

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 42

September 14, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

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 have a huge show for you tonight folks!

Ace: Yea we do! the semi finals of Ring King is tonight!

Blackfront: That's right! After tonight we will know who the final two are, who will go into the Ring King finals on the next Wrestleshow and compete to be called the 2015 Ring King!

Ace: Not just that, but the Ring King will be in the main event of the Ring King pay per view to face the UTA World Champion, La Flama Blanca for the title!

Blackfront: The stakes have never been higher Tommy. Tonight we also get a rematch many have been asking for as Marie Van Claudio goes one on one with Dynasty's Mikey Unlikely! Ace: Seriously, who has been asking for this Jason? I know I haven't.

Blackfront: Well, it's a good thing no one cares what you want Tommy. After that match, Sanctus goes toe to toe with Team Danger's Eric Dane.

Ace: That should be a good match there.

Blackfront: Yes it should. Sanctus has made a huge mark since coming into the UTA. Although coming off of a loss, Eric Dane has been nothing but strong himself since debuting.

Ace: I'm looking forward to Cecilworth Farthington and Lew Smith.

Blackfront: Why's that Tommy?

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Ace: I can't wait to see C-Money destroy that pipsqueak and show everyone who likes Lew Smith how stupid they really are.

Blackfront: I'm not so sure. Lew Smith is hot right now.

Ace: No, he isn't. Not at all.

Blackfront: Well, we have totally different opinions then.

Ace: We sure do.

Blackfront: In non title action, John Sektor and Bronson Box meet for the first time in singles competition.

Ace: A battle of the mustaches! I've got to say, I think John Sektor has this one.

Blackfront: Because he is Legacy Champion?

Ace: No. Because his stache is stronger, edged right to his face. Bronson Box's stache leaves too much open room, causing it to be easier to not be correctly in line to stay groomed perfectly. Blackfront: Well, I don't see how mustache grooming can effect a match, but I guess I'll have to take your word for it.

Ace: You should do that always.

Blackfront: In our first of two Ring King matches the Wildfire Champion and former UTA Champion, Abdul bin Hussain, will go face to face with former UTA Legacy and Internet Champion, Dynasty's CBR.

Ace: CBR all the way baby! Dynasty has this one clinched!

Blackfront: Then, tonights' main event. The undefeated Prodigy Champion, Alex Beckman, will

face the former UTA Legacy Champion, Will 'The THRILL' Haynes.

Ace: There is no way Will Haynes will be able to be the first person to beat Alex Beckman. Everyone knows it will be someone from Dynasty.

Blackfront: Like CBR?

Ace: Either him or La Flama Blanca at the pay per view!

Blackfront: Well, that's to be seen still. But, tonight we have a huge show right here in the nation's capitol as the Verizon Center is hot!

Ace: It sure is Jason. Did you see that blond in the second row behind us? Blackfront: Boy I hope after Ring

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King I get drafted to work with Jennifer Williams. Ace: So do I Jason.. so do I.

Blackfront: Well, without further ado... welcome to Wrestleshow!

Brought to You By

Best Around

We hard cut to a a long flawless pair of legs. As the camera slowly crawls up the woman's body we get a clearer view of her sharp charcoal grey miniskirt and white blouse. She softly bites her bottom lips as she rests her hands on her hips, she looks at us as though we were all completely beneath her. An air of confidence so thick you can almost see it.

Jane: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, is a very special night.

As the camera pans back we're shocked to see an absolutly massive gentleman standing back and to the left of the beautiful Ms. Katze. Back against the wall, tree trunk sized arms crossed over his black turtleneck. The easily seven foot tall behemoth silently towers over the statuesque Jane Katze who makes no immediate mention of the man's presence.

Jane: Because tonight you all, the UTA fanbase, get to witness the start of something new...

All of a sudden the room goes dim, across the entire scene video begins being projected... like a film reel. Clips of Mike Best, Cecilworth Farthington, Sean Jackson, Alex Beckman, La Flama Blanca, Mikey Unlikely, John Sektor and the rest of the players involved in the company's top two heel factions and their seemingly neverending wars with one another are projected across the Jane, her companion and the blank wall behind them.

Jane: For so long the UTA has been subjected to one kind of villain. Smarmy, disingenuous cowards that hide behind numbers. The sad collective of class clowns and spineless bootlicks that makes up the Dynasty, my colleague Mike Best and his group of glorified henchman... is this really the best the mighty UTA can do?

She pauses, letting the clips roll in silence for a moment. First we see Alex Beckman hoisting the Prodigy title up over her head and Mike Best presents his prizefighter to the UTA fans. After that John Sektor claiming the Legacy title and strapping it around his waist. Just as we get to a clip of

Dynasty all clapping for the new UTA champion La Flama Blanca at the conclusion of Black Horizon, Jane speaks up again.

Jane: My client, the man who dismantled a hall of famer in his debut, the man who grated Rhys Townsends face across a chain-link cage like he was a block of disgusting Welsh cheese... THAT client? He's the real PRODIGY here in UTA and the LEGACY he's beginning to carve out for himself is one that will lead him right to the top... or at least it should.

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A clip of UTA owner James Wingate brawling with Ron Hall on the latest edition of Late Night D is projected across Jane's face, obscuring her features.

Jane: I know there's a looong history of former wrestler turned promoters putting themselves over in this business. Believe me, coming from where we come from we're all well acquainted with the concept. Several times over and then some.

The large man lets out a gravelly chuckle as though to say ... that's a mouthful.

Jane: Mr. Wingate in time you're not going to be able to ignore the gift fate has dropped right at your feet. A gift that will redefine for your audience what a HEEL is... that can happen two ways, sir...

We then switch to an old clip from DREAM Wrestling of Wingate and Mike Best shaking hands, smiles on their faces. The clip ends, the scene goes to bright blinding white. The contemptuous scowl on Jane's flawless lips and the seven feet of snarling nastiness behind her come into stark focus.

Jane: Either you can embrace him or you can allow him to keep... reminding you of the rare opportunity at your fingertips. An opportunity to create a true marquee villain. Not some pack of cowards holding your World title hostage, a REAL superstar, one that will put a big fat American wallet every eighteen inches in every arena you spend your hard earned money to put on this little circus in each week.

Her pursed lips spread into a saccharin sweet smile full of sinister intentions.

Jane: So... to Mike Best, who I'm sure is watching this with rapt attention at this point... She leans in closer to the camera.

Jane: Your client is in a veeeery precarious position tonight. Win or lose you're going to find you're getting back a decidedly less healthy Legacy champion. God... it would be just awful if some unforeseen injury befell that orange has-been before his big match at Ring King...

The former Submission Siren looks back over her shoulder at her new friend.

Jane: Wouldn't that be just awful, Nicky?

The massive individual cracks his knuckles with a grunt.

Nicky: You got dat' right, Ms. Katze. Goddamn tragedy.

She looks back towards the camera, that air of superiority returns.

Jane: Thank you for your time. Hardcut to black.

White letters, a tasteful dignified font...

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This has been a Katze & Associates production.

The Bitch Is Back By Elton John plays as the fans are booing

Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks onto the ramp while flipping her hair around. Marie dusts off and walks to the ring as the fans boo her Blackfront: Here we go.. Wrestleshow kicks off tonight with the second meeting of Mikey Unlikely and Marie Van Claudio

Ace: In the match no one wanted to see again!

Marie keeps on walking to the ring as the fans are booing at her gets on the apron while wiping her feet.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Marie gets right in the ring and looks at everyone yelling at her before yelling at the top of her lungs that they better RESPECT her.

Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie looks at the referee and yells at him that he better not mess up her match this time.

Announcer: Maaarriiiieeee Van Claauudddiioooooo!!!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing.

Blackfront: A motivated Marie Van Claudio looks ready. Marie moves back and forth while waiting for her opponent. Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio is pumped.

Ace: From what I hear she is always getting pumped.

Blunt Blowin by Lil Wayne, rings out through the arena, the lights turn a dark green.

I live it up like these are my last days If time is money, I'm an hour past paid

just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is wearing his wrestling gear, including a entrance jacket with the hood over his head.

Blackfront: Unlikely returning after Black Horizon to join Dynasty and turn his back on all of his fans as well as his WTFC pals.

Ace: He finally joined a winning team Jason!

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Mikey stands atop the stage, looks around at the fans and smirks, he picks up steam and heads down the ramp. He refuses fans as he walks past them without acknowledging them, stopping to pose about halfway down! Mikey smiles and continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from 'The Burbs'.

Full of energy Mikey slides into the ring, running to the opposite end of the ring, and climbs to the second rope and drops the hood on his jacket and poses to the fans. Boo's ring out throughout the Arena.

Announcer: Standing at 5'11", and weighing in at 225 pounds. He represents Dynasty..... MIKEY... UNLLIIKKEELLYY!!!

Blackfront: This should be great.

Mikey hops down and removes the jacket, hands it to the ring crew, and starts warming up in his corner. He stretches against the ropes, as the match is ready to begin.

Blackfront: This one is ready to pop off here.

Ace: Yet again something Marie is used to... guys popping off on her.

As the bell sounds to begin the match, both competitors come out of their corners and head toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Here we go folks, the action starts now. Quick lock up by Mikey Unlikely and Marie Van Claudio in the center of the ring.

Mikey pulls Marie into a side headlock, applying pressure quickly.

Blackfront: Unlikely taking control early.

Ace: Of course he does. He's Mikey freaking Unlikely!

Blackfront: This coming from the guy who made fun of his name when he first came onto the scene.

Ace: Stop bringing up the past Jason. Mikey did the right thing and joined Dynasty. He is one of the greats!

Blackfront: I love how your tone is so quick to change.

Mikey pulls his arms in once again around Marie's head and neck before releasing, rolling around behind her.

Blackfront: Bell to back by Unlikely.

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Ace: Nothing new for Marie there.

Unlikely lifts Marie up, and throws her as he drops back, causing her to land on her shoulders as she hits the canvas.

Blackfront: Suplex by Unlikely early here in this match.

He rolls over and pushes up before leaping forward and coming down with double axe handle, catching her in the forehead as the fans boo.

Blackfront: A more aggressive Mikey Unlikely tonight as he makes his return to the ring.

Ace: That's pure Dynasty right there Jason. Aggression. Power. Perfection... you know, the style, not the guy.

Blackfront: I assumed so.

Mikey kneels next to Marie, pulling her head up by her hair before forcefully slamming the back of her head to the canvas. The fans boo again.

Blackfront: Dynasty or not, that does not give you the OK to treat a woman like this Mikey. It's sickening.

Ace: Do we have to go over this again? You enter the ring, man or woman, you know the risk Jason.

Blackfront: I had so much respect at one time for this young man.

Mikey stands up, turning to the referee who is scolding him for grabbing Marie's hair. Unlikely disputes it as Marie rolls onto the canvas, holding her head. Mikey waves him off, turning back to Marie, bringing a boot down to her forehead.

Blackfront: Mikey stomping Marie now, continuing to control this.

Ace: As he will the entire match.

Blackfront: Unlikely now pulling Claudio to her feet. Grabs the arm... Irish Whip sends Marie across the ring. Off of the ropes and now on the return. Unlikely with the clothesline.. NO! Marie ducks.

They both quickly turn. Marie shoots a foot up.

Blackfront: Unlikely catches Marie's foot. He laughs at her, shaking his head No.

Blackfront: So cocky.

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She hops on on leg before swinging her body around, he free leg coming up and catching Mikey in the side of the head with her foot. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Enziguri by Marie Van Caludio!

She slaps the canvas, clinching her fist as she gets to her knees. Mikey rolls to the side, holding his head.

Blackfront: If Marie Van Claudio can get to her feet, she may be able to use this to capitolize.

Ace: Just a lucky shot. That's all. Mikey is far from down and out! Marie begins to push up as does Mikey.

Blackfront: Claudio runs.. leaps, both legs up... DROPKI- NO!

Mikey is able to catch Marie's legs as they come forward and he raises, sliding her legs over his shoulder and holding her up.

Blackfront: Unlikely catches Claudio.. POWE- NO! Marie swings down, using the momentum against Mikey.

Blackfront: HURRICARANNA!

The fans cheer as Marie turns over and and pushes up. She runs forward, and drops down, sliding across the canvas with both feet.

Blackfront: Baseball slide catches Mikey in the side of the head!

Unlikely is sent rolling backward, continuing until he slides out of the ring and drops to the floor outside, holding the edge of the ring with one arm as he holds his head with the other. A Mikey Sucks chant breaks out.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio turning this around, displaying the wrestling skill her family is known for.

Ace: Hardly!

Mikey uses the edge of the ring to start pulling himself up. Once on his feet, he takes a step back. Marie looks down at him, and back behind her before taking off.

Blackfront: Claudio off of the ropes, on the return.. she leaps.. SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!

She crashes into Mikey, both flying backward toward the ring barrier. The fans go crazy as inside of the ring, the referee begins to count.

Blackfront: High risk move paid off. Now all Marie has to do is make it back into the ring before the referee counts both out.

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Ace: Stop being so one sided Jason! Mikey could make it back up first!

Blackfront: One sided? You're one to speak!

As the referee continues to count, Marie crawls outside toward the ring as Mikey continues to lay near the barrier.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio attempting to make it back now. Mikey is still down outside of the ring. We could have a big win here by Claudio!

Ace: A big upset is more like it!

Marie reaches up, grabbing the edge of the ring, trying to pull herself up as the referee continues his count.

Blackfront: Claudio almost up. If she can make it in, this one is over folks. Mikey starts to come to, trying to push up.

Ace: Mikey isn't out of this one yet Jason! Stop being so biased!

Marie starts to get to the apron as Mikey is on a knee. He sees her, coming forward, grabbing her leg and yanking back. As she slides backward, her head comes down hard into the edge of the ring before falling to the floor. The fans boo loudly.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to halt Claudio.

Ace: See! Told you!

Mikey stumbles forward, resting beside the ring, before looking down at Marie. He brings a boot down into her ribs as the fans boo again.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with another boot to Marie for good measure. Now rolling back into the ring.

As he rolls back in, he rolls immediately out.

Ace: Wait! What are you doing? You had this one!

Blackfront: Unlikely not finished with Marie it seems.

He bends down, grabbing Marie by the head, before picking her up and rolling her back into the ring.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely wanting to inflict more damage. Come on Mikey, there is no need for this.

Ace: I actually agree! Just take the win however you can get it!

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Mikey grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron. He yells out to the booing fans before walking across the apron and to the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Unlikely climbing the turnbuckle from outside of the ring now. Marie Van Claudio starting to get up to her feet.

Mikey starts to stand up, making sure he has his balance.

Blackfront: Unlikely up. Marie turns.. Mikey leaps...

Marie sees him, and quickly rolls forward and out of the way as Mikey comes down hard to the canvas. the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: HE MISSED! MIKEY UNLIKELY MISSED!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: Yes! he let his ego get the best of him!

Marie uses the ropes to pull herself up in the corner. Holding onto the ropes, she leaps to the second rope and yells out to the fans who scream for her.

Blackfront: These fans behind Marie Van Claudio here tonight!

She turns around, sitting on the turnbuckle as Mikey crawls on the canvas. Standing back up, now facing into the ring, Marie waits.

Blackfront: Claudio looking to end this one and she might have it!

Ace: This is terrible!

Marie leaps forward and over Mikey, grabbing his waist as she slides behind his back.

Blackfront: SUNSET FLIP INT- NO!

However, Mikey reaches up and back, grabbing her legs.

Blackfront: Unlikely stops her!

Holding Marie by her ankles, Mikey yanks forward as he uses his body to add to the momentum. Marie comes back up and over him, her back flying down and slamming hard into the canvas, letting a huge echo of the hit go throughout the arena. Still holding her legs, Mikey turns Marie over, placing his legs over hers before moving forward, pulling her away from the ropes. He re- adjust his grip pulling her legs up and back as

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he leaps down, arching her body.

Blackfront: INTO A BOSTON CRAB!

Ace: YES! THAT'S WHY HE IS THE BEST!

Blackfront: You had just said he messed up. How is that being the best?

Ace: It was all apart of the plan Jason! Have to give these fools a dream to hold onto!

Blackfront: Riiiiight.

