

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 39

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WrestleShow

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to Pure Sports Entertainment. It's just in time as the PSE logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

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

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

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: We're coming to you LIVE from Sioux City, Iowa tonight!

Ace: The Gateway Arena is going to be rocking tonight, Jason!

Blackfront: Things are getting scorching hot as we move toward Ring King.

Ace: The UTA is on fire Jason. Simply put, it is a new era here and things are bigger and better than ever.

Blackfront: Absolutely... the United Toughness Alliance continuing to show why we are the number one promotion in the world week after week, right here on Pure Sports Entertainment. Ace: Tonight, the Ring King tournament continues. How excited are you Jason?

Blackfront: Tonight's match ups are incredible Tommy! There is no other way to put it. Bronson Box, who has made a name for himself on the independent circuit, makes his official in ring debut tonight against hall of fame member, Mr. Fantastic in what could become an instant classic.

Ace: Oh, I can't wait for Box to bring his unique style here to the UTA. We haven't had a mustachiod wonder since Gentleman Jack. Box is bringing back the curl!

Blackfront: Let's not forget Abdul bin Hussain will go one on one with the debuting Amy Harrison. You have to wonder if Harrison's friend, Marie Van Claudio, will be a factor in this match up.

Ace: Look Jason, Abdul bin Hussain is no one to mess with. Harrison is already in a bad position going into this as she faces off against the former UTA Champion, if I was Marie Van Claudio I'd just let my friend learn the hard way what caliber UTA talent is.

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Blackfront: In non Ring King action, Cecilworth Farthington will take on the debuting Sanctus here tonight!

Ace: What is a Sanctus?

Blackfront: I have no idea Tommy, but I think it'll take a whole lot more than eighteen dollars for Farthington to get out of this match! Continuing the Ring King tournament afterwards, Bobby Dean and The Second Coming meet in a highly anticipated contest.

Ace: Bobby Dean to win it all Jason! I'm calling it now!

Blackfront: After that, we will see Will Haynes take on Zhalia Fears in exciting intergender action between two upstanding individuals. No matter who wins or who loses, we are all winners here! Ace: No, that's not the match we all win in. The next match truly is as Crimson Lord and Rhys Townsend go toe to toe. Jason, this match has explosive written all over it! You have UTA original, hall of fame member, and quite frankly the biggest monster ever to set foot in an UTA ring... going toe to toe with a man who is pound for pound an equal pedigree on every aspect as Rhys Townsend brings a little Chicago style power here. I can't wait!

Blackfront: Then in our Main Event... John Sektor will face Team Danger's Tyrone Walker in a match that has been called one of the most oddly paired but intriguing matches of the year.

Ace: There is nothing odd about this at all! You have two long time vets who have never faced each other in the ring, meeting for the very first time here in the UTA. Not only that, but in the main event none-the-less. There is so much that could happen, and I can't wait!

Blackfront: Well, wait no longer Tommy cause we are ready to go! This is Wrestleshow! We get a panoramic shot of the cheering fans as the camera heads toward the stage.

Blackfront: Let's get this thing started, Tommy! WRESTLESHOW IS LIVE!

The arena lights dim as Thunder Underground by Ozzy Osbourne fills the arena. A few seconds later, Mr. Fantastic emerges onto the stage. He slowly surveys the crowd, looking left and right, nodding his head and offering a confident smirk in recognition of their response.

Ace: Well, here comes Mr. Fantastic for the first time in a couple of weeks. Does this guy even still work here?

Blackfront: He's an original UTA member and a Hall of Famer! Show the guy some respect! Fireworks erupt as Fantastic thrusts his taped fists up into a V. Fantastic lowers his arms and begins to confidently stride to the ring. He pounds his fists against the Fantastic Fight Academy logo printed across his chest on the T-shirt he's wearing.

Franklin: Hailing from the City of Angels, California...

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Fantastic walks up the ringside steps, wipes the bottom of his boots on the ring apron and steps through the middle ropes.

Franklin: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 255 lbs...

Fantastic stands in his corner, rotating his wrists and shoulders, warming up for his match. Franklin: He is a former World Champion and a member of the UTA Hall of Fame, ladies and gentlemen here is....Mr. Fantastic!!

Fantastic walks to the middle of the ring, facing the hard camera, and raises his arms once more in a V.

Ace: Yeah, well, I say he's washed up and Bronson Box is gonna eat him.

Fantastic pulls of his T-shirt and tosses it into the crowd before returning to his corner.

Ace: Look at him, he's got moobs.

Blackfront: He does not!

Lights all around the arena start shutting off one by one. When the big overhead lights shut off with a clunk the crowd pops simply for the sudden darkness. A whistling wind is heard, a hush falls over the arena. When the driving beat the man in black starts up, the fans perk back up. A few cheers, mostly derision from the UTA fans.

Franklin: Aaaaaand his opponent! Hailing from the highlands of Scotlaaaaaand. Weighing in tonight at 234 pounds...

When the lyrics to Johnny Cash's God's Gunna' Cut You Down kick in, the lights come back on with a pop. Already standing on the ring apron, big as life and dressed for war. The Wargod. The Original Defiant. His name arching across the front of his tights.

Franklin: ... BRONSooooooooooooooooon BOX!

BOooooooooooooooooo!

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

Ace: Quite the impression this guy's made since he showed up at Black Horizon, now he gets to make his bones in UTA against Mr. Fantastic. Whaddaya think, Jason?

Blackfront: Well, he does claim to be the "greatest attraction in all of sports and entertainment." Hard to not make an impression with credentials like that.

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Boxer steps between the top and second rope sloooooowly... his eyes never leaving Mr. Fantastic just a few feet away. His manager and representative Jane Katze makes her way to ringside as Box and Fantastic finish their last minute warmups, never one to overshadow her man. The referee checks both men and signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Ace: And they're off!

Both men charge the center of the ring, meeting like a small nuclear blast in the collar-and-elbow tie-up to end all tie-ups. Fantastic, being the bigger of the two, takes the early advantage and pushes Box back into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic with the early advantage!

Box shifts his weight and pushes off of Fantastic, he lays into him with a vicious European Uppercut.

Ace: Wow! You could hear that in the cheap seats!

And again! And again! Box lays the shots in stiff before finishing off with a vicious overhand chop to the chest that sends Mr. Fantastic gasping for breath.

Blackfront: Let me amend my earlier statement, it looks like Bronson Box is the one with the early advantage!

Box gets down on one knee, face to face and screams into Mr. Fantastic's face.

"HOW DO YE LIKE ME NOW, BOYO?!"

He follows up with a headbutt and then ferociously tackles him down to the mat and before anyone can do anything about it he clamps hard onto Mr. Fantastic's schnozz, biting him and growling at the same time.

Ace: WHOA! Now this is just sick!

Blackfront: Where is the referee?

As if on cue the ref is on the scene, demanding that Box let go and beginning his count. He gets all the way to four and nine-tenths before Box releases the illegal hold and screams out at the crowd, spitting blood all over in the process.

Ace: Man, I really want to like this guy, but jeez...

Blackfront: And somewhere between the headbutt and being bitten by that rabid monster, Mr. Fantastic is

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bleeding from the nose something serious!

Ace: More like gushing.

Blackfront: And what's he doing now?

Box takes off for the opposite ropes, hits them hard and rebounds with the force of a freight train. He slams into Mr. Fantastic with a basement dropkick that sends the former UTA Champion flying out of the ring and into the guardrail at ringside.

Mr. Fantastic's painful cry is almost drowned out by Bronson Box's maniacal laughter.

Ace: Yep. Definately liking this guy.

Blackfront: You would. Nevermind he's obviously a cackling psychopath.

Ace: Hey man, those are the best kind!

Box follows Fantastic out to the floor and immediately starts putting the boots to the downed former Champion. After several stomps Box literally steps on his head as he preens for the ringside fans, twisting his mustache into perfection before giving that famous Strongman pose. Blackfront: This is really getting out of hand.

After more jawing with the crowd the Scottish Strongman grabs Fantastic by the head and begins to lift him up, Fantastic fires in a couple of weak body blows and Box looks like they almost tickle him as he rakes Fantastic's eyes to keep control for himself.

The referee, tired of begging Box to bring it back into the ring, starts his count. 1...

2...

Bronson pulls Mr. Fantastic up and quickly drives him spine-first into the frame of the ring. Again the agony is evident on Fantastic's face and again Box laughs like a lunatic.

3...

4...

The referee continues to count along with demanding that Box bring the action back inside the ring. Instead he grabs Fantastic by the arm and whips him hard across the floor where he smashes into the ring steps and goes flying awkwardly over them and onto the floor.

5...

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6...

Ace: If he brings him over here, I'm outtie-5000.

Again Box pulls his victim up by the head, this time sending him face-first into the ringpost and further busting him open.

7...

8...

The Bombastic One then whips Fantastic back-first into the ringside guardrails before twisting his mustache again.

9...

And with literally no time left to stall Box rolls back into the ring under the bottom rope for just long enough to stop the count. Before the referee can even breathe a sigh of relief Box is back on the floor mashing right hands into the face of the former UTA Champion.

Blackfront: Come on! Have some basic human decency!

Ace: You've never seen this guy's work, have you?

Blackfront: Well, no.

Ace: You can give up waiting for him to do anything with a shred of decency.

Box continues mashing Mr. Fantastic's potato as if it's the only possible strategy he could employ. Frustrated, the referee slides out of the ring and tries to intervene, grabbing Box by the arm and pulling him back from Mr. Fantastic.

Ace: That's a mistake, I'm calling it now.

Blackfront: This Bronson Box is going to have to learn how we do things in the UTA, and this is certainly not it!

Ace: Yeah, good luck with that.

Box turns on the referee, shakes his arm loose and backs the much smaller man up with ease. He's so mad his bald head turns purple and his mustache bristles. One look into Box's history will tell you that this is the worst possible situation for the referee to have gotten himself into.

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Blackfront: If he touches that referee-

Ace: He ain't gonna get the chance!

The crowd erupts as Mr. Fantastic, having finally gotten his first wind, spins Box around and begins unloading with left jabs. After several Boxer's legs begin to go wobbly and Fantastic winds up and connects with a huge right haymaker!

The referee, having gotten put some distance between himself and Box the moment Bronson's attention was off of him, resumes his counting,

1...

2...

Fantastic collects Box and bounces his head off of the ring apron.

Blackfront: Here comes Mr. Fantastic showing some grit!

Ace: I honestly didn't think he had it in him. 3...

With a shove Fantastic gets Box back under the bottom rope and he quickly slides in after him. He makes a quick lateral press and the referee snaps into position.

One! Tw-

Before he can slap the mat a second time Box fires an arm up, easily breaking the pinfall.

Blackfront: Not enough for that just yet!

Ace: That, or maybe too little too late already?

Fantastic is on his man like a rabid dog, not allowing him a chance to shake the cobwebs loose as he pulls him up and hits a gutbuster, followed smoothly into a reverse neckbreaker.

Blackfront: Here comes Mr. Fantastic with a head of steam!

Ace: Looks like he might be getting a little too big for his britches if you ask me!

Fantastic raises an arm to the crowd and roars with the adrenaline. He pulls Box up again sets him up for his version of the Heart Punch. He takes an extra split-second to advertise the moves before punching Box square in the chest with everything he's got.

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Blackfront: L.A. GUN! L.A. GUN!

Box crumples to the mat and Fantastic covers him again, this time hooking both legs and pulling back deeply for leverage.

One! Two!!!

Box pops his body out of Fantastic's clutches once more, breaking the count. Fantastic slams the mat in frustration and throws up three fingers at the referee as if to say that he was counting too slow. The ref defiantly jabs two fingers into Fantastic's face and instructs him to get back to work.

Ace: This Box is showing that he most definitely doesn't like to be on his back, and it's going to take a lot more than wha Mr. Fantastic is throwing at him to keep him down for three seconds! Blackfront: He's got gumption, I'll give him that much.

Mr. Fantastic sucks in a few deep breaths as he toe-kicks Box in the ribs.

Ace: And now he's playing with the Original Defiant. I'm gonna go out on a limb here and call this

"bad strategy" by Mr. Fantastic.

Blackfront: He's signaling for it now! Mr. Fantastic is gonna give Box a taste of the Omegablaster!

He pulls Box into a front facelock and lifts, instead of taking him all the way over he drops him gut-first on the top-rope for the slingshot.

Ace: I can't watch.

Blackfront: NO! BOX WIGGLES HIS WAY OUT THE BACK DOOR!

He managed to land awkwardly though, sending himself stumbling backward and through the ropes behind him.

Ace: What in the-

Rather than falling through the ropes to the floor, The Scottish Superman catches himself and rebounds out and back into the ring just in time to obliterate the confused Mr. Fantastic.

Blackfront: PENDULUM LARIAT! IT'S OVER

Box lands with an arm over Mr. Fantastic's prone body. One!

Two! THR-

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Blackfront: NO! HE GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Box shakes himself back to reality and pounds the mat several times, not in frustration but in excitement! He pulls Fantastic to his feet and applies an Abominable Claw in the center of the ring.

Ace: GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND!

Blackfront: And Mr. Fantastic was already bleeding, with Box digging into his face like that the blood is just squirting at this point.

Bronson forces his man down to the ground and he redoubles his effort, squeezing goo out of Mr. Fantastic's head. He cackles like a maniac as he begins hammering down fists with his left hand. The blood flows and this goes on just long enough for the referee to quickly make his decision and call for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Following that he dives onto Box to stop him from inflicting any further punishment onto the downed and bleeding former UTA Champion. Box pushes the referee off of himself and pulls himself up to his feet and throws both arms into the air as The Man in Black begins crooning his theme.

Franklin: Your winner, heading into the second round of the Ring King tournament,
BRNSOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!!!

The boos come alive.

Ace: I have no words. Mr. Fantastic is a bleeding mess inside the ring.

Blackfront: And Box is covered in Fantastic's blood, laughing like a madman, and somehow eyeballing the entire UTA Universe all at once.

Ace: I can tell you this much. If Bronson Box is ready to go to war in the UTA, somebody is going to die.

Blackfront: Lord, I hope not!

The BETTER Villain

The crowd is still buzzing, a team of medics have already helped the damaged Mr. Fantastic from

the ring. The referee's job done vacates the ringside area. The only soul left standing in or around the ring of any significance is the Wargod. He beckons to one of the insignificant left at ringside for a microphone. Sweat pouring off his bald head and down his mustachioed face he leans on the top rope, looking out over the UTA faithful with a satisfied smile.

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Boxer: I might be a villain but I'm not a bloody liar. I'm a man of my word. When I said over and over I was going to carve Charles over there to proverbial pieces. I wasn't being cute or blowin' smoke. Seein' as I followed up on every claim I made leading up to this point all the lemmings in the back and all of you mindless people sitting out here each week can consider every vile vicious word that comes spraying out of my mouth like bloody snakes venom as certifiable gospel.

He stands up straight and takes a couple steps back towards center ring.

Boxer: I'll be watching tonight's main event so close, lads. Two wonderful options...

The look behind Bronson's eyes spells out hatred in every language on earth. He rubs the side of his head.

Boxer: Tyrone Walker. I'll be rooting for you tonight. The idea of building my legend here in UTA with a win over your worthless carcass the same way I did with your tag team partner Mr. Greer years ago would just feel so... appropriate.

It looks as though Bronson is about to end his diatribe but stops short.

Boxer: I seem to recall an interaction on Twitter earlier in the week with Mr. Sektor. He seems rather eager to meet me... "To beat a villain, you have to be a BETTER villain." That's one of the cute little quotes on your bio, isn't it lad? Mr. Sektor, tell your friends. Hell, tell Ty tonight when the two of you lock up... you're lookin', right here in living color, at the BETTER villian.

He drops the microphone with a thud, dropping to the mat and vacating the ring.

Blackfront: That's confidence right there, partner.

Ace: You watched that match, right? He's made a believer out of me, man...

Brought to You By

You Look Nervous

Cameras soon fade in on the backstage area. The fans boo almost instantaneously at the sight of who appears LIVE on the screen, inside the arena and at home. Marshall Owens stands between former UTA Legacy Champion Claude Baptiste Ranier and the current UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca.

CBR and LFB are both dressed in fine designer suits, dressed more for a day at the office. It's a rare night off for Dynasty but, like always, the group makes its presence known. The group seems a little light this evening. Sean Jackson is absent and so is Perfection.

Cameras zoom out to reveal Jamie Sawyers close to CBR, keeping his distance from La Flama Blanca as long as he can. Jamie Sawyers still seems weary about being around The Luchador. It is obvious that

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Sawyers is uncomfortable. The past he has with the current UTA World Champion

has not been forgotten by either man.

Sawyers: Jamie Sawyers here with you LIVE. I am standing here with CBR and... the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca. The members of Dynasty are joined by their attorney Marshall Owens. Gent-

Marshall Owens cuts Sawyers off before he can go any further. He takes a step forward and keeps his right hand on the shoulder of CBR.

Owens: Jamie, do me...hell, this arena a favor...just shut up and do your best microphone stand impression before... the UTA World Champion kicks you in the mouth... again.

Sawyers looks at LFB as he stares back at him, nodding his head. Jamie Sawyers holds the microphone close to Owens. Marshall actions with his left hand as he talks.

