

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #7

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
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Results

WrestleShow

Segment

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

SPONSORED BY: DOLLARSHAVECLUB

As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out Oklahoma State Fair Arena in Oklahoma City, OK. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the words Previously Recorded appear for a few seconds before disappearing. As the camera pans across the screaming fans, we are greeted with several shots of signs that they are holding high.

AWESOME!

Down with Bateel! MADNESSSSSS

I'm So EMOTional

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

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

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and new play by play announcer, Tommy Ace sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to another edition of Wrestleshow.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to another exciting edition of the United Toughness Alliance's Wrestleshow! As always, I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight, I want to give a warm welcome to my new broadcast colleague...
Tommy Ace

Ace: It's so good to be in the booth Jason, I'm loving it. It's been a while but I am glad to be here in the UTA once again calling matches.

Blackfront: Well it's good to have you as Stan is taking on more responsibilities on the official website.

Ace: That's enough about me, tonight we have a huge show ahead of us.

Blackfront: You're right about that. We've got a big tag match, we have a champion versus champion match, and in the main event an Internet Champion will be crowned!
Ace: It's huge, it's just huge. I don't know how we are getting away with giving this to the fans for free.

Blackfront: That's how we do it here in the United Toughness Alliance. Each and every show we give you the absolute

best in professional wrestling.

Ace: Tonight will be no different. I just can't wait! Blackfront: Well, lets get this party started why don't we? Ace: Lets do it!

LOOKING SNAZZY

We head backstage where Chance Von Crank is standing outside of a door.

Crank: Hurry up.

From inside the room we hear Johnny Legend reply.

Legend: I look stupid. Crank: You'll look fine. Legend: I feel like an idiot.

Crank: Look Johnny, if you're going to hand with the Shock 'N' Rolla you're going to have to dress snazzy.

Legend: Why do I need a mega phone?

Crank: You just do! Now come on.

The door opens and Johnny Legend steps out. He's wearing a purple and orange tuxedo that has Chance Von Crank airbrushed all over it. In his hand a mega phone.

Legend: I feel dumb. Chance looks at him.

Crank: You look great.... Uh... Not hitting on you or nothing.

Legend: Don't worry, you're not my type.

Crank: Good.

Johnny just shakes his head, looking down at the mega phone. He sighs.

Crank: You keep getting ready, I have things to do. Chance Von Crank walks off as Johnny Legend sighs again.

? Years spent in torment Buried in a nameless grave ?

The fans give a mixed reaction as Ozzy Osbourne howls out into the arena, which is plunged into darkness, save for the clusters of camera flashes which now go off.

? Screams break the silence

Waking from the dead of night Vengeance is boiling ?

Pulsating lights give the lively crowd a stop motion quality as Wülfric punching the air and snarling, tears the curtain back and pounces onto the stage, further dividing the fans. Ace: I was always told werewolves only exist in fairytales, Jason, but looking at Wülfric, I think I was lied to!

Blackfront: This guy is an animal, Tommy. Look at those chops -- this guy could give Wolverine a run for his money!

Wülfric stalks his way to the ring, tracked by a white spotlight. He barges through the mass of tentacle-like arms of the fans as they try to touch him.

Announcer: Currently making his way to the ring, standing five-feet, niine inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred forty-five poouuunds...

He climbs the steps and darts through the ropes, turning his back on the hard cam to face the opposite side of the arena, continuing to shadow spar.

Announcer: WWWÜLF--RIIC!

The Big Bad Wolf snatches his hood off and turns around to glare into the hard cam, throwing his arms up into the air

in dominance. As his music fades the camera moves back to the stage as Bodies by Drowning Pool begins to play.

? Let the bodies hit the.... FLOOOORRRRRR ?

Roscoe Shame steps out raising his right hand into the sky before beginning down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Kalamazoo, Michigan... He stands at six foot sic.. an weighs in at two hundred and sixty-five pounds....

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame is a good pick up for the UTA.

Ace: Oh yea, his matches in Sanctioned Violence Organization are legendary.

Announcer: He is.... ROSCOE.... SHAMMMMEEEEEEE!!!!

Shame slides into the ring and raises up, throwing both arms into the air. As his music fades he heads right for his opponent whom steps up as well. Both men stand toe to toe, Roscoe Shame standing nine inches over Wülfric,

Blackfront: Wülfric not intimidated by the size difference between him and Roscoe Shame.

Ace: Or the age difference for that matter.

Blackfront: It's the same way Roscoe Shame is not intimidated by the fact Wülfric has more experience than him.

Ace: Shame is no greenhorn himself Jason. He is well known from his run in the now defunct Las Vegas ran Sanctioned Violence Organization.

Blackfront: Very true.

Neither man blinks as the bell sounds. Both clinch their fist and grit their teeth, waiting to see who makes the first move. The crowd is filled with anticipation.

Blackfront: I've been reviewing some old tapes. Roscoe Shame actually reminds me a lot of a younger Wülfric.

Ace: Younger and larger. Blackfront: Size doesn't matter. Ace: That's what sh.. oh never mind.

Shame says something inaudible to Wülfric who replies back, also inaudible. Finally Roscoe Shame pushes Wülfric, who stumbles just a couple of steps before catching

himself, then comes forward pushing the younger, larger man sending him backwards and down to the mat.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame as surprised as the rest of us.

Ace: Wulfric is built like a tank. He may be older, but he is tough.

Roscoe looks up at Wülfric who is yelling for him to get back up. This infuriates Shame who pushes up, getting back to his feet.

Ace: To be fair, this is the first match Roscoe has been in, in a long while after his recent trip to rehab.

Blackfront: It's always inspirational when someone takes the steps to get back on the right path.

Shame storms Wülfric, who side steps and as he wraps his arms behind Roscoe, brings a knee hard into his stomach.

Blackfront: Wülfric with a knee to the gut of Roscoe Shame. Wülfric follows up with an elbow to the back of Roscoe's head.

Ace: Wülfric teaching Roscoe as thing or two here early in the match.

Wülfric continues to elbow Shame in the back of the head, finally letting him fall to the mat.He steps over Shame, straddling his sides and leaning down, wrapping his arms under Shame's and clasping his hands under Roscoe's chin.

Blackfront: Wülfric now with a chin lock looking for a submission.

Ace: Roscoe Shame must be surprised. I can almost guarantee he thought this would be a walk in the park, and boy would he have been wrong.

Wülfric lets Roscoe go. As his head falls, Wülfric slaps the back of it before it hits the mat.

Blackfront: Wülfric letting Shame go.

Ace: I think he just wanted to prove a point that just because he is older, and just because he may not be as big, that Roscoe Shame shouldn't automatically think he has it in the bag.

Blackfront: Tonight may very well be school for Roscoe Shame and Wülfric is the teacher.

Wülfric walks along the ropes of the ring, tracing his right hand across the top as Roscoe pushes himself up to his hands and knees, attempting to regain his composure.

Blackfront: I'm not sure that Wülfric should be allowing Roscoe Shame time to get up. Ace: It's like we were saying, tonight he is the teacher, and you can't teach if your pupil is out cold.

Shame uses the ropes to pull himself up, never taking his eyes off of Wülfric who is across of the ring, watching Roscoe vigilantly.

Blackfront: I'm just saying, if it was me, I'd teach Roscoe how you completely dominate your opponent and win your match quickly. This may not be the wisest choice for Wülfric to make.

Shame stands fully up, nodding to Wülfric, before both men head toward the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame with that seemed to be a sign of respect to Wülfric as these two lock up in the middle of the ring.

Ace: Nothing wrong with that.

As the two men fight for power, this time Roscoe Shame takes control, putting Wülfric into a side headlock.

Blackfront: Sideheadlock. Shame squeezes Wülfric's neck tight.

Ace: Here is where that size will come into play.

Blackfront: Yes, but Wülfric is known in the industry for having abnormal strength for a man his age. Package that with years of experience.

Ace: Years of experience or not, Roscoe Shame has him right now, and there is nowhere to go.

Wülfric attempts to escape, but Shame tightens his hold. Doing the only thing he can, Wülfric ignores the risk and pushes in, allowing Shame to tighten even more but giving him the opening he needs to open his mouth and bite the side of Roscoe Shame.

Blackfront: Wülfric bites Shame!

Ace: Well, that's one way to break a hold.

Roscoe lets go and screams as the referee quickly grabs Wülfric, pulling him away.

Ace: Wülfric knows he isn't a wolf right?

As the referee throws his finger in the face of Wülfric, Shame angrily comes forward with a double axe handle to the upper back of his opponent. The camera catches teeth marks on his side.

Blackfront: Well, I think the mutual respect Shame had for Wülfric a few moments ago is now gone.

Ace: I don't blame him. Who bites in wrestling matches?

Shame brings down a series of forearms to the back of Wülfric, who keeps semi going to one knee but standing back up. Wülfric turns around to face his attacker.

Blackfront: Shame with a boot to the gut of Wülfric, following up with a short arm clothesline.

Ace: He put a lot behind that. I think he wanted to take the head off of Wülfric so that he can not bite him again.

Wülfric rolls over, showing minimal effect from the clothesline as he starts to get back to his feet. Roscoe Shame runs past him, bounces off of the ropes and returns, leaping in the air while grabbing the head of Wülfric.

Blackfront: Bulldog! Roscoe Shame a man possessed.

Ace: He's looking to put an end to this now, after being biten.

Blackfront: Do you blame him?

Shame goes for a cover and the referee drops to count. However, Wülfric kicks out at two.

Blackfront: Kick out by Wülfric. Roscoe Shame is on the right track with wanting to end this, but still needs to do a bit more damage to keep Wülfric down.

Roscoe pushes up to his knees as Wülfric sits up. As Wülfric turns slightly to start getting to his feet, Roscoe Shame moves in forward, wrapping his arms around his head and sitting back.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame keeping the match at a slow pace as he puts Wülfric into a sleeper hold.

Ace: I'm not sure this is a good idea Jason. With someone who isn't very fast nor agile

like Wülfric, you should speed the pace of the match up so that he can not keep up. Blackfront: You're right there Tommy. This is almost just a rest period for Wülfric as that thick neck of his almost blocks Roscoe's attempt to cut of the circulation.

Ace: If he's anything like my grandfather who takes a nap once Matlock is over, letting Wülfric rest will do nothing but let him rest and in turn when he gets back to his feet, he'll be more spry than ever.

Blackfront: Tommy, Wülfric is only fifty-five years old. Comparing him to your grandfather doesn't seem very nice.

Ace: Well neither is assaulting a senior citizen, but you aren't giving Roscoe Shame any strife for this match.

In the ring, Shame continues to apply pressure, but as it was pointed out, Wülfric's neck is just too thick for it to really do any type of damage. Wülfric begins to use his legs to push on the mat, slowly raising up with Roscoe Shame.

Blackfront: Wülfric fighting Roscoe Shame, pushing to his feet taking Shame with him.

Ace: Roscoe needs to change his offense now.

But it's too late. The two men are up, and Wülfric is able to bend down and turn around pushing Roscoe Shame back. Shame catches himself and comes forward again as Wülfric moves forward. Wülfric jumps, catching the bigger man and pushing down as they both fall to the mat.

Blackfront: Thesz Press!

Ace: Wülfric with those bricks for hands hitting Shame with rights and lefts! Wülfric is pulled up by the referee who warns him for being too aggressive. Roscoe Shame holds his head as he scoots back before starting to get up.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame getting to his feet.