Marie can't hold on and begins to tap her hand ont he canvas as the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission... MIKEY.. UNLIEKLLLLYY!!

The fans begin to bood loudly as he lets her go. Mikey rushes the corner, vlimbing the turnbuckle, standing up as he throws his arms out, screaming how great he is to the fans.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio with a valiant effort her tonight, but Mikey Unlikely just proved to be too much.

Ace: Dynasty baby! YEA!

The fans boo loudly as Mikey continues to taunt them. Inside of the ring, Marie rolls to the edge and then out to the floor.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with a big win on his return to the UTA as he prepares to challenge for the Legacy Championship in two weeks against John Sektor.

Ace: As he prepares to become the new legacy Champion Jason! The fans continue to boo Mikey as his music plays.

Somewhere. Anywhere.

The First Night of the Rest of Your Life

Backstage.

Sickeningly sweet cerulean eyes pierce the veil of darkness, accompanied by the kind of smirk that tells you the man behind it is probably lying to you and even knowing that you'll believe everything that comes out of his mouth.

There is no Team Danger here tonight.

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There is no squawking microphone stand to get in the way. Tonight in the nation's capitol, there is only Eric Dane.

Dane: Here we are, Sanctus. A scant few moments before we meet inside the ring for the first time and I give you the wrestling lesson of a lifetime.

The Only Star smiles a sinister smile.

Dane: Do us both a favor tonight. Be a man and take your medicine, you'll be better for it in the end and there's no reason for this to become anything more than it is, a rebound match for me after the worst loss I've taken since Eli Flair at ULTRATITLE.

The smile fades and a serious tone sets in.

Dane: Don't fall into the trap, Sanctus. It's real easy to tell yourself that Haynes did it and so can you. It's simple, while you're sitting in your locker room or wherever a guy like you sits to get his gear on, to get the big head about all the things you're gonna do when you get the big opportunity to go one on one with The Only Star...

The thought lingers.

Dane: It ain't so damned simple once the bell rings. Y'see, when the referee says go and the bell chimes, the crowd gets hot. The electricity begins to flow... And then the nerves begin to rattle. Your gameplan falls apart. You forget how to work to the left and every little idea you had going

into the match flashes in front of your eyes as I put you through the various paces of the match. With a flourish he continues.

Dane: So I'm gonna ask you one last time, Sanctus. Come to the ring, be a man, take your kicking, and go on about your business. This isn't something that you want to get yourself tangled up into.

He pauses, switching gears.

Dane: Once this unfortunate business with Sanctus is concluded, I've got one more thing to take care of. You see last week Mikey Unlikely of all people told me that I'd been put out to pasture and need not worry myself with the dismantling of Will Haynes.

Eric shakes his head in mild disbelief.

Dane: Are you stupid? Do I look like the type of person who just lets things slide because a career-long enhancement talent such as yourself suggests it?

He pretends to wait for an answer.

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Dane: I've said it once, and I'll say it again. William Jefferson Clinton Haynes belongs to me. His future is mine to decide, and nobody stupid enough to play fourth fiddle to Dynasty is going to tell me otherwise.

The smile is replaced by an antagonizing smirk.

Dane: So take all of your Hollywood contacts and your five dollar smile and break back off to your rightful place, lapping water up out of a dish somewhere between Blanca's ego and Jackson's brill cream. And while you're there, ask Sean Jackson what happens to the kind of person stupid enough to try me after I've told them otherwise.

If possible, the smirk widens. The eyes, however, never soften. He is finished addressing the Dynasty's second-to-newest member. At this point there is only one thing left to be said.

Dane: And Haynes, one final warning. Watch your back. Fade in close as the screen goes blank.

Short But Sweet

We cut backstage where we see Amy Harrison, who is in a good mood after winning against Ron Hall at the last Victory as Jamie Sawyers stands next to her.

Sawyers: Last week at Victory, you were able to get your first victory in UTA against Ron Hall, albeit with some help from.....

She stops him right there.

Harrison: No, no, no, no! Don't you dare! You were going to try spinning this around like I had nothing to do with the win, right?

Sawyers: Well.....

Amy gets an evil scowl on her face

Harrison: Shut it! I don't have time for that! Say what you want about what happened in my match, and try to spew all the BS that you want about how it happened and all of that crap, the important thing is that I did what I said I was going to do, and I beat that has-been Ron Hall in the ring, 1, 2, 3! There's no denying that!

She smirks at the comment she just made.

Harrison: Now, I'm not going to deny that Wingate had nothing to do with it, because when you have someone like that wanting to help you out, you'd be an idiot to say no, so I decided to help him out, and hopefully when he's finished with that over-hyped cowboy, it would be the last we ever see of Ron Hall, but right now, I don't give a crap about that!

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Sawyers: Well, after you did get your first win here, what does the future hold for Amy Harrison? Amy then looks over and lets out a big smile

Harrison: That's for me to know and for you to find out. Lets just say that when this is all said and done, EVERYONE is going to be talking about me!

Amy spins around as she walks away, as Jamie looks at her.

Brought to You By

The Die Is Cast

Ace: So it seems it is that time.

Blackfront: Time? Oh THAT time.

Ace: Ladies and gentlemen, the UTA Wildfire Champion asked to speak tonight. Blackfront: After his last time talking in the ring nearly caused a riot, it was decided that this should be pre-recorded.

The scene opens completely dark except for a single ray of light coming down towards the ring. Abdul bin Hussain sits in the deserted arena, long before everyone has arrived, even his own sister Nazirah. He sits on a metal chair in the middle of the ring as a single camera remains, set- up by himself, to record this interview in the dimly lit arena. He looks down at the mat for a long, long time before he raises his head.

He is dressed in a white "AbH" T-shirt and black shorts. His hair hangs in tangles about his face, which highlights the scars on the side of his face. He has the UTA Wildfire Championship belt over his left arm.

Hussain: So right off the bat let us talk about the elephant in the room. After what happened to my family and me a few weeks ago in New York it was no surprise that I would want to speak to the crowds today. Maybe give them a few choice words, stories about my past or even a quip or two about how you Americans treat me. What could possibly be wrong with their UTA Wildfire Champion speaking to the people in the crowds? Am I not worthy enough to do it? Am I not THE premium wrestler for the UTA?

His voice rings loudly, echoing throughout the arena. He holds his head for a few moments, until raising it again to focus on the camera.

Hussain: But it is not to be. After what you fans did to my family and me in New York the front office took it on themselves to ban us from ringside unless it was in an authorised match. Why? What can they possibly be scared of? Do I speak the truth?

He got up and slowly walked around the ring.

Hussain: Do they think that I will come out here and sprout all sorts of Anti-American comments? Do they

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think I will make the crowds riot or the network take the show off the air? Are they afraid of the words that come out of my mouth? Well are they?

He waits for a few seconds.

Hussain: Well I have got equal hate for everyone so if you are Americans and think that I am a racist terrorist then screw you and your strange ways. I have moved on to bigger things. I have to talk about so punk that stands in my path, Claude Ranier, the guy that I, Abdul bin Hussain has to face tonight here in this cess-pool of a city to get to the final of the Ring King tournament. I hate

the guy; he thinks that he is going to go over this show but he is not even in my league. He believes that as he is Dynasty that he should be given his spot.

Abdul stands and paces around his chair.

Hussain: What he does not know is that I have already claimed that I am already the winner of the Ring King tournament and he will have to do a lot to derail my rise to the top once again. He hides within the ranks of his little Dynasty hoping that the strength of numbers will disguise the cowardice within.

He shakes his head.

Hussain: I know that he thinks that he should protect La Flama Blanca's title belt even if he would have to put his shoulders to the mat for him to pin to retain his title if he pulled off a miracle and got to the shot at the title. But he will not do so why am I thinking it.

He shakes his head once again.

Hussain: My career has sky rocketed since the Ring King tournament started. Nothing can stand in my rise back to the top. I was unjustly stripped of the UTA Championship and Sean Jackson sneaked in the backdoor and stole my property. You probably think I would come out with some rant about having the belt stolen because of the front offices racist ways but I will not lower myself and go there.

Abdul visibly pauses, switching gears mentally.

Hussain: I have won three matches to get to this spot. People did not believe that I would get this far let alone win the UTA Wildfire Championship but I proved them all wrong. They thought that Ranier's is a sure thing to get through me. They said the same thing when I faced George Washington Smith and Robert Dean. Where's Smith now? Signing on for some kind of welfare as he was pink slipped out of here as he cannot hang with people like me.

Abdul stands and grabs the chair. He chucks the chair and it hits the ground in the stands.

Abdul (Laughing manically):I will destroy you Claude Ranier. You think that your fans in Dynasty will

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remember you? You think they pay money to see you whine and bitch here? No they come to see ME beat my opponents. I am the only real professional wrestler in this company. I am not a gimmick like most of that damn locker room, I am Abdul bin Hussain.

He looks around in a state of shock.

Hussain: For the war has started and I will be bringing it to all who stand in my way. For tonight, I Abdul bin Hussain will take the war to Claude Ranier and those that stand in my path will feel the pain!!!!!!!!!!

Abdul bows his head as the scene fades to black.

Ace: Oh my God, the Wildfire Champ sure had a lot to say but he was different.

Blackfront: Yeah, none of his anti-American bull. He seems to have hate for everyone.

Ace: True, well we will find out later when he faces CBR, the winner going on to be in the Ring King final.

Blackfront: Now what's next?

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

The crowd at the Verizon Center mulls about as the opening lick of the Glorious Son's Heavy starts through the PA system. Spotlights dance over the crowd before finding UTA's resident "White Knight" standing at the top of the stairways in the one hundred section of the arena. As he begins to head down the stairs to the arena the fans react. Some slapping him back, some giving him high fives, some not taking his White Knight stick slip him a "two fingered salute." Blackfront: And here comes a guy who means business tonight, Ace. Sanctus has been one somewhat of a roll here as of late and he's looking to extend tonight against Eric Dane.

Ace: And lemme tell ya something - he don't got a chance. Eric Dane is coming off a tough loss in the Ring King tournament against Will Haynes and he will be a man possessed here tonight. Blackfront: Be that as it may, Sanctus isn't going to go down without a fight.

Sanctus hops over the boards and onto the floor seating. He motions for security to clear a path for him. He high fives anyone with a hand out.

Announcer: Hailing from Bell City, Ontario!

Reaching the guard rails, Sanctus dives over them, and tumbles up to his feet. He stomps up each step to the ring, before climbing up the ropes. With a foot on the top rope, he looks back and forth between sections of the crowd and taps at his heart with his right fist. Sanctus runs a hand up to his forehead, down to his midsection and finally slashing across his throat in a modified sign of the Cross.

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

With one step, he lands in the ring with a gentle thud. He bounces against the ropes

Announcer: Sanctus!

It's with a brief wait that the bluesy bass-riff intro of Zac Brown Band's "Heavy is the Head" fills the arena. As it reaches to a crescendo it's accompanied by an explosion of pyro as the song reaches it's chorus. Eric Dane, the Only Star, bursts through the curtain.

Ace: Eric Dane is all about that action tonight, Blackfront. And Sanctus is about to find out first hand.

Blackfront: Eric Dane is a scary man when he's motivated. There is no doubt about that.

Dane makes his way towards the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song. Dane slides under the bottom rope and comes up spinning with both arms held wide over his head, pointing to everyone and no one all at the same time. He takes in the raucous reaction from the fans in the UTA universe.

Blackfront: A double Hall of Famer takes on an up and comer, this is the type of action you can only find here on Wrestleshow, folks.

Announcer: From New Orleans, Louisiana...weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...standing six feet two inches heigh...he is the ONLY STAR...Errrrrrriiiiiiiiiiic DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

Dane raises his hand in celebration of the end of his introduction and immediately turns his attention to Sanctus. The crowd quiets as the two men circle one another. Dane keeping his fingers limber. Sanctus stops, pulls up and points to Dane.

Blackfront: Sanctus has something going on here. Let's see what this is all about.

Sanctus holds out his hand for Dane to shake before the match. Some applause picks up in the crowd, celebrating the sportsmanship. Dane steps forward grabs Sanctus' hand, pulls him in and throws his own arm over Sanctus's head and wraps him up in a front facelock before lifting him straight into the air. He holds him there as the excited crowd grows hushed.

Ace: Right off the bat? Are you kidding me?

Dane holds Sanctus straight in the air, the blood rushing to the White Knight's head.

Blackfront: Is this for real?

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He holds him some more, and then sends him crashing to the canvas with a the Vertical Brainbuster more commonly known as the Stardriver.

Ace: And this is it folks. Good night Irene! ONE...

TWO... THRE...

Eric Dane breaks his own pin by pulling Sanctus' shoulders up. The crowd lights up with a chorus of boos.

Ace: I can't believe this the Only Star really wants to embarrass this guy tonight. That was three.

Blackfront: And this might not go well for Sanctus.

Dane brings Sanctus up to his feet. Sanctus has a hard time holding his vertical base but that doesn't seem to bother the Only Star. Eric strikes him on the side of the head with a stiff forearm shot, and another stiff forearm this time from the left side, compared to the earlier right strike. A few more of these as he backs Sanctus into the ropes.

Quickly, and with great aggression, Dane whips Sanctus across the ring by his arm. Sanctus bounces off the far side ropes, returns to Dane's side as Dane bends down and lifts Sanctus into the air and drops him with a Powerslam.

Dane rips to his feet and lets out a roar. The fans boo him once again, loudly.

Ace: Impressive strength shown there by the Only Star. This guy still has a ton left in the tank, lemme tell ya.

Dane nods his head as Sanctus withers in pain on the ground, still unsure as to whether the match actually started or not. Unfortunately for him it did, and so far it's been all Dane. Dane picks Sanctus up again and toys with him a bit before positioning him on the ropes. This time he clears Sanctus' chest and delivers a thunderous chop. Then another chop, and then another.

Each one coming in a little faster and stronger than the one before. Sanctus' chest is a bright shade of red.

Blackfront: And this is getting out of hand here.

Dane smiles as Sanctus slinks back into the ring ropes. Dane leans forward and levels Sanctus over the top rope with a hard, stiff, strong as hell Lariat. Sanctus dumps over the top rope and down onto the ring floor.

Ace: Outside the ring with Eric Dane, not a fun place to be. Let me tell you.

Dane slides out of the ring and calls for Sanctus to get up. Sanctus is down on his hands and knees breathing heavily. Dane takes his foot and kicks Sanctus from underneath, driving his toe into the White Knight's ribs. The fans ringside boo right in his face. He waves them off, and leans against the barricade as

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he stalks Sanctus.

Blackfront: Dane has certainly took the fight right to Sanctus here tonight, but I fear this is too much.

Sanctus staggers to his knees and takes a deep breath. He turns only to be met with a sickeningly precise hard knee strike to the head. Aided by the extra impact of Dane's own knee brace. Sanctus goes limp and falls to the ring floor.

Ace: Wow.I think Sanctus got sent back to the Old Testament with that one.

Blackfront: That titanium knee brace had to come into play there, Ace. It had to.

Dane picks Sanctus up and slams his head into the steel turnbuckle for good measure, completely dazing the White Knight. Dane tosses him under the bottom rope and back in the ring to halt the ref's count.

In the ring Dane refuses to relent. He drops a knee into Sanctus' face, once again aided with the knee brace. As if that's not enough, Dane drives the knee brace deep into Sanctus neck, cutting off the air supply. The official gets involved and forces a break. Dane steps back and tosses his hands into the air feigning his innocence. The official tends to Sanctus, but Dane is having none of that.

The Only Star shoves the official away and picks Sanctus up on his feet. He goes to scoop him but Sanctus wiggles free. Landing on his feet Sanctus acts instinctively knowing he has to clear space. Sanctus launches into the air bringing his outside foot over and catching Dane with a kick to the side of the temple. The kick dazes Dane, leaving a window for Sanctus to work.

Sanctus scoots to the backside of Dane and brings Dane's neck down and his own knees up connecting with a Lung Blower that launches Dane forward and down to the mat. The fans pop. Sanctus collapses into his own heap. Trying to finally recover from the onslaught Dane has been delivering.

Blackfront: Sanctus with a lifesaver here. Eric Dane is down, but for how long.

