

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 43

September 21, 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 Ring King finals is tonight!

Blackfront: You are correct. Tonight we find out who the two thousand and fifteen Ring King is as CBR and Alex Beckman go head to head in tonight's main event.

Ace: This is way bigger than CBR and Alex Beckman Jason. This is Dynasty and The Machine! Blackfront: The stakes are quite high. In another Dynasty and Machine face off tonight, John Sektor defends his Legacy Championship against Mikey Unlikely. Who do you have Tommy?

Ace: I'm sorry, but as much as I am a fan of The Machine, it's Dynasty all the way!

Blackfront: Of course you'd say that. We also have the third in a series as Abdul bin Hussain and Will Haynes are scheduled to face with each having a win over the other.

Ace: Is Will Haynes even here tonight? Wasn't he basically killed last week by Eric Dane and Mikey Unlikely?

Blackfront: I have heard that against doctor's orders, Will Haynes is in the building and is currently backstage going through a battery of test to see if he can be cleared for action here tonight.

Ace: This guy is an idiot. Use this as a chance to go home and get some rest. You don't have to be here after a beating like that.

Blackfront: Will Haynes wanting to make sure that he continues his momentum and refuses to let anything

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hold him back.

Ace: Lets move on to a match of even more importance Jason!

Blackfront: What's that?

Ace: My buddy C-Money with his Uncle Barty are here!

Blackfront: Cecilworth Farthington will go one on one with Marie Van Claudio in intergender action.

Ace: We also get to see Eric Dane kill Lew Smith tonight too!

Blackfront: Why are you so negative Tommy? Lew Smith is one of the UTA's top stars.

Ace: It's Eric Dane, Jason. Did you not see the epic destruction of Haynes?

Blackfront: Well, my money is on Lew Smith.

Ace: You sir are an idiot.

Blackfront: Our opening match tonight could headline a pay per view of it's own as Sanctus and Bronson Box go one on one as the new generation continues their take over. All of this and more, live tonight on Wrestleshow!

You Can All Bet On That

The UTA logo is displayed on the screen high above the ring, dead center of your HD Television. Down by Yelawolf begins to play. Cameras turn towards the entrance ramp as the crowd starts to stir. The booing starts almost immediately.

Ace: It's The Champ!

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain; one can only imagine the big smile on his face under that mask. Marshall Owens walks out behind his client.

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion... He will face the winner of tonight's Ring King final in two weeks in the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington.

LFB is wearing a high end Italian suit, with his UTA World Championship title belt slung over his shoulder. LFB stops, grabs his title, and raises it high into the air. Owens claps for LFB.

Ace: Either CBR or Alex Beckman will face La Flama Blanca at the Ring King Pay Per View... It's also The Machine versus Dynasty, you gotta love it!

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He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. The Luchador pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it. Owens loves it as well.

Blackfront: Yes, folks... The Ring King Final will be decided here tonight. We will see CBR and Alex Beckman face off for the title of Ring King.

Ace: I can bet you anything that LFB WILL be watching tonight's Main Event.

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He and his attorney walk down the aisle, The Champion looks around the arena.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca last week... Him and The Second Coming lost the UTA Tag Team Championships to Team Danger on Victory.

Ace: I'm glad that bad science experiment is over, Jason.

Blackfront: After The Second Coming was pinned we thought that LFB and Two-C were going to be friends and that was not the case.

A replay of the end of the Tag Team Title match hits your screen.

Ace: No, it was not... LFB goes on to Estupendo Kick The Second Coming to the outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Terrible.

Ace: About time if you ask me!

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the ring. Marshall stands by the ring steps looking up at his client as he claps him.

Blackfront: A big win for Team Danger that might have been showed up by the destruction of the former Tag Team Champions.

Ace: Team Danger got the Tag belts. That's all that matters to them.

Blackfront: Right, Tommy. That's not all we saw on Victory... There was a little blow up between Dynasty-

Ace cuts his play by play partner off quick.

Ace: No, there wasn't. Blackfront: Yes, there was. Ace: No, there wasn't.

Blackfront: Were we watching the same show?

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Ace: Obviously not.

The fans continue to boo the current UTA World Champion. He puts his right leg into the ring and snaps the rest of his body under the top rope.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson and-

Ace: That was just two brothers doing what brothers do sometimes.

Blackfront: Didn't look like that to me. Looked like these two haven't gotten over Black Horizon and things aren't as cool in the Dynasty camp as they claim them to be.

Tommy Ace being quick on his feet, changes the subject.

Ace: Uhh... There he is! There is the GREATEST UTA World Champion of modern era of the UTA!

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring, looking into crowd of mouth breathers. He comes to a halt in the middle of HIS ring and scans the crowd as the fans continue to boo. Owens yells at fans by ring side.

Blackfront: He has been one of the most successful UTA champions in recent history. Marshall Owens grabs a microphone from the ring announcer and hands it to his client as he steps over to the ring ropes.

Ace: He's the greatest, Jason.

La Flama Blanca walks back towards the middle of the ring. Marshall Owens enters the ring and stands by the nearest corner. The fan's boos lul and The Champion puts the mic to his mouth.

La Flama Blanca: Your UTA World Champion is speaking...

The fans let out a roar of boos. Blanca turns his head and juggles the microphone around in his left hand. He adjusts the UTA World Title on his right shoulder.

LFB: You know... each and every week you idiots that come to these shows seem to get more and more ungrateful. You should all be on your hands and knees, thanking me...

Blackfront: The fans letting The Champion know how the feel.

Ace: They need to shut up!

A camera man jumps on to the side of the ring by the ring post, zooming in on La Flama Blanca. LFB: I come out here, week after week and put my body on the line and you BEAT NUTS just never stop disrespecting... the GREATEST wrestler in the UTA, the GREATEST champion the UTA has ever had!

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Blanca takes a few steps to his left. He adjusts his title as he walks closer to the ring ropes. LFB: None of you have a clue... When it comes down to it, everyone wants this title, everyone. Everyone wants this but they can't handle all that comes with it. You'd crack under the pressure and you fans would eat it up.

The fans pick up the volume.

LFB: Keep rooting against me, because I love it. Nothing will ever change. You all will continue to be horrible human beings and I will continue on being the best in the world. As much as you would all love to deny it, you simply can't.

We cut to a camera on the floor, getting a great upwards shot of La Flama Blanca.

LFB: There's a reason why I hold the big boy belt... because I'm the best. Because I'm above it all. As much as I'd love to continue defecating all over you animals...

Fans boos are not letting up.

LFB: I'm out here for a reason. I'm not out here to talk about the Tag Title match at Victory. I'm not out here to talk about The Second Coming. I'm not out here to talk about Sean Jackson...

Blanca pulls the microphone away as he coughs.

LFB: I'm here to talk about tonight. Tonight is a special night. Tonight we all get to find out who will get their once in a lifetime shot for the UTA World Championship.

LFB laughs as he brings the microphone away from his mouth.

LFB: It's been quite a lackluster tournament so far, if you ask me... Now it all comes to an end. Who's getting the title shot at Ring King? That's the question.

Blanca pauses for a second, choosing his next words carefully.

LFB: To me... it doesn't matter. Whether it's Dynasty versus Dynasty or... Dynasty versus The Machine. It doesn't matter if it's CBR or Beckman, I've defended this title and don't plan on handing it over at Ring King.

Marshall Owens looks over at his client, smiling and clapping.

LFB: I've preached since January that THIS IS MY YEAR. Almost eight months down and I've utterly dominated the competition, to the point where they had to have a tournament to find me REAL competition.

LFB paces the ring. Cameras pick up the fan reaction around the Staples Center.

LFB: The Ring King winner will have went through the gauntlet, killed themselves to win the crown. It's a shame

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that it will all be for nothing. History will not repeat itself... The World Title is staying with me and there's not a damn thing anyone can do about it.

LFB stands defiant inside the ring. The boos drown out the few claps in the Los Angeles crowd.

LFB: I haven't come all this way to not go down fighting. Whoever my opponent is at the Pay Per

View, remember this... I'm the big money draw in this company. I'm THE Main Event. I make history each and every night I step into the ring.

Blanca looks down at his UTA World Title.

LFB: I'm driven, I'm highly motivated. Remember that I will ALWAYS be hungry... and whatever I have to do to hang onto this title, I will do. I don't care how much you ALL don't want me to hold this title... I AM going to STILL be champion after Ring King.

Owens claps in the background. We zoom in on the mask of La Flama Blanca, and his eyes lock onto the camera.

LFB: You all can listen to as much of the propaganda you want. The fact of the matter is, the "Year of The Luchador" will continue. You can all bet on that...

The music hits as Marshall Owens pats his client on the back. The two men converse in the ring as we fade out.

Original DEFIANTS

We move backstage in one of the less populated dressing areas. Tugging on his boots and quickly yanking the laces up tight Bronson Box reaches down into his huge dufflebag mumbling to himself under his breath.

Box: ... blast it, where is it...

The all too familiar voice from the doorway behind him causes a look of pure beet red hatred to flash across his mustachioed face. He twirls something long... something metal around in his hands. Bronson's steel Spike.

Missing something, lad?

The Only Star flashes The Wargod a shit eating grin.

Box: Didn't know you'd stoop to grade-A thievery... Boss.

Eric takes a few slow steps into the room, twirling the long rusty steel spike around the fingers of his left

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hand. He handles the shiv like this isn't the first time he's brandished one.

Dane: Any means necessary, Hollis, you know that. Besides, I was thinkin' about maybe tradin' up from the fork, figured maybe I'd give the ol' Spike a test run.

He tosses it quick and low in Bronson's direction. For his part, Box deftly plucks his weapon of choice out of the air and hides it neatly into a little reservoir along the side of his boot.

Box: I remember the talking to you gave me after I used this the very first time... you weren't pleased if memory serves.

Dane: That was a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away. The times, they are a'changin' Hollis, and so long as you don't focus your particular brand of wrath on me and my boys, I don't care how much havoc you wreak on the UTA. Last I checked, my name isn't Wingate.

Box: I always figured you and I would be mates if we did away with that pesky employer/employee relationship... although, there was that time not so long ago I came pretty close to crushin' yer windpipe, so...

The Wargod stands up, adjusting his gauntlets... his wild bloodshot brown eyes never leaving The Only Star.

Dane: Fair enough, I'll get right to the point then. Ring King is coming up real, real soon. We're both booked in the Chamber Match with six other schmucks. Now, we could do as we do and tear the whole thing down around us, light it all on fire and burn it to the ground...

Box: But that all sounds like a lark, what exactly's the problem? Bronson grins.

Box: You know how I love a good fire. Eric narrows his eyes, annoyed.

Dane: ... Or, we could look at it like the business opportunity that it is.

Bronson's mustache twitches. An eyebrow shoots up in curiosity. The attitude vanishes.

Box: ... go on.

Dane: I know how you are about your moments and your conquests. Hypothetically, if we were to work together there isn't six men or women in the entire business who could stand against us, let alone in this match.

Box: And so?

Dane: The last two survivors get to draft the rosters for the shows in the upcoming Brand Split. Think about it, Hollis, you can handpick your next several opponents just by making it to the end of the match. On top of that, once we get the proletariat out of the way the two of us can show the world how DEFIANTS put on a

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wrestling classic inside of two tons of steel.

Eric waits a beat.

Dane: Hows that for a master plan, sunshine?

Bronson narrows his eyes, looking The Only Star up and down. Too much history to even get into crackles like a sweet magnetic field between these two DEFIANT superstars. The Wargod slowly approaches Dane, now soundly within biting distance.

Dane: Or do I need to spell it out for you in a limerick or something?

The Scotsman ignores the jab, replanting his feet inside Dane's personal space. The Wargod looks up slightly at the much taller Dane, yet somehow still seeming eye to eye with the most violent and dangerous man in the UTA outside of himself.

Box: Guess we'll just see how it all susses out when we get out there... won't we lad? Bronson chuckles under his breath. His breathy laugh sounding like something out of a slasher flick.

Box: It's gunna' be a hell of a lot of fun either way, aye? Now if you'll excuse me. He shoots his other employer a wicked wild grin as he brushes past him.

As soon as he's out of eye-shot his grin curls into a scowl.

Box: I've got work to do.

The Wargod leaves Dane to the silence of an unanswered proposition. For his part Eric scrunches his eyebrows together, unsure of the measure of success in this particular venture. Shaking his head he makes to leave Box's dressing room.

Dane: Hardheaded son of a...

The Only Star trails off as we smooth-cut back to to commercial.

Brought to You By

The crowd at the Staples Center is electric as the first match of the evening is on deck. The opening of the Glorious Son's Heavy begins to play through the PA system, causing the majority of fans to respond with cheers. 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 reaction begins to grow in volume. Some slap his back as he passes by, some giving him high fives, some not taking the time to look up

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from their cell phones.

Blackfront: And here comes Sanctus who is looking for a big rebound effort after the one sided defeat he suffered at the hands of Eric Dane two weeks ago.

Ace: To be honest, I'm surprised he even showed up tonight. Nobody had seen nor heard from this guy since that beating.

Blackfront: He certainly has been a bit of a mystery since his arrival, but you can't deny he has the skills in the ring to succeed in the UTA.

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.

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: SAAANCTUUUUS!

As the tune of Heavy fades into silence, 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 in one clear voice.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ace: I think it might of been in the best interest of the White Knight"to extend his hiatus an extra night. Box certainly won't be in the best of moods after his disqualification loss to John Sektor last Wrestleshow.

Blackfront: Bronson using that seven inch spike to bust Sektor open in the closing seconds of what was a classic battle until that point, was one of the more gruesome things I've seen in a long time.

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

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Wargod. The Original Defiant. His name arching across the front of his tights.

Announcer: ... BRNSOOOOOOOOOOOON BOX! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

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

Blackfront: He is one of the most intense competitors I've seen grace the squared circle in some time.

Ace: Again, Sanctus picked the wrong night to come out from his hole. That little white mask he wears will offer little to no protection if Box deems his spike a necessary tool for this match.

Blackfront: What would be the point, Ace? This is a Ring King warm up of sorts as both these men will be competing in the now eight man chamber match.

As the music fades Bronson slowly climbs between the top and second rope, placing boot to canvas. Staring across the ring at his opponent, Sanctus is positioned in his corner, staring back at The Wargod. The referee stands in the middle, moments away from officially starting our opener.

DING! DING! DING!

Ace: And we are officially underway!

Sanctus offers a nod of respect for his opponent as he steps forward, Boxer ignoring the gesture as he moves towards the ring's center. Both men quickly lunge into a collar elbow tie up, jockeying for position. After a few seconds thrusting into one another, Box wins the battle, throwing Santus to the canvas.

Blackfront: I know he calls himself the XL Luchador, but I don't think Sanctus will want to engage in many strength battles here tonight.

On his knees looking up at Box, Sanctus elevates back to a standing position. Shooting forward

for the waist, he is at first successful, taking the rear position of Box. Instead of trying to break Sanctus' grip, Boxer thrusts back multiple elbows until his grip loosens and eventually breaks. Ace: Sanctus did a superb job of blocking those elbows with his face.

As he staggers out of his waist lock, Boxer is already rebounding off the ropes towards him. Thrusting his tree trunk thick leg upwards, Box connects with a kitchen sink knee, sucking the wind out of Sanctus.

Blackfront: What a knee from Box!

Ace: The little big man picked up unreal speed rebounding off the ropes.

As quickly as the knee forces Sanctus to somersault through onto the mat, Box has dropped to his knees,

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both hands gripped on his neck.

Blackfront: Sanctus is struggling to break the powerful grip.

Ace: That's not even a legal hold, it's a blatant choke.

The referee doesn't reach his count of five, Box letting go last second as Sanctus grabs at his throat. Hopping to his feet, wild stomp after stomp rain down on his breathless opponent.