Ace: Both of these men have really impressed me Jason. This has been a good match. Blackfront: It sure has. I'm excited to see these two continue their careers here in the UTA.

As Shame gets to his feet, Wülfric pushes past the referee, sluggishly heading toward Roscoe. Shame moves forward

at a faster pace, he jumps up throwing his feet in the air and connecting.

Blackfront: Dropkick by Roscoe Shame!

Ace: The big man got some air there didn't he Jason?!

Shame rolls over and quickly leaps forward in a flat position, covering Wülfric. The referee drops to begin counting.

Blackfront: KICK OUT AT TWO!

Ace: Wülfric just doesn't know how to say when does he?!

Upset, but determined, Shame rolls over and begins to get to his feet, pulling Wülfric with him.

Blackfront: Side knee to the gut of Wülfric.

Roscoe places Wülfric's head between his legs, bends down and wraps his arms under him.

Ace: It looks like Roscoe Shame is going to end this once and for all! He begins to pull back as he yells It's Shame Time!.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame going for that devastating Jackknife Power Bomb... Wülfric kicks his feet, lowering them back down to the mat.

Blackfront: NO! Wülfric fighting back!

Ace: Amazing!

Wülfric begins to lift slowly, straining but doing it, until Roscoe Shame goes up and over behind him, slamming to the mat.

Blackfront: Wülfric reverses into a back body drop!

As Shame hits the mat, Wülfric actually stumbles back with him, falling backward to the mat himself. As he hits, both men are flat. Wülfric begin to breath heavily as the camera zooms in on him, before raising his left arm, and rolling over, draping it over Roscoe Shame.

Blackfront: Wülfric going for the cover!

Ace: He might have it!

Blackfront: HE DOES! HE DOES!

The bell starts to sound as the referee hits the three.

Announcer: Your winner, at fifteen minutes and fourteen seconds.... WWWÜLF--RIIIC!

Blackfront: Wülfric has done it. I don't know how he has done it, but he has done. Ace: That is one tough old man Jason. I have nothing but respect for him.. well, other than that whole biting incident.

Bark at the Moon begins to play as we get a few replays of spots in the match.

DAYS OF THUNDER

Ace: This could be the best Wrestle Show to date.

Blackfront: The card is star studded throughout. Speaking of that, I have word from the back something is going on.

Ace: What is it?

Blackfront: Let's have a look!

Madman Szalinski walks down the hall backstage. He stops suddenly looking down at the floor.

Madman: ...yo....

White foam is ripped up and making a trail down the hall and around the corner at the other end of the hall. Szalinski follows the trail down the hall with a puzzled look across his face. The bits of white foam trail around the corner like a race track. As Madman turns the corner he comes face to face with around six men. Chance Von Crank stands in front of UTA security with his chest heaving up and down. Both hands at his side covered with bits of cheap white foam. The security team are assigned to Chance for his prior behavior as punishment.

Crank: Peek-A-Boo.

Madman: Let me guess. Peach ran off and got into something... Madman tries looking past the security guards and cVc, down at the floor. Madman: Fuzzball? Okay, what's going on?

Szalinski turns back up to an unamused Chance von Crank.

Madman: Oh, I get it. You're here to search me because somebody told you I had that kush.

Crank: Naw... Something about your face... It causes me to want to take my shirt off and fist fight. You and I have a problem.

Madman: No duh. You expect me to clean up this mess?

Chance begins to wipe his hands together. The small pieces of foam wiped from his hands to the floor. He mocks Madman.

Crank: Cheap white foam around here are like most things...

Crank leans in close to Madman slowly as the security behind him prepare for the inevitable.

Crank: It's replaceable.

Madman: Yeah, well...

Szalinski looks down at the floor for a second, reaching back to tinker with the laces on the back of his mask.

Madman: I've asked the doctor, and I'm not, so...

Szalinski lets go of the mask's laces, snapping his right hand out and slapping the butt of his open palm into Chance's eye socket. Chance stumbles back into the waiting arms of security, but Madman takes a step back with his arms outstretched.

Madman: Don't play games with me, you want it, just ask!

Chance struggles with security now holding him back. The right of eye of the Shock 'N' Rolla is swollen and turning black quickly. Crank begins screaming at Madman.

Crank: I want a God d[censored]d cage match with this masked son of a b[censored]!

Madman: Whenever, brother! You're lucky my wife wasn't here!

More security rushes in along with Johnny Legend separating the two men. Crank is irate holding his right eye that is now black. Madman meanwhile begins to inquire security as to where Ariel and Peach are, while pointing back at Chance to yell back such random things as...

Madman: Get out of here before I break you in half and remake Days of Thunder! Blackfront: Finally! FINALLY! Madman has given Chance Von Crank exactly what he needed!

Sce: That was uncalled for! He had no right putting his hands on The Shock 'N' Rolla. Madman Szalinski is crazy!

Blackfront: Chance is the crazy one! He just asked to be locked in a cage with Madman Szalinski. Foolish bastard.

ALLAH BE DAMNED

As Sean Jackson is walking backstage, he's approached by Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: Mr. Jackson, can I have a moment of your time?

After having a microphone shoved in his face, the Mental Rapist comes to a stop.

Jackson: No, no you can't. But you can hand me this and step the hell back.

While speaking, Sean snatches the mic and moves Jamie off to one side. He then uses his free hand to position the camera just right. Once that is accomplished, Sean begins to address the moment at hand.

Jackson: Abdul bin Hussain. First off I don't give a rats ass about your whole Allah hates the infidels bull. Secondly, you're here in Tulsa, Oklahoma where none of these inbred

hicks even knows what an infidel is. Thirdly, this program is going to be aired in my home state of Texas so please don't encourage the 15 million illegal aliens there by speaking your broken english.

As Sean speaks, you can see the intense look etched on his face. For those who don't know him, there aren't too many people that the Mental Rapist likes which is something that UTA will figure out soon enough.

Jackson: Jesus, everytime you speak, it makes me feel like I'm watching an episode of Honey Boo Boo or something. I'm pretty sure that any moment now A&E will come calling, pitching a new idea of a reality show called Camel humpers of Basra.

As he is talking, his eyes roll. He knows that he just screwed up because an A&E exec is probably watching and has just been given a helluva idea.

Jackson: Wait never mind. That would be a stupid idea. Forget I said that A&E... It's probably too late, we know how those A&E execs are.

Jackson: And you can forget dedicating anything to that too bit piece of garbage called Allah. As far as I'm concerned, you're victory over Dr. Emo was a fluke at best, and by the time I'm finished with you tonight....

Sean pauses, for a slightly dramatic effect. Especially as the camera pans in tight. Jackson: You're going to know EXACTLY what your street walker of a wife felt when those two five hundred pound bombs hit. Because believe me, when I hit you with the high knee tonight....

The high knee is Sean's finisher. It is accurately called Lights out, game called due to darkness.

Jackson: Your lights will go out just as quickly as hers did. Now then, if you'll excuse me Jamie, I have a match to get ready for.

With that Sean shoves the camera back towards Jamie Sawyers who can not believe what he just heard.

HATEBOOKED

Ace: Word from the back is that Chance Von Crank has gotten away from Legend and the security team?

Blackfront: That degenerate needs thrown in jail. Legend is attempting to steer him in the right direction is all.

Ace: Don't expect The Trailer Park Prodigy to conform. Legend is looking for him right now and he could be anywhere.

The camera cuts to the staging area. Johnny Legend is looking for Chance along with three members of UTA's security team. They spread out beneath the stage to look. The men split up in all directions. The cameraman films the men walking away searching for Crank. Directly in front of him is two staging cases stacked on rollers. Suddenly the cameraman notices a face appear from behind it as the men searching walk further away. A single black eye peers out from behind it. Chance then comes out from behind it walking up to the camera man and speaking to him.

Crank: I figured Legend would be better at hide and seek.

Chance looks around in every direction as he pats the cameraman on the shoulder and takes off. He takes off towards the locker room. Crank is looking in every direction for anything resembling authority. The cameraman follows close behind him. Chance gets to a set of double doors and pushes the camera man down as he goes to the floor himself.

On the other side of the door in a long corridor two security guards search for Crank. He has his back against the door and holds his index finger up to his mouth. Shhhh!, he whispers at the camera man.

Crank: I need to talk to Hate alone. Look at what that ass Madman did to my eye! This million dollar face deserves better. I'm setting the rules straight with this guy. I'm gonna knock him out of his Doc Martins if he doesn't see things my way.

Chance stops whispering to the camera man to peer out the small horizontal window of one of the swinging doors. He peers out and whispers over his shoulder, "All Clear." Crank opens the doors slowly as they beat feet down the corridor quickly to avoid being seen by one of front office employees. cVc makes his way into the locker room area being filmed the whole way. Chance struts up to Ian's door. Crank pushes the door open with both hands in a hostile manner suddenly.

Crank: You stupid son of a... Listen...

Crank stops realizing not another soul is in the locker room be he and the cameraman. He shoots the cameraman a shameful shrug. Someone approaches the two men from behind. Chance backs into the person and swings around quickly. Chance and Hate are now face to face in the doorway. Crank spins around to maneuver himself closer to the door before speaking to Ian.

Crank: There you are, Partner! You Pumped? You get to tag with The... Chance Von Crank tonight!

Ian Michael Hate steps back and balls up his right fist. He swings at Crank hitting him solid in the left eye. Chance falls to the floor holding his other eye. Crank immediately begins to get to his feet. Legend and the UTA security team are heard in the hallway. Hate spews his anger at Chance.

Hate: Stay the hell out of my locker room and keep my name out your mouth! Stick your nose in my business again, I'll break your face on this floor with a Hate Crime!

cVc attempts to get back to his feet shaking off the right hook from Hate.

Crank: That's it, I'm murdering this guy. You are Done.

Just as cVc gets back to his feet Legend and the security team nab him in the doorway. The men hold him back from attacking Hate causing him to be even more irate.

Crank: Let ME GO! HE'S HIT THE SHOCK N ROLLER! TURN ME LOOSE!

The men pull Chance out of the room but he holds onto the door frame with both hands. He fights attempting to kick the men off to no avail. Crank continues to kick and fight never taking his eyes off Hate. Ian notices Crank's left eye is already turning black. Crank continues to fight to get back into the locker room now with two black eyes. Ian strolls up slowly to the door frame.

Hate: Get this trailer trash out of my sight!

Hate stomps Crank's hands on the doorframe smashing them! Chance releases his hold and tumbles out into the hallway. Hate slams the door shut as Crank continues cursing at the door and at Legend.

Blackfront: How is anyone suppose to believe they can coexist as a team after seeing that?

Ace: Ian Michael Hate and Chance Von Crank just need to talk it over is all. Blackfront: Talk it over? They may fight it

out when they come out here. This could get very interesting.

Back in Ian's locker room, Brian Titan is trying to explain to his nephew the value of actually working with Chance instead of attempting to beat the hell out of him during their tag team match.

Titan: Christopher, I know the inbred said things that insult you as a man... I know better than anyone in this place your hatred towards people like him; those who have are just sperm donators and not real men, being a real father! But without you two working together, it is you against three men!

Hate: Does it look like I care? This mullet wearing out of date prick has stuck his nose in two matches of mine these past two weeks! He comes into my locker room trying to insert his dominance over me by acting like some silver back guerrilla or something! I'm going to bust him in the mouth and break his face with a Hate Crime!

Titan: Chris! NO!