Owens: Now for those of you who just tuned in to the UTA for the first time... this picture doesn't seem strange to you. Just two men who are going to tell you how it is. But for those die hards who know the ins and outs, they will notice... there are a few missing soldiers.

CBR looks down to the ground and puts his hands on his hips. La Flama Blanca adjusts the UTA World Championship title on his arms while he looks at Owens.

Owens: Yes, Perfection is missing...out of action for an unknown period of time, courtesy of Chris Hopper. How ironic...the man who couldn't get a damn thing accomplished here in the UTA suddenly defeats two of Dynasty's stars, leaving one injured.

Marshall sneers.

Owens: King of the Fluke!

Jamie begins to lift the microphone to his lips but is stopped when LFB begins pointing at his foot. Sawyers quickly returns the mic near Marshall.

Owens: And you don't think that justifies war, Ungratefals?! That watching some loser like Chris Hopper get lucky two shows in a row doesn't mean complete annihilation of the underlings?!

Both LFB and CBR huff, shaking their heads.

Owens: Oh it does...not just against Chris Hopper but all of the UTA- every one of those pathetic wrestlers you adore! One by one, they will suffer for making Perfection suffer..they will suffer for you, Ungratefals, rooting and pushing Chris Hopper to injure the reigning Ring King of UTA!

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Marshall grabs Jamie's hand pulling the microphone even closer.

Owens: Perfection, a man who's led this company and has helped Dynasty reach the level we stand now! A man who has done more in the UTA than anyone outside of this group can even dream of! Oh, he will be back...he will return!

Marshall begins pointing at the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca letting go of Jamie.

Owens: But, onto current events. Like always...Dynasty controls THE belt! Marshall looks over at LFB who nods, acknowledging the fact.

Owens: Two of the hardest, strongest, and most talented wrestlers in this company fought to draw blood first. They did something none of you would dream of doing; fighting their best friend and doing what Dynasty does best...putting on a damn fine wrestling match!

Marshall looks around.

Owens: One half of that match, Sean Jackson, is also missing but have no fear. Don't worry your pretty little heads... Sean Jackson WILL be here tonight. He has been recovering from wrestling one of the finest athletes this stable has produced, La Flama Blanca!

Dynasty's chief counsel leans into the microphone and points right at the camera.

Owens: How dare any of you worms doubt the talent OUR World Champion holds...that Dynasty holds?! There're more championship belts had by members both past, present, and currently injured on this team than the entire UTA combined and you doubt US?!

Marshall adjusts his suit, regaining himself.

Owens: Well, you shouldn't...and with that, Ungratefult...without any further ado...the man who will crush Chris Hopper once again. The man who will continue to make an impact in the Ring King Tournament... none other than CBR.

Claude steps forward slowly, taking a moment to regard Jamie Sawyers. The Canadian Star puts his hand around the shoulder of Sawyers, increasing the tension as his left hand adjusts the shirt collar of the UTA interviewer, leaning to the mic.

CBR: You know, Marshall is right. Every belt, bar the junior entry level strap currently held by a woman, has been in Dynasty's possession more than once. The stable has three UTA World

Champions, a staging ground of the elite.

He tightens his hand around the back of Sawyer's neck, who tries to slip away but Claude holds him in

position.

CBR: No one, past, now or future, can come close to the achievements and impact we have had on this business. And that includes you, Hopper.

The wry smile widens on Ranier's face as his left hand tightens on the collar of Jamie Sawyers, effectively almost choking the man as he looks at the camera.

CBR: Loss after loss, you almost made it so many times. Whine-Gate handed you opportunity after opportunity and you dropped the ball. These last few weeks, whilst unbelievable, don't change a thing. You're a choke artist Chris, a one of a kind failure trying desperately to cling onto the coat tails of those who are better than you. Put a lion in a cage with a deer one hundred times and sure, one time it might get a lucky hit, but the other ninety nine? Its dinner.

Ranier grins as he lifts Sawyer's hand further to his lips.

CBR: Wingate and the other execs around here may still think you've got something, anything, but you're fooling no one else Chris. They may leave me out of the match to gain my belt back, put me in the ring with you a hundred times...they can do whatever they want to stack the deck against Dynasty...in fact they NEED to. Anything else is just...unfair. Whatever the case Chris, you and me have some unfinished business next week and for what you did to Perfection...

Claude reaches into his jacket pocket, pulling out a steel pipe, lifting it into them light and pressing the cold metal against Sawyer's cheek, who closes his eyes and arches his head away. Ranier lets go of the back of the interviewer's head and ruffles his hair.

The UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca steps in front of the microphone held by Jamie Sawyers. The crowd inside the Gateway Arena boo loud enough for everyone backstage to hear it. LFB gives Sawyers a look that sends chills up Jamie's spine.

La Flama Blanca: Something... wrong, Jamie? You look nervous.

The Luchador slaps Sawyers on the back of his left shoulder nudging Jamie off to the side a bit. LFB: Don't be... These are exciting times here in the UTA. I seem to always find myself saying that. Ring King... is in full swing. Everyone gunning for the title I have right here in my hands.

Everyone trying to make the claim that...

He stops for a second and looks up towards the ceiling, knowing how comical it is.

LFB: They are the best. That they... deserve to be on top of the mountain. It's a shame that someone will fight so hard just to come up short. I'm not losing this belt any time soon. In my opinion this is just a competition to see who loses to me at the Pay Per View.

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Blanca keeps the subject on the upcoming Pay Per View. Sawyers shuffles his feet a little and keeps his eyes on the man behind the microphone.

LFB: Speaking of the Ring King PPV... the Ace In The Hole match.

Blanca laughs out loud. He brings the UTA World Title to his shoulder and then continues to speak.

LFB: The winner gets a World Title match contract that they can cash in during any UTA event... I like that Jamie. I do. Let someone try to do a sneak attack and cash in when I'm at my worst.

NEWS FLASH: even at my WORST I'm still better than you at your BEST. Just remember that. Blanca puts his left arm out as he tilts his head.

LFB: Now onto next week when I have to put my UTA World Championship on the line against Lew Smith. No... that is not a joke. Lew Smith has somehow gotten himself a title shot. All I know is... Lew has his date with destiny.

La Flama Blanca takes the title off his shoulder and holds it in his right hand. He crouches a little and looks right into the camera, taking a few steps forward. Sawyers keeps the microphone close to The Champion.

LFB: Lew Smith... you want to make a name for yourself? Then you beat The Headliner. You beat The Luchador. You beat La Flama Blanca and boy... you'll be famous. But this isn't a fairy tale, it's real life. This is the biggest match of his career... and we will see if he has the huevos to go toe to toe with greatness.

Blanca looks at his title, leaving the UTA Universe with these final words.

LFB: Let's just see... if he can beat The Champ.

Owens comes back in as Sawyers brings the microphone to his direction.

Owens: Victory belongs... to DYNASTY!

The Dynasty members begin to walk off screen believing that statement as fact. CBR bumps his shoulder into Sawyers sending him forward slightly. The Canadian Star turns around and laughs at Sawyers who stares out as the camera comes close to him.

Good Luck Friend

In the back, Amy Harrison is seen getting ready for her match against ABH as we see feet come up to her. Amy stops what she's doing and leans up with the person looking at her. Amy leans up as she looks at the person.

Harrison: Coming in here to give me your good wishes?

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The person in question that's there with her is none other than Marie Van Claudio.

Van Claudio: Are you ready for your match against ABH? Marie folds her arms as she looks at Amy.

Harrison: I'm more than ready. I know a thing or two about how to make a man tick, and I also know how to make a real good first impression, and I'm going to show both of those tonight at his expense.

Marie gulps for a second.

Van Claudio: Well, considering that you could do it. I would feel kind of jealous. Amy looks at her and raises her hand.

Van Claudio: But honestly, I think a Harrison would make her family proud.

Harrison: And let's face it, I'm the only Harrison around that can actually do something good around a place like this. My brother couldn't really cut it, my sister wish she could cut it, but I can, and I'm going to prove it against ABH.

Marie bites her tongue, but looks at her friend

Van Claudio: I hope that does happen. You deserve it, but don't fall in the trap I did when I first came here.

Amy looks at her with a "what the heck look?"

Harrison: What trap?

Marie puts her finger on her lip before patting Amy on the back.

Van Claudio: Let's just say this, I was rude to a lot of people and was being bossy to get my way. Let's just put it that way.

Marie looks at her.

Van Claudio: Anyways, good luck for your Ring King Match, I really hope you get far unlike me. Marie pats her on the back as Amy looks at her as she walks out to her match against ABH.

Trouble by Imagine Dragons starts up over the PA system as the crowd begins to boo a bit. Out of the back steps the newest UTA Femme Fatale, Amy Harrison, a wrestling legacy. Harrison hits the top of the ramp and extends her crowd, throwing her head back taking in the boos. She smirks and starts yelling back to some of the fans.

Blackfront: And here she is folks, one of the newest signings to the UTA - Amy Harrison, somewhat of a wrestling legacy.

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Ace: I'll tell you what, no one is gonna care about her family here in the UTA. They're gonna care about what she can do in the ring.

Blackfront: Hopefully we'll see some of that talent here tonight, partner. She's got a tall task in front of her, facing the former World Champ Abdul Bin Hussain.

Amy begins to strut down the ramp determined. She stops to jaw with a few fans in the crowd showing off her aggression.

Announcer: Making her way to the ring, hailing from Belfast, Northern Ireland...

Amy jumps onto the ring apron. "I'm the best!" She yells as she throws an arm into the air, drawing continual boos from the fans.

Announcer: ...standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 114 pounds... Amy looks right into the crowd, telling the fans to shut their mouths. Announcer: ...Amy Harrrrrrison

Amy is in the ring and shaking her head side to side awaiting Abdul.

Blackfront: UTA Intergender action tonight folks. Can Amy Harrison beat Abdul Bin Hussein and advance in the Ring King tournament?

Ace: I highly doubt it. Abdul is a dominant specimen in that ring. I think he'll put a beat down on her she soon won't forget.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As Call to Pray by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is

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deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Blackfront: Haven't we gotten a little tired of this? I mean I get that Abdul is a former World Champion but his crusade against this great country is starting to really turn my stomach.

Ace: What's wrong? Abdul hurting your civic pride? He can do whatever he wants. Who's gonna stop him? You?

Blackfront: Maybe John Sektor!

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

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face.

He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 pounds.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring.

Blackfront: And another Ring King tournament match about to get underway folks.

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Ace: Harrison is undersized. This should be child's play for someone like Abdul.

The bell rings and the match is underway. Harrison and Abdul circle. They meet center of the ring and Abdul is easily able to power Harrison into a side headlock and toss her across the ring. She rebounds quickly ducking a clothesline from the former champion and coming off the opposite side. Upon her arrival in the center of the ring Abdul runs his knee high and catches her in the mid section. Harrison bends over and

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Abdul leaps in the air bringing one of his massive thighs down hard on her neck, sending Amy to the canvas.

Ace: Like I said, this should be child's play for Abdul.

Abdul pops to his feet and lets out a massive battle cry which is met with boos from the crowd. He pulls Harrison up to her feet and pulls her in close by her arm, sending her across the ring again. This time he levels her with a textbook clothesline, but to her credit Harrison is quick to her feet.

She charges Abdul throws another clothesline, Harrison ducks. Harrison counters with a forearm shot that catches Abdul in the chin staggering him back, surprised. He checks his face for blood, and stares a hole through Harrison.

Blackfront: Gotta admire Harrison standing up to Abdul here. Most women her size probably would cower in fear.

Ace: You know he wants to kill her. There's no doubt in my mind.

Rafiq barks at the referee from the outside. Harrison looks over at him telling him to shut his mouth. As she turns back she's met with a palm strike to her nose from Abdul. Abdul is on top of her and hits her with another palm strike bringing her hands up to her face. Abdul steps close to her and grips her around the waist bringing her into the air and crashing back down to the mat with a vicious looking Belly to Belly Suplex. Again he pops to his feet and lets out a roar.

Ace: You don't wanna get this guy pissed off and right now, Harrison has him furious. Can you imagine a woman raising her hands to this guy? He'd probably chop them off back home.

Abdul stalks Harrison from the corner, bending down to one knee. He's waiting for a perfect opportunity. Harrison is dazed but on her feet, she turns to find a charging Hussian but she is able to duck while grabbing his wrist and using his own momentum to toss him to the mat. She shakes her head trying to clear the cobwebs as she brings a boot down into the shoulder area of Hussian.

Blackfront: Gotta give it up for Amy here, taking the fight to Hussian. Most women would back off entirely from this guy and here she is putting in the work.

Ace: It's a fool's errand though. All she's doing is making Hussian even more angry.

Rafiq barks at Harrison from the outside but Harrison remains unfazed. Harrison pulls Hussian to his feet. Hussian pushes Amy away and into the ropes to clear some space. Amy grabs the ropes to halt her progress as Hussian charges. Amy steps away from the rings ducks a lazy clothesline from Abdul and catches him with a very sound Swinging Neckbreaker.

Blackfront: There she is again, showing some of that family knowledge of the wrestling business. This girl could be a great addition to the UTA roster, lemme tell ya.

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She pushes into a lateral press for a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

The ref stops counting as Rafiq has jumped to the apron. He tells him to get down. Amy rolls off of Abdul and starts barking at Rafiq now. As she does Abdul gets to his feet and gets in position. Amy turns and Abdul is quick with a school bag. He even grabs a fistful of tights.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Amy kicks out! I thought that was it.

Sure enough Amy has kicked out and she rolls quickly to her feet. Fire in her eyes. She's had enough of Abdul and his games. She charges, so does Abdul. Harrison ducks a clothesline, and catches Abdul with mule kick that sends him staggering into the corner. Amy presses in and picks Abdul up and drops him right on her knee with an Inverted Atomic Drop. Abdul grabs his groin in obvious pain.

Ace: RING THE BELL REF!

Blackfront: I think a lot of the fans enjoyed seeing that.

Rafiq is going crazy outside the ring calling for Harrison's disqualification, but the match presses on. Amy sneaks behind Abdul and smiles pulling him into a School Boy like he did to her just mere minutes before. The ref slides into position.

ONE...

TWO...

Abdul is able to power up and quickly rolls to his feet. He's furious, smoke is coming from his ears and his face is beat red. He circles with Amy, circles some more. They finally tie up. Abdul is quick with a sidehead lock and casts Amy into the ropes. Amy bounces off with some quickness and slides under Abdul's legs. She pops up on the other side bounces off the ropes and launches herself into the area looking for a splash. Abdul catches her smiles and lifts her onto his neck and shoulders.

Ace: Look at the strength from the Butcher of Basara!

Abdul brings her down to the canvas hard with a Death Valley Driver. He presses into a pin. ONE...

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TWO...

THR....

Amy gets her shoulder up and this one continues on.

Blackfront: How in the world did Amy manage to get out of that one?

Ace: I don't know. I don't know.

Harrison is clearly feeling the effects of the Death Valley Driver, she gingerly holds the back of her neck and is slow to get to her feet. Abdul wills her to get up, wills her. Motioning for her to stand on her feet. She does and he launches himself off of the ropes and nearly takes her head off with a HUGE clothesline.

Ace: BEHEADING!

Blackfront: Jesus, we should have a little sympathy in regards to stuff like that and ISIS.

Ace: Who cares! This is wrestling not CNN!

Harrison is out but Abdul isn't finished yet. Rafiq barks for him to pull her over to the turnbuckle and take flight.

Blackfront: Is this necessary? This poor girl came out here tonight and showed a ton of fight and this is the way Abdul is going to treat her. This is disgusting.

Ace: All is fair in that ring, Blackfront.

Abdul pulls her over towards the turnbuckle and climbs, drawing boos from the crowd. He reaches the top turnbuckle and points to the sky. The fans boo again. Abdul leaps off twisting and turning himself every which way before landing on Amy with a Twisting Shooting Star Press.

Ace: Arabian Knight. This is over. Abdul hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winner and advancing to the next round of the Ring King tournament...

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ABDUL... BIN... HUSSSAAIIINNN!!!!

Blackfront: The former champion one step closer to regaining gold here in the UTA.

Ace: Amy Harrison never stood a chance.

Abdul bin Hussain raises one arm up as he stares blankly to the booing fans.

Brought to You By

Why Bobby, Why?

The opening beats of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys echoes over the PA as the fans rise to their feet. After the song's intro, right as the boys from Brooklyn kick into the first verse of the song, Will Haynes steps out of the back. He keeps his head down as he heads straight away to the ramp. He takes off down the ramp at a slight jog, halfway down he throws a fist into the air drawing a pop from the fans. Seems like the THRILL is all about business tonight.

Blackfront: WTFC's own, Will Haynes, everyone. Who later on this evening will face Zhalia Fears in a Ring King tournament matchup that will determine who faces former World Champion, Sean Jackson, in the second round.

Ace: WTFC is dead and gone. One of the greatest things to come out of Black Horizon.

Blackfront: I don't know about that.

Haynes motions for someone to bring him a microphone. The Time Keeper hands him the microphone that the Ring Announcer uses. Haynes thanks him as the crowd hushes, anxious for what Haynes has to say. He brings the microphone to his lips and begins to speak.