Ace: The early goings of this match look like a continuation of the Dane match.

Blackfront: Definitely not the start Sanctus would have been looking for.

Box grabs at the mask, pulling Sanctus to his feet as he fights to conceal his identity. Tucking head under arm and vice versa, Box hoists Sanctus up vertically. Holding him high in the air, upside down, he lets the blood rush down to his head.

Blackfront: He is 240 plus pounds and Box is holding him up there like he is nothing! Ace: Sanctus has given me no reason thus far to think he should of made his way out here tonight.

After a dozen seconds holding the 'Luchador' up high, Box snaps him down, finishing off the suplex. Rolling over as they land, Box shoves his forearm across Sanctus' jaw for the pin attempt. 1

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Blackfront: KICKOUT!

Ace: He may be dominating early, but it's going take a bit more than that.

Not one to waste time, Box is back at it, pulling on the mask to get his opponent up. This time being more of a struggle up, Box transitions to head butting the kneeled Sanctus.

Ace: Why is he just letting his face take a beating? Does he have any...

Sanctus out of nowhere grabs onto Boxer's bald head in between head butts, rolling him through into a pinfall attempt.

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Ace: KICKOUT!

Blackfront: The surprise roll up almost got Box.

After the kickout, both men are quick to their feet. Box moving forward to engage his opponent is met with a spinning kick to the midsection, buying Sanctus a quick breather.

Ace: Sanctus finally showing some life.

Not the most powerful kick, Box again lunges forward except the masked warrior has lifted him sky high before letting his legs fall out under him.

Blackfront: What a sitout spinebuster!

Ace: Box's head snapped off the canvas hard!

His hands on the Scots midsection, Sanctus doesn't get much leverage as the ref drops for the count.

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Blackfront: KICKOUT!

Ace: I'm surprised that only got a one count.

Rolling back onto his shoulders and neck, Sanctus flips through, landing on his feet with surprising agility. As Box battles to get to his feet, he is met with a charging double backhand chop that staggers him.

Ace: That'll leave a mark.

Sanctus shoots backwards, using the ropes to gain as much momentum as possible. Leaping off as he rebounds, he connects with a diving shoulder block that sends Boxer tumbling into the ropes.

Blackfront: Did you hear that near five hundred pound collision?

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Ace: Wait, look!

Box falls through the second rope, but catches onto the top rope before spilling outside the ring. Snapping his stocky frame back into the ring, he flies forward while swinging his right arm wildly. CRACK!

Ace: Did you hear THAT!

Box connects with his Pendulum Clothesline, sending Sanctus into a vicious backflip onto the mat. The momentum sends Box flying downwards, joining the White Knight in laying face down on the mat.

Blackfront: That was one of the hardest clotheslines I have seen in some time.

Ace: Box needs to capitalize quick, Sanctus isn't moving!

After a brief moment to collect himself, Box crawls over to the prone Sanctus, before standing up. He straddles his legs on either side of Sanctus' upper body, looking to finish it off.

Ace: THE BOSTON MASSACRE! This one is all but over.

Blackfront: NO, WAIT!

Before Box can lock in his devastating submission, Sanctus rolls forward, holding a firm grip onto Boxer's left leg. Falling face down on the mat, Sanctus wraps both his legs around Box's tree trunk, twisting the ankle with all his might.

Blackfront: He's got Box trapped!

Ace: No way Box taps! It's not in his genetic makeup to quit!

Box lets out a roar in agony as Sanctus continues to twist the ankle as if he is opening the lid of a jar. Box grabs the top of his bald head, teeth clinched in obvious pain. Using his upper body strength, he drives his arms into the mat, lifting his massive upper body off the mat.

Blackfront: He's dragging Sanctus' weight with him en route to the ropes. The power Box possesses!

Ace: Are you kidding me? Guy could drag a transport if he wanted.

Stretching his right arm forward as far as it can before popping it out of socket, Box is able to latch onto the bottom rope. The referee informs Sanctus to break his hold, yet he doesn't immediately comply.

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Ace: He's not breaking the hold!

Blackfront: We've never seen Sanctus disregard a referee's order before! 3

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Sanctus finally lets go of his grip on Box's ankle. Standing up, the ref briefly has words with the White Knight as Box holds onto his ankle tightly with one hand, using the other arm to crawl towards the corner. Pulling himself to an upward position, Sanctus turns his attention from the referee, sprinting towards the cornered Box.

CLAP!

Blackfront: GREETINGS FROM BELL CITY!

Ace: They heard that one in the cheap seats!

Connecting square on Box's jaw with the running corner yakuza kick, Sanctus flips through onto the mat. Box staggers two steps forwards before falling down. Sanctus crawl runs over to his opponent, covering Box with a hooked leg.

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Ace: KICKOUT AT THE LAST MILLISECOND!

Blackfront: We're seeing a tenacity from the White Knight we haven't seen before.

Ace: Maybe he is tired of being asked what he is?

Blackfront: Well we are certainly seeing a rejuvenated competitor in comparison to last Wrestleshow.

Sanctus is back to his feet, shouting at Box to get back up. With heavy breaths and a tenderness in doing so, Box complies in bringing himself upwards. Ninety percent up in a vertical base, Sanctus feels the opportunity has presented itself, sprinting towards the Scottish Strongman.

Blackfront: What's he going for now?

At the last second Box catches Sanctus across his chest, using Sanctus' own momentum to help lift his weight high in the air, before viciously thrusting him into the mat with intentions of sending Sanctus through it.

Blackfront: What a counter! A one armed side slam out of nowhere!

Ace: Well I know that's not what Sanctus was going for.

As Sanctus hits the canvas, Box stumbles backwards into the ropes. Shaking the cobwebs loose, Boxer's expression quickly shifts to an 'enough is enough' look.

Ace: Bronson looks pissed.

Walking over to Sanctus, Box swings in with a hard kick to the lower back. Bronson then stomps on the lower back, which is beat red from the prior kick.

Blackfront: Looking to go for the finish...

Ace: BOSTON MASSACRE! He gets it locked in this time!

Sanctus screams out as Box wrenches on his head, extended Sanctus backward in a way the human body wasn't meant to bend.

Blackfront: Sanctus is struggling, trying to break the hold!

Ace: Just tap already man, live to fight another day.

Box transitions his thick forearms from around Sanctus neck, hooking both of the White Knight's arms. Once he clasps his hands together locking in the full nelson variation, he leans back as far as he can.

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Blackfront: That's it, it's over!

DING! DING! DING!

The referee calls for the bell as Sanctus slaps his hands, giving in to the submission. After the bell has rang, Box isn't too quick to release the hold as Sanctus screams out in agony.

Blackfront: Get him off ref, it's over!

The referee shouts orders at Box, who eventually relinquishes the hold. As God's Gonna Cut You Down begins to echo throughout the Staples Center, a heavy chorus of boos rain down.

Ace: What a statement victory heading into Ring King!

Blackfront: I have a feeling Box will be right at home inside the steel structure.

Ace: On the flip side, I wouldn't want to be Sanctus heading into the pay per view after losing two straight matches to Chamber opponents.

Friendship in Trouble?

We move backstage where Marie Van Claudio is stretching and leaning to the side as the door barges open of her locker room. She raises an eyebrow as Amy Harrison comes walking in right in front of her, yapping about what happened last week.

Harrison: God, I don't know what that guy thought he was doing last week, but I'm glad that I got the last laugh. Someone like him deserves to be shown a thing or two about how things really should be done around here.

Marie looks at her while still raising her eyebrow while Amy keeps talking.

Harrison: I mean, could you imagine what he think he's goodie-two-shoes attitude will get him? All he'll be getting from me is a few more kicks to his knees so I can drag him back down to earth! Marie stop what she is doing.

Van Claudio: Do you hear what you are saying, Amy? Amy looks at her and turns to her friend.

Harrison: Excuse me? What's that supposed to mean? Marie puts her hand on her hips.

Van Claudio: You come in my locker room, and complain about what happened last week! Amy comes face to face with her as she keeps on looking.

Van Claudio: You are starting to remind me of a early version of myself when I first came into the UTA.

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Complaining about this, complaining about that. Do you want your UTA career to ALWAYS be known for that?

Harrison: What do you think? I want to be known as someone that can take over this place and be regarded as one of the best. But you know me, I'm not exactly someone that likes to keep it to myself.

Amy then lets out a sigh and looks right at Marie.

Harrison: At least I thought with someone like you that I had someone that could relate to what I'm going through.

Marie looks at her and rolls her eyes .

Van Claudio: Yeah, but there is a difference between you and I. Marie flips her hair.

Van Claudio: When I lose my matches, I express my feelings and then move onto the next victim! You should be glad that you still work here with all the complaining you do.

Marie cracks her neck as she goes back to speaking.

Van Claudio: But enough of this, what we need to do is REALLY focus on what is coming to us soon. I have a match soon against Cecilworth Farthington. Do you think that if I lose the match, I'm going to go in your locker room and cause a hissy fit?

Amy flips her hair and not even looking at her.

Harrison: Oh please, you must really think that you're all so 'high and mighty' compared to me. Van Claudio: Actually, I'm not. I care about my career and I care about going far in this place. Marie keeps on looking her.

Van Claudio:And when I mean caring about my career, it means I care on this match and going on to defeat Cecilworth to get us going for our BIG Championship match at Ring King against Team Danger. Do you even CARE about having a tag title match at all?!

Amy looks at her.

Harrison: Of course I care about this title match! At least I know that when I have a title match, I can actually go out there and WIN IT!

Marie shoots a sharp look directly into Amy's eyes, he face showing that of a woman who wants to explode.

Harrison: I mean, for God's sakes, why do I think I'm here? Do you think you would have gotten this shot with anyone else?

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Amy then starts to let Marie speak, but before she says anything, Amy cuts her off.

Harrison: Let me answer that for you. NO! You see, I know what makes people tick here. Whether it's how hot I look, or how loud my mouth is, I get people talking, and if it wasn't for that, we wouldn't be in this situation to begin with!

Amy then lets out a smirk and a bit of a chuckle as she looks at Marie.

Harrison: If anything, you should be thanking me for helping you recreate your career! Marie shakes her head.

Van Claudio: Recreate my career? Funny. That's really funny! Marie walks to the door as she looks at Amy.

Van Claudio: And we will see WHO will be taking the tag team championship match seriously when the time comes!

With that being said, Marie goes out of her locker room as Amy has a smirk on her face while twirling her hair, knowing that she got Marie in one bad mood before her match against Cecilworth Farthington

Brought to You By

It Will Be OK

Back at ringside, and Tommy Ace is taking his last few moments to fix his hair as the camera cuts to our broadcast duo. Seeing the red light on, the fans behind them dance and shout, all in their best efforts to make the program.

Blackfront: About ready to get back to the action tonight, and another reminder to the fans at home that we will be crowning the 2015 Ring King tonight.

Ace: Wouldn't it be Ring Queen if Beckman wins? Not that CBR is going to lose, just as a point of conversation.

The lead, Blackfront shakes his head as his partner is hedging his love for Dynasty and the BTKO of the Machine. He holds his mouth open, like he was going to call Ace out, but he takes a hand up to the headset.

Blackfront: I... I am being told that we need to cut backstage.

Switch to camera 8. We are in the painted cinderblock hallways of the Staples Center. The image bounces as our camera operator is making a dash to whatever it is we are going to.

OSV: No, this isn't going to do. We need a little of that fighting spirit you claim to have. Get up. A chuckle of laughter emanates from around the corner. When we finally do make it to the action, the unmistakeable cutoff

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leather jacket of Colton Thorpe is the first thing in frame. He is hunched over a body, but his back is covering up much, and any identifying marks.

Thorpe: Maybe, just maybe this will do it.

Pulling back to vertical, Colt's attention is focused on the white fabric he is thumbing in his hand.

Thorpe: We'll see you in the Chamber, Quinlan.

A satisfied grin leaps up on the lips of Colton Thorpe, as he walks close to foreground, and then completely out of frame, Sanctus' mask in hand. We can finally see Sanctus in a heap on the floor.

Blackfront: That is Sanctus!

Ace: They finally took that stupid mask off of him.

A shadow over comes as we pan out. What was once a set of legs, now can be revealed as The Good Reverend, leaning down next to Sanctus. Behind him, Brother Judas steps into the frame. The Good Reverend reaches out, rubbing the back of Sanctus' head.

Blackfront: My lord... it's The Truth!

Ace: This can't be good Jason! The Reverend smiles.

Reverend: It will be OK Brother Sanctus... it will be OK, I promise you. Sanctus looks up, confusion overcoming his face.

Reverend: You are just finding that when you put your faith into false idols... that HE will bring down upon you the life lessons in which you are leaning.

The Good Reverend looks up to brother Judas whom just snarls before back down to Sanctus. Reverend: But we are here now Brother Sanctus... we are here now to lead you into HIS embrace. Do not fear us... for we are here to be your saviors.

The Good Reverend begins laughing as Sanctus rolls over to his elbows, his head facing away from the camera. He begins to scoot back away from the duo as The Good Reverend stands up. The reverend raises his right hand and closes his eyes, beginning to hum as Sanctus can be seen turning over and pushing up before rushing off camera.

Blackfront: What do you think that meant Tommy?

Ace: I don't know Jason, but if I was Sanctus I would go bath in holy water right now!

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Blackfront: The Good Reverend and Brother Judas being back is a scary situation.

Ace: I thought there were dark days with Crimson Lord, but this is just a bad sign.

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Blackfront: Let's lighten the modd up here as Lew Smith makes his way down here.

Ace: Everyone loves Lew it seems... but me. This guy makes me sick.

The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

Blackfront: Eric Dane has questioned this young man's commitment to the sport, but that certainly doesn't take away the fact that Lew Smith pinned La Flama Blanca to win the UTA World Title.

Ace: Yeah, something the Only Star is keenly aware of, I suspect we'll see Lew Smith get dumped on his head tonight. Often, and with much gusto!

The Lights drop.

The crowd starts to buzz.

A bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as Heavy is the Head gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage.

Eric Dane makes his way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song. He slides under the bottom rope and comes up spinning with both arms held out wide above his head, taking in the raucous reaction from the UTA fans in attendance.

The song fades as Dane does a few last minute stretches, awaiting the referee to start the match. When the bell is rung, Dane approaches Smith and offers him a handshake.

Blackfront: And look at Dane, extending his hand for a handshake! Ha!

Ace: What? Eric Dane is nothing if not a good sport!

Lew Smith is having none of it, he doesn't even entertain the idea of shaking with Dane. Instead he steps

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back into his corner and takes one last minute stretch as the bell rings.

Blackfront: Yeah, just like when Sanctus offered a handshake last week and Dane turned it into a Stardriver.

Ace: Hey man, what's the boyscout's motto? Always be ready. Sanctus should have been ready. S'all I'm saying!

The two grapplers circle for a moment, neither willing to fully engage just yet. Rather than lock up, The Only Star raises a hand up in challenge to a test of strength. Lew is hesitant, but the rumbling crowd gets behind him and he steps into the middle of the ring and locks knuckles with Dane.

Blackfront: Dane'll have the slight edge in leverage here, having a good three inches and fifteen pounds on Smith, but Lew's no slouch and he seems quickly up to the challenge as they go chest to chest in the center of the ring.

Ace: When's the last time we saw a Greco-Roman Knuckle Lock in UTA, Jason?

Blackfront: Doesn't look like we're gonna get to see one tonight, either...

Dane positions himself so that the referee doesn't see the low shot to Smith's nether region. Lew's grip loosens and Dane presses the advantage. Not to be taken lightly Smith quickly ducks his head under Dane's arm and sends him over with a Northern Lights suplex and holds on for the pin attempt.

Ace: Lew Smith came to work with his big-boy pants on tonight!

