

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 47

November 2, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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 "Pre-Recorded" 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, here on Pure Sports Entertainment. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

Ace: We're live here from Dublin!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: That's right folks, the International Affair tour continues as we march toward the Tokyo Dome show on November 15th.

Ace: We're going to bring the UTA to all parts of the world. It's going to be great!

Blackfront: And it continues.... NOW!

As the opening chant of Supplication by Sami Yusuf begins over the sound system, Abdul Ahad steps out onto the ramp in somber silence. He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him. Staring straight up at the ceiling, he speaks softly to himself in Arabic.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad looking to get a win over Sabrina Baker tonight in intergender action as we kick the show off.

Announcer: Hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, continuing to stare up towards the ceiling, still mumbling Arabic to himself.

Announcer: He stands at six foot three, and weighs in at two hundred and forty five pounds... ABDUL... AHAAAADDDDD!!!!

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

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Blackfront: Abdul Ahad is looking well here tonight after some medical issues resulting from his time in Cairo.

Battle Ready by OTEP kicks in as the fans are standing up for who is about to come out of the back as pink and purple lights are going around in the circles in the arena. Out comes Sabrina Baker as the fans are cheering for her as she takes a moment to look around before walking down to the ring.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker still has yet to win since coming into the United Toughness Alliance. It would be big if she was able to put Abdul Ahad away here tonight.

Ace: Big? Yes. Going to happen? Not in a million years.

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's pointing at them and reaches out to slap on of them on the hands.

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

Sabrina gets on the apron and looks at the fans. She points at them before jumping on the bottom rope and flipping backwards into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 135 pounds...

Sabrina stands in the middle of the ring and raises her arm in the air as she points at everyone that is cheering for her.

Announcer: SABRINA... BAAAKKKEERR!!!!

She walks around the ring and talks to the referee before their match as she has a smile on her face before warming up.

Blackfront: Baker ready to try and get that first elusive victory. Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching. Ace: She's going to be looking for that for a long time.

In the ring, both competitors prepare as the bell sounds.

Blackfront: The bell rings to start this match. At almost a foot taller and over a hundred pounds more, you have to think that Abdul Ahad has the advantage here. But, we have to think about how the size difference didn't matter in the last match.

Ace: That and these two have very different styles. Abdul Ahad has more of a Japanese arsenal while Sabrina Baker is know as a high flyer.

Blackfront: Correct. This should be a high paced and interesting match up here. Both superstars circle in a defensive stance.

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Blackfront: Sabrina Baker making the first move with a quick and swift kick to the side of Abdul Ahad's leg.

She goes back into a defensive stance as Ahad comes with his own swift kick, almost buckling her legs.

Blackfront: Ahad returning the favor. She kicks him again.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker with another kick to the legs of Abdul Ahad, who returns the favor once again. This time Sabrina's knees buckle.

Ace: It's that extra size that helps him get a little more umph into those kicks Jason.

Blackfront: It doesn't hurt. Abdul Ahad now lifting Baker by the hair.

As she gets to her feet, Abdul grabs her left arm and goes to whip her into the ropes. Blackfront: Sabrina Baker with the reversal. Abdul Ahad sent into the ropes. Baker runs after him. Ahad off the ropes... Baker leaps... Cross body block taking Abdul Ahad off of his feet!

Ace: Good air there by the light on her feet Sabrina Baker. Blackfront: Baker back to her feet. Abdul Ahad is getting to his. Ace: He needs to turn around.

Blackfront: Sabrina charges... Ahad jumps and twist... he catches her with a Pele Kick to the face!

Baker's legs fly out in front of her as her back hits the mat.

Blackfront: My mother always told me not to hit women, but if I was going to, I think I'd use a picture perfect kick such as that one.

Ace: It works wonders when they are chasing you demanding their money...

Blackfront: I worry about you sometimes Tommy.

Abdul Ahad once again lifts Sabrina Baker up, this time by her left arm. As she rises, Sabrina grabs the arm lifting her and uses it to push herself up, and swing her feet around the body of Abdul Ahad, locking her thighs around his waist from behind. Her back drops to the mat, and she pulls back with her legs, bridging Abdul Ahad back and down to the mat, his shoulders touching. Blackfront: Amazing counter into a pin by Sabrina Baker!