Will Haynes: Now I know y'all saw what happened at Black Horizon. I know y'all saw Mikey Unlikely's neck get folded up like a damn accordion. N' I know, that like yours truly, y'all want answers.

The crowd murmurs a bit.

Blackfront: I want answers. Why did Bobby Dean turn on WTFC?

Ace: That's the best thing that fatty has done since coming to the UTA, at least as far as I'm concerned.

Will Haynes: Y'all wanna know why Bobby Dean did it. Y'all wanna know why he turned his back on the best thing he had goin' since he came t' the UTA. N' me, well I'm no different. I wanna know, Bobby. I wanna know why you did what you did. So why don't ya put down that fifth éclair backstage at the caterin' table n' why don't you come on down here n' explain it to us.

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The crowd pops at the thought of a Dean vs. Haynes stare down. Will Haynes: Why don't ya explain it t' me! Bobby Dean, come on down. Haynes leans against the far side ropes waiting.

Waiting. Waiting.

Waiting.

A minute passes with nothing but silence, the fans murmuring about how disappointed they are that Bobby hasn't shown up to answer the THRILL.

Will Haynes: Well I'll be. Guess the cat got your tongue, Bobby. Guess you can't stand t' look me in the eye like a man. Or maybe ya don't wanna face these fans out here in Sioux City, sittin' ten thousand strong!

They pop. It's cheap but it's a pop none the less.

Will Haynes: Ya see Bobby, a man don't run from his problems, nope - not at all. A man confronts them head on.

The THRILL is interrupted by the bluesy bass-riff that heralds the beginning of Zac Brown and Chris Cornell's collaboration Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown. This turns the hot crowd sour, as they know that Bobby Dean won't be on his way out to explain himself, but rather "The Only Star" Eric Dane makes his way out onto the stage.

POP *POP* POOOOOW*

Magnesium explodes into silver and red pyrotechnic glory and the former six time World Champion raises his arms and spins a backward circle on the stage, soaking in every bit of the vitriol of 10,000 strong in Sioux City.

? Heavy is the head that wears the crown ?

? Heavy is the head that wears the crown ?

The Only Star isn't dressed to wrestle, rather he sports a vintage "Beautiful" Bobby Dean t-shirt and black Dickies with a leather jacket covering his back and a pair of Ray-Bans covering his eyes.

? Crying out ?

? Go and wake the king ?

? Call to arms ?

? For those who kiss the ring ?

? Stand your ground ?

? The walls are coming down ?

? It's do or die ?

? Do or die ?

As the music fades Dane produces a microphone with the Team Danger logo replacing the usual UTA branding. He brings the microphone to his lips but the boos of the crowd keep him subdued momentarily. Inside the ring Will Haynes peels his shirt off and demands that if Dane has something to say he can come to the ring and say it to his face.

The Only Star clears his throat.

Eric Dane: *ahem*

Haynes is almost begging him to come down to the ring now.

Eric Dane: Now, while I could come on down there and beat you to within an inch of your life, I get the strong impression that you're too thick-headed to get the point.

Dane smiles easily, infuriating the crowd and the man standing inside the ring.

Eric Dane: I heard you out here fumbling over yourself trying to turn this whole situation into something that it isn't. You wanna know why Bobby didn't come out here, Bill? It's because I told him not to. You want to know why he fed poor li'l Mikey into Simon Says Die?

He pauses.

Eric Dane: Because I told him to.

The smirk widens into a shit-eating grin.

Eric Dane: And if I told him to waddle down there to that ring right now and sit on your head until you suffocated he would, because I told him to!

Inside the ring Haynes is in a tizzy. The crowd, sensing the heat, are as rowdy as they can be without getting all the way out of hand. For his part Eric is oblivious to it all.

Eric Dane: However, I'mma do you a favor tonight, Billy. I'm gonna keep Bobby in the back, training for his match with Two-See, and I'm even gonna spare you the most high profile beating of your career by not coming down there and caving the side of your head in myself.

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He doffs the Ray-Bans.

Eric Dane: Why? It's simple, really. You see Bobby thinks a great deal of you, William. He won't stop blathering on about how you were his BFF and all of that high school girl nonsense. He

begged me not to come out here and crack your teeth for you, so for Bobby's sake I'm gonna give you a piece of advice instead.

Will Haynes: You ain't got NOTHIN' ta say dat I wanna- Dane interrupts him.

Eric Dane: Shutup, William. It's for your own good. The boos are near deafening at this point.

Eric Dane: Now Will, I want you to take a long hard look at your recent fortunes and your current situation. First you and Mikey got beat up. Then you and Mikey got plain beaten when Bobby did what was best for the betterment of his career. Mikey got sent off to Hollywood with about three sideways vertebrae and Coleslaw Jenkins is in traction somewhere.

The Ray-Bans find themselves slid easily back into place and his sneer is gone, replaced by a mock friendly smile.

Eric Dane: You have no friends. You have no allies. Even you can't be stupid enough to keep nosing around Team Danger by yourself. So for your sake, hell for Bobby's sake, walk away... He holds back a chuckle.

Eric Dane: Concentrate on the tournament, go chase a title, hell go find some new friends if you're one of those lonely types. I hear Dynasty's on the market for a gopher. Just stay out of my business, and until further notice Bobby Dean is out of my business. Capiche?

Eric begins to back away, back to where he came from.

Eric Dane: The alternative... well... ask your pal Coleslaw.

Heavy is the Head plays again and The Only Star disappears back into the maw of the UTA entrance stage. Will Haynes is livid in the ring.

Blackfront: I'll tell you what, if I know Will Haynes and I think I do, I can tell you that this isn't going to be his last run-in with Eric Dane.

Ace: So, he's stupid is what you're saying?

Blackfront: I said no such thing!

Ace: It's on tape now, no takesy-backsies! Cut elsewhere.

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Burn the Town to the Ground

The tron lights up and the fans see a red carpet leading to the background. The carpet leads up a few flights of stairs. Leading up to a platform where a throne sits, and Crimson Lord on the throne, with only strands of light illuminating his face.

Lord: Tonight, I step into the squared circle against Rhys Townsend. The one man everyone up in Chicago raves so much about.

He gives off a scoffing sound.

Lord: I have yet to be impressed. Tonight Rhys you step in that ring with The Plague of Darkness. The one true legend in the UTA! You have the distinct opportunity to take a huge step up the ladder to the championship.

Crimson raises a index finger up and swings it back and forth for a moment.

Lord: Unfortunately for you the one man that stands in your way to facing Scott Stevens....is ME! Crimson flips his hair behind his head staring coldly out into the fans.

Lord: Tonight one of us is going to be advancing to the second round...That one is ME! Because boy you are going to have to kill me to get past me. Frankly I don't think you have the killer instinct to do that.

Crimson continues to stare coldly out in the arena while speaking.

Lord: I let an opportunity slip by me at All or Nothing, and I will be damned if I let that happen again! Tonight boy I am going to smear you all over that ring, and when I have had my fill I am going to drop you on the back of your head with the Blood Lust!

Crimson moves his hands in front of him touching his fingertips together. He leans forward and

looks above the tips of his fingers.

Lord: I will once again be on top of the mountain. Townsend I am going to make a example out of you! As for that other bottom feeder begging to be let into this company and you know who you are boy, after Rhys I feast on you!

The tron fades to black with the evil laugh of Crimson being the last thing you hear.

Come heavy, or don't come at all...

The opening line of the Glorious Son's Heavy starts through the PA system, as the curtains part. Stepping onto the stage is a man with a white mask covering the top half of his face entirely. Onto his right knee, he

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genuflects before the UTA faithful.

Blackfront: Tonight UTA newcomer Sanctus takes on Machine member Cecilworth Farthington. With Farthington coming off a hard loss to Wildfire Champion Pin Smith, and Sanctus looking to debut in a strong fashion tonight, both of these men have a lot to prove to the UTA.

Ace: What's a Sanctus?

The would-be White Knight makes his way to the ring with a slow, deliberate walk. A small portion of the crowd, mostly made up of children just happy to see anyone not apart of the Machine or Dynasty, are cheering. The sullen march halts just before he reaches ringside, seemingly to check to his taped fists. Extending his left arm, he is met by the a four year old held up by her father along the railing, in a fist bump. A sheepish grin creeps across the grizzled, exposed mouth.

Announcer: Hailing from Bell City, Ontario!

With a roar, his serious manner dissolves. Now at a bounding pace, he rushes up the stairs, smacking each one as he goes. He begins over the ropes, one foot on the second, the other resting on the top. From this perch, he again observes the packed Gateway Arena.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, two and one half inches; and weighing in at two hundred and forty one pounds...

One more step and he lands in the ring with a gentle thud. The man stalks from side to side.

Announcer: Sanctus!

Rushing up the corner to the second rope, Sanctus hoists his left arm up, and taps at his heart with the right.

Blackfront: Well, the White Knight certainly looks ready to go tonight, Tommy!

As his music fades out of the PA system, he turns to take a seat on the top rope. Sanctus turns his attention to the entrance, awaiting his opponent and member of the Machine.

Ace: Ready to go where? Mexico? WE HAVE ENOUGH MASKS, DUDE. You think he's ugly under there? I bet he's really ugly.

Blackfront: It's a traditional... ugh... nevermind.

When The Going Gets Tough by Billy Ocean BOOMS over the speaker system as out from the back, with a ten mile grin, bounds Cecilworth Farthington. Not long behind Farthington is the manager of the aristocratic, Mike Best. As Farthington stands atop the entranceway, Mike Best presents his client to a crowd not exactly pleased to see either man.

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Ace: See now THIS is what I've been waiting for. The one hundred thousand dollar man himself!

Blackfront: Briefcases full of money are great, Tommy, but they don't win wrestling matches. Farthington has a tough matchup ahead of him and I hope he's taking it seriously.

Cecilworth gives a regal wave to an unhappy audience, continuing to smile all the way down the ramp, oblivious to the negative reaction and the concept of human emotion.

Announcer: Hailing from Buckinghamshire, England

Mike Best hops on the apron and opens the ropes for Cecilworth. Cecilworth walks up the steps, dabbing his sweet cherub cheeks with his Farthington Family towel as he pivots into the action zone.

Announcer: Standing at SIX FOOT THREE INCHES and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Cecilworth climbs atop the middle rope, smiling and giving another regal wave towards the fans.

Announcer: Representing The Machine... CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON!

Cecilworth jumps off the ropes and turns his attention back towards Mike Best. Mike and Cecilworth have a small conference in their corner, violently gesturing in a variety of directions. Ace: This is going to be a walk in the park, Jason. James Wingate practically booked this thing just so that Farthington could get back on track!

Mike Best steps out of the ring as Cecilworth leans up against the turnbuckle, giving the crowd a big ole V for Victory, which is very Churchillian.

Blackfront: That very well may be, Tommy, but one thing's for sure in the UTA-- you can never underestimate your opponent. Especially someone who you haven't seen inside the ring yet!

Ace: Bah. TEAR HIS MASK OFF AND MAKE HIM CRY!

The bell rings, with the referee satisfied that both men are ready to go. Right out of the gate, Cecilworth Farthington wastes no time and sprints at his opponent off the second bell, barraging him with illegal closed fists in the corner!

Blackfront: Oh come on! Are you kidding me? Is this what a briefcase full of cash buys you in the UTA?

Ace: Let me ask you something, Jason... why do you hate freedom? Why do you hate America? CAPITALISM IS KING, BABY!

Sanctus covers up in the corner, taken aback by the surprise attack, but he quickly ducks under a clothesline

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attempt and swings around behind his opponent. Now it's Farthington who is cornered, quite literally, but it doesn't last for long. He grabs hold of Sanctus by the front of the throat, dropping to the mat and savagely pulling Sanctus' face directly into the turnbuckle pad!

Farthington puts his hair back into place as Sanctus' face smashes off the turnbuckle, and quickly Cecilworth climbs back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Sanctus now looks to be in a bad way, even early in this match.

Ace: Cecilworth Farthington is an honorary second round member of the Ring King tournament. Sanctus, on the other hand, is-- uh-- okay seriously, what's a Sanctus?

Cecilworth Farthington snarls, grabbing Sanctus up off the mat and looking to continue his offense. Sanctus throws a desperation elbow, but doesn't connect, and now Farthington is free to plant his feet, wrenching the neck of his opponent and taking off into the air with a stunning swinging neckbreaker! Sanctus lands awkwardly on his head and Cecilworth immediately covers. Blackfront: Kick out at two! I legitimately thought we may have had a flash victory there.

Cecilworth just barely snags himself a two count, with Sanctus kicking out just as the referee's hand slaps the mat for a second time. Sanctus rolls to the ropes, using them for some leverage as he's obviously frustrated early in this match.

Blackfront: A seemingly confident start for Cecilworth, who's going to try and exploit every opportunity to end this match quickly.

Ace: Hey, don't forget about the master strategy of Sanctus... he's laying there REAL good. Cecilworth is apparently frustrated as well, as he stalks around the middle of the ring urging Sanctus to climb back to his feet. As Sanctus is halfway back up, Farthington loses patience and storms him yet again, stepping up Sanctus's back and kicking him in the back of the head from behind. The White Knight gets choked on the ropes as his windpipe smashes against it, and he falls back to the mat holding his Adam's apple.

Once again, the referee says nothing.

Blackfront: Alright, confidence is leading to arrogance for The Machine tonight. How much does Farthington think he's going to get away with here?

Ace: One hundred thousand dollars worth, Jason. And he's getting every penny.

Cecilworth Farthington grabs Sanctus by the back of the mask and head, not giving him a moment of rest as he lifts him back to his feet, tossing him to the ropes with a strong Irish whip. Cecilworth charges forward with a clothesline, but Sanctus ducks it in a moment of desperation, stopping dead in his tracks and turning into a spinning clothesline of his own! Both men collapse to the mat in a heap.

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Sanctus takes his time trying to get back to his feet, already a bit beaten down early in this match, but Cecilworth is quick to get back up off the mat. Mike Best applauds his client's stamina and resolve from ringside, to the disdain of the fans.

Blackfront: Sanctus has the opportunity of a lifetime, and he's going to pull out all the stops tonight-- that's an absolute guarantee.

Ace: Are you working on a wrestling commentator pullstring tonight, Jason? Do me a favor-- say

"Chink in the armor" real quick. No context, just say it.

Blackfront: Chink in the armor?

Ace: HA! Someone fire this racist dick!

Sanctus isn't going to say die, and as he makes it back to his feet he shoots in for a lock up with the champion, trying a more technical approach. He seems to find the hole in Cecilworth's defense, and quickly tosses the champion overhead with a snap suplex. Halfway up, Cecilworth wriggles until he can counter, instead pulling Sanctus up into the air to deliver a suplex himself! Sanctus drops down behind Cecilworth Farthington, countering the counter! Cecilworth is taken off guard, and as he turns around, Sanctus comes out of nowhere with a GIGANTIC dropkick!

The crowd explodes!

Blackfront: HOLY COW! A lot of athleticism for a heavyweight!

Ace: Wait-- wait, what?

Sanctus drops for the cover, but Farthington kicks out at one.

The White Knight nods as the referee explains that Cecilworth kicked out before the three count. Sanctus straightens his mask, getting down and beckoning his opponent to bring it on as Cecilworth Farthington crawls to his knees, sneering cockily at Sanctus.

The arena erupts into boos as referee makes both men take their corners after the misunderstanding. No one likes a restart, and yet that's what they're getting here tonight. At ringside, Michael Best coaches Farthington, trying to help him get the edge here tonight.

Blackfront: What a close call for Cecilworth Fathington. He nearly lost the match there.

Ace: What? He kicked out at one!

Sanctus seems to be revved up more than ever now, and even though he didn't win it seems that the

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advantage has turned in his favor. Cecilworth charges in and attempts to step up Sanctus' chest, but his boot is grabbed and Sanctus spins him back around, dizzying the Machine member up before grabbing his head and driving him into the mat with the full force of a massive sit out spinebuster. Cecilworth falls onto his back, and remains on the canvas as Sanctus runs off the ropes, launching into the air and landing an even more massive moonsault! The crowd is cheering once again as Sanctus drops for the cover.

Kickout at two!

Adrenaline seems to be pumping for both men, with Cecilworth getting a shoulder up just after the two count this time. He pops up off the mat, followed quickly by Sanctus, and the duo locks up yet again in the center of the ring. Sanctus tries to maneuver into something, but Cecilworth rails him in the side of the head with a closed fist-- which the referee ignores-- and stuns Sanctus briefly.

It's enough time to get a hold of the masked wrestler, lifting him off the mat and holding him upward, connecting and landing a stalling vertical suplex that seems to echo across the arena. Now it's Cecilworth's turn to make a cover.

Kickout at two!

Blackfront: What a great debut showing for Sanctus! He's really taking it to Farthington out there tonight.

Ace: Yeah, way to put off the inevitable, little buddy!

Sanctus is up and out of the pinning predicament, but he looks to have hurt his back in the fall. He clutches at the small of his back, and as Cecilworth comes back to his feet, he kicks Sanctus hard in the spine and watches with glee as he stumbles back to the canvas.

Blackfront: Can we please, PLEASE get a fair official out here?