The already out of position referee dives in as quickly as possible, but you aren't gonna get a guy like Dane this early in the match with one suplex. He is out at less than one and slaps the mat in frustration as Smith gets to his feet and beckons The Only Star to do bring it on.

Blackfront: Lew is definitely on top of his game tonight!

The two start circling again, this time coming together in a Collar-and-Elbow which Dane immediately leans into and uses his leverage and strength advantage to push Lew back into a corner. He loads up a chop but Lew is quick to reverse the situation on The Only Star and lace a chop into his chest.

Ace: Uh-oh.

Blackfront: What?

Ace: Lew Smith does NOT want to get into a chop fight with Eric Dane.

Blackfront: Are you kidding? Lew is a trained Martial Artist!

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Ace: Yeah, but Eric Dane is a tried and true, trained in Japan and licensed to kill Strong Style Head Dropper and Chest Chopper!

Lew loads up another one but catches a thumb to the eye for his troubles. He's then reversed himself and eats the mother of all chops dead across the chest from The Only Star!

Ace: CHOPPU!!!

Blackfront: What? What are you doing?

Ace: Shut it, Blackfront, this is how they do it in Japan!

Dane unloads another one, this one leaving Lew's chest a hot mess.

Ace: CHOPPU!

Not only was Lew's chest blistered red, but his eyes were wide with rage. That chop had only served to wake him up. Dane was so busy playing to the front row crowd that he never saw Lew fire up and explode out of the corner and catch Dane with a Slingblade clothesline sending him down hard to the mat!

Blackfront: Dane's up quick and charging in-- QUEBRADA!

Ace: Wow, fancy!

Blackfront: And here comes Dane again! JAPANESE ARM DRAG!

Ace: What's the deal with all of this flippy business?

Dane is up again, the frustration showing on his face. He doesn't get to contemplate a plan though as he turns around and is met right in the face by the two booted feet of Lew Smith. Blackfront: Picture perfect dropkick! Smith with another cover!

One...

Two...

Ace: NO!!! Dane is out at two!

Smith is up quickly, pulling Dane up by the head.

Blackfront: Here we go, he's calling for the Raging Angel!

Smith throws in five quick, sharp, and effective knees to the midsection before hooking Dane in a front

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facelock. He lifts for the suplex finish to the combination but he's made the mistake of putting himself into Dane's world and The Only Star twists himself and lands behind Smith with a smirk on his lips and bad intent in his eyes

Ace: Remember those head drops I promised earlier?

Dane locks in a Cobra Clutch, before the referee can ask for a submission Dane pops his hips and sends Smith up and over, driving him down awkwardly on the head and neck.

Blackfront: COBRA CLUTCH SUPLEX!

Dane is up quickly and brings Lew up with a handful of hair. He wastes no time in throwing Lew's arm behind his head, locking up his head, and grabbing his leg. With a quick life he sends him up, over, and down onto his head, hard.

Ace: EXXXXXXXXXXXPLODAAAAAAAAH!!!

Dane surges, he's up again quickly. He practically drags Lew up and goes behind. He locks both arms behind Smith's back and pops him over again.

Blackfront: JAPANESE OCEAN SUPLEX! AND A BRIDGE!

The referee again flies into action. One...

Two...

THR-KICKOUT!

This does not make Eric Dane a happy man. He takes a moment to catch his breath again as Lew tries to shake loose some cobwebs. Dane is of course up first and he wastes no time in finding Smith's blindspot.

Ace: This is more bad news for Lew Smith...

Lew struggles to make it to his hands and knees before Dane pounces into action, screeching "STARBREAKER!" at the top of his lungs as he slides in with an unprotected, titanium brace assisted low knee to the side of the head. The lights go out in Lew's eyes.

Blackfront: HE TOOK HIS HEAD OFF WITH THAT ONE!

Ace: Cue up the fat lady, it's over, Lew Smith is dead. One...

Two... Wait for it... Three...?

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Nope.

Blackfront: HE KICKS OUT AT TWO POINT NINE NINE NINE!

Dane slaps his own hand on the mat in frustration. He thrusts three fingers up at the referee who refutes and shows him two. Dane mutters something that we can't say on television before going back on the attack, this time slowing it down with a rear chinlock.

Ace: Ha! Now that's oldschool!

This brings down the boos from the crowd, especially after such a display of suplexes. Dane soaks it in though, cranking down ever harder on Lew's head the louder the crowd gets.

Blackfront: Dane has that chinlock locked in expertly, he's squeezing his head so hard I wouldn't be surprised if Lew Smith is seeing stars!

Ace: Just wait till he sees a Stardriver...

Lew tries to raise an arm, get the crowd into it, but before he can find any momentum Dane

transitions into a side headlock and cranks it on just as tightly as before.

Dane: ASK HIM!

The referee gets down into Lew's face and asks him if he wants to give it up. Lew manages to mumble something that satisfies the referee. Dane, incredulous, tightens his grip. He screams again at the ref to "ask him!" but Lew shakes it off.

Blackfront: Lew's starting to show signs of life for the first times in a few minutes here, he's managed to get himself up to one knee!

Ace: Oh for the love of GAWD!

Smith buries an elbow into Dane's breadbasket, allowing himself enough room to get to his feet. Dane has the height advantage and keeps the hold, but Lew is getting a second wind as he backs up into the ropes for momentum and shoots Dane off to the far side ropes.

Blackfront: HE GOT OUT!

Dane comes back and swings wildly with a clothesline that Lew ducks.

Off the second rebound Lew throws a kick, but Dane manages to catch it. He grins at Smith momentarily before-

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Blackfront: ENZUIGIRI!

Smith connects squarely and spins Dane around and down to the ground. With The Only Star facedown and close enough to the corner, Smith gets ready to hit something big. He drops a knee into Dane's back before quickly ascending the ropes. He moves frantically so as to not waste any time whatsoever.

Ace: What's he doing now?

Blackfront: Looks like Lew is setting up for the Ritual Mist!

And indeed, Lew quickly flips himself backward and down, keeping his knees tucked. At the last possible second Dane rolls into the corner leaving Smith to eat the mat hard both knees first.

Ace: Ha! Lew crippled himself!

He didn't, though, and he does his best to get to his feet. Meanwhile Dane has pulled himself up by the ropes and hopped backward up onto the turnbuckle. He waits, watching for the right moment, and just as Lew turns around Dane leaps from the second rope and plants another knee, this time square in Lew's face that sends him sprawling down to the mat and a squirt of blood flying from his mashed nose.

Blackfront: It's over now! All Dane's gotta do is pin him!

Ace: Now Jason, what in Eric Dane's time here in UTA makes you think it's gonna be that simple? Pay attention!

Tommy Ace is right. Dane turns on his opponent as he gets to his own feet. He makes his way over and doesn't even think about covering him. He grabs two handfuls of Lew's hair and pulls him up. He throws him into a front chancery and signals to the crowd. He is met with the expected boos, but if you listen closely a few cheers are smattered in there for the legend.

Blackfront: Come on, he's beating a dead horse at this point!

Ace: Correction, he's beating a dead Lew Smith.

Dane throws Lew's arm over his own head, grabs him by the tights and lifts him up vertically where he stalls for juuuuuuuust long enough before dropping him down with the nastiest Brainbuster DDT you've ever seen.

Blackfront: STARDRIVER!

Ace: It's academic at this point...

And it is. Dane drops down for the cover. He doesn't hook the leg. One...

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Two...

Last chance, Lew... No?

Three!!!

The bell rings and Dane pushes himself up off of Smith. He waits on the referee to raise his hand in victory before snatching away and throwing his arms up on his own. The crowd hates him.

Mostly.

Blackfront: Well there you have it, folks, Eric Dane is your winner!

Ace: Yeah, and it's only gonna get worse...

The referee checks on Lew Smith as Eric Dane gloats.

Brought to You By

Chillin' With Colt Live

Monster by Skillet begins pumping through the speakers and is immediately met with a loud chorus of boos. Walking onto the stage, the sight of Colton Thorpe further erupts the rowdy Staples Center crowd.

Blackfront: That man has quickly becoming one of the most hated individuals on the roster. Week after week, he sets the bar even lower in regards to how far he'll stoop.

Ace: After the crushing defeat Sanctus suffered at the hands of Bronson Box, for Thorpe to attack and unmask him the way he did...

Blackfront: Colton Thorpe did the physical damage, but the emotional scarring has just begun as we saw with The Truth afterward.

Ace: I'm not event sure Colton knows what happened after he left Sanctus laying.

Halfway down the ramp, Thorpe's smile spreads ear to ear, the jeers music to his ears. The index finger on his right hand is tucked inside the white mask that once resided on Sanctus' head, twirling it around.

Blackfront: Unmasking a Luchador is one of the most disrespectful things you can do, and he is proudly displaying it like some kind of trophy.

Ace: Let's be honest though, Sanctus isn't your typical Luchador...

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Rolling into the ring, Colt takes in the simple set up for his first in ring show. A sign hangs above the ring that reads "Chillin' With Colt", and a lone chair is seated in its center. Walking over to the ropes closest to the commentating team, Colt is handed a microphone before making his way to his seat. The heckling from the audience fuels the smile everyone would like to slap, as he waits for a lull in the noise to begin speaking.

Thorpe: Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight you partake in an event of historical magnitude. After creating and hosting the top web show on the UTA server, the long awaited transition to live television is amongst us. So sit down, get comfortable and enjoy...CHILLIN'...WITH...COLT! The boos increase in volume.

Thorpe: Now I've been racking my brain all week, trying to come up with something special. Something that would stand out high above anything CWC has done before. That's when it hit

me...well, I hit it...

Colt holds Santus' mask high in the air.

Thorpe: What is a Sanctus? Since I've arrived it's been a question of confusion amongst the fans, the superstars, and management. Superhero reject? Alter boy? Curtain jerker? Everyone has had their theory, but right here, right now, I share the answer with the entire world.

Colt leans forward in his chair, glancing left and right as he prepares to let the cat out of the bag. Thorpe: A Sanctus is...A LOSER. Deadbeat. Failure. Flop. Flunkee. All synonyms with the word, Sanctus will soon be recognized by Merriam-Webster as such.

Colt lets out an obnoxious laugh as he leans back in his chair.

Thorpe: You see, people keep going on about the beating he received at the hands of Eric Dane and what it did to his psyche. Now while Dane did give our masked 'warrior' a beating that made him disappear for two full weeks, Sanctus' downfall began prior to that.

He wags the index digit on his left paw to help visualize his point.

Thorpe: Four weeks ago, after Sanctus won his third match, keeping a goose egg in the 'L' column, it was me who got in that ring and proceeded to knock him off his high horse. The problem was, as I was doing so, Cayle Murray stuck his nose in my business bringing the ass kicking to a premature finish.

Colt seems to get a tad bit pissy at the mention of Cayle's name.

Thorpe: But I waited, and I picked my spot, and I finished what I started. Now I hear Sanctus has some more new problems arising.

Colton laughs.

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Thorpe: Better him than me. I guess some guys just have all the luck.

Blackfront: This man has no compassion.

Ace: I think he is just relieved it's not him that has The Truth in the shadows. Awry smile comes across Colt's smug face.

Thorpe: Now...

Rage Against the Machine's Sleep Now in the Fire kicks-in with its colossal guitar riff and a collective feeling of "THANK GOD FOR THAT" hits the fans. Cayle Murray strides out from the back with a microphone in-hand, and Colt's grin is as wide as it is instantaneous. He doesn't even wait for the music to stop before cutting-in.

Thorpe: Cayle, buddy! So nice to see you again!

Cayle says nothing at first; just paces down to the ring, twirling the microphone between his fingers.

Thorpe: You lookin' for a couple of front row seats? Gee, I'm sorry man, I don't know how comfortable I am having an addict all-in my grill. Nothing personal...

The Scot eventually reaches the bottom of the ramp and climbs up the ring steps. He stops about a meter away from his adversary, looking him dead in the eye.

Thorpe: What's the matter, Whitebread? Nothing to say? I guess I must've beaten your sass right out of you last week.

Murray: So here's the thing, Colt. D'you remember what I said when I first came through the door here?

Thorpe: What, the whole "show respect," "stand-up to the bad guys" schtick? That tired rhetoric. He fakes a yawn.

Thorpe: How could I possibly forget?

Murray: I can think of a few reasons.

Cayle steps closer to Colt and glares directly into his ear, looking for grey matter. He clenches a fist and goes to tap it against Thorpe's noggin, but the Ohioan pulls away.

Murray: Jabs aside, Colt, you know exactly what I came here to do. This place is a playground for scumbags, and I'm here to stand-up to tyranny and drive a stake through greed's heart. Men like you pillage this business for all it's worth, Colt: you take whatever you want and give nothing in return. You walking all over the men, women and children that make this whole thing possible... He sweeps an arm out across the

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arena, and the fans cheer in response.

Murray: ... and I'm here to put a stop to it. This is much, much bigger than you pouring beer on my shoes and kicking me between the legs, this is--

Thorpe: So what are you gonna do about it, huh?! We both know you don't have it in you to throw the first punch, Cayle, and I've already taken-out one White Knight tonight.

That familiar, devious look returns.

Thorpe: You know what you are? You're Lew Smith. You're Chris Hopper. You're the guy who stands there complaining about the bad guys while sitting on his hands, hiding from conflict, gee- golly-goshing his way to eternal mediocrity.

Murray: Colt, you're absolutely right...

Cayle takes a few steps forward, putting his hands on the chair.

Murray: I can't sucker punch you, but I can do this...

Thorpe: What are you--?!

Suddenly Cayle swings the chair into Colt's garish sign, and the whole thing crashes down against the ropes and into the ring! Cayle, smiling, folds the chair up and tosses it at an aghast Thorpe's feet then stands there, fists clenched.

You can practically see the steam coming from Colt's ears. He looks around at his ruined set, fuming, then clenches shaking fingers around the microphone and lunges forward, trying to brain Cayle with the mic! Cayle ducks! Forearm, forearm, forearm... Colt goes off the ropes but recovers to boot Murray square in the chest.

Blackfront: This is chaos, Tommy! Colt's set has been destroyed, and now these two are beating chunks out of each other!

Ace: Exactly what Cayle deserves! You can't just come down here and a mess with a man's talk show!

Colt's rolled onto his back before he can do significant damage after taking Cayle down, but nobody's coming-out of this one on-top. A horde of officials and road agents fly down the ramp and pull the two apart.

After a brief struggle, the two superstars are peeled off of each other. One group of officials has Colt pinned into one of the ring corners opposite of the entrance. The other group has secured Cayle in a corner diagonal to his rival. Both shout things at one another that is inaudible, not making any ground in breaking free from their respective barricades.

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Blackfront: In less than two weeks, there will be no officials separating these two when Murray will finally meet Thorpe in the center of that ring.

Ace: It's not going to be quite as simple as that. Let's not forget six other men will be entering the chamber at Ring King.

Blackfront: Something tells me Cayle will find a way to get his hands on Colt.

Taking Nothing For Granted

Cut to a shot backstage.

UTA reporter, all around good guy and mic stand extraordinaire, Jamie Sawyers stands at the ready.

Sawyers: Joining me this evening, the new UTA World Tag Team Champions, Team Danger! Coming in from the right is Stephen Greer, while Tyrone Walker enters the scene from the left, each in their usual street attire and, of course, both wear their respective UTA World Tag Team title belt around their waists.

Sawyers: Welcome gentlemen!

The Champs are all nods and smiles.

Stephen Greer: Wassup?

Tyrone Walker: Yo, J-Sizzle, what up, mayne?

Sawyers' brow arches just a bit at the welcoming reception he's been given by Team Danger. He, however, remembers he's a professional and quickly shakes it off.