There is a knock on the locker room door, as Titan stops, and walks to the door.

Titan: Johnny, MAYBE YOU CAN TALK SOME SENSE INTO THIS KID! He won't listen to me!

Legend: Look, that got out of hand, but you guys need to work together tonight.

Hate: Legend you have about ten seconds to get your mouth to close, and that flashy suit out my locker room or I will send Chance another message by committing a real hate crime up in this locker room right NOW!

Brian Titan shakes his head as he escorts Johnny to the door whispering to him.

Titan: Get Chance on the same page as you and I, and I will make sure this kid holds in his hatred for Chance until the end of the match. Okay?

Legend: Sounds like a plan; you just control that hateful little bastard and teach him some respect!

Legend exits the locker room as Titan looks at Ian with a disappointed look on his face. Titan: You'll do this my way Chris or I will leave you here to rot your career away like your pathetic father! So you listen to me and you listen damn good! You will do this my way, or else!

Ian looks at his uncle with a displeased look on his face as the feed cuts back to ringside!

The drums of Drowning begins to blare. Red smoke collects and Surefire makes his way into it. He takes a moment to listen to his own music and the crowd before making his way down the ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Toronto, Ontario, Canada, standing at six foot two, and weighing in at two hundred and thirty eight pounds...

Ace: I was talking to Rumor Man Stan before the show, and he said that he heard management is watching this match closely tonight.

Announcer: He is.. DEVIN... SURRRREEEEFFFIIRREEE!!!

Devin slides into the ring as his music fades out and is replaced by woodland sounds. Log

Habben lazily walks out, sighs, and points with both hands at the announcer. Announcer: Coming to the ring.. Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire Log unbuttons his shirts and smiles, charmingly, then casually spits on the ground and throws his shirt on top, standing only in a wife beater.

Announcer: Standing at Six Foot Two and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds

Log sprints to the ring recklessly, he doesn't enter but stops suddenly on the outside.

Blackfront: This guy could use a shave and a fresh set of clothes

Ace: Log could use a lot of things.

Announcer: He is..... Looooooooog Habben

Log, showing stunning athleticism box jumps onto the side of the ring, then stumbles doing the simple entrance between the ropes.

Blackfront: I, I don't get it...

Ace: Remember, whenever this guys out here, a log can habben... Tommy sighs into the microphone.

Ace: Log bought me a beer to say that line.

Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he jumps to the mat and gets ready for the match to begin. Blackfront: The bell sounds to start this match.

Ace: I've heard a lot of things about Log Habben, so I'm kind of interested in seeing him here tonight.

Both men circle. As Devin Surefire moves forward to grab Log, he drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. Surefire looks down and throws his hands up as in saying What the heck?.

Blackfront: Log Habben is a master of avoiding actual wrestling, yet finding a way to get the upper hand.

Ace: Well, it looks like Devin Surefire came to actually have a match as he heads to the outside after Log.

Habben slides back into the ring as Surefire jumps from the apron to the floor. Surefire turns around and looks up, yelling at the referee to make Log stop.

Blackfront: Devin Surefire making his Wrestleshow debut tonight and already is showing frustration as he has yet to get his hands on his opponent.

Ace: You can't really blame him. He came to fight and Log Habben is doing what he can to avoid that fight. However, you have to think that Habben is smarter then he lets on, and this is simply a mind game which is working.

Blackfront: We've seen this over and over from Habben. He avoids as much technical wrestling as he can, but he always finds a way to come out ahead as I said before.

Devin Surefire grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself to the apron. As he does, Log Habben lets out a yell as he runs forward, throwing his elbow out and catching Surefire in the head, sending him down to the floor.

Blackfront: Log Habben charging Surefire, creating more space between them with that elbow shot to the head.

Ace: It's obvious his offense is calculated. Why waste time and energy when you can wait for the perfect moment, hit one move that can neutralize your opponent and take home the win?

Blackfront: Well, he hasn't won yet. Habben still needs to get Surefire into the ring and make the pin.

Ace: Count outs are just as good as a three count in my book Jason. Although I would say one elbow isn't going to put your opponent out for ten.

Outside of the ring, Devin Surefire holds his head as he begins to get to his feet. He turns and walks over to the ring, reaching in to use the mat with the intentions to pull himself back into the ring. However, his fingers are met with a stomp from Log Habben.

Blackfront: Log refusing to let Devin Surefire into the ring.

Ace: Surefire has yet to find a surefire way to get back into this.

Tommy Ace lets out a laugh as Jason Blackfront ignores his partner's attempt at wit.

Blackfront: Log Habben now heading outside of the ring.

As Devin Surefire holds his fingers in his unstomped hand, Habben climbs through the ropes to the apron and drops to the floor.

Ace: Surefire needs to turn around.

And turn around he does, just in time to get a big, still, closed right hand from Log Habben.

Blackfront: Haymaker from Habben that shakes Devin Surefire up.

Ace: He's got to be seeing stars after that.

Log grabs Devin Surefire by the head, turning him around and directed him to the commentator's table before slamming him face first into it.

Blackfront: Surefire headfirst right here in front of us.

Ace: Hey Log, the ring is over there.

Habben takes Devin by the head again, now escorting him to the ring and rolling him in.

Blackfront: Thank goodness, Log Habben now returning to the ring.

Ace: Oh come on, I just noticed my water was spilled when Devin was slammed into our table.

Blackfront: Your water? He broke my iPad in his match against Kirk Irving. Habben, now in the ring as well, stomps over and leans down, grabbing Surefire and pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Habben is just mean.

Ace: Well, a man with a mean streak is a man you don't want to be in the situation like Devin Surefire is in with.

Log pushes Devin back toward the corner, yelling in the face of his opponent until Surefire's back hits the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Log Habben now delivering those stiff fist to the mid section of Devin Surefire.

Ace: The UTA has some heavy hitters and I have to say, it is very impressive to watch these brawlers do their thing.

Blackfront: Devin Surefire is learning that the hard way.

Log Habben grabs Surefire by the side of the head with both hands, and yanks back, using his force to throw Surefire out of the corner and across the ring.

Blackfront: Habben displaying that brute strength.

Ace: It's from the years of working with the timbers, you have to build that strength. Log heads over and begins stomping away at Devin Surefire.

Blackfront: Surefire desperately needs to do something or he might as well count his debut as a bust.

Ace: He let Log Habben's mind games get to him early on. Once that happens you have

to completely start over and re-think your approach. But that's hard to do when you have a man like Habben coming at you non stop.

Log moves to Devin's feet, leaning down and grabbing them. However, Surefire is able to kick him in the face. Log grabs his face and stumbles back.

Blackfront: This may be the opening that Devin needs.

Ace: Only if he can somehow use it to his advantage. A kick in the face only buys you so much time.

Habben shakes it off and heads back, attempting to grab Devin's legs once more and yet again getting a kick to the face. As Habben holds his nose, Devin Surefire crawls away slowly.

Blackfront: Surefire creating space between him and Habben. Ace: He needs more than space if he wants to turn this around. Surefire grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Habben is angry.

Ace: Wouldn't you be too if you got kicked in the face twice?

Log stomps toward Surefire who comes forward, leaning down and twisting as he swings his right arm up, catching Log Habben under the chin.

Blackfront: Huge European uppercut by Devin Surefire.

Log swings his arms as he stumbles back. As he catches himself and continues forward, Devin scoots forward himself, throwing his leg up and giving Habben a big boot, sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Devin Surefire creating that opening we were talking about.

Ace: Yes, but you can't expect to just come back after the beating he has received so far from log.

Log Habben turns over and pushes himself up as Devin Surefire heads over, and locks his head. He grabs the side of Log's pants with his free hand and lifts him up and over, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfrnt: Snap suplex by Devin Surefire.

Ace: Not too shabby.

Surefire quickly covers Log Habben as the referee drops to make the count.

Blackfront: Devin Surefire going for the first pin attempt of the match. Log kicks out at two.

Ace: It just wasn't enough though Jason.

Blackfront: No, it wasn't. But it shows how Devin Surefire differs from Log Habben. Ace: Oh, I agree. Log Habben comes with brute force and delivers punishment while Devin Surefire uses a few precise moves and attempts to win the match.

Surefire pushes himself up, pulling Log with him.

Ace: But who is more dangerous? The guy who just wants to hurt people, or the one who is trying to win the match?

Blackfront: Not as dangerous as a mixture between the two.

As they are halfway up, Log stops Devin from pulling him up further. He reaches forward, grabbing the legs of Surefire and yanking back.

Blackfront: Log Habben yanking Devin Surefire off of his feet!

He steps in. Surefire is almost able to break away as Log doesn't have a good grip, but he pulls back again, and turns Devin over into a Sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Log Habben has locked in the Log Removal!

Ace: It's not the best looking Sharpshooter I've ever seen, but I think he's going to make Devin Surefire tap.

Devin Surefire tries to escape but he can't as he begins to tap out.

Blackfront: Log Habben has done it!

Ace: His first televised win here in the UTA!

The bell begins to sound and Habben's face lights up with surprise.

Announcer: Your winner... in nine minutes and thirty seven seconds.... LOOOOGGG.... HAAABBBBEEENNNNN!!!!

Log celebrates in the ring as we move to the backstage area.

RIGHTING SOME WRONGS

We head into the office of Kevin Hawk where he is sitting nervously. We soon know why as the CEO and owner of the United Toughness Alliance, James Wingate Jr., steps into the scene. He sits down in the chair in front of Kevin's desk and just looks at his commissioner in silence.

Hawk: Mr. Wingate... Welcome.

James just looks at him, clasping his hands together.

Hawk: How can I help you?

James changes how he is sitting and taps the desk.

Wingate: How can you... help me? Kevin gulps.

Wingate: Here's the deal, I put you in charge because you are a hall of fame member and have been a good friend of the family for a long time.

Hawk: We go way ba... Wingate: Don't interrupt me. Kevin's nervousness gets worse.

Wingate: In just six shows, just six... you have managed to allow the top face of the company leave, granting him his contract release request.

Hawk: Well, I.. Wingate: Shut up. Hawk: Yes sir.

Wingate: You have also almost let one of our top drawing people go. I had to personally talk to Crank for him to stay.

Hawk: Well, I did assign him Johnny Legend to help keep him in check! James just looks at Kevin.

Wingate: I told you to do that and I made the call to Legend. Kevin gulps.

Wingate: You allowed a group of men with the egos the size of the State of Texas to run amok backstage, giving them an undeserved spotlight.

Hawk: Well, the four way...

Wingate: The four way was a stupid idea Kevin. You give two men a shot at a championship title when you just got done... it doesn't even matter, it was stupid and it's been fixed.

Kevin just bows his head and stares down.

Wingate: Those are the type of people you let go Kevin, not your top earners. Not the guys who put people in seats.

He stops and stares at Hawk until he looks up at his boss to show he is listening. Wingate: I don't want you coming out of this office tonight. Your job is to manage the show, not put yourself.. or a damn agent in front of the camera every chance you get. Hawk: Yes sir.

Wingate: Your time as a wrestler is up. Your job is to stay here, behind the scenes, and make the important calls. Do we have an understanding?

Hawk: Yes sir.

Wingate: Now, I've handled the trio issue and put two rightfully deserving people into the main event. I expect you to not screw up any more. Got it?

Hawk: Yes sir.

Wingate: And keep Payne off the screen. He is an agent, his job is in the locker room.

Hawk: No problem sir.

At that moment Seth Payne burst into the office, a box in hand.