Ace: All of UTA's officials are fair and balanced, Jason. That's blasphemy that you're speaking. Just give Cecilworth Farthington his due!

Sanctus slowly climbs back to his feet, as Cecilworth turns back to him, ready to seal the deal... CRACK!

That sound is face meeting canvas, as Cecilworth Farthington hits the mat with a thunderous slam! Sanctus, out of absolutely nowhere, nails his double underhook facebuster!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! ANGEL'S WINGS! SANCTUS HAS HIM!

The crowd is in awe, and Sanctus once again drops to the mat for the cover!

Ace: Michael Best puts Farthington's foot on the ropes!

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Right before the three count is official, the referee looks up and sees that Cecilworth has "somehow" managed to break the pin with a rope break, and he tells Sanctus that he's not going to keep counting. Grimacing, the UTA newcomer releases the pin, as Michael Best converses quietly with Farthington at the apron.

Suddenly, Cecilworth Farthington rolls out of the ring! The crowd is confused, but it becomes much more clear as Michael Best hands him his hundred thousand dollar briefcase and begins escorting him back up the ramp.

Blackfront: Oh come on, what in the hell is this?

Ace: A strategic maneuver, Jason. It's known as the "warrior's retreat" and it's a revered martial arts technique. You wouldn't understand it because Cecilworth Farthington is smarter than you. The crowd is booing now as they realize that Cecilworth Farthington is walking away from this match. The referee starts the ten count, but the two Machine members outside of the ring don't seem to care-- in fact, Farthington is just yelling back down the ramp about how this deserved to be tonight's main event and he refuses to compete.

Blackfront: This is a bunch of bull, Tommy. Farthington was feeling the fear when he took that Angel's Wings, and now he's just making up excuses and running away!

Ace: It's a WARRIOR'S RETREAT, Jason. Get with the program. Finally, the referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Michael points angrily down at the ring, talking trash before he and his client disappear behind the curtain. Sanctus is left shaking his head in the ring, as the referee raises his arm. He doesn't look happy to have won in the way that he did, despite a victory in his first match.

Announcer: Here is your winner, via countout... SAAAAAANCTUSSSSSS!

Sanctus slowly pulls his arm away, looking out at the crowd. They give him a suitable ovation for his first night in the company, and it begins to bring a smile to his face.

Blackfront: A hard fought match by both men, folks-- don't let the cowardice of Cecilworth Farthington fool you. It's a shame it had to end in retreat.

Ace: I told you, it's called-- you know what? Forget it. GO FARTHINGTON! Wrestleshow continues.

Bringing Out The Best In Us

Jennifer Williams is standing by.

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Williams: Ladies and Gentlemen, the Ring King tournament is taking the UTA by storm. Tonight is no different as my next two guests gear up to go face to face in round one. Allow me to introduce Zhalia Fears and Will Haynes.

The camera shot pans back to show Haynes and Fears standing with Williams in the middle between them. Both are dressed for their matchup. Haynes eyes Fears down, running a hand across the back of his neck, a bit nervous. Fears gives a wave to her fans, mouthing the words "Hi Zhalphires," as she smiles.

Williams: Zhalia, we'll start with you. Being a former champion, how much does it mean to advance further in this tournament? Do you feel you need to prove anything to anyone?

Fears: Prove? Not really. I am not outset to prove myself to anybody, hun. I know there are plenty of women here, men too, in the UTA that find it fun to talk about my attitude - good for them. Fact of the matter is that The Second Coming, Kush and myself broke tons of barriers in our short time here well before anything the Chicagoites say they are responsible for.

Williams nods in agreement.

Fears: We did that against the TOUGHEST. The BADDEST. And just all around the meanest. Unlike our lovely lip-biter Prodigy Champion, we did not have any of those one-day payday non- contract wrestlers fresh out of the developmentals put down in front of us to build an undefeated streak. Our wins were not paid for in advance. We worked our way to the top. Against the very

best. You win some, and you lose some along the way.

Williams: Thank you, Zhalia. You're always very insightful. Will, I've gotta ask about your interaction with Eric Dane earlier this evening. Care to speak on that?

Haynes: I'll tell ya what, Jenn,

Haynes is a little heated following his encounter with the Only Star earlier in the evening. Haynes: Eric Dane is nothin' t' me. All them titles. All that glory. It means NOTHIN' t' me, Jenn. Ya see there might'a been a time where I respected the guy, where I wante t' be like him. Pullin' guns, runnin' down Victor Mandrake, doin' whatever it is that Eric Dane does.

Camera tightens on Haynes' face.

Haynes: Or should I say did. Haynes laughs to himself.

Haynes: The Eric Dane a' old, he wouldn't be caught dead playin' mind games with Bobby Dean. He'd be strappin' up his boots n' fryin' bigger fish. But alas, seems like Eric has fallen on some hard times.

Haynes winks at the "hard times" mention.

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Williams: Well tonight you two are facing each other for the first round of the Ring King tournament. Before you meet in the ring, do you have anything to say to each other here? Fears: Is this where we are supposed to talk about bashing each others heads in with the steel chairs? Then one of us attacks the other and leave them laid out as you cut?

Zhalia smirks while looking at Will.

Haynes: I ain't swung a chair in a minute.

Fears: I forget how a face to face is supposed to work. Sorry Jennifer. I have been watching far too much TV and Dynasty nonsense. [Shrug] Truth is hun, Will here is an incredible athlete. Very talented and one of the top here. Period. I am not going to stand here and water down his accomplishments. That is for other people to do that fear what is around the corner.

With a smile she continues.

Fears: Not my style. Am I saying that I will not win? No of course not. Win or Lose tonight, I know we are going to give this crowd one hell of a show-topper.

Williams: Will, and for you?

Haynes: I spent all week tellin' people, Jennifer, that me n' Zhalia are gonna blow the roof off this place tonight. We're gonna show everyone what the UTA is all about. N' I ain't talkiin' Chciago part two. I ain't talkin' New Orleans part two. I'm talkin' U - T - A. N' I can't think a' better two t' do it.

Williams: Well good luck to you both-

She is cut off as Zhalia reaches forward across her chest while looking at The Thrill.

Fears: I know you have your sour grapes about me, and you know... that is fine; at one time I was none too pleased with your actions too, you know. But tonight, can we look past that and bring our best out of each other?

Haynes: You know it.

He reaches across and clasps her hand giving it a shake. Suddenly the look on his face changes as Marshall Owens and Sean Jackson steps into the picture. Without saying a word, Sean steps in close getting ready to speak, but doesn't. He turns ever so slightly towards Marshall who is just off his right shoulder.

Owens: Ms. Fears, Mr. Haynes. We decided to pay the both of you a little visit, to wish you both luck in this first round of Ring King. Isn't that right Sean?

Still not speaking, his face begins to turn a light shade of red.

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Owens: See, my client has nothing but the utmost respect for you both. He is definitely looking forward to meeting the winner in round two. No matter who that person is...

Marshall places his hand on Sean's shoulder.

Owens: Isn't that right Sean?

Again, without saying a word and his face getting redder by the moment, Sean turns on his heels and walks away.

Owens: Isn't he a class act?

Marshall too, turns on his heels and walks away, leaving Zhalia Fears and Will Haynes to ponder the moment.

Dry Your Eyes

Backstage at the Gateway arena, exclusive report for 'The Machine,' Cassie Walsh, is on standby with a microphone in her hand. She appears to be slightly nervous, but is clearly trying to put on a brave smile for the camera camera. Shaking her hair loose, she lifts up her chin and takes a deep breath to begin speaking.

Walsh: Ladies and Gentlemen..Cassie Walsh, here again to bring you the latest news regarding the hottest wrestling 'Dynasty' in the industry today..The Machine. This morning I was fortunate enough to get some one on one time with none other than 'The Gold Standard,' John Sektor..

Some muffled booing can be heard from inside the arena at the mention of Sektor's name. Cassie's eyes flutter nervously at the mere mention of it herself.

Walsh: John and I spoke about the Ring King tournament and what it meant to him. It's fair to say that he completely and utterly focussed on making it all the way through the tournament and walking out with the crowd at the end.

More muffled booing.

Walsh: He also spoke about Tyrone Walker, and acknowledged that his match with him tonight may prove to be more difficult than a lot of people anticipated that it would be. He spoke quite admirably about Walker and it was evident that he holds him in a certain amount of high regard. The smile on her face fades and her eyes lower to the floor for a second

Walsh: For any of you who saw the interview..you will have saw that towards the end Sektor got rather upset with me, after I mentioned the Legacy title opportunity should he fail to win tonight. I'd like to take this time to apologise...

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She stops talking as her eyes catch sight of something, off camera, and it's not long until we see why as John Sektor appears. Walsh freezes in position whilst Sektor calmly approaches her, smiling softly with a look of guilt on his face. The guilt, however, is quite obviously an act.

Sektor: Cassie...sweetheart..

He puts an arm around her neck gently, making her even more uncomfortable. Sektor: I shouldn't have gone off on you like that. It should be ME..who's apologising. Cassie smiles briefly, looking relieved by his admittance.

Sektor: It's no secret that I have a short fuse, and when my ability to win this match was put into doubt..

Walsh: I wasn't..

Sektor cuts her off and presses his index finger against her lips, squashing them against her pearly whites.

Sektor: Shhh-shh-shh...water under the bridge..

He smirks as he slowly removes his finger from her mouth. His other hand moves to her neck as he wraps his fingers around it. He shoulders rise slightly as the tips of his fingers turn white with the pressure, squeezing enough to make her uncomfortable but not enough to cause her any audible pain.

Sektor: We're here now though, aren't we? It's Wrestleshow! And, once more, it's the final event for the first round of Ring King matches. And tonight, Tyrone Walker and I are going to put on a masterclass in the main event of the evening to decide who will go on to face the "Legendary"..Bronson Box..

He makes air quotes with his spare hand as he mockingly brings mention to Boxer's 'Legendary' status. Cassie, on the other hand, timidly brings her microphone back to her mouth.

Walsh: Well, now that you've mentioned that, how do you feel about this match being moved to the MAIN EVENT? Considering the fact that a lot people were confused about the move?

Sektor's lip curls with disgust.

Sektor: So? Like I give a crap what they think? Bunch of frickin' whiners...

Walsh: Well how do you feel about mentions of you only getting the main event spot because Farthington made a generous 'donation' last week?

Sektor just rolls his eyes and laughs.

Sektor: Again..why should I care what they think? Who are these people to me? Sektor just shrugs his shoulders, genuinely appearing as though he could care less.

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Sektor: The Main Event, is how it should be. John Sektor IS money. Tyrone Walker vs John Sektor in the main event is big money...that's a fact. Two veteran wrestlers showing these green eyed rookies how it's done. Instead of complaining they should be thanking us in advance for what we are about to show them.

Sektor continues to smirk.

Sektor: At the end of the day, I didn't make the decision. Management did..all I care about is winning this match and moving on to round two.

He then turns and looks at the camera.

Sektor: So little boys... little girls? Dry your eyes and watch carefully.. He shakes Cassie's head gently from side to side as he pauses.

Sektor: Because we're gonna show you what a Main Event REALLY looks like!

With that, he pushes Cassie away and storms off camera, leaving her rubbing the back of her neck.

Some Measure of ImPACT

We cut to the backstage area, in what appears to be the medical room. The Second Coming stands in front of a medic, with a flashlight shining in her eyes.

Medic: Look left. She obliges.

Medic: Good... look right. Again.

2C: So what's the verdict, am I healthy?

Medic: Just one more thing before we can clear you to compete tonight.

The medic reaches into her back pocket to pull forward a folded sheet of paper and a yellow HB pencil.

Medic: We need to test your cognitive abilities with this short test. I will give you a few minutes to fill this out while I try to find something in this building that isn't laced with GMO high fructose corn syrup.

Passing off the paper and pencil, our licensed professional leaves the room, and as she does a new character fills up the frame. He is dressed in predominantly white shorts, white boot/kicker combo, with fists taped. Oh, and he has a lily white cloth acting as a mask, encircling his head at the nose up.

Mask: Ah, finally.

With his cell phone in hand, he makes his way over to the unoccupied bench beside The Second Coming.

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He props himself up in a lazy lotus position and pops earbuds underneath the cloth. 2C only shifts up her gaze for a moment before getting back to the last hurdle between her and her match tonight.

2C: This is stupid. I don't have time for this.

Mask: Haste denies all acts of their dignity.

The Second Coming again glances up, but with a look somewhere between frustration and confusion.

2C: What?

Lifting one hand from off of his knee, the man in the mask and overall white motif tries to expound.

Mask: You claim to have no time for the task set in front of you. Fine. The answers you seek are: A, C, A, B, No, 57 and Blueberry.

2C looks between the man and the test.

Mask: This must be your first concussion. After a while, these tests become less about your well

being and more about your willingness to compete and memory retention.

2C: I prefer to handle this old - school. Double vision? Negative. Dizziness? Negative. All this new era crap exists so gurus can sell snake oil. Gimme what I can see, hear, read, and write. Pontificating hand still out of his meditative pose, he uses it to rub at his stubbled chin.

Mask: I thought New Era to be a purveyor of fine headwear. And while I am a fan of their work myself, I cannot believe their merchandising line extends to snake oil. You may call me Sanctus, by the way.

2C: Riiight. What are you doing here, anyways? And I mean here in this office, not 'here' in the metaphysical sense.

Sanctus: I went hunting for radio waves. This room had the optimum connection, allowing me to stream my tunes.

2C fills out the paper, assumingly with the sequence Sanctus provided her and hands it to him. 2C: Lovely. I don't have time for this, I need to get to the ring and do my part. If you're gonna be here for a bit, give this to Dr. Paperwork when she gets back?

2C starts to leave; she hasn't even had time for prematch yoga as yet.

Sanctus: As Confucius teaches; wherever it is you are going, go with all your heart. She stops and turns around.

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2C: That's pretty good. Sell it to a fortune cookie and you could really clean up.

She nods her head respectfully, with just the slightest hint of condescension toward the new arrival.

Turning like a dog that has heard a really high pitch, Sanctus has his head cocked to the side.

Sanctus: Nah, fortune cookie scented Mr. Clean would never work.

Announcer: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit... and it is a first round Ring King Tournament match!

Blackfront: The fans are excited for this one, Tommy! Aren't you?

Ace: I reserve judgement until we hear who's coming out first.

Announcer: Introducing first...

Epidemic by New Years Day plays over the sound system as the lights dim and the arena is lit by red and white spotlights.

Announcer: From New York, New York... weighing in at one hundred and thirty six pounds... The cameras pan the crowd, showing a decent number of people holding up signs with "#ourHERO" or some equivalent written on it.

Announcer: She is one half of the current reigning UTA World Tag Team Champions... THE... SECOND... COMING!!

Blackfront: These fans are going crazy for the Second Coming, Tommy! Ace: Sure they are. They wouldn't know quality if it was sitting on their face. Blackfront: You're... disturbing.

The Second Coming enters the arena, carrying a plastic bag in one hand. The gold of her Championship title belt can be seen under her zippered hoodie. For the first time, she slaps hands on the way to the ring, but seems distracted.

Blackfront: It's good to see the Second Coming essentially none the worse for the wear after the beating she suffered at Black Horizon.

Ace: None the worse for the wear? She's taken up the mantle of defending the UTA... which is a sad state of affairs. Her only redeeming quality is keeping one of two belts around La Flama Blanca's waist.

On reaching the ringside area, 2C slides under the bottom rope without doing a lap around the ring. She unzips her hoodie, revealing the title belt beneath in full, and leans against the corner, exhaling deeply.

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Announcer: AND HER OPPONENT...

Some cheers (and mostly boos) fill the arena as You're the best around by Joe Esposito starts to play. In lieu of athletic highlights, the videoscreen is intermingled with scenes of Danny LaRusso taking on the Cobra Kai, as well as a number of Jean Claude Van Damme clips.

Announcer: From Houston, Texas... weighing in at three hundred and ninety nine and one half pounds... BEAUTIFUL... BOBBY... DEAN!!

There's no appearance just yet.

Ace: Well, where is he?

Blackfront: The UTA instructs the caterers to shut down from the moment the show begins until Bobby Dean's match time to make sure he comes out on time; he's caused delays before.

Everyone looks, everyone waits.

Finally, Bobby Dean appears, but he's moving very, very... very... very slowly.

VOICE (that sounds suspiciously like Eric Dane into a bullhorn): Pull it! Feel the burn, Bobby!

Blackfront: What the...

Bobby is dressed in what should be a 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean' T-shirt, but it's far too small on him and fits him like a jogging bra. He also wears a pair of sweatpants that hug his thunderous girth like spandex, and a headband so loud and obnoxiously colored that Sylvester Stallone wouldn't have worn it in the 80s.

Ace: This is cruel and unusual punishment!

The voice that sounds like Eric Dane into a bullhorn actually is Eric Dane, into a bullhorn. He sits in Bobby Dean's golf cart while Bobby does his best to pull the cart to the ring by a length of bungee cord strapped around his waist.

Team Danger does have a fitness requirement, after all.

Bobby is able to pull the cart slowly but steadily, even if it's based solely on the fact that he weighs more, but the strain is clearly apparent on his face.