Sawyers: Well, you two are certainly in a good mood this evening... Walker steps in.

Walker: An' for good reason, my dude. I mean, Iunno if you noticed, but the Kay Oh Pea an' I've made some changes recently in our life.

Sawyers nods.

Greer: What he means to say is, we've made some gains recently.

Walker: All kinds a' gains too, and for once he's not talkin' about his waistline, heyoy!

The KoP smirks as he takes a swipe, playfully as it might be, at his partner in crime's head, but Ty dodges it expertly. They've done this a million times before.

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Greer: Your attempts to make fun of the fatkid aside, we have in fact gained a few pounds. Walker: Whoop, lookit what we got from our friends Blanca an' Two Cee, ain't they thoughtful? Team Danger point to their waists, further emphasizing the UTA World Tag Team titles.

Greer: Just the right size too.

The KoP hooks his thumbs into front of his belt, while Walker acts like he's polishing the main plate of his own belt.

Sawyers: Yes, yes indeed, you are in fact the new UTA World Tag Team Champions, congratulations by the way!

Team Danger nod appreciatively in response.

Sawyers: It's well known that winning those titles was your number one prio-- The KoP cuts him off.

Greer: They were our only priority, Jamie.

Walker: Word, I mean, detours with the Ring King behind us, the goal was always to snap up these babies. We said we were gonna do it, an' that's just what we did.

The KoP removes his title and throws it over shoulder, while Ty places palms on the upper edge of the main plate to support them like a big belt buckle.

Greer: Exactly, and now that we have them, it's time to do some real damage around here, starting with Ring King in two weeks.

Sawyers nods and takes the opening.

Sawyers: Speaking of which, you're set to take on Amy Harrison and Marie Van Claudio at Ring King for those very same titles. The latter of which, MVC, is about to square off tonight with Cecilworth Farthington. What are your thoughts heading into Ring King?

Greer: That's exactly why we're here, man, to get a look at what we're dealing with. At Ring King we are going to defend the World Tag Team Championships against Marie Van Claudio and Amy Harrison. Despite what some may think, we're taking every competitor very seriously.

Ty nods his head enthusiastically with a big grin on his face.

Walker: Hale yeah, we're gonna raid catering, find us some chairs, an' get our scout on. Ain't nobody or nothin' gonna get taken for granted by us from here on out, we learned that lesson once, an' other than winnin' titles, we don't like repeatin' ourselves.

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And with that, Team Danger peaces out stage right, leaving Sawyers to his own devices.

Sawyers: Team Danger, ladies and gentlemen, looking ready to rumble at Ring King! Cut back to the ring area.

Blackfront: We're still gearing up for that MASSIVE Ring King final coming to you live later tonight, as well as The Machine's John Sektor putting up his Legacy championship against Dynasty's Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: Don't make me decide! My heart says Dynasty but my nether regions say Sektor's moustache.

Blackfront: Speaking of The Machine. up next, something of a curiosity as Cecilworth Farthington, a man with a great deal of issues with our UTA referees is going to take on Marie Van Claudio. MVC seemingly issues of her own. All did not seem well with her and Amy Harrison backstage earlier. You have to wonder the frame of mind of both competitors heading in to this match.

Ace: I'm still horrified that one of our UTA referees took it upon himself to smash an old man in his saggy old man balls. Leave him some dignity in his old age! That man is a Knight!

Bartholomew Farthington, OUR Uncle Barty deserves our respect.

Blackfront: Some would argue he was needlessly interfering in UTA business and that the referee was within his rights to push back against the overbearing elderly gentleman.

Ace: Those people are the same ones who would consider licking a car battery just to see what it tasted like. The sooner this earth is rid of them, the better.

The commentary chit chat is cut to a halt as When the Going Gets Tough booms out over the speaker system as out from the back swaggers Cecilworth Farthington. Farthington lifts up a giant placard above his head that proclaims "FARTHINGTON FOR FAIRNESS" as he stands atop the entrance ramp to a less than thrilled audience. Out from behind Cecilworth appears his uncle, Sir Bartholomew Farthington, once again dress in his slacks, blue shirt and black bowtie.

Blackfront: Mike Best is noticeable by his absence for the second Farthington match in a row. Do you think this is Best making a statement about Farthington's UTA performance prior to his victory over Lew Smith at the last Wrestleshow? Little bit of a warning shot?

Ace: You are just a tabloid muck raker aren't you? Cecilworth Farthington told me earlier that he agreed it was best for well... Best to focus on The Machine's prospects later in the evening, it's a major match for Beckman. He's already got his wise owl of an uncle out here anyway. Did you know he's a war hero?

Blackfront: Really? Which war?

Ace: No idea. But he's a war hero damn it!

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Cecilworth vigorously waves the placard in time to the music as he slowly makes his way down to the ring. Uncle Barty walks by his side, straightening his bowtie every few seconds and spending the rest of the time gesturing towards the placard. Halfway down the way to the ring, Cecilworth stops in his tracks and locks his eyes intently at the referee present. He signals for his music to be cut as he hands his placard off to Uncle Barty, who in turn presents his nephew with a microphone.

Farthington: As much as I love the wonderful music of Billy Ocean, I just have to stop it. Something needs to be said here. There's an elephant the size of fifteen Bobby Deans in this arena tonight and I, a Farthington man, a strong man, a proud man am going to address it. This thug... this thug right here...

Blackfront: Cecilworth gesturing the the official assigned to his match, the same man who had an altercation with his uncle a mere two weeks ago.

Ace: Thanks for pointing that out, I'd went temporarily blind for thirty seconds. Cecilworth's eyes narrow as he points furiously to the referee in the ring.

Farthington: This man... he is a known abuser of the elderly. A man who beats up a WAR HERO to save his own fragile ego is not a man I trust, nor a man any of you here tonight should trust. It makes me sick to my iron Farthington stomach that James Wingate has allowed for this man to REMAIN not only employed but to referee another one of my matches.

The referee looks over to the irate Farthington, miming a low blow and pointing to a sad looking Uncle Barty, laughing along to the crowds cheers. Farthington continues his walk to the ring, not breaking his glare towards the referee. He hops on the apron and holds the ropes wide open, gesturing for the referee to get out.

Farthington: This is nonsense, this is flimflam, this is planet god damn coccoo. You sir, you need to get out of the ring. You need to get out of the ring right now and let this HONOURABLE man. This HERO, this beautiful soul do the right thing and call a match fairly with an open mind and an open heart.

Cecilworth continues to gesture for the referee to get out of the ring, the referee continues to refuse, pointing toward his UTA badge and yelling about how he has a job to do. An irate Cecilworth swings into the ring, rushes towards the referee and grabs him by his shirt.

Ace: See, this is a man of action, a man of conviction. He sees injustice in the world and he looks to fix it.

Blackfront: I think Farthington has come unhinged in recent weeks and he's about to do something he will regret. I don't think about briefcase full of cash is going to protect him if he punches one of our referees in the jaw.

Ace: Like that official assaulted his uncle? His uncle who was only there to help? Turnabout is fair play, my friend.

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Cecilworth pulls back his fist but just as he's about to make swing right to the jaw, The Bitch is Back by Elton John roars loudly over the speaker system as out from the back storms Marie Van Claudio, sprinting as quick as she can down to the ring. Her head snaps around a few times, almost confused by the cheers that seem to be coming in her direction for the Californian fans. Uncle Barty steps in front of her and she rolls him right over, sending his back straight into the apron.

Ace: ELDERLY ABUSE! SOMEONE PHONE A HELPLINE! OR THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND!

Blackfront: She was already irate from her interaction with Amy Harrison earlier this evening and it looks like she's about to let those frustrations loose in the ring.

Ace: If she tries to punch those glistened Farthington abs her brittle bones will crumble into a million tiny pieces.

Cecilworth turns around, still not letting go of the referee, confused entirely at the rushing MVC he sees before him, making her way down to the ring and barreling right past his uncle. Before he can even process what is happening, MVC rushes into the ring and nails Farthington right in the cheek with a roundhouse kick. Cecilworth instinctively lets go of the referee and staggers towards the ring ropes as the referee signals for the bell.

Blackfront: Opening match fire, the likes of which we've never seen before from MVC. Ace: Hopefully we'll never see it again. Look at poor Uncle Barty! His clutching his back in a horrific amount of pain.

MVC follows up her attack with a flurry of light forearm shots that send Cecilworth back first up against the ring ropes. MVC attempts to irish whip Farthington but Farthington manages to hold his ground and block it. She gives a few more forearm shots and tries once more. This time Cecilworth blocks it and reverses it, smashing MVC hard with a stiff short armed clothesline. MVC crumbles to the mat as Farthington turns around to the crowd, pointing to his skull to prove that his is a smarty man.

A recovering Uncle Barty applauds from the outside of the ring.

Blackfront: After a hell of an energetic opening by MVC, the strength advantage of Cecilworth Farthington shows its face and he gains control of the bout.

Ace: I mean, when you're basically anorexic by most doctors definitions, you probably shouldn't be attempting to irish whip a man like Cecilworth Farthington.

Cecilworth drops down for a cover but MVC manages to power out just after the count of one. Instead of following up on the attack, Cecilworth leaps up to his feet and bickers with the referee about the speed of the count.

Blackfront: It appears Cecilworth is taking issue with the speed of the count.

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Ace: As well he should, that was at least a five or six count.

A recovering MVC is quick to scramble back to her feet. She notices that Cecilworth has his back turned against her and spots an opening. She takes measure, leaps up high and drives her feet square into his back with a dropkick aimed right at the spine of C-Money. Farthington staggers right into the referee he was bickering with, sending them both crashing to the mat, Cecilworth having a referee shaped safety cushion on his way down. MVC rushes towards Farthington, throws herself in the air and drops herself down, just not quite where she hoped.

Blackfront: Misjudged attack from MVC! Farthington rolls out of the way and her weight, such as it is, is dropped right down on our official's face.

Ace: To be honest, that referee should be happy. I know a good chunk of the roster would pay good money for MVC to sit on their face. Myself included.

Blackfront: I think you need to go to another one of the "Sexism in the Workplace" seminars, Tommy.

Cecilworth rolls to his feet and rushes towards MVC who is clutching her back in frustration at the missed shot. Cecilworth amplifies the pain in the back by driving his boot right into her spine.

MVC yelps out in pain as Farthington bounces off the ropes and smacks MVC in the skull with a

tackling forearm. Cecilworth looks to the outside of the ring and signals for his Uncle Barty to get in.

Blackfront: I'm not sure this is legal. That man is still not a recognised referee of the United Toughness Alliance.

Ace: Are you kidding me? With Farthington money, anything is legal!

As his uncle rolls into the ring, Cecilworth hoists MVC back up. He looks around to the crowd, smiles widely and points up to the sky as he pulls MVC up in the air with a big vertical suplex. He holds MVC in the air for a good five...six... seven seconds as he uses his free arm to send a less than polite finger gesture in the direction of the fans. After nine seconds in the air, Farthington loses his grip and MVC manages to get the slip behind him. She drops down and quickly rolls up the Farthington man with a school boy.

Blackfront: Perhaps too much confidence from Farthington on that suplex there! MVC manages to slip behind and roll him up.

Ace: Well, she is an oily woman.

Blackfront: Excuse me?

Ace: What? All models are really oily. That's just a fact!

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Uncle Barty slowly ambles down to his knees. He checks the right shoulder of Cecilworth, he checks the left shoulder. Satisfied that both shoulders are down, he lifts his hand up for the count. As Uncle Barty stalls for time, MVC begins to lose her grip on Farthington.

Blackfront: Only a one count! From an already questionable referee that was clearly stalling for time.

Ace: Questionable? That man is the most thorough referee I've ever seen. These lazy UTA employees don't even bother to check the shoulders before they go for the count. Do you know how many people have no doubt been screwed over by evidently inadequate officiating? Millions! Blackfront: How much is Cecilworth paying you to be his spokesman?

Ace: Nothing. I just passionately believe in his campaign for justice.

Blackfront: Tommy Ace everyone, a man we actually pay to do this job.

MVC leaps up to her feet and begins to slap her palm towards Uncle Barty, indicating she wants a faster count. In response, Sir Bartholomew shrugs his shoulders. Undeterred by these odds, she walks over to a recovering and discombobulated Farthington and sends him to the ground ass first with a quick snapmare. MVC takes a quick second to regain her composure and then sends a kick straight to the sternum of Farthington. C-Money gasps for air in response to this sharp kick. Blackfront: Smart move from MVC, not getting caught up in the trap of arguing with Cecilworth's uncle and keeping her eye on her opponent.

Ace: I don't want to live in a world where we consider MVC to be smart. Blackfront: Aren't all the Van Claudio's known for their intelligence and beauty? Ace: In the same way as the Palin family, I'm sure.

With Farthington grounded and gasping for air, MVC continues her attack, dropping a chop straight to the throat Farthington. She leaps up, takes measure and delivers a second chop to the throat. Farthington clutches his throat for air as MVC hooks the leg for a cover.

Blackfront: Sir Bartholomew once again being incredibly slow dropping to his knees for this cover.

Ace: Give the man a break, he's old, his joints have stiffened up. We should just be happy to have a man of his calibre making the calls in UTA!

Barty once again is very careful to check each of Cecilworth's shoulders individually before start his count. He lifts and drops his arm slowly for the one. He lifts his arm again and it almost drops for the two but Cecilworth manages to roll his shoulder up. A frustrated Von Claudio leaps to her feet and exchanges a few words with Barty. Barty points to his bowtie, informing MVC the bowtie means that he must be respected in the ring. MVC yanks on her hair in frustration as Sir Bartholomew once again just shrugs his shoulders.

Blackfront: Marie has to be careful, she's falling in to the Farthington men's trap right now. The more she gets into a war with Uncle Barty, the less she's thinking about Cecilworth.

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Ace: And as if on cue, C-Fart is back on his feet!

Marie is about to turn her attention back to the match but instead she finds Cecilworth's wrists locked around her body.

She tries to struggle free as Cecilworth continues to gasp for air, trying to get some more oxygen

into his body as he attempts to hoist her. After a few seconds of struggling, Cecilworth manages to lift MVC up high, drilling the back of her neck into the mat with a German Suplex. Cecilworth keeps the arms locked and bridges himself high for the bridging pin. Uncle Barty is quick to slide down to his knees and begin to count.

Blackfront: Old, worn out joints eh?

Ace: Well yeah, he's been using them all match! Of course he's going to get quicker! I bet by the end of this bout he'll be flying around like a spring chicken.

Blackfront: Regardless, powerful German by Farthington! He may have it here! One! Two! No, MVC manages to power out at the last second. That count seem a little quick to you?

Ace: No quicker than any other.

Blackfront: I'm sure.

An irate Farthington slams his head into the mat in anger as MVC manages to slip out of the bridge before the count of three. Uncle Barty looks over to his nephew apologetically. He invites Cecilworth in for an apology hug to show there are no hard feelings and his nephew dutifully goes in for the hug. MVC uses the ropes to right herself up, clutching the back of her neck and wincing in pain. Spotting the hug, she rushes in, grabbing the back of Cecilworth's neck, springs up and smashes Cecilworth's face into his uncle's gut. Cecilworth crashes into the mat as Uncle Barty flies through the ropes to the outside.

Blackfront: A nice modified flipping neckbreaker from MVC there. She managed to time it to smash into both men. Ring control like that and she and Amy Harrison might just have a shot against Team Danger at Ring King. If they can both keep it together for the match, that is.

Ace: Typical vain model, beating up a kindly old man because he doesn't fit her image of beauty. TRUE BEAUTY IS IN THE SOUL AND UNCLE BARTY IS A MONET!

MVC rolls Cecilworth over for the pin, as the original referee begins to stir from his start of match coma. He blinks a few times as he spots the pin, lunging over for the count.