Ace: How did she do that?!

The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: Kickout at two. Sabrina Baker almost scoring and upset victory.

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Ace: I wouldn't want to be Abdul Ahad in the locker room if she would have got the three. Both people get to their feet. Abdul Ahad adjust his shorts as he circles her.

Blackfront: Different approach now as they lock up. Abdul Ahad forcing Sabrina Baker backwards into the ropes.

Sabrina puts her hand sup and the referee tells Abdul to back off. As he does Sabrina runs and leaps up, throwing her arm around his neck and twisting down.

Blackfront: Corckscrew DDT! I don't know how Baker is doing it, but she is going toe to toe with the larger, more aggressive Abdul Ahad.

Ace: I don't know about more aggressive. Sabrina Baker is showing a side of her I never knew was possible.

Abdul holds his head as Sabrina gets to her feet. She looks to the corner turnbuckle for a moment before running toward it.

Blackfront: Baker climbing the turnbuckle, looking to go for a high risk maneuver here.

Ace: I'm unsure how wise this is. Abdul is down, but I have to believe he certainly is not out.

She stands on top of the corner. The cameras flash as she maintains her balance. Sabrina leaps, pulling her arms and legs in together before throwing them out.

Blackfront: FIVE STAR FRO SPL-

Ahad gets his knees up and catches her hard in the midsection.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with his knees up!

Ace: I knew she shouldn't have went for it! I told you!

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker may have just sealed her fate.

Sabrina holds her stomach as she rolls around on the canvas. Abdul rolls over, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He throws his arms to the side and looks up, yelling the praise of Allah before heading over and pulling Sabrina up.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad may be looking to put Baker away after that botched attempt at a five star frog splash.

Ahad leans down, and pulls Sabrina up on his shoulders, hooking his arm underneath her leg. He moves up

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and down, adding to the pain of her back before lifting her body up, over his head. As he begins to bring her down, Sabrina grabs his head and throws her legs out forward, swinging her bodyweight down and bringing Abdul down head first.

Blackfront: BIG SWINGING DDT!

As Ahad's body lays on the canvas, Sabrina sits up and holds the back of her neck. She looks at Abdul and around to the crowd before moving forward and covering him.

Blackfront: She's going for the pin! This could be it!

The referee slides into position. He begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: SHE'S DONE IT! SABRINA BAKER HAS DONE IT!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... SABRINA... BAAAKKKEEERRR!!!!

Sabrina is helped up by the referee. He holds one of her arms up as she holds the other across her stomach in pain.

Blackfront: Sabrina Baker has finally scored her first win here in the UTA.

Bruvs

We cut to backstage where a couple of ring crew are carrying a table down the hall. A small table is set up to the side with a selection of empty plastic cups and beside them stands the figure of Claude Baptiste Ranier. Standing with his arms folded, leaning idly against the wall, CBR wears dark blue jeans, black and yellow trainers and a pair of Maui Jim sunglasses over his nose. Most striking though, is the black Jason Cashe t-shirt Claude wears, with "The only one who can Cashe it in" scribbled across the abdomen in white text and a picture of Cashe's face on the chest.

Ranier picks at a few loose pieces of meat from the tray resting at the table as JFK appears into view sporting a #FreeMikeyUnlikely t-shirt, a subtle grin etched on his face.

Kendrix: Bruv!

A smirk rises on Claude's face as he lowers his sunglasses an inch and nods his head at Jesse, who stands beside the Canadian Star with a bottle of water in hand.

CBR: Jesse...

Kendrix shoots a smile to Ranier as he lifts the water and takes a shallow gulp, screwing the top

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back on. CBR lifts his sunglasses back into place.

Kendrix: What a couple of weeks mate, can't believe they put us against the Dibbins! Drunk rednecks without access to a shower, kinda reminds me of the Irish; like here in Dublin...alcoholics everywhere bruv, so funny!

Claude nods, the edges of his lips curling upwards.

CBR: Probably why they bombed out of the World Cup last night...not against New Zealand, not against Australia; hell, not even against Wales...but Argentina? Do they even play Rugby?

Kendrix laughs audibly, making a wanker sign with his left hand. Boos are heard rising from the arena in the background.

Kendrix: And the mugs couldn't even qualify for the European Championships in their favourite sport. George Best would roll over in his grave! Oh wait...wrong Ireland; I guess all the talent is north of the border with the Protestants Innit?