Ace: Sanctus better act fast.

Dane begins to stir. He was caught off guard and is merely winded. Dane pulls himself into a sitting position in the corner turnbuckle and takes a deep breath. Sanctus knows he has to act quickly, he gets to his feet and runs forward launching himself in the air, flipping, and coming crashing down on the Only Star with a Running Cannonball Senton.

Blackfront: Sanctus will not go down quietly. Showing some promise here in the late goings of this one.

As Dane slumps in the corner feeling woozy from the Senton, the White Knight fires away with jabs, with chops, he even brings a high knee up and catches Dane in the chest. Causing the Only Star to become dazed even more.

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ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!

SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

TEN!

The fans count along as Sanctus delivers the standard ten punches to Eric Dane. Sanctus steps down and Dane punch drunk perhaps stumbles forward out of the corner. Sanctus charges behind him bringing him face down to the mat with a Facebuster. Dane rolls over to his chest as Sanctus runs towards the ropes leaps off and moonsaults backwards.

But Dane brings his knees up. Sanctus catches them both right into his midsection.

Ace: What in ring awareness there by Eric Dane!

Sanctus rolls over himself now, holding his chest in pain. The official looks at both men and starts a ten count.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Both men have really been impressive here tonight. Sanctus showing off some of the moves that have made him one of the best young upstarts in the UTA.

Ace: And Eric Dane showing off the mindset, the attitude, the ring savvy that makes him not only one of the most dangerous men in the UTA, but also one of the best wrestlers on this planet.

THREE...

FOUR...

FIVE...

Blackfront: I'll tell ya, the UTA is the place to be right now. All this talent from all over the place colliding against one another. It's something to see.

Ace: I wanna see my two boys Mikey Unlikely and Eric Dane go at it. They've been getting a little chippy.

Blackfront: That they have, partner. And let me tell you there would be no love lost between these fans and those two in that one.

The fans roar their approval as Sanctus gets to his feet. Eric Dane just a second or two behind him. Sanctus

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charges Dane, the Only Star ducks a clothesline, Sanctus rebounds off the ropes and charges Dane. Dane drops his back hip in anticipation.

Sanctus leaps in the air with a Crossbody but Dane grabs Sanctus and drops him with another Powerslam. And pulls the far side leg.

ONE.. TWO...

Blackfront: Sanctus kicks out.

Dane wasting no time pulls Sanctus to his feet, Sanctus pushes off now and charges forward sliding under the Only Star's feet. Sanctus vaults himself off the far side ropes and as Dane turns to face him meets the Only Star with a huge forearm blow to the face.

Ace: Eric Dane is dazed.

Dane is dazed and Sanctus wastes little time. He bends down, scoops Dane onto his shoulders and tosses the Only Star down to the ring landing him between his legs with a the second variation of the Michinoku driver. Sanctus places his hands over the Only Star's shoulders, pressing them to the mat. The ref slides in to count.

ONE...

TWO...

Ace: Thunderous kickout by Eric Dane there.

Dane rolls quickly to his feet, he ducks a clothesline from Sanctus and as he steps back he brings a kick up to Sanctus' already worked over ribs. The White Knight grabs them in pain, Dane storms in and drops Sanctus hard onto his knee with an Atomic Drop. Sanctus howls in pain.

Blackfront: That knee brace has certainly had an affect on the outcome of this match, Ace. Ace: Maybe so, Jason, but it's not against the rules. Just a mastermind using everything he has at his disposal to his advantage.

Dane is able to step in and pull Sanctus towards him. The Only Star applies the front facelock and lifts Sanctus clean into the air.

Ace: Two hundred and forty some odd pounds right there that Dane is lifting.

Dane holds Sanctus, letting the blood rush to his head and brings him down with yet another Stardriver.

Instead of pinning Dane lifts Sanctus again and repeats the entire process dropping him with a THIRD

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Stardriver.

Dane arrogantly drops to his knees and pulls back Sanctus' legs as if it's the most meaningful pin of his career. A smirk ear to ear.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The bell begins to sound.

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

Blackfront: It took three Stardrivers, but Eric Dane able to put Sanctus out for a huge win here tonight on Wrestleshow giving Sanctus his first loss here in the UTA.

Ace: Eric Dane was a man possessed and it showed Jason.

Dane stands over the downed Sanctus as the referee holds his arm up in victory before he pulls it away.

Blackfront: What a match.

Ace: Sure was.

Dane continues to stand over his opponent as we fade.

We Need to Talk

We fade in on Dynasty inside their locker room. Marshall Owens and Kendrix are center stage. Owens: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Marshall Owens and I am the attorney to the stars. Representing such superstars as La Flama Blanca, a man who has revolutionized this industry. Claude Batiste Ranier, a man who for two hundred and thirty-seven days, held the Internet and Legacy Championship defeating all comers.

Blading ever so slightly from the camera, he is almost facing Kendrix while still facing the camera. Owens: Then you have the Hollywood A-lister himself Mikey Unlikely. The man who is being sought after by every well known Director this world has to offer. The man who just a couple of weeks ago, solidified himself as the next big thing in UTA by finally putting that Georgia white trash down in the middle of the ring....

He then completes the full turn to Kendrix, who at the time had been listening to the words rolling off of Marshall's tongue.

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Owens: And then you have the two men who will destroy Rhys Townsend. Former two time world champion Sean Jackson, and the only legitimate choice for rookie of the year in Kendrix. Who by the way, has only been in this business for a few months and has already established himself as one of the greatest performers this company has ever seen.

Marshall smiles in the direction of Kendrix and with a gleam in his eye, turns the floor over to the newest member of Dynasty.

Owens: Mr. Kendrix, the floor is yours...

Kendrix looks up at Owens in quiet awe and places his hand over his heart, tapping his chest three times.

Kendrix: As always Marshall, what a fine intro, sir. Wonderful stuff maaattteee!

He turns away from Owens, focusing all of his attention directly at the camera in front of him.

Kendrix: But what you forgot to mention, is that not only is Kendrix the brightest rising star in the UTA today...he's also the man who, along with the champ, beat BOTH of the UTA's resident suck ups, Chris Hopper and Lew Smith in the main event at Victory last week.

He turns, putting his hand on Owens' shoulder while holding the other out wide by his side. Kendrix: Listen yeah?! You know me, Marshall...JFK aint one to toot his own horn. JFK aint one to gloat now, innit?! Unlike the rest of the losers in this company, Kendrix fits the Dynasty mould. We don't look back on our past conquests. We only look forward.

He turns to face the camera, pointing in it's direction;

Kendrix: And that brings JFK onto you, Rice Townsend. Next week on Victory, you are lucky enough to step in the ring and share the spotlight with not one but TWO members of Dynasty...JFK and the Mental Rapist himself...Sean Jackson!

He opens his eyes and mouth wide in mocking excitement.

Kendrix: I know bruv, I know...all your Christmases at once. But don't get too ahead of yourself, yeah? Even though you get to step in the ring with the future of this industry and the living legend that is...Sean Jackson...you're basically going to get bullied all night long...much like how Wales has basically been England's bitch since...well, forever!

He turns slightly, chuckling to himself, wiping a fake tear away from his eye and focusing back.

Kendrix: And no Samuel Owens to carry you this time bruv...just YOU...and Dynasty, He grins at the camera before turning away, looking over at Sean Jackson, out of shot. Kendrix: Hey Sean...come get a few words in bruv, you know, mentally rape Rice...

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Owens interjects as Jackson is seen adjusting his tie. La Flama Blanca takes off his white suit jacket and hangs it up in his locker. He looks down at the UTA World Title on the shelf in front of him.

Owens: Sean Jackson is not going to give these UTA ingrates the satisfaction, Kendrix. Sean has told me how he feels about Rhys Townsend, he wants to put Townsend into early retirement much like you...

Sean Jackson looks up into the air as Marshall Owens pats him on the left shoulder a few times. Owens: Sean has been looking forward to this since the match was announced. He wants to show the world who they should cheer for. Show the world that Rhys Townsend is human and can be broken.

Kendrix: Oh, we'll break him, maaatttee! The ungratefulls will all be going home cryin onto their double chins!

Once Kendrix stops his sentence La Flama Blanca pops out of his seat. The lights above make his black dress shirt shine. The Champion walks towards Sean Jackson sitting quietly by his locker.

La Flama Blanca: I've had enough of this... What is your deal, Sean? Jackson turns his body and looks up at LFB. He gives him a little smile.

LFB: If you're mad about Black Horizon... get over it. We're supposed to be a team. This "cat got your tongue" BS needs to stop. You should be ripping people apart, not sitting in the corner... You don't seem like you care anymore.

Jackson looks down and shakes his head slightly. Sean Jackson begins to stand and the rest of Dynasty keep their eyes on both men. The tension in the room can be felt by all. Jackson and LFB are just about face to face.

LFB: I know you're still pissed... I'm not stupid. I know getting screwed against Will Haynes didn't make things better. We need you here. You coming and going as you please... makes us look weak. All I know is, all eyes will be on YOU next week.

Jackson continues to look LFB in the eyes. Cameras zoom out to catch Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and CBR standing almost waiting for something to go down. Jackson cracks another smile and turns away from The Champion. He starts to walk towards the door. Blanca clenches his right fist tight in anger.

LFB: How da-, you know what? Go ahead... LEAVE!

Jackson turns the knob and exits the room leaving the rest of the group speechless. The Champion takes a step towards Marshall Owens, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and tie. LFB: You're getting on my nerves, Marshall... You said you were going to fix this. He's still sulking around, making us look bad, and pissing me off. I couldn't hold it in anymore. It needs to stop.

He lets Marshall go before he turns a darker shade of red. Owens adjusts his tie and breathes out a large

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sigh, relieved he didn't get choked out.

Owens: I have you yelling at me, him yelling at me... I guarantee Sean will be in Kendrix's corner next week. Let me go talk to him...

LFB: HE needs to talk to US...

Owens quickly moves out of the frame and soon after the door is heard closing. The Champion turns around to look at CBR, Mikey Unlikely, and Kendrix all still with shocked looks on their faces. LFB snaps and grabs a steel folding chair and chucks it towards Sean Jackson's locker. The rest of the group get out of harm's way, even more confused by the display. Blanca turns to face the rest of Dynasty, breathing heavy, feeling the adrenaline flow.

LFB: Men... we need to talk.

Cameras continue to roll on the remaining members of Dynasty. CBR, Kendrix, and Mikey Unlikely all look to each other, knowing that this was coming sooner or later.

The Queen's Knight Rises

Blackfront: And up next fans, we have singles competition, as Lew Smith, coming off a heart- breaking tag team loss to the Dynasty combination of Kendrix and La Flama Blanca at Victory goes one on one in the ring with The Machine's Cecilworth Farthington.

Ace: Cecilworst Fartybum.

Blackfront: I apologise for my broadcast colleague, who it turns out, has somehow reversed in age to twelve years old.

Ace: Hey, I respect a man who has a ton of cash sitting around in a briefcase at all times, Cecilworst Fartybum is just fun to say.

The banter between our two announcers is cut short by the beautiful tones of When the Going Gets Tough by Billy Ocean blaring out over the speaker system of the arena, marking the arrival of Cecilworth Farthington. There is a smattering of boos that breaks out across the arena as out from the back steps the future Lord Farthington. Cecilworth stands atop the ramp, giving a Miss America style regal wave to the crowd which just seems to increase the irritation of the DC crowd even more.

Cecilworth gestures for the sound monkeys to cut his music off, as he pulls out a microphone from the back of his trunks.

Blackfront: I'm not certain our sound team will want that microphone back after where it's been tonight.

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Ace: Oh hush, Farthington ass sweat is the most luxurious and desired ass sweat across continental Europe. They bottle it and sell it as perfume in France.

Cecilworth gives another regal wave as he moistens his lips and raises the microphone towards them hot, moist, Farthington lips.

Farthington: Ladies and Gentleman, fans of the Wrestling Utah, there have been a numerous of dubious decisions that have happened in this once great promotion in the recent months.

Corruption has run rampant and has become the lay of the land. I'm here to tell you all that here, tonight, in your terrible nation's capital, it ends. IT ENDS! Our long nightmare is finally over!

A small pocket of cheers erupts from small sections of the crowd, the boos heavily outweighing them by a great degree, however.

Farthington: We've had hard working men have their victories snatched away from them due to outside interference.

The cheers get a smidgen louder while most of the crowd still seems uncertain of Cecilworth's intentions.

Farthington: We've even had true heroes have their defining moment snatched away from them due to no good bureaucracy.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington showing a little recognition to those who have had to deal

with James Wingate's recent power mad actions? I'm reluctant to buy this form a man who literally bought a Legacy Championship opportunity.

Ace: Lies and slander! He earned that spot by being the perfect human being!

Cecilworth throws his hand in the air, nodding knowingly and acknowledging the crowds cheers. Farthington: We've even had a man have a title snatched away from him, a title he clearly earned, a title he fought hard for, a title that should be around his waist at this very moment in time!

There are pockets of "Lew! Lew! Lew!" chants in various spots around the arena.

Blackfront: I can't believe that a man like Cecilworth Farthington is coming out in support of his opponent tonight, Lew Smith.

Cecilworth once again nods to the chants of the crowd, while shouting "Yes! Boo! Boo! Boo! This is bad!"

Farthington: I'm here tonight to finally stand up for the belittled, the screwed over, the downtrodden. I'm here to change the future of a man who deserves to be sitting atop the UTA mountain if he had just been given the

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correct treatment from these bloody bureaucrats around here.

Cecilworth lips his chops as his gives a sage like knowing nod to a crowd who now mostly appears to be giving him some vocal support.

Farthington: And that man... is me!

The Lew chants are quickly transformed into a wave of boos directly squarely at the young aristocrat.

Farthington: Yes, I'm as angry as all of you. You are right to boo. I have been treated unjustly by incompetent UTA officials for MONTHS now, ever since that idiot who said I couldn't hit Pin Smith in the head with a chair disqualified me.

Cecilworth tilts his head up to the sky as he utters his next words.

Farthington: RIP Pin. You got hit by a chair then lost your title in Rock, Paper, Scissors. This one's for you.

Blackfront: I thought Cecilworth had finally seen the injustice that has been happening in the UTA but once again it turns out that everything is about him.

Cecilworth does the sign of the cross and then mocks pouring one out for "his homie" using the microphone.

Farthington: I, Cecilworth Farthington, the spawn of greatness, have had enough. I've had enough of dealing with terrible refereeing, I've had enough with the rug being yanked out under me and tonight... tonight that all changes!

Blackfront: What is he getting at?

Cecilworth points his finger up in the air to request a few moments of silence, which just serves to irritate the crowd from America's Capital all the more.

Farthington: I've taken matters in to my own hands. I've decided to be the change I want to see in the world, just like that Obama guy you keep on display to show that you aren't racists.

Blackfront: I don't even know what to say at this point.

Ace: Well then say nothing and let the glorious words of Farthington wash down upon you like a beautiful waterfall.

Cecilworth beckons forth someone positioned just off set. He gestures for them to move forward to centre stage and the dutifully do so. The man in question is dressed in a blue short sleeved shirt, a black bowtie and black slacks. He appears to be in his mid to late 60s, a thick mane of grey hair adorns the top of his skull.

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Blackfront: Don't tell me... how... there's no way James Wingate allows this.

Ace: If the money is right, James Wingate will allow anything.

Once again doing his best game show hostess, Cecilworth presents to elderly gent to a hostile and irritable DC crowd.

Farthington: Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you MY personal referee, a man who has been Knighted by the GLORIOUS Queen Elizabeth the Second herself for his services towards boxing officiating. A legend in the combat sport refereeing. A man who will call it straight, a man with better credentials than any of the hobos wearing the UTA striped shirts at the moment... The referee currently standing in the ring, awaiting the next match, simply glares a hole through the young upstart.

Farthington: To me, he is Uncle Barty but to you, the lower classes, you will know him as SIR Bartholomew Farthington. Let's give him a big UTA welcome!

A few pieces of trash end up fired in the direction of the Farthingtons as Cecilworth vigourously appauls his uncle, trying to drown out the crowd reaction through yelling "QUITE RIGHT" and "HEAR! HEAR!"