Blackfront: This could be it! One! Two! No! Cecilworth gets his shoulder up again.

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Ace: He didn't even check the shoulders! Just more evidence for Sir Bartholomew to be UTA's Head Official.

MVC sits up and stares out to the cheering crowd, almost at a loss for her next move. She opens her eye wide, looking out, lifting her arm a little to acknowledge the crowd's support. Before she can return her focus to the match, Uncle Barty leaps up on the apron, this time furiously weilding the "Farthington for Fairness" placard. The referee walks over to talk him down as MVC looks on, trying to regain her senses.

Blackfront: I'm almost worried MVC is showing the after effects of that stiff German suplex right now. She looks dazed, sitting up and unsure of her next move.

Ace: I'm pretty sure that's just her reverting back to her normal level of intellect.

With MVC distracted by the shouting match between the referee and Uncle Barty and his placard waving ways, she doesn't notice Cecilworth scrambling to his feet. She also doesn't notice his boot as it is drilled directly into the back of her skull.

Blackfront: Cheap shot by Farthington! First, his uncle turns this match into a circus and now he takes advantage of the distraction provided.

Ace: Maybe if the so called UTA referee was doing his job instead of bickering with a frail retiree, MVC wouldn't have been so distracted!

Cecilworth hoists MVC up against his knee, a mile wide smile appearing across his British face. He looks out to the audience and hollers "OFF... WITH HER HEAD" as loudly as he possibly can. The next sound the crowd hear is a sickening thud as Cecilworth's forearm smashes into MVC's face, sending her back down to the mat, limp.

Blackfront: Malice in Wonderland! The brutal forearm that put down Lew Smith. Will it do the job again here tonight?

Ace: Someone call a hearse for MVC, that did not sound good.

Cecilworth slinks down and hooks MVC's leg for the cover. Uncle Barty and his fancy placard remarkably disappear from the apron as the assigned official turns around to spot the cover. Blackfront: One! Two! Three! For the second Wrestleshow in a row, Cecilworth Farthington does it under highly suspect circumstances!

Ace: Highly suspect? That victory was as clear as day! If these men that James Wingates pays had even an ounce of pride in their work, we wouldn't even be having this conversation! He would have had this one locked up in the opening moments of this match!

The referee signals for the bell as Cecilworth leans up from the pin, tossing his arms in the air in celebration.

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Annoucer: Here is your winner of the match, via pinfall... CECILWORTH! FARTHINGTONNNNN! Cecilworth staggers up to his feet, shoving the UTA referee out of the way when he tries to raise his hand. He holds the ropes open and invites his Uncle Barty back into the ring, as the referee gives Cecilworth the middle finger behind his back to a huge response from the crowd.

Blackfront: Is Cecilworth really costing himself in the long run by fighting this war? I wouldn't want to be on the bad side of the UTA referees.

Ace: I think he's just proving his argument! Look at that tacky and tasteless response by that referee!

Blackfront: Still, a valiant effort by MVC, hell without the shenanigans this match could have easily been hers. She'll need to be ready for dirty tricks against Team Danger at Ring King though. Fans, stay tuned, there's plenty more action to come on Wrestleshow tonight... Beckman vs. CBR, it'll be worth it!

The scene fades out on Uncle Barty raising Cecilworth's arm way up high as Cecilworth flashes his pearly whites to a less than gracious crowd, When the Going Gets Tough once again booming on the speaker system.

Cleared

Backstage at the triage center, Will Haynes sits. A small flashlight being shined directly into his eyes. He follows it from one side to the other and then back again.

The attending doctor nods his head. He clicks his small pocket flashlight off and places it in a pocket. He moves his hands and rubs Haynes neck, checking for something...anything.

Coleslaw Jenkins moves side to side trying to find a vantage point to see what is going on. His short stature blocking his path.

Jenkins: Doc, what's the dealio? Can m' man compete t'night?

Haynes closes his eyes briefly, trying to draw in any positive energy he can get.

The doctor turns to Coleslaw Jenkins, picking up Haynes' UTA medical chart as he does. Doctor: I don't know why you gentlemen even bothered wasting your time showing up to the arena this evening. I agree with the doctors you saw in Orlando, Mr. Haynes. You need rest. Faces of disappointment wash over both Jenkins and Haynes. Haynes nods his head though, carefully listening to the doctor's words.

Doctor: Truth be told, I wouldn't have even risked the flight if it was me. Neck injuries can become tense or tight at a moments notice. Imagine if you had pain on that flight. What would you have done then? All that rest would've been undone for what, Mr. Haynes? A chance to fight tonight in the ring. You've got to take your health into account.

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Haynes stands. He's toe to toe, nose to nose with the doctor now.

Haynes: You're right, doc. I wasn't thinkin' comin' here t'night. I should put my health first, absolutely agree with ya there, doc. But I owed it t' the people a' Los Angeles t' come out here n' at least try. I owed it to Abdul t' try t' make our rubber match actually happen.

The doctor looks a bit checked out, inattentive. Haynes seeing this sticks out his hand. A sign of respect.

Haynes: I appreciate your time.

The doctor shakes his hand, nodding.

Doctor: No problem, Mr. Haynes. Take care of yourself.

Haynes and Slaw stroll away from the triage set up. Coleslaw Jenkins shaking his head, his eyes down towards the floor.

Jenkins: What we gonna do homie? You ain't gonna get a shot at dat wrestlin' at Ring King. Gonna have t' forfeit this match here tonight.

Haynes is walking a little ahead of his friend. Slaw keeps going.

Jenkins: It ain't like we back in dem days, when one a' the Bastards would just step up for ya like it was ain't no big. I mean we ain't exactly got da numbers on our side, now do we?

Haynes shakes his head.

Haynes: No, no we don't.

Jenkins: Well den what da hell ya think we're gonna do?

The Twosome comes to the locker room reserved for Haynes. Haynes opens the door and steps in. Jenkins close behind, closing the door behind him. Haynes reaches down picks up his Nike traveling bag, and unzips it.

Jenkins: B, ain't you hear da doc. You ain't wrestlin' tonight.

No sooner have the words left Slaw's mouth as a UTA t-shirt hits him square in the face.

Haynes: Nah, I ain't. But guess what - you are. Slaw's color drains.

Jenkins: Come again?

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Haynes: Slaw, tonight you put your second match under your belt. The camera cuts.

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HypeCity

We cut the backstage area. In front of a plain black background and a large UTA logo is none other than the man who will go one on one with John Sektor for the United Toughness Alliance Legacy Title. Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey wears his wrestling gear and is hyped up. His chest rises and falls with each deep breath. Unlikely: Tonight's the night! It's finally come! It's time to show the entire world why I am the most hyped star of this generation! Why Mikey is best thing going in the U.T.A. today!

He rolls his neck, and loosens up his shoulders.

Unlikely: John Sektor, Your brief and unimpressive reign as Legacy Champion is over! That title has a rightful resting place, just as every single championship here does from the top down, and that is within Dynasty.

He looks down at the ground, before slowly bringing his eyes up to the camera.

Unlikely: Oh you had such a great match last week didn't you John? You and Bronson Box went toe to toe and both came out worse for wear. Well this week, each and every single person in this arena, and all the WrestleUTA fans at home aren't going to remember this match, No! Because it's not going to take me half as long to beat you. You sorry excuse for a champion.

He pounds his hand into the other one to bring home the forcefulness of his point.

Unlikely: The only thing that everyone is going to remember after this match is who had their hand raised. The man who walks away with the Legacy Championship. The better man. Me. He starts to walk off towards the stage area.

Unlikely: Let's see how good the Gold Standard looks without any gold. The scene fades.

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

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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 Wildfire Champion competing tonight for a spot in the Ace in a Hole match at the pay per view

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

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

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 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.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

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

Blackfront: Will haynes not cleared to compete here tonight, it would have been the third meeting between these two I think.

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

Blackfront: No love for Abdul here.

Ace: Is there ever?

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Big Poppa by Notorious B.I.G. begins to play.

Coleslaw Jenkins steps out of the back wearing a black wrestling singlet. He's awkwardly ready for action here tonight.

Blackfront: Taking the place of his friend, Coleslaw wants to do the seemingly impossible and earn the pay per view spot for Will Haynes.

Ace: Is Will Haynes even going to be cleared in time for Ring King?!

Slaw begins strutting down the isle. He adjusts his elbow pads as he does. He double checks his boots as well.

Announcer: Hailing from ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Slaw uses the stairs and enters the ring through the middle ropes.

Announcer: Standing at six foot tall and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... He spins in an awkward circle before throwing a hand into the air.

Announcer: COLESLLLAAWWW JEENNNKKIIINNNSSS!!!!

Slaw checks his pads and boots once more before testing the top rope.

Blackfront: We've seen Coleslaw in the ring once before when he faced Graham Clauson at Victory XXI.

The stare down commences as Coleslaw Jenkins smiles with at Abdul bin Hussain, who seems to be too focused to be fazed by Jenkins. The two men begin to circle one another.

Blackfront: Both men feeling one another out here. Coleslaw Jenkins may be seen as a joke to a lot of people, but as he showed last time he was in the ring, he does know his way around.

Ace: Well, he needs a lot more than a knowing his way around a ring a little to beat an UTA Champion.

As the bell sounds,the two men lock up in the middle of the ring with a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Coleslaw gains control.

Blackfront: Jenkins quickly switching into a Side Headlock on Abdul bin Hussain. He wrenches in on the headlock. Hussain acts quick and grabs the waist of Jenkins. Blackfront: Hussain in trouble early... Ooooh!

Hussain lifts up and sends Jenkins hard to the mat with a slam. Jenkins turns over and gets back to his feet and is met with a drop toe hold. Jenkins crawls to the outside of the ring and hears it from the fans.

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Blackfront: Jenkins seems to be giving up.

Ace: And rightfully so.

Hussain puts his left foot on the bottom rope and puts his right leg against the middle rope. He yells at Coleslaw to get back in the ring. Jenkins flips Hussain off and starts walking back up the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Coleslaw Jenkins re-thinking his decision here tonight.

Ace: It was a dumb one in the first place.

The referee begins his Ten Count. Hussain slides under the bottom rope and rushes past the fans. He attacks Jenkins from behind sending him stumbling down to the ground. The fans near by go ballistic.

Blackfront: Hussain lands some forearm blows as Jenkins tries to rise from his knees.

Ace: Jenkins is lucky to land a European Uppercut to Hussain's chest. Referee: Five!

Hussain backs down the ramp as Jenkins lands some fists. Hussain staggers to the ring apron and is sent back in by Jenkins.

Jenkins points at a fan who seems to be giving him some lip. Hussain now on his feet bounces off the ring ropes and FLIES OVER THE TOP ROPE WITH A SUICIDE DIVE!

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain! Jenkins and Hussain crash on the floor. Ace: He's crazy!

The referee once again starts a Ten Count.

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Blackfront: Both men are down!

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain pulling out all the stops it seems here tonight.

Both men are slow to get up.

Blackfront: Hussain and Coleslaw Jenkins begin to make some movement.

Ace: Hussain putting his body on the line tonight!

Abdul gets to his feet first and lands a boot to Coleslaw Jenkins' mid section.

Blackfront: Hussain and Jenkins brawling on the outside.

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Hussain turns Jenkins around and tries to land some sort of Cutter move but Jenkins smartly pushes Hussain forward and into the ring post.

Referee: Five!

Jenkins rolls into the ring and quickly rolls back to the floor.

Ace: Smart move by Slaw. Not looking too bad in this match.

Abdul bin Hussain is still on the ground and is picked up by Jenkins.

Blackfront: Slaw tosses Abdul bin Hussain into the ring. Jenkins is right behind him. Once Jenkins has Hussain to his feet he pulls him by the head.

Blackfront: Hussain stomps on Slaw's foot!

This breaks him free from Jenkins' grip. Hussain sees an opportunity to take the match and hits the ropes. He comes back at Coleslaw Jenkins with a tremendous SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Blackfront: Hussain hit a Moonsault!

Ace: Watch this... Hussain runs, leaps and springboards himself over and wham. Takes out Coleslaw Jenkins!

Abdul with the cover.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Jenkins kicks out and the fans can't believe it.

Blackfront: Hussain argues with the ref about the count.

Ace: The Wildfire Champion joins Cecilworth Farthington in thinking these referees are idiots it seems.

Jenkins looks to be playing a little opossum. He slithers over closer to Hussain.

Blackfront: Hussain better keep his eyes on Jenkins!

Abdul turns around as Jenkins leaps to his feet and rushes Hussain pushing him into the corner. The two men go back and forth with fists. Hussain lands a Knife Edge Chop.

Blackfront: One more.

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Hussain pushes Jenkins into the corner. He grabs Jenkins by the wrist and attempts to send him into the corner. Coleslaw reverses the Irish Whip sending Hussain into the turnbuckles.

Ace: That's gonna hurt tomorrow!

Abdul bin Hussain bounces back towards the middle of the ring where Jenkins catches his opponent with a Big Clothesline.

Blackfront: Hussain sent to the mat!

Hussain hits the mat and rolls. He comes right back at his opponent.

Blackfront: Jenkins moves out of the way and lands some stiff jabs on the chin of Hussain. Jenkins Irish Whips Abdul into the ropes. Abdul crashes to the mat and bounces into the ropes. His back is on the mat with his legs held up by the ropes.

Blackfront: Jenkins now in control of this match.

Jenkins wastes little time and tries to execute a submission maneuver.

Ace: That Single Leg Crab doesn't look that good.

Hussain is fighting it. Jenkins trying with everything he has to sit back on the single leg crab.

Blackfront: Abdul fighting Jenkins the best he can. Slaw has won this battle.

Hussain screams in pain. Coleslaw Jenkins bobs his head up and down pulling back as far as he can on the leg of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: The fans getting behind Hussain.

Desperate, Hussain swings his free arm towards the ropes. Blackfront: Abdul is almost there... HE GOT THE BOTTOM ROPE! Ace: Hussain is still in this match!

Jenkins lets the hold go and gets to his feet. He stomps a mud hole in Abdul bin Hussain. Coleslaw looks pissed and walks towards the center of the squared circle. He beckons Clausin to get up. Jenkins doesn't like Hussain taking long and goes in for the attack.

Blackfront: Jenkins been holding his own so far.

Hussain now rests on his knees. He turns his head up and smiles at Jenkins. Hussain grabs Jenkins by the waist and lifts him up and falls back. Dropping him neck first across the top rope. Ace: The fans love every second of the chaos. Both men are down.

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The referee starts his Ten Count.

Referee: One!

Jenkins grabbing at his throat and Hussain on his back lay in the ring. The referee continues to count

Referee: Four!

Coleslaw Jenkins gets to his side and tries to grab the ropes to lift him up. Hussain starting to come to. Jenkins leans on the ropes and points toward Hussain and looks angry.

Jenkins steps towards Hussain and is met with a Swinging Forearm Smash.

Blackfront: Hussain with the attack!

Jenkins stunned bounces off the ropes and is victim to a Running Bulldog by Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Abdul goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Ace: Jenkins not showing any quit.

Blackfront: Hussain again with victory on the tips of his fingers.

Hussain takes a bit of a breather, as he does, Will Haynes can be seen limping out of the back, still in a neck brace.

Blackfront: Will Haynes is coming down here!

Ace: He's going to get in trouble if he does. Not smart. Just stay in the back and heel up idiot. Abdul bin Hussain heads to the ropes, yelling at Will Haynes and is quickly brought down to the ground by Jenkins.

Blackfront: Jenkins is going to steal this!

Referee: One! Two! Kickout! Coleslaw looks frazzled.

Ace: Close one!

Coleslaw hits the ropes and charges hard at Hussain. Abdul moves himself and bumps Jenkins down to a knee.

