

Rampage: 02.02.2001

February 2, 2001 | Carrier Dome - Syracuse, New York

Intro: Spawn

The UTA Rampage intro video blares across the screen -- a barrage of highlights, chaos, and pyrotechnics. As it ends, we cut to the main floor of the Pearl Theater arena, where the crowd is already buzzing with anticipation.

The lights dim.

Fireworks explode around the backstage entrance. "The Suck for Your Solution" by Marilyn Manson erupts from the speakers. Emerging from the shadows come The Spawn: UTA World Champion The Spectre, UTA United States Champion Mr. Fantastic, UTA Hardcore Champion Devon Lynch, and "The Mind Bender" Shasta King, flanked by their managers J.P. Richmond and Tongo Quinn. Microphones in hand, they march to the ring with ominous purpose.

Mr. Fantastic: Do you people even realize what you're looking at? Sitting there, chugging your watered-down beer, waving those pathetic signs -- you're staring at the greatest mother in the world.

He points dramatically to the ring.

Mr. Fantastic: Four corners. Three ropes each side. A deceptively brutal canvas. They say nothing brings a mother more joy than watching her children succeed. Well then, she must be ecstatic -- because this very ring gave birth to a legacy. Four and a half years ago, something incredible was born here. A force of excellence. A marvel of dominance. Something known simply as... THE SPAWN!

The crowd explodes with boos.

Mr. Fantastic: Tonight, the Spawn returns to show the world just how well our mother raised us. We're not here to compete -- we're here to shine. To crush the false hopes of three pathetic stables that dare challenge our throne.

Mr. Fantastic: You've seen what we do on our own. Now, watch what happens when we unite. We devour the UTA whole -- wrapped lovingly in the blood-soaked embrace of this ring!

Devon Lynch steps forward. His long hair veils his face. He breathes into the mic -- loud, slow, eerie. The crowd roars with hate.

Devon: You know what I'm sick of? People walking up to me asking, "Devon, what's wrong with you? Why all the tears? Where are your balls, sissy?!"

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Devon: FIRST OFF -- I proved I was tough when I won the Hardcore Title at Black Horizon. I proved it again when I went toe-to-toe with a seven-foot psycho like Crimson Lord. I tossed that 300-pound freak off a ladder and through a table!

Devon: And thanks to one dumb bastard sticking his nose where it didn't belong, I lost the title I busted my ass for. KLASH. Crimson. Have your fun. Wear your gold. Because your reckoning is coming.

Devon: I've got you in my crosshairs -- and later tonight, it's not gonna be a picnic. It's gonna be pain.

Devon: And why am I emotional?

He clutches a locket hanging from his neck. His eyes shimmer with restrained emotion.

Devon: You know what? Screw it. You people wouldn't care anyway. You're all just cruel, heartless bastards!

Shasta King bounces into view, animated and grinning like a madman. His voice cuts through the venom with surreal glee.

Shasta: Tonight, ol' Shasta bringin' all da trimmings, mon! Linen napkins! White gloves! A smokin' jacket and a pipe!

Shasta: After da feast? I take da juiciest bone I can find, carve it to a point... and pick da leftovers from me teeth! HOOFAAAA!

Finally, the mic lands in the hands of the UTA World Champion. The Spectre stands tall in the center of the ring, soaking in the thunderous boos. He grins wide.

Spectre: HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!

Spectre: It feels DAMN good to still be champion. PINKY! Looks like you let your little pinkies down and fell straight into Satan's Chamber!

Spectre: And now you DARE to ask for another shot? I gave it some thought. I really did. And here's my answer: KISS. MY. ASS!

Spectre: You wanna act like that slow kid in school who ties his shoe in the hallway? Then GET YOUR ASS TO THE BACK OF THE LINE!

Spectre: As for The Spawn? Mr. Fantastic already said it best. We are the veterans here. Four and a half years of brotherhood. We've played every dirty trick. We've survived every war.

Spectre: And now, we have to babysit teams that've barely shared a locker room? Please. Klash and Kor

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have some history, sure. But do you think we care?