Blackfront: I just don't believe Cecilworth Farthington will be allowed his own referee. I can't see how even with his trust fund that James Wingate would allow Cecilworth to set his own rules. This can't be happening.

Ace: You're insane, this is genius. This man has been screwed by the system week after week and he's been smart enough to do something about it, unlike the Lew Smiths of this world.

Blackfront: Well fans, when we come back, Lew Smith takes on Cecilworth Farthington in what should be a very interesting set of circumstances.

The camera fades out of Cecilworth and Sir Farthington marching towards the ring, Cecilworth yelling at the UTA official to get out and let Sir Farthington take his place.

Brought to You By

As we return to the ring, Lew Smith is entering the ring to If You Want Peace... Prepare for War. Inside of the ring, Sir Bartholomew Farthington stands next to Cecilworth as the UTA Official Referee is seen talking to both of them, in a very confused manner.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington attempting to have his own referee in this match.

Ace: Can you blame him really? Have you seen the officiating as of late?

Blackfront: The UTA referee's are the most fair referees in the industry Tommy.

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Bartholomew and the referee argue a bit as Lew Smith and Cecilworth prepare for the match. He waves off the UTA referee and steps away, signaling his finger for the bell to ring, which it does. The actual referee quickly turns and steps toward him trying to wave it off, but it's too late as Cecilworth and Lew Smith move in.

Blackfront: Well, this match seems to have officially started as Cecilworth Farthington and Lew Smith lock up.

Ace: See.. he's already twenty times better than any UTA Zebra! The referee waves Bartholomew off and turns to the competitors.

Blackfront: Cecilworth taking control as he backs Lew Smith into the ropes, holding him there. He presses Smith up against the ropes as Smith manuevers his hands over and up, trying to show he is backed away and can't do anything. The referee moves in counting Cecilworth as Uncle Barty's finger does the same just inches from the referee's nose.

Ace: See! Sir Farthington already showing how impartial he can be!

The referee turns to Referee Farthington, telling him to step back. As he does, Cecilworth presses Lew even harder back, moving his forearm into Smith's throat.

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthing using the distraction to his advantage here.

Ace: Of course he is Jason. C-Money ain't no fool.

Blackfront: Well, I know quite a few people who would disagree with you there.

The referee turns back to the wrestlers, quickly grabbing Cecilworth's arm and pushing him off of Lew Smith.

Blackfront: Our official here trying to restore a bit of order.

Farthington puts his hands up and backs away as Lew Smith comes forward. Not giving him any room to breath, Cecilworth brings a boot into his gut, catching Lew Smith hard.

Blackfront: Farthington moving in now.. grabbing the back of Lew Smith's head and driving him backward to the canvas.

Ace: Cecilworth not playing around tonight Jason. Farthington runs back and hits the ropes.

Blackfront: Cecilworth on the return, big fist dropped to the head of Lew Smith.

The official moves in, watching Cecilworth as he pulls Lew Smith up by his head, making sure Farthington isn't using Lew's hair. As he does, Uncle Barty slides in beside him, watching as well, pushing the referee slightly out of the way to take point. The referee pushes him back to regain the main spot.

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Blackfront: It seems that we have a power struggle between the referees here.

Ace: Look, Sir Farthington is the official in this match. The other guy just needs to go to the back, grab a drink and relax. He's got this.

Blackfront: Farthington sends Smith into the ropes now. On the return, Farthing ready to catch him.. NO! Lew Smith brings a boot up, catching Cecilworth in the face.

Farthington bends backward, his arms swinging. Lew Smith comes in and brings down a knife edge chop across his chest.

Blackfront: Big chop there.. another.. and another! Lew Smith going to town on Cecilworth now! Sir Farthington cringes watching his nephew take the chops.

Blackfront: Elbow strike now to the face of Cecilworth by Lew Smith.

Farthington stumbles back into the ropes. As he hits them, he stumbles forward and directly into a well placed palm strike by Lew Smith sending him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Smith sends Cecilworth down. Quick cover now by Lew Smith.

Both referees drop down and begin to count. As their counts are each off, the official gets on his knees, pushing Sir Farthington's hand up and signaling for him to stop. Bartholomew holds his palm out and quickly counts three on it as the official says No.

Blackfront: Cecilworth able to get a shoulder up here as the two referees argue over the count.

Ace: At this rate, we wont have a winner.

Blackfront: Lew Smith getting to his feet, pulling Farthington up with him as we continue.

Lew spins around with a kick into the gut of Cecilworth before spinning again, this time placing an elbow into the side of his head.

Blackfront: Just a few weeks ago Lew Smith almost walked out the UTA World Champion. It is this kind of offense that got him that far.

Ace: I don't like Lew Smith, but this guy has improved a lot over the last few months.

Smith moves around behind Cecilworth, placing his arms under Farthington's and locking his fingers. He pulls his legs up, wrapping them around Cecilworth's waist.

Blackfront: HEAVEN'S JUDGMENT! HEAVEN'S JUDGMENT!

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Farthington tries to move out but can't as Lew pulls hard enough they fall to the canvas letting him get a better grip. The referee quickly leaps into place asking Farthington if he quits.

Blackfront: This one could be over if Cecilworth gives up.

Sir Farthington pushes the referee out of the way and very attentively ask Cecilworth if he gives up. The UTA Official moves in, pushing him back and yelling for him to stop getting in the way. Blackfront: Farthington still trying to get free.

Ace: Two referee's and neither of them paying attention.

After a moment, Lew Smith lets go and rolls Cecilworth off of him. He gets to his feet and heads over, yelling for both referees to watch the match.

Blackfront: Lew Smith frustrated here due to the dueling referees.

Cecilworth rolls over and begins to push up. As Lew Smith turns back to him, Farthington shoots up with a vicious clothesline taking Smith down.

Blackfront: Cecilworth with a burst of energy turning this one around.

Ace: Yea, but if we can't get a referee to call this one, it will do him no good.

Blackfront: Cecilworth to his feet, now with several stomps to Lew Smith.

The fans boo Cecilworth, blaming him for his referee's antics causing Lew Smith the match.

Blackfront: Farthington pulling Smith to his feet now

He spins around behind Lew, grabbing him around the waist, before lifting him backward.

Blackfront: German suplex by Cecilworth Farthington.

Ace: C-Money hitting the power moves here tonight.

Cecilworth rolls over and up as Lew does the same, a bit more slowly.

Blackfront: Farthington up.. he takes off... running knee to the stomach of Lew Smith... As he connects, Cecilworth grabs Lew's head in one motion and drops.

Blackfront: INTO A DDT!

Ace: Hit with perfection.

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Blackfront: Farthington quickly covering Lew Smith... The referee's down... and.. they are arguing again.

The UTA Official yells at Sir Farthington who gets on his knees and starts to shake his finger vigorously at the official. Cecilworth looks up at his uncle then at the UTA official with frustration. Bartholomew says I have this good sir before moving down and counting. The UTA official gets up, heading over and grabbing his hand on the third count, pulling him up, and turning him around, scolding him.

Ace: Oh come on! Cecilworth had this won.

The UTA official drops down and hits the canvas, however Lew Smith is able to kick out.

Blackfront: Lew Smith able to kick out at one.

Ace: Actually, that was like twelve Jason.

The UTA Official tells Bartolomew to leave the ring, pointing toward the back.

Blackfront: It looks like Sir Farthington is being ejected.

Bartholomew is taken back a bit but suddenly throws his arm out pointing to the back telling the UTA Official that he is ejected.

Ace: Ha! Sir Farthington is ejecting the UTA referee!

The UTA Official throws his hands up. I'm Done. You handle this. He waves Uncle Barty off before turning to leave the ring.

Ace: HA! Sir Farthington wins in true Farthington fashion!

Bartholomew smiles, fixing his color as he turns to see Cecilworth picking Lew Smith up to his knees and holding him by his neck. He brings his right arm out and then across, slamming Lew in the side of the head.

Blackfront: MALICE IN WONDERLAND!

Ace: This one is over!

Blackfront: Farthington going for the cover.

The UTA Official, who had stopped at the ropes, turns to see Bartholomew drops down and start counting. He shakes his head and runs over, sliding into place counting as well.

Blackfront: The UTA official can't let someone else do his job!

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Sir Farthington gets up and moves forward, pushing the official over. Both men start to stand up, as they do, the UTA official drops to his knees and brings his arm up underneath of Sir Farthington's legs.

Blackfront: LOW BLOW BY THE OFFICIAL!

Ace: Wait.. what? I'm so confused.

As Cecilworth's uncle grabs his going and falls to his knees, shock and pain on his face, the referee turns and counts, hitting the canvas a third time before getting to his knees and calling for the bell.

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

Cecilworth gets to his feet, his arms in the air as he jobs around his uncle who is still down on his knees holding himself. The UTA Official throws his hands out while looking at Bartholomew as if to say What now, Bitch? He struts toward the ropes, exiting the ring.

Blackfront: Big win for Cecilworth Farthington here tonight, but you can't write Lew Smith off who almost had Farthington several times.

Ace: The right guy won Jason, simple as that.

Cecilworth looks down at his uncle and tells him to get up and that what he is doing isn't very befitting of a Farthington. Lew Smith rolls to the edge of the ring and out as we fade out on Cecilworth continuing to celebrate.

Broken Bones

Crimson Lord sits in the dark, illuminated by a single light.

Crimson: Two men are driving down a winding road. As they drive down this road in the middle of a forest, they are in a heavy conversation. The passenger suddenly notices something on the road. He shouts at his friend to "LOOK OUT!"

Crimson looks down, quietly continuing.

Crimson: The driver quickly swerves off the road into a ditch. When they both get their composure back, the driver looks at his friend and asks him. "Why did you do that?" His friend replies back "I saw something on the road, and you were about to hit it."

He looks up and over.

Crimson: "Well, let's see what it was." The two men exit the vehicle and walk down the road a bit until they come across a deer lying on the cold street. Only able to move its head, obviously someone did a hit and run

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on the creature. One of the guys replied. "Something massive had to hit this poor girl." They both stare down at this helpless creature.

Crimson closes his eyes briefly, pausing.

Crimson: The passenger responds. "It needs help, I am going to call someone to come out and help her." The guy walks off to try and get better reception on his cell. The other guy just continues to stare down into those black eyes of this deer. As he stares at this creature in anguish and suffering he makes a decision. He walks down toward the car while his friend is now chatting on his cell.

Crimson looks back toward the camera.

Crimson: He opens the trunk of the car, there sits a little black box bolted to the side of the trunk. It has a pad lock on the latch. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a key. He inserts the key into the lock and unlocks the lock. He opens the box and inside is a nine millimeter. He reaches into the box for the gun and then for the clip next to it.

Crimson Lord looks forward again before continuing.

Crimson: He checks the clip for ammunition. Realizing he has ammo, he loads the gun. He puts the safety on, and puts it in the back of his pants. He closes the trunk, and walks back toward the creature. By this time his friend has finished talking to someone for help. The two meet at the creature. "Finally, got in touch with someone this little girl has help on the w..." Before he can finish his sentence the deer looks up at the other guy and without hesitation the man pulls the gun out from behind his pants. He quickly turns the safety off and fires!

Lord looks up.

Crimson: The bullet explodes from the gun and impales the deer in-between the eyes. Its brains

immediately splatter across the ground. The other guy looks at his friend in horror quickly responding. "Why did you do that!?" The man with the gun still staring down at the now road kill lying on the street. In a cold tone he responds. "I put her out of her misery!"

He looks into the camera a final time.

Crimson: The moral of the story Zhalia is you're the deer, and I am the gun! Next week I am going to put YOU out of your misery!

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What Should She Do

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In the back, we see Marie Van Claudio holding her arm as she walks to the trainer's room to get it checked out from her match against Mikey Unlikey. Just then, we see Jennifer Williams come up as she holds the door for Marie, but Marie slams it.

Van Claudio: I don't need YOU to help me out, Williams! What is it that you want from me!? Jennifer holds the microphone as she puts it to her mouth as Marie rolls her eyes and keeps looking at her arm.

Williams: Marie, we all saw your match out there and it's kind of obvious that your injured arm may have been a contributor in your loss. How's your arm holding up now?

Marie looks at her.

Van Claudio: How do you think my arm looks?! Do you see ANYTHING BROKEN in there?! She holds up her arm to show it's not broken while Marie brings it back to her.

Van Claudio: and I bet you two dollars, in typical Mikey Unlikey fashion, he's having a party with those Dynasty losers and popping bottles while bragging about it and saying, "I've injured Marie Van Claudio again!" HOORAY!

She bites her lip.

Van Claudio: And another thing I should mention regarding what you said, you were yapping on Victory this past week by saying that if Amy was to defeat a hall of famer, in which she did, it would make me feel....hold on what is the word.

Marie looks up left and right before looking at Jennifer.

Van Claudio: Jealous of her that she did something I haven't been able to do yet! Is that's what you were trying to do?

Williams: Marie, I didn't mean any type of harm with that comment.

Van Claudio, in mimicking fashion: "Oh I didn't mean harm with that comment", JUST SHUT UP for once instead of asking me stupid nonsense!

She jumps back as the first lady of the UTA looks at her with one evil look.

Van Claudio: I'm sick and tired of people telling everyone around this place saying that I can't do this, I can't do that. I'm sick and tired of people saying that I'm not worth amount of nothing here.

Does ANYONE remember what happened two weeks ago where I ALMOST won the UTA World Championship from La Flama Blanca?

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She keeps that evil look.

Van Claudio: I bet you everyone forgot about that match and went back to their typical thoughts about me, and thinking that I'm good for one thing!

Marie shakes her head.

Van Claudio: What more does it have to take? Do I have to start attacking everyone in the biggest stable or should I start attacking everyone that comes in my way next?

Williams: I think you need to calm down and take a chill pill, that's what I need for you to do! Marie clinches her fists as Jennifer takes a step back, knowing that Marie may punch her.

Van Claudio: Or what I should is CLOCK YOU in the face, but I'm not going to risk my job attacking at a bimbo like you!

Jennifer looks away as Marie looks at her run away as she says something to herself.

Van Claudio:Maybe I should start attacking people that have the money.....hm.....that would be something....

Marie takes a thought about it before walking in the trainer's room as the cameras fade out.

As the action cuts back to ringside, the lights all around the arena start shutting off one by one. When the big overhead lights shut off with a clunk the crowd pops, simply for the sudden darkness. A whistling wind is heard, a hush falls over the arena. When the driving beat the man in black starts up, the fans perk back up. A few cheers, mostly derision from the UTA fans. When the lyrics to Johnny Cash's God's Gunna' Cut You Down kick in, the whole arena rises up, letting out a deafening audial display of mixed emotions. Most of the small pockets of the crowd who are cheering are drowned out by the overwhelming consensus of booing.

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside folks, where up next we have the much anticipated matchup between this man Bronson Box, and the Gold Standard John Sektor. Quite the impression this gentlemen's made on the UTA fans since his debut, eh partner?

Ace: If by "impression" you mean the footprint he left up the back of Mr. Fantastic's head, yeah... quite the impression. Loss to Walker or no, this dude is downright terrifying...

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

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

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Accompanying him on the outside of the ring is his manager, Jane Katze.

Announcer: ... BRNSOOOOOOOOOOOON BOX! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Ace: They're calling this the battle of the 'villains,' apparently Jason..

Blackfront: Both men have a rich history. Both highly decorated but also carrying reputations as having somewhat of a sadistic nature. Although its' worth noting that as similar as these two are, they are poles apart in terms of how they carry themselves. Box, obviously, being a powerhouse who doesn't mince words and likes to throw his weight around.

Ace: And Sektor who likes to attack a person's mind right? Get under their skin and play games.. As his music begins to fade, Bronson steps between the top and middle rope, placing boot to canvas.

The now famous opening riff to Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, sparking almost the exact same reaction from the crowd as Bronson's did. A Golden shower of pyro's begins to rain down from above the curtain and when it stops, The Gold Standard himself is waiting behind it.

Ace: Here he is! Our Legacy champion!

Blackfront: Indeed, here he is. Sektor has achieved so much already since joining the United Toughness Alliance. He's won superstar of the week twice, superstar of the month and most recently captured the Legacy championship. This man has enjoyed success wherever he goes and the signs so far are good for that to continue.