Payne: Hey Kevin, I got that thing you wanted for when we go out to the ring tonight. Kevin makes a signal for him to shut up but it's too late as James turns and looks at Seth. Payne: Umm... Boss.

Wingate: Get... OUT!

James stands up and points at the door as Seth backs away and exits as quick as he came. Wingate turns back to Kevin.

Wingate: I've got a plane to catch to Chicago... He points his finger into the face of Kevin Hawk. Wingate: Do not screw this up.

Hawk: Yes sir.

James fixes his tie before turning and leaving the room. Kevin Hawk sits in silence as we fade out.

TWO WEEKS

Red and black hair and a painted face, that is what we are welcomed to as the man steps forward. He smiles.

Man: Two weeks. I hope you're ready UTA.

The screen fades to black, showing an artistic rendering of his face paint and the word

Sianzo.

We then fade into an infographic for the upcoming IPPV.

As we return ringside, an overly out of shape 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean is in the ring. An info graphic come sup showing his name as he steps forward and waves his hand.

Ace: Wow, Bobby Dean has put on a lot of weight since I saw him last.

Blackfront: Not quite the Dean I remember, but maybe he still has it in the ring. Seek and Destroy by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the main video screen. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Montreal, Canada... Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

Announcer: He is... The Canadian Star... C..B..RRRRRRRRR

He flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. Once inside, CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his rut arm, preparing.

Blackfront: CBR also making his debut tonight, he has his hands full facing the wrestling veteran Dean here in his UTA debut as well.

Ace: That's an understatement. Dean has to be nearing four hundred pounds now. It's almost sad.

Blackfront: Well, in his head he still is the beautiful one.

As the bell sounds CBR just looks at the obese man who once was a star and shakes his head.

Blackfront: CBR sizing Dean up.

Ace: Extra large is the size Jason.

Bobby Dean puts his arms up, wiggling his fingers and challenging CBR to a test of strength. CBR looks out right, then left before raising his arms up.

Blackfront: We're off. It looks like these two men will... no. As CBR went in to grab Bobby Dean's grip, kick kicked Dean in the mid section.

Dean winches after the kick. CBR grabs his left arm and twist it up and around until he is standing behind Dean with Bobby's arm firmly behind his back. Bobby Dean lets out a yelp as he slaps his left shoulder with his free right hand.

Blackfront: CBR working the left arm of Bobby Dean.

Ace: CBR is known for focusing on his opponents limbs, working them until either they break, or his opponents can not fight back.

CBR slaps Bobby Dean in the back of the head as he releases him, causing Dean to stumble forward a couple of steps. Before too long, CBR steps forward and slides his arms up underneath of Dean's and locks his fingers behind his head.

Blackfront: Full nelson by CBR.

CBR moves left to right, putting more pressure on the arms of Bobby Dean. He tries to lift him for a full nelson slam, but can barely get Dean up. As he releases Dean awkwardly falls backward, knocking into CBR who stumbles back, obviously by mistake.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean escaping a full nelson slam.

Ace: I think that CBR just could get him up fully Jason.

CBR is obviously irritated by what we could tell was a mistake. As Bobby Dean gets up, breathing heavy already, CBR shoots forward with a very stiff, very hard, and very real kick to the face of Bobby Dean.

Blackfront: Ouch! What a kick to the face.

Ace: He sure... connected there.

Dean hits the mat and grabs his face in pain. The referee can be seen leaning in and saying something inaudible to CBR before The Canadian Star pushes him out of the way and begins to bring what seem to be more normal boots down onto the arm of Bobby Dean.

Blackfront: CBR working that arm again with those boots.

The fans verbally let the two men know what they think by booing and starting a This is boring chant. Annoyed CBR throws his hands up to the fans before pointing down at Bobby Dean and yelling This is what I have to work with! before he comes back with more vicious stomps.

Blackfront: CBR letting the fans know he doesn't appreciate their lack of support. Ace: We have a very verbal and honest fan base Jason. They will tell you how they feel. You should have thick skin in this business.

CBR lifts Dean's arm up and pulls back as he steps over and drops to the mat, applying pressure.

Blackfront: CBR with an armbar submission.

Bobby Dean immediately begins tapping out and the fans begin to boo even louder as the bell sounds.

Announcer: Your winner at two minutes and five seconds.... C...B....RRRR!!!!

CBR pulls back legitimately once again before releasing Bobby Dean and standing up, the fans still booing. He continues to yell at them while using his hands with emotions and waving them in the direction of Bobby Dean who slowly rolls toward the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: CBR should be celebrating a win in his debut match against a wrestling veteran, but instead can't believe he is being targeted in the way they are.

Ace: It comes with the territory.

CBR places his hands on his hips and just shakes his head with a cowl on his face as the referee moves in to talk to him and we move away from ringside.

THE WORD OF ALLAH

We switch see Abdul bin Hussain standing in front of an Iraqi flag. He raises his arms to the sky as he stares up before bending his head down and looking into the camera.

Hussain: Blasphemy...

His fist clinch and he lets it overcome him before continuing.

Hussain: Tonight I will deliver the word of Allah to an infidel who speaks the lies of the masses.

He uses his hands as he speaks with passion.

Hussain: You speak negatively of the almighty Allah as you hold onto a title which has no meaning.

He places his hands on his hips and shakes his head.

Hussain: I am the UTA Champion.... I am the messenger sent by Allah, standing beside Muhammad..

He shakes his head.

Hussain: Sean Jackson... Tonight, the real champion of the UTA... the only champion that matters... will make you...

He moves in.

Hussain: Pray to Allah...

He raises his arms again and looks back up to sing the praises of Allah once more as we move back ringside.

THREE SHALL FALL

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

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

James: Innit amazin'... I speak truth and you doan listen man...

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

James: Nah, Ol' Frank he just a crazy man, man... You can't see it.. Nah man.. It escapes yer perception...

He rolls into an almost evil chuckle.

James: Titles don't make no man... No, they are false idols made by men who are blind to the truth...

The look upon Frank Gylan James' face is one that reminds you of the insanity that survives our world.

James: Tonight, three shall fall.. they will pay for the sins of the man... an' me? Well, man.. I will take that false idol man.. I will save the masses from the lies and carry the burdon of the world for you man... I will do that fir you...

FDJ begins to laugh as the shadows return to cover his face. Tonight, THIS man could become the new Internet Champion....

BARK! BARK!

A few feet away from the curtain and Gorilla position, voices and a dog barking can be heard coming from a grey hallway off to the side. Madman Szalinski, dressed to compete, and Ariel Shadows come out with Peach full sprint behind them, Ariel barely able to get her leg in the way to stop her.

Ariel: We got a problem.

Peach: BARK!

Madman: What's that?

Ariel runs over to where Peach has found an open bag of Doritos lying on a table. Peach stands on her hind legs, still a ways off from getting them. She falls back onto her hind end, with her front paws sticking out as Ariel scoops her up

Peach: RUFF!

Madman leans down, scooping Peach up off the concrete floor. He holds her with both hands in the air, a few inches from his face at eye level.

Peach: WHINE! Madman: Fuzzball. Listen. Peach quiets up.

Madman: Dad's got to go put in work right quick. Okay?

Peach: Ruff.

Ariel: We usually have somebody to watch her. What are you going to do, babe? Take her to the ring with you?

Peach: RUFF!

Still being held in the air, Peach looks over at Ariel and wags her tail. Madman looks over as well, and Ariel responds to them with an eyebrow curl and a look of fear.

Ariel: We've never done that before! You don't know what she's going to do! Madman: Eat popcorn that falls on the floor, and bite somebody if they try to come through the crowd and interfere in this match maybe? I don't know.

Ariel: Like that's gonna happen....again.

Madman: I'm setting the puppy down...fat ass dog, you're a crossbreed between the Darwin fish and a tavern ham...

Madman sets the leashless dog down, then puts his hands on his wife's shoulders.

Ariel: I can't have your back if I have to watch the fuzzball...

Madman: It's okay baby! Look at me...it really doesn't matter. Dude's not gonna pull anything sour. Nobody's going to try anything. And if they do, I'll drop 'em like prices on select merchandise at CheapWhiteFoam dot com!

Glancing at the camera, Madman winks through his mask. When he loks back at Ariel, she stares directly at Madman and deadpans.

Ariel: You are a filthy marketing whore. But I stil love you anyway.

Madman: I love you too.

Ariel: Peach just got into somebody's Doritos.

Ariel rushes over to catch Peach, who has chips scattered all over the floor.

Peach: GRRRR....

Peach takes off with the half-full bag, with Ariel giving chase. Madman is left alone as he shakes his head, laughing as he looks around, back at the curtain, then down at his chest and right leg with a heavy sigh.

Madman: Stay with me now...

Madman looks back over at the curtain, rubbing his right knee with a wince of pain on his face.

Madman: Just a bit longer...

When Madman turns his head back over, a loud crash is heard and his lips are seen mouthing a curseword that is (thankfully) inaudible. He then takes off, leaving the scene empty and thus ending it.

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

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Loaded!" "Chance Von Crank"

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

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

Johnny Legend trots out from the back and down to Crank signaling for him to stop. Chance looks at Legend and stops, but obviously not enjoying having to.

Blackfront: Johnny Legend looks ridiculous in that suit he has.

Ace: I don't understand the mega phone.

Blackfront: I'm unsure if Crank was serious when he told Legend he should wear this or not.

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

Ace: Whatever works I guess.

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

He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle, climbs up holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and Screw You CVC! chants. Johnny Legend stands next to him in the ring yelling through the mega phone at the crowd.

Blackfront: Legend may be assigned to Crank, but at least he's making the best out of it.

Announcer: His opponent, hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina .

The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays. 'No more love to purchase

I've invested in myself

You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself No more complications Everything's just swell

No more obligations There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

As the music instantly slams as a hard hitting tune the bald headed kid of hatred walks out with a sleeveless pleather white trench coat on and a pair of shades on.

Announcer: His partner.... Standing at six foot five, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds.... IAN... MICHAELS... HAAAATEEEEE

Ian pays no mind to any fans in the arena as he walks down the middle of the isle followed by Brian Titan and leaps onto the apron on his knee and stands to his feet. He wipes off his wrestling shoes on the apron, as he leaps over the top rope and lands into the ring.

Blackfront: The man responsible for one of those black eyes on Crank, will be teaming with him here tonight.

Ace: If they can work together, they may have a shot. But I am unsure if they will be able to.

He tosses off the shades and removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving is on his way to the ring right now.

The lights dim as the menacing horns of "The Spiteful Chant" by Kendrick Lamar echo throughout the arena. Kirk Irving steps out from behind the curtain nodding his head with a confident smirk on his face as the fans give him a nice pop. Kirk makes his way down the ramp interacting with a few fans on the way with handclaps and fist pounds. The Ace slides under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle. Kirk slaps his chest twice and throws up his "Hook 'Em Horns" state hand sign.

Announcer: Introducing first... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred thirty six pounds... Hailing from Houston Texas! He is The Ace! Kirrrkkkk Irving!

Ace: The crowd loves this guy.

Blackfront: He has established himself well here since arriving.

Without notice, the lights drop in the arena to full black just milliseconds before the

unmistakable bass line and voice of Pharrell calls out URRBODY GET UP! and Robin Thicke begins to make your girlfriend's panties wet.

Announcer: His partner... Coming to the ring... Hailing from Buffalo, New York....