Spectre: Hell, who's to say either of them will even show up tonight? Doesn't matter. By the end of tonight, The Spawn stands tall again -- like we always have -- as the most dominant force in wrestling.

Spectre: Hate us. Fear us. Doesn't matter. You'll admit it: WE are the unstoppable. WE are in control. WE are in charge.

Spectre: And for the doubters? Every member of The Spawn has held gold. That's not luck -- that's legacy.

Spectre: Think you can take us down tonight?

Spectre: Hehehehehe... IN YOUR DREAMS!

"Memphisto" by Depeche Mode hits the speakers. The Spawn raise their fists in unison as the arena drowns in boos. The war has begun.

Backstage Attacks

The camera cuts backstage, where a production assistant approaches Klash with urgency. He taps him on the shoulder.

Production Assistant: Eyedea needs to see you right away. Meeting's happening in the K.K.K. dressing room.

Klash arches an eyebrow at the odd instruction, but says nothing. He makes his way down the hallway and stops in front of a door labeled "K.K.K."

He pushes it open.

The room appears empty.

Suddenly -- out from the shadows -- a figure emerges behind him. It's The Man in Black.

Without hesitation, the MIB swings a heavy ring wrench and cracks Klash across the back of the leg! Klash howls in pain and drops to the floor. The MIB doesn't stop -- he brings the wrench down again and again, targeting both of Klash's knees.

Blow after blow echoes through the hallway until the MIB vanishes just as quickly as he appeared.

Jason Blackfront (voice-over): Wait a second -- I thought he was released! Somebody get medical down there! Come on!

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The scene jumps to a different backstage hallway.

The same assistant from before approaches Crimson Lord.

Production Assistant: You're needed for an interview. They're setting it up in the back -- near the utility area.

Crimson Lord nods and walks alone toward the back corridors of the venue. Eventually, he rounds a corner and sees a taped-off "X" marked on the concrete. A paper note sits on the wall above it, reading:

"PLEASE WAIT HERE."

The camera pans up.

A massive stack of industrial extension ladders looms above, teetering precariously on a raised scaffold.

Then -- movement. The Man in Black appears again, darting behind the scaffold!

A sickening screech of metal follows -- and in a blink, the ladders are shoved off the platform!

They crash down with devastating weight, burying Crimson Lord underneath.

Jason Blackfront (voice-over): WHAT THE HELL?! Someone get help! Get someone out there now!

Officials rush to the scene as the feed fades to black, leaving only the chaotic aftermath behind.

AC Smooth vs. Michel Owens

The broadcast officially kicks off as Jason Blackfront's voice fills the arena from the commentary desk.

Jason Blackfront: Welcome to Rampage, everyone! What a night we have ahead of us -- and we're starting with a bang! It's a 30-minute Ironman Match between two of UTA's most dynamic athletes: A.C. Smooth and Michael Owens!

The crowd cheers as A.C. Smooth's music hits. The veteran fan-favorite steps through the curtain, soaking in the response with confident swagger. He slaps hands on his way down before stepping into the ring and warming up in the corner.

The mood shifts as Michael Owens storms through the curtain next, eyes laser-focused. He walks with purpose, nodding to the fans before sliding into the ring. The two competitors lock eyes.

The bell rings -- and the clock starts.

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The first several minutes are a technical showcase. Lockups. Wristlocks. Chain reversals. Smooth works a hammerlock. Owens rolls through and escapes. Back and forth they go, drawing loud cheers from the crowd after every smooth sequence.

At the four-minute mark, Smooth hoists Owens into a powerbomb -- but Owens shifts mid-air and counters with a stunning hurricanrana!

He hooks the leg!

Jason: Owens with the first cover of the night!

1... 2... 3!

Jason: And that's the first fall! Michael Owens takes the lead!

Score: Owens 1 - Smooth 0

The match resumes. Smooth clutches at his neck but shakes it off. They tie up again -- more reversals -- and Owens climbs the top rope. Missile dropkick connects!

He covers!

1... 2... Kickout!

Owens rushes in again, but Smooth catches him with a thunderous clothesline!