Sektor has begun his descent down to the ring, Legacy championship around his waist and his manager, Michael Best, following behind. The two continue to calmly make their way down to the ring, Sektor smirking and stroking his moustache with his hand as he eyes Box, who glares straight back at him.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Michael Best, hailing from Miami, Florida..

Sektor and Mike stop at the bottom of the ramp as Sektor loosens his arms and continues to smile towards Box in the ring.

Blackfront: Look at that look from Box. He pacing around in there like a caged animal and hasn't taken his eyes off Sektor once.

Sektor slowly moves forward around the ring, hopping up onto one side of the apron. Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two-hundred-and-thirty-five pounds..

Sektor wipes his feet on the outer canvas before stepping through the ropes, turning his gaze away from Box

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smugly as he begins to unfasten his champion.

Announcer: He represents the MACHINE, as is the CURRENT, REIGNING UTA LEGACY CHAMPION..

Sektor lets the championship dangle by his side as he turns briefly to Box to give him a cheeky wink.

Announcer: The GOLD STANDARD, JOHN..SEKKKKKKTOOOOOOR!

Sektor throws his hand carrying the title into the air, displaying it arrogantly but proudly as the crowd give him a mostly hostile response. Box meanwhile is beginning to yell at him, obviously growing impatient by the length of his entrance.

Blackfront: Well, Sektor wanted this match and now he's going to get it. He's spoken recently about how long he's been wanting to get into the ring with the 'Legendary' Bronson Box, considering him to be a worthy opponent to compliment him in the ring.

Ace: I highly doubt he'll get many compliments out of Box. But he'll certainly get one hell of a challenge.

After Sektor hands his title to the time keeper, warning him to be careful, the referee calls both men to the centre of the ring to give them the rundown of his rules.

Blackfront: It should be noted that this match is NOT a championship match. But should Box beat Sektor here tonight, well, he'd have to be considered first in line for a Legacy title shot, right? Ace: Hey listen, If Box beats Sektor tonight I know for a FACT that the Gold Standard will want a rematch. And wil more than likely use the Legacy title as bait..

The referee steps away from between the two men and calls for the bell.

DING DING!!

The crowds anticipation steadily builds as both men opt to slowly step up to one anothers face. Sektor, being the taller of the two, smiles down at Box who begins to read him the riot act.

Ace: Oooh, this could get messy! Can cut the tension with a knife in there..

Blackfront: Sektor has a considerable height advan..

Ace: SHHH! Don't let Box hear you say that..he'll rip your arms clean off!

As Box continues to chew Sektor out verbally, the Gold Standard grows tired and smirks a little more, stepping away and getting on his toes. Both men begin to circle one another as the crowd begin to stamp their feet in excitement. They both lunge toward one another for a strong and forceful arm/elbow tie up. Boxer bends his knee's and digs with his feet, forcing Sektor slowly back into the corner and almost bending him

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half over the post. The referee begins to count him out, but Boxer eventually holds his hands in the air and backs away.

Blackfront: Bronson Box is notoriously strong and I don't think it would be wise of our Legacy champion to get involved in a strength battle if he can help it..

Sektor smiles as he loosens his neck, not seeming fazed by Boxer's display of power. He resumes his stance and again moves in for a tie up, only this time catching his left arm and swooping around behind for a hammer lock. He the slaps him around the back of the head,

gaining loud 'OOOH'S' from the crowd as Boxer holds his head and glares at Sektor, wide eyed in disbelief.

Ace: Don't poke the bear, Sektor. That is NOT a good idea...

Blackfront: Sektor's been trying to get under Boxers skin since this match was announced, perhaps this is a tactic of his..

Sektor continues to smirk but gets on his guard as the strongman lunges at him, tying up again. Sektor twists under his left arm, this time pressing down on the shoulder and looking to lock in a Fujiwa armbar. Bronson uses every bit of strength in his left arm to resist, and with an almighty roar he manages to knock Sektor down hard onto the canvas. The fans explode as Boxer yells at Sektor, who is looking up from the canvas with the color in his face rapidly draining.

Blackfront: Sektor get's a little of his own medicine there, being embarrassed by Boxer! Looking slightly narked, Sektor springs up to his feet and rushes back in, only this time Box captures him in a side headlock. He completely dominates Sektor with his strength, twisting his neck a little before forcing him down to the canvas with the headlock still applied.

Sektor tries to prize Boxer's arms from around his head but the big man has his hold tightly locked in.

Blackfront: Sektor's going to have to think up a new game plan. He prides himself on being the greatest technical wrestler in the world, but when you come up against a man as strong as Box? It's probably best to keep him at arms length, right Tommy?

Ace: You're not wrong, Jason. But you know, Sektor is one of the smartest wrestlers I know, and improvising is near the top of his list of many skills..

Box decides to bring Sektor back up to his feet, moving around into a rear waist lock. He then dead-lifts him off his feet and slams him down onto his front, spinning around on his back. Instead of locking in a front facelock, he opts to slap Sektor around the back of the head a few times before stepping back and yelling at him to get up.

Blackfront: Box getting a little retribution there..

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Sektor gets up to his feet and powers towards Box with his hands up, but he only feints for the tie up and instead delivers a thumb to Boxers left eye. The crowd boo's emphatically as the referee gives him a stern talking to. Sektor doesn't hear a word as he steps around to the right side of Box, nailing him in the side of the head with an elbow smash.

Blackfront: Sektor has temporarily blinded Box with a thumb to the left eye. Now he's choosing to attack from the RIGHT, where it is well documented that Boxer has next to NO sight in his right eye..

Ace: That's the smarts I was talking about when it comes to John Sektor.

Sektor continues to attack from the right side, nailing elbow after elbow, stepping back carefully each time to avoid the wild swing of Boxers fist. He then measures him up from the right side again, only this time he takes him down with a perfectly timed dropkick to the right side of his head.

Blackfront: Nice dropkick from Sektor. Box is going to have to clear his vision in his left eye FAST or else Sektor is going to pick him apart.

Sektor waits for the blinded Bronson Box to get back to his feet, spotting that he is rubbing his left eye. He charges towards him but Box must have heard his footsteps, grabbing hold of him and taking him down with a powerful spinebuster.

Blackfront: OH, great instinct and ring awareness from the Wargod right there..

Ace: I don't know if it was that or dumb LUCK. But Box just bought himself some time..

Jane slams her hand on the outer canvas, trying to encourage her client to clear out the cobwebs. Mike Best on the other hand is yelling at Sektor to shake off the spinebuster and get back on the offense. Sektor glances at Mike as he holds his lower back before turning to Box. He spots that he still isn't seeing straight and goes after him, throwing a left hand which catches him on the left side of his jaw. Box staggers and Sektor grabs hold of him, but Boxer traps both of his arms and lands his big bald head right on Sektor's.

Blackfront: Big heabutt from Box, and Sektor's legs have just turned to jello..

Box charges at Sektor like a lunatic and grabs hold, ramming him straight into the corner. He then opens up on him, holding his head with the left hand and rifling european uppercuts in quick concession. The crowd try to count along.

Ace: God this fight just got hotter. Box is opening UP on Sektor right now..

Box finishes his melee of uppercut with one big finale, taking Sektor off his feet and into a seated position in the corner. Box wastes no time driving a knee across his face, holding it in position and using the ropes for leverage as he begins to illegally choke him. Mike yells at the referee to intervene, which he dutifully does.

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Blackfront: Box getting dirty now. He's going to have to be careful..uh oh..

Box turns and roars in the referee's face to get his hands off him. The ref back pedals slowly, clearly intimidated by original Defiant. Sektor's eyes are rolling all over the place by now as Mike gets as close as he can to get a word in his ear. Box see's this and yells at Mike to 'BACK OFF' before pulling Sektor to his feet. He then staps him up into a verital suplex and stalls, before finally landing the move and covering.

Blackfront: Two count only for Box this time, who attempts the first pinfall of the match.

Ace: It'll take a bit more than that to put the Gold Standard down.

Follwing his kick-out, the Legacy champion tries to roll away but Box snatches hold of him by the neck and pulls him into a sleeper hold. He squeezes his huge biceps like an anaconda around Sektor's neck, who's face is beginning to turn a deeper shade of purple.

Blackfront: Box doesn't give anybody an inch. This must be a shock to Sektor, who quiet often is the man in control of the tempo and match.

Ace: Both similar styles but Box has the upper hand. Sektor need's to think of a way to flip the coin before the oxygen to his brain begins to run out.

Sektor uses every bit of strength his has to bring up a knee and use it to push both himself and Bronson into a standing position. He then begins to jab away at the abdomen of the Scottish strongman, until he eventually releases the hold and gives Sektor a little breathing room. Sektor takes in a big lungful of air but Bronson comes charging at him for a clothesline, which Sektor catches and uses the momentum to take him down with an armdrag. Quick as a cat, he throws his legs across Boxer's chest and tries to lock in an armbar.

Blackfront: Beautiful reversal from the Gold Standard, straight into an armbar..

Ace: He hasn't got full extension..even with both hands pulling down on it, Box is managing to resist.

Boxer's face is straining as he uses every ounce of strength to prevent Sektor from hyperextending the elbow. Both managers cheer their respective clients on from opposite sides of the ring as they duke it out for strength yet again. The Sektor portions of the crowd soon cheer as his shoulders touch the canvas, finally getting the hold fully locked in.

Ace: HE'S GOT IT!

Blackfront: Armbar locked in! Could the Wargod tap here?

Sektor pulls back with everything he has and Box growls in pain. He tries turning onto his side but Sektor has his shoulders locked down with his legs. After some struggle, he eventually manages to roll up Sektor's legs and land a well placed fist down onto his head, causing the Gold Standard to release the hold.

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Blackfront: Boxer's strength paying off, yet again. But looks like Sektor may have done some damage to that right shoulder..

Box winces in pain as he shakes off his arm, clocking Sektor who is back on his feet looking a little weary. He storms straight over to the Legacy champion, but Sektor suddenly side kicks him square in the gut.

Ace: HA! Sektor was playing possum!

Mike applauds as Sektor follows up with a HUGE European uppercut, almost taking Box's head off his shoulders. He then straps him into a belly to belly position, readying his legs for the lift. Box blocks the move and lands another stiff headbutt on the kisser, causing Sektor to stumble all the way back to the ropes. Sektor uses the ropes for leverage and spins around, landing a huge elbow across Box's right eye.

Blackfront: HALL OF FAME ELBOW! THIS COULD BE IT!

Box hits the canvas like a sack of potatoes but Sektor is also down, still shaking off the cobwebs of the headbutt. Mike is screaming at him on the outside to make the cover, which he eventually does.

Blackfront: Sektor covering now, for the ONE...TWO...NO! Box kicks out.. Sektor heaves as he rolls off Box. Boxer's left eye has begun to swell slightly. Ace: Man, if that left eye closes then Box may aswell be wearing a blindfold. Blackront: Oh God, no. Not another blindfold match?

Both Box and Sektor make it to their feet at the same time, but Sektor rushes in from Boxer's right side and swoops behind for a rear waist lock.

Blackfront: GERMAN SUPLEX!

The back of Boxers thick neck bounces off the canvas, but Sektor keeps the waist lock applied, rolling over and pulling back to his feet. He then executes another and begins to set him up again. Ace: He's going for the Tri-Fektah!

This time Sektor opts for a release German suplex, and has to catch a couple of breaths of his own before scurrying across the canvas to make the cover.

ONE TWO

Box kicks out and both Mike and Serktor have the same reaction, as both bang their hands on the canvas. Jane is down at eye level with Box, trying to look into his eyes and give him some encouragement.

Ace: Sektor has Box on the ropes, now..

Sektor lays down a couple of stomps to Box, purposely aiming at his left eye socket. All it serves to do is wake him up, as he rolls onto his side and begins to pull himself up by the ropes. Sektor stalks him, plotting

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his next move and decides to rush to the opposite side of the ring, using the ropes for leverage and coming back at Box..

Who lifts him up and drops him with a single arm sidewalk slam!

Blackfront: Box out of NOWHERE, countering with a huge sidewalk slam that shook the entire ring.

Ace: Yeah, Sektor literally bounced about six inches off the canvas.

Jane yells at him to capitalize but Box is still catching his breath. He then pulls Sektor up to his feet, and the Gold Standard attempts a right hand but Box ducks it and lands a forearm in the centre of Sektors spine. Sektor arches his back and Bronson boots him right in the middle of it again, causing him to fall forwards into the corner. Box bares his teeth like a rabid dog as he looks around at the crowd.

Blackfront: Look at that look in Boxer's eyes...he looks ready to kill.

Ace: Yeah I wouldn't wanna be Sektor right now..

Box let's out a blood curdling scream as charges up behind Sektor and drives a shoulder into his spine. Followed by another, and another, and another, and ANOTHER!

He then switches gears and opts to use his boot, kicking him rapidly in the same place.

Blackfront: Oh my GOD! He's going to cripple him!

Ace: He's softening him up for the ole' Boston Massacre..

Mike Best is on the apron now, screaming at the referee to do a better job and Bronson turns. He takes a swing at Mike who ducks and lands back on the outside, wide eyed in complete shock.

Ace: Woah, Mike almost got a taste of Boxer just then..

Blackfront: Yeah and he needs to be careful too. His other client, Prodigy champion Alex Beckman is in action later in our main event. She takes on Will Haynes in the semi finals of this years Ring King tournament.

Bronson gives Sektor a brief rest as the referee forces him to stop, but then spins him around and decides to start smashing his head with a few stiff punches and elbows. The ref again begins to count and even, bravely, steps between Sektor and Box, forcing him away from the corner. Box points a finger in the refs face but Sektor comes from behind him, slamming a fist straight into Box's mouth. The crowd explodes as both men start going blow for blow in the middle of the ring. They keep trading punch, after punch, after punch, until finally Box blocks one of Sektor's and lands a headbutt.

Blackfront: That was beginning to turn into an all out fight. The longer these two stay in the ring with one

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another, the more they begin to look like they're out to kill each other!

Box lays on another head butt, followed by a third and fourth, causing Sektor to fall against the ropes. Boxer then screams and charges at Sektor, taking him up and over to the outside with a meathook clothesline.

Ace: Sektor landed square on his back and it looks like it's really starting to hurt him.

Sektor is, indeed, favouring his lower back and Box stomps a boot on it as soon as he follows him out of the ring. He then drags him to his feet by his hair and proceeds to frog march him towards the time keepers area. Jane is keeping her distance whilst Mike Best is edging closer to keep an eye on the situation.

Meanwhile, Box turns Sektor so that he is facing him and proceeds to drive him all the way into the barricade. Sektor can't even scream as he arches his lower back, the air clearly being knocked out of his lungs.

Blackfront: Bronson Box, yet again providing proof in the pudding that he means what he says when it comes to doing whatever it takes to win.

Ace: You know who else says that? John SEKTOR!

Box has hold of Sektor by the hair and Mike is getting close. Box notices him and storms towards Mike, yielding an index finger. Mike backs off with his hands in surrender and Boxer forces him to watch as he throws Sektor straight across the commentators table.

Blackford: LOOK OUT!

Ace: WOAHI!

The commentators jump up from their desk as the Legacy champion practically lands in their laps. Boxer smiles and Mike who is holding his head, looking considerably worried for the safety of his client.

Box quickly rolls in and out of the ring to reset the ten count and drags Sektor out behind the desk. He gives him a slap to the mouth before walking him back to the ring and rolling him back in.

Ace: Is it safe to sit down?

Blackfront: I hope so..

Box ducks his head under the top rope to re-enter the ring, but Sektor springs up and grabs hold of his neck, spiking his head down onto the canvas with a makeshift DDT!

Mike practically jumps in the air to celebrate on the outside.

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Blackfront: WOW! Sektor out of NOWHERE with that DDT. There was no way Box could have read that.

Whilst the DDT hit its mark, both men are laid still on the canvas. Both manages begin a rhythmic banging of hands on the canvas, trying to encourage their clients to find some energy.

They both make it to their feet at the same time and Boxer nods at Sektor, practically inviting him to throw a punch. Which he does. Box fires one back at his own. The two continue to exchange punches, the crowd popping on different sides of the arena with each punch. Surprisingly it's Sektor who gets the upper hand, firing three quick punches to Box's right side before throwing a big right hand. But Box see's it and turns him around, locking in a cobra clutch!