On cue, the fans jump to their feet - if only to groove out for a few seconds to the hottest song of all time - and are quickly engulfed in a light show quite the likes they have never experienced before. Unless they've been to a Pink Floyd cover band show and dropped some doses with the roadies. Before that thought has time to settle, a jovial figure emerges through the ultraviolet extravaganza and begins to gyrate all over the stage.

Announcer: Standing at Six feet, Four inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-eight pounds...

While Blurred Lines bounces off the walls of the arena, the video screen whips through a montage of bodies crashing into the mat just before the arena lights pick up and finds Esteban Awesome, UTA's resident party animal, grooving and thrusting his hips down the ramp behind Kirk Irving.

Ace: Awesome likes to party.

Blackfront: Yes, but tonight he needs to focus on this huge match up as he makes his Wrestleshow debut.

Announcer: He is..... EEEEEESTEEEBAAAAAANNNN AAAAAWWWESOOOOOOOOOOOMMMME!!!!

He mouths the words to the song and slaps hands with fans, or their faces if their hand was not properly positioned, before energetically sliding into the ring with Kirk.

Blackfront: I for one can't wait for this to begin.

He slips through the ropes and struts to the opposite turnbuckle. Climbing to the middle rung, Awesome begs the crowd to get louder by waving his hands toward the roof before his music starts to die down and he heads toward the apron.

Blackfront: IM Hate and Kirk Irving will kick off this tag team match.

Ace: I never understood just throwing people together for a match like this, but I've got to think that that Ian Hate and Chance Von Crank will work together better than Irving and Awesome.

The bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: Why's that?

Inside the ring, Hate and Irving lock up with each man trying to overpower the other. Ace: They've had two weeks to prepare where Kirk's tag partner has changed more times in the last two weeks than time's I've changed my underwear.

Blackfront: You've only changed your underwear three times in two weeks? IM Hate gains control, whipping Kirk Irving across the ring and into the ropes. Ace: It's just an expression Jason.

Blackfront: If you say so.

As Kirk Irving returns, he is met by a clothesline from IM Hate. The crowd begins to jeer.

Blackfront: IM Hate taking control as he runs through Kirk Irving with a clothesline. Ace: I've called IM Hate matches before, and each time I've seen him in the ring, he has proven to be a tough competitor for anyone that he faces.

Blackfront: He comes from a well known family in our sport, all of which are dangerous when you meet them in the ring.

Hate grabs Irving by the head bringing him to his feet. He steps back and comes forward, lifting his leg up and booting Kirk Irving in the mid section. Kirk stumbles backward, turning around.

Blackfront: Ian Michaels Hate with a forearm to the back of Kirk Irving.

Kirk grabs his back and stumbles a bit more forward, toward Hate's corner where Chance Von Crank raises both hands up as the referee warns him not to interfere.

Ace: That's a dangerous place for Kirk Irving to be. You have Chance Von Crank on the apron as well as Johnny Legend in that ridiculous garb and Brian Titan on the outside. Blackfront: Oh I agree. I would not want to be in his boots right now.

Hate turns Irving around and pushes him back first into the corner post.

Blackfront: IM Hate with multiple kicks to the midsection of Kirk Irving.

On the apron, Esteban Awesome begins to stomp, turning toward the crowd and motioning for them to give their support to Kirk Irving.

Blackfront: Hate now with repeated elbows to the side of Kirk Irving's head.

Ace: He's just pure mean, and that makes him even more dangerous in the ring.

Brian Titan yells from outside of the ring, before getting up the apron, causing the referee to turn his attention to him.

Blackfront: Oh come on, get him off of the apron.

Chance Von Crank uses this as an opportunity to quickly climb into the ring through the ropes.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank now joining in as both men continue the assault on Kirk Irving.

Ace: And Hate didn't think he could trust Chance.

The referee attempts to turn back to the action, but Johnny Legend quickly joins Titan on the apron yelling through his megaphone at the referee. On the other end of the ring, Esteban Awesome can't believe what he is seeing transpire.

Blackfront: IM Hate now pulling Kirk Irving out of the corner.

Ace: Hate and Crank are really working well here. If they hadn't thought about it before, they may want to consider partnering up on a more regular bases. It never hurts to have allies in this business.

Hate sends Kirk Irving into the ropes. As he returns, both Chance Von Crank and IM Hate grabs hands and come forward in an attempt to clothesline him, however Kirk ducks underneath.

Blackfront: Irving ducking the clothesline attempt. Off the ropes again.

Hate and Crank both turn as Kirk throws both arms out. However, the team has enough time to look at each other, nod, then look back at Kirk before bending down. As he approaches they both catch him and lift up before side stepping and backing away, allowing Kirk Irving to fall face first into the mat.

Ace: There's that team work again Jason. These two are really on par in this match here tonight.

Blackfront: It never feels good to crash into the canvas from that height either.

The referee yells a final time for the two managers to get off of the apron or they will be ejected. Both men comply as the referee turns around, just in time to see Chance Von Crank sliding out of the ring under the bottom rope. He begins to yell at Crank who proclaims his innocence.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving is in pain. The worst part, his tag partner can't do anything about it.

Ace: Oh, he could Jason. But he obviously doesn't have the fortitude to defy the referee

and save his partner from the continuing beat down he is receiving at the hands of IM Hate and Chance Von Crank.

IM hate stomps away at the side and back of Kirk Irving as he lays helpless on the mat. In his corner, Chance Von Crank climbs back to the apron and reaches in, asking for a tag.

Blackfront: I'm unsure it has anything to do with fortitude and is more along the lines of trying not to get disqualified.

Ace: Well, you also have to look at what does Esteban Awesome have to gain by interfering? Who is Kirk Irving to him? That's right, no one. Just the guy who needed a partner tonight and Awesome filled that role.

Hate walks over and tags Chance Von Crank into the match, before exiting to the apron.

Blackfront: You make a valid point, but who wants to lose a match in their debut? Crank bends down and grabs Kirk Irving by the head, before beginning to lift him to his feet.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank pulling Kirk Irving to his feet to continue the battery began by IM Hate.

Ace: You would think with as long as he has been out of the ring, Kirk Irving would have come into this with a little more 'umph' behind him.

Blackfront: Never count Kirk out, he has a way of coming back and surprising you. Esteban Awesome reaches over the top rope as far as he can, yelling for Kirk to somehow tag him. Crank, still holding Irving's head, walks closer to

Awesome, just out of his reach and smiles before turning around, wrapping his arm up and then swinging Kirk Irving over and dropping to the mat.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker by Chance Von Crank.

Ace: Adding insult to injury before hand by teasing Esteban Awesome who has yet to see any ring time in this match.

Chance Von Crank gets to his feet and does a 'seductive' hip thrust over Kirk Irving as he holds the top of his head toward the back. The fans boo as he smirks back at them.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank always putting on a show of his cockiness.

Ace: Look who is on the mat and who is standing Jason, he has reason to be cocky. Kirk Irving reaches his arms in the air, slightly moving them around. Chance Von Crank motions toward him like 'look at this guy.' Irving rolls over to his stomach and seems to crawl forward very slow.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving trying to get into a place he can make a tag, but I am unsure if he even knows where he is.

Ace: Yea, but how about that Jason? Chance Von Crank is letting him go!

Irving inches closer to Esteban who is wildly shaking his arm as he leans over the top rope, trying to get the tag. Right as Kirk Irving reaches up, just inches away from touching the finger tips of Esteban Awesome, Chance Von Crank leans down and grabs his foot, pulling him back away from his corner and toward the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: He was so close! That was just pure meanness on the part of Chance Von Crank.

Ace: It's a competition, why would he just let Kirk Irving make the tag?

Crank brings a boot down into Kirk Irving's head before pointing and laughing at Irving, which brings upon more boos from the crowd.

Blackfront: I wish these two would just go ahead and pin Kirk Irving now. I am unsure how much more of this I can watch.

Legend cheers Chance on from the outside as Crank drops a knee to the sternum of Kirk Irving. He raises up and drops another.

Blackfront: There is absolutely no need to continue to put this man through this.

Ace: There's always that need when you are sending a message to the locker room Jason. Crank gets up and casually walks over extending his hand. Hate waits for a moment before tagging into the match.

Blackfront: IM Hate still a little weary of Crank, but so far they have worked well together.

Crank walks back to Kirk Irving, Lifting him again and pulling him over to where IM Hate is entering the ring. As Crank holds him in a bent over position, Hate follows up with a kick to rib cage of Kirk Irving. Crank exits to the apron as Hate takes back over. Blackfront: I will say these two are showing signs of working together well. If they were to form a full time team, anyone on the roster would have to be cautious when facing them.

Ace: Both men are great at what they do. You put that together and you have a winning combination.

Kirk Irving lays flat on the mat as IM Hate begins to climb the nearby turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Hate going for an unwarranted high risk move here. Ace: Showing your skills is never unwarranted.

Blackfront: Yes, but it was a choice like this that on the last Wrestleshow came back to bite Hate in the butt.

IM Hate stands on the second turnbuckle and sizes Kirk Irving's position up before leaping through the air with a flying knee drop.

Blackfront: He flies!

Somehow, some way in what is a reminder of two weeks prior, Kirk Irving is able to roll out of the way, causing IM Hate to crash the exact same knee hard into the mat. The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: I told you! For the second consecutive Wrestleshow IM Hate has attempted a flying knee drop only for his opponent to move!

Ace: Well, I didn't see that coming.

Irving grabs his knee, holding it as he rolls around in pain. Esteban Awesome yells for Kirk Irving to make the tag. The fans chant 'Lets Go Irving, Lets Go' as Kirk begins to slowly crawl toward his partner.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving desperately needs to make a tag and now is his chance.

Ace: Ian Michaels needs to as well. That knee has to be blown after that landing!

Irving continues to crawl, getting closer and closer to Esteban Awesome. IM Hate, unable to use his leg fully begins heading toward Chance Von Crank. Outside of the ring, Johnny Legend and Brian Titan are going crazy, yelling for Hate to make the tag. The fans scream in anticipation as both men inch their way toward their respective corners.

Blackfront: The first man to make a tag here will set the tone for the remainder of the match.

Ace: I agree fully Jason. Whomever makes the tag to let the fresh man in has basically wrapped this one up.

Both men make one final go for their respective partners. Finally, at the same time, they both reach the men waiting on the apron and make the tag.

Blackfront: Here we go! Esteban Awesome and Chance Von Crank into the ring!

Both Kirk Irving and IM Hate roll out as their partners rush into the squared circle.

Ace: Business is about to pick up!

As both men run at each other, Esteban Awesome ducks a clothesline attempt from Chance Von Crank. He darts right, heading for the ropes as Crank slows down and turns back to his left, stepping forward. Awesome leaps to the second rope and uses it launch himself backward with an elbow that catches an in motion Chance Von Crank dead in the face. The crowd pops fiercely.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome with that elbow from the second rope.

Ace: The man is quick, I'll give you that!

Blackfront: Oh yea he is. Chance Von Crank didn't even see that coming.

Esteban rolls over to his stomach and pushes himself up as Chance Von Crank begins to get up as well, holding his nose. Awesome has his arms out, wiggling his fingers behind Chance Von Crank, waiting for the time to strike.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome making his in ring debut here in the UTA tonight.

Ace: He could have a bright future ahead of him.

Crank shakes off the effects of the elbow and turns around. As he does, Awesome runs forward, side stepping Crank as he turns and jumps up, grabbing Chance's head as he falls to the mat.