Blackfront: This match continues

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Hussain seems to be angry and lands some very strong right fists to Jenkin's ribs. Hussain lands a pin point Dropkick to the knee of Coleslaw Jenkins.

Blackfront: Jenkins is down!

Hussain gets up to his feet and gets some distance from Jenkins. Slaw slowly gets to a knee. Blackfront: BOOM! Abdul bin Hussain connects with a devastating Running Boot to the temple of Coleslaw Jenkins!

Ace: Jenkins on the mat, Hussain sees his spot.

Coleslaw moves to his hands and knees, crawling toward the ropes and reaching out.

Blackfront: Coleslaw reaching for the ropes.

Ace: No, he's reaching for Will Haynes!

Abdul bin Hussain runs and leaps up, his leg out.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH!

As he hits the move, Hussain quickly rolls Coleslaw over and covers him.

Ref: One...

Ref: Two...

Ref: Three!

The bell begins to ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.. ABDUL.. BIN.. HUSSSAAIINN!!

Blackfront: Huge win by the Wildfire Champion here!

Ace: Not so sure how huge of a win it is if it's over Coleslaw Jenkins.

Will Haynes, who is halfway down the ramp can not believe it. Suddenly, Mikey Unlikely burst from the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: It's Mikey Unlikely!

Ace: He's coming to finish the job!

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Will turns around and is obliterated with a clothesline. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Unlikely stomping an already injured Will Haynes on the ramp.

Ace: It's his own fault. he had no business being out here Jason.

Blackfront: For once, I agree with you.

Mikey picks Will Haynes up, grabbing him by his neck and walking him up the ramp.

Blackfront: What is he going to do?!

Mikey can be seen mouthing the word Goodbye as the camera zooms in. He then hurdles Will Haynes with all of his might over the edge of the stage and down. Sparks can be seen flying up. Blackfront: OH MY GOD! WILL HAYNES HAS TO BE DEAD! MIKEY UNLIKELY HAS KILLED WILL HAYNES!

Ace: There goes our sponsorships.

The camera man runs over and aims the camera down as we see Will Haynes laying motionless on top of speaker equipment.

Blackfront: What has come over Mikey?! This is not the man once loved by the fans. Mikey just stands on the edge of the stage admiring his work.

Blackfront: We need someone out here right away. Will Haynes has to be seriously injured. Mikey raises an arm in the sky.

Blackfront: That man has no remorse.

Ace: Just think, he still has a match here later tonight!

Blackfront: John Sektor will be stepping into the ring with a very dangerous man. We zoom in on Haynes who is surrounded by EMTs before fading out.

Flying Solo

Backstage, the camera moves through the hallways, following the distant sound of mumbling voices. Eventually, it turns a corner and find's The 'Machine' manager, Mike Best, talking with his client; The current UTA Legacy champion, John Sektor. Sektor is dressed and ready to compete, Legacy title slung over his shoulder, as he calmly nods his head at whatever Mike is saying to him. The camera creeps forward, making the audio a little easier to hear and catches Mike letting out a deep sigh.

Best: Are you SURE, that you're okay with this? Sektor smiles.

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Sektor: Yes, Michael, I'm sure. You need to relax..

Mike nervously chews his bottom lip, not looking too easy about whatever it is they are discussing.

Best: And you won't blame me if anything happens?

Sektor: It's good.

Best: You just saw what he did to Haynes out there John. I think you could use some back up. Sektor suddenly frowns and straightens up his back, seeming to take great exception to that question.

Sektor: Just how LOW, is, your confidence in me? Mike holds his hands up in surrender.

Best: C'mon, man! You know I didn't mean it like that. It's just..

The two get interrupted by the exclusive Machine reporter, Cassie Walsh, as she hurries over to the two of them.

Walsh: Guys! Sorry to interrupt, I just HAD to get some words from both of you tonight regarding the two HUGE matches between Machine and Dynasty..

Mike's eyes go droopy and uninterested as he slowly turns toward Sektor.

Best: You got this?

Sektor just nods and Mike gives him a hearty slap on the shoulder before walking out of shot, leaving Walsh looking confused.

Walsh: Is, everything, okay..? Sektor rolls his eyes.

Sektor: Everything is fine, Cassie. What do you want to know?

Cassie shakes off her disappointment about not getting a word from Mike.

Walsh: Well, there's a rumour going around that with Beckman in the main event, straight after your Legacy title defence, Mike won't be at ringside with you tonight. Is this true?

Sektor pouts and nods his head as though it's not a big deal.

Sektor: YEP! I'm flying solo tonight, sweetheart.. Walsh frowns with confusion by abundance of positivity. Walsh: Does that not concern you?

Again Sektor frowns, looking at Cassie as though she just insulted his moustache.

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Sektor: Concerned? What do I have to be concerned about? Believe it or not, I've been doing this a VERY long time. I've spent the majority of my career on my own in the ring, winning titles, defending titles, being the BEST at what I do!

He gives Cassie a stern glare as he talks.

Sektor: I never asked Mike to be at ringside. That's something HE chooses to do, to protect his own interests. I'm more than comfortable going out there tonight and SUCCESSFULLY defending THIS..

He pats the Legacy title on his shoulder. Sektor: MY, Legacy title, on my OWN! He relaxes a little a smiles.

Sektor: I shared my thoughts with you earlier in the week as to why this match is so important to me. It's not just about defending my title. It's about me protecting the heritage, prestige and LEGACY of this great industry, by stopping this symbol of greatness falling into the corrupt hands of those self serving douchebags, Dynasty!

This surprisingly earns a muted cheer from within the arena, as the crowd watch on the big screen.

Sektor: Tonight, Mikey Unlikely is about to learn a lesson in humility. I set the standards for this title right now, and his aren't good enough!

He looks into the camera.

Sektor: I'm not Will Haynes or Cabbage Johnson. You're not going to throw me off of a stage. He takes a step forward to walk away and then stops himself, holding up a finger and looking into the camera as though he remembered something.

Sektor: Oh and, BOX!

He smiles and pauses at the mention of Bronson Box's name.

Sektor: Don't think I've forgotten about you, buddy. With that, he lifts his chin proudly and walks off camera.

Brought to You By

Moments Ago

As we return from commercial we get a quick recap of what just happened with Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes.

Will Haynes, who is halfway down the ramp can not believe it. Suddenly, Mikey Unlikely burst from the back and down the ramp.

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Blackfront: It's Mikey Unlikely!

Ace: He's coming to finish the job!

Will turns around and is obliterated with a clothesline. The fans begin to boo. Blackfront: Unlikely stomping an already injured Will Haynes on the ramp. Ace: It's his own fault. he had no business being out here Jason.

Blackfront: For once, I agree with you.

Mikey picks Will Haynes up, grabbing him by his neck and walking him up the ramp.

Blackfront: What is he going to do?!

Mikey can be seen mouthing the word Goodbye as the camera zooms in. He then hurdles Will Haynes with all of his might over the edge of the stage and down. Sparks can be seen flying up. Blackfront: OH MY GOD! WILL HAYNES HAS TO BE DEAD! MIKEY UNLIKELY HAS KILLED WILL HAYNES!

Ace: There goes our sponsorships.

The camera man runs over and aims the camera down as we see Will Haynes laying motionless on top of speaker equipment.

Blackfront: What has come over Mikey?! This is not the man once loved by the fans. Mikey just stands on the edge of the stage admiring his work.

Blackfront: We need someone out here right away. Will Haynes has to be seriously injured. Mikey raises an arm in the sky.

As we go back live, Coleslaw Jenkins is watching Will Haynes be loaded into the back of an ambulance.

Jenkins: You're gonna be Ok B! Dem doctor's are gonna patch you right up!

An EMT shuts the doors and rushes to the cab. Coleslaw places his hand on the back of the ambulance, holding it there until it pulls away.

Jenkins: Don't worry B. I'm gonna get dat Mikey for you.

We see a shot of the ambulance pulling away from the building before we head back inside.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into boo's of sheer hatred. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and mustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk. Around his waist is the Legacy championship, which he unfastens and throws over his left shoulder.

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Blackfront: John Sektor coming out alone tonight.

Ace: If he wants to feel the wraith of Mikey Unlikely on his own, let him!

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the Legacy champion begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring. Hailing from Miami, Florida.

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

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

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: Representing The MACHINE. He is the CURRENT Reigning and Defending UTA LEGACY CHAMPION. The Gold Standard...JOHN, SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and lifts the Legacy championship high into the air, completely in love with himself as the announcer echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: John Sektor wants to head into the pay per view and beyond as the champion. Can he get through tonight and do it?

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

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. The fans boo loudly Blackfront: No love here tonight for the one time fan favorite.

Ace: These people are ungratefults!

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'.

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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. MIKEY... UNLIIIIKKKEELLYYYY!!!

Blackfront: This young man has already left his mark here tonight as he's send Will Haynes to the hospital yet again.

Ace: Good. Better there then here I always say.

Blackfront: You literally never say that.

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: Legacy Championship on the line here. The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and John Sektor lock up. Ace: This is a great night Jason! It's the night that the Legacy Championship returns to Dynasty! Both men quickly tie up. The champion grabs Mikey's arm, and pulls back.

Blackfront: Sektor taking control early, he whips Mikey Unlikely into the ropes. As Mikey Unlikely returns, he slides underneath the legs of John Sektor.

Blackfront: Unlikely slides.

He gets up as Sektor turns around.

Blackfont: Unlikely leaps high, grabbing the head of John Sektor.

Mikey Unlikely attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Sektor just shoves him off and down to the canvas.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off early here in this championship title match..

Ace: Don't worry Jason, god things come to those who wait. Did you see what he did to Will Haynes? When Mikey is done with John Sektor he's going to be sharing applesauce with him in the hospital!

He bends down and grabs Mikey Unlikely, pulling violently to his feet.

Blackfront: Sektor directing Unlikely to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

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As Mikey Unlikely's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Sektor turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfront: John Sektor now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Mikey Unlikely.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Come on ref! He can't do this!

Blackfront: Sektor releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Mikey Unlikely.

Ace: Let him breath!

Blackfront: Sektor now using that foot across the throat of Mikey Unlikely to choke him again.

Ace: This is terrible.

Blackfront: Why? Because he is Dynasty? I thought you were a Machine fan!

Ace: I am unless they are trying to hurt the greatest group in the industry!

Blackfront: Sektor releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

John Sektor grabs the left arm of Mikey Unlikely and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Sektor follows Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with a kick into the face of John Sektor!

Sektor hits the canvas. Mikey Unlikely lays face down on the canvas himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Unlikely the advantage he needs to come back. Sektor shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Mikey Unlikely uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Both men up now. Sektor rushes Mikey Unlikely.

He bends down and lifts John Sektor up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Sektor was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

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Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely thinks he has tossed John Sektor out of the ring.

Ace: TURN AROUND!

Mikey Unlikely turns as John Sektor uses the top rope to pull down and push himself up. For a split second he stands on the top rope before leaping off.

Blackfront: Clothesline from the outside of the ropes!

Ace: WHY DID HE NOT TURN AROUND?!

Mikey Unlikely just stares upwards, breathing heavy as John Sektor rolls over covering him.

Blackfront: The champion going for the pin...

Ace: No!

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for a second time, Mikey kicks his feet up.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: Because Dynasty can't be held down!

Blackfront: John Sektor getting up, Mikey Unlikely in hand.

Ace: The champion not happy and Mikey Unlikely is going to feel that here. As they both rise up, Sektor grabs Mikey's wrist, pulling back yet again.

Blackfront: John Sektor whips Mikey Unlikely into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. UNLIKELY MOVES! UNLIKELY MOVES!

John Sektor crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Mikey Unlikely holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner. Sektor stumbles around and takes a few steps out.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely from the ropes.... kick to the back of John Sektor's leg!

Sektor falls to a knee. As he does, Mikey turns and heads over to the corner, starting to climb.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely making his way up the turnbuckle.

Ace: Don't do anything risky Mikey! You have this already!

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John Sektor stands back up. As he turns around Mikey leaps off of the ropes.

Blackfront: UNLIKELY LEAPS....

He throws his knees up and reaches for the back of John Sektor's head, grabbing it as his knees go under his neck. He drops down with a lungblower.

Blackfront: DIRECTOR'S CUT! DIRECTOR'S CUT!

Ace: YES! HE HAS IT! WE HAVE A NEW LEGACY CHAMPION! YES! DYNASTY HAS THE TITLE AGAIN!

Both men lay on the canvas. Mikey starts to roll over.

Blackfront: Mikey with the arm over Sektor... This one could be over.

Ace: THIS IS THE GREATEST NIGHT EVER!

The referee slides into place and begins to count. As his hand comes down for the third time, John Sektor somehow gets his arm up. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR KICKS OUT!

Ace: HOW?!

Mikey screams in anger as he rolls off of Sektor and breaths hard.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion is still in this one. These two men giving it their all here tonight.

As Mikey begins to get up, he grabs the arm of Sektor that is on the side of his shoulder that hit the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely pulling the Legacy Champion to his feet here.

He grabs the back of John's head and uses it and his arm to send him into and over the top rope. As Sektor falls, his shoulder hits the side of the ring with force. Sektor lets out a loud scream of pain as he lands hard on the floor outside.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely trying to take apart the champion, piece by piece tonight.

Ace: That's what you do Jason. Especially if you are trying to send a message like Mikey is. Play time is over. Just look at what he did to Will Haynes!

Mikey steps through the ropes to the edge of the ring, holding onto the top rope as he walks across it.

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Looking down at Sektor who is trying to push up to his hands and knees, Mikey's face is overrun with a sadistic smirk.

Blackfront: What is he planning to do?

Ace: I think he's going to not only take the Legacy Championship, but we are about to see Mikey Unlikely end John Sektor's career like he undoubtedly did Haynes tonight!

Mikey moves one leg off of the side, dangling it before he bends his knees slightly and takes a leap.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! CURB STO-

Sektor turns his head up just in time to see Unlikely's foot coming down. He rolls to the right just as Mikey's foot connects with the floor. In one fluid motion, John Sektor reaches out and grabs Mikey's foot which is thrust backward from hitting, and stands up, effectively sending Mikey's upper body down to the floor.

Blackfront: SEKTOR REVERSES INTO AN ANKLE LOCK OUTSIDE OF THE RING!

Mikey clinches his fist and screams in pain as John twist his ankle. However, his shoulder can't take the pressure and he has to let go. Dropping to a knee, John reaches up grabbing it.

Blackfront: He couldn't hold on. That shoulder is just not strong enough.

Mikey rolls over, raises his leg up and grabs his ankle, wincing in pain before shaking it off and scooting up to a seated position.

Ace: Sorry Johnny Boy, but your days are numbered.

Mikey pushes himself up, limping over to Sektor. he grabs the Legacy Champion by the back of the head, picking him up and as he turns, rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: This new Mikey Unlikely is just vicious.

Ace: Dynasty takes everything that is good about you, and makes it better Jason.

Mikey grabs the ropes and leaps to the apron. He quickly makes his way across it and up the turnbuckle from the outside.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely going up top.

John Sektor sits on his knees away from Mikey, holding his shoulder as the challenger waits for the right moment.

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The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: What's this?!

The camera zooms past Mikey and we see Coleslaw Jenkins driving down the ramp in the old WTFC cart.

Ace: Someone get this idiot out of here!

Mikey looks back just as the cart hits the side of the ring with force. He is sent flying off of the top rope, hitting the canvas hard.

Blackfront: Coleslaw Jenkins just may have cost Unlikely this match!

Mikey rolls over and starts to get up. As he does, John pushes himself to one knee. Mikey pushes up and heads forward as Sektor leaps up, grabs his arms and comes down full force with a sit out face buster.

Blackfront: C-SEKTION! C-SETION!