Blackfront: Cobra clutch locked in on the Legacy champ. Obviously Boxer's left eye is still functioning well.

Box uses the hold to deadlift Sektor off the canvas, landing him spine first across his knee with a backbreaker.

Ace: Mike better start sizing Sektor up for a wheelchair.

Sektor lies on his front on the canvas, holding his lower back. Bronson looks around at the crowd and plants a foot onto Sektors back, locking eyes with Mike on the outside. Mike is covering his mouth and is as white as sheet as he if forced to watch Box lower himself down and begin to lock him into a camel clutch. The crowd are exploding with a mixture of boo's and excitement as he wrenches back on Sektor's neck, bending his spine in half.

Blackfront: Camel clutch locked in. But he's only halfway there to setting up the complete Boston Massacre..

Ace: And here it comes.

Boxer loops his right arm under Sektor's for a half nelson, and looks to the do the same with the other. But Sektor twists out of it and crawls back under Boxer's legs, sweeping his legs from underneath him. The crowd explodes again as Sektor grapevines the leg and jumps across Boxers back.

Blackfront: SEKTOR STRETCH! WHAT A REVERSAL!

Ace: He's not quite got it, YET!

Sektor and Boxer are struggling as Sektor tries to wrap his arm around the side of Boxers face to complete the stretch. Mike and Jane are leaning their bodies into the ring, screaming at both of their men. The struggle continues as Boxer's face turns bright red, using all of his strength to resist Sektor from completing the hold.

Ace: Look at Boxer's resolve! He knows that if Sektor locks this in there's nowhere to go and only one thing he can do..

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Sektor eventually changes his mind and stands up, driving a knee across the face of Boxer. The crowd sigh in disappointment but Mike soon applauds as he drags the Wargod to his feet and tosses him across the ring with a Belly to Belly suplex.

Sektor breathes heavily and winces as he holds his lower back. He takes a second to rest before signalling to the crowd that he's going to finish it. He waits for Boxer to get to his feet and kicks him as hard and as low as he can. The referee gives him a warning look as he considers it to be a little too south of the border. Sektor doesn't care, he's already throwing his head between his legs and under hooking both arms.

Ace: C-Sektion time!

Before Sektor can complete his signature move, Box twists out of it and counters with a Canadian backbreaker. Sektor twitches on the canvas as his already injured back takes another hit. Box attempts a cover..

ONE TWO

SEKTOR KICKS OUT.

Box picks Sektor up and this time executes an Argentine backbreaker. He covers again for the ONE

TWO

Ace: Boxer taking Sektor all around the World with these different backbreakers..

Blackfront: You know, that would be the perfect segway into a discussion about our upcoming international tour. But I don't want to take any focus away from this incredible match..

Boxer kicks out at the bottom ring rope in frustration as Sektor keeps kicking out, in spite out how much damage he does to his back.

Blackfront: The Legacy champion is showing tremendous resilience to keep kicking out of these backbreakers. But you have to wonder how much longer his back can hold up.

Ace: Yeah, especially after fifteen plus years of landing on it..

Box holds onto the top rope, looking down towards his manager. His eyes suddenly begin to move slowly, as though a sadistic idea has just popped into his head. He then gives Jane a knowing nod and she nods back. He steps back and waits for her to hop up onto the apron, distracting the referee so that he can reach down into his boot. The crowd begin to slowly boo and cheer as he slowly removes an object.

Blackfront: Oh no..not the SPIKE!

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Boxer pulls out a six-seven inch metal spike and holds it like a dagger in his fist. Mike hops up on the apron to warn Boxer but quickly hops down at him as the madman storms over to him. Boxer then checks that the ref is still distracted as he grabs hold of Sektor by the hair. Mike runs around the ring towards where Jane is distracting the referee.

Blackfront: I don't know if I can watch this...

Box holds the spike high above Sektor's head and brings it down with force, straight into the top of his forehead. Blood instantly spurts from the wound, covering Sektor's face with a crimson mask of blood, which soaks his moustache and begins to drip onto his face. Box smiles as he watches Sektor fall forwards, completely limp.

Ace: Oh my God..

Mike yells at the ref to turn around, and he DOES! He spots Box holding the spike and Sektor lying in a pool of his own blood, and calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!!

Boxers eyes go wide with panic as he turns around to see the ref glaring at him. Announcer: Your winner of the match via DISQUALIFICATION..The UTA Legacy CHAMPION....JOHN SEKTOR!

Blackfront: Boxer is livid!

Ace: That's what he gets for cheating..

Boxer looks like he's amping up, tightening his grip of the spike. He then turns and charges straight for Sektor, but Mike pulls him out of the ring, leaving a trail of blood behind. Sektor is completely out cold as Mike drags him towards the bottom of the ramp, screaming for the medical team to make their way out.

Blackfront: It was such an incredible match up until that moment!

Ace: Yeah I was SO excited for this. I feel robbed..

Sektor is showing signs of life, looking around frantically with panicked eyes and seeing his own blood on his hands. He looks up at Boxer in the ring and the two exchange looks of hatred.

Blackfront: Well something tells me this is only the beginning, Tommy..

Brought to You By

We Should Be Celebrating Right Now

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The door to Dynasty's locker room is open about quarter of the way. Cameras are filming as the group appears to be in the middle of something. We can see Kendrix sitting in a folding chair by his locker. The side of a victorious and freshly showered Mikey Unlikely can barely be seen as the UTA World Champion paces the room.

La Flama Blanca: I've tried to not let it bother me, but I just can't anymore. He's here, sometimes he's not. And when he is here, you can never tell.

Kendrix looks up towards The Champion as LFB stops in front of JFK and Mikey Unlikely. Cameras zoom in a little bit more to catch the reactions of the newest Dynasty members. He continues to walk in and out of view.

LFB: We are gaining speed... We are continuing to show the world why we're the top of the food chain. We should be celebrating right now. Last week, this week, and hell, a little early for next week. We keep winning and we keep going places.

He continues to pace the room as the camera man adjusts his footing, making the camera bounce around.

LFB: We all have so much to worry about. We're ALL on the Pay Per View.

The Champion can be heard laughing slightly. He comes to a stop with his back towards the open door.

LFB: The Chamber Match... Ace In The Hole... The World Title Match... and yet again La Flama Blanca needs to make Victory watchable by defending my Tag Team Championship in the Main Event against Team Danger. We all need to be focused.

The camera zooms in a little bit more.

LFB: Sean... hasn't been acting like Sean since the last Pay Per View.

Blanca continues to speak his mind.

LFB: He always has something to say, much like all of us. A dead giveaway that he's got something on his mind. but won't let the world know it. He better snap back into it and quick, because WE are not losing on Victory, even if Townsend can beg someone to be his partner. Mikey Unlikely decides to take a seat and removes himself from sight. LFB goes back to pacing and also leaves sight. Kendrix leans back in his chair and crosses his arms.

LFB: Next week will be the true deciding factor. Rhys is a dead man. I'll be watching that match like a hawk. We will see where Sean's head is. Two against one... I like those odds. Business as usual for us. If Rhys pulls a rabbit out of his ass and Sean is clipping his toenails...

Blanca stops blocking up the view for the camera.

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LFB: Things aren't going to be good. Kendrix: We'll get it done, mate. No worries. LFB: You're not the one who worries me.

Kendrix looks up and catches the camera man out in the hallway. He lifts his arm and points his index finger causing The Champion to turn around. Blanca catches the camera man back pedaling, leaving the scene. We quickly cut the feed.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Ring King semi finals starting now!

Ace: I can't wait until CBR has his arm raised by the referee!

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

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

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

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

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

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Announcer: Representing Dynasty... the Canadian Star...C..B...RRRRRRRR!!

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savoring the moment. He

lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: CBR returned to the UTA and has been on top of his game since doing so, making it all the way through the tournament.

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

Ace: You're looking at your Ring King right there Jason!

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 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: The fans here in Washington do not have anything positive for the current Wildfire Champion.

Ace: Why would they? He's just the sacrificial lamb to CBR.

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.

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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 lbs.....

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..... the current Wildfire Champion... Abdul bin Hussaaaaaiinnnnnnn!!!!!!

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

Blackfront: This will be big.

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

Blackfront: The energy in the air is amazing.

The two men prepare for the match to begin. Finally the referee calls for the bell to start the match. CBR and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Ace: Well the crowd getting a tad rowdy here aren't they Jason?

Blackfront: That's for sure. Abdul bin Hussain can rile any crowd up, but this being our nation's capitol makes it even more.

CBR and Abdul bin Hussain lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. CBR raises Abdul's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Hussain drops to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by CBR after the power struggle.

CBR steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain goes limp and falls to the canvas holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY CBR! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Ace: A kick worthy to be called great like Dynasty!

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as CBR makes his way over to Abdul bin Hussain and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. CBR pulls Hussain to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping

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an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear headlock here by CBR.

CBR wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Abdul bin Hussain as he releases the hold. Abdul falls to the canvas, grabbing his head.

Blackfront: Stiff punch by CBR to the Wildfire Champion.

CBR then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by CBR.

Ace: I love watching Dynasty dominate early!

CBR gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: And another!

CBR then scrambles over to Abdul bin Hussain and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by the Wildfire Champion.

CBR gets to his feet and stomps Abdul bin Hussain several times before bringing him to his feet. Hussain rises with a punch to the face of CBR, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. CBR then grabs Abdul bin Hussain by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip here by CBR--No! Reversal.

CBR hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Hussain, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Rolling lariat by CBR! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: Would you expect anything less?

CBR walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Abdul.

Blackfront: CBR needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Meanwhile Abdul bin Hussain slowly gets to his feet and as CBR turns around. Hussain charges him, hitting

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with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with the offense now.

Ace: A moot attempt Jason. No way he beats CBR tonight.

The punches work CBR into the corner, and Abdul bin Hussain switches to stomps, stomping CBR in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: CBR caught in that corner now, Abdul bin Hussain stomping away at the gut.

Ace: Fight back CBR!

Abdul bin Hussain then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of CBR. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain choking CBR now!

Ace: Come on ref! Disqualify him!

The referee counts in the corner causing Abdul bin Hussain to bring his foot down. CBR falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Abdul bin Hussain's face warning him about the choke.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to advance.

Hussain makes his way over to the fallen CBR and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Abdul then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to end this one now and head into the Ring King finals with momentum.

Abdul bin Hussain gets up stands over CBR, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Hussain laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing CBR's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stomping the fingers of CBR now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

Ace: Why is this referee not doing anything?! Someone tell Cecilworth we need his uncle out here again!

CBR wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. CBR tries to crawl again and again Abdul bin Hussain raises up a boot and brings it down on CBR's fingers.

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Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of CBR--Abdul bin Hussain is actually enjoying CBR's punishment.

Abdul bin Hussain laughs once more before grabbing CBR around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Hussain grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Abdul bin Hussain... off goes CBR.

CBR hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Abdul bin Hussain stands with an arm extended. CBR collides with the arm, falling backward to the canvas. Blackfront: Clothesline by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: This can not be the way it ends for CBR!

Abdul then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns CBR over onto his stomach. He straddles CBR's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of CBR.

Ace: I don't know how CBR is going to get out of this one. This is terrible!

Hussain wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in CBR's face, asking him if would like to submit. CBR cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: CBR in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: Dynasty never quits!

The crowd buzzes as Abdul bin Hussain keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap CBR in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with CBR, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Ace: CBR there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

CBR reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Abdul's head, his fingers jabbing into Hussain's eyes..

Ace: RIP HIS EYES OUT!

CBR lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Abdul bin Hussain cries out as CBR jams his finger into his eye. He loses his hold.

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Ace: He's done it! CBR using his smarts!

Blackfront: Well, you said in situations like this you have to do anything to win, didn't you?

Ace: Sure did, and CBR just proved that point.

Abdul bin Hussain releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his face, growing angry.

Ace: I hope he's blinded for good!

Abdul bin Hussain stomps his way over to CBR, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Hussain stomps him in the small of the back and CBR cries out, going limp.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain letting out a little aggression on CBR now! Stomping the fallen man here on the canvas.

Abdul bin Hussain stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as CBR lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Hussain tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist

and grabs CBR by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul brings CBR to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Hussain kicks CBR in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing CBR's head to the canvas.

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Abdul bin Hussain after the kick to the gut!

Abdul bin Hussain then turns and covers CBR, hooking his leg and pulling CBR into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the canvas and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Blackfront: Pin now by Abdul bin Hussain after that DDT! NO!

Ace: That was a close one Jason, but he still couldn't put CBR away who is giving him one hell of a fight!

The crowd dies down as Abdul bin Hussain turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Hussain pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in dismay as CBR slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. CBR trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

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Hussain makes his way over to CBR, who is now bent over, about to Tommyd up. Abdul reaches him and CBR rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by CBR, right to the throat of Abdul bin Hussain. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Blackfront: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Hussain reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. CBR makes his way out of the corner and grabs Abdul by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stuck in the corner now. . .

Ace: Its time for some retribution.

CBR faces Abdul bin Hussain and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. CBR then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Hussain.

Ace: Knife edge chop by CBR! Did you hear that one?!

Blackfront: Hussain's chest is glowing.

CBR leans back and chops Abdul bin Hussain once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Ace: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by Claude!

CBR chops him a third and final time. CBR steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Hussain.

Blackfront: What a kick by CBR! My God what a shot!

Abdul bin Hussain stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. CBR makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is dead in the ring after that one--but what is CBR doing now?

Ace: Probably taking a risk he should know better than to do.

CBR turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. He perches there, waiting as Hussain slowly tries to get to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Abdul bin Hussain gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, CBR jumps off the middle rope and catches Hussain in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

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Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks! CBR can already sense the Ring King finals!

Ace: Yes!

Hussain rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. CBR gets to his feet and raises his arms. Blackfront: That paid off big for CBR who makes his way over to the fallen Abdul bin Hussain and brings him to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR looking to end this one.

CBR hooks Abdul bin Hussain by the head under the arm, pulling Hussain's out before dropping.

Blackfront: THE CRAB DROP!

CBR quickly rolls Abdul over, covering him. The referee drops down and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall and going to the Ring King finals... C... B... RRR!!!!

Ace: He's done it! Dynasty going to the finals!

Blackfront: CBR able to pull a win off over the current Wildfire Champion.

Ace: God bless that curse!

Blackfront: A few times in the match, we thought Abdul may have it.

Ace: Can you imagine, CBR going to the finals where he will beat either Alex Beckman or Will Haynes... then we get another amazing Dynasty versus Dynasty match at Ring King?! I love it! Blackfront: I'm sure you're the only one Tommy.

CBR stands on the ropes in the corner, his arms out as he celebrates.

A Chance Meeting

The screen fades up to the locker room area where we see Cayle Murray walking in street clothes. He isn't scheduled to wrestle, but seems intrigued to learn about the inner workings of Wrestleshow during the broadcast. As he stands there the locker room door opens and a shorter guy with a clipboard and a headset walks in.

Production Guy: Where is she?

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Murray: Where's who?

Production Guy: Beckman, the lady is late for being at gorilla. Cayle shrugs the universal "I dunno" pose.

Murray: I have no idea what you're talking about. Sorry.

The production guy growls and turns to walk out, Cayle follows him and is nearly bumped into by another production assistant wheeling Bobby Dean's golf cart to a different spot backstage for some reason.

Murray: Whoa, 'scuse me...

Voice: Is it like you remember?

The camera turns and sitting in one of the nice plush chairs is "Too Cool" Chris Hopper, wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket and holding a bottle of water in his right hand.

Murray: ... I'm sorry?

Hopper: How long has it been since you were in a place like this?

Murray: Oh, right. Must be pushing a decade on this side of the Pacific, honestly. I've done the Tokyo Dome a couple times over the past few years and that's a ridiculously huge building, but it's a completely different experience. There's nothing quite like the visceral thrill of a full-on American wrestling crowd.

Chris nods, takes the last sip of his water and throws it into the garbage can. He stands and begins walking toward the UTA newcomer.