Dane: You've got it. You've got this, Bobby!

Ace: How can this be a good idea? He's gonna have a heart attack before he can even beat the Second Coming!

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Blackfront: It's all part of the fitness regime, I guess.

The look on Bobby Dean's face suddenly changes, as the cart gets much easier to pull. He smiles and raises his arms, flexing one nonexistent muscle, then the other.

Dane: Wait... Where's the keys? Where's the brakes?

He is so focused on his progress that he has failed to notice that the cart has gotten easier to pull because it's hit the ramp. Dane looks frantically around for the keys; apparently the brakes are connected to the ignition.

Ace: Bobby! One side!

Blackfront: I don't know if he can hear you over the sound of his own heavy breathing, Tommy! He can't, but at the last possible moment Bobby notices the slack on the bungee cord has gotten loose, and he turns around to see the golf cart gradually rolling towards him. Instinctively, he moves out of the way just in time for the cart to roll past. It reaches the end of the ramp and sharply turns as the slack returns, both spinning the cart around and pulling Bobby off his feet.

He rolls the rest of the way to the ring, with Eric Dane facepalming.

Ace: Everyone's okay!

Blackfront: Except Bobby Dean. He's trying to get to his feet, but he just reminds me of a beached whale.

Two ring attendants help Bobby up and unhook the bungee cord from around his waist, while he runs in place for a moment, shadow boxes, and climbs the steps.

As soon as he steps between the ropes, the referee calls for the bell, and Bobby calls for a time out.

Blackfront: I think he might throw in the towel. All that, uh... exercise took the fight out.

Ace: Just give him an appropriate time out, maybe some water and a three course meal, and he'll be back and ready to go.

Blackfront: The Second Coming asks for a microphone, and it looks like we're gonna see Bobby get his break!

The fans are cheering for the start of the match, though the Second Coming now has a microphone.

2C: Bobby.

He looks at her, a little afraid that she's going to slap him.

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2C: I wanted this match, Bobby. Not because you still take potshots at me for whatever reason, or because you're a creepy perv who needs another slap, but because these fans deserve to be entertained, and because you and I deserve to test our athletic limits.

She opens the bag and pulls out what appears to be an X-Ray.

2C: Unfortunately, the geniuses who run this place have determined that I'm not medically cleared.

Boos fill the arena.

Ace: So why is she wasting our time?

2C: If this match was scheduled for Victory next week, there wouldn't be any problems, but as it stands if I engage you physically... this entire company could lose what liability insurance it actually has, thus screwing over the boys in the back who could really use it from time to time. She stops talking and lowers the microphone, shaking her head in disappointment.

Blackfront: Tough talk, but the UTA management does take the health of its athletes seriously, and has consistently strived for better quality of care for the injured.

Ace: Stop shilling, company man.

2C: I'm doing this out here because you deserved to hear it right from me, and so did the fans. You all deserved more than a generic announcement that this match was cancelled.

She shrugs her shoulders apologetically.

2C: The day is yours, Bobby... but we'll do it again sometime soon.

She hands the microphone back to the timekeeper and reaches to shake Bobby Dean's hand. From the floor, Eric Dane is shouting his assurance that it's a trap, but Bobby tentatively accepts. They shake without incident, and the Second Coming leaves the ring.

Ace: Well that's an anticlimax. Blackfront: You should be used to those. Ace: Exactly. I--wait, what?

Blackfront: The referee is counting, and that's the ten! The bell rings and the referee raises Bobby Dean's hand, and I think he might still not have grasped the fact that he just moved on in the Ring King tournament!

Ace: Oh, he's grasped it.

Indeed he has. Bobby has left the ring and he's trying to convince a group of fans in the front row to give him some of their food as celebration. Eric Dane lets him try for only a few seconds before he comes over to remove the Team Danger In Training from ringside.

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Blackfront: I have to say, I respect the Second Coming for taking the time to make the announcement herself. Someone else may have just let Jonathan Franklin do it, and move on with a large hole in the show. She showed her resilience at Black Horizon, and tonight I think she showed her integrity.

Ace: Yeah, sure. Any more nice things to say about her and I may vomit. I don't want to vomit.

Blackfront: On that... lovely thought, we'll be right back.

Brought to You By

Apology Accepted?

Wrestleshow cuts backstage, where one of UTA's newest signings, Samuel Owens, is walking down a hallway. He is dressed in a pair of jeans and a Ground Zero t-shirt and appears to be relaxed as he ambles along the corridor.

Ace: What's this guy doing here, Jason?! He's not scheduled to compete!

Blackfront: My guess is he's here to support his fellow Ground Zero member; Rhys Townsend. He is set to compete in his first UTA match later on tonight, when he takes on Crimson Lord in the first round of the Ring King tournament!

Before Tommy Ace can respond again, Samuel Owens comes to a sudden halt, as he comes face to face with his own Ring King opponent: Eric Dane. The pair stare at each other intensely, and the tension quickly begins to rise. Dane is practically seething with hatred, while Owens appears to have a steely resolve as he stands across from The Only Star.

Blackfront: These two men have a well-documented dislike for one another, Tommy. They were on opposing sides in a war of words that spanned years, before either of them ever stepped foot in UTA. But this is the first time they have ever stood face-to-face! I don't know what's going to happen here!

Dane's glare is intense and full of anger. After so many venomous comments from Sam and his allies in the indies, Eric looks ready to beat his revenge out of the newcomer. Owens' glare is equally intense, but he appears somewhat guarded and a little uneasy.

Ace: Yeah, well it might be the last time they ever stand face-to-face too, Jason. Dane looks about ready to shove Samuel Owens' head through a wall!

Unsurprisingly, Owens is the first to blink, taking half a step back and sighing. Dane's brow furrows slightly, as he appears to be a little puzzled by his opposite number's actions. He appears no less angry, however, as Owens shakes his head briefly.

Owens: This is ridiculous... Look, I've said a lot of things that I regret about you and your friends in

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DEFIANCE. I was... stupid, childish and a little naive. I jumped on the bandwagon when I should have kept my mouth shut... This is long overdue, but... I'm sorry.

Owens' expression is one of contrition and apology, as he offers his hand to Dane. Looking for a handshake, Owens looks on in anticipation, as he watches Eric Dane's face flush red with anger. Blackfront: Eric Dane looks ready to explode...

Owens looks on in silence as Dane turns his attention to the outstretched hand of his next Ring King opponent. After a moment of silent contemplation, Dane looks up at Owens once more, and allows his demeanor to soften. He even forces a smile.

Ace: What? This isn't about to be weird is it? Dane grabs the outstretched hand firmly.

Dane: Yeah, no, I get it.

He squeezes Owens' hand. Hard.

Dane: Back when it was worth some kind of imaginary points you said a bunch of stupid crap so the cool kids wouldn't take your lunch money, and now that you know it's time to pay the piper you're all of a sudden so very sorry and you just want me to forget that you ran my name and more importantly my brand through the mud for all those years.

Dane pulls Owens in close, nose to nose. Dane sneers, Owens does his best to retain his composure. There is a very tense silence before Eric continues.

Dane: I accept your apology. He pauses.

Dane: For exactly what it is. A line of horsesh[bleep]t meant to ensure that when we meet up next week in the Ring King tournament your head maybe remains attached to your shoulders when I'm finished with you.

His smirk widens.

Dane: Tell you what, Witness...

He spits out Owens' former name with venom. Samuel frowns upon hearing the moniker and any contrition on his part seemingly fades away.

Dane: Take your apologies, along with your doe-eyed wonder and your stupid name, and crawl your sorry ass back to Chicago where that kind of garbage gets over. If I so much as catch a whiff of Deep Dish Pizza at VICTORY I'll tear you apart and mail you back to that bald asshat in pieces.

The Only Star releases his grip on Owens' hand and shoulders past him disrespectfully. Even more disrespectfully he continues on down the hallway without giving Samuel another thought. Blackfront: There is

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a lot of bad blood between these two men and it almost spilled over here, tonight!

Ace: There won't be any handshakes next week when these two meet, Jason! I can't wait! Owens shakes his head as he watches Dane walk away, before continuing on his own walk as Wrestleshow #39 cuts elsewhere.

Ready

The camera pans around outside the arena, in between the Ring King matches tonight. A few cars pass by as the evening takes hold of the city.

As the camera turns further, we see the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson walking down the street, one hand in his pocket, pair of blue jeans, a blue polo shirt and dark brown jacket over his torso. He approaches the camera with a wide smile on his face.

Robertson: Hi guys, hope you're enjoying the show tonight! To those of you in the arena, lucky b*beeeep*ds I couldn't get a ticket anywhere!

Robertson waves his hand as if to accentuate.

Robertson: A huge night as always here in the UTA as the next round of Ring King is decided. He looks to his left, then back at the camera.

Robertson: And aye, just imagine it...in the next round we know it will be Samuel Owens versus Eric Dane, CBR versus Chris Hopper, Sean Jackson will be there, Scott Stevens too. And imagine where it will go...a final between Chris Hopper and John Sektor? Maybe; Alex Beckman versus Pin Smith? Aye, it could be.

Robertson leans in and winks.

Robertson: But my tip for the whole thing guys?...Blackbeard! That guy's unstoppable! I think his secret's the beard.

He stands back up straight and laughs.

Robertson: But one thing that you can't deny is the quality of talent in this tournament. I count myself fortunate to have reached the next round and now...now we know that I get to face Alex Beckman again.

Lamond reaches in, lifting the camera close to his face, the jokes disappearing for a moment. Robertson: And all I got to say is this. You got the job done against Ron Hall Alex, and aye you beat me before. But you got my title lassie and I mean to get it back. See you next week Alex...trust me, I'll be bringing everything...I'll be bringing hell.

Robertson places the camera back where it was and backs off, walking back down the street.

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Blackfront: And we are now mere moments away from some more Ring King action as Zhalia Fears prepares to take on The Thrill himself... Will Haynes.

Ace: Are you sure it's not Will Hayes?

Blackfront: Certain, I'm a proper journalist, I know what people are actually called.

Ace: I should take a note of that.

The beginnings of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: Speaking of... here is the Thrillman himself...

Ace: The Thrillman? You have now made Will Haynes sound just as exciting as the milkman. Will begins to walk down the aisle, nod his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

Announcer: Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Ace: That idiot is bounding around the ring like a ravenous rabbit.

Blackfront: Ravenous Rabbit was the name of my Prog Rock band at college Ah, those were that days. And speaking of rabbits... the opening chimes of White Rabbit can mean only one thing!

Ace: I dropped a ton of E?

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as White Rabbit by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Blackfront: There's the lady who currently has a victory of her prospective Round 2 opponent, former

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champion, Sean Jackson.

Ace: In the same way Pin Smith holds over Cecilworth Farthington due to being hit super hard with a chair.

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

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

Ace: Why does half our roster have to be full of damn foreigners?

She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smiles at it and says 'We Miss You Kush!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

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

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out. Ace: Why is she facing the entrance ramp? Her opponent is in the ring!

Blackfront: Maybe she has a sixth sense about these things... maybe she has the sense of a visitation.

Ace: I might... MIGHT make a suggestion that you should be committed.

As if proving the point of Zhalia's odd decision not to focus on Haynes but rather at the entrance ramp, a wave of boos pours down from all directions of the Sioux City crowd as out from the back walks former UTA World Champion, Sean Jackson.

Ace: DYNASTY!

Blackfront: Yes, we get the point.

Haynes and Fears stare down in unison at Jackson, wondering what his appearance could actually mean, Jackson on the other hand steps no further than the top of the entrance way upon his arrival to the scene of the action. Jackson gestures back towards Haynes and Fears, almost goading them into fighting each other.

Blackfront: Perhaps a little bit of scouting going on by Sean Jackson?

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Ace: Or community service, it's good to make the little people feel like they matter once in a while.

Fears and Haynes look at each other and then back towards Jackson, Jackson seemingly unmoving and very much fixed at the top of the ramp, glaring down at them. After a few seconds, both in-ring competitors shrug it off and take to their corners as the official for the match signals for the bell. Haynes and Fears begin to circle around each in the opening moments of the match, Haynes jumps in and goes for a lock up. Fears tries to push him off but that gives Haynes the opening to slip behind and wrench the arm up high in a hammerlock.

Ace: MAIN EVENT HAMMERLOCK RIGHT THERE!

Blackfront: I think my... esteemed... colleague may be hinting at the social media storm that went down earlier this weekend over the restructuring o

Fears drops down, flips out and slips behind Haynes, locking him in a hammerlock of her own. Haynes reaches out for the ropes as Fears begins to try and position herself better in the middle of the ring. Haynes swings to try and break up the hold but Fears takes advantage of the situation, flipping Haynes over and dropping him to the ground with an arm drag. Fears bounces back up to her feet, almost beckoning Haynes towards her. A frustrated Thrill scrambles back up to his feet, glaring over at Fears. From the ramp, Jackson gives a small golf clap in Fears' direction.

Ace: Game recognising game!

Blackfront: We need to have a firm chat after the cameras finish rolling.

Fears sprints off towards Haynes, but Haynes sides steps the Energizer bunny in human form, shoving her into the ropes, as Fears rebounds back off the ropes, Haynes almost decapitates her with a brutal lariat . A quiet spreads through the previously energetic crowd as Fears does a 180 flip in mid-air and crashes down to the mat face first. Haynes looks surprised at the power of his own strength and takes a step back to allow the official to check on the condition of Fears. Fears is quick to wave off the referee, who signals that the match must continue without issue.

Blackfront: Some human decency shown from Will Haynes there, allowing our esteemed UTA Official to do a quick check on the condition of Zhalia. That's a proper gentleman right there.

Ace: Yeah, he's a real good actor that one. Next thing you know, he'll toss that tacky jacket of his over a puddle to allow Ms. Fears to keep completely pristine. This is a wrestling match. People get hurt. Deal with it.

The camera quickly pans over to Jackson, whose glare towards the ring seems almost entirely unbroken, no note taking, no action, just an unbroken icy stare. Back in the ring, Fears and Haynes are once again standing in the ring face to face. A determined Fears jumps right back into the action, drilling Haynes straight

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in the gut with a spinning backfist. The Thrill doubles over in pain as Fears follows up with a snap DDT straight down to the mat. Fears looks down at Haynes and takes measure, leaping into the ropes and looking to land on him with a springboard crossbody but Haynes is fast enough to scramble out of the way. This sends Fears crashing hard into the mat with nobody to cushion the fall.

Blackfront: An unnecessary risk there from Fears. That could be the opening an experienced gent like Will Haynes is looking for.

Ace: Turns out if you send a green as grass drugged up human wreckage zone into the ring, they are prone to make mistakes. I think what you just witnessed was called the "hot mess".

Blackfront: I apologise folks, Tommy's had a rough week.

Haynes rolls back up to his feet and fires a cocky smirk in the direction of Sean Jackson, almost daring him to enter the ring but to no avail. Haynes looks over at the pile of humanity formerly known as Zhalia Fears and begins to work over the arm. He drives a few stiff knees into the right arm of Fears, over and over again, clearly trying to weaken it. His plan is quick to reveal itself as satisfied that he has managed to achieve some proper damage, he locks on a tight armbar in the centre of the ring. Fears immediately snaps back into reality as she shrieks out in pain, clawing away at the hopes of reach the ropes.

Ace: MAIN EVENT ARMBAR!

Blackfront: You've already made that joke Tommy. Seriously, did you get a gift package from Benny? None the less, Zhalia Fears finds herself in a bad way right now. That armbar is locked in tight and she has nowhere to go!

Fears bangs her fist against the mat in frustration as Haynes continues to wrench in the armbar as tightly as he can. The official begins yelling directly in Fears face, continuously questioning

whether she is indeed ready to give up but Fears waves him off over and over again. Running out of options, Fears flips over into a headstand to loosen the pressure of Haynes' hold. Haynes looks up, rather stunned at the athletic display and allows the hold to weaken ever so slightly.

Fears finishes the job by booting Haynes directly into the face, forcing him to break the hold.

Blackfront: Impressive flexibility from Zhalia Fears on display there, I was cer

Ace: At least she can't possibly do any further damage to Will Haynes face.

Haynes rubs his nose in frustration as Fears scampers up against the ropes, leaning against them and nursing her arm. Haynes begins to pull himself back up but Fears showing no... well... fear... drills a dropkick straight to the knee of Haynes. Haynes drops down to his knees and Fears smacks him straight in the back of the head, sending him down to the mat flat with a roundhouse kick. She hooks the leg for a cover, having a

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tough time keeping the pin hold locked in tight due to her bad arm.

Blackfront: A brutal boot from Fears there.

Ace: But she's struggling to hook that leg, her arm is still raw from being in that armbar for god knows how long. That's where inexperience really shines through,

Blackfront: One! Two! No... Fears doesn't have the pin in tight and Haynes easily manages to power out of the cover.

Sean Jackson's head snaps back at the kickout but that's the most emotion that he shows, keeping his eyes deadlocked on the action in the middle of the ring. Fears slaps her bad arm in frustration, almost blaming a part of her body for not getting her through to the next round of Ring King. Haynes is back up again, rubbing the back of his head, clearly a bit woozy and sore from the boot that just smashed into the back of his skull just mere moments earlier. Fears doesn't seem to want to give up her advantage in the bout and once again shows her quickness by rushing towards Haynes. This time, Haynes has a response however as he hoists Fears up and tosses her all willnilly into the air.