Sektor covers him and referee drops. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, he calls for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match and STILL.... UTA Legacy Champion..... JOHN... SEKTOOOOORRR!!!!

Blackfront: Well, John Sektor retains here tonight.

Ace: Yea, with the help of that idiot in that stupid cart!

Coleslaw rolls into the ring as John Sektor is standing up, title in hand. Sektor looks at him and shrugs before passing Jenkins, dropping to the canvas and rolling out. He pats the cart and smirks before starting up the ramp. Inside the ring, Coleslaw Jenkins yells for Unlikely to get up. Blackfront: Jenkins promised Will Haynes he would get revenge, and that's what he plans on doing here!

Unlikeley rolls over and pushes to his hands and knees. He holds the side of his head before shaking it off. He then starts to stand. As he does, Coleslaw comes forward with the sloppiest superkick anyone has ever seen.

Blackfront: SUPERK- NO! UNLIKELY CATCHES JENKINS' FOOT!

Mikey pulls Coleslaw through into a hard clothesline. He then begins stomping the downed Jenkins repeatedly.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely highly upset at his chance to become the UTA Legacy Champion has been thwarted.

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Ace: This is an outrage! We should riot!

Mikey yells down at Coleslaw was is out on the mat before heading over to the ropes, dropping down and rolling out.

Blackfront: The already large target on Will Haynes' back has grown tonight, that I can assure you.

Ace: If he isn't dead, Mikey is going to finish the job!

Mikey grabs the side of the WTFEC cart and begins to rock it before putting all of his strength into the side of it. Finally, it begins to move and flip to its side. The fans boo as he spits on the cart before starting up the ramp and we fade.

Career vs Career

Six Weeks Ago

Wingate: Mr. Hall... for what do I owe this very rude interruption?

Hall just looks at Wingate and shakes his head. Finally, the fan's cheers die down and he raises the microphone up.

Hall: Mr. Wingate... I say this with all due respect... shut the hell up!

The world's most famous arena goes crazy. James Wingate looks crazed.

Ace: You can't say that to the boss!

Blackfront: He just did!

Wingate: How.. DARE Y..

Ron Hall drops back a step and comes forward with a superkick, catching him under the chin. The boss lands hard to the canvas as the fans go berserk. He leans down.

Hall: These people don't need your lies! These people... don't need your excuses! He stands up pointing across the fans.

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Williams: Hall with a submission maneuver here. This one may be over. Amy screams in pain as the referee drops to a knee, asking if she gives up.

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Williams: Hall pulling back more now. Most people would have given up by now. A whisper begins.

Let the bodies hit the floor... let the bodies hit the floor... let the bodies hit the floor...

Let the bodies hit the... FLOOOOOORRR!!

Bodies by Drowning Pool begins to play as Hall releases Amy and steps above her.

Williams: Wait.. could it be?! It can't...

It is. James Wingate, owner of the UTA hits the stage. Instead of his suit, the boss hits the ramp wearing sweat pants, a black 'Hitman' shirt with the arms ripped off, and tape on his hands. He points down at Hall who motions for him to bring it own.

Williams: It's James Wingate!

Fury: Oh no Jennifer.. that's not James Wingate right there... that's Dick's uncle.. that's.. MATT FURY!

Williams: As most of you know, Mr. Wingate performed as Matt Fury Jr for many years before hanging up his boots. His father the legendary Matt 'The Hitman' Fury, UTA Hall of Fame member and the man who Ron Hall feuded with for many years.

Fury: Ron awoke the beast and now he's gonna pay like anyone who crosses a Fury! DICK LOVES IT!

Ron continues to scream for Wingate to bring it. Behind him, Amy Harrison begins to push up.

Williams: Ron Hall focused on the boss, unaware that Amy Harrison is coming to.

Fury: The Fury mind games begin!

Wingate makes it ring side and taunts Hall. Behind him, Amy wiggles her fingers before getting the courage to grab Hall and turn him around. She grabs his left arm, and places her foot up to his chin before throwing her other leg up and dropping to the canvas. Hall comes down and is shot up, his chin smashing on the bottom of her boot. As he hits the canvas, Amy quickly covers him.

Williams: BROKEN UGLY FACE BY AMY HARRISON!

Wingate pulls himself up to the apron, yelling for the referee to get down and make the count. As the referee slides into position he begins. The fans boo loudly as Wingate counts along with him. His hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell sounds.

LATE NIGHT D

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Fury: The final thing before we go tonight, the fans want to know... what was the deal with Dynasty?

James smirks.

Wingate: Alright. Well, about three months ago...

Wingate's eyes grow large and he quickly stands up. Dick pushes back from his desk, standing up as well.

Wingate: YOU!

Fury: This isn't your show. You want to be a guest, call Dick's assistant.

Ron Hall steps into the screen wearing jeans, a black Hall shirt, and his hat. His wrist are taped and he looks ready to fight.

Wingate: You just don't know when to stay away, do you? He takes off his jacket, tossing it behind the couch.

Hall: Why wait until Ring King? Lets do this now!

Ron grabs his hat, throwing it off screen toward the fans. He and James step closer as Dick runs around his desk, getting between them.

Fury: Not here, in the ring!

Ron takes a step back before coming forward, throwing a leg up and catching Dick under the chin with a superkick. As he does, James brings a boot up, catching him in the gut. He shoves his head between his legs and lifts him up, turning toward Dick's desk.

James sends Hall down into the desk hard, his body going limp as it hits before he rolls to the floor

Wingate: It's OK Hall! You want more before Ring King? Come get it! I can powerbomb you all day long!

James steps over Ron, grabbing the desk edges on the other side, before pulling it over, making the desk front fall on top of Hall. The fans boo as James throws his arms up and yells at Ron as the show fades to black.

CAREER VS CAREER.....

Come and get Her

We cut to the production truck. Various crew are working their hardest at getting the best action possible to the wrestling fans watching.

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The serenity is broken, suddenly, by the door opening.

Producer: Hey! Nobody in or out during a broadcast!

He stops talking when he sees who it is - the Second Coming, who walks into the truck like she belongs there. The producer, still annoyed, softens a bit due to the fact that the interruption is a member of the wrestling roster. They do not interrupt unless there is a reason.

Producer: What is it?

The Second Coming holds up a piece of paper.

2C: I got a note, telling me to come here and to tell you to broadcast this frequency. Don't look at me, I'm only here because I recognize the handwriting.

Deep breath.

The producer looks at the note, and hands it off to one of his techs. They work a little, and a large monitor lights up with a familiar face.

Crimson: Two-Cee.....Two-Cee.

2c looks at the screen, and we look with her. Crimson is in front of the camera with Zhalia Fears tied to a chair, badly beaten with a gag and tied to a chair.

Crimson: Long time no see, it has been a while since we have talked.....What's that oh Zhalia oh she is fine.

He gets close to the camera and whispers.

Crimson: We just had a therapy session, she is a bit tired from it. He pulls back from the close up and continues.

Crimson: So what is that now....

He extends his index finger and with his other finger presses down on it while looking down at it. Crimson: I have taken your most prized possession from you: the World Tag Team Championship...

Looks back at the camera.

Crimson: You're welcome, Team Danger.

He looks back down at his hand and extends another finger.

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Crimson: Now I rip your bleeding heart out! He looks back toward the camera.

Crimson: This is going to be interesting, because from what I have gathered from last week, all you care about is yourself. Let's put that to the test shall we? I am in the boiler room of the Staples Center. If you truly give a shit about your "blood" sister you'll come and rescue her. I think the big question is, do you truly you care about her? OR has it always been about YOU!

He cracks a sick smile before responding.

Crimson: Come and get her if you care?

Crimson laughs diabolically as the scene fades out, and the Second Coming stands next to the producer, her hands clenching into fists.

Producer: What are you gonna do?

2C: Go after her, it's all I can do.

She walks toward the door, and the producer tries to stop her.

Producer: Wait, by yourself?

The Second Coming looks back at the producer, as well as at the rest of the production team that is staring at her.

2C: I don't have a choice, do I? She's my only friend; nobody else in this godforsaken company is willing to do the right thing.

She walks out, to a chorus of silence.

Blackfront: The Second Coming has to know she is walking into a trap, will be right back!

The show comes back from commercial.

Blackfront: Were back fans, and 2c has just arrived at the boiler room here at the Staples Center. I hope she knows what she is doing!

Ace: I do not know why she is even bothering with Fears. She didn't care about her last week why care about her now?

Blackfront: Come on their friends close friends why wouldn't she help her?

We cut to the bowels of the arena, where the Second Coming can be seen on a security camera, kneeling

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behind Zhalia Fears, removing her restraints.

2C: One more second, Fears... MJ's here, I've got you.

Zhalia remains silent, her head slumped over, seemingly unconscious.

2C: You're all good, my friend... almost got the last one.

Out of nowhere, Crimson nails 2c in the back of the head, just as she has finished removing the restraints from Zhalia she hits the ground, and appears to be out cold. He looks at Zhalia slumped over in the chair. He removes the gag and grabs the back of her head and lets her fall on top of 2c.

Blackfront: Crimson has just blind sided 2c!

Ace: See she should've minded her own business!

Crimson: Pitiful, the illustrious 2 Bad Ass for a Name broken and beaten. Well, damn... I just took some of Team Dangers competition away now.

He gets in a catchers stance looking down at the two females of the UTA.

Crimson: When I demolish everyone in the Chamber Match at Ring King, I might just pay you two ::BEEP:: a visit at Ace in the Hole. Because that match obviously needs me to be in it! If Wingate refuses to give me my shot then I might just show up and ruin his match. See you two ::BEEP:: at Ring King.

Blackfront: This maniac might decide what show you and me are on after Ring King.

Ace: Hell, you could be out of a job.

Crimson stands up and laughs as he looks down at the two walking off continuing to laugh. Blackfront: Man fans hopefully Zhalia and 2c are alright. They are going to be in Ace in the Hole at Ring King, and their is alot riding on that match for the two of them.

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 Avenged Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos for one of the most hated men in Dynasty, and a 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 big screen 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

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his arms outwards on the stage. Tonight he wears a new robe-- though it remains his trademark purple and white, the word "Subjugation" has been replaced on the back. Tonight, it reads "RING KING".

Blackfront: This is it, ladies and gentlemen. Thirty two competitors entered the Ring King tournament, and now it's down to just two. Claude Baptiste Ranier... and Alexandra Beckman. Ace: Listen to these "ungratefults", Jason! How DARE they boo CBR here tonight! He's fought long and hard to make it to tonight's finals, and now he's about to give those fans the greatest gift of all-- a second consecutive ALL DYNASTY PAY-PER-VIEW MAIN EVENT!

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 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.

Announcer: He is the Canadian Star... Claude Baptiste Ranier.... C...B... R!!

Holding his arms aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a second before coming down and sharing a few words with the referee, stretching his right arm.

Blackfront: CBR is ready, folks. He looks confident in that ring, and perhaps he should be-- he made it to the Ring King finals, and now he's only one step away from a shot at the UTA World Championship on August twenty third.

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

Ace: The Canadian Star is destined to outshine Mike Best's military brat, Jason. Her undefeated streak comes to an end TONIGHT.

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Blackfront: A victory tonight means that Alex Beckman's victories move into the double digits, Tommy. CBR isn't just fighting for a shot at La Flama Blanca-- he's fighting to keep Alex from being able to shatter the record he set at the beginning of his UTA career.

"Go To Sleep" by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, but the usual booing frenzy for the arrival of The Machine is nowhere to be heard. Instead, the crowd is on their feet as Alexandra Beckman steps through the crowd, the UTA Prodigy Championship slung snugly over her shoulder. Though her head is down, the slightest hint of a surprised smile briefly peeks through the looks of utter intensity on her face.

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, Michael Best steps out from behind the curtain-- the fans aren't nearly as happy to see him, though. Michael applauds for his client, looking down toward CBR and pointing, in full hype mode as he talks trash toward the ring.

Blackfront: Nobody, Tommy-- NOBODY-- thought that Alex Beckman would be making her way down the aisle for tonight's Ring King final. This match is everything to the BTKO Killer, and even the UTA fans here in Los Angeles know it.

Ace: They're cheering her for the same reason the Make-A-Wish Foundation exists, Jason-- you're always nice to someone you know is just about to die.

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. Fans at ringside stick out their hands, and for the first time, Alex doesn't ignore them. She slaps a few of them, though she never takes her eyes off of CBR as she's 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, you are about to witness professional... wrestling... history. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

Much to Michael's surprise, once again the crowd doesn't shower them in boos. Against a founding member of Dynasty, it would appear that this California crowd is absolutely loving Alex Beckman. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction.

Best: ...she is undefeated, with a record of nine wins and zero losses, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at lean, 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... representing The Machine and the People's Association For Never Seeing An All Dynasty Main Event Ever, Ever Again... the UTA Prodigy Champion.... ALEX....

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BECKKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

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: I have actual goosebumps, Tommy. Tonight is the first time that The Machine has met Dynasty inside of a UTA ring, and it's happened not once but TWICE. John Sektor retained the UTA Legacy Championship against Mikey Unlikely, and now we may be about to see a match that defines the entire future of this company.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. She

follows up by handing him the UTA Prodigy Championship-- Michael takes both of them and in turn hands them 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 cornerman as she impatiently awaits the opening bell.

Ace: She's not making it to ten and oh, Blackfront. And your little Beckman vs LFB dream match at Ring King isn't happening, either. The only letters scarier than BTKO are CBR, and that's a fact, Jack.

Blackfront: Well the time for speculation is over, Tommy. We're about to find out what happens when the unstoppable force meets the immovable veteran, and it begins... now.

Claude Baptiste Ranier stares across the ring at Alexandra Beckman, a condescending smirk on his face as he tells her to go ahead and bring it on. There is no return of emotion from the BTKO Killer, who just nods her head and stares straight back into his eyes.

The referee checks to assure that both competitors are ready, before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING

The Ring King final is officially underway, as Alex and CBR both make their way to the center of the ring. Beckman reaches out a knuckle to the Canadian Star, but Ranier laughs it off and turns around, mockingly appealing to the fans as he ignores her. The boos are intense.

Blackfront: Blatant disrespect from Claude Baptiste Ranier, right off the opening bell. They both worked hard to make it here-- it looks like Beckman was trying to acknowledge that.

Ace: Yeah? And the first guy who ever offered Beckman a fist bump got kicked in the face. If I were CBR, I

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wouldn't have even dared turn my back on that psychotic little bi--

Tommy Ace is the herald of bad news, as before he can finish his sexist insult, CBR turns back around... and into a shining triangle from Alexandra Beckman! She climbs up his chest, pulling down on his head as she drops him in the center of the ring with her finishing submission!

Blackfront: BTKO! HOLY CRAP! SHE'S ALREADY GOT IT!

Ace: JESUS MAN TAKE THE FISTBUMP ARE YOU CRAZY?!

Claude Baptiste Ranier flails in the center of the ring, trying to escape the flash submission as Alex pulls back on it as hard as she can. Unfortunately, her injured shoulder is having trouble with the pressure, and she's the one screaming inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Alex tore her right rotator cuff last week against Will Haynes, aggravating an old injury. It looks like she's having some trouble clamping that hold down!

Unable to fully lock it in, and with an opponent who is still fresh, Alex is powerless to stop him as CBR literally power lifts her up into the air, holding her high over the ring in front of the horrified fans.

Michael Best grabs at his hair, messing it about as he tugs at it in sheer panic, watching with wide eyes as Claude Baptiste Ranier throws Beckman back and neck first onto the canvas, powerbombing her with full force in the center of the ring!

A massive "OOOOOOH!" emanates from the crowd, followed by a nervous silence.

Ace: Alex Beckman is dead.