Cover -- 1... 2... 3!

Jason: Smooth evens it up! What a shot!

Score: Owens 1 - Smooth 1

The clock ticks down -- 11 minutes remaining. Smooth sends Owens into the ropes, but Owens flies over the top rope and crashes to the outside. Smooth follows.

The referee begins his count.

Smooth rams Owens into the barricade once -- twice -- but Owens counters and reverses, launching Smooth into the steel himself!

Owens throws himself back into the ring as the count climbs.

9... 10!

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Jason: That's a count-out! Owens retakes the lead!

Score: Owens 2 - Smooth 1

Smooth pulls himself back into the ring. Owens celebrates -- but Smooth sneaks up behind him and rolls him into a schoolboy!

1... 2... 3!

Jason: Smooth with the surprise fall! It's tied again!

Score: Owens 2 - Smooth 2

The final six minutes are a war. Stiff strikes. Open-handed chops. Hard fists to the face. Neither man gives an inch. Owens whips Smooth into the ropes with one minute remaining --

Smooth rebounds -- and crashes into the referee! The official goes flying out of the ring, unconscious.

Owens charges at Smooth -- and both men clothesline each other!

They fall -- arms draped over each other!

A second referee sprints down the ramp and slides in -- just as the original referee begins stirring!

BOTH referees count!

1... 2... 3!

The bell rings. The arena erupts in confusion.

One referee raises Owens' hand. The other raises Smooth's.

Jason: What?! Both men just scored a pin at the same time! What happens now?

The UTA Commissioner walks out with a microphone, standing on the stage with authority.

Commissioner: Since both competitors earned simultaneous falls... the match is a draw. Therefore -- later tonight -- the U.S. Title will be defended in a triple threat match... including Michael Owens, A.C. Smooth... and the United States Champion!

The crowd erupts with cheers as the show cuts to commercial.

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Damien Blaze vs. Mr. Fantastic

The arena lights flash as the ring announcer raises the mic to his lips, the crowd already buzzing.

Ring Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the UTA United States Championship!

The arena goes dark for a moment before the sound of rolling thunder and a heavy guitar riff takes over the sound system.

Ring Announcer: Introducing first, the challenger -- representing the Dark Nation... DAMIEN "THE HELLRAIZER" BLAZE!!!

Damien Blaze storms out from behind the curtain, a hulking figure exuding pure menace. The crowd gives a mixed reaction as he marches to the ring with fists clenched and fury in his eyes.

Moments later, the lights turn gold and white strobes dance across the ramp as "Mr. Fantastic" steps out, escorted by J.P. Richmond.

Ring Announcer: And his opponent, led to the ring by J.P. Richmond... from the City of Angels... weighing in at 257 pounds... he is the NEW UTA United States Champion... MISTER FANTASTIC!

The fans erupt in a mix of cheers and jeers as the arrogant champion makes his way to the ring, proudly holding the U.S. Title high overhead.

The referee holds the belt up for display before calling for the bell. The match begins immediately with a flurry of fists.

Jason Blackfront: No hesitation! Blaze and Fantastic are trading punches like two bulls in a china shop!

Blaze gains the upper hand and backs Fantastic into the ropes. He goes for an Irish whip -- Fantastic reverses it and nails a stiff roundhouse kick to the jaw!

Fantastic hits the ropes, charges -- but Blaze scoops him up with a massive powerslam!

He hooks the leg -- 1... 2... knockout!

Fantastic rolls away, quickly rising and raking Blaze across the eyes. He traps him in the corner and unleashes a series of vicious forearm strikes to the face before hurling Blaze across the ring with a beel toss.

As Blaze stumbles to his feet, Fantastic connects with a picture-perfect dropkick!

Fantastic mounts Blaze and rains down sharp rabbit punches. The crowd is growing restless -- and that's

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when it happens...

Jason: Wait a second... what's this? The Lords of Destruction are coming down the ramp!

Shasta King and Kinfu Habte appear at ringside, arms folded, eyes locked on the ring. Fantastic ignores them and lifts Blaze up for a vertical suplex, driving him down hard. Then -- something unusual -- he climbs to the top turnbuckle.