The boos increase in volume, with various chants starting against the two. Kendrix and CBR both stop for a moment, slightly raising their heads to the ceiling to listen. As they look back at each other CBR dismissively rolls his eyes as Kendrix proudly nods and chuckles. CBR points at Kendrix through his folded arm.

CBR: Nice shirt...

Kendrix looks back at Claude, seeing his t-shirt and widening his grin.

Kendrix: Cheers maaattteee, JFK's just doing his bit for humanity innit. He sees you are too! So this match tonight bruv...

Ranier slowly shakes his head, his shoulders slumping backwards in disappointment and regret. CBR: Yeah, don't let it get to you Jesse...the top brass here have had it in for Dynasty since long before you were here. This is just another example of them playing games with two of the top draws this company has.

JFK shrugs his shoulders, pointing over at a screen monitor.

Kendrix: Way JFK sees it mate, those two muppets are what the yanks are all about. It will be good to make our own examples...of the representatives of the UTA universe.

Kendrix looks back at Claude with a wry smug grin, as Claude nods in appreciation at the comment.

Kendrix: Sacrilege what happened last week though innit mate? Claude tilts his head.

CBR: Sacrilege?

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Kendrix realises what he said and how it came across and shakes his head.

Kendrix: Naaaaah bruv, not that you won yeah, that bellend Hopper! He well pissed JFK off, innit?!

CBR nods.

CBR: Yes. You know Jesse, you gave me one hell of a fight last week and if it weren't for Chris...well, who knows. But that's history now and you're looking at the next UTA Legacy Champion!

Ranier raises his arms apart from his chest, a wide smile on his face. He holds the pose for a moment before dropping his arms back into place.

Kendrix: Yeah yeah mate but what about...

Kendrix is cut off as Claude places his palm on JFK's chest, placing his free hand in the air, the index finger a small distance from his thumb.

CBR: I mean, you were THAT close Jesse...inches; and Hopper ripped it all away from you. Man, I would be pretty angry.

Kendrix shakes his head, his lips parted as his fingers fidget with the bottle top.

Kendrix: JFK knows bruv but did you see...

Cutting him off again, Claude steps an inch closer to JFK, the distance between them quickly disappearing.

CBR: MORE than pretty actually. I'd be vexed. So vexed that I think I would have to do something. Are you going to do something Jesse?

Kendrix places the bottle on the table and stands up straight.

Kendrix: Listen yeah, JFK has been teaching that old geezer a lesson ever since we left Cairo. JFK took him out in Dubai, Athens, hell, even on the plane to Heathrow bruv! But JFK is still pissed at that ROBBERY...that took place two weeks ago!

CBR: I would take that anger out on Chris Hopper. I would slap the taste out of his mouth... Kendrix is looking a little more riled up as he lifts on his tip toes to try and interrupt Ranier. CBR: In fact, I would hurt him Jesse...I mean...really hurt him, you know?

Kendrix looks down at the ground, curling his fist into a ball then looking back up at CBR.

Kendrix: You know mate. You know...JFK...

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Kendrix lets out a throaty yell of rage, unable to get his sentence out, his eyes blinking rapidly in the moment.

Kendrix: He's gonna...He's...

Claude places his hand on Kendrix's shoulder, rubbing it gently.

CBR: Now, now Jesse. Remember the Dibbins tonight...make sure you're focused on the match. Kendrix shakes his head, taking a moment to compose himself and breathing hard through closed lips.

CBR: But still...it could have been you with the Legacy Title if it weren't for Chris Hopper... He pats Kendrix on the back, shooting a smile at JFK before slowly walking out of the picture.

Brought to You By

The Arrival of Mr. Ace In The Hole

Stepping into Aviva stadium from the underground parking garage, the Mental Rapist is dressed for business. Wearing dark slacks and a dress shirt, he is carrying the Ace in the hole briefcase as Marshall Owens is walking alongside. They barely get into the facility when Jamie Sawyers intercepts them.

Sawyers: Sean...Sean, just a quick question if I may?

Already anticipating the question, the Mental Rapist jumps in before it can be finished.

Jackson: Let me guess, you want to talk about Jason Cashe? The backstage interviewer begins to nod.

Jackson: That figures, everybody wants to discuss that piece of crap. Well as far as I'm concerned, he had better stay out of my business because he's lucky I didn't beat his ass two weeks ago.

You can tell that Jamie begs to differ. He saw what happened at Wrestleshow 46 as poetic justice, the black hoodie wearing Jason Cashe thwarting the former Dynasty member's attempt at regaining the world championship.

Sawyers: Well that is your personal opinion Sean, but he did leave you laid out on the... Again, Mr. Ace In The Hole cuts off the backstage interviewer.

Jackson: The only thing Cashe did was show himself to be a coward. He snuck me from behind, pure and simple. Had it not been for him, I would be world championship right now.

The former Dynasty member tries to keep his composure. He takes a deep breath as his eyes close momentarily, before opening them in order to continue.

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Jackson: I would be standing here, sporting my championship belt with champagne and caviar. There would be representatives from every wrestling magazine in the world trying to push you out of the way for an interview....

He shakes his head.

Jackson: But no, because of that Ungrateful, we are stuck with you asking stupid questions and Blanca still as champion.

Mr. Ace In The Hole shoves a finger in Sawyers' face.

Jackson: Well I can tell you this much, if the opportunity presents itself, I will cash in...and if that goofball shows his face tonight, I will make him pay. You can count on that.

The backstage interviewer had drawn his head back ever so slightly. It wasn't an estupendo kick, but having a finger shoved in his face by the Mental Rapist was close enough. Sawyers then switches gears to Sean's match against John Sektor.

Sawyers: Don't you think it is a bit disrespectful to think about cashing in, when you have a big time match tonight against the Gold Standard?

That draws an immediate double take.

Jackson: What planet are you living on Sawyers? Sektor doesn't want anything to do with me and you know it. He had a (finger quotes) golden opportunity to face me at Ring King and instead, bailed to the Chamber. So don't even start with that disrespectful crap just because I'm contemplating another cash in attempt.

Sawyers hesitates, regaining his own composure. He has a job to do, but also wants to do it safely.

Sawyers: Well it just seems you aren't taking Sektor seriously. It seems...

Another double take. From the way Sawyers is speaking, it is easy for the former world champion to feel that the Interviewer is judging him.

Jackson: Who are you to say if I'm taking Sektor seriously or not? I am a multi-time champion and you are just a mannequin holding the microphone. How about you do your job, and I'll do mine. Okay?

The backstage Interviewer nods.

Sawyers: Fair enough. So in doing my job, let's talk about your match tonight. This will be your first ever one on one meeting with John Sektor, the man who has held...

As Jamie is speaking, Mr. Ace In The Hole automatically begins thinking of a response, even raising his free

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hand to his chin. However, he doesn't wait for Sawyers to finish.

Jackson: Listen Jamie, seven months ago we saw the rise of the Machine with the entrance of Mr. Sektor...and tonight, we will get to see it's collapse. Yeah Sektor was a big deal in HOW, winning all kinds of championships against sub-par competition. But tonight he gets exposed and after the destruction of the Machine is complete...

The former Dynasty member then turns his attention towards the camera.

Jackson: I then turn my attention to you Blanca. All I need is one opportunity, one little Eduardo slip up and I'll be right there...

He raises the briefcase and slaps it with his hand.

Jackson: Ready to cash in.

Mr. Ace In The Hole starts to walk away but stops.

Jackson: And if Cashe does show up tonight, he had better grow eyes in the back of his head because two can play that game.

With that Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens step away from the camera, leaving Sawyers on his own.

Smooove's I'm I Man begins to play over the sound system as the crowd begins to cheer. Their cheers get much louder when 'The Chocolate Statue of Masculinity' that is 'Doctor

Lovegood' waltzes out onto the stage, striking an intimidating pose.

Blackfront: Another exciting matchup coming your way folks!

Ace: Doctor Lovegood! Distributor of the Cracka Smacka!

Announcer: Hailing from Birmingham, Alabama....

Rolling his neck slowly, a slight smirk spreads across his face. Jones starts the strut down the ramp. The fans reach out to try and get some of the Doc, and he playfully teases slapping hands, only to pull away at the last second each time.

Blackfront: Tonight for what may be the first time, Lucious Jones faces a man larger than he.

Ace: Two skyscrapers in one match! Can the ring hold both men?

Blackfront: It's going to have to Tommy!

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Lucius stops in front of a particularly good looking female fan, and shrugs his shirt off as he steps closer towards her. She slowly reaches out, hoping to feel the chiseled physique of the Nubian God, only for him to spin around before she can do so.

Announcer: Standing at 6'8" and weighing in at 385 lbs.....

After taunting the young female fan, he struts over to the ring steps, proceeding up them. He steps overtop the top rope, turning his back towards the center of the ring, shuffling backwards. Raising his arms in the air, the crowd cheers their loudest as the pearly whites in his mouth almost sparkle.

Announcer: LUUUUUUCIUS JOOOOOONES!

He lowers his arms and begins to bounce on spot in the ring. Shifting his weight back and forth as he does so, he stares at the stage awaiting the arrival of his opponent.

The lights go dark as The Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas steps out from the back. His monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Blackfront: Brother Judas is here ladies and gentleman. The man who has had some dealings with Victory's Lisil Jackson as of late.

Ace: Well he better not be worried about Black Guy tonight, as he takes on the "Doctor of Love."

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring now, standing seven-feet, two inches, being accompanied by The Good Reverend... he is... BROTHER... JUDAAASSSS!!

Blackfront: The Good Reverend and Brother Judas looking just as dangerous as ever here tonight.

Ace: Lucius better be careful with the Good Reverend walking around outside of the ring! Blackfront: You got that right Tommy. These are two men who cannot be trusted! You have to keep your eyes open and your head on a swivel.

They continue down the ramp, the light following their every step. As they reaches the ring, The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

The two men stand in opposing corners eyeing each other down. The charismatic Jones looks to the crowd for support but finds none amongst the boos.

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Blackfront: Can you believe the size of these two human beings? Only in the UTA do you get this kind of action!

Brother Judas does not move other than his eyes. The Good Reverend leaves the ring. The referee calls for the bell and the two men slowly walk towards one another.

They stand nose to nose as the crowd grows in anticipation. Finally Lucius looks to the fans who boo, before trying to sneak in a huge right hand!

Blackfront: It's caught by Brother Judas! Judas shaking his head now, as Jones tried to pull his hand free of the clutches of The Truth.

Brother Judas lifts his leg and boots Doctor Lovegood in the gut. He doubles over and Judas slams down on his back with a hard forearm.

Blackfront: Big right uppercut now from Judas. He backs up Lucius into the ropes before whipping him off the other side. On the return now, Jones ducks! He runs through and comes back with a big shoulder block. That one doesn't quite take the big man down.

Jones looks Judas up and down, sees that he is trying to keep his balance, so he hits the ropes

again and delivers yet another shoulder block. Brother Judas' arms swing wildly as he tries to stop from going down. Jones hits the ropes one more time.

Blackfront: What a big boot by Judas there!

Ace: He almost took his head off, Jason!

Blackfront: Indeed he did! The Doc goes down hard! Quickly back to his feet however, Jones is back on the attack with a flurry of fists to the head of his opponent. Judas now reaching through the attack and grabbing Jones by the neck with both hands.

Brother Judas turns and tosses Jones into the turnbuckle by his throat.

Ace: WOAHH! I bet Doctor Lovegood has never been thrown around like that!

Blackfront: This is definitely something new to Lucious Jones, who is used to manhandling his opponents not the other way around!

Judas with hard left haymakers connecting with every shot. He grabs Jones by the arm, and whips him across the ring to the opposite turnbuckle. He charges to the best of his ability and slams against Jones with a body block.

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Jones needs to use the ropes to stop himself from going to the mat. Outside the ring The Good Reverend is trying to get Judas to take advantage of the fatigue.

Ace: What's the Good Reverend blabbing on about now?

Blackfront: I'm not sure Tommy, but it looks to be serious!

Finally Judas turns towards Jones and rushes him again, this time Lucius is ready, He ducks and lifts up Judas before dropping him face first across the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: BIG REVERSAL from Doctor Lovegood! He needed that in a big way!

Ace: You can't afford much time to rest in a match like this, but certainly a lucky break for Jones. Brother Judas is reeling from the attack, Jones runs toward him and leaps. Diving clothesline finally takes Brother Judas off of his feet, and onto his back. Jones quickly goes for the cover.