Even Jason Blackfront is silent, as CBR defiantly stands to his feet, lazily putting his foot down on the chest of the soon to be formerly undefeated Alex Beckman. The crowd is stunned as the referee drops to make the count.

ONE! TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: No way! She's alive! And she's broken up the count!

Ace: Really, Claude?! You had to pin her with one foot? You stupid ass! Dynasty versus Dynasty is the dream, man! LIVE THE DREAM!

CBR stumbles back, his balance shaken from the kickout, but it only seems to make him angry. He takes two steps backward, rushing forward and kicking Alex in the head about as hard as he can, as the crowd erupts

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into a booing frenzy!

Blackfront: OH COME ON!

Ace: I didn't see nuffin'.

Beckman violently rolls sideways, holding her head as her body goes slightly limp. She keeps rolling toward the corner, as the referee gets between CBR and his prey, warning him against a disqualification if he pulls something like that again.

Alex grabs the ropes with her left hand, trying to pull herself up without further aggravating her injury. Michael rushes to her side, clutching the apron as he offers her some advice and makes sure that she's okay to continue.

Blackfront: ...and CBR is smiling. This is disgusting. He's got ten inches and a full hundred hundred pounds on Alex Beckman, how is he proud of what he's just done?

Ace: He believes in equal rights! It sounds like you're the one with the problem, Jason.

Ranier makes his way to the corner, grabbing hold of the ropes on either side and plunging his boot into the back of Alex's shoulder before she can finish getting to her feet. It knocks her back to the canvas, and it uses the ropes for leverage, pushing down onto her torn rotator cuff and digging his boot in... hard.

Blackfront: Now that CBR knows that shoulder is injured, he's going to be targeting it all day. Is this how he wants to become Ring King? Is this the legacy he wants to stand for?

Ace: Dynasty aren't role models, Jason-- they're winners.

The booing is relentless at this point, but CBR doesn't even hear it, as the referee steps in and starts a quick five count.

1!

2!

3!

4!

CBR lets go before he can be disqualified, holding up his hands in innocence as he steps away, backing off from his attack. The referee leans down to check on Alex, who waves him off and says that she's fine to continue.

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Blackfront: The heart of Alex Beckman is commendable, but she's risking her career if she doesn't figure out how to stop these targeted attacks, Tommy. Sometimes, you have to know when to walk away.

Ace: If you start singing a Kenny Rogers song right now, I will straight up fight you.

Blackfront: Could you at least pretend to show a little human emotion, Tommy? We're watching the systematic destruction of a human being right now.

With Ranier held at bay, at least for the moment, Alex grits her teeth and forces herself up to her feet. She turns toward her opponent, her eyes narrowing, and the fans begin to buzz as they realize that she's now just beginning to get angry.

Her arm hanging limply at her side, Beckman snarls-- she yells across the ring at CBR, challenging him to "do a little better than that", before stepping to the center of the ring, ready to continue the fight.

CBR shoots in for an elbow-collar tie up in the middle of the ring, using his strength advantage to easily get the leverage that he needs. He hooks her into a standing side headlock, continuing to try and drain the energy from her early in this match, still mockingly appealing to the crowd as they shower him in boos.

Ace: CBR is completely in control. He told Alex this would happen... she just didn't believe him.

Blackfront: Don't count your chickens, Tommy-- Alex just slipped out!

Beckman pushes Ranier forward, sending him chest first into the ropes. He rebounds backward, and she uses his own momentum against him, lifting him overhead and bringing him down HARD with a thundering German suplex in the middle of the ring!

In an instant, the fans are on their feet as she jumps back to her feet, adrenaline pumping as she throws her uninjured arm into the air!

Blackfront: The ring is ROCKED by that suplex! Alex Beckman hasn't quit yet!

Ace: Oh, so a boot to the face is unfair, but this is totally fine? She's gotta be on PEDs, Jason-- how else do you explain what she just did? Disqualify that tramp, she's juicing!

Beckman roars again, ordering CBR to get up. He's up to his knees as she backs into the ropes herself, sprinting forward and connecting with a big knee trembler to the side of Ranier's head! He collapses back down to the ground, and Alex drops for the pin!

ONE! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Kickout by CBR, who is still way too fresh to stay down.

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Ace: Come on, Beckman... did you really think that was happening?

Claude Baptiste Ranier is down, but clearly not out, as he rolls over and begins to climb back to his feet. As soon as he's halfway up, Beckman throws a violent kick directly into his midsection. And then another.

And another.

After the third, he's staggered backward, the crowd cheering louder with each impact!

Blackfront: Alex Beckman is making a comeback in a big way!

Ace: Don't call it a comeback, CBR's been here for years...

CBR digs deep and powers back up to his feet, sticking out his chest and slapping it with an open hand, telling Beckman that she isn't beating him that way. He eggs her on to continue, and Beckman swings around with a vicious roundhouse kick, wailing him in the side of the head and taking him down to the mat! The crowd explodes into cheers, as he lands in a heap on the canvas!

Crowd: BECKMAN! BECKMAN! BECKMAN!

The BTKO Killer scrambles to his side, trying to lift her larger opponent up to his feet. She manages to get him to a knee, but CBR sandbags and holds steady, refusing to let her take him any further. She pulls again, straining against her shoulder, but Claude Baptiste Ranier explodes forward with a diving lariat, taking both of them down to the ground!

He rolls back up to his knees, using the ropes to climb to his feet as Beckman writhes on the mat. Blackfront: Some stunning offense from Beckman, but it looks like CBR has just stopped it dead. Ace: This is real life, Jason. These fickle fans can cheer and cheer all they like, but in the real world, CBR walks away from this match with the win eleven times out of ten. He's just too damned good.

With a grunt, CBR stomps down on the injured arm of Alexandra Beckman, once and then quickly again. Before the referee can even try to interject, he abandons the cause and picks her effortlessly up to her feet. He holds Beckman by the back of the hair, using his strong hand to rear back and slap her directly across the face.

The booing in the crowd could damn near level the building.

Ace: What athleticism!

Blackfront:

Beckman recoils, stumbling backward, but she's still firmly within CBR's grasp. He launches her into the ropes, ready to catch her on the rebound, but Beckman leaps into the air and catches CBR around the

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shoulder, bringing him down to the mat with a textbook flying omoplata!

The crowd roars as she wraps her legs into the submission, trying to tap out the Canadian Star without needing to use her injured shoulder!

Blackfront: Now THAT is athleticism! CBR has nowhere to go!

Ace: What... what the hell was that? SHENANIGANS! YOU'RE A WRESTLER NOW, DO WRESTLING!

Beckman clinches up the hold, lifting her back up off the mat and really putting some torque into

it. CBR's free limbs are flailing, his face buried into the mat as he howls out in pain-- he tries desperately to free himself, but he's not nearly close enough to the ropes to force a break! The fans are getting louder and louder, as his expression looks closer and closer to giving in and tapping out!

Blackfront: This is it, folks! This is it! We're about to have our first Ring Queen!

Ace: Damnit, Claude! You're gonna get beat by a girl! Do something!

Claude Baptiste Ranier stops flailing suddenly, summoning up all the strength he has left-- though he may have a size advantage, his smaller opponent is tiring him out faster than he had expected. Even still, he uses the adrenaline and forces himself to his knees, and then staggers to his feet... he is literally holding Beckman up at his side, as he takes three steps forward, slamming her down onto her back full force with a sidewalk slam!

But as they land on the mat, CBR realizes that his problems are far from over...

Blackfront: SHE'S STILL GOT IT LOCKED IN!

Ace: What in the hell are they feeding this girl? Souls?! Babies?!

Tightening her grip, Beckman absorbs the impact and keeps the omoplata locked in! Ranier is beside himself now, reaching his arms out and holding them above the mat, threatening to give in and submit right here and now. The crowd gets louder, screaming for Alex Beckman to finish him off, and finally Claude has no choice but to stretch his arm high into the air...

Ace:HE'S GOT THE ROPES! THANK JESUS HIMSELF, HE GOT THE ROPES!

After the sidewalk slam, CBR is just close enough to barely touch the bottom rope, forcing the referee to call for the ropebreak. Beckman doesn't want to let go, but knows that she doesn't have a choice as he begins to count.

2!

3!

Alex releases the hold, staring up at the ceiling as CBR rolls away, holding his own arm in pain and escaping the ring by rolling under the ropes.

Blackfront: So close, folks. Alex Beckman was seconds away from capturing that match! Ace: Please, Jason. I wasn't worried for a second. The Canadian Star has this match under control, just like he has from the beginning.

As the referee slowly begins the countout, CBR paces back and forth outside of the ring. He's trying to catch his breath, and his sanity, from the arduous match so far.

1.....

2.....

3.....

Alex Beckman gets back to her feet, leaning over the ropes and daring her opponent to get back into the ring and face her. The crowd is on her side, goading Claude Baptiste Ranier to stop being a coward and fight.

Blackfront: These fans certainly want to see a fight, but CBR knows what he's doing. The momentum was a little too in favor of his opponent, and now he's setting the pace. CBR wants to make the rules here tonight.

Ace: I told you, Jason. He's always been in control.

CBR sneers, lifting a finger to show the crowd exactly how much he cares for their lack of gratitude.

4.....

5.....

CBR reaches under the apron, flipping the dressing up and reaching for his secret key to winning the Ring King match-- his trusty steel pipe. He holds it up into the air, bathing in the boos that it causes, as the referee immediately stops counting and begins warning Claude to drop it where he stands.

In response, Renier rolls back into the ring, the steel pipe still gripped tightly in his right hand. The referee stands between him and Alex Beckman, promising to disqualify him if he uses it here tonight. Defiantly, though, Renier shoves the referee aside and raises the pipe high, knowing that even if he can't win this match, he can at least make sure that Alex Beckman never gets the chance to face La Flama Blanca at Ring King...

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Blackfront: He's swinging the pipe! Look out!

Ace: GET HER, YOU BEAUTIFUL SON OF A BITCH!

CBR swings the pipe, no longer caring about his own well being, but Alex ducks! She wraps Ranier under the arms, hooking him and taking him over with a belly-to-belly suplex, bringing the former UTA Legacy Champion to the canvas! He rolls up to his feet, scrambling for the pipe, but Alex grabs him again, and this time takes him over with a Northern Lights suplex, holding it for a pinfall attempt!

ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!

CBR powers out again, this time even more aggressively. The more tired out he becomes, the angrier he's getting, and he rolls up to his feet once more, backing into the ropes. CBR charges forward, but he runs right into a Judo takeover slam that leaves him prone in the middle of the ring!

This time, he stays down.

Blackfront: This is it! Beckman is calling for the end!

Ace: Not so fast, Alex...

The roaring of the crowd is stifled in an instant, as the attention of the fans-- and Alex Beckman-- is suddenly turned to the top of the ramp. From behind the curtain, the UTA World Champion himself steps out onto the ramp, holding his championship.

Blackfront: NO! Damn it, Dynasty! Not again!

Ace: This was the plan all along, Jason. Dynasty first. But La Flama Blanca isn't alone.

Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and even Sean Jackson step out behind him, united to keep Alex Beckman from advancing to Ring King here tonight. She walks to the ropes, staring down the ramp as the four members of Dynasty slowly begin to descend toward the ring-- and they don't look like they're here to socialize and observe.

Behind Alex Beckman, CBR is beginning to stir. He crawls for the ropes, desperately reaching to snatch and get a hold of his steel pipe. The referee doesn't seem to notice, as he too is busy watching Dynasty and trying to prevent them from becoming involved in this match.

Blackfront: Get them out of here! Call security! Call James Wingate!

Ace: What is Wingate gonna do, Jason? Make it a first blood match? They own him.

Alex backs up toward the middle of the ring, ready to take on all comers as the booing escalates. But as

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quickly as it is ascending, suddenly the booing is gone... and replaced with the loudest cheering so far tonight.

Blackfront: Wait a second... from over the guard rail... LOOK!

Ace: WHAT?! Get them out of here! Ring the damned bell!

One by one, from both sides of the guardrail, Cecilworth Farthington and John Sektor leap to ringside and join Michael Best at the bottom of the ramp. Farthington is holding a steel chair, while John Sektor wields his UTA Legacy Championship as a weapon. They force Dynasty to hold their positions in the middle of the ramp, deciding just how physical they want to get here tonight.

Blackfront: The Machine is here, folks! This match is still on!

Ace: This isn't fair! This wasn't the plan!

Safe from Dynasty for the moment, Alex Beckman turns her attention back to Claude Baptiste Ranier inside of the ring. She turns around before the referee does though, as Ranier comes off the ropes and swings the pipe as hard as he can!

Blackfront: NO NO NO! Turn around, ref!

The whole crowd freezes in time, watching Alex's career flash before their eyes CBR let's out a mighty roar... but Alex ducks a baseball swing with the steel pipe! As CBR is spun around where he stands, she leaps into the air and pulls him down from behind, bringing him down with a crucifix driver in the center of the ring! The arena is on absolute fire, as Dynasty stares on in horror outside of the ring!

Ace: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

Blackfront: The Jesus Complex! Right out of the Mike Best playbook! But she's not done!

As CBR's head is driven into the mat, Alex makes the maneuver her own-- she holds the arm of CBR, wrapping it into an unorthodox looking armbar in the middle of the ring, giving CBR

nowhere to go!

Claude Baptiste Ranier is tapping out! He doesn't have a choice! The crowd is on their feet!

DING DING DING

The final bell rings, as Alex lets go of the hold and collapses like a corpse in the center of the ring. The Machine is still keeping Dynasty at bay outside the ring, where they are collectively having an absolute fit at Alex Beckman's flash victory and the backfiring of their plans!

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Blackfront: She's done it! Alex Beckman has done it! The Ring King tournament is over, and Alex Beckman is ten and oh! SHE'S FACING LA FLAMA BLANCA AT RING KING!

Ace: I think I'm gonna be sick...

One by one, beginning with Mike Best, the collective members of The Machine get into the ring to help Alex to her feet. Their eyes never leaving Dynasty, the four members of The Machine celebrate inside of the ring, holding up Alex's uninjured arm and looking absolutely thrilled that Alexandra has done it here tonight.

Outside the ring, the UTA World Champion isn't stomping his feet, or throwing a fit. His eyes glazed over, he's got the thousand yard stare of a man who is staring at the inevitable-- he will face Alex Beckman at Ring King, and there is nothing he can do to stop it.

Alex stares back.

Machine and Dynasty, in a stand-off that will end with only one true UTA World Champion. UTA Monday Night Wrestleshow comes to an end.

However, the fun just begins as The Best Around begins to play over the sound system. From the abck we see Bobby Dean coming down in his scooter. The fans are going crazy.

He passes by Dynasty who are heading back up the ramp and hits ring side. Bobby turns right and drives around the ring as his music continues to play, The Machine watching him.

As he comes to a halt, Bobby moves off of his scooter. The fans cheer loudly. He walks up the steps and across the apron, entering the ring as his music fades.

Bobby is handed a microphone by the referee. He raises it up.

Dean: Congratulations Becky!

Alex Beckman doesn't look amused.

Dean: I'm sorry to have to tell you this, but you're not the Ring King. Mike Best steps forward. Bobby Dean places a finger up.

Dean: Hold on. Let me explain.

Still holding the finger up, he continues.

Dean: My first match never took place. There for... I'M STILL IN THIS!

The fans roar. Beckman just puffs up her lips and nods her head before reaching out and barely grabbing his

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finger. Bobby drops to his knees, screaming and pleading for her to let go.

All of The Machine look at him like he's an idiot.

Dean: OK! OK! I FORFEIT! YOU WIN! YOU'RE RING KING!

Alex lets go of his finger, mind you that she didn't have a very tight grip on. Bobby shoves it in his mouth sucking on it as Go to Sleep Bitch comes back up over the sound system and the fans clap and cheer as they begin to leave.