Blackfront: And Haynes just launches Fears into the air like a bag of laundry. I think he may be looking to end this one right here, right now. He wants that match against Sean Jackson!

Ace: He is going to murder Zhalia Fears and we will all be very sad. Certain ironic quality to Haynes being moments away from snapping Fears neck, I grant you.

Sean Jackson leans in with apparent keen interest, as Fears sails down from her trip to the sky. Haynes readies himself to drop her down hard with The Thrill Ride.

Blackfront: THRILL RIDE HITS!!! HAYNES COVERS FEARS! WE COULD HAVE A WINNER!

The referee drops and begins his count. As his hand begins to hit the canvas for the third time, the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Will Haynes has done it! He has beat Zhaia Fears and is advancing in the Ring King tournament!

Ace: Advancing just to get sut down by Sean Jackson! No reason to celebrate!

Jackson just smirks as he and Haynes stare at each other across the arena. Jackson mouths "two weeks" to Haynes who returns something inaudiable as Jackson turns and walks to the back.

Blackfront: Huge match now set as Will Haynes and Sean Jackson are set to go one on one! Haynes turns to Zhalia who is starting to get up. He goes to help her up, but she just pulls away from him disapointed, getting up by herself.

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Blackfront: Zhalia Fears disappointed here tonight, but a great showing by the former champion.

Ace: Hey! Look at it this way, Will Haynes saved her from destruction in two weeks! Haynes tries to reason with an upset fears as we fade away.

The Machine: A Victory Speech

Backstage in the Gateway Arena, a single podium has been set up in front of a plain black curtain embroidered with the UTA logo in the very center. On it, a single microphone stands alone in front

of the camera, awaiting the fulfillment of its microphone destiny to one day be used on an episode of UTA Monday Night Wrestleshow.

It will soon get its wish.

Stepping into the frame of the camera, Michael Best straightens his tie as he steps behind the podium, carrying with him the weight of so many achievements.

Behind him, stepping into position at his flank, is the UTA Prodigy Champion, Ms. Alex Beckman. Though not dressed for competition tonight, she clutches her custom Prodigy Championship firmly over her shoulder, looking into the camera with the steely intensity that naturally comes with her standing there holding her title.

Michael clears his throat, ready to begin.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, a little over one month ago I stood backstage in Orlando, Florida and I made a declaration of intent.

He clutches the edges of the podium, leaning slightly forward toward the camera.

Best: I declared-- in no uncertain terms that-- that The Machine had come to the United Toughness Alliance to put an end to Dynasty. This declaration came with no asterisks. It came with no fine print. This was a cut-and-dried mission statement. For the benefit you Iowa corn pickers, "them's was fightin' words". In short, this was a declaration of war.

There is a look of skewed pride on his face, as though he is both excited and deflated by the delivery of this statement tonight. He furrows his eyebrows momentarily, but shakes it off and returns to his usual smug expression.

Best: Dynasty was put on notice. They were told that their time at the top of the UTA had come to an end, and that they would be forcibly taken from their throne. It would be a war for the ages-- the old guard versus the new regime-- and there would only be one true winner. I would be something that would be catalogued in the annals of history, now and forever. It would have been the greatest rivalry in history.

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He takes a deep breath, trying to swallow the venom rising in his throat.

Best: It is my unfortunate duty here tonight to accept their surrender.

He grimaces, just trying to get through it as he makes a sharp "tsk" sound with his teeth and tongue. He grips the podium a little bit tighter now, bolting his knuckles to the wooden podium. Best: We told Dynasty that we wanted war, and their response was to fall on their swords. La Flama Blanca, hell bent on proving wrong all those "wrasslin' fans on the Internet", works so hard to prove that he can be UTA World Champion at Black Horizon that he costs Dynasty the UTA Legacy Championship in the process. Sean Jackson-- the man he defeated-- bleeds a few drops of his own blood and disappears into the ether, leaving nothing behind but more hollow words for Marshall Owens to parrot in his absence. CBR washes out at Black Horizon to noted sexist Chris Hopper.

He lowers his head, closing his eyes as he shakes his head in disappointment.

Best: And then Perfection-- I'm sorry, James Witherhold, civilian at large-- realizes that he's just a small town girl, living in a lonely word, and takes the midnight train to find his smile for the nineteenth time in his UTA career. The war is over. The troops have gone home. Dynasty dies not with a roar, but with a whimper.

He looks legitimately angry now, which is perhaps a strange emotion to feel when declaring victory. And yet his words are hollow-- as hollow as the feeling that this victory actually gives him. Best: We came into this company to establish our dominance by force, not by default, and yet they fall around us. WTFC dies by his it's own fat, disgusting hand. Dynasty-- the group that couldn't be killed-- lies on life support with no adorable little puppy to watch over it. And now the Machine stands alone, the victors in a war in which it never bloodied it's cogs.

He continues his speech, his voice booming like a propaganda machine. Alex Beckman tries to hide an interested smile, instead continuing to mug the camera for it's lunch money.

Best: But we do not greet surrender with kindness, or with mercy. Tonight, John Sektor will take one more step toward plunging his fist into the chest of the usurper Blanca, and tearing out of the heart of the UTA. And Cecilworth Farthington? Well, in two weeks time he will be the UTA Legacy Champion, when he enters into the Championship Scramble.

Michael turns his glance toward Alex Beckman, who gives him a nod and a knowing, smug smile. Suddenly, the excitement returns to his eyes.

Best: And then, next week on Victory, Alex Beckman-- the UNDISPUTED Prodigy Champion of

the United Toughness Alliance-- will advance in the Ring King tournament and destroy all futile hope that LAR's loss at Black Horizon was a fluke. This is not a prediction. This is not a boast. This is a certifiable FACT-- and if Lamond Alexander Robertson can defeat my client at Victory next week? Not only will he move on in the Ring King Tournament-- not only will he recapture the UTA Prodigy Championship-- but I am once

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again doubling the bounty on Beckman.

Alex clutches the title a little tighter, her eyes narrowing toward the camera. She steps in a little closer to Michael, and if this promise puts pressure on her, she isn't making it obvious.

Best: Twenty thousand dollars, Mr. Robertson. And I assure you that unlike those boys in Dynasty, when I make a promise, it is never smoke and mirrors. You will get that money in cash. And all you have to do is something that no one else ever has.

The Engineer of The Machine laughs, as he glances backward one more time at Alex Beckman. There is zero doubt in his expression as he turns back to the camera.

Best: ...you have to beat the Beast.

With a jarring slam, Michael pounds his clenched fist against the podium. It rings out, echoing in the small recording room as he stares into the camera. Michael snaps his fingers, beckoning for the BTKO Killer as she follows behind him without a word.

Monday Night Wrestleshow continues.

Brought to You By

Better Must Come

Suddenly the camera turns to static and the scene turns to a small Jamaican village. The camera turns showing the many vendors around selling various types of produce and hand crafted items.

The camera zooms in on a dark skinned man dressed in a pair of jeans, a white tank top, an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt with various flowers on it, a pair of dark sunglasses, and a tan fedora. The man walks amongst the random people adjusting his shirt before letting out a smile. This is the man himself, Lisil Jackson!

Jackson: Eyyyyyyyy mon! Listen to what I have ta say! For da gift o' knowledge is da greatest gift of all! Look around ya! Ask yaself dis mon! Why do we do what we do? Why do we sit in darkness while our own bruddas struggle through life? Look around! Everyday is dee same old! Ya have to ask yaself are we even human or are we just machine goin through dee same motion?

Jackson says spreading his arms looking around at the many people walking around him. Jackson: I am comin' to the UTA to wake ya up! Wake up ya children! Wake up ya bruddas, ya muddas, and ya sistas! It time to stop walk in ya sleep! Lift ya head up! Today is one day! But tomorrow is anotta! If we knock on dat door and it no open den we shall push it ova! Only the will let it be done!

Lisil says taking off his sunglasses and tipping his fedora.

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Jackson: Ya have to lift yaself up and make people take notice! All it takes is one mon to start a revolution. Do we hear our own people cry? Do we hear or feel dee pain of our own bruddas?

UTA it's time dat we cut da strings and stand up! For we are our own people! We are strong! We aren't goin to be manipulated by those who want to kick us down! Everone make mistake. It what ya do wit it dat will make a difference!

Jackson smiles letting out a cheery laugh.

Jackson: UTA betta must come! A new day will dawn on dee wings of a dove! And dat dove goes by da name of Lisil Jackson! I am because ya are!

"THE JAMAICAN INSPIRATION" LISIL JACKSON COMING TO THE UTA SOON!

Sylosis' Emphyreal starts to thunder it's way around inside the arena, as it heralds the arrival of Rhys Townsend. He walks out onto the stage, pausing to adjust the towel hanging around his shoulders, barely even acknowledging the fact that he's in an arena full of wrestling fans, instead, just staring straight down at the ring.

Blackfront: Here comes the man, that has questioned Crimson Lord the past two weeks about what kind of man he is.

Ace: Big Mistake.

His focus on the ring is absolute as he walks down the ramp, never taking his eyes off it, his facial expression of pure focus never wavering.

Announcer: The following is a first round Ring King Match...Introducing at this time, coming to us from Llanelli, Wales...

He stops at the bottom of the ring steps, still completely oblivious to anything that is not the wrestling ring, as he stares up at the ringpost. He pauses for a second, seemingly murmuring something to himself, before he walks up the ring steps.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch, and weighing in at two hundred fifty two pounds... He finally looks out at the crowd, completely unfazed by their reaction to him, as he wipes his boots on the apron. He steps through the middle ropes, glancing quickly at the ring Franklin and referee.

Announcer: This...is....RHYS! TOWNSEND!!!!

He barely acknowledges the Franklin's call, merely nodding his head, as he walks over to one of the turnbuckles. The towel comes up and over his head, casually hanging it over the turnbuckle. Blackfront: I have heard a lot of good things about Rhys, looking forward to seeing what he can do in that ring tonight.

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Townsend rolls his wrists, before he runs through one final check of his ring gear, making sure that it's all just the way he wants it, before he turns back towards the center of the ring, ready for his match.

Blackfront: He looks ready, he better be Crimson Lord is no easy win by any means.

Ace: The UTA does things differently then that place in Chicago.

Genghis Tron Board up the House [Renholder Remix] plays. The arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage. Out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down. He has wet navy blue hair hangs over his face. He has a dark red gothic style leather coat on. He has dark red tights with gothic symbols on the hips moving to the front of the tights. The words "BLOOD LUST" going down his right leg in red and gray letters. He also has new black and red strap boots on.

Gaze walks from the backstage to stand next to him. She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. With black eyeshadow and black lipstick. She wears black open vest. Gaze also has torn red jeans with black high heel boots.

Ace: Your next #1 Contender is making his way to the ring.

Blackfront: Don't look past Rhys he is a very accomplished wrestler!

Gaze stands at the top of the ramp. She looks up toward Crimson Lord. Crimson Lord looks down toward her. Gaze walks in front of him and leads him to the ring. Crimson Lord slowly turns his head to face the ring as he follows her. He slowly begins to walk down the ramp with each step smoke rises from under his feet.

Announcer: Hailing from Parts Unknown

Crimson Lord and Gaze reach the end of the entrance ramp. He stares coldly into the ring. Gaze slides in under the bottom rope, and walks to the turnbuckle and sits on the top turnbuckle. She raises her right index finger toward Crimson Lord and motions for him to come into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

Crimson Lord quickly grabs the top rope and steps over the top rope. He walks over toward her. She grabs the sides of his face and they kiss. Crimson slowly turns from the kiss to look toward his victim.

Announcer: "The Plague of Darkness"....CRIMSON LORD!! The lights slowly come on.

Blackfront: Rhys looking to prove himself against the legend in Crimson Lord. This is a first round match in the Ring King Tournament. What are your thoughts Ace?

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Ace: I'll let you know when I actually see this scrub actually wrestle in this ring. Right now my money is on Crimson Lord.

They lock up! Both men trying to gain the advantage. They start to spin in the ring hitting the ropes, still locked. Crimson is finally pushed into the corner and the ref calls for the break.

Townsend backs off with his hands up. Crimson stares coldly toward Rhys, before pulling himself out of the corner and the two circle once more. They lock up once more. This time Crimson pushes Townsend into the corner.

Blackfront: The ref forces the break and Crimson backs off, but quickly throws a cheap shot at Rhys!

Crimson snickers as he raises his hands up in the air while Townsend rubs his jaw for a moment.

Ace: That is called letting Mr. Townsend know just who exactly he is in the ring with.

They go for another lock but this time Crimson quickly gets a knee lift into Rhys's stomach. He locks Townsend into a suplex and quickly floats over upon impact.

Ref: 1... kickout! Fans cheer loudly!

Blackfront: Crimson quickly to his feet.

Ace: So is Townsend.

The two exchange a look and once again lock up! This time Townsend gets the advantage and executes a body slam, quickly followed by a elbow drop and a pin himself!

Ref: 1... kickout! Fans boo loudly!

Both men jump to their feet once more. They circle once more and again as they go for the lock up this time Townsend takes a page from Crimson's book and delivers a knee lift to Crimson's gut!

Blackfront: Both seem to be testing each others power and wrestling ability so far.

Ace: We know Crimson is just toying with this kid.

Townsend, wasting no time, quickly locks in a belly to belly suplex! He hits it! Rhys picks up a stunned Crimson and throws him off the ropes. He ducks his head but Crimson put on the brakes and takes him down with a side headlock. Townsend battles to get to a vertical base and begins to try and punch at Crimson's gut in hopes to break the hold.

Blackfront: This is an interesting side of Crimson Lord. He is actually giving Rhys what he wants a wrestling

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match.

Ace: You act like the man can't wrestle. What are you a Rhys Townsend groupie or something? Crimson refusing to break the hold. Rhys quickly comes up with another strategy. He turns sideways into Crimson.

Blackfront: Side Suplex pin! That is one way to get out of the headlock!

Ace: Rhys obviously came prepared for this match tonight!

Ref: 1...2 kickout! Fans boo loudly!

Crimson slowly gets to his feet, Townsend poised to attack. He charges at his stunned opponent!

Crimson ducks and Townsend is caught immediately with a neckbreaker! Crimson gets to his feet the crowd is really starting to get into this match.

Blackfront: These two are putting on a show for these fans! Crimson goes for the cover hooking the leg!

Ref: 1...2...kickout! Fans cheer loudly!

Crimson looks at the ref for a moment then picks up Townsend. Townsend regains the advantage back with a chin breaker! Townsend quickly throws Crimson off the ropes and again ducks his head. Crimson goes for the DDT again, but this time Rhys is prepared he drives him backward into the turnbuckle! Crimson releases the hold. Townsend immediately snap mares Crimson out of the corner. He follows up with a snap kick to the back of Crimson's back.

Blackfront: Townsend is proving himself quite well against Crimson Lord here tonight so far.

Ace: Give Crimson sometime he is just seeing what this scrub has first.

Blackfront: Rhys has Crimson up for a powerbomb! Unbelievable Rhys showing a impressive power display here! He is able to hit the move and quickly holds Crimson's legs up for a pin!

Ref: 1...2...

Crimson rolls his shoulder enough to stop the count. He then grabs Townsend's arm between his legs locks in a triangle choke move! Townsend is struggling to break the hold! Crimson has the submission locked in perfectly! Townsend tries desperately to free his arm. The ref asking him but Rhys refuses to submit.

Fans try to hype up Rhys!

Blackfront: What a reversal by Crimson! I never have seen this side of Crimson before, and I have watched him for years.

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Ace: Proving Rhys wrong that he could not be a actual professional wrestler. How does that submission feel Rhys?

Townsend drops to his knees, and slowly tries to get to the ropes. Finally Townsend is able to make it to the second rope, forcing a break! Crimson releases the hold, gets up and lifts Townsend off the matt. Crimson continues to focus on Townsend's left arm. He chicken wings the arm behind Rhys's back and body slams Townsend!

Crimson then drops to the mat and locks in a chicken wing submission. The ref again checking on Townsend he refuses to give up! Townsend is closer to the ropes this time and forces a quick break. Crimson waits for him to get to his feet before cinching in a waist lock into a belly-to-belly suplex into a lateral press.

Ref: 1.....2..... Fans boo loudly!

Crimson pulls Rhys head up before the three count shaking his head.

Blackfront: Now the arrogance of Crimson Lord resurfaces.

Ace: Naa, it's not arrogance it's showing this scrub from Chicago what it means to step in the ring with a legend in the UTA.

Crimson picks up Rhys and with a clubbing forearms across the back send him right back down to the mat. Crimson goes off the ropes and drops a leg on the back of Townsend's head!

Blackfront: Crimson is not wasting any time he has Rhys off the mat and up in a gorilla press....Oh my he just dropped Rhys over his knee what a vicious gutbreaker!

Ace: Aww, look at the little wrestler crumbled up in a fetus position in pain.

Crimson picks up Rhys and throws him with force into the corner turnbuckle, he quickly follows with a clothesline. Rhys stumbles out of the corner and falls to the mat. Crimson looks out at Gaze who is relishing every minute of it.