Hopper: I had gone a few years without being in what many would consider a "big time" promotion. Lots of changes on how things run. I had a quick adjustment period. It won't take you long, trust me.

Murray: What makes you so sure? Chris chuckles at the question.

Hopper: You serious? Cayle nods.

Hopper: I've been around awhile and I have heard of you. I remember way back when that a tape of you performing came across my desk when I was running promotions for a time. You really have skills, my friend.

Murray: Whoa, relax with the ego-boosters -- I've gotta get this head through the door somehow. Cayle smiles and Hopper chuckles to the reaction..

Murray: Honestly though, I appreciate it. Not to turn this into some kinda cheesy mutual

backslapping session, but I obviously know who you are and what you've done for this sport. I'm looking

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forward to testing myself against a competitor of your distinction: it should give me a good idea of where I'm at on the totem pole.

Hopper: Totem poles are overrated. It's about going out there and making those people jump to their feet and cheer as loud as they can.

He points toward where the crowd is gathered in congruence to where they are.

Hopper: And you make them react like that for as long as you can. He puts his arm down.

Hopper: You do that, and placing in the card is irrelevant. I know for a fact that when we get in the ring down in Orlando, you and I will tear down the house.

He puts his hand out for Murray to shake.....

Murray: Oh, I already knew that.

... and Cayle, of course, takes it with a wink.

Murray: That's what I'm here for, man. You've been around long enough to remember when this was a respectful, noble line of work, and that's what I'm trying to restore. I wanna wrest control from the Machines and Dynasties of the world and give all the hard-working lads and lasses out there something to feel good about again. I know that's where your heart lies too, and it's up to guys like me and you to stand-up to these vampires. Unfortunately, I just don't see a lot of that happening around here these days.

Cayle pauses, shaking his head.

Murray: Too many good guys sitting around sucking their thumbs while Beckmans, Danes and Jacksons run amok without repercussions. If I wanted to play pacifist, I'd become a Buddhist, not a professional wrestler, y'know?

The two break the handshake sharing a laugh at Cayle's statement.

Hopper: You don't know how right you are. So at Victory, let's give them a real showcase at what is coming for them.

Murray: You got it.

As Cayle turns, Chris taps him on the arm and keeps his attention.

Hopper: Just remember one thing....

Murray: What's that?

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Hopper: When you make public statements like that against the Danes, Beckmans, Dynasties, etc.....you paint a target on your back.

Murray: Good -- that means they see me as a threat, and I want them to feel threatened by my presence. Even if they make me a martyr, at least I'll go down with my spine in-tact.

Hopper: It wouldn't surprise me for any of those cowards to try and take advantage of us while we put on our little showcase at Victory. So maybe we need to have something in mind for if they do.

Murray: I'm all ears.

Chris looks toward the camera.

Hopper: Listen guys, I'm all for you catching backstage stuff, but I think we want to keep strategy sessions private, you know?

The two men chuckle again as the screen fades to black as the cameraman is obviously backing away.

Tonight

Backstage Will Haynes is lacing his boots. He's readying himself for the upcoming Main Event, going toe to toe with Alex Beckman in the semi finals of the Ring King tournament.

Suddenly the ever so busy Jamie Swayers steps in. Microphone in hand.

Swayers: Will Haynes, tonight you take on the undefeated Alex Beckman, in the semi finals of the Ring King tournament. Any thoughts?

Haynes pauses from lacing his boots and looks up at Swayers. He seems a bit peeved to be interviewed at this moment.

Haynes: Ya know Jamie I'm just gonna go out there n' do what I've been doin' this entire tournament - give it my all. I ain't surprised people think I'm gonna lose. I was supposed to lose every damn match in this tournament, n' look at me now. Long as I go out there n' bring the fight t' Beckman, I got's myself a chance.

Swayers nods supporting the Thrill's statement.

Swayers: What do you think of Eric Dane's comments earlier this evening about having to watch your back? Eric Dane loves to play mind games with his foes, do you think the Only Star would dare try to pull something tonight?

Haynes shrugs as he finishes lacing his boots.

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Haynes: Eric Dane is one scary guy, that's for certain. He's been around this business for a long time n' has made quite a name for himself. If he wants to stick his nose int' tonight's match up - fine n' dandy by me. Not like it would be the first time that I had to set 'em on down.

Swayers looks surprised by the answer. Laughs a little bit even.

Swayers: And I wouldn't be a good interviewer if I didn't ask about one more thing - what about the rumors that Mary J -

Before he can even finish the question Thrill stands and pulls Jamie in by the shirt.

Haynes: Jamie, I like you. I've said I'd have your back in any Dynasty stuff goin' forward but you mention that harlot t' me one more time n' you'll be sorry.

Haynes lets Swayers go. Swayers straightens the shirt.

Swayers: Well then, Will Haynes everyone. Good luck tonight.

Brought to You By

Who's Your Partner

We cut to a door with a single word written on it: Dynasty.

A hand appears, and knocks. Wait a second.

Another knock, and the door opens. Kendrix stands in the doorway, looking annoyed.

Kendrix: 'Maaattteee, 'bout time my beers arrived...Oh... it's you. Well... what do you want? The scene backs up to show both athletes in the shot: Kendrix stands in the open doorway, and the Second Coming is off to the side; clearly, she is the one who was knocking.

2C: Wow. Since Little Jimmy went away, Dynasty's really gone downhill with their doormen. I wanna talk to Eddie, is he in here?

Kendrix sneers at her, but covers it with a laugh.

Kendrix: 'Eddie?' Listen, yeah?! You don't call him 'Eddie,' sweetheart. Like all the rest of you ungratefals, you refer to him as La Flama Blanca, or as 'Champ.'

The Second Coming raises an eyebrow.

2C: ...Sure. So, is Eddie in there?

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Kendrix hesitates. While he has not been part of Dynasty for long, he knows of their history and reputation in the UTA. Dynasty is either feared, hated, or respected by the rest of the roster, and those feelings are always brought out by envy. He looks unsure of what to do with this particular athlete, who seems to not care in the slightest about the way Dynasty towers over her.

Kendrix: Maybe he is, maybe he isn't. You give me your message and if he wants to talk he'll send for you, yeah?!

She could see he was not going to budge.

2C: I just want to make sure he's in the right frame of mind for our title defense next week. I know you two won last week but he had a rough couple'a title defenses, and with Team Danger as good as they are, me'n Eddie need to be even better than our best t'keep the tag titles.

It is a logical and thoughtful question, and for a moment, Kendrix appears to appreciate the Second Coming taking care of her business. Fortunately, the moment quickly passes.

Kendrix: Right bruv, that's where I know you from - you're that tart riding the champ's coattails innit?!

The Second Coming laughs.

2C: S'funny - looked to me last week like you were doing that, while I've been getting the pin in our title defenses. Tell Eddie to call me, fanboy.

She turns to leave, while Kendrix seethes.

Kendrix: Oi!

And she stops, and turns to look at him.

Kendrix: You'd better hope you keep those titles next week love. Cos they're the only thing that's keeping the rest of Dynasty from beating you into the mat worse than Crimson Lord could ever hope.

The Second Coming laughs, sarcastically.

2C: Nice. That day comes, you'd best make sure you all do it together. 'Cuz, junior... you ain't got the stones.

She turns to leave again, and this time nothing stops her. Kendrix stares after her with rage filling his face, but he lets it be.

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, Coleslaw Jenkins by his side.

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Blackfront: Main event action here as Will Haynes will face the Prodigy Champion for a spot in the Ring King finals in two weeks here on Wrestleshow

Ace: This one will be quick. Bell will ring, BTKO, and bam.. match over. Mark my words.

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: He is.. WILL... THE THRILL... HAAYYYNNNNNEESSS!!!

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.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looks better than ever here as he prepares for this match.

Go To Sleep by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of boos as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain, escorted by Mike Best.

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring with very little fanfare. On her right side, Mike gestures toward her and tauntingly plays the crowd, smirking and berating them for not receiving her warmly.

Blackfront: The Prodigy Champion, undefeated here in the UTA with eight wins and zero loses.

Ace: She will retire undefeated! How can she not?

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring. Michael Best goes on ahead of her, stopping the announcer before he can announce her arrival and instead taking the microphone for himself.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets, what you are about to see is REAL. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

The booing only intensifies as Michael Best arrogantly heralds his client. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Best: ...she is a mind blowing physical specimen, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at lean,

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mean one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Best: ...she is the Thai-breaker, the BTKO Killer... she is the single most dominant woman in the history of women and domination... get on your knees and pay your respects to ALEX....

BECKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope, as Michael Lee Best holds it open for her, and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman starting her career here in the UTA which seems to be leading her down the path of another female great in the UTA, Hall of Fame member Aki Seesame.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. The HOW Hall of Famer in turn hands it off to the actual ring announcer, telling him to do something with it since he just had the last two minutes off.

As she stretches out on the ropes, Go To Sleep begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match, talking to Michael like he's her corner man as she impatiently awaits the opening bell.

Blackfront: This one is going to be huge!

Ace: Yea, a huge upset for Will Haynes.

Both competitors move to the center of the ring as the fans stomp in anticipation.

Blackfront: Here it is folks! Our main event tonight will determine who moves on in two weeks to face CBR for the right to be called the 2015 Ring King!

Ace: There is so much on the line here Jason.

Blackfront: There sure is Tommy.

Ace: You have the current Prodigy Champion, Alex Beckman, who is undefeated and has completely dominated every person she has been in the ring with. Then you have the former Legacy Champion, Will Haynes, who has a history of getting to the big match but just not being able to pull it off.

Blackfront: Haynes was called the underdog of this tournament. Many thought he would never make it past

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the first or second round, much less the semi-finals.

Ace: It's no secret, I don't like Will Haynes. But you have to give it to him. He has done what no one expected. Now, it's time for his typical flubbing the big match and his imminent failure to beat Alex Beckman as she breaks more than just his arm here tonight.

Blackfront: Don't count Will Haynes out so early Tommy. This could be his launching pad here tonight as we get ready for this match to begin.

Inside of the ring, the referee finishes explaining the rules to both competitors before backing away and signaling for the bell which begins to sound.

Blackfront: Here we go!

The two circle the center of the canvas as the fans continue to stomp their feet.

Ace: Boy these fans are on fire Jason.

Blackfront: This is a huge match Tommy. This is exactly why the United Toughness Alliance is the top of sports entertainment.

Alex Beckman leaps first, looking for the collar and elbow, but Haynes reverses into an arm lock. The fans go crazy. Mike Best's face is priceless as it displays nothing but pure shock.

Blackfront: Will Haynes able to turn Beckman's initial offense around on her!

Ace: Wow! No one does that! How the hell is Haynes able to?! Beckman spins around Haynes and reverses the arm lock.

Ace: There we go. That's more like it. Lets call it that a temporary fluke. Haynes spins while moving down and goes for a single leg takedown. Blackfront: Haynes attempts to take Beckman down, but unable to.

Ace: Of course he is.

As spinning around broke the hold she had on his arm, he completes his turn from the failed take down, wrapping his arm around Beckman's head.

Blackfront: Will Haynes with a side headlock!

The fans cheer and stomp. Mike Best slams the side of the apron, yelling instructions to Alex as Coleslaw cheers on Haynes.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman trying to get free as she grips her fingers together and presses her hands against

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the side of Will Haynes' face.

She turns her shoulder more, putting more pressure into Will, finally loosening his grip enough, she is able to bend down and move behind him, reaching up, to place him in her own side headlock.

Blackfront: Beckman now in control here in this back and forward competition. Ace: I'm honestly blown away that Will Haynes is holding his own against Beckman! Blackfront: Looking at Mike Best face, I think he is as well.

Outside of the ring, Coleslaw walks around toward Best taunting him about Beckman falling to Haynes. Best turns toward Jenkins looks as if he is going to charge him, causing Coleslaw to flinch before putting his hands up and backing away. Inside of the ring, Alex Beckman twist her body, using her momentum to send Will Haynes over her hip and to the canvas in a sit down position as she continues to hold his head, her body now behind his and in a kneeling position. Blackfront: Headlock takedown by Alex Beckman who continues to maintain her hold on Will Haynes.

Ace: Now this is what to expect from Alex Beckman. Pure domination. Of course it seems she is just toying with Will right now, wearing him down.

Blackfront: Haynes trying to fight back, but Alex has that hold on him tight.

Will clinches his fist and throws his arms out. As the fans begin to chant his name, his arms move with their chants.

Blackfront: Will Haynes pulling in energy from this hot crowd.

He arches his body, his feet flat on the ground as he begins to push himself up, Beckman continuing to hold on. As they both reach their feet, Will's arms continue to move with the crowd before he brings them in, grabbing his hands. Still in a headlock from Beckman, Will turns slightly, sending an elbow into her stomach.

Blackfront: Elbow to the midsection of Beckman followed by another.. and another! Alex Beckman releases her hold on Will Haynes!

The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Will Haynes turning this around here folks.

Haynes steps back. He turns his body slightly before coming forward, throwing a leg up and spinning his foot toward Alex's head.

Blackfront: Beckman ducks that spinning kick by Will Haynes!

As Will turns around quickly, Alex spins and drops, her leg sweeping down and toward Will Haynes'.

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Blackfront: Alex Beckman sweeps.. no! Haynes leaps over the leg sweep! He turns quickly, as does Alex.

Blackfront: Will Haynes shoots forward with a clothesline.. Beckman ducks! The fans continue to grow louder.

Ace: I can not believe that Will Haynes is holding his own with Alex Beckman. This just blows my mind.

Both competitors end up in a standing position in opposite corners after rolling away from each other.. The audience continues to go crazy

Blackfront: This match has crushed any and everyone's expectations here tonight Tommy.

Ace: It sure has Jason. I think I may even have found a little bit of respect for Will Haynes. Just a little though.

He pauses for a moment.

Ace: Never mind. It was just gas.

Mike Best climbs to the apron, leaning over the ropes and talking to Beckman. Coleslaw slaps the edge of the ring, yelling up at Will Haynes.

Blackfront: The managers offering feedback to the superstars now.

The referee shakes a finger at Coleslaw who puts his hands up before backing away. He does the same to Mike Best who just snarls at him before heading back to the floor.

Blackfront: Both of these superstars look determined.

Ace: We have to have a winner Jason. It's as simple as that!

Haynes stares across at Alex and nod, motioning to her Let's do this. They both move from the corner toward the center of the ring and each other.

Blackfront: This match continues!

They continue to move in. Alex Beckman has her hands up in an offensive stance as Will Haynes keeps his eyes on her.

They circle before Alex Beckman throws a straight right closed fist directly at Will Haynes' head. Haynes jerks his head to the left. Beckman follows with a left, causing Haynes to move to the right.

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Blackfront: Alex Beckman with those deadly fist. Will Haynes somehow able to move out of the way.

Will hops to the side yelling for Beckman to bring it. She turns with him, throwing another right. As he moves to the left yet again, this time Beckman was ready, stepping the right and shooting forward a straight left that catches him in the mouth.

Ace: There we go!

Blackfront: Beckman now with a hard right connecting with Will Haynes' face as well.

Ace: She's shutting him up!

Alex leaps forward and up, throwing her hands around the back of Will Haynes' head, pulling him in close as she raises her knee up to his mid section. As her foot comes back down, she raises her left leg up, bringing another knee into his mid section.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman now putting her training to use here.

Ace: It's over for Haynes!

Still holding his head, she leaps up with both knees, placing them into his gut as she falls backward to the canvas, sending him up and over her. Haynes flies forward before hitting the canvas and sliding across. Beckman rolls over and pushes up quickly as Mike Best motions for her to Go! Go! Go! from outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Beckman forward with lightning speed now.. drops a knee to the ribs of Will Haynes. She pushes him to his back, quickly throwing a leg over him to mount before she begins to flood his face with rights and lefts as he tries to cover up.

Blackfront: Will Haynes trying to block those shots, but it may be too much!

Ace: Yes! Get him!

The referee quickly runs over, bending slightly down and pushing back on Alex's shoulders to get her to stop. She stands up, moving from over Haynes and turning to face the referee who warns her about her closed fist.

Blackfront: While that may be legal in Mixed Martial Arts, it is not here in the UTA. Alex Beckman flirting with being disqualified.

Behind the referee, Coleslaw scoots under the bottom rope, grabbing Will Haynes and pulling him back as he returns outside of the ring. He rolls Will to the edge of the ring, pulling him down to the floor where Haynes kneels down, holding his head.

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Ace: Oh come on! That's not fair!

Blackfront: Will Haynes' friend and manager Coleslaw Jenkins trying to give The THRILL a moment to recuperate.

Ace: This right here is cheating!

Alex Beckman looks down at Haynes, backing away, but staying ready. We see Mike Best making his way around the ring.

Ace: I can guarantee if it was Mike pulling Alex out, he would have been ejected already! Best heads over yelling at Coleslaw who turns to him, yelling back. They get into each other's face, continuing to voice their disagreements.

Blackfront: Mike Best and Coleslaw Jenkins having words now outside of the ring.

Coleslaw rears back before throwing his hands up into Mike's chest, pushing him backward. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Coleslaw pushed Mike Best!

Best comes forward himself, throwing a right that connects with Jenkins' head, sending him to the floor outside. Best begins to undo his tie as he yells down at Coleslaw.

Blackfront: Oh such a big man you are Best! Picking on someone who is obviously not a wrestler.

Ace: He pushed him first!

Alex steps through the ropes motioning down for Mike to Cut it Out! He puts his hands up, backing away, still talking trash to Coleslaw who is now down on the ground. Beside him, Will Haynes reaches an arm up, grabbing the nearby rope. He pulls himself around and reaches up with his other arm, using them to pull himself to the apron.

Blackfront: Beckman backing away to let Will Haynes back into the ring. I honestly do not know how her and Mike Best work together. She has displayed many times having a lot of respect for the sport and displaying good sportsmanship.

Ace: It's easy Jason. She knows if you're with Mike Best, you're guaranteed to win! Blackfront: Alex Beckman doesn't need anyone to be a winner Tommy. She proves this each and every time she is in the ring.

Haynes re-enters the ring, motioning to Beckman that he isn't through yet. The fans go crazy and we see just a hint of a smirk from the Prodigy champion.

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Blackfront: Here they go again. Haynes coming in for another lock up, Beckman in, Haynes with another side headlock.

Alex backs Will toward the ropes, bouncing off of them sending Will across the ring as he loses his grip.

Blackfront: Haynes across the ring, off of the ropes. Beckman runs, shoulder block takes Will Haynes off of his feet!

Haynes quickly rolls over and pushes up as Alex Beckman runs toward the ropes. Blackfront: Beckman off of the ropes... Haynes with the leap frog.. Beckman off of the ropes again.. this time Will Haynes drops down...

Alex stops short of Will Haynes, flipping forward and landing into a sitting position across his back.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman quickly able to turn the situation around.

Ace: Will Haynes thought he could out smart Alex Beckman in a wrestling match. He was mistaken. I love it!

Alex rolls her body over Will Haynes to maneuver above him, grabbing his arm as she does. Haynes tries to push up, which allows her to throw her legs around him under his arms and lean back.

Blackfront: BTKO! BTKO!

Ace: This one is over!

Coleslaw, who has gotten to his feet outside of the ring and has been leaning on the edge, begins to come to yelling for Haynes to get free. Mike Best turns to the fans holding up nine fingers as inside the ring Alex Beckman continues to hold tight.

Blackfront: Will Haynes caught here, trying to fight it, but he is quickly fading.

Ace: You can't get free once Alex Beckman gets you in that submission move there Jason. We are about to see Beckman going to the finals of Ring King!

Will Haynes positions his knees up a bit and begins to push as hard as he can. Beckman just holds on tighter. However, he is able to throw a leg out and use it to push off, causing the two to roll over.

Blackfront: Will Haynes taking Beckman off of her shoulders here. She's trying to keep her grip... Will finds his feet flat on the canvas, arching his back before pushing up and sending his body over, pulling his arm through Beckman's grasp.

Blackfront: HAYNES IS FREE! HAYNES IS FREE!

Ace: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

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Beckman quickly rolls over to her hands and knees as Will Haynes pushes up, twisting around beside her, throwing a leg over her back as he slides his arm under her chin, pulling it in tightly around her throat.

Blackfront: WILL HAYNES NOW WITH HIS OWN SUBMISSION MOVE! HE HAS BECKMAN IN A MOUNTED CHOKE!

As Beckman pushes up a bit, Haynes is able to wrap his legs around her, twisting down to the canvas.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! WILL HAYNES HAS ALEX BECKMAN IN A REAR NAKED CHOKE!

Ace: I don't know where Haynes learned that, but I have to give him props.

Mike Best grabs his head in shock, not being able to believe what he sees as Alex Beckman begins to fade. Coleslaw points both pointer fingers toward Haynes yelling DATS MY BOI! Blackfront: Will Haynes holding tight. Beckman is fading. Could we see Alex Beckman take her first loss here tonight on Wrestleshow?!

Ace: I'll tell you this now.. if Will Haynes chokes Alex Beckman out... I will never talk bad about him again!

Blackfront: I'll believe that when I see it.

The referee watches Beckman closely, her body starting to go even more limp. From the other side of the ring, Mike Best quickly grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron. Moving along the outside edge of the ring, he makes his way toward the action, causing the referee to be distracted. The ref quickly runs over and begins to yell at Best.

Blackfront: Mike Best doing what Mike Best does here, interfering in this match.

Ace: No Jason, he's protecting his client.

Behind the referee, Alex Beckman begins to tap the arm of Will Haynes. Coleslaw Jenkins leaps up and down as the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: MY LORD! BECKMAN IS TAPPING! BECKMAN IS TAPPING!

Best quickly reaches in grabbing the referee's shoulders so not to let him turn around. Unknowing that the referee does not see the tap out, Will Haynes rolls over and releases Alex Beckman.

Blackfront: NO! WILL HE DID NOT SEE IT!

Haynes pushes up from a knee to stand tall, his arm going up in the air. However, he realizes nothing is happening and turns around to see the referee distracted.

Blackfront: Will Haynes realizing now what has happened.

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Ace: Yea! He is witnessing the best manager in the sport hard at work!

On the canvas, Beckman holds her throat, trying to break. Haynes rushes over and starts to yell at the referee that he won causing the referee to turn toward him and say he didn't see it. Mike Best gets the biggest grin on his face causing Haynes to lose it.

Blackfront: WILL HAYNES JUST CLOCKED MIKE BEST!

Best flies to the floor outside of the ring as the fans continue to scream and stomp. Disappointment comes over Will's face as he looks over, knowing Alex Beckman is still in the match.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight Will Haynes is cementing himself as a superstar. Win or lose, Haynes will never be taken lightly again.

Haynes lets out a sigh and heads toward the downed Beckman.

Blackfront: We continue here as Will Haynes looks to defeat Alex Beckman. I have to say, he may just have it.

Ace: I hate to agree with you Jason, but Haynes has pulled everything out here. Blunt Blowin by Lil Wayne rings out through the arena as the fans begin to boo. I live it up like these are my last days

If time is money, I'm an hour past paid

Just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is wearing his wrestling gear as he starts toward the ring.

Blackfront: IT'S MIKEY UNLIKELY! WILL HAYNES FORMER FRIEND AND PARTNER!

Ace: Yes! These two were destined to throw fisticuffs!

Mikey points at Haynes, yelling something inaudible as Will Haynes prepares himself. Suddenly, bursting through the curtains we see Eric Dane.

Blackfront: ERIC DANE! IT'S ERIC DANE!

He runs behind Unlikely, slamming a forearm across his back, slamming fist into the back of his head as Mikey falls to a knee.

Blackfront: Eric Dane and Mikey Unlikely do not like each other at all and this has been building. Unlikely thought he'd come out and get ahold of Haynes, but Eric Dane using it to his advantage to get ahold of Unlikely.

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Ace: He's a man who knows how to wait until the perfect moment to strike.

Haynes holds onto the ropes, watching as Eric Dane tosses Mikey Unlikely across the ramp and into the barricade before stomping over and following up with a boot into his midsection.

Blackfront: HERE COMES KENDRIX AND CBR!

Both Dynasty members start slamming fist into Dane who tries to fight back. It isn't long until Team Danger burst through the curtain as well.

Blackfront: TEAM DANGER AND DYNASTY BRAWL HAS EXPLODED OUT HERE!

Inside of the ring, Haynes turns around to see Alex Beckman starting to push her way up. In the background we can see officials and security running out to the brawl.

Blackfront: All hell has broken lose here tonight!

Will Haynes heads over behind Alex Beckman, waiting.

Blackfront: Haynes getting his head back into this.. he's waiting like a predator stalking his prey...

As Beckman gets up, Haynes steps in, wrapping his arm around her neck and holding her arm out. As he spins around for the rolling cutter, Beckman throws her legs over and up around him, quickly grabbing his arm with her free hand and falling down to the canvas.

Blackfront: THRILL RIDE INTO A BTKO! BTKO BY ALEX BECKMAN!

Ace: AMAZING!

In the background we see security pushing Team Danger back toward the locker room as they yell at Dynasty who is also being escorted. Inside of the ring, Alex Beckman holds on tight. Mike Best jumps up and down outside of the ring after getting to his feet.

Blackfront: Will Haynes might not be able to pull a second miracle off her tonight as Beckman has him in tight. Haynes fading here...

Ace: I never thought Will Haynes in a main event would be this great Jason, but he has proved me wrong tonight.

Blackfront: Will Haynes is a man who refuses to give up as he wants it all. He wants to be the Ring King, however, his chances now looking slim.

The referee ask Haynes if he wants to quick, but Haynes refuses.

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Blackfront: Will Haynes not giving up here.. but how much can he take?

He fights back, rolling Beckman's shoulder that is free to the canvas. The referee sees it and drops down.

Blackfront: WILL HAYNES TURNING IT INTO A PIN! HE'S GOT BOTH OF BECKMAN'S SHOULDERS ON THE CANVAS!

The referee's hand hits the canvas and Beckman realizes what has happened, letting go of Haynes and rolling over to her knees, placing her hands on her knees and breathing hard. Blackfront: Alex Beckman can not believe it.

Ace: Neither can I!

Mike best outside of the ring is in utter shock. Coleslaw Jenkins looks to be relieved.

Blackfront: This match will not end it seems!

Ace: Someone needs to check Will Haynes for Performance Enhancing Drugs!

Haynes rolls to the edge of the ring, holding his arm in pain as Alex Beckman begins to get to her feet. The fans continue to go nuts for all of the action.

Will Haynes tosses an arm up, grabbing the ropes and begins to pull himself back up as well. Blackfront: Will Haynes still in this one. You have to think that tonight, he has earned the respect of Alex Beckman.

Ace: That's not an easy thing to do.

Haynes nods to Beckman and comes from the ropes toward her. She gets into an offensive

stance and heads his way as well.

Blackfront: HERE WE GO AGAIN! BECKMAN SWINGS AT HAYNES.. HAYNES DUCKS...

Both quickly turn around and Will Haynes throws his body into the midsection of Alex Beckman, lifting her up off of her feet before slamming her to the canvas.

Blackfront: HAYNES TAKES BECKMAN DOWN!

He quickly rolls off of Beckman and over, pushing up to his feet as she rolls over and begins to get up. Quickly, The THRILL spins around beside of he, wrapping his arm around her throat again as he pulls her arm out. Wasting no time, he rolls over and drops down.

Blackfront: THRILL RIDE! THRILL RIDE CONNECTS!

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Seeing enough, Mike Best slides into the ring and rushes Will Haynes as he rolls over and pushes up.

Blackfront: HERE COMES MIKE BEST!

Will runs forward and bends down, catching Best, lifting him up and over to the canvas as Haynes drops to a knee tired.

Blackfront: BACK BODY DROP TO MIKE BEST BY WILL HAYNES!

Ace: This guy is motivated Jason.

The fans cheer loudly as Best rolls to the edge of the ring and outside. Haynes starts to get back up. As Best's feet hit the floor, Coleslaw Jenkins runs forward, slamming an elbow into the side of Mike Best's head.

Blackfront: Coleslaw Jenkins getting a shot in on Best!

Will Haynes walks over and drops down, covering Alex Beckman. Blackfront: Will Haynes going for the cover here. This one could be over. The referee drops down and begins to count.

Blackfront: KICK OUT AT TWO!

Ace: You can't keep Beckman down that easy Jason.

Haynes lets out a sigh as he pushes up, bringing Alex with him. As they both make it to their feet, Haynes places her head between his arm, and grabs her shorts.

Blackfront: Will Haynes going for a suplex her.. he lifts...

Beckman goes up vertically, however, she twist as she comes down, landing on her feet while holding Will Haynes. She immediately lifts him up vertically.

Blackfront: ALEX BECKMAN REVERSES... INVERTED SUPLEX BY BECKMAN ON WILL HAYNES!

Ace: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT CAN ALEX BECKMAN NOT DO?!

She crawls over and drapes an arm. The referee drops down and begins to count. Blackfront: Alex Beckman looking to put Will Haynes away now.. NO! KICK OUT! The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: WHO WILL WIN THIS ONE?!

Ace: At this point, I'm not sure if anyone will be able to put the other out!

Beckman begins to push up as Haynes rolls over and starts to get up himself. Letting out a war yell,

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Beckman runs forward, shoulder first into his midsection, slamming him back hard into the corner. She reaches up and grabs the ropes, using the to thrust her shoulder into Haynes multiple times.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman has Will Haynes in the corner know with those hard hitting shoulders. She grabs the back of his head, pulling herself in with rising knee shots.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman with those deadly knees once again her.

After a series of knees, Will Haynes falls to a sitting position in the corner. Beckman backs away toward the middle fo the ring.

Blackfront: This back and forward match has Beckman in control once again.

She takes off, running toward Haynes. As she approaches she rolls forward landing into him.

Blackfront: Cannonball into the corner!

Beckman rolls up and over to her feet. She brings a swift kick across, catching Haynes in the side of the head. His body goes limp and slides to the canvas.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman reaching down and grabbing the head of Will Haynes, pulling him out of the corner and to his feet now.

She holds him as she moves her leg in sweeps him down again.

Blackfront: Beckman takes Haynes down here...

She reaches down, grabbing his arm, pulling back. As she does, she pulls him over, throwing her legs around him yet again and locking his arm tight.

Blackfront: BTKO AGAIN! BTKO!

Haynes unable to fight just goes full limp. The referee sees that he is unresponsive and quickly calls for the bell.

Blackfront: IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER! ALEX BECKMAN IS GOING TO THE RING KING FINALS!

Alex Beckman lets go of Haynes and rolls over to her knees, relieved. Mike Best grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron entering the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match and heading to the Ring King finals.... ALEX... BECKMAN! Blackfront: Alex Beckman continuing her undefeated streak here tonight, but big props have to go to Will Haynes.

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Ace: No kidding Jason. Beckman brought it, and Haynes brought it just as hard.

Coleslaw slides into the ring and next to Haynes, trying to get his attention. As Beckman stands up, Best begins to head angrily over to the two, but she places her hand up across his chest, telling him No.

Blackfront: Alex Beckman the winner here tonight.

Coleslaw sits Will Haynes up, who looks to not know what has happened. Beckman walks over to him, her hands on her hips as she looks down at him. Haynes slaps the canvas with his hands, upset at himself. However, to everyone's shock, Beckman reaches an extended hand down.

Blackfront: What sportsmanship here folks!

Mike Best turns to Alex and yells, but she shoots a stern look his way, causing him to put his hands up and step back. Haynes doesn't take her hand as he lays down and just rolls to the edge and then out of the ring.

Blackfront: Haynes disappointed folks and rightfully so. Not a sign of disrespect there, just frustration.

Ace: At the end of the day it doesn't matter Jason, Alex Beckman is going to the Ring King finals. Beckman turns as Mike Best returns with her Prodigy Championship, handing it to her. She places it over her shoulder as her music plays.

Blackfront: What a show. What a main event. But it's that time again fans as the night comes to an end. For all of us here at the United Toughness Alliance thank you for joining us, we'll see you next week!

As Beckman and Best stand in the middle of the ring, we can see Haynes and Jenkins making their way up the ramp in the background. the copyright comes up and we fade to black.