He leaps -- but Blaze rolls away!

Fantastic hits the canvas chest-first and gasps for air. Blaze wastes no time. He whips Fantastic across the ring, catches him on the return -- and launches him high into the air with a military press slam!

The crowd pops at the display of power.

Blaze keeps the momentum -- gut-wrench lift -- POWERBOMB! Then a big legdrop! He covers -- 1... 2... THR--NO! Fantastic drapes a foot on the bottom rope just in time!

Blaze glares at the ref, then signals for the finish. He backs into the corner, waiting for Fantastic to rise.

Blaze charges for a lariat -- but Fantastic ducks! Blaze spills over the top rope... and lands right at the feet of the Lords of Destruction.

Jason: This can't be good... Blaze is surrounded!

Shasta and Kinfu reach down... and help Blaze to his feet?

Blaze looks confused -- and then furious. He starts throwing fists at both men! Right hand to King! Left hand to Habte! The Lords don't retaliate, simply backing away slowly.

Inside the ring, Fantastic tries to shake the cobwebs... but suddenly --

Jason: WHOA! That's Tatsumi "Tyger" Tanaka sliding into the ring with a steel chair!

Tanaka spins Fantastic around -- CRACK! Chair shot right to the head!

Fantastic crumples to the mat in a heap. Blood begins pouring from his forehead.

Tanaka kneels down and locks in the Tiger Claw, wrenching back with malicious glee!

Outside the ring, Blaze chases the Lords of Destruction up the ramp, while officials swarm the ring to pull Tanaka off the now-bloodied Fantastic.

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Jason: Tanaka just sent a clear message -- and Fantastic is a bloody mess! What condition will he be in for tonight's main event?

The bell rings amid the chaos.

Ring Announcer: The winner of this match, as a result of a disqualification... and STILL the UTA United States Champion... MISTER FANTASTIC!

It's a Dark Night for Reckless Youth

Backstage, the camera cuts to Reckless Youth making his way through the hallway, focused and ready for his upcoming match. The crowd pops lightly at the sight of the fan-favorite competitor.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a blur of motion barrels into frame -- it's The Dark Night!

Without warning, The Dark Night charges Reckless Youth and blasts him with a brutal forearm to the back of the head! Reckless stumbles forward, crashing into a stack of nearby equipment. The Dark Night doesn't stop -- he pounces on him, raining down fists with reckless abandon.

Jason Blackfront (from commentary): What the hell is this?! Reckless Youth was just walking to his match and now he's being assaulted!

The Dark Night grabs a steel pipe from a crate and slams it across the spine of Reckless Youth, who cries out in pain and crumples to the floor. Officials rush into the scene, shouting and trying to separate the attacker. The Dark Night glares at them before disappearing into the shadows, leaving chaos in his wake.

The camera pans to Reckless Youth, writhing on the ground and clutching his lower back as medics rush in.

Jason: Unbelievable. This was a calculated ambush. There's no way Reckless Youth is going to be cleared to compete tonight. The Dark Night just robbed him -- and the fans -- of a fair fight!

Dark Night vs. Kid Calamity

The arena lights dim slightly as UTA Commissioner steps onto the stage, microphone in hand.

Commissioner: Ladies and gentlemen, due to the cowardly and disgraceful attack on Reckless Youth just moments ago, he is officially ruled *medically unable* to compete tonight. However... the show goes on. And since The Dark Night seems so eager to fight, he'll be doing so -- RIGHT NOW.

The fans roar in anticipation.

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Commissioner: And his opponent -- filling in on short notice -- KID CALAMITY!

The lights pulse wildly as Kid Calamity's music hits and the masked underdog bolts from the curtain, sprinting toward the ring with wild energy. Inside the ring, The Dark Night paces like a caged animal, his eyes locked on the incoming challenger.

Jason Blackfront: This is a gutsy move by Kid Calamity! He didn't come here tonight expecting a match, and now he's staring down the man who just destroyed Reckless Youth backstage. Talk about pressure!