Blackfront: Crimson has Rhys hair and he is shouting something to him..

Crimson Lord: Feel that boy thats called pain! You will not deny me!

Ace: Crimson has the focus on advancing!

Crimson stands up and drops an elbow across the lower back of Rhys who yells in pain. Crimson continues to drop elbows across Rhys lower back!

Blackfront: Crimson is just assaulting the lower back now of Rhys!

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Ace: Make that kid wish he ever came to the UTA Crimson!

Blackfront: Crimson has a camel clutch now on Rhys! Look at that demented look on his face!

Ace: Snap him in half Crimson!

Crimson screams in a very sinister yell as he continues to pull back on Rhys. Townsend is desperately trying to peel Crimson's fingers from his jaw while telling the ref he refuses to give up. Blackfront: This kid has heart he will not give up, he is trying to fight to his knees right now.

Rhys struggles to lift Crimson off his back. He finally gets to his knees and Crimson jumps up and drops down on Rhys's lower back driving him back down to the mat he locks in the clutch again! Ace: Just give up Rhys you are not going to beat this man!

Blackfront: The drive of this young man will not allow him to give up!

Ace: You mean his stupidity.

Rhys struggles to lift Crimson off his back again. He finally gets to his knees and Crimson jumps up and drops down on Rhys's lower back again driving him back down to the mat he locks in the clutch again!

Blackfront: The more Townsend fights to break the hold the more damage Crimson is doing to his lower back. I admire this kid's determination but how much more can he take?

Ace: First match in and he is going to end up in the hospital welcome to the UTA Rhys.

Ace laughs while Rhys struggles once more to lift Crimson off his back. It has become extremely difficult for him to do it this time. The damage to his lower back has become apparent. He finally gets to his knees and Crimson jumps up Rhys quickly turns around and tucks his knees. Crimson falls down on his knees. Crimson's eyes pop out of his head as he quickly holds his groin.

Blackfront: He got out of the move, what a nice counter by Rhys.

Ace: Gaze is yelling at the ref about that being illegal! She has that right, disqualify him! Crimson staggers around in the ring as Rhys pulls himself up from the ropes. Crimson turns around and Rhys charges into a running clothesline. Crimson hops back up and again Rhys with another clothesline, then another and another. Crimson is reeling as he staggers into the corner. Townsend charges and drives his shoulder into Crimson's gut making him bend over.

Blackfront: Rhys has Crimson's arms hooked behind him ...Double arm suplex! Rhys is wasting no time he grabs Crimson's right leg and is now kicking his knee!

Rhys focuses on the knee of Crimson, dropping elbow drop after elbow drop on Crimson he tries to grab his

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knee in pain.

Ace: This fool has Crimson's leg grapevined!

Rhys continues to focus on Crimson leg... after a few minutes of pressure applied to Crimson's leg. Rhys makes the sign for his finisher!

Blackfront: He is trying to roll Crimson over for The Single Leg Crab of Doom!

Ace: Fight it Crimson!

Crimson struggles to block the move but eventually Crimson is flipped. Rhys yells out as Crimson grinds his teeth trying to hide the obvious pain on his face.

Blackfront: Rhys might have it here fans! Wait a minute Gaze is on the apron what is that devilish woman doing?

Ace: Its called taking the ref's mind off his job, who can resist such a sexy woman. With the ref's attention Crimson starts hitting the mat.

Blackfront: He is tapping! Rhys has won this fans....

Ace: Too bad the ref is distracted.

Ace laughs at this outcome. Rhys breaks the hold thinking he won he raises his arm up. Gaze hops off the apron. The ref turns around and is confused Rhys points at his arm wanting the ref to raise his arm in victory.

Blackfront: This is a travesty the ref is telling him he never saw a tap, Rhys had this won!

Ace: Crimson is up too keep arguing with the ref scrub, your about to get plastered!

Crimson enraged stares across the ring at Townsend. He slowly walks over and flips him around but Rhys quickly reacts with a kick to Crimson's thigh, kick after kick as the seven footer starts to buckle again. Rhys picks up Crimson's leg and hits a Dragonscrew!

Blackfront: Gaze looks extremely concern for Crimson. He is riving in pain after that move!

Ace: Come on Crimson don't let this guy deny you your chance at the second round! Rhys wastes no time and quickly locks in the Single Leg Crab of Doom once more!

Blackfront: Rhys has him here fans this is it Crimson is about to be denied his chance right here tonight!

Crimson inches over to the ropes and reaches out but is unable to reach them. Suddenly Gaze pushes the

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bottom rope forward allowing Crimson to grab it the ref sees this and quickly gets out

of the ring and yells at Gaze.

Ace: No! He is throwing Gaze out you can't do that! Gaze is arguing with him as now the fans are chanting.

Fans: Naaa Naaa Naaa Hey Hey Goodbye, over and over.

Blackfront: The ref is has made this match even now! Gaze is screaming at the top of her lungs while she is backtracking up the ramp toward the ref.

Ace: This ref is paid off!

Through all the commotion Rhys joins in on the fans chant for her. Crimson staggers to his feet with help from the ropes. The ref enters the ring and Rhys turns around and stares across the ring at Crimson still enraged and in pain

Blackfront: Now nothing is going to stop this match from a clean finish! This match is too important for constant interference by Gaze.

Ace: Crimson realizing Gaze has just been thrown out doesn't look to happy. The fans are making him even more enraged by their chants keep it up people you're only fueling this man! Crimson hobbles over to Rhys and stares face to face with him. He stares back toward him. Blackfront: This match will continue! Rhys grabs the arm of Crimson Lord... whipped into the ropes. Lord on the return now...

Rhys bends down to catch him, but only catches a raising leg to the face in return.

Blackfront: Lord catches Townsend with a boot!

Rhys stumbles back as Crimson runs backward and uses the ropes to send himself forward.

Blackfront: Lord on the return again...

Rhys catches himself and runs forward, sliding under the incoming Crimson Lord's legs, grabbing one of them as he does. He rolls his body up straddling Crimson's legs as he stands pulling his leg up with him.

Blackfront: THAT SINGLE LEG BOSTON CRAB AGAIN! RHYS PUTTING ALL OF HIS STRENGTH INTO IT! NO GAZE THIS TIME!

Ace: Did you see that counter into it?! AMAZING!

Crimson tries to fight but can't. The years of abuse to his knees too much as his hand instinctually taps the canvas. The referee calls for the bell as Rhys lets go leaping to his feet, arms hitting the air.

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Announcer: The winner of this match and moving to the next round f the Ring King tournament.... WHYS... TOOOWNSSENNDddd!!!

Blackfront: HUGE debut victory for Rhys Townsend. Crimson Lord is not an easy man to defeat. Ace: To top it all off.. we're going to see Whys Townsend and Scott Stevens.. here.. IN THE UTA!

Townsend turns to Crimson who uses the ropes to pull himself up again. Both men stare at each other, not exchanging words, but respect can be seen as we fade away.

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RETURNING SOON

Got To Love It, Jason

After coming back from commercial cameras pan around the Gateway Arena. Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are heard before cameras come back onto them by ring side.

Blackfront: Thank you for tuning in tonight folks. We'd like to take this time to talk about the Ring King Pay Per View that comes your way LIVE from the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington. Ring King is extra special this time, Tommy.

Tommy Ace seems really excited about the upcoming event.

Ace: It is, Jason! Not only is there the Ring King World Championship match, we have TWO HUGE additions... The Chamber Match returns to the UTA and first ever Ace In The Hole Match. Got to love it, Jason.

Blackfront: The UTA keeps stepping up their game. Let's start with Ace In The Hole, Tommy... Eight superstars face off in a Ladder Match but this isn't any normal Ladder Match is it?

Graphics of the Ace In The Hole briefcase hit your screen. The arena in the shot is bare and dark. A few LED lamps shine on the briefcase as it hangs in all its glory.

Ace: Not at all, Jason. About Twenty feet above the ring there will be a briefcase and inside that briefcase, a contract for a UTA World Title match.

Blackfront: Very exciting kind of match. More on Ace In The Hole in the coming weeks. Then we have The Chamber Match, I know this is something you are looking forward to, Tommy.

Ace: Ohhh I am, Jason. The Chamber Match is one of the most intense matches... I've ever seen in this business. A steel chamber with a ring on the inside. There are four pods inside the chamber, two superstars start us off and new combatants enter over time.

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A graphic of a Three-Sixty shot of The Chamber now appear in front of you. Close ups of the steel chains and parts of the structure.

Blackfront: The Chamber Match is different this year... Now the winner fights for the right to captain one of our UTA shows.

Ace: The loser captains the second show. I don't know if that's a let down or what?

Blackfront: After Ring King, we are hitting the road and going... OVER seas. The UTA is going to some places we have never explored. I'm excited to go with the UTA on our International Affair Tour.

Ace: I hope my Passport is update to date, I'm going to Holland. Jason sticks an eyebrow at Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: We're not going to Holland, Tommy.

Ace: But I am...

Blackfront: Anyway folks, that's not all... Victory is also hitting the road. Tickets will be on sale soon for our shows in Canada within the coming days. Going to be good to Canada, Tommy. The fans behind Tommy and Jason are going berzerk.

Ace: Sausages and syrup, Jason. I love it.

Blackfront: Okay... the UTA is showing you why we are the number one promotion in the sport. The UTA is going worldwide. Up next... our main event, a match in the Ring King Tournament... John Sektor takes on Tyrone Walker!

Cameras fades out.

We return to the arena, where fans are starting to really get into the show following the Ring King matches so far. At the announce booth, Jason Blackfront sits with Tommy Ace, waiting for the

moment to speak.

Blackfront: Welcome back to Wrestleshow folks, right here at the Gateway Arena in Sioux City!

Ace: And what a few matches we have still to come Jason!

Blackfront: That's right Tommy. In the main event of the evening coming up we will have two exciting newcomers to the UTA squaring off for the first time!

Ace: I can't wait for this one! Twitter has been buzzing Jason!

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Blackfront: John Sektor has been on something of a roll recently since making the jump, but how will he fair against a tag team specialise?

Ace: Got to say I'm looking forward to this one! Sektor is going to wash the floor with Walker! Just then, the lights in the arena dim as Shut It Down by Dead Celebrity Status hits the PA system. Fans pop for the sound of one of the newest and hottest attractions in UTA coming from backstage onto the ramp. Tyrone Walker, in his ring gear, raises his arms to the fans and nods to the beats before marching down the ramp way, his tag team partner Stephen Greer behind him. Blackfront: Not a lot of people know this, but Tyrone Walker, whilst being a tag team specialist is actually a former World Heavyweight Champion. In fact, he's held numerous singles titles in addition to his fame as one half of Team Danger.

Walker slaps a few outstretched fans, the energy palpable as he springs towards the ring. Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Jacksonville, Florida; weighing in at two hundred and five pounds...

Walker slides under the bottom rope into the ring, raising his arms into the air as he jumps to his feet.

Announcer: He is one half of Team Danger...Tyooooooooooooone....Waaaaaalker!

Walker lifts himself onto the second rope, one arm in the air as he surveys the crowd, batting his chest with his free fist to a mixed reaction from the UTA faithful, before the cheers overcome the response and rise into a pop.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into boo's of sheer hatred. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and moustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk.

Fellow Hall of Famer, and now manager of The Machine, Mike Best walks out behind him, dressed finely in a crisp suit and clapping his client.

Blackfront: Well, here's a man who's made quite the impression of late. Coming off the back of a huge win over a former UTA Champion at Black Horizon.

Ace: Yeah, John Sektor is the real deal! He's the Gold Standard Jason!

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the two slowly and calmly begin to make their way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: And his opponent, making his way to the ring and being accompanied by Michael Best. Hailing from Miami, Florida.

Sektor pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking up the hatred and practically smiling as he absorbs it all.

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Blackfront: Just look at the arrogance of the guy!

Ace: It's never arrogance when you can back it up!

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring, whilst Mike Best climbs up the ring steps and joins him.

Announcer: Representing The MACHINE.. The Gold Standard...JOHN, SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announcer echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: John Sektor is a lot of people's tip to win Ring King this year and what an incredible start to his UTA career that would be if he even made it to the final four!

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Blackfront: But to do that, Sektor may need to go through his Machine teammate Alex Beckman Ace: We'll cross that bridge when we come to it Jason. I'm just looking forward to a Machine versus Dynasty match up in this tournament!

Blackfront: You wouldn't know what to do with yourself! Let's send it to the ring, this one is about to kick off.

In the ring, the ref signals for the bell, as the crowd pops for the start of what should be an exciting match! John Sektor slowly walks around his corner, stretching his arm and rotating it at the elbow, a smile on his face as he looks across the ring towards the smaller Walker. Tyrone, standing in his spot, loosens up by flicking out his leg and hopping a couple of times. After a moment, Walker comes forward towards the center of the ring, Sektor following, back arched forward and arms out in a grappling stance.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker giving away a fair bit in this match in terms of weight. And the two lock up.

Sektor pushes with his shoulders at Walker, who holds his ground, John dropping to a knee then back up, using all his leverage. Walker drops down this time, bending at the knees, before trying to push back. Finally, Sektor gets the upper hand and uses his momentum to push to the corner. Blackfront: The ref breaking it up but John Sektor already showing off that weight advantage!

Ace: He better watch out though, Walker is slippery!

John backs off, arms up as the referee is between the two, before firing a vicious slap into Tyrone's face, reeling the man back into the corner. Sektor smiles wide as the ref admonishes him, looking outside of the

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ring and nodding at Mike Best who nods back his appreciation.

Blackfront: Tyrone Walker taking one stiff to the face there and he's coming back out holding his jaw.

The two lock up again, this time John Sektor once again overpowering the smaller Walker and forcing him back into the corner. However, as the ref breaks it up, Sektor goes for the same slap and Walker ducks it, rolling out of the corner and firing a kick at John Sektor's abs. Sektor though catches Walker's boot, holding it up as Tyrone hops on his other foot.

Ace: Sektor's got him now Jason! Look at...wait, enzeguri!

Blackfront: No, Sektor ducked! Clothesline!

Walker ducks the attempt and backs off to the corner as the Gold Standard turns, a smirk on his face shaking his head and mouthing "that was close" to his opponent across the ring. Tyrone Walker simply comes forward, slapping his shoulder and inviting Sektor in to lock up again.

Blackfront: The two men lock up again...but this time Tyrone Walker slips out and into a waist lock.

Walker tightens his arms around Sektor, pressing his torso against his opponent's back and locking his hands together. John swings an elbow back into the cheek of Walker, and a second. On the third attempt, Walker rushes forward to the ropes and uses John's own momentum to roll back into a pin attempt.

Blackfront: Not even a one count as Sektor kicks out before the ref was even on his knees.

Ace: Ha that was a bit audacious there wasn't it?

The two back to their feet, Sektor immediately grabs Ty into a headlock. He uses his biceps to tighten against Walker's head, who launches a right into Sektor's ribs and another. Walker uses his strength to push Sektor off with a whip to the ropes. Sektor returns and shoulder blocks Walker to the mat. Tyrone immediately springs back to his feet, Sektor running back to the ropes. Blackfront: Walker down again to a shoulder block, but he springs back to his feet.

This time, when Sektor runs to the ropes, Tyrone lays flat on the floor, his opponent jumping over the prone body, off the opposing ropes with Walker leaping over Sektor's head and on the return using the Gold Standard's momentum to deliver a quick and impactful hip toss to the mat!

Ace: John is up on one knee Jason and he does not look happy!

Indeed, Sektor is up, shaking off the cobwebs and looking more serious, regarding Tyrone Walker in a new light. He gets back to his feet and approaches cautiously, both arms out, palms open, dodging a clothesline attempt and delivering a vicious German Suplex!

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Ace: See Jason? That's the John Sektor we know!

Sektor is back on his feet, wiping his hands together as if to say it's time for business. He approaches Walker and drops a knee into the smaller man's back. Rising again, he backs to the ropes and runs forward into a rolling knee drop onto the back of Walker again. Tyrone holds his back with one hand as he gets onto his hand and knees, before Sektor comes down with a double forearm smash onto the back of Walker, putting him face down onto the mat again.

Blackfront: John Sektor looking out to his cohort Mike Best now, Best exchanging a few words of advice. It's hard to believe after everything those two are on the same page!

Ace: Greatness attracts greatness Jason!

In the ring, Sektor has Walker back to his feet. He runs him to the ropes and when Walker's front rebounds, he drives a forearm into the lower back of Tyrone, sending him reeling forward, only to be greeted by a second. Mouthing off at Greer on the outside, Sektor takes Walker's head and drags him back to the opposing corner, thrusting a right hand and a second into the face of his opponent. John pushes Walker face first into the turnbuckle, and a second time before delivering a boot to the back of the smaller man, who drops to one knee in the corner.

Blackfront: No wasted motion by the former world champion there as he drives his boot into the back of Walker's head!

Ace: Man, he collapsed like a bad Jenga game!

The ref gets between Sektor and Walker, forcing the larger man back, who raises his arms in cooperation. Greer is up on the ring apron shouting at the ref, who abandons his partner to tell his tag partner to drop down, allowing Mike Best to walk over and throw a few weighted insults at Tyrone Walker, though looking back up at Sektor doesn't get involved.