Blackfront: What a DDT!

Ace: This guy has to be covered in something slippery to be that lightning quick Jason. The fans are screaming as Awesome rolls over and pops up, letting out a loud yell toward them. Kirk Irving, whom has now pulled himself up on the apron, winches in pain and holds his left arm close, but with his right signals it high in the air for the fans to get

more excited.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome runs, leaping to the second rope again.... MOONSAULT!

Ace: Not just any moonsault Jason. He puts just the right twist on it to call it his own. That my friend is why he calls that the Total Hangover.

Blackfront: You sure do your homework.

Ace: Hey, that's my job my man.

The fans begin cheering This is awesome as Esteban Awesome once again quickly gets to his feet. IM Hate, now on the apron in his corner yells something inaudible at Awesome. Esteban turns to him runs, bending down and jumping just enough through the ropes to slam into the gut of Hate, sending him flying from the apron and crashing into both Johnny Legend and Brian Titan on the outside

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome making sure that when he goes to end this match, there are no shenanigans.

Ace: Yea, but Jason, he took his eye off of Chance Von Crank for too long.

The camera pans over and we see what Tommy Ace is talking about, as a pissed off and irritated Chance Von Crank is standing behind him. Awesome turns around and steps forward, receiving a swift kick to the mid section. Chance Von Crank steps in, lifts his arm while grabbing Esteban with the other. Quickly he leans forward before thrusting backward, sending Awesome's face into the mat.

Blackfront: GODBOOKED! GODBOOKED!

Ace: Chance Von Crank is not playing tonight!

The fans begin to boo as Crank rolls over and get to a knee, checking his nose for blood before looking out and giving a nasty smirk to the audience. He points his finger to his

head as if saying he is too smart for Esteban Awesome to keep down.

Blackfront: That was out of nowhere.

Ace: You can't spend any time with your eyes off of a guy like Chance Von Crank. Even when you think you have him down, he is more than likely just setting you up with a false sense of security.

Kirk Irving, quickly enters the ring between the second rope. Seeing him, Crank jumps up and soars forward. Irving leaves his feet, flying through the air and catches Chance Von Crank with a huge spear that causes the fans to get off their feet and attempt to blow the roof off.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving with a spear!

Ace: Yea, but why do more damage to your own body after the beating he has taken for a man he's never even worked with before?

Blackfront: Because that is the kind of person Kirk Irving is Tommy. Esteban Awesome is his partner tonight, and he has his partner's back.

Irving rolls on the mat, obviously in more pain after hitting Crank with such momentum. Chance Von Crank lays flat on his back, out from the force of the blow. Esteban Awesome, holding his head, is still down as well. Out side of the ring we see Hate coming to, but nowhere close to fast enough to make any impact.

Blackfront: It's like a train wreck with bodies everywhere.

Ace: It isn't a train wreck Jason, it is the end result of a series of amazing feats by some of the best in the business.

Irving rolls to the outside of the apron and reaches up, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up as Esteban Awesome

begins to crawl his way. Chance Von Crank starts to slowly head toward his corner.

Blackfront: This is any man's match right now.

Ace: This hasn't been a match, it's been war.

Awesome uses the ropes to get to a knee and tags in an injured Kirk Irving who slowly gets back into the ring as IM Hate climbs back to the apron himself.

Blackfront: Irving heading toward Crank who needs to make a tag... he does!

Crank slaps the hand of IM Hate as Kirk Irving grabs his leg and yanks back. Hate quickly gets into the ring and runs toward Kirk, hitting a roaring forearm smash, sending Irving back to the mat

Blackfront: Ian Michaels turns Kirk Irving over.

Ace: I think I know what is coming now.

He grabs Irving's arms lifting them up, before putting his foot on the back of Kirk's head and stomping.

Blackfront: Hate Crime!

Hate quickly rolls Irving over and covers him, the referee dropping down for the count. Outside of the ring Johnny Legend and Brian Titan yell, Legend counting with the referee into the mega phone.

Blackfront: That's three! IM Hate and Chance Von Crank win! The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winners in eighteen minutes and twenty four seconds.... Ian Michaels Hate and Chance.. Von.. CRAAAANNNKKK!!!!

Blackfront: Hard fought match by Esteban Awesome and Kirk Irving, but Hate and Crank just worked too well together to overcome.

Ace: Very surprising after the events leading into this match.

Blackfront: These two could be a dominating force if they were to continue working together like this.

Ace: I agree. They could be unstoppable.

Titan and legend enter the ring as Crank gets to his feet and the four men celebrate.

YOSHII

Yoshii stands, arms crossed as Jed Dye smiles into the camera.

Dye: The man behind me is Yoshii... Yoshii does not move.

Dye: Tonight, you will witness the most destructive force to ever enter the United Toughness Alliance.

Jed Dye points back Yoshii.

Dye: Over five hundred pounds of pure, blunt force. Yoshii grunts.

Yoshii: Hmph.

Dye: Neither Lucius Jones... or Darian Dumont.. Not even Frank Dylan James will be able to withstand the force this man. He will hurt... each of them.. and he will become.. the UTA Internet Champion...

Jed Dye steps in.

Dye: Then.. he will become the UTA Champion.. There is no man who can stop him... Jed Dye steps back and Yoshii stares into the camera.

Yoshii: Yoshii... Champion... We fade out.

THE DOCTOR IS IN BABY

Doctor LoveGood Lucius Jones stands in the back next to Jamie Sawyers. Two gorgeous women stand on each side of him, hold onto his arms.

Sawyers: Lucius... tonight you have a chance to become the UTA Internet Champion as you face Darian Dumont, Frank Dylan James, and Yoshii in a no disqualification four way match.

Lucius leans down to the microphone.

Jones: You gotta hold it a bit closer Jamie. The Doctor is a... big man... The women giggle as Jones smiles.

Jones: You see baby, LoveGood don't worry about of these things like no disqualifications, or men who need to take their butts to the showers.

He smirks.

Jones: Sumo wrestlers and trapezes artist... neither of those bother me either baby. No, all I need is my lovely ladies and the fact that I'm just better.

He looks into the camera.

Jones: The doctor is in baby, and tonight he will walk out the Internet Champion... He looks at each lady beside him.

Jones: There's gonna be some serious celebrating tonight boy! Lucius Jones begins to laugh.

Sawyers: Back to you Jason.

As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski making his Wrestleshow debut tonight.

Ace: This is going to be great.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at 187 pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning wait for his opponent.

Blackfront: The internet has been buzzing about this young man since signing his contract.

Ace: He may be one of the most well known names we've signed since returning. Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail by ADTR begins to play yet again tonight. The fans all seem to get to their feet at once.

Announcer: And his opponent stands five feet eleven inches tall and weighs in at one hundred and eighty five

pounds... He hails from Rosewell, Ohio.. HE IS....

DOOOCCCCTTTOOORRRRRR! EMOOOOOOOO!

Dr. EMO steps out from the back and begins to make his way toward the ring. Blackfront: Doctor EMO looking to get a much needed win after losing the UTA Championship on the last Wrestleshow.

Ace: Win or lose he has a guaranteed title re-match with Abdul bun Hussain coming up. Blackfront: Yes, but wouldn't that match be so much better with the momentum of a win going into it?

Dr. EMO walks, slowly, up the steps and across the apron before entering in the ring. Blackfront: Both of these men have similar styles and are the same size. This will be a pretty competitive match.

Ace: You have to wonder though, how is Madman Szalinski's health going into this. His medical records were recently leaked online, and quite frankly he isn't doing that well. Blackfront: Madman is the type of competitor who would rather die in the ring giving one hundred percent than leave the industry, and I believe he will show that passion here tonight.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell. Dr. EMO and Madman Szalinski circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Blackfront: Here we go. They lock up. Doctor EMO taking control, putting Madman Szalinski into a headlock.

Ace: The former champion with a lot to prove tonight.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is able to escape, stomping the foot of Doctor EMO. Szalinski rolls around behind Dr. EMO, wrapping his arms around the waist of the former champion.

Blackfront: Belly to back by Madman Szalinski.

Dr. EMO tries to rip Madman's fingers apart. Finally, he is able to slip his own fingers in and begins to pull Madman's hands to the sides.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO trying to escape the grasp of Madman Szalinski.

Ace: He is almost free.

Dr. EMO holds Madman's arms up and to the side on each side. He begins to twist around as he bends down, still holding onto Madman's hands. All the way around now, he still holds the hands of Madman Szalinski who is arched backward, his head toward EMO. Blackfront: Doctor EMO now in control.

EMO yanks back, collapsing Madman to the mat. He quickly takes off, running forward. He jumps of Szalinski then leaps up to the second rope, grabbing the top and throwing his legs out. However, Madman Szalinski rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO sees Madman Szalinski in time to catch himself and land on his feet.

Ace: Quick thinking by Madman and an even quicker reaction by Doctor EMO. EMO turns around and steps forward as Madman rolls up to his knees and in one movement, catches Dr. EMO into a fireman's carry, slamming him to his opposite side and leading into an arm bar.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski stretching the arm of Doctor EMO

EMO pushes up and twist his arm, using Madman's gasp to pull him into a side knee. As Szalinski bends over, Dr. EMO spins around with a back kick into the knees of Madman. Blackfront: Madman Szalinski collapses after that kick to the back of his knees.

Ace: The back and forward so far has been great.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO runs past Madman Szalinski who is on his knees. EMO off of the ropes and on the return.

As Dr. EMO goes for a shining wizard, Madman quickly springs up, wrapping his arm under EMO's leg and taking him over.

Blackfront: Dragon screw leg take down by Madman Szalinski.

Ace: Great counter there by the Madman.

EMO rolls over quickly and pushes his way up as madman gets up as well. Both men nod at each other out of respect.

Blackfront: These two men are hot tonight.

Ace: This has that big match feel to it, I can dig this.

Blackfront: Both men charge each other. Madman ducks down as Dr. EMO leaps over him.

Blackfront: Leap frog by EMO. Both off of the ropes again.

As they return, Dr. EMO stops and shoots his leg up for a super kick. Madman Szalinski sees it in time and is able to stop his in motion run, with his head pulling back in almost cartoonish fashion, just inches away from the foot of his opponent.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO went for the Uber Kick and almost ended this now.

Ace: Madman Szalinski somehow able to avoid that patented super kick by EMO. Szalinski spins to his right and ducks down, while going behind Dr. EMO. He steps up grabbing EMO quickly and lifting him up and back.

Blackfront: German suplex by Madman Szalinski!

Dr. EMO hits the mat and rolls to his stomach, quickly scurrying back on the mat, keeping his eyes on Madman who turns over and gets to a knee.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO pushes up, runs toward Madman. Szalinski springs to his feet. As Dr. EMO charges, he stays semi low. Szalinski charges as well.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski leaps....

As he jumps over Dr. EMO, he slides down head first, grabbing around EMO's waste and pulling him over with him.

Blackfront: Sunset flip into a pin by Madmand Szalinski!

Ace: He could end this now.

The referee drops and begins to count as Dr. EMO kicks his feet. Blackfront: Kickout at one. Doctor EMO escaping a potential bad situation. Ace: Madman Szalinski setting the pace here.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO holding his own though, showing why he is a former champion.

Both men once again roll over and shoot up, running toward each other. EMO leaps up, turning side ways.

Blackfront: Cross body by Doctor EMO!

As they hit the mat, EMO quickly hooks Madman's leg.

Blackfront: EMO now going for a pin.

Ace: These two men are really wanting to put each other out.

Blackfront: Kickout at two!

Ace: That was close.

The fans are cheering for the match as both men continue to put on a great match. They both get to their feet yet again. EMO quickly moves forward with a kick that Madman Szalinski catches.

Blackfront: Madman catches that kick attempt by EMO.

Dr. EMO looks surprised for a moment and then spins around, connecting with the head of Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: Enziguri by EMO!

Ace: He almost took his head off.

Dr. EMO quickly pushes up and runs to the corner.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO climbing the corner.

Ace: Going for a high risk move.

Blackfront: He leaps...

Ace: EMO is flying have way across the ring!

Dr. EMO comes down with a flying elbow drop, that connects.

Blackfront: What an elbow drop!

Ace: I am impressed.

Dr. EMO quickly pins Madman Szalinski again.

Blackfront: He may have it.

Ace: I don't know how Madman can continue. The impact of that elbow shook the ring.

Blackfront: I don't know how Doctor EMO was able to fly so far. The referee's hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: Kickout in just a split second before the three!

The fans are on their feet. Dr. EMO can't believe that Madman Szalinski kicked out again. Ariel is in disbelief outside of the ring as well.

Blackfront: This match certainly.... wait!

As Dr. EMO begins to get up, Madman Szalinski sits up, wrapping hi arm around EMO's head, and pulling back, locking his legs around the waist of The Doctor.

Blackfront: Guillotine choke!

Ace: Doctor EMO has to tap!

Blackfront: He's got the Deathtrap locked in!

Madman Szalinski laughs manically as he pulls tighter. Ariel is jumping up and down on the outside as the referee watches closely.

Blackfront: EMO has to tap! he has to!

Ace: No regular man can withstand that!

Dr. EMO tries to get away, but he just allows Madman to get a tighter hold.

Blackfront: Come on EMO, tap!

Dr. EMO refuses to tap, still trying to escape. However, shortly his body goes limp.

Blackfront: He's out, my God he's out. The referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski wins!

Ace: Doctor EMO didn't give up, I'll give him that.

Blackfront: Yes, but having the blood flow to your brain cut off for that long can do a lot of long term damage.

Ace: Oh it can, but his toughness factor just went up ten fold.

Announcer: The winner of the match as a result of a knockout... at eleven minutes and thirty two seconds....
MADMAN... SZAAAALLLLINNNSSSKKKIIII!!!

Ariel gets in the ring to celebrate with her husband as the referee checks on Dr. EMO who begins to somewhat come around. Madman heads over to check on him as well, soon after assisting the referee in helping the former champion to his feet. Groggy, Dr. EMO stands.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski showing good sportsmanship here after winning a high octane, fast paced match with a good competitor.

Ace: A debut win over a former champion is no easy feat.

Once EMO has his bearings he stand swith his hands on his hips, a glossy look in his eyes before reaching out to offer his hand. madman takes it and the two shake.

Blackfront: That is what i like to see.

Ace: Great sign of respect between these two.

EMO raises Szalinski's hand in victory as we cut to the back.

DARING

We now are taken to the back with Jamie Sawyers once again. This time he stands next to 'Daring' Darian Dumont.

Sawyers: I'm here with Darian Dumont who will be seen shortly in the main event as he faces Lucius Jones, Yoshii, and Frank Dylan James for the new UTA Internet Championship.

Darian rubs his hands together and smiles

Sawyers: Darian, what is your mindset going into the main event tonight?

Dumont: That's easy Jamie... Out of everyone involved, who else has put in more work since the UTA returned then me? Who else is more deserving to be in the match than me? No one.

Sawyers: Things have been rocky for you since debuting. Are you afraid that tonight luck wont be on your side?

Dumont: Luck has nothing to do with it Jamie. Sure, people say I was lucky to beat Brez multiple times. They said I was lucky to even get a contract here. But luck is just an excuse made. Tonight I will show you why luck is not a factor and why they call me... daring...

Dumont walks out of the scene.

Sawyers: Well, you heard it from Darian Dumont, tonight he will be daring. Back to you guys at ring side.

COMING SOON

SOON.

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... from Dallas, Texas....

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, and as it does a very well known theme begins to filter out throughout the arena...

Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

As the popular Phil Collins song In The Air Tonight begins to play, the letters on the big screen finish forming with a nickname now well known with this theme....

Announcer: he stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

[The Mental Rapist]

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor. The arena erupts into boos and slight cheers as the two people are quickly recognized as Sean Jackson and the evil jezebeth Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step out of the ring of fire with Sean completely focused, his face adorned with a serious look while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

Announcer: The REAL... NeWA World Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

A slight smile forms on his face. Lord only knows what's floating around in that screwed up head of his, especially with the Vietnamese darkling at his side. After soaking up the reaction for a few moments, he motions that it's finally time to make their way to the ring. Blackfront: Sean Jackson debuting tonight in a big way as this is billed champion versus champion.

Ace: Well, I'm sorry but there is only one champion in this match and he is the UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: What about the NeWA Championship?

Ace: You leave an organization when you are champion, you relinquish that title. Simple as that.

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the NWA logo on the front, blood pouring from the bottom. He is also wearing black trunks with gold colored material and outlined in blood red you see "Mental" and on the opposite leg you see "Rapist".

Blackfront: You've got to wonder, if Jackson beats Hussain tonight does he jump to the top of the list of challengers for the title?

Ace: Why would he? I thought he was happy calling himself the NeWA Champion. he needs to earn his title shot like everyone else here.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to the

turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he peers out at the fans at ringside. Much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, he then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes. As the pyro dies out, the lights come back on, returning the light

to the arena.

Announcer: Introducing now... he is the UTA Champion... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty two pounds... Hailing from Basra, Iraq he is the Butcher of Basra! Abbbbbdul Bin Hussain!!!

“USA! USA! USA!”

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

Blackfront: The champion needs the win tonight to prove he is in fact the top man in the company.

Ace: I don't agree with Abdul's outlook on things, but at the same time I don't want Jackson winning tonight.

Standing there was Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He was standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah was dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carried the Iraqi flag on a pole. They looked about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Blackfront: Why are you so strongly against Sean Jackson?

Ace: There's just something about his attitude Jason. That and if Jackson is here, it's only a matter of time before The Spectre finds his way in. Just what we need.

Slowly Rafiq walked down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He was actually shown laughing. He reached the ringside and climbed the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah entered the ring. Nazirah exits the ring as the Hussain prepares for the match to begin.

Blackfront: Big time match here fit for pay per view.

As the referee calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes Abdul bin Hussain..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Hussain who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

Ace: See, this is what I'm talking about.

Blackfront: What? The bell sounded.

Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of Abdul bin Hussain. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing the champion back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

Ace: It's easy to do when you catch the other guy off guard.

Blackfront: Jackson following up with hard jabs to the gut of Hussain as he has nowhere to go from that corner.

Hussain reaches up putting his thumbs into the eyes of Sean Jackson, forcing him backward. As the referee warns him, Hussain tightens his hold and tosses Jackson around and into the corner himself.

Ace: I can't believe I'm doing this, but I'm pulling for OUR champion. Get him Hussain!

Abdul lets go of his grasp and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from the champion.

Hussain steps back and comes forward with a heavy backhanded chop into the chest of Sean Jackson, who lets out a yell as he is hit. Hussain follows up with another.

Blackfront: Heavy chops from the champion here as he continues to work Sean Jackson. Hussain grabs the left wrist of

Sean Jackson and pushes him tight into the corner, before yanking back and whipping Jackson hard across the ring. Sean goes full force toward the other turnbuckle with Abdul following behind. As Sean hits the corner, he bounces back hard and turns in time to see Hussain leap.

Blackfront: SPEAR BY THE CHAMPION! Sean Jackson hits the mat hard.

Ace: There we go. That is our UTA Champion folks.

Sean Jackson holds his ribs as Abdul bin Hussain rolls over and pushes to his feet. He looks at Sean Jackson, sizing up his position before running toward the ropes. he leaps up to the top, catching himself with perfect balance. As he leaps backward into the air he screams Allah and flips, landing perfectly.

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

Hussain hooks the leg, but before the referee can start his count, Sean Jackson kicks out.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson kicks out. Not enough to put the mental rapist out.

Ace: That's fine. I'd rather see Sean Jackson beat to an inch of his life before he is pinned anyway.

Blackfront: Such unwarranted hostility.

Hussain gets to his feet, pulling Jackson with him. The champion pulls Sean Jackson along with him, putting him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still in control as his manager and sister watch from the outside cheering him on.

Ace: The champion proving why he has that belt.

Jackson turns around as Hussain grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

As they hit, Hussain steps back, still holding Jackson. he goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing Abdul to drop Jackson. Blackfront: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

Jackson on his hands and knees looks up. Abdul shakes off the stars before coming forward with a rising knee to the face of Sean Jackson, sending him to the mat.

Ace: Still in control, Abdul bin Hussain is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight. Abdul runs over and climbs the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top he turns around. Once he has his balance, he leaps down with a double foot stomp connecting on Sean Jackson. Blackfront: The champion stomping Sean Jackson.

Hussain quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops.

Ace: he's got him! he's got him!

Blackfront: No! Kickout at two!

Abdul hits the mat then yells at the referee to count quicker.

Ace: That was a slow count!

Blackfront: if anything, the count was fast Tommy.

Ace: Who's side are you on Jason?

Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet again. he bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs Husain around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Ace: No!

Hussain grabs his back as he slides across the mat. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Abdul sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him, Jackson sits up. He sees Abdul and gets to his feet. Hussain slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee and catching Hussain in the back of the head.

Ace: NO! NO! NO!

Blackfront: That running knee to the back of the head! Sean Jackson calls that Game Called Due to Darkness!

Ace: it can't be over! It can't!

Sean Jackson, breathing heavy, tuns Hussain over and covers him. The referee drops and begins his count.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson gets the three!

Ace: How?! Abdual was in full control! This is absurd.

In the Air Tonight begins to play as Sean Jackson sits on his knees, resting, still breathing heavy.

Announcer: Your winner... in Six minutes and two seconds.... SEAN... JACKSSSOONN!!!!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson pulling off a victory over the UTA Champion in his debut match.

Ace: I just can't believe this.

Sean Jackson celebrates as we leave ringside.

SOMEONE WILL PAY

Once again, we go backstage where CBR is pacing next to Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: CBR, tonight you debuted against Bobby Dean, beating him in just minutes. What are your tho...

CBR pulls the microphone away from Jamie.

CBR: That match was a joke. Bobby Dean is a joke. This is how the UTA treats The Canadian Superstar?

He looks into the camera.

CBR: I feel sorry for whoever I meet ont he next Wrestleshow because you are going to pay for what happened tonight.

He throws the microphone out of the shot and storms off. the camera zooms in on Jamie Sawyers who looks confused as we fade away.

LIVEWIRE

We are welcomed to an info graphic of the new show Livewire with next Sunday's date on it as Jason Blackfront talks over the screen.

Blackfront: Next week here on WrestleUTA.com, the United Toughness Alliance presents a new show brought to you from the Fourth and Madison building in Seattle, Washington... Livewire. Get all of the hottest UTA information, as well as recaps, and more in an exciting new, thirty minute studio show. You don't want to miss it.

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese

Bushido plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii.

Announcer: Coming first to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye....

Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

Blackfront: It's time for our main event as these four men will go at it, with no disqualifications, for the new United Toughness Alliance Internet Championship. Announcer: he stands at six foot four and weighs in at five hundred and thirty nine pounds.... YOOOSSHHHHIIIIII!!!!

Ace: Originally this match was set up to punish two men no longer with the company by putting them in the ring with the two monsters Frank Dylan James and Yoshii.

Blackfront: Yes, the Internet Championship a reward for one of the men set forth to break the other two up. Now, we have Lucius Jones and Darian Dumont entering the match as replacements, and maybe two of the most deserving at a shot for the title. Peter Gunn Theme by the Blues Brothers comes on as from the back comes "Doctor Lovegood" Lucius Jones.

Announcer: Introducing next, from Birmingham, Alabama...

Blackfront: Listen to the fans, they love this guy.

Ace: Lucius Jones is just plain fun.

Blackfront: It doesn't hurt he always has beautiful ladies with him.

Announcer: Standing at six foot eight, weighing in at three hundred and forty five pounds...

The Doctor makes his way towards the ring talking to the crowd and slapping hands all the way. He stops to talk up one of the sexy ladies in the front row allowing her the opportunity to give him a kiss on the cheek.

Announcer: He is Doctor Lovegood.... LUCIUSSS JOOONNNNEESSSS!!!!

He gives the lady a wink before heading up to the ring and climbing the steps to the apron. He steps over the top rope and stands in the center taunting at the crowd as he awaits the bell.

Scared Now by The Game begins to play as Darian Dumont steps out.

Announcer: Coming to the ring next... From Miami, Florida.... Standing at six foot six and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... Darian...

DUUMMMOOONNNTTTT!!!

Dumont runs down the ramp and slides into the ring as his music fades. Blackfront: Darian Dumont the only man in the ring to have been apart of the first Wrestleshow back, he has consistently showed up and put work in.

Doomsday Jesus by Black Label Society begins to play.

Announcer: Hailing from The Mountains of West Virginia ... He stands at six foot seven and weighs in at three hundred and twenty pounds.... FRANK... DYLAN....

JAAAMMMEEEESSSS!!!!

Frank Dylan James stomps out from the back, chain wrapped around his wrist as he heads down the ramp way in no particular pattern, screaming and yelling nonsense as he heads toward the ring.

Ace: Jason, just look at these men. They are all huge. Even Darian Dumont whom is the smallest of the four is six foot six and two hundred and fifty pounds.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James wielding that chain as he heads toward the ring.

Ace: No disqualifications is just that. It doesn't matter what James has.

FDJ stomps up the steps, across the apron and enters the ring. He swings the chain around causing the other men to step back. Jed Dye quickly exits the ring, not wanting none of that.

Blackfront: These statuesque men are built to hurt and we are about get this going as the bell sounds!

Ace: It's going to be anarchy!

As the bell rings, Frank Dylan James stomps crazily toward Lucius Jones who quickly steps over the top rope and jumps to the ground.

Blackfront: Jones not wanting anything to do with that maniac or his chain.

Ace: He doesn't want to mess up his fro Jason.

James turns and heads toward Darian Dumont who quickly runs away and around James. As he passes him, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Yoshii. Yoshii turns toward Darian and gets a big chain covered forearm to his back.

Blackfront: Yoshii falls victim to that chain.

Ace: That is a very dangerous man there Jason.

James hits Yoshii once again in the back as Jed Dye looks on in horror from the outside.

Blackfront: Jed Dye can't do anything either.

Lucius Jones walks around the ring as inside Yoshii receives yet a third hit to his back, the big man stumbling forward, bending over and being held up by the top rope.

Ace: this is brutal. Good thing Yoshii has a lot of padding.

Dumont runs behind James who is focused on Yoshii and leaps with a sloppy drop kick.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont with a drop kick to the back of Frank Dylan James!

Ace: I think he just made him madder.

James turns around and roars at Dumont who throws his hands up and begins to back away. Outside of the ring, Jones stands next to the commentators watching on.

Blackfront: Shouldn't you be in there? Jones is heard from a distance.

Jones: With a crazy white man with a chain? No thanks.

FDJ swings his arm, catching Darian Dumont right in the face. Instantly a crimson flow is seen.

Blackfront: My God. Darian Dumont's nose is busted open.

Jones: Yea, see!

James hits Dumont one more time in the same spot and sends him to the mat, grabbing his face in pain, kicking his feet and yelling. Medical staff quickly rush from the back.

Blackfront: Dumont is hurt folks.

Ace: Yea, it's called a chain to the face... twice...

Yoshii runs behind James, throwing both arms out, and coming forward bringing them in, smashing him on both sides. FDJ falls to his knees, the chain coming slightly undone.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones sliding back into the ring.

Ace: Now is the time to with Frank Dylan James off of his feet.

Yoshii grabs Frank Dylan James unkempt hair violently, yanking him backward. Lucius Jones quickly makes his way around, grabbing the chain and unwrapping it from James' arm.

Blackfront: Yoshii and Lucius Jones temporarily working together to de-arm Frank Dylan James.

Ace: Smart. James is dangerous, but James with a chain is a recipe for disaster. Medical staff attend to Dumont on the outside of the ring as Jones tosses the chain over the ropes and to the floor. Yoshii continues to hold Frank Dylan James as Jones turns

around and comes forward with a big boot to James' face. Yoshii lets him go, with James falling to the mat.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James out of the equation now as Lucius Jones and Yoshii stare at each other.

Ace: It's about to go down.

Lucius Jones comes forward with a big right hand, followed by another. Yoshii doesn't leave his feet, but stumbles back wailing his arms.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones with big right hands and still can not take the ex sumo wrestler off of his feet.

Outside of the ring, the medical staff start to help Darian Dumont to the back. Blood covers his body and the towels they have covering him.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont is being helped to the back as he needs serious medical attention.

Ace: His nose is broken and who knows what else.

The fans cheer for Dumont as he is helped to the back. Inside the ring, Lucius Jones bounces off of the ropes and leaps with a shoulder into Yoshii.

Blackfront: Flying shoulder by Lucius Jones!

Yoshii finally is taken off of his feet as he crashes to the mat.

Ace: Five hundred and thirty nine pounds hitting the mat. That is a big fall.

Jones gets to one knee and then stands up. From behind him Frank Dylan James, who is now to his feet, runs.

Blackfront: James back up, charges Jones...

He just tackles Lucius Jones, nothing sexy about it, nothing smooth.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James with a tackle.

Ace: Football season is over Frank!

James scoots up, grabbing Lucius Jones by the hair and begins to slam his face repeatedly into the mat, yelling and howling while he does it.

Blackfront: This man is an animal.

Ace: If him and Wülfric ever got together, we'd need to keep animal control on hand at all times.

Yoshii uses the ropes to pull his humongous body up as Jed Dye yells orders from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii getting back to his feet.

FDJ sees Yoshii and lets Jones go. He gets up and begins to stomp toward Yoshii who turns around. As he reaches him, Yoshii bends down and grabs FDJ, lifting him up and over the top rope. James crashes hard to the floor, with Jed Dye barely able to get out of the way.

Ace: Yoshii almost crushed his own manager there!

Lucius Jones is now on his feet comes forward and grabs Yoshii's arm.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Lucius Jones into the near by corner! Jones runs after him. As Yoshii hit, Jones leaps up.

Blackfront: Big corner splash!

As Jones bounces back, Yoshii stumbles forward and right into a huge discuss style slam.

Blackfront: CRACKA SMACKA! Yoshii once again hits the mat.

Ace: It's over!

Frank Dylan James, now up on the outside sees what is going on. Jones quickly covers Yoshii. As the referee drops to count, James leans into the ring and grabs his foot, pulling back and yanking Jones out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James stopping the pin attempt by Jones. Jones lands and James turns him around, delivering a big right hand. Blackfront: Right hand by Frank Dylan James.

Jones blocks a second right hand but that doesn't phase James who lets out a yell and moves forward, biting Lucius Jones nose. Jones lets out a blood curdling scream.

Blackfront: He's trying to eat his face!

Ace: I told you! Too much biting!

Lucius Jones is able to bring his knee up and into James family jewels causing him to let go before any real damage can be done.

Ace: He's going to need a tetanus shot after that.

Jones grabs James' head and directs him to the commentator's table.

Blackfront: Get away from here!

Lucius slams Frank's head hard into the table. As it bounces up, Jones turns him around. Both Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace stand up and move backward.

Blackfront: Jones lifts James!

Ace: What power!

In what looks like it is supposed to be a spine buster through the table, Frank Dylan James is able to gain control, and as they come down, he turns it into a DDT with the combination of his body and Lucius Jones head breaks through the table.

Blackfront: Ah come on!

Ace: My water!

Blackfront: Forget your water, my new iPad!

As both men laid in the rubble of the table, Jed Dye yelled for Yoshii to get up as he once again began using the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James coming to, not taking the brunt of the fall.

Ace: Lucius Jones on the other hand is out.

Frank Dylan James smiles wickedly as he begins to get up. Yoshii watches from inside the ring.

Blackfront: James to his feet.

Frank Dylan James stomps toward the ring, sliding into it and immediately getting stomped by Yoshii.

Ace: Those big ham feet of Yoshii stomping away at the Hillbilly Jesus.

Frank Dylan James is shocked with each big stomp. Finally, Yoshii grabs his arm and pulls back, pulling James closer to the corner.

Blackfront: Yoshii setting Frank Dylan James up in a position that he may be able to end this!

Yoshii turns toward the corner and begins to climb.

Ace: Oh, this is not going to be pretty!

He bounces on the second rope and leaps back in a sitting position.

Blackfront: YOSHII BOMB! James rolls out of the way.

Blackfront: JAMES MOVES! JAMES MOVES!

Ace: You can't keep Frank Dylan James down with a few stomps.

James rolls over and smiles into the camera before pushing his way up. Yoshii, sitting on the mat has a look of pain on his face.

Blackfront: Yoshii grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself up again.

As Yoshii stands, he is barely able to put weight on his legs. He turns around just in time to get massive closed fist to his face, sending him down, and out for the count.

Blackfront: The Face Breaker!

Ace: he just knocked Yoshii out!

James drops down and places his hands on his chest as the referee drops to count. Outside of the ring, Lucius Jones is up and sees what is going on.

Blackfront: The referee counts.

Jones runs toward the ring but is too late as the referee hits three. He instantly stops, running his hands through his hair and yelling NO!.

Blackfront: My God, Frank Dylan James is the new Internet Champion!

Ace: I can't believe it.

Announcer: Your winner... and... NEEEEWWWWWWW UTA Internet Champion.....

FRANK... DYLAN.... JAAAAMMMMEESSSS!!!!!!

Doomsday Jesus begins to play as Frank Dylan James gets to his feet. The referee hands James the title who rips it out of his hand and holds it up with one hand stomping around the ring.

Blackfront: This is no longer the internet age fans.. this is age of James....

Ace: One man is at the hospital, one went through our table, and the other knocked out cold... Frank Dylan James just set the bar for anyone who wants to challenge him for that title.

Blackfront: Well, we are out of time. For the United Toughness Alliance... I am Jason Blackfront and along side of me, Tommy Ace... Tune in next Sunday for the debut of Livewire and we will see you back here in two weeks... on *WrestleShow!*

Ace: Goodnight everyone!

The camera focuses on Frank Dylan James still stomping around with the belt held in one hand as the copyright comes up and the screen fades to black.

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