The bell rings. Without hesitation, The Dark Night charges forward and nearly takes Kid Calamity's head off with a vicious running lariat! The impact flips Calamity head over heels, crashing him to the mat.

The Dark Night grabs him by the mask and drags him up to his feet, then drives a crushing knee into Calamity's midsection. He follows it with a gutwrench suplex that rattles the entire ring.

Jason: The Dark Night is in total control. This is brutal. It's like watching a horror movie unfold live!

The crowd boos loudly as Dark Night methodically punishes Calamity with power move after power move: a massive backbreaker, a scoop slam with authority, and a brutal falling elbow across the chest. Kid Calamity can barely breathe, but somehow still kicks out at two every time.

Dark Night lifts him again, this time holding him high with one hand around the throat -- setting up for a devastating chokeslam!

Jason: He's going for the kill here! This could be it!

But as Dark Night hoists him up, Kid Calamity kicks his legs wildly and twists mid-air. With lightning-fast reflexes, he hooks the head -- and drives The Dark Night into the canvas with a desperation DDT!

The crowd erupts into the loudest pop of the night!

Jason: WHAT A COUNTER! KID CALAMITY JUST SPIKED THE DARK NIGHT ON HIS HEAD! THIS CROWD IS UNGLUED!

Both men are down. Kid Calamity crawls -- inch by inch -- and drapes an arm over the chest of his monstrous opponent.

The referee slides into position.

Ref: ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!!!

The bell rings as the fans leap to their feet in disbelief and triumph. Kid Calamity rolls onto his back, gasping for air, eyes wide with shock -- but he did it.

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Ring Announcer: Here is your winner... KIIIIID CALAAAAMITTTYYYYYYYYY!!!

The Dark Night stirs but doesn't rise. Calamity clutches his ribs, raising one fist into the air as the crowd roars. The camera captures the shocked expression of Dark Night as he stares at the lights above, stunned by the upset.

Jason: Against all odds, and with less than a minute's notice... Kid Calamity just pulled off the impossible. What heart! What timing! That's what UTA is all about!

Broude vs. Riskbreaker

The show returns from commercial break and we're already back in the ring. Inside stand two dangerous competitors -- the powerful and methodical Broude and the unpredictable enforcer known as Riskbreaker.

Jason Blackfront: Welcome back, folks! We're jumping right into the action with this next matchup -- Broude versus Riskbreaker. And you can already feel the tension between these two!

The bell rings. The two heavyweights march to the center of the ring and lock up with force. The struggle is fierce -- both men digging their heels in, neither giving an inch. Finally, Riskbreaker breaks the stalemate with a stiff knee to the gut and charges forward with a thunderous clothesline that sends Broude tumbling backward.

Broude hits the mat but pops right back up -- fueled by adrenaline -- and returns the favor with a clothesline of his own that knocks Riskbreaker to the canvas! The crowd responds with a gasp and scattered cheers as the intensity ramps up.

Riskbreaker shakes off the hit, grabs Broude, and whips him hard into the turnbuckle. He rushes in behind with a full-body splash that crushes Broude against the corner. Without missing a beat, Riskbreaker lifts him up to the top turnbuckle and climbs up himself.

Jason: Superplex incoming! Riskbreaker's going big here!

BOOM! A massive superplex shakes the ring as both men crash down to the mat from the top rope. Riskbreaker crawls over and hooks the leg.

Ref: One... Two... NO! Broude kicks out!

Jason: That was close! You can feel every move wearing them down -- and they're still pushing forward!

The match continues with both competitors trading momentum. Broude regains control, slowing things down with stiff strikes and methodical grapples. He delivers a brutal backbreaker and then a leg drop across Riskbreaker's chest.

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The crowd rallies behind the action as Broude signals for the end. He pulls Riskbreaker into position for a piledriver, setting him up with intent to finish it.

Jason: He's looking to spike him! This could be the nail in the coffin!

But just before Broude can lift, Riskbreaker starts squirming and fighting back. He slips his legs down, plants his feet -- and with one quick motion, delivers a vicious low blow out of the ref's line of sight!