Blackfront: Ref! Pay attention!

The ref turns back to the action as Sektor has Walker back to one knee, pulling him to the middle of the ring. Slowly lifting him by his hair, Sektor mouths something to the Team Danger man, before delivering a slap across his face. Tyrone reels back, holding his cheek and keeling forward as John Sektor moves forward.

Ace: Sektor in complete control. He's...wait, no!

As Sektor approaches, Tyrone Walker runs back to the turnbuckle, jumps to the second rope and flies off with a standing moonsault, driving Sektor to the mat hard! The crowd pops as Walker rolls off of the Machine member, clutching at his ribs. John rolls onto his front, onto his knees with his head down on the mat holding his mid section and looks up just in time.

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Blackfront: Dropkick to the face of the Gold Standard!

Sektor immediately drops onto his back as Walker runs to the ropes, back across the ring and delivers a quick leg drop. John clutches at his face, onto his side just as Walker drops an elbow to the ribs and another. Walker lifts Sektor to his feet, bringing him down with a snapmare and reaching his arm around.

Blackfront: Chin lock by Walker and the crowd are loving this!

The noise lifts in the arena as Walker cinches in the hold, laying on his side to apply leverage. Sektor though, rolls backwards and breaks the lock, using his body to roll Walker onto his back, shoulders down....

One...two...

Ace: He almost had him there!

Sektor, back on his feet, backs off a few steps, rubbing his cheek as Walker gets back to vertical base. He runs forward, but Sektor delivers a snap suplex with graceful accuracy to the charging adversary!

Blackfront: Pure instinct by John Sektor there, derailing the momentum of his opponent. Sektor, back on his feet walks to the side of Walker, pressing the toe of his boot into the man's face. He nudges at Tyrone, who rolls onto his front before Sektor drops down with a hard elbow to the back. He gets to his feet again and drops the same move, Walker reaching his right hand around to hold at the small of his back.

Ace: That's it John! Make him pay!

Blackfront: Pay for what? Sektor back up now and bringing Ty Walker to his feet.

A kick to the gut is followed by a beautifully delivered DDT to the mat, Sektor raising to one knee immediately and raising his arms into the air, the boos erupting from the crowd, the moustached man's lips curling into a grin.

Blackfront: Sektor backing up now, so methodical as Walker rises to his knees.

Within moments, Walker is back on the mat following a running boot to the back by Sektor, who then drops his knee down into the small of Walker's back and using his arms to stretch the opponent's body backwards.

Blackfront: A modified hold there, Sektor continuing to focus on the back of the quicker Walker. After a few moments, Sektor breaks the hold and lifts Walker to his knees. John delivers a knee to the face followed by a running boot, putting Ty down onto his back. Sektor walks to the ropes,

stepping nonchalantly onto the second rope with one foot and lifting himself up, arms aloft to the fans who respond with their vehement boos.

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Ace: You see Jason? This is why John Sektor is a future Champion here in the UTA! Blackfront: It's hard to argue that point with what we've seen the past few weeks. He has Walker back to his feet now and into the corner.

Sektor fires a couple of right fists into

Walker's face before delivering a European Uppercut to the smaller man, who reels back against the turnbuckles. Stumbling out, right into the arms of Sektor who hooks them beneath Walker's. Ace: Front Nelson Suplex!

Blackfront: Walker looks hurt on the mat Tommy!

As if hearing the words and smelling blood, John Sektor rolls Walker up.

Ace: One...two...no!

Again, Sektor goes for a cover, hooking the leg.

Blackfront: Two count again!

Ace: Real smart by John there Jason. Every time Sektor goes for the cover, Ty Walker has to expend so much energy lifting over two hundred pounds off of him!

Sektor is on his feet again, dragging Walker by his hair to the middle of the ring. He lifts him onto his knees and looks down, the smirk palatable on his face. Sektor drives a right fist down and a second and...

Blackfront: Schoolboy pin! Sektor in trouble! One...two...th...no!

Sektor kicks out just in time as Walker is back to his feet. Holding his back a moment, he backs up to the ropes then runs forward, delivering a huge Dropkick as Sektor turns around. Slower to his feet now, Sektor turns back to face Walker.

Blackfront: Swinging neckbreaker! Sektor is down!

John lifts to a seated position, holding at his head but has no moment to rest as the running boot of Walker connects with his back. John gets back to a knee but is laid back out on his back with a huge super kick from Walker!

Blackfront: Cover him!

Ace: No!

Instead of making a cover though, Walker runs to the ropes, coming off of them and dropping a knee into the

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face of Sektor who flinches and returns to a motionless state. The crowd, revved up, cheers as Walker looks around them, pointing to the top rope. He drags Sektor to the center of the ring backs up to the corner, jumping up onto the top rope. Pointing into the air...

Ace: Tyrone Walker's gonna fly!

Blackfront: No! Sektor moved!

John indeed is on his front having rolled out of the way of the coming frog splash, Walker reeling and holding his mid section. Sektor gets back to his feet and shakes off the cobwebs, wasting no time in moving to Ty and making the cover.

One...two...kick out.

Sektor back up, drags Walker to his feet and delivers a huge belly to belly suplex, and a cover.

Ace: One...two...no!

Once again Walker kicks out. Sektor slams his palms into the mat in frustration, as he looks around the ring. A look of intense focus crosses the Gold Standard's face as he rolls out of the ring to the outside.

Blackfront: Some real bad intentions here from John Sektor I think!

Ace: He knows what he has to do to win.

Reaching into the ring, Sektor pulls Walker's body to the apron and up to the corner. He takes Walker's thigh in one hand and his chin in the other, stretching his back against the turnbuckle. Using his foot against the corner of the ring on the outside, Sektor applies more pressure.

Ace: Look at Walker's face Jason! He's in pure agony out there.

Indeed, Ty yells out as he tries to flail out of the pressure, but Sektor keeps it locked in. Around the side of the ring, Stephen Greer jogs over, but the large figure of Mike Best stands between Greer and his partner, arms folded and shaking his head. Greer clenches his fist, as Best unfolds his arms and starts to remove his jacket.

Ace: Oh my god Jason! Are we going to see Mike Best fight here?

Sektor continues to push the hold as Best undoes a cufflink then the other and rolls up his

sleeves. He steps forward towards Greer casually, who looks at his partner, then at the ref who is waving his arms for the two to stop and not paying attention to Sektor strangling his partner against the ring apron. Greer lifts his fist...

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Blackfront: Looks like cooler heads are prevailing Tommy. Greer backing off from Mike Best. Immediately, the ref turns back to the match and drops to his knees, forcing Sektor to break the choke. Sektor raises his arms in the air before driving a boot into the head of Walker as it hangs over the side of the ring apron. Taking Tyrone's head in his hands, Sektor drags him out onto the outside and Irish whips him into the guardrail!

Ace: Smart! Still working the back Jason.

Sektor walks back to the ring, rolling under the bottom rope then back out.

Blackfront: John breaking the count there, obviously not done with Ty Walker yet.

Sektor walks to the corner, booting Walker in the ribs and again, before throwing a right fist to the prone head, Walker's left arm draped over the railing to stop him falling over. Sektor grabs Walker's head and walks to the left side of the ring, slamming it down hard onto the ring apron then going for an Irish whip...

Blackfront: Reversed!

The crowd pops as John Sektor goes knee first into the ring steps, rolling forward and onto his back. Walker, down on one knee holds his back and takes a moment, before realising his positioning and Sektor's. Walker looks out to the crowd and points to the air, before turning back to Sektor and charging forward, fast. He jumps onto the ring steps and comes diving forward!

Ace: What a spinning heel kick Jason! Sektor is down!

Tyrone gets slowly back to his feet and looks down at his opponent, laid out. He climbs the ring steps to the apron, and walks to where Sektor is laying down outside. Turning his back to his opponent, Walker motions to the fans who pop for what insanity he has planned next. Walker jumps onto the second rope and dives backwards.

Blackfront: Moonsault to the outside!

Walker rolls onto his front following impact, John Sektor laid out on his back. Walker slowly rises to his feet, hearing the ref get to the seven count. He lifts Sektor's body up to a standing position and rolls him into the ring. Hopping back onto the ring apron, Walker slips back in through the ropes and drops to a cover.

Ace: One...two... Kick out.

He lifts Sektor back up and strikes at his head before whipping the Gold standard across the ring. Sektor connects front first against the turnbuckle before stumbling out into the center of the ring. Walker behind Sektor now, lifts him up and down.

Blackfront: Atomic Drop! John Sektor is reeling Tommy!

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Ace: No!

As Sektor holds his precious areas, Walker off the ropes runs forwards and Yakuza Kick! Sektor down! Cover!

Black front: One...two...no!

This time Walker shows his frustration, getting to his feet and over to the corner. He climbs the ropes, looking down at Sektor's prone body and flies!

Blackfront: Senton! Senton!

Walker holds his back from the move as Sektor rolls onto his front, almost out cold.

Ace: Great instincts though by Sektor Jason, moving onto his belly so Walker has to exert more energy if he wants to make a cover.

As if on cue, Walker uses his strength to turn Sektor over and onto his back. He covers again.

Blackfront: One...two...wait, no!

Sektor's left leg is up on the second rope, Mike Best backing off looking proud of himself.

Blackfront: Did Mike Best just place his stablemate's leg on the rope?

Ace: Of course not Jason!

Blackfront: I'm pretty sure he did! The replays are unclear. Listen to these fans, I think they agree.

Greer has run over to this side of the ring, shouting at Mike Best who holds his jacket in his left hand, wiping the dust off the back with his right. Stephen Greer steps forward, Mike Best holding an arm out to stop Greer who looks furious.

Blackfront: Are these two going to finally get into it?

Ace: Ref! No! Protect Mike Best!

The ref is up and at the ropes, shouting out, Walker leaning on the ropes looking out at the action as well. A few moments pass and then with a sudden burst of energy Sektor is on his feet, runs over to Walker and drives him across the ring with a release German Suplex! The ref turns to face the action as Sektor moves to capitalise. Lifting Walker to his feet he delivers a boot to the gut followed by a hanging T-Bone Suplex, tossing Walker like a paperweight who collapses in a folded mess.

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Blackfront: John Sektor stalking Walker now!

Ty turns onto his front, up to a knee and then to his feet. As he stands...

Ace: YES! Hall of Fame Elbow!

Walker collapses to the mat and Sektor comes forward, Walker out on his front. Sektor drops an elbow onto the lower back again, Walker reeling before Sektor winches in a leg hold and drops down forward.

Blackfront: Sektor Stretch!

Sektor tightens the hold around the jaw of Walker who cries out in pain. The ref drops to one knee, checking on Walker and offering him the option to tap out. Walker holds on, reaching forward.

Ace: He's going to make it, he's going to...

Before Tommy can finish, Sektor has dragged Walker back into the middle of the ring, cinching in the Sektor Stretch again!

Blackfront: Ty Walker may have no choice here!

On the outside, Greer shouts up, jumping onto the ring apron to shout encouragement to his partner. Mike Best takes exception though and swipes at Greer's left leg, who doesn't fall but turns to address Best, shouting down at the Hall of Famer! Greer bends forward, looking ready to fly off at Best, but the ref turns to him and grabs onto Greer's shoulder, shouting at him to stop.

Greer shakes off the hand, and tries to leap forward, but the ref stops him again, this time grabbing a hold of Greer's waist. Mike Best backs up a few inches.

Ace: He's tapping, he's tapping!

The crowd goes nuts with boos as Walker's hand connects repeatedly with the mat. Sektor tightens the hold and satisfied releases it and rolls off of Walker, lifting onto his feet and raising his arms in victory. The bell though, does not sound...

Blackfront: The ref didn't see it Tommy!

Sektor notices this and immediately jumps back onto Walker, locking in the Sektor stretch and shouting at the ref who is now outside the ring, standing between Best and Greer. Sektor breaks the hold and moves to the ropes, reaching out and taping the ref in the top of the head. Pointing to the ring he commands the ref get back into the ring. Sektor shouts, belittling the official as he enters the ring, who looks furious. The ref's face goes red just as Walker rolls up Sektor.

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Ace: Quick count! One two thre....no!

Sektor kicks out just in time, jumping to his feet and shouting at the ref, pressing his finger into the official's chest and tapping his hands together to signal a quick count. The ref shakes his head and backs into the corner, as Sektor turns just in time to receive

Blackfront: Busaiku knee! Sektor is reeling!

Followed by a kick to the gut and Walker lifts John Sektor high into the air. Holding him there for a few moments he drives down!

Ace: Ol' Dirty Buster! No! Cover...quick count...one two three!!

Blackfront: Walker's done it! Tyrone Walker knocked off the Gold Standard! He advances!

Ace: They cheated!

The fans cheer in unison as Walker rolls onto his back, realising what he's done and lifting up groggily. He lifts his arms into the air and hops onto the ring turnbuckle, shouting out in excitement.

Announcer: Here is your winner, by pinfall...Tytyyvrooone Waaalkkkkeeeerr!

Blackfront: I can't believe it! Walker knocks off the hall of famer!

Walker looks ecstatic as Sektor finally realises what just happened. He lifts to his knees and holds his head, looking around for some answers. John onto his feet and shouts at the ref,

stomping over to the official, fist clenched. The referee exits the ring immediately as Sektor throws a punch out towards him, missing. Turning back to face Walker...

Blackfront: Get out of there Walker, get out!

Ty Walker, oblivious, turns back to the ring as Sektor marches forward, getting into his face. Forcing Walker to back up to the ropes, Sektor shoves him a little, the anger boiling, bubbling over. Walker looks for an exit, but just when it looks like it will explode, Sektor's hand opens and he offers it to Ty.

Ace: What?

Walker reaches down and shakes Sektor's hand with trepidation, ready just in case. The two shake for a few seconds before Sektor breaks it off and points harshly onto the chest of Walker, mouthing aggressively "next time kid" a few times before backing off. Sektor leaves the ring, offering a clap to the tag team specialist.

Blackfront: Although they're on other ends of the spectrum, I think Sektor appreciates the ability of Ty Walker

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here tonight.

Sektor walks up the ramp, Mike Best following, walking backwards as he mouths "this ain't over" to Walker and Greer, who is now in the ring with his partner.

Ace: What a match! What a show!

We zoom in on Team Danger as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

Minutes after Wrestleshow 39 went off-air..

The Gold Standard, John Sektor, can be seen storming back through the curtain, leaving behind Tyrone Walker who is still celebrating his Ring King win with his buddy Greer. His manager, Mike Best, follows him backstage, trying to catch up as Sektor storms off holding his head. He squints his eyes, obviously feeling the physical effects of the match as well as the dehydration that comes with wrestling such a highly contested match.

Best: Wait up, Sek..

Sektor curls his lip as he hears his manager calling after him, knocking over a water cooler in sheer anger and frustration as he passes it. Mike's eyes widen as he realises just how pissed off his client is from the loss.

Best: Come on, man..

Mike catches up to Sektor, reaching for his shoulder to slow him down, but the Gold Standard flicks it away.

Best: Hey! I know you're pissed, but you need to calm yourself down and look at the positives..

Sektor: PISSED?

Sektor yells and stops walking, widening his rage fueled eyes at his manager before squinting them.

Sektor: I'm more than pissed, Mike! I'm fucking FURIOUS...

Mike looks a little angered himself as Sektor gives him an accusing look. The Gold Standard goes to walk away but Mike tries to grab him again, causing a more aggressive reaction this time from Sektor.

Sektor: Get your hands off me!

Mike cocks his neck to the side slightly, narrowing his eyes and clenching his fists.

Best: Hey, relax..man..

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He enunciates his words carefully, warning Sektor not to overstep his mark.

Sektor: Don't tell me to relax, Mike. YOU..do not tell me to fucking relax..

His words growl from the pit of his throat as he bares his teeth like a savage dog. The whiskers of his mustache stand on end.

Best: I hope you're not trying to blame me for this, John! I was just trying to look out for you..

Sektor: Look!

Sektor holds his hand up to pause Mike, closing his eyes softly and taking big breath in and out before reopening them.

Sektor: I don't know what to think right now, because I'm not thinking..

Mike eventually nods his head, understanding that Sektor is understandably upset and not thinking straight.

Sektor: What I KNOW..is that my dreams of becoming Ring King just came crashing down around me in round fucking ONE!

Sektor looks at Mike with an expression that says 'understand?'

Sektor: So, excuse me while I react however the fuck I want, okay?

Mike nods and takes a step back, giving Sektor some symbolic space between them.

Best: Of course..look..go take a shower, wind down and meet us on the bus. We'll talk this out and figure out how to..

Sektor: I'm not getting on that bus with YOU! Mike looks taken back by this statement.

Sektor: I'm in a real bad place right now and I know ME..I need to be alone! So I'm going home for a while..

Mike still seems confused.

Best: What about Victory? Beckman's big rematch with Lamond..

Sektor: I don't give a FUCK..about Beckman right now, Mike!

Mike pushes his tongue into the inside of his cheek, looking away from Sektor and seeming to be annoyed by that statement.

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Sektor: My home is Miami..right next door to Orlando. Just give me some fucking space! With that he walks away, leaving behind a more than concerned looking Mike Best.