1...

2...

Blackfront: Kickout with authority here! Judas still has a lot of gas in the tank. Both men slowly climb to their feet. Jones capitalizes first with a few knife edge chops.

The crowd "Wooos" with every shot.

Ace: He's got Brother Judas in the corner Jason, probably a smart place to keep him!

Blackfront: Keep your eyes on The Good Reverend!

The Rev walks around the ring to where the two men are. Jones delivers some back elbows while The Rev screams at Judas to cover up. He reaches in and takes a swipe at the leg of Lucious who dodges it. The referee immediately leans over the ropes and exchanges words with The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: Jones now, getting out of the reach of outside aide! He whips Brother Judas into the opposite turnbuckle. He follows up and leaps for a huge side leg lariat! NO! Brother Judas ducks and send him up and over the top rope to the outside! Did you see how high he went Tommy!? Ace: I'm sure The Doctor of Love is used to getting a little high Jason. Just not in this capacity. Blackfront: Well don't look now, but here comes the Good Reverend while Judas has the referee distracted.

The Reverend makes his way around the ring, He walks up to Lucious who is just beginning to stir. Rev takes two steps and delivers a very hard kick to the gut of Lucius Jones, followed by a few stomps.

Blackfront: This is egregious! This match is between the two big men, The Good Reverend has no business

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getting involved here!

Ace: Brother Judas is his business Jason!

The referee turns around to see the Reverend rolling Jones back into the ring. Brother Judas walks over and drops a big splash across the midsection of Lucius. He goes for the cover.

1...

2...

Kick Out!

Ace: Almost had him!

Blackfront: How could you possibly be cheering for The Truth?

Ace: The lesser of two evils Jason...

Blackfront: I think it's quite the opposite actually.

Ace: Tomato, Tomáto.

Judas pounds the mat in frustration, and applies a side headlock to Lucius. He pulls as hard as he can on the head of Jones as he screams. The referee slides into position but quickly Jones begins to rise to his feet, still in the hold.

Blackfront: Lucius now, trying to gain some traction. A few forearms to the ribs of Judas, trying to get him to loosen the hold. Lucius backs him against the ropes before an Irish whip. He comes back and Lucius hits him with a back body drop!

Jones immediately turns and grabs the leg of brother Judas. He lifts and slams it back down into the mat. Judas reaches for his knee and cries out, before Jones does it one more time.

Blackfront: Great strategy Tommy, In a match like this, with two large men, you have to slow the pace down. Attacking the legs of your opponent is key to keeping them grounded.

Ace: More quick thinking by Lucius Jones, This one could still go either way Jason.

Jones is breathing heavily in the corner, Brother Judas nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Lucius runs over and shoulder tackles the legs out from under Judas.

Blackfront: Jones gaining some momentum here. Looks like he has a plan of attack.

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Jones doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of the bigger man. He throws a leg around him and twists that leg around his own in a standing grapevine. Judas lets out a cry of pain as The Love Doctor holds on, pulling as hard as he can. The referee in position.

Ace: That is a smart move by Jones work the knee of Brother Judas to where he can not stand. Once you have disabled your opponent, you can easily take the win.

Blackfront: I agree fully. Lucius Jones is methodically securing his opportunity to win right now. Dr. LoveGood lets go of Judas' leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as his opponent tries to pull himself towards The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: The Rev now reaching for Brother Judas from under the ring ropes. Jones headed towards Judas, but the Good Reverend pulls him out of the ring and away from danger. The referee begins his count, as the two on the outside confer.

Ace: Jones looks to be inside the head of the Truth, and that's no easy task Jason.

The referee reaches seven and Judas slides back into the ring. He stands up and immediately he is rushed by the rejuvenated Jones. Judas ducks the clothesline and delivers a huge hip toss to the 6'8" Lucius.

Blackfront: And as soon as he pulls off a move to swing the momentum, Judas is unable to capitalize as he grabs at his injured knee. He slowly limps over to Jones and pulls him to his feet. Judas delivers some loud forearm blows to the upper back of Jones. Off the ropes now Judas running with visible pain. Lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Jones. Judas instantly is back down, holding his knee as Lucius is laid out.

Ace: If Judas can push through the pain long enough to cover Lucius Jones, this one is over. Slowly but surely Judas pulls himself over to