The referee sees Broude collapse in agony and immediately calls for the bell!

Ring Announcer: The winner of this match, as a result of a disqualification... BROUDE!

The crowd erupts in boos. Riskbreaker glares defiantly at the official, showing no remorse for his actions.

Jason: You hate to see it end this way! Riskbreaker just robbed us of a real finish, and these fans are letting him hear it!

Riskbreaker rolls out of the ring and stalks up the ramp as Broude clutches himself on the mat, furious. The referee checks on him as we fade to commercial.

The Spawn vs. IronFury

We return to the ring for the night's chaotic main event. The remaining members of The Spawn and IronFury are already assembled inside the squared circle -- all except Crimson Lord and Klash, who were taken out earlier in the evening by The Man in Black's brutal ambushes.

Jason Blackfront: This is it, folks -- our main event, and tensions couldn't be higher. We've seen ambushes, betrayals, and chair shots all night, and now it all comes to a head. IronFury vs. The Spawn -- stable warfare at its finest!

*The bell rings, and UTA World Champion **The Spectre** steps up to face **Brian Ironside** to kick things off. The two veterans waste no time, slugging it out in the center of the ring with reckless abandon. Spectre lands a thumb to the eye, then sends Ironside flying over the top rope with a clothesline.*

*Spectre turns and tags in **Shasta King**, who immediately hops down to the floor. Shasta yanks Ironside to his feet and tosses him back into the ring. Shasta climbs in after him, then leaps -- aiming for a big knee drop -- but Ironside rolls away at the last second!*

*Ironside crawls to his corner and tags in **Unexposed**, who explodes into the ring with fresh energy. He charges Shasta with heavy shoulder blocks and a spinning heel kick. Shasta absorbs the punishment, shoves Unexposed into the ropes, and drops down. Unexposed leaps over him, rebounds -- but this time, Shasta explodes up and **nails a brutal clothesline** that flips Unexposed inside out!*

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*Shasta stumbles back and tags in... **Bryan Fury**?!*

Jason: Wait a minute... Bryan Fury is on the other team! What the hell is going on here?

*Shasta King hops out of the ring as The Spawn looks around, confused by the sudden betrayal. Fury enters with a cold expression and immediately **starts stomping Unexposed** into the mat. He grabs him by the head, lifts him up, and violently whips him into the IronFury corner.*

*Unexposed crawls and quickly slaps the hand of **Ron Hall**, tagging him in before rolling out of the ring.*

*Ron Hall steps through the ropes, eyeing Bryan Fury, who now stares right back... and suddenly -- **Fury lays down in the center of the ring!***

Jason: What the hell is this?! Fury just laid down?!

Ron Hall, still in disbelief, walks over and puts a foot on Fury's chest. The referee drops to count.

Referee: One! Two! Three!

The bell rings.

Ring Announcer: Here are your winners... **IRONFURY!!!**

Jason: I... I don't believe it! Bryan Fury just threw the match for The Spawn! Whether it was a plan, a double-cross, or some kind of psychological game -- IronFury walks away with the win!

*The celebration is short-lived. As soon as the bell sounds, **all hell breaks loose.***

Kinfe Habte jumps the ropes and tackles Ron Hall. Devon Lynch charges Unexposed and throws him into the steel post. Shasta King starts swinging fists wildly with Ironside while Spectre and Bryan Fury reignite their blood feud.

The ring becomes a warzone. Fists are flying, bodies are crashing into barricades, and referees flood the area to try and restore order -- but it's no use. The chaos is total.

Jason: The match may be over -- but the war between these stables is just beginning!!

As security rushes the ring and the brawl spills into the crowd, the screen slowly fades to black -- and the UTA logo flashes as the credits roll.

Show Credits

Segment: "Intro: Spawn" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Backstage Attacks" - Written by Ben.

Match: "AC Smooth vs. Michel Owens" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Damien Blaze vs. Mr. Fantastic" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "It's a Dark Night for Reckless Youth" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Dark Night vs. Kid Calamity" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Broude vs. Riskbreaker" - Written by Ben.

Match: "The Spawn vs. IronFury" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite