonight.

CBR and Box share a non verbal agreement, nodding toward each other, before they both rush Chris Hopper who is in a ready position.

Blackfront: Here we go! Both men with a temporary alliance rushing the bigger Chris Hopper. Hopper catches CBR with a big right as Bronson runs past him, hitting the ropes.

Blackfront: Box off of the ropes, drops down... vicious chop block to the back of Hopper's knee. Chris stumbles forward and drops to a knee as Bronson quickly gets to his feet, charges forward, straddling Hopper closely, bringing forearm shots from around the back, catching Chris in the face.

Blackfront: Bronson Box with that unforgiving aggression as he attacks Chris Hopper. Here comes CBR again.

Box pulls back off of Hopper as CBR runs forward and throws a boot up, catching Chris in the face.

Blackfront: The King of Cool sent to the canvas.

Ace: The king of Fools is more like it!

Blackfront: CBR quickly covering Hopper for the pin.

As the referee drops to begin his count, Bronson runs forward and throws a boot up that catches CBR in the temple, causing him to roll off of Hopper.

Blackfront: Box breaking up the pin attempt.

Ace: I guess that was a very temporary alliance.

Blackfront: Bronson now covering Hopper.. The referee counts... NO! Hopper able to kick out. As Chris presses Box off of him, he turns to the side grabbing his head. Chris begins to get up. As he does, Bronson pushes up and runs forward. He quickly grabs Hopper's head as Chris is still bent over, and yanks him backward.

Blackfront: Bronson Box displaying that natural strength he is known for.

Box forces Hopper around and into the corner. The very much shorter, but stout, man waste no time as he brings a foot up, catching Chris in the midsection.

Blackfront: Repeated kicks to the stomach of Chris Hopper as Bronson Box continues to maintain control of this match.

Ace: Not for long, here comes CBR.

CBR grabs Bronson by the shoulder, turning him around.

Blackfront: Big right by CBR... another.. Grabs the arm of Bronson Box...

CBR turns around and yanks back, sending Bronson toward Hopper. Box turns, slamming back first into Chris. As he does, CBR runs toward the two and leaps up.

Blackfront: BIG SPLASH INTO THE CORNER BY CBR!

Ace: That is why I love Claude! He is so versatile.. put him in the ring with one guy, two, or more and he'll slam them in so many ways it'll make you hurt just watching.

Blackfront: I see...

As CBR backs off, Bronson stumbles forward, and just falls forward and down. Chris slides down to a sitting position, still in the corner. CBR quickly runs over and grabs the top ropes for leverage as he begins to aggressively bring boots down into the chest of Hopper.

Blackfront: CBR refusing to let up. The longest reigning Internet Champion and first Legacy Champion wanting a chance to once again hold the title.

Ace: Stomp him!

Bronson begins to roll over and push himself up. CBR sees him from the side of his view and quickly turns toward the Original DEFIANT.

Blackfront: CBR grabbing Bronson Box.... sending him forward.... THROUGH THE ROPES! Bronson goes through the top and middle rope, slamming his back down across the edge of the apron before meeting the floor.

Blackfront: Bronson Box hit the side of the ring and then the floor hard. He may be hurt.

Ace: He'll bounce back. he always does. But the good news is this gives CBR the opportunity to focus one hundred percent on beating Chris Hopper! Isn't he great?!

We get a shot of Bronson laying on the floor face down while holding his back before we move back to the ring where CBR is standing Hopper up in the corner.

Blackfront: Hopper back to his feet... CBR grabbing an arm. He whips Hopper across... NO! Reversal. CBR sent across the ring no... Hopper following closely behind.

As CBR enters the corner, he turns and slams into the turnbuckle backward. Chris Hopper throws and arm out, bringing a running clothesline into him. CBR lets out a loud yell as the impact hits. Blackfront: Hopper with the clothesline in the corner, grabbing CBR by the head now and bringing a big right hand in.

As he rocks CBR in the side of the head, Hopper quickly turns him around to face away. Chris grabs CBR from behind, and lifts him up, sitting CBR on the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: What is Chris Hopper thinking? Ace: I don't know Jason, but I don't like it! Blackfront: Hopper now climbing up as well. Ace: No.. no.... no!

Chris stands on the second set of ropes, grabbing CBR from behind. He lifts up and begins to drop backward. The cameras flash as both men go over, CBR flying through the air and crashing into the canvas with force.

Blackfront: Backdrop from the top rope by Chris Hopper! This one may be over!

Chris rolls over and pushes to a knee looking down at CBR laying on the canvas holding his back. He stands up throwing his right arm in the air. The fans begin to scream for him.

Blackfront: These fans are behind the King of Cool here tonight.

Ace: It's because they don't know any better Jason.

Blackfront: Chris grabbing CBR by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Ace: Hey ref! He's got his hair! Disqualify him!

Blackfront: Hopper pushes CBR back into the ropes, using them to send CBR across the ring. On the return now... Hopper catches him, lifts up.. turns.. HUGE SPINE BUSTER!

The fans pop like crazy as Hopper leaps to his feet and lets out a warrior like yell, throwing his arms out.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is in the zone folks!

Ace: Someone needs to do something!

Blackfront: Hopper now jumping over CBR.. Runs.. off the ropes... on the reutnr now, and drops a knee down catching CBR in the forehead.

CBR grabs his head and begins to flop around like a fish out of water as Chris stands up before kicking CBR's hands away and dropping another knee to his head.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper may be on his way to capturing the number one contendership for the Legacy Championship here tonight folks. I'm unsure if anyone will be able to stop him now.

Bronson Box can be seen holding onto the side of the apron outside of the ring, He rolls into the ring under the bottom rope behind Chris Hopper.

Ace: I don't know Jason, here comes Bronson Box back!

Blackfront: Hopper turns in time to see Box charging him... boot to the gut of Bronson... Hopper grabs his head and leaps.. ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: NO!

As he two land, Bronson Box's body is shot up and over to his back.

Blackfront: Hopper getting back to his feet, pulling CBR up with him as well. CBR now sent across the ring.. on the return...

Chris turns and leaps grabbing his head as he comes down.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER ON CBR! ICE BREAKER!

The fans are on their feet screaming like crazy as Chris Hopper rolls over and pushes to both knees before standing.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper has laid out both opponents. This one is over! He will move on to face the winner of the next round one match!

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to Let 'em come by Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the center of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage, his back facing the ring and a chair in hand. Wearing the latest Dynasty t-shirt with 'JFK' and '#Bruv' emblazoned in red on it and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care hits", he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

Blackfront: It's Kendrix! Kendrix is here!

Ace: YES! DYNASTY UNITE!

Kendrix turns around points down at Hopper and begins to sprint down the ramp.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is ready... here comes Kendrix!

Hopper quickly steps over the top rop to the apron before jumping down to the floor. He begins up the ramp, meeting Kendrix half way. Kendrix swings the chair.

Blackfront: Hopper moves out of the way, avoiding the chair.. catches Kendrix with a right.. now a left.. and another right!

Kendrix drops the chair as Hopper grabs his head. He sends him head first into the nearby barricade. The fans cheer, reaching over and trying to touch the superstars.

Blackfront: Kendrix may have picked off more than he can chew coming out to attack Chris Hopper while he still has a match himself coming up.

Ace: Dynasty sticks together Jason. It's just what they do!

Chris Hopper comes at Kendrix, swinging his arm. Kendrix rolls down, avoiding the arm. As he does, he quickly grabs the chair from the floor and gets to his feet. Hopper and Kendrix both turn. As Kendrix does, he swings the chair.

Blackfront: Kendrix with that chair into the side of Chris Hopper's head!

Hopper grabs his head as he stumbles away toward the side. Kendrix lifts the chair up and brings it down across his back causing Hopper to let out a yell before dropping to his knees.

Blackfront: Kendrix taking Hopper to his knees.

Kendrix moves around to in front of Hopper and lifts the chair up before bringing it down and cracking Hopper straight in the top of the head as the fans boo. Chris falls backward to the floor. Blackfront: Hopper laid out after several shots from that chair. What a disgrace.

Ace: Yes, but look in the ring!

As the camera angle changes we see CBR crawling forward. He moves an arm up and over the chest of Bronson Box. The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: CBR taking advantage of his stable mate's interference. The referee counts.. Two.. THREE! CBR DOES IT! He moves on!

The bell begins to sound and the fans start to boo louder than before.

Kendrix tosses the chair down beside Hopper and begins to clap as he heads down the ramp toward the ring where CBR is using the ropes to slowly pull himself to his feet. Kendrix rolls into the ring, meeting his partner and helping him stabilize himself.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper had this one folks until that dastardly Kendrix came out here and attacked him with a chair.

Ace: Dynasty sticks together Jason. Simple as that. No way they would be letting Hopper walk out the winner tonight.

As Kendrix helps CBR stay up, celebrating we move over to see officials checking on Hopper before getting a replay of the two Ice Breakers followed by Kendrix coming out. We then get a shot of the chair shots before going back live.

Blackfront: I will tell you this now, when Chris Hopper realizes what happened, he will not be happy at all. That is for certain.

Ace: Who cares how he feels? The right guy won!

Blackfront: Well, that can be argued.

Ace: Yea, by idiots.

The Dynasty theme song continues as CBR and Kendrix continue to celebrate. We see Box rolling out of the ring as we fade.

Brought to You By

Where Dem Belts?

The scene opens up the backstage loading area. Random crew members dart in every direction to keep Wrestleshow running smoothly. Down the ramp comes a very large pickup truck. The old vehicle is blue, although the driver side door and the hood of the truck are both primer gray.

The horn honks loudly as the truck barrels towards the building. As it gets closer we can see it tows a trailer behind.

The trailer is one wheel and one spare donut. The metal on the side is half rusted, and every part of it is covered in mud.

As it pulls through the garage door the tires screech as the truck/trailer combo slams to a halt. A loud bang comes from the trailer as if something hit the wall.

Voice: Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyyyy Luke! We 'ere boy!

As the driver gets out of the truck, about half a dozen beer cans clatter to the ground. Out steps a man that dirty doesn't begin to describe. He wears a pair of old brown work boots, laces untied. Jean shorts cut off just above the knee. A white wifebeater, and a trucker hat that reads "Duke". The trailer door opens shortly after. This man is slightly larger, both in height and weight. He wears blue overalls, and a red plaid shirt. His trucker hat matches the first but reads "Luke" He rubs his head and looks to be in pain.

Luke: Jeez Duke, Ya cudda let ma know ya was gunna slam dem brakes. The smaller guy laughs loudly and slaps his knee.

Duke: Shud up Luke, Tol ya weed make it!

The pair walk together towards the inside of the building, almost marching. They see a stagehand with a headset on. Luke taps him on the shoulder and he turns towards the pair.

Stagehand: Can I help you gentleman?

Duke: Weed on't need no helpin mister! Dis 'ere Luke, an I'm Duke, we da Dibbins. Ere for the Wrasslin match!

The stagehand appears confused. He looks from Duke up to Luke, then back. He pulls a folded up piece of paper from

his back pocket. It's tonight's card. He looks it over.

Stagehand: Well guys, It looks like you are not scheduled to compete tonight. I'm sorry for the misunderstanding.

He goes to turn away but Duke stops him with a finger to the chest. He stomps once.

Duke: WHAT!? Ya gota be kittin me! Dey tol us to report to da TV Wrasslinshow! He turns to Luke and slaps him on the chest.

Luke: How we goin win dem tag belts if we caint git skittled to complete?

Luke throws his arms out in frustration. The stagehand stops again and raises a point. Stagehand: Tag Belts? You gentlemen are aware that the WrestleUTA Tag Team Championships have been retired right?

Both men get angry.

Luke: What ya say bout ma underwear? The stagehand stares at him with disbelief.

Duke: Luke! Ye ere dat? Dey 'eard wees comin, and dem Tag Teams Returd! Luke smiles wide.

Duke: 'Ets go Luke! Sounds like are work 'ere is dumb!

The two march to the truck and get in. Duke once again driving. He backs up to turn around, and slams directly a work van. He never looks back to see what he hit he just takes back off up the ramp.

Fade out

Sign Up

We return ringside as Kendrix's entrance tune, Let 'Em Come by Scroobius Pip, hits the PA system inside the Covered Hall right here in Cairo, Egypt, the latest leg of the UTA's international tour.

Blackfront: Kendrix had a huge night at Wrestleshow Forty Five Ace, getting involved in a somewhat heated exchange with Chris Hopper at the start of the show before winning a hard fought match with Sabrina Baker and then making a huge statement by taking out Chris Hopper with a steel chair at the end of the night.

Ace: I love this guy. I've been praying for someone to shut Chris Hopper up for years and finally Kendrix did exactly what we all wanted.

Kendrix walks out onto the ramp holding a mic in hand and what appears to be a clipboard with a pen hanging from it in the other. As he walks towards the ring Kendrix occasionally stops to hand the clipboard to the fans. But as they reach out to grab it he quickly pulls it away from them.

Blackfront: Why does Kendrix feel the need to tease and make fun of the UTA fans every week Tommy?

Ace: He's not teasing them you idiot! They just weren't quick enough to grab the clipboard! Announcer: Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England, standing at six feet two and weighing in at 215 pounds...

Walking up the ring steps he slowly makes his way through the ropes. As she shoos the referee away from him and towards the corner he stops in the centre of the ring and raises the clipboard high in the air for all to see;

Announcer: JFK....KENDRRRIIIIIIXX!!

The music dies down as Kendrix brings the clipboard down by his side and the mic up to his mouth. As he's about to speak, he pauses for a moment as he looks around at the fans who aren't exactly making him welcome as boos ring out in the arena.

Blackfront: The fans letting this young man know exactly what they think of him here in Cairo

Ace: Will you be quiet, looks like we're about to hear from Kendrix!

As the boos begin to die down, Kendrix brings the mic up to his mouth once more;

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?!

The fans erupt in boos once more. Kendrix however seems to feed off of their reaction as he smugly laughs it off;

Kendrix: Not only is JFK out here today to become one of the number one contenders for the number one contendership for the Legacy title...but, as always, JFK is out here to inspire the fans of the UTA to be better than the fat...ugly...lazy...UNGRATEFUL...inbreds that they are!

Blackfront: I guess Kendrix really doesn't know how to endear himself to the fans abroad as well as back home.

Ace: I'm sure he does, he just doesn't want to.

Kendrix: Now, JFK knows that he inspires all of you through his actions inside the squared circle...obviously! JFK KNOWS...he inspired all of you bellends at Wrestleshow forty five and even earlier tonight when he finally shut up Chris Hopper...might JFK add, in more ways than one...

Boos ring out as Kendrix briefly chuckles to himself.

Blackfront: I'm sure it won't be funny for Kendrix when Chris Hopper gets his hands on him. Wiping an apparent tear away from his eye, Kendrix raises the mic back to his mouth; Kendrix: But JFK would like everyone to forget about him beating everyone up for just one

moment and focus on an incredibly important cause that THE WORLD...is currently behind just now...

Ace: Important cause Jason? What could it be?!

Blackfront: Your guess is as good as mine Tommy.

Staring out at the arena and nodding along with himself, Kendrix holds up the clipboard; Kendrix: No, it's not the petition JFK is setting up to get Sean Jackson sectioned for walking out on his brothers.

He sticks his tongue out inside the bottom of his mouth and circles the mic horizontally by the side of his head;

Kendrix: No! It's a cause to free a great man, who is unjustly being held behind bars by an evil regime who are not only holding him HOSTAGE...from his family...but are making sure that his worldly talents are going to waste!

Shaking his head through sheer anger and disgust, his face reddening, Kendrix manages to compose himself and continue;

Kendrix: Absolute disgrace bruv! But in his hand, JFK holds the power and inspiration of the people that will surely send a message to the idiots in charge of the UTA...so that they can see sense and set this great, great man free...of the tyranny he UNFAIRLY...finds himself trapped in. Bringing the clipboard down by his side Kendrix walks over to the turnbuckle and holds it in front of one of the ringside cameraman's lens'. The page shows a list which reads;

JFK's To Do List

Interrupt Chris Hopper.

Defeat Sabrina Baker with JFK's Bell End.

Smash Steel Chair over Chris Hopper's head (smiley face).

Noticing the list displayed on the big screen in the arena, Kendrix quickly withdraws the clipboard from the camera and turns the page over;

Kendrix: Oh, uh, how embarrassing, that was JFK's to do list for last Wrestleshow, innit?! Close enough as one and three have already been completed again tonight.

Putting the clipboard back in front of the lens it reads out #FreeMikeyUnlikely at the top followed by a list of names which aren't readable to the viewers. Taking the clipboard away from the camera he returns to the centre of the ring;

Kendrix: Hashtag Free Mikey Unlikely! The world's greatest entertainer...in the world, Mikey Unlikely, has been imprisoned on Victory for far, FAR...too long and must be set free so he can return to his brothers in Dynasty. And in his hand, JFK has the names of over one hundred actual people who count...unlike the ungratefals here in Cairo!

The arena fills out with boos again;

Blackfront: This is ridiculous from Kendrix. Mikey Unlikely was separated from the rest of Dynasty as part of the the brand split that took place after Ring King. They knew the rules.

Ace: You're right Jason, it is ridiculous. Mikey's been separated from his brothers. Hashtag free Mikey Unlikely!!

Kendrix looks down at his clipboard and begins to pace the ring from left to right;

Kendrix: Just let JFK read out some of the calibre of names of the wonderful people who have already signed up to this, the most righteous of all righteous causes. Here we go...number one...The future of the UTA, Jesse Fredericks
Kendrix, number two...the legend that is, Claude Baptiste Ranier...

He looks directly into the camera for the next name;

Kendrix: Oh, this is gonna be a massive one people, probably the biggest name on the list...hold onto your hats...number three...LA FLAAAMMAAAA BLANNNCAAAA...aka, YOUR...UTA WORLD CHAMPION!!

The crowd erupts in boos as Kendrix stares out at them with a smug smirk on his face. Looking back at the list he reads out a somewhat questionable name;

Kendrix: Number thirty four...Barack Obama? Hmmm, not bad, I guess...

Ace: Barack Obama??? Wow, That's huge Jason! Not as huge as LFB though.

Blackfront: Someone please end this.

Kendrix flips the page over and starts to pace the ring from left to right, continuing to read out names;

Kendrix: Number forty one, David Hasselhoff. Number sixty nine...Dick 'Your Baby's Real Daddy'

Fury. Number seventy five, JFK. Number seventy six, Mikey Unlikely. Number seventy seven, Tommy Ace...

Kendrix turns to face Tommy Ace, pointing his mic out at him sitting at the announce table and holding the clipboard on his chest, by his heart, in an apparent mark of humble respect; Blackfront: Seriously Tommy?

Ace: Of course, hashtag free Mikey Unlikely, Jason! Get it trending!

Looking back at the clipboard and pacing across the ring, Kendrix continues;

Kendrix: Number eighty Bill Clinton. Number eighty one, Mary Jane. Number eighty three, JFK's maaatttee Dave...

He looks up at the camera by the turnbuckle and gives it a friendly wink;

Kendrix: Alriiiiggghhttt Maaaatttee! Number eighty sev...

Kendrix suddenly jerks back around to face the entrance ramp having been cut off mid list reading as the arena fills with the sounds of

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

Kendrix: Bloody hell!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from Medina, Saudi Arabia...

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and forty five pounds... ABDUL.... AHHHHAAADDD!!!!

He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad looking to finally get his groove here after a not so spectacular return to the UTA.

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: This young lady right here is quickly being positioned to be one of the top superstars in the UTA today.

Ace: Why now? What took so long?

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: The fans love Zhalia Fears.

Ace: The fans are idiots.

As the bell sounds, all three superstars stand looking at each other, waiting for someone to make the first move.

Blackfront: Here we go! CBR was able to win the first of these two matches here with the help from Kendrix who is in this match. He will face the winner of this match.

Ace: Wouldn't it be great if Kendrix won?! It would guarantee Dynasty will bring the Legacy Championship home!

Blackfront: It would not guarantee that at all. The winner of the match still needs to get through the Legacy Champion, John Sektor.

Ace: That doesn't change my stance.

Blackfront: Of course it doesn't... And we're off! Abdul Ahad comes forward with a boot to the gut of Kendrix to kick this match off.

Zhalia comes forward with a forearm to the face of Ahad.

Blackfront: Fears coming in strong as well.

Kendrix comes back up with his own shot to Abdul. He and Zhalia exchange looks before each grabbing an arm.

Blackfront: They team up and send Abdul into the ropes. Ahad on the return... Fears and Kendrix bend down and catch him.. up and over with a back body drop by Zhalia Fears and Kendrix!

Ace: Kendrix is a man of opportunity. That idiot Fears is just there to be used until he decides he is ready for her to lose.

Fears turns to Kendrix who comes forward, hooking her arm and dropping down while flipping her over to the canvas, not letting go as he quickly stands up.

Blackfront: Kendrix with an arm drag into an arm bar.

Ace: Look at how perfect that was! Kendrix is the future!

He holds her arm and drops down to the canvas, still pulling up. Ahad rolls over and pushes to his feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix working the arm of Zhalia Fears. Abdul Ahad to his feet, he meets Kendrix with a stomp causing him to let Fears go.

Ace: Why is this guy even in this match? What has he done in the last year?

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad pulls Kendrix to his feet now.

Zhalia holds her arm and shoulder rolling away from the other two.

Blackfront: Kendrix waste not time, taking control as he pushes Abdul back and into the ropes. Kendrix pushes him back further into the ropes before pulling back.

Blackfront: Kendrix sends Abdul Ahad across the ring. Off of the rope and on the return... leap frog. Off the ropes again... Kendrix catches Ahad with arm drag.

Both men quickly roll over and get to their feet. Abdul charges Kendrix again.

Blackfront: Kendrix with another arm drag taking Ahad over. Both men quickly back up, setting the tone for the match to be high paced.

Ace: Kendrix just continuing to show his expertise Jason. This guy right here is a shoe in for rookie of the year this year. No doubt in my mind!

Blackfront: Ahad forward, leaps up.. legs around the neck of Kendrix... standing hurricarrana! As Kendrix hits the canvas back first, he rolls up to his feet, leaps to the nearby ropes, and springboards back, elbow out, which catches Abdul as het gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix out of the hurricarrana into a springboard elbow smash! What agility! Ace: Agility.. speed.. intelligence.. all of these things describe each member of Dynasty Jason. Kendrix is no difference.

Abdul rolls back and to his knees, rubbing his chin as Kendrix spins around into an offensive stance.

Blackfront: This match has been non stop since the bell sounded.

Zhalia Fears uses the ropes to pull herself up. She shakes off her arm before running toward the two.

Blackfront: Fears back in this now...

Zhalia grabs Kendrix and throws him forward into the ropes. he goes over the top, but is able to catch himself on the apron.

Blackfront: Kendrix able to save himself.

Ace: Of course he was!

Zhalia quickly rushes over and grabs Kendrix's neck. As she positions him she lifts Kendrix up and pulls back, his body sliding across the top rope until his knees lay on the top rope. She then twist and drops, bringing Kendrix back into the ring and to the canvas hard with a Dragon Screw Neckwhip.

Blackfront: PICK YOUR PILL BY ZHALIA FEARS!

The fans are on their feet. Abdul grabs Zhalia from behind as she stands. She quickly stomps on his foot and rolls under his arms behind him. Zhalia slides her arms up under his and throws her foot in front of his before lifting and falling forward, smashing him face first into the canvas. The fans go crazy again.

Blackfront: AMAZING! Zhalia Fears is dominating this match with high impact moves! Fears now grabs Ahad's head pulling him into a sitting position.

She quickly steps back and comes forward with a swift kick to the back of Abdul Ahad. His upper body comes forward, his arms out as he lets out a yelp from the kick before falling to the side and rolling away.

Blackfront: Shades of Sean Jackson's Game Called Due to Darkness there. Could she be sending a message to Jackson?

Ace: I tell you, she's going to keep on running her mouth and taunting him until she realizes she made a mistake. Sean Jackson may no longer be in Dynasty, but he isn't one to toy with.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears now grabbing the head of Kendrix, pulling him up.

Kendrix reaches forward, grabbing her legs and yanks back as he comes up. She falls back first to the canvas as he stands, holding her legs. He pulls her up slightly before leaning back and dropping to the canvas. Zhalia swings forward and up, shooting over him and into the nearby turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Slingshot by Kendrix!

As Zhalia bounces off of the turnbuckle, Kendrix rolls over and shoots forward, leaping up and grabbing her head before falling directly down.

Blackfront: DDT by Kendrix!

Ace: YES! Innit Great Bruv?!

Abdul begins to get up. Kendrix quickly grabs him pulling him to his feet. Blackfront: Kendrix takes control.... No! Ahad rolls around Kendrix. Belly to back. Kendrix stomps the foot of Ahad.

Blackfront: Kendrix, rolls around, now behind Ahad.

Kendrix drops to his knee, grabs the leg of Abdul Ahad and raises back up, yanking Abdul's leg so he falls to his hands on the canvas as Kendrix stands up.

Blackfront: Kendrix with an ankle lock on Ahad. Abdul fighting it. Abdul begins to roll.

Ace: Break his ankle!

Blackfront: Ahad over on his back. His free foot in the midsection of Kendrix. Ahad pushes back and Kendrix sent backward!

Kendrix stumbles back as Abdul kips up to his feet. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Ahad back to his feet, comes forward... Kendrix ducks the clothesline attempt. Both men turn... boot to the gut by Kendrix.

He quickly grabs Abdul's neck and hooks his tights before lifting.

Blackfront: Kendrix drops back... huge suplex by Kendrix!

Abdul's back hits the canvas and he slides a little bit before sitting up, his face in pain, and grabbing his back. Kendrix turns over and pushes up to his feet.

Ace: What a suplex by Kendrix.

Blackfront: It sure was. All three of these competitors bring it tonight folks. Each wanting to have a shot to face the Legacy Champion, John Sektor.

Kendrix heads over, grabbing the head of Abdul, and turning him as he begins to pull him up.

Blackfront: Kendrix pull- NO! Abdul Ahad pulling down, rolls Kendrix up into a cradle pin! The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: He's going to steal a win! He's gonna steal it!

Ace: NO! SOMEONE DO SOMETHING!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the second time. Zhalia Fears leaps up, coming down with an axe handle that breaks up the attempt. The fans scream.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad, Kendrix, and Zhalia Fears all rolling back to their feet and damn it if we aren't back to where we started!

Ace: Only a matter of time Jason until Kendrix puts these two idiots away. The fans stomp their feet and yell as all three competitors look around.

Blackfront: The energy in here tonight is amazing.

Ace: It always is when JFK is involved!

Suddenly, Kendrix comes forward, dropping down and spinning his leg around catching Zhalia Fears.

Blackfront: Kendrix sweeps the leg of Fears, she goes down.

He pops up with an arm out, Abdul ducks under, spinning around and grabbing Kendrix back his head and neck. He grabs the side of Kendrix's tights and uses them to lift Kendrix up vertically. Blackfront: Abdul Ahad going for a reverse vertical suplex... Kendrix kicking his feet now...

Ace: Get out of it!

Kendrix is able to swing his body over and landing on his feet. Using the momentum he pulls Abdul up vertically.

Blackfront: REVERSAL INTO HIS OWN VERTICAL SUP... NO! Kendrix runs forward and throws Ahad!

Abdul's body comes down across the top rope with such force he bounces up and back over to the canvas. Kendrix runs over, climbing the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Kendrix going up top.

Ace: Kendrix can get you from anywhere Jason!

As he turns to get situated, Zhalia Fears pushes up, running over and backing into the corner. She grabs Kendrix's feet, wrapping them around her waist as she reaches up and grabs his head. Blackfront: Zhalia Fears setting Kendrix up...

She steps out of the corner, runs forward and leaps with a backpack stunner.

Blackfront: THE OFFERING! THE OFFERING! THE OFFERING!

Ace: Someone should offer these fans a refund for having to sit through a Zhalia Fears match. Fears floats over and covers Kendrix as the referee slides into place.

Blackfront: This one could be over!

Ace: NO!

The referee's hand hits the canvas twice. Abdul Ahad crawls forward and reaches out, grabbing Zhalia's foot. He uses what strength he has left to pull back as he gets to his knees, pulling her off of Kendrix.

Blackfront: NO! This one is NOT over yet! Abdul Ahad breaking the pin attempt!

Abdul pushes up to his feet as Zhalia rolls over and begins to get up herself. Ahad throws a kick that catches Zhalia in the leg. As she begins to crumble, Abdul leaps forward, grabbing her neck and dropping to the canvas.

Blackfront: SWINGING NECKBREAKER BY ABDUL AHAD! HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

The referee leaps down and begins to slap the canvas.

Blackfront: Two...

Kendrix is able to push up just quick enough to fall forward with an elbow to Abdul's back, causing the pin to be broken. The fans can't stand it as they get to their feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix, barely able to move after that backpack stunner from Fears, somehow able to keep this match going.

Ace: I thought I already explained this. Kendrix is in Dynasty. Dynasty is the greatest of all time. What is the question?

Kendrix rolls over and uses the ropes to start pulling himself up. Abdul Ahad holds his back in pain as he starts to get up as well. Kendrix breathes heavy as he leans on the ropes. He turns and Kendrix takes off, leaping up, grabbing Abdul's head while throwing both knees up and dropping back to the canvas.

Blackfront: THE BELL END! THE BELL END!

They both hit the canvas hard. The fans clap with excitement.

Blackfront: All three opponents down. It is literally anyone's match!

Kendrix begins to roll over, placing his arm across the chest of Abdul Ahad. The referee gets into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: Could this be it?!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third and final time. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... KEEENDDRRRIIXXX!!!!!! The fans boo loudly.

Ace: YES! I TOLD YOU JASON! I TOLD YOU!

Zhalia pushes halfway up, disappointment comes across her face as Kendrix makes his way to his feet, holding his arms in the air.

Blackfront: Kendrix will advance and met fellow Dynasty member, CBR for a chance to face the Legacy Champion.

Ace: The Legacy Championship is coming home Jason! I love it!

Zhalia disappointedly rolls out of the ring and starts up the ramp as Kendrix continues to celebrate.

The Sound of Silence

The cameras now roll to Sabrina Baker, who is seen warming up ready for her match against Quinlan.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, here's Sabrina Baker warming up for her match against Quinlan. This young lady seems to be determined for her match as she's looking for her first win in UTA.

Ace: Are you kidding me? She should've left right after her loss to Bobby Dean! This girl's never going to make it far in UTA!

Blackfront: Tommy, you need to give credit where credit is due. She's lasted longer than anyone that's come and go in this promotion. If she loses tonight, she will still fight to get that win.

As Sabrina gets done warming up. She walks in the back as Jennifer Williams comes up to her.

Williams: Sabrina! Can I get a word with you before your match?

She stops in her path to look at Jennifer. Eyeing her up and down, she shakes her head. Jennifer looks confused as Sabrina walks off.

Brought to You By

I Don't Believe It

We come back from a commercial to find Santa Claus sitting on a massive, high-backed, plus red chair with Mrs. Claus standing next to him. There is a line of half a dozen children, standing patiently as each child walks up to Santa, hops up on his knee, and tells him what they want for Christmas.

After each child has finished telling Santa their wish list, they hop down, and the voluptuous Mrs. Claus reaches inside Santa's wrinkled Christmas Sack and pulls out a large candy cane. She bends over, leaning in close and hands the child the candy cane. She pats them on the head, and ushers them out with the assistance of an elf.

This pattern continues for several minutes, but as the last child is ushered away, the final person in line steps up. This last person is La Flama Blanca, standing there with his arms crossed, the UTA World title around his waist.

La Flama Blanca: Looks like WHENEVER you are around it's Christmas, huh?

Santa smiles at La Flama Blanca, his eyes light up and he laughs, his belly jiggling like a bowl full of jelly.

Santa: La Flama Blanca! It's so good to see you! How have you been? Wait, don't answer that, I know how you've been.

Santa turns to his left, grabs an ancient looking scroll with the word NAUGHTY written across the front. Nick unrolls it, scans the names on this 'list' and then stops. His eyes dart back up to La Flama Blanca through the fake beard and he grins.

Santa: You've been naughty, Blanca, very naughty indeed. I hope you're not here to ask me to bring you something for Christmas. It's far too late for you to make up for all the naughty things you've done this year.

Santa chuckles as does his wife, Mary Claus, except she's far nicer to watch laugh.

LFB: Spare me... Look, I don't know who you are trying to fool with- Blanca motions his right hand up and down in the direction of Santa.

LFB: All this. We all know who you think you are... but cut the crap. You and your street walker need to get back in your sleigh and go back to the North Pole. Stop wasting my time and lying to these people.

Santa Claus scrunches his face, showing some disdain for the unpleasant words from The Luchador.

Santa: That's not NICE, Blanca. Please don't speak to me and Mrs. Claus like that. Have you no manners?

LFB takes a step back, not believing Santa's comments.

LFB: Woah, woah, woah... this isn't Mrs. Claus. Noooo waaaay. I don't remember anywhere in any Christmas story where Mrs. Claus was... fit. Who is she really?

Santa seems puzzled.

Santa: This is Mrs. Claus... Who else would it be?

Saint Nicholas pats his round belly as he keeps his eyes on The Luchador.

LFB: Quit it. Really, who is she? It's just you and me Santa. If she's a lady of the night, you can tell me.

Santa and Mrs. Claus turn towards each other. Both of them aren't liking how this conversation is going.

Mrs. Claus: I really am Mrs. Claus. We live at the North Pole-

The UTA World Champion cuts off Mrs. Claus, making Santa Claus even more angry.

LFB: I don't believe it... I'll never believe it. To me, if it looks like a duck, sounds like a duck, it's a duck.

Santa snaps out of his chair and gets in the face of The Luchador, who holds his ground.

Santa: THAT'S ENOUGH! I think Santa Claus is going to do something for ALL the boys and girls around the world and teach you the TRUE meaning of Christmas. You lost your way and I need to help you find it! Santa is going to give everyone an early Christmas gift, HO HO HO!

Santa Claus takes Mrs. Claus by the hand as they walk out of the picture. La Flama Blanca turns, keeping his eyes on Mrs. Claus. Cameras keep rolling on the UTA World Champion before they finally fade to black.

The PA system 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. He bounces, shifting weight from side to side, in one spot.

Blackfront: Quinlan has been a roll since losing the mask.

Ace: Yea, because we now have to see his ugly face. he scares his opponents into a loss. Slowly, Quinlan makes his way down the ramp, eyes locked on the ring. Fans reach over the rails and slap him on the shoulder, but his usual friendly exchange is much downplayed.

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

Quinlan walks across the apron, entering the ring.

Announcer: QUINNLLLLAAANNN!!!!

Quinlan punches the air as he prepares for the match.

Blackfront: Intergender action as Quinlan will take on Sabrina Baker here tonight.

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

Blackfront: While she has yet to capture a win here in the UTA, Sabrina Baker has proven to be a tough competitor.

Ace: Yea, but apparently not tough enough.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

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

backwards into the ring.

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

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

Announcer: SABRINA... BAAAKKKEERR!!!!

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

Blackfront: Baker ready to try and get that first elusive victory. Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching.

Ace: Or the next, loss. Either one, it's still Sabrina Baker and Quinlan. Ni Dynasty? BORING. As the bell sounds, Quinlan steps back a bit and then comes forward.

Blackfront: Here we go. Quinlan quickly moves in to grab Sabrina Baker... she ducks under his arms.

Sabrina Baker takes off in a sprint behind Quinlan, hitting the ropes and returning as Quinlan turns.

Blackfront: Baker on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Quinlan.

Ace: She looks like the type who enjoys going down under others.

Blackfront: Baker to her feet behind Quinlan, quick standing drop kick to the back of Quinlan! Quinlan is sent stumbling forward, and into the ropes. As he shakes it off and turns back around, Quinlan comes forward toward Baker with a right. She leans down and comes up grabbing under his arm while throwing her body weight into the move, and swiftly tossing him over to the canvas. Blackfront: Sabrina Baker with one of those quick thinking take downs she is known for.

Ace: Known where for? In the loser's pit?

Blackfront: Baker now quickly continuing her assault. She leaps to the middle rope as Quinlan is getting to his feet.

Quinlan wobbles as he gets up, not seeing Sabrina Baker jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by Sabrina!

As they hit the canvas, Sabrina Baker is sent sliding away from Quinlan but quickly leaps up and across to cover him.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Sabrina Baker... kickout at one.

Ace: Obviously.

Sabrina doesn't dwell as she quickly gets back up. She runs to the corner turnbuckle as Quinlan begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker now climbing the turnbuckle, keeping her momentum going. Quinlan is up and stumbles toward the corner as Sabrina Baker stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker leaps, she catches Quinlan by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana! The crowd goes crazy for the fast paced action.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker may have this one won folks!

Ace: There's a first for everything.

Quinlan rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the apron while holding his neck.

Blackfront: Quinlan taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to reevaluate the situation. Ace: He's bigger than her.

Why is he running away? I can tell you what a Quinlan is... it's a coward!

Blackfront: Not close to the case Tommy. Baker is a skilled professional, as is Quinlan. He is just taking a moment to gather his bearings and come at this from a different angle.

Sabrina Baker runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Quinlan's direction.

Blackfront: Quinlan moves.

Quinlan catches the legs of Sabrina Baker and yanks her hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending her back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Quinlan. This may be what he needs.

Quinlan shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling Sabrina Baker up by her head.

Blackfront: Hard whip by Quinlan, sending Sabrina into the steel steps.

Sabrina Baker lays on the floor near the steps holding her shoulder as Quinlan walks over, bends down and pulls her to her feet.

Blackfront: Quinlan now pulling Sabrina Baker toward the barricade.

Quinlan lifts Sabrina up, picking her up and tossing her down, stomach first on top of the barricade. She slides down to the floor holding her mid section.

Blackfront: Quinlan picking Sabrina up again, taking her over to and rolling her into the ring. As Quinlan gets to his feet after following into the ring, he picks Sabrina Baker up once again. Blackfront: I'm not sure if Sabrina Baker can come back from the damage done already.

Ace: What? Her career so far? You're probably right.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker sent toward the turnbuckle, Quinlan follows closely...

Sabrina Baker grabs the top ropes as she reaches the corner and pushes up, allowing Quinlan to crash hard into the turnbuckle with his shoulder as Sabrina Baker lands on her feet.

Blackfront: Baker somehow is able to muster the strength to move! Quinlan may be hurt now! Quinlan holds his shoulder as he backs out of corner and turns around. Sabrina Baker runs to the side, leaps to the second rope and leaps across with a foot to the face of Quinlan. Quinlan goes to a knee.

Blackfront: It's like she's gotten a second wind! Sabrina Baker building momentum once again! She gets up in front of the kneeling Quinlan, leaps and spins.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick to the face of Quinlan!

Quinlan is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. Sabrina Baker quickly moves over and grabs the top ropes to hold herself up as she begins to bring her foot up, kicking him repeatedly in the ribs.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker on a roll. Now focusing on the ribs of Quinlan.

She steps back and looks at Quinlan before taking off. The moment that Sabrina Baker hits the ropes right next to him, she comes off, grabbing his head in the process and shooting forward,

leaping up.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker with a big bull dog out of the corner! Quinlan is down!

Sabrina Baker quickly rolls Quinlan over and covers him as the referee drops to begin his count. Blackfront: Sabrina

Baker may have it here! This could be the match that makes Sabrina Baker. Ace: It's not over until the bell sounds.

The referee's hand raises up for a third time. As it comes down, Quinlan is able to get his shoulder up.

Blackfront: Just two! A split second later and Sabrina Baker would have took this one home. Sabrina Baker gets to her knees and then her feet as Quinlan rolls over, getting to his hands and knees. Sabrina Baker heads toward Quinlan as he begins to get up. Going into a slightly defensive position, waiting.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker waiting for Quinlan to get to his feet now, watching for her chance to continue.

Once Quinlan is up, he and Sabrina Baker share a moment of respect as they stand ready. They nod at each other and continue.

Blackfront: This match continues and amazingly has been a pretty equal match up.

Ace: What's that say about Quinlan? He thought this was going to be an easy match tonight. He was wrong.

Blackfront: The two tie up. Quinlan takes control. He pushes Sabrina Baker back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Using the ropes, Sabrina Baker sent across the ring. On the return now. Quinlan bends down and catches her, lifting up.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker sent up and over. She falls, hitting the canvas back first.

Blackfront: Quinlan now toward the ropes. Off of them himself... Quick elbow drop to the chest of Sabrina Baker.

Ace: That's got to hurt.

Blackfront: Quinlan to his feet, another quick elbow drop.

As he begins to get up, Quinlan pulls Sabrina Baker up with him. He wraps an arm around he neck and grabs her shorts before lifting her up vertically.

Blackfront: Quinlan going for a suplex...

She kicks her feet, and with momentum, swings back down, attempting to bring Quinlan down with a DDT reversal. However, he holds his ground.

Blackfront: Baker unable to reverse. Quinlan with a knee up into her mid section.

He moves his arms around, wrapping them under hers. He then lifts up and leaps up and then down, bringing Sabrina to the canvas face first.

Blackfront: ANGEL'S WINGS BY QUINLAN!

He turns Sabrina over and covers her as the referee slides into position.

Blackfront: Two... Three.. That's all she wrote.

Ace: Did you think it'd go any other way, really?

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

Blackfront: Quinlan coming out with the win, but Sabrina Baker put all doubts about her skills to sleep tonight folks.

Quinlan has his arm held up by the referee as he celebrates in the ring.

Brought to You By

Will Tonight be the Night?

The camera comes to life backstage, where Mr. Ace In The Hole is standing by in slacks and a dress shirt. After the recent evens taking place on both Victory and Wrestleshow, the Mental Rapist is all smiles. As he raises the

microphone to his mouth, the smile gets larger.

Jackson: Eddie...Eddie...Eddie....

The former Dynasty member shakes his head.

Jackson: That paranoia is going to do you in one day.

Turning his head to the right, he motions with his hand and stepping into the shot is Marshall Owens and the Vietnamese vixen Vanessa.

Jackson: Last week on Victory you fired Marshall....

The camera pans back slightly, showing Vanessa to be carrying the briefcase.

Jackson: And honestly, I can't thank you enough.

Marshall can only stand there, still wounded from being stripped of his position in Dynasty. Even after the briefcase shot heard round the world in Mexico City, he still hoped La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson could reconcile their differences. But last week ended all chances of that happening.

Jackson: Because in that moment, you did more harm to Dynasty than I ever could. You showed everyone that you could discard people at will, kicking them to the curb every time you felt threatened...

The Mental Rapist cuts a quick glance towards Marshall.

Jackson: So who will be next Eddie?

The former attorney to the stars had to feel he was suffering from anaphylactic shock as the door slammed in his face, causing him to jump back in self-preservation.

Jackson: Will it be Mikey Unlikely? the man widely considered as this year's La Flama Blanca? A moment of thought is quickly dispatched as the Mental Rapist continues.

Jackson: The man who destroyed Will Haynes without giving him a second thought. That million dollar smirk begins to form.

Jackson: The man who came back to be the UTA World Champion. It is followed by a wink.

Jackson: So what will it be Eddie? will you spend the rest of this year looking over your shoulder, or will you stab him in the back like you did me at Black Horizon?

Before Black Horizon, there were no two closer people than Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca. As the only two surviving members at the time, nothing seemed more important than their friendship. At least that was the case with Sean Jackson.

Jackson: Or how about Claude?

Vanessa raises the briefcase and taps it with her hand. After all, it did come close on several occasions for CBR to climb the ladder and to claim it as his own.

Jackson: The man who was the Legacy Champion for two hundred and thirty-seven days. The man who showed himself to be not only the class of Dynasty, but of Wrestle UTA as well. So the question on my mind is this Eddie, how long do you think Claude will be satisfied with living in your shadow? listening to your crap about being the best?

Unlike the screamfest two weeks ago, Mr. Ace In The Hole is speaking in a normal voice, keeping

his emotions in check. If there is anyone who knows how to drive a wedge into Dynasty, it IS the Mental Rapist.

The former world champion shrugs.

Jackson: Or maybe I'm wrong about Claude. Maybe he is no longer that person, instead just being satisfied with living in your shadow. Maybe he wants to be the has-been of the group, living vicariously through your accomplishments....

Then there comes that moment of awkward silence. It lasts for only a couple of seconds before it is shattered forever.

Jackson: Because he enjoys being your bitch.

A terrified look envelopes Marshall's face. If there was even a glimmer of a chance to reconcile, it was destroyed the moment Sean Jackson said the word bitch. But maybe it was something that needed to be said, a spark that Claude needed to maybe see the truth.

Jackson: You know Claude, I'm just going to tell you how it is. You and I did make history together, we started Dynasty, we travelled the world together just as you said...

The former Dynasty member points his index finger towards the camera.

Jackson: Because we were brothers...

The finger alternates between himself and the camera.

Jackson: You and me.

Sean takes a deep breath, if anyone could have understood where the former world champion was coming from, it should have been CBR. But for some reason, that level of understanding seemed to be non-existent. Oh wait, he did know why.

Jackson: But then, you tucked tail and left. When the addiction got to be too much, you turned your back on me and hauled ass. Instead of sticking it out, hanging around to help me educate Eduardo on all things Dynasty...

Now his eyes narrowed, his nostrils flared. He had held it in long enough and now it was time for Claude to assume responsibility for his own part in all this.

Jackson: You left. You had the audacity to call me brother when it suited you, but when you no longer needed me, you slipped off to rehab and left me alone to pick up the pieces.

Vanessa continues to stand there, still completely emotionless. None of the words having any affect on her one way or the other. Outside of tapping the briefcase, she hasn't moved. Quite the opposite of Marshall, who continues to cringe with every derogatory word spoken.

Jackson: But you did mention something ironic Claude. That I won the UTA World Championship because of you guys.

The Mental Rapist cocks his head to one side.

Jackson: Well, what guys are you referring to Claude? because the last time I checked, you were nowhere to be found at All Or Nothing.

As he taps his chin with the index finger, Sean already knows the answer to that question. But hey, we were now listening to the airing of some dirty Dynasty laundry.

Jackson: Where I was fighting my way to the UTA World Championship, you were trying to impress a bunch of crack whores with stories of past accomplishments. Where I was working to keep Dynasty relevant, you were bragging about popping pills like tic tacs....

Marshall was now running his fingers through what hair he had left. This was a public forum for crying out loud and he was now embarrassed for all parties involved. This wasn't supposed to be for the ears of the Ungratefults, especially all the personal stuff being stated now.

Jackson: And because of that addiction, you now seem satisfied with being Blanca's bitch. That like most crack

whores, can't do anything without your pimp's permission. That had you climbed the ladder at Ring King, you would have been forced to lay down in front of him or get shown the door like Marshall.

Everyone in the hall is shocked, everyone.

Jackson: So what I want to know is this, how did it feel to be neutered Claude? to have another man in control of your manhood?

Vanessa places the briefcase into the waiting hands of Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Jackson: To have another man tell you to jump, and you respond with how high?

A slow and methodical glimpse is made towards the briefcase, followed by cocky grin.

Jackson: Well that is where you and I differ, because I don't need permission if I want to cash in tonight. All I have to do is be patient...

His eyes come back to the camera, now tapping the briefcase.

Jackson: And when the moment presents itself, hit the ring with as much malice as I can. Then after beating Eddie to within an inch of his life, I can celebrate for the third time with a championship belt you will never experience....

Mr. Ace In The Hole nods.

Jackson: The UTA World Championship.

The Mental Rapist knows damn good and well that CBR has always wanted to be the World Champion. But because of Perfection, and now La Flama Blanca, it seems he will never get his chance. At least not as long as Blanca is the champion.

Jackson: But hey, maybe Eddie will have no problem with you looking at it. Maybe he will even let you hold it on special occasions. But then again, he did just fire Marshall because of paranoia, so it will probably be a cold day in hell before your grubby paws ever touch that belt.

Once again he points an accusing finger towards the camera.

Jackson: But it is your own fault. Instead of an addiction to pills, you should have been trying for the championship.

With another wink and smile, the former Dynasty member gives the signal and prepares to walk off camera. However, he has to stop for one more dig at Dynasty...he simply can't help himself. Jackson: Kendrix, if I was you, I would pay very close attention. Right now you and Mikey have a chance to become something big, but if you stay with Blanca, then you will end up just like Claude. Walking in the shadow of a lesser man, or worse, fired like Marshall. But let me show you the light, let me show you the way...

Another tapping of the briefcase.

Jackson: Let me show you how to become the UTA World Champion, like I was always meant to be.

With that, Mr. Ace in The Hole steps away followed by Vanessa with Marshall bringing up the rear. However, before walking off screen, he does hang his head ever so slightly and the scene shifts to something else.

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: Scott Stevens here tonight before heading back to Alcatraz for High octane Wrestling's Rumble at the Rock.

Ace: Maybe he'll get locked in a cell and the key will be lost so we never have to see him again. 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, Texas.

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....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat. Blackfront: Stevens always looking for the chance to break out here in the UTA. Ace: He needs to focus on how to break out of Alcatraz.

Smooove'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 a few 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 as he awaits the bell.

Blackfront: This match should be a good one. The bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: Stevens challenging Lucius Jones to a test of strength.

Jones places his hands on his waist and looks out to the crowd then back at Stevens as he mouths OK Playa. Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other

Blackfront: Lucius Jones overpowering Scott Stevens.

Ace: As expected Jason.

Scott Stevens, unable to gain control, breaks the test with a book to the gut of Lucius Jones. Stevens follows up by pushing Jones, whom stumbles back a few feet and looks at Scott whom is now taunting him.

Blackfront: Unable to get Jones off his feet, Stevens now running his mouth. Ace: Doesn't he know Doctor Lovegood doesn't like it when he's being taunted? Jones charges Stevens, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

Blackfront: Stevens quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he can control this match as long as Jones can't get a hold of him.

Ace: Hey, that's a good way to go about it right there. Keep Lucius Jones on the mat, and you may have a chance to beat him.

Lucius reaches for the bottom rope, but is just out of reach, he struggles, then is able to gain the few centimeters needed to grab a hold and break the lock.

Blackfront: Stevens has to release the hold.

Ace: Yea, but he needs to continue to lay in. You can't give Lucius Jones even a moment to get control.

Stevens unwillingly releases The Doctor from the cross face, and maneuvers to his feet. He quickly begins to stomp Lucius Jones, but is told to back off by the referee.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens is aggressive tonight.

Ace: He's on fire. He has to get a win and get his UTA career back on track or risk me making fun of him every chance I get.

Blackfront: I'm sure you'll do that anyway.

Ace: Obviously.

Jones uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as Stevens waits, itching to attack. Once up, Lucius Jones turns to see Stevens charge him.

Blackfront: Jones catches Scott Stevens in a belly to belly position.... Suplex! That was executed perfectly.

Ace: He sent Stevens flying.

Lucius Jones quickly pulls Stevens back to his feet. He sends him into the ropes. As Stevens returns, Jones catches him and floats over, putting Stevens into the mat.

Blackfront: POWERSLAM BY LUCIUS JONES!

Ace: Oh that was nice and smooth, just like everything Doctor Lovegood does.

Lucius Jones stands in the middle of the ring looking to the right, then to the left as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Jones now pulling Stevens back up to his feet, grabs his arm. Irish whip into the corner.

Jones begins to run.

Blackfront: He leaps... BIG SPLASH! The fans go crazy.

Ace: That shook the ring.

As Lucius Jones moves out of the way, Stevens stumbles forward. Jones comes forward with a forearm into the lower back of Scott Stevens.

Blackfront: A big forearm into the back of Stevens.

Ace: That will crack a vertebrae or two.

Scott Stevens grimaces in pain, still holding his lower back, as he turns around. Jones scoops Stevens up, holding him sideways.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones picks Stevens up like he is nothing.

Ace: That's pure strength right there.

Jones leans forward then falls back, as he throws Stevens backwards behind him.

Blackfront: Fall Away Slam by Lucius Jones.

Ace: The fans are eating it up.

Blackfront: Unfortunately, I don't think tonight is the night that Scott Stevens begins his come back.

Ace: The match isn't over yet. All it takes is Lucius Jones to make one mistake.

Lucius Jones begins to pull Stevens to his feet again. Stevens brings both arms up and to the side, breaking Lucius Jones' arms away. He follows up with several closed fist punches to the face of Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Stevens fighting back.

Ace: I told you Jason, you can't count anyone out until the referee's hand hits that mat three times.

He brings his hand back and delivers a hard knife edge chop. Lucius Jones holds his chest as he turns away from Stevens. Scott charges and jumps.

Blackfront: Running bulldog buries Lucius Jones' head into the mat!

The fans boo as Stevens knee walks over to the middle of Jones, and begins to turn him over. It takes a moment to get Jones over due to his weight, but Stevens does it and then covers him. Blackfront: Cover by Scott Stevens. It could be over right here.

Ace: This would be a huge victory for Stevens if he can get an upset over Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Kickout by Jones. Just not enough to put him out yet.

Ace: Maybe not, but that could open the doors for Stevens to continue his offense.

Stevens rolls over and gets to his feet. Jones gets to his knees, holds his head and then shakes it off as he begins to get back to his feet. Stevens grabs Jones' arm as he raises.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens goes to whip Lucius Jones into the corner, no! Reversed by Jones!

Ace: He takes off again.

Jones runs after Stevens. As Stevens hits the corner Lucius Jones leaps.

Blackfront: Another huge corner splash!

Jones backs away as Stevens stumbles forward. Before he can fall, Lucius grabs Stevens's arm and sends him hard into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring.

Ace: I think I know what's next!

As Stevens returns, Lucius Jones comes forward with a huge, discuss style open hand slap...

Ace: CRACKA SMA....

Scott ducks Lucius' hand.

Blackfront: No! Scott Stevens moves.

As they both turn, Scott Stevens closes his fist and begins to send a series of rights into the face of Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Jones reeling now as Scott Stevens rocks him with those rights.

Ace: No! I wanted to see the Cracka Smacka!

Blackfront: I hate that name.

Scott Stevens stops for a second and does a little shimmy before bringing one more closed fist into the side of Jones' head, sending him to the canvas. the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens has turned this one around, but can he capitolize?

Ace: No.

Stevens quickly rushes around and picks up Lucius' legs, stomping the inside of his thigh as he holds them up.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens trying to weaken the legs of Lucius Jones.

He holds the legs of Jones up and looks around as the fans cheer before pushing up and throwing his legs out, bringing them down between Jones'. He rolls over and pushes up. Blackfront: Scott Stevens back to his feet.

He turns and adjust his knee brace as Lucius Jones rolls over and begins to get up.

Blackfront: Jones coming too.

When Jones gets halfway up, Stevens runs forward and hits the side of his head with his knee brace.

Blackfront: Don't Mess with Texas!

Jones goes back to the canvas as Stevens stumbles around and drops down on top of him. The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: This could be all.

Ace: I sure hope so. The less Stevens we have to endure, the better.

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell starts to sound. Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... SCOTT.... STEEEVVEEENNNSSS!! Scott Stevens starts to get up as his music begins to play.

Blackfront: Stevens did it! He's back on the winning track, and hopefully this leads to..... As Stevens as his hand raised high in victory his music suddenly stops playing.

Ace: The hell is going on?

Stevens and the referee look around confused when suddenly "Undead" plays and a barrage of people wearing all black from head to toe and riot gear comes storming down the entrance ramp, and from the crowd to surround the ring.

Ace: I knew it! I knew it! First, this idiot gets blacklisted for cheating and now he's creating an international incident with his victory here tonight. Sheriff Ishmail cannot be happy with this travesty by inviting UTA to his country.

Blackfront: The Prime Minister's name is Sherif not sheriff, and if I'm being told correctly in my headset that's the EPU.

Ace: The who?

Blackfront: The Elite Protection Unit. The security force for that independent promotion in Chicago.

Ace: And why are they here?

Blackfront: I guess we are about to find out.

As the EPU surrounds the ring with batons drawn, an imposing figure standing about seven feet tall makes his way up the stairs and gets into the ring. The referee goes over to the EPU captain and says something but the man in black simply points to the ropes and the official cautiously leaves the ring.

Ace: Who the hell does this guy think he is telling our referee to get out of our ring? Blackfront: If you're so mad about it why don't you get into the ring and vent your grievances to him.

Ace: I'm busy commentating for the people at home for me to take over the show.

As the EPU Captain makes his way over to Stevens, the Texan gets defensive as if expecting an attack, but the Captain holds up his hand and slowly reaches into one of the pouches on his belt and tosses something shiny towards Stevens.

Ace: What is that?

As the camera zooms in it reveals that the shiny object is a pair of handcuffs and Stevens raises his arms up and gives himself up freely. The EPU Captain puts away his baton and makes his way to Stevens and secures the bracelets and leads Stevens out of the ring.

Blackfront: I'm being told that the EPU has come to Cairo to take Stevens back to the States where he'll remain for the next two weeks.

Ace: Good. The less Stevens in UTA the better. Stevens' music kicks back up as he is lead out.

Blackfront: Good luck at Rumble at the Rock Scott Stevens! We'll see you when you get back!

Ace: Ugh.

Stevens tries to fight but can't as he is lead backstage.

Dynasty Always Stands Together

We move backstage where Jamie Sawyers is waiting with both CBR and Kendrix of Dynasty. Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me now both men who won their matches to face each other for a chance to meet John Sektor for the UTA Legacy Championship.

He turns to the two.

Sawyers: Tell me CBR, with you and Kendrix both being apart of Dynasty, what are your thoughts going into this match?

CBR looks over at Jamie and just shakes his head.

CBR: Jamie, if you think for one second that this drives any sort of wedge between Dynasty, you are mistaken.

Kendrix pulls the mic his way.

Kendrix: Yea Bruv. Innit wonderful that CBR and JFK get a chance to go out there and show all of these Ungratefuls that not only can they face each other in a competition, but afterward Dynasty is stronger for it?

Claude nods before taking the mic.

CBR: It's as simple as this Jamie, no matter which one of us win the match, the Legacy Championship is coming home to Dynasty.

Jamie brings the microphone back to him.

Sawyers: We've seen Dynasty versus Dynasty before, and quite frankly there was a lot of controversy surrounding it.

Take into consideration the recent happenings with Sean Ja- Kendrix rips the mic from Jamie and raises his hand toward him.

Kendrix: Don't you dare Jamie.. oh, don't you dare finish that name. You see bruv, that was the weak link of Dynasty. He cracked under pressure. But CBR and JFK? Nah, we have a mutual respect.

CBR takes the mic.

CBR: That we do. We will go out there and we will compete. There will be a winner today and there will be a loser. It's just how the day falls. But when the night comes, it's all Dynasty.

He shoves the mic into the chest of Jamie Sawyers before both men leave the scene.

Brought to You By

International Affair Tour Continues!!!!

Following the on-going action of the night the tron screen lights up to the UTA logo which then fades out. Right into an in-studio shot of UTA's Hall of Famer Dr. Emo, while he stands center of the circular room that has become his own palace lately.

Dr. Emo: Evening fans! Dr. Emo here once again to bring you the pops and tops of the latest episode of Victory. So for those of you that missed the show, first off for shame, but in case you had a reason keep your eyes forward.

The large hanging projector screen behind him pulls back up to the ceiling as the walls instead spring to their digital life with the Victory logo spanning the width of the room.

Dr. Emo: Don't you just love technology? You do well and garnet interest, budget bumps up a tad. So let's get to it! And what better way than with celebration from our new Wildfire Champion. On cue the Victory logo cuts in two behind and is replaced by the jovial champion standing center ring microphone at the lips. Ready to spew venom that only a champion is capable of -- yet instead:

"Happy birthday to you!"

The medley plays out courtesy of Colton Thorpe and the audience while Dr. Emo non-audibly joins in. That entire moment plays out in full leading to Eric Dane's arrival, Thorpe making him the honorary Wildfire Champion, but then we cut to the party stoppage by Cayle Murray as reality sets back in.

Dr. Emo: It's funny, you know. Just a month ago that very song was considered protected by a copyright until a judge made the fair and sane ruling this September. And sane is what Cayle Murray is clearly not. First he interrupts a party for Dane, and second he interrupts the champion. Two lines you don't want to cross on Victory. And given time, that may just be made clear.

The footage behind him fades out and is replaced by the largest, and heaviest, athlete in the UTA today... prior to Santa Clause's return.

Dr. Emo: You know when you get that feeling in your stomach. Those knots that keep clinching. You feel your sweat start to leak from your pores. Your throat starts to feel itchy and growing warm. Suddenly you know it. That next cough. That next hiccup. That next attempted laugh.

Grabbing his stomach he makes a mock hurl motion, accompanied by the sound of course. Dr. Emo: Vomit. That is what Michael Lorenzo is bringing to the UTA in Wingate's absence. A complete mockery of the way things run around here. First he makes Thorpe defend his newly

won title in a Four way dance. He gives Ron Hall a title shot. Then he grants Bobby Dean a shot at the champion for the next Victory. And yet more he gives Eric Dane a World Title shot for his birthday-

At that Emo pauses and backtracks that statement.

Dr. Emo: Actually, sometimes there are rights within the wrongs. However Lorenzo is making him earn his present in a Gauntlet match against some of the UTA's hottest talent-

You can tell he's trying to not laugh and keep a straight face.

Dr. Emo: Moving on. Don't blink folks. This isn't about no weeping angels for you internet geeks out there. No. Blink and you might just miss it. Roll that transition!

Yeah he said transition, as the footage behind him cued up to the sound of the mat being slapped as Lew Smith taps out to Mikey Unlikely's Backstory, and immediately following a fan is seen

jumping the barricade. Mikey escapes out the otherside after it's revealed to be none other than the man he put in the hospital - Will Haynes.

Dr. Emo: Welcome back Will Haynes. Soon to be sent back to the generous portions of jello served in the emergency ward. Although I do believe that there was someone else-

As if on cue, the postershot image of Perfection that those watching Victory this past week saw live, fills up the center screen.

Dr. Emo: Welcome back Perfection. Time to raise some standards again! Behind him the Wildfire Championship fills the screen out.

Dr. Emo: Before we close out here for the night, lets end this on a high note. A proper note.

A montage of the high spots across the night follow. You want to see it in full you gotta tune into Victory otherwise suffer from the quick shot by shot, before the feed goes to normal speed.

Cayle Murray with the pin on Abdul bin Hussain, seconds from victory only to have Eric Dane pull the official out of the ring. In a normal match perhaps this would lead to disqualification but in a fatal fourway it led to a distracted Cayle, a wobbly ABH that suffered yet another Thorpedo, and a pinfall that could have been broken up.

If not for one man.

Dr. Emo: I talked about crossing the line earlier like Murray did, and folks, what comes around goes around.

We see as Murray goes to break the pin only to get trip up by Dane.

Dr. Emo: You can bet that Cayle will have something to say about how the birthday boy cost him the championship when we hit the O2 Arena in London next week. Eric Dane of course will have his own hands full with the very best-

This time unable to hold the straight face he pushes forward.

Dr. Emo: Scheduled for next week is:

Behind him as per the usual the Victory banner is in place with the wrestleuta.com website in view, listing off the scheduled matches for the evening.

Perfection Versus Lew Smith

Ron Hall Vs. Yeshua Pandemonium Stephen Greer Vs Lisil Jackson Marie Van Claduo Vs Cayle Murray Will Haynes Vs Mikey Unlikely

The Gauntlet: Eric Dane, Skylar Montgomery, Jack Hunter, B. R. Ellis, and Amy Harrison Bobby Dean Vs Colton Thorpe for the Wildfire Championship:

Dr. Emo: That does it for me. Enjoy the rest of Wrestleshow and see you again from the O2. The tron fades out to black as the feed cuts off elsewhere.

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

As the opening riffs begin Kendrix and CBR walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring.

Blackfront: Both members of Dynasty opting to show that while they must face, they are a team. Ace: I love it Jason. These guys will gladly take each other to the limit tonight, then the winner will guarantee that the title returns to Dynasty.

Kendrix walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely ripping any signs from their hands that are anti-Dynasty. As they do that CBR walks straight down the ramp pointing and yelling at the camera, most if not all is inaudible do to the music and booing in the arena.

Announcer: Both men facing tonight represent Dynasty.

CBR slides into the ring as Kendrix Walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope before they both take their positions around the ring.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined 475 pounds...

Both members take their places on opposite turnbuckles taunting the crowd below that answers back with boos and jeers.

Announcer: Kendrix... CBR.... They are... DYYYYNNNAASSTTTYYY!!!!

They both jump down and meet in the middle to discuss a few things as the referee shakes them down for any weapons.

Blackfront: As we saw moments ago, both of these men have promised to not hold back. Now is the moment of truth.

Both men say final words to each other before moving to opposite corners

Blackfront: The fans here hoping for a competitive match between these two studs, but I am leery.

Ace: I'm leery of you, who just called them studs Jason. The bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Here we go as the bell rings to kick this match off. Both men circling.

Ace: I've got goose bumps Jason!

Blackfront: Quick collar to elbow tie up by the competitors. CBR using his size advantage to gain control early as he shoves Kendrix to the canvas.

Kendrix lands quickly rolling over and pushing up. He charges CBR.

Blackfront: CBR ducks a clothesline attempt by Kendrix.

Both men turn around, with CBR quickly wrapping his arms around the waist of Kendrix. He lifts and leans back.

Blackfront: Belly to belly suplex by CBR!

Ace: That was beautiful.

As Kendrix lands, he rolls over and gets up again. Once again he charges CBR.

Blackfront: CBR catches Kendrix with an arm drag. Kendrix up again, he rushes CBR... another arm drag.

Ace: CBR wants to get the chance to take his title back!

Blackfront: Yes, but you can't take anything away from Kendrix who is on his feet yet again!

Ace: You can't keep Kendrix down. I love both of these guys.

Kendrix runs at CBR again. CBR bends down to catch him, but Kendrix stops in front of the Canadian Superstar, and

swings his arm down and up hard, catching CBR under the chin. Blackfront: Heavy European uppercut by Kendrix!

Ace: That will make you see some stars.

CBR stumbles back, swinging his arms. Kendrix goes for another clothesline.

Blackfront: Kendrix going for a clothesline, CBR able to catch his bearings and duck.

CBR turns around and before Kendrix can turn, he slides up under him, placing his arms under Burkes and locking his fingers in behind his head.

Blackfront: CBR locks Kendrix in with a full nelson. Kendrix moves left to right, trying to break away.

Ace: Come on JFK!

Blackfront: Kendrix is struggling, but CBR's strength is just too much for him to get away. I am surprised at these two doing what they said they would, and that is giving the fans a good match so far.

Ace: Why wouldn't they? Whether it's facing someone else, or each other, Dynasty always strives to be the best!

CBR lifts Kendrix up, and slightly moves to the right as he brings Kendrix down, slamming him into the canvas.

Blackfront: Full nelson slam, and I think Kendrix is finally down for a bit.

Kendrix lays on the canvas holding his head as CBR lifts Kendrix's left leg, holding it up.

Blackfront: CBR with a stomp to the inside thigh of Kendrix, followed by another.

Ace: This can't be good for JFK.

Blackfront: Not at all.

CBR turns Kendrix over to his stomach, lifts his leg back up and drives his knee hard into the mat.

Blackfront: CBR working that left leg of Kendrix, trying to render his knee unusable.

Ace: As much as I hate to admit it, this is a good tactic. Take Kendrix's legs out and he can't stand. It is hard to win a wrestling match if you can't stand.

CBR bends down, grabbing Kendrix by the back of the head, lifting him up. Kendrix winches as he stands on his left leg.

Blackfront: Kendrix barely able to stand. However, I don't think CBR plans on keeping him up for very long.

CBR grabs the arm of Kendrix, and whips him hard into the corner post.

Blackfront: Kendrix hitting that turnbuckle with force.

CBR runs toward Kendrix, who throws his leg up, catching him in the face with his foot.

Blackfront: Foot to the face of CBR.

Ace: Yes!

Blackfront: Who exactly are you rooting for Tommy?

Ace: Both of them! I love this!

CBR holds his face as he steps back, turning away from Kendrix. Kendrix charges forward toward CBR, but his knee gives out and he drops down, grabbing it in pain.

Blackfront: The damage done to that knee of Kendrix. It may be too late for him to come back.

Ace: No!

CBR turns back toward Kendrix, seeing him on the canvas. He stomps over angrily, grabbing the hurt leg of Kendrix and using it to pull him to the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: He could hyper extend that knee, using it to pull Kendrix's entire body weight! CBR continues to hold the leg up, looking out to the crowd. He steps in and twist around before falling back to the mat and pulling back.

Blackfront: Figure four leg lock by CBR!

Ace: Don't give up JFK! Don't give up!

Blackfront: Friendly competition or not, if Kendrix does give up, you have to think there may be some animosity in the Dynasty locker room.

As CBR applies pressure, Kendrix yells in pain while slapping the canvas and trying to fight.

Blackfront: He's in the middle of the ring, there is nowhere to go.

Kendrix lets out a yell as he begins to try and power up. Finally, he is able to start to turn, moving CBR over into an inverted Figure Four. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: KENDRIX REVERSED IT!

Ace: Innit it great bruv?!

Blackfront: Don't you start that.

CBR winches in pain as Kendrix applies pressure, but CBR's strength is too much as he begins to roll Kendrix back over.

Blackfront: Another reversal...

Kendrix is able to break away during the turn and quickly scoots up, grabbing the ropes.

Blackfront: And he is free.

Ace: Who else have you ever seen break away from CBR like that? This is great!

Using the ropes, Kendrix begins to pull himself to his feet. CBR takes advantage of the time he has, rolling over and pushing up himself.

Blackfront: Both of these men are competing for a huge opportunity. CBR the veteran here, pushing a man he helped mentor to his limit.

Both members of Dynasty limp a bit as they move to the middle of the ring. They can be seen talking to each other inaudibly before dabbing their fist together and starting to circle again.

Blackfront: A lot of respect in the group from each other as these two continue.

Ace: A little something Sean Jackson apparently would know nothing about.

Blackfront: CBR and Kendrix lock up again... Kendrix with the side of his knee now into the midsection of CBR.

Kendrix manages to gain control and shifts CBR into a side head lock.

Blackfront: Kendrix has the side control, but what we he do against someone as versatile as CBR?

Kendrix shoves CBR into the ropes in an Irish whip, only to miss his lariat attempt. As CBR rebounds, Kendrix has dipped his head and CBR goes for the boot to the chest only to have his foot caught by Kendrix.

Blackfront: Looks like the Englishman was playing opossum and got CBR to throw that kick he was waiting for.

Suddenly, CBR leaps to the side, catching Kendrix in the side of the head with his other foot.

Blackfront: CBR catching Kendrix off guard with an Enziguri!

Kendrix rubs his chin before he takes off to rush CBR, who answers with a perfectly timed drop kick, sending Kendrix to the canvas.

Blackfront: Drop kick! What elevation from CBR on that move!

Kendrix again to his feet quickly, but just in time to get hit by CBR with a kick to the head, sending him tumbling to the canvas again.

Blackfront: CBR is on a roll! He has total control.

Ace: This is where the experience comes back into play Jason.

CBR heads over and pulls Kendrix up, grabbing him around the waist and lifting for a textbook belly-to-belly suplex.

Blackfront: CBR doing whatever he wants now. That suplex looked almost perfect!

CBR looks at the crowd before he runs toward his downed opponent, leaping into the air for a running splash that lands with precision.

Blackfront: He hits a running splash! He hooks a leg for the cover! ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!!!

Ace: He got the shoulder up Jason!

Blackfront: Close call there.

CBR shakes his head after the near fall and gets to his feet. He looks at the ropes.

Blackfront: What is he planning on doing?

CBR takes off and leaps up to the middle rope, propelling himself into the air for a moonsault....only to have Kendrix lift his knees and cause major trauma to CBR's ribs. Blackfront: And he found those knees! What an equalizer from Kendrix!

Ace: I hate to say it, but leave the jumping around to the smaller guys Claude. Both men are down and trying to get to their feet.

Blackfront: Looks like it might have. Neither man is moving quickly. Both men struggle to reach the ropes and pull themselves up.

Blackfront: This one has been back and forward throughout folks.

On opposite sides of the ring, both men yank hard on the top rope and pull themselves to an upright, standing position.

Blackfront: Both men are up! They have taken some great shots from each other and still able to stay in this match.

Kendrix is a tad faster on the draw this time and plants a boot into the lower mid-section of CBR. Without any delay, Kendrix grabs CBR's head and plants him with a DDT in the center of the ring. Blackfront: A DDT by Kendrix and momentum has shifted again!

Kendrix pulls CBR to his feet as he gets up and whips him with as much force as possible into the corner. CBR hits the corner and flips up to a sitting position on the top turnbuckle, before rolling back and reversing the flip to stumble out of the corner.

Blackfront: What an impact in the corner! CBR flipped up to the top of the turnbuckles!

CBR stumbles back right into the arms of Kendrix, who lifts for a belly-to-belly suplex of his own.

Blackfront: And right back down into that nasty suplex!

Kendrix stands in a corner and is just waiting CBR's next move. CBR gets to his knee and starts to get his bearings as Kendrix takes off and lands a running knee to the face that drops CBR again.

Blackfront: What a knee!Kendrix hooks a leg for the cover! The referee drops down and begins to count.

Blackfront: ONE.....TWO.....THRE....NO!!!

Ace: Wow that was close! I thought for sure Kendrix had that one Jason!

Kendrix goes for his "Kendrix Cross" finishing hold, but CBR manages to fight off the arms before they are locked in.

Blackfront: Look at the fight in CBR! He refuses to allow Kendrix any way to get that hold locked in.

Kendrix gets frustrated and clubs the back of CBR's head several times. Then he yells and smashes CBR's face into the canvas twice.

Blackfront: Kendrix now trying to put CBR away and move on to face John Sektor. I have to say, if he is able to beat CBR, team mate or not, this would be a huge victory for him.

Kendrix again tries for his cross face finisher and CBR again fights it off by grabbing the bottom rope and getting the referee to back Kendrix off.

Blackfront: That bottom rope saves CBR this time.

Kendrix stands and quickly throws a kick into the ribs of CBR, which gets him to roll over.

Blackfront: Kendrix looking for something here.

Kendrix grabs CBR's legs and lifts them. He drops back and slingshots CBR's neck right up and into the bottom rope with a lot of torque. Claude grabs his throat after the impact.

Blackfront: CBR's neck sent right into the bottom rope! He could be seriously hurt now!

Kendrix pulls CBR by the legs back and away from the ropes. As he does, the fans stand up and look toward the stage.

Blackfront: Wait.. what's this?

Ace: Of course... THIS idiot!

The camera shoots over to see Chris Hopper moving down the ramp, still hurting from the chair shots earlier.

Ace: Someone needs to get him out of here!

Blackfront: Hopper may be looking for redemption after Kendrix cost him his match earlier this evening.

Kendrix heads over and grabs the top rope, yelling at Hopper. Behind him, CBR rolls over and starts to push up.

Blackfront: This could be the right time for CBR to take advantage while Kendrix is distracted. CBR gets up and sees Hopper. Moving slowly, he joins Kendrix at the ropes.

Ace: Never! Dynasty always stands together!

The referee yells for Hopper to stay away, but he refuses to listen as he approaches the ring. Chris reaches in and grabs CBR's legs. He pulls back, pulling CBR to the canvas and yanking him out of the ring. As his feet hit the ground, Hopper brings a big right hand into the side of CBR's head. the referee immediately calls for the bell.

Ace: Wait.. what?

Blackfront: Chris Hopper just caused Kendrix to be disqualified by attacking CBR!! Hopper grabs CBR's arm and sends him into the nearby steps hard.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification and new... number one contender for the Legacy

Championship... C...B....RRRRRRR!!!!

Kendrix can't believe it. He stomps around the ring before heading toward the ropes. As he steps through, Hopper brings a fist up, catching him under the chin as he goes through the ropes.

Kendrix bounces back and into the ring as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper with retribution for earlier, costing Kendrix the Legacy Championship shot.

AC/DC's TNT kicks up as Chris Hopper holds on arm high in the sky backing away from the ring. CBR lays next to the steps as Kendrix lays out in the ring.

Blackfront: Folks, this rivalry between Chris hopper and Kendrix may have just turned all the way up!

Ace: May have?! Chris Hopper just made himself a marked man in my books! Hopper stands at the top of the stage staring down at his handy work as we fade.

Stand Up

Cut to the back. No interviewer. Just a camera shooting a very special guest to this edition of Wrestleshow.

Will "the THRILL" Haynes.

Haynes: Cairo, Egypt. Let me hear you. Come on! STAND UP!

The footage is being show on the big screen and the crowd pops, cheaply. Haynes even holds a hand to his ear, egging them on a bit.

Haynes: That's what I like t' hear. That's what I like t' see. Y'all are hot tonight, electric even. N' I can tell that tonight these Wrestleshow boys n' girls are gonna keep bringin' it - ALL. NIGHT.

LONG.

Haynes nods his head, he's confident that Wrestleshow will deliver. So far the International Tour has been great.

Haynes: N' I wanted t' come out here tonight t' thank you. T' thank each n' everyone a' you for bein' fans a' the UTA. You could be anywhere else in the world right now...

Haynes smirks, the Jay Z line rolling off his lips.

Haynes: ...but y'all chose to be here. Chose to be reppin' us, n' you can't understand how much that means.

We're the lucky ones. We got the best job in the whole world. We get paid t' do somethin' that many a' us would do for free. N' we got fans like all a' you drivin' us forward. Every. Single. Day. All a' this. Bein' booked 'round the world, it's because a' all of you. You all keep this place goin'. Haynes nods his head.

Haynes: It's not the talent that makes this place, despite what some think. It's the fans. Always has been, always will be. Some folks get a wiff of success n' they think they're the reason for it. They think that no one helped them, no one pushed them to success. Think they did it all themselves.

It's very clear that he's discussing Mikey Unlikely to those "in the know."

Haynes: People like that are the worst, right? Well lucky for you folks out there tonight, n' for the fine folks up in London I'm gonna stand up t' someone like that. LIVE! on Victory comin' at ya from the O2 arena - I stand up t' the World's Greatest Entertainer. I stand up t' the most successful wrestler slash actor there ever was. I stand up t' Mikey Unlikely.

N' guess what - he ain't gonna like the result.

With that the scene transitions back to the Wrestleshow action.

Brought to You By

Don't Mention the Ninjas

Wrestleshow heads backstage to the backstage area, which is behind the stage, or the back of it as some people would refer to it as. Back. In this particular case, we are in the office of the Head Farthington in Charge of Wrestleshow (The Show of Wrestling) and President of UTAH, Mr.

Cecilworth Farthington, looking fully recovered from his nasty accident being kidnapped by ninjas from Victory two weeks ago.

Leaning back in his office chair, his feet once again kicked up on the table as he sports a dapper as all hell waistcoat, he faces his dear uncle, Sir Bartholomew Farthington, paragon of virtue and fairness. By kicking his feet up on the table, Cecilworth sends a bunch of Wrestleshow paperwork scattering to the ground, which Uncle Barty dutifully grabs, straightens up and returns to the business desk for business.

Uncle Barty: My dear young master, is it not time for you to make your grand announcement?

Farthington: My grand what now?

Cecilworth upturns his nose due to scrunching up his face so much in a grand, confusing manner. Barty looks up and down at the lad trying to work out just what in goodnesses name is running through his leaky head.

Uncle Barty: Remember that whole before that whole horrid incident with... Cecilworth rams his head across the table to interject

Farthington: WITH THE NINJAS! Yes, the horrid incident with the ninjas, terrible affair. Certainly something we should never speak of again or ask for any evidence of. I certainly wasn't bring the fine state and wrestling company of UTAH into disrepute, nosireebobsir. Yes, ninjas, those terrible Victory Ninjas... I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!

Uncle Barty's face conveys a mixture of sadness, fear and confusion as he looks upon his dearest nephew. Being a fanciful and just man though, he straightens himself up and regains his train of thought.

Uncle Barty: Yes, yes, the terrible kidnapping business that you explicitly told me to never get the police involved in or ask any questions about, I remember it well Cecilywessely. It was a frightful time not just for me but all of these fine people. They were lost without their leader.

Chaos reigned the streets!

Farthington: Good thing I'm back to give Mike Best his well-earned title shot...

Uncle Barty: About that...

Farthington: And declare myself as the new Prodigy champion!

Uncle Barty: Also that...

Farthington: And appoint a new head official!

Uncle Barty: So...

Barty's lip curls up in trepidation at break the news to his lovely large nephew, knowing that he has to make his move and break all of the horrible news to his dear nephew ever so gently.

Uncle Barty: Look Cecilworth, those were all fine and wonderful ideas from your ever so talented brain before that awful kidnapping incident but since then... the landscape has changed. Anarchy has reigned! Madness has taken over! John Sektor even thought about trimming his moustache! Cecilworth yelps out involuntarily in panic and begins scrambling up onto his feet, furiously looking over all of the documents on the table as if they would provide some solution to his carefully concocted plans falling apart around him.

Farthington: NOT THE MOUSTACHE! IT GIVES HIM HIS POWER! No, we have to fix this. We have to fix this insanity, this twinsanity...

Uncle Barty: I don't think we have any twins on our current talent roster...

Farthington: Look, I'm still in recovery here Barty, it'd be nice if you helped me out. I'm PTSD'ed up the wazoo from those God damn ninjas and I come back to find Mike's gone, Beckman's gone and... now I've got to deal with whatever this petition is on my desk.

Cecilworth lifts up the petition and begins to flip through it, barely paying attention to what he's looking at as he makes a casual browse through the words. Uncle Barty clears his throat to gain the attention of the Wrestleshow HFiC.

Uncle Barty: My dear nephew... that, is a petition from one Michael Unlikeable requesting that he both moved henceforth to the Show of Wrestle.

Cecilworth's facial expression is similar to that of a man who just smelled the final fart of a recently deceased dog.

Farthington: Michael Q. Unlikeable?

Uncle Barty: Well... I'm not sure of his middle initial, but yes...

Farthington: Of Victory? Uncle Barty: Of course... Farthington: Of Dynasty?

Uncle Barty: Well I believe he is part of that superground of superfriends, yes.

Farthington: On MY show?

Uncle Barty: Therein lies the point of the petition, I believe.

Cecilworth grabs the stack of papers that are believed to be the petition and begins to hum the Hall and Oates BANGER, "I Can't Go For That" to himself as he begins to walk towards the corner of his office.

Farthington: Oh I can't go for that... no can do...

Uncle Barty: But don't you think that we could leverage this to our advantage...

Farthington begins to drop ever sheet of paper of the petition, one by one into the paper shredder that runs so loud, you'd swear it'd be able to slaughter a pig. Cecilworth turns over to his uncle and yells at the top of his voice.

Farthington: SORRY UNCLE! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! I'M CRUSHING DREAMS OVER HERE!

Cecilworth then returns to his Hall and Oates jam, getting louder and louder due to the noise of the paper shredder. Satisfied that each page of the petition is shredded beyond any kind of human comprehension, the show's dear leader turns to face the camera, once again flashing his grossly expensive pearly whites. Seriously, the cost it takes to have an Englishman have teeth so white... STAGGERING.

Farthington: I am Cecilworth Farthington, the great and powerful... hang on, that's not right. Uncle Barty leans into the shot, hoping to guide his young ward in the right direction.

Uncle Barty: That'd be Oz, not you, young master.

Cecilworth nudges his uncle back out of shot and flashes his pearly whites towards the camera screen.

Farthington: I think some people have forgotten who runs Barter Town... it's the wealthiest man. The man with the goods, the FARTHINGTON man. I took control of Wrestleshow due to it being my bloodright to take over ANY power vacuum that was present in front of me. I came into this office a month ago and claimed what was mine, what was right and I was supported by the keeper of justice, the great and wonderful Sir Bartholomew Farthington. Whether he is my uncle or not is of no concern.

"BUT I AM HIS UNCLE" bellows Barty from the background, presumably being held down by a bodyguard so he

doesn't lean into shot again.

Farthington: Yet, it seems that Dynasty feel like they can just up and expect a family reunion on MY SHOW. Well to my good buddy Michael Lorendiddle running that den of scum and villainy that is Victory, I want to make this very clear...

Uncle Barty: NOT HIS NAME!

As Cecilworth yells back "don't care" towards his dear uncle, he grabs the camera man and shoves the focus towards the shredded remains of the Mikey Unlikely Wrestleshow petition. He lets it linger there for a few moments before he guides the camera back up to his adorable face. Farthington: As the Farthington in Charge of the wrongs and rights of Wrestleshow, I can confirm that we neither want nor need Mikey Unlikely on the FLAGSHIP show of the great state of UTAH. He is your problem Lorenzo, I already have enough Dynasty ragamuffins to open up my own god damn Starbucks in here. They don't run the show, I do. I am the Head Farthington in Charge of the Show of Wrestle. People would do well to remember such things, people like Victory's Mikey Unlikely. Wait... an angry employee from Victory. You know, now that I think about it...

Cecilworth's jaw drops wide open, presumably so does Barty's as he continues to get held out of camera shot but still within earshot.

Uncle Barty: You don't think he could have been...

Farthington: Who would have gained from my kidnapping? Clearly, clearly Mikey Unlikely was the ninja who kidnapped me! For a crime so heinous, I am not only rejecting his petition, I am also BANNING him from appearing on this fine show. Wrestleshow is not the kind of show to tolerate terrorists... same reason we didn't draft Abdul bin Hus...

Somehow instead of getting to the end of that particularly racist thought, the feed cuts to black as if someone's uncle had intentionally cut off the camera feed.

I Am the Machine

Back at ringside and the eager, Egyptian, crowd are sudden brought to life by the sound of Dirty

Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC.

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside folks, where that infamous guitar riff can only mean one thing...John Sektor is BACK!

The Gold Standard slowly emerges from behind the curtain, Legacy title slung proudly over his shoulder as he holds his chin up high and looks around at the Egyptian crowd. He smirks out of one corner of his mouth, a hint of excitement evident in his eyes, before he nods and begins his descent to the ring.

Ace: Eugh, this guy..

Blackfront: This guy indeed! Fully recovered from a shoulder injury inflicted at Ring King, John Sektor makes his first appearance since that night and makes his in ring return against 'The Truth's' very own, Brother Judas.

The crowd along the walkway all desperately hold out their hands in hopes Sektor will give them a high five. However his eyes have focussed in on the ring, blocking out everything else that is going on around him. He quickly climbs up the ring steps and wipes his heels on the skirt of the ring apron, before stepping through the ropes and lifting the Legacy title up high into the air for the crowd to see and applaud. Finally he gestures for a microphone from the announce area.

Blackfront: Oh, looks like Sektor has something to say, Tommy. Should be interesting because we haven't heard from him in almost a month.

Ace: Does he have to? I mean I don't think this crowd even speaks English, let alone gives a crap what he has to say.

Sektor poises himself in the centre of the ring, waiting for his music to die before speaking. Sektor: Never before have I had to travel so many miles to make my in ring return. But I have to say, I have never felt more at home than I do right now..

The crowd gives him a respectful and appreciative cheer.

Ace: Listen to him kissing up to this crowd..

Blackfront: I think he just meant in the ring in general..

Sektor: Ladies and Gentlemen, the Gold Standard is back and he is most certainly ready and raring to GO!

He pauses for the crowds reaction, remaining stern faced and focussed.

Sektor: Now you will have noticed that I have made my way out here tonight, all alone. Something I haven't done for quite some time. As I'm sure you are all fully aware, Mike Best is gone..

Some booing of disapproval from the crowd, which Sektor accepts with a nod of the head. Sektor: I am all alone, and it would seem that the 'Machine'..is finished. After all our talk of standing together to destroy Dynasty, and make the UTA all about wrestling again, It seems that we have failed. And Dynasty?

Sektor pretends to bow his head in disappointment.

Sektor: Has won..

The crowd boo's wildly, obviously bitter and angry to hear Sektor admit something like this.

Ace: They were always going to win, John..

Sektor's head slowly begins to lift back up, with a grin spread from ear to ear as he begins to shake his head.

Sektor: No. The Machine is not dead. Because you see, it lives on...through ME!

His worlds growl out of his throat as he stares dead into the camera's lense with intensity. Sektor: Mike may have gone. Beckman may have gone. Farthington, may well as be gone..but I have NOT given up and therefor the Machine, ROLLS ON!

Blackfront: This crowd seem relieved to hear that he is still willing to stand against Dynasty, Tommy.

Ace: He's a damn fool..

Sektor: You see, The Machine isn't just a clever name. It's a philosophy. A philosophy that I take as gospel, and that's the will to survive and the spirit to keep going until you achieve every goal you set out to achieve. With that said...CBR?

The booing practically shakes the arena at the mere mention of CBR's name.

Sektor: I guess congratulations are in order, son. You did it. You told the World two weeks ago that you were coming to take this back..

He glances at the Legacy title over his shoulder.

Sektor: And you're one step closer. And I have to say, man, I couldn't be happier that it's you!

Ace: Happy to face CBR? Okay, he really IS and idiot!

Sektor: I know you've been questioning my reign so far. You've been casting doubt on it. But rest assured, Canadian Star.. You may have set the standard for this title..but The Gold STANDARD is BACK! And I cannot think of any better way to put my own stamp on it, than by knocking off the man who made it famous!

A roar of approval from the crowd as Sektor confidently smirks.

Sektor: But that's in two weeks! Right now, I have a seven foot-one inch vessel on his way here, ready to deliver his message of violence to me. Well, Brother Judas? Reverend? I'm ready to receive, and I'm ready to get violent up in here!

With that the next sound comes from the Mic hitting the canvas as Sektor climbs the turnbuckle and pumps the Legacy title in the air.

Blackfront: Sektor is back folks, and full of confidence! But can he defeat the seven foot member of 'The Truth?'

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: That is a big man right there.

Ace: Man? He's a monster. Litterally. This guy looks as if he crawled out of someone's nightmares.

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 looking to put away the Legacy Champion here tonight.

Ace: If anyone can do it, it is Judas.

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: John Sektor has no way to prepare to meet a man like Brother Judas, I'll tell you that much. The fans scream for the match to begin.

Blackfront: The fans are hot as we get ready.

As the bell sounds to start the match, both men circle and move in to lock up.

Blackfront: And we're off. The larger Judas takes control, pulling Sektor into a side headlock early on.

Judas goes to re-adjust the headlock, giving John Sektor a brief moment to push his back, causing him to release and step forward.

Blackfront: Sektor with a forearm to the kidneys of Judas.

Ace: If he plans on beating Brother Judas, he is going to need to bring more than that. Judas holds his back as he stumbles forward and turns around.

Blackfront: Sektor wraps Judas up.. belly-to-belly sup... NO! Judas blocks and... lifts.... Sektor sent over with a belly-to-belly suplex.

Ace: Well how did that work out for you Sektor?

John Sektor sits up, holding his back as Judas stomps over.

Blackfront: Judas now pulling John Sektor up to his feet.

He pushes Sektor back and into the ropes. Judas grabs his arm and yanks back, however, Sektor is able to reverse momentum.

Blackfront: Reversal by Sektor. Judas across the ring and into the ropes. On the return, Sektor looks ready...

Judas brings his foot up at the last moment, catching Sektor in the face.

Blackfront: Big boot catches Sektor and he is down again.

The Good Reverend holds the Good Book in the air toward the crowd, a look of pure pleasure across his face.

Ace: Just stay down John. It'll all be over soon.

John holds his jaw on the canvas as Judas bends down, knocking his hand away before grabbing him around the throat.

Blackfront: Judas now pulling Sektor back to his feet by his throat.

Once he has him on his feet, Judas continues to hold John's throat with one hand as he slides his other to Sektor's back.

Blackfront: John Sektor in trouble now.

Ace: You think?

Judas lifts Sektor up by his throat. John tries to kick free, a look of terror on his face.

Blackfront: Sektor goes for a ride... CHOKESLAM BY Judas! The fans boo as Judas lets out a terrifying scream.

Ace: This guy gives me the creeps every time he is in the ring.

Blackfront: The Truth has always been a group of individuals that could cause nightmares. Ace: It's a living freakshow. I for one can not wait until C-Money bans them from Wrestleshow! Blackfront: I honestly do not think he has that type of power Tommy.

Ace: I see no one opposing him, do you?

Blackfront: Touche.

Judas has his hand around Sektor's throat as he is bent to one knee, pressing down hard as John kicks, clawing at his opponent's hand.

Blackfront: Judas now continuing to choke John Sektor.

The referee warns Judas who seems to just press down with more force. The referee begins to count.

Blackfront: The referee now counting.

Judas releases at four and stand sup, turning to the referee who throws his hands up and backs away as Brother Judas raises a fist, threatening him.

Blackfront: Judas with total disregard. It's disgusting.

Ace: You can't expect a man, well.. a thing like Judas to believe in rules can you?

John Sektor, on his hands and knees, crawls behind Judas who is still staring at the referee with his head tilted to the side.

Blackfront: Sektor moving, using this time to...

He quickly comes up, wrapping his hand under Judas's leg, and pulling backward. Blackfront: SEKTOR WITH A SCHOLL BOY ROLL UP. Judas quickly kicks out. Ace: That may have been his only shot to even get Judas on the canvas.

Judas rolls over and gets up quickly, as does Sektor. The Good Reverend slams the side of the apron for Judas to

finish him.

Blackfront: Both men on their feet. Judas charges Sektor. Sektor ducks a clothesline. Both men turn... standing drop kick by The Gold Standard!

The fans cheer. Judas isn't phased as he rolls over and begins to get up. Sektor quickly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: John Sektor with what seems to be a second wind now. Sektor looks back at the ropes before running to hit them.

Blackfront: Sektor off of the ropes, on the return now

Judas begins to push up from one knee as Sektor approaches. He leaps forward, his knee extended, pulling Judas's head forward as he smashes his face with a knee. The fans continue to cheer.

Blackfront: Sektor with a rising knee to the face of Judas!

Judas falls back to the canvas as John Sektor falls to his own knees. He breaths hard as he looks down at his opponent.

Blackfront: John Sektor has taken Judas out, but is it enough?

Ace: Pin him now. I've seen horror movies. You have to finish the monster right away or they come back!

John begins to get up as Judas starts to move.

Blackfront: Sektor to his feet, quickly stomping away at Judas.

Ace: He took too long and now all he is doing is making Brother Judas angry. He should have pinned him when he had the opportunity.

Blackfront: I have to agree, the longer this match goes, the less chance John Sektor has to pull off a win.

Sektor pulls Judas up, immediately coming forward with a forearm shot to the face. Blackfront: Forearm catches Judas. Another. Now followed by a right, and another. Sektor rocking the big man with those hard fist. Judas staggering.

John Sektor comes forward with a boot to the midsection of Judas, causing him to double over. He quickly brings Judas in close, hooking under both of his arms.

Blackfront: Sektor looking to finish this now.

Ace: There's no way.

He looks to the left and then to the right. The fans scream and chant his name. Finally, Sektor lifts Judas up with all of his might.

Blackfront: What a display of power here by John Sektor. Finally, he drops Judas with the double arm sit-out face buster. Blackfront: THE C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION!

John Sektor pushes Judas over and covers him.

Blackfront: I think this one may be over.

Ace: No way!

The referee slides down and begins to count. However, The Good Reverend slides into the ring and rushes forward falling with The Good Book coming down across the head of John Sektor. The fans start to boo as the referee immediately leaps up and starts to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.... JOHN... SEEKTTTOORRR!!!! The Good Reverend stomps at Sektor as Judas begins to push to his feet, not fully effected by the C-Sektion.

Blackfront: Brother Judas now also stomping away at Sektor. Where is this respect for the Legacy Champion that The Good Reverend said he had?

Ace: You believe anything that comes out of this nutcase's mouth?

Suddenly, the fans et loud and the camera pans up to see Lisil Jackson burst from the back. He throws his fedora to the side and pulls his over shirt off as he makes his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: It's Victory's Lisil Jackson!

As he slides into the ring, Lisil leaps forward and begins to wail on Brother Judas with both of his huge arms. The Good Reverend turns to him only to get sent to the canvas with a hugh right before Jackson returns to Judas. Sektor begins to push his way up.

Blackfront: I don't know why Lisil Jackson is here tonight, but he may have just saved the Legacy Champion!

The fans continue to cheer as Sektor makes his way to his feet and assist Jackson. Finally, Brother Judas and The Good Reverend retreat from the ring as Lisil Jackson and John Sektor stand tall. As they back away, The Good Reverend points at Jackson, screaming that his time is drawing to a close.

Blackfront: The Truth backing down tonight, but if you are Lisil Jackson, you have to make sure you are always watching your back after that.

Ace: He's not the brightest, that's for sure.

As Sektor's music picks back up, the two talk in the ring, shaking hands before we fade.

Brought to You By

He Doesn't Scare Me

Upon coming back from a commercial we are met with La Flama Blanca standing in the middle of the frame. He holds his UTA World Title across his chest, both hands crossing over clenching it. The UTA logo displayed proudly on a HD Television screen on Blanca's left. He turns his head as Jennifer Williams steps in front of the camera.

Williams: Champ... earlier tonight we heard from Sean Ja-

The Lucador holds his hand up, silencing Jennifer Williams. His eyes pierce through his mask.

La Flama Blanca: I don't want to hear that name, Jennifer. Williams is quick on her feet to find a way around the issue.

Williams: We heard from... The Ace In The Hole winner earlier tonight on Wrestleshow. He said that tonight, could be the night he cashes in his World Title contract. Care to make a comment? La Flama Blanca leans in towards the microphone held by Williams. Cameras zoom in on the UTA World Champion.

LFB: You know jennifer... Week after week people make claims for MY UTA World Championship. Everyone thinks they deserve a shot, but they don't. Do I care to make a comment about what Mr. Ace Hole said tonight? Yes, I do.

Jennifer Williams looks off to the side and raises her brow.

LFB: The Ace In The Hole contract will not be cashed in tonight, nor on any night. Mr. Ace In The Hole can make threats and try to do what he does best, play mind games. But that won't work on me, Jennifer.

Blanca restrains his laugh to a titter. He looks up to the ceiling and then looks at Jennifer Williams.

LFB: He knows that I'm in his head and the only thing he can do is TRY to do the same. He doesn't scare me! I beat him once... and I'll do it again.

Blanca pauses for a split second, gathering himself.

LFB: He also knows, that Dynasty won't allow him to cash in that briefcase. I have no worries that tonight will end much like every night. I get my hand raised as the victor, and I leave with the UTA World title.

Blanca walks off still holding onto his championship belt. Williams turns her body to face the camera, the Wrestleshow banner perfectly centered behind her.

Williams: La Flama Blanca on his way to the ring where he will face Santa Claus in our Main Event. Tommy and Jason, back to you at ring side.

We cut to Blackfront and Ace in front of a hoarde of excited UTA fans.

Blackfront: Thank you, Jennifer. Well Tommy, we just heard what La Flama Blanca had to say about Sean Jackson's comments earlier, that tonight could be the night he cashes in his Ace In

The Hole briefcase.

Tommy Ace looks unsure about the situation.

Ace: Jason, Sean Jackson would have to be a pretty stupid man to try to take on La Flama Blanca with all of Dynasty in attendance. I doubt it. I think Jackson will wait for the perfect time. But...

Ace throws his arms out in front of him.

Ace: He's going to have to get through Dynasty to do it.

Blackfront: Will Sean Jackson show up in our Main Event? Santa Claus takes on the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca in non title action and it's next!

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere. A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reigns and stands up in the sleigh. He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder. He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty "HO..... HO..... HO!" at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him, as they both await Santa's opponent to make his entrance.

The UTA logo is displayed on the screen high above the ring, dead center of your HD Television. "Down" by Yelawolf begins to play. Cameras turn towards the entrance ramp as the crowd starts to stir. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain, with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting

his new LFB apparel and his UTA World Championship title belt around his waist, LFB stops putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: This is a non title match as La Flama Blanca looks to meet Santa here in his return.

Ace: You heard Blanca, that isn't the real Santa!

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

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. The Champion looks around the arena as he gets closer to the ring.

Blackfront: Another factor for the champion to consider is that we know Sean Jackson is here tonight. Could Mr. Ace in the Hole be planning on cashing in?

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

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo the current UTA World Champion as cameras pick up the fans inside the arena.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is the current UTA WORLD CHAMPION... He is LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The Luchador puts his arms in the air and the boos continue to rain down.

Ace: There he is Jason, the best wrestler in the world today!

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo. Blackfront: Big main event right here on Wrestleshow.

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes off his belt, handing it to Jonathan Franklin outside the ring. As he hands it off, Blanca ask for a microphone.

Ace: The champion has something to say!

La Flama Blanca is given a mic. As he turns back to face Santa, he taps the top of it to ensure it works before lifting it to his mouth. However, the boos from the fans causes him to stay silent. Blackfront: The fans here in Egypt letting the champion know what they think.

Santa holds his belly and laughs with glee as Blanca begins to get upset.

Blanca: You think this is funny? Do you?

Santa walks toward the champion, and moves toward the microphone.

Claus: I do! Ho! Ho! Ho! The fans cheer.

Blanca: I see...

He turns and steps away from Santa before continuing.

Blanca: I was going to give you a chance to not embarass yourself by losing to me on your return, but.. well...

He quickly turns and slams the microphone into the side of Santa's head as the bell sounds. Claus stumbles around and away from La Flama Blanca who takes off and its the ropes.

Blackfront: The champion hitting Santa with that microphone. Now off of the ropes... Blanca leaps up.

Blackfront: Dropkick to the back of Santa Claus!

Santa drops to a knee as LFB rolls over and pushes up quickly. Mrs. Claus gets to the apron and begins to yell at the luchador, causing him to turn toward her.

Ace: She needs to be thrown out from ringside!

Blanca walks over to Mrs Claus and looks her up and down before reaching out and touching the side of her face. Creeped out she hops from the apron.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca making unwanted moves on Mrs. Claus.

Ace: Unwanted? She's the one who got on the apron! Behind him, Santa stands back up and turns around.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now back in this, seeing Santa on his feet. He runs... leaps.. CROSS BODY... CAUGHT BY SANTA!

The fans cheer. Santa just smiles, his rosey cheeks glowing, before he drops straight down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Santa Claus crushing the champion! The fnas cheer more!

Ace: That's worse than Bobby Dean!

Santa slowly pushes up to a knee before getting back up. La Flama Blanca rolls on the canvas, apparently hurt. Santa holds his belly and lets out a hefty Ho! Ho! Ho!

Ace: This lunatic needs to be stopped!

Blackfront: Santa now bending down, pulling La Flama Blanca back to his feet. He grabs La Flama Blanca's arm, and pulls back hard.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sent hard into the corner. Santa following.. he runs.. leaps.. BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!

As he backs off of La Flama Blanca, the fans cheer even louder as the UTA World Champion crumbles down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Folks, we could be seeing the destruction of La Flama Blanca here tonight!

Ace: This is horrible!

Blackfront: You have to think that Sean Jackson is in the back watching La Flama Blanca be taken apart, waiting for the right time to cash in.

Ace: Please no! Don't even joke jason.

Blackfront: I'm not joking at all.

Santa starts toward Blanca again, however, this time the champion rolls out of the ring to boos.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca getting out of the ring as fast as he can to stop the assault.

Ace: I know for a fact that La Flama Blanca is on the real Santa's nice list. There's no way he'd do this to everyone's favorite masked man!

Santa looks down at Blanca who makes his way over to the time keeper's table, reaching for his belt.

Blackfront: I think La Flama Blanca has had enough.

The fans boo even louder as he grabs the title and waves Santa off before heading around the ring. The referee begins to count.

Blackfront: This is just a disgrace.

Santa quickly heads across the ring, and begins to exit to the apron.

Blackfront: Santa Claus is chasing him! You wont get away that quick Blanca!

Santa heads down the steps and cuts the champion off, grabbing him from the side and rolling him into the ring. He then grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself back up to the apron, and re-enters himself.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca unable to catch a break here in this main event match against the much larger Santa Claus.

Ace: The much larger escaped mental patient is more like it!

La Flama Blanca rolls to his knees, his title still in his hands. He quickly gets to his feet, aims the title toward Santa and takes off, but is stopped violently when the referee grabs his arm, pulling him around and yanking the title from his hands. The fans cheer loudly.

Blackfront: Our senior referee refusing to allow La Flama Blanca to use the title as a weapon!

Ace: I call foul!

Blackfront: How so?!

Ace: It's just an equilizer to the size of this guy! This match is not fair!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca arguing with the referee.

Ace: As he should!

The referee refuses to argue and heads toward the ropes to hand the title off. As he does, Blanca turns around and ducks a swing by Santa. he drops down and slams a fist into Santa's groin.

Ace: RIGHT IN THE CANDY CANE!

Blackfront: NOW THAT IS CHEATING!

Santa grabs himself in pain as La Flama Blanca steps back before coming forward, and throwing a leg up. His foot connects right under the chin of Santa, causing the big man to go down like a Christmas tree being cut down in November.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! ESTUPENDO KICK! He had to cheat to set it up, but he hit it!

Ace: Pin him!

Blackfront: He is!

As Blanca drops down, the referee returns, and slides into position. He begins his count. Blackfront: Two.. three. This one is over, but I can tell you this, it wasn't right how it was done. Not at all!

Ace: Wasn't right? This whole match wasn't right!

La Flama Blanca rolls over and breathes hard as his music kicks up.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... LA.. FLAMA... BLLAAAANNNCCCAAAA!!!! Blackfront: The champion pulls off a win, but not after being dominated by the returning Santa Cla-

Cairo... Can you feel it?!

The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: MY GOD! COULD IT BE?!

La Flama Blanca sits up and looks at the top of the stage as Sean Jackson's video begins to play on the screens.

Ace: NO! NOT NOW!

Time to Cashe in

As In the Air Tonight plays, Sean Jackson steps out from the back onto the stage, briefcase in hand. He holds it high and points down at La Flama Blanca who is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet in the ring.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is cashing in! He's cashing in!

Ace: Run Blanca!

LFB drops back down and rolls out of the ring, grabbing his title again and backing away from the ramp side as Jackson starts down. The fans continue to go crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is far from one hundred percent. Sean Jackson is about to cash in and become the UTA World Champion!

We see a fan in a black hoodie leap the barricade. As security chases him, he jumps up, grabbing the edge of the stage and pulling himself up behind Jackson.

Blackfront: What appears to be a fan has jumped on the stage!

The man in the hoodie runs forward, grabs Jackson's arm and turns him around. He throws a foot into Jackson's gut, causing him to drop the briefcase.

Blackfront: That man just attacked Sean Jackson!

Ace: THERE IS A GOD!

He grabs Jackson's arms and brings him down with a double arm DDT right onto the briefcase. Jackson's body bounces up and over. he rolls to his stomach, knocked out as the man looks down at him.

Blackfront: That man just attacked Sean Jackson!

We see Blanca quickly leaping the barricade and making a hasty retreat through the crowd before the camera pans back up to see the man in the hoodie standing over Sean Jackson looking down at his handy work.

Blackfront: Who is this man?!

The man unzips his hoodie before throwing the hood back, revealing himself to the world.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! IT'S FORMER 4CW CHAMPION... JASON CASHE!

Cashe throws his arms out as the fans go crazy for the appearance of a man only rumored prior.

Blackfront: Jason Cashe is here in the UTA! I never thought I'd see this! He and Sean Jackson have unfinished business reaching back to the World Wrestling Alliance! Now he's here in the UTA!

Ace: This can't be good for Sean Jackson. I mean, it's great for the champ.. but Jackson may very well have his hands full now.

Just Another Thing by The Lacs begins to play as Cashe continues to stand over Sean Jackson on top of the stage.

Blackfront: Folks, tonight has been huge and to cap it off, it's Jason Cashe in the UTA! The International Affair tour just got hotter! But until next time... have a great night!

The copyright comes up and we fade to black.

Show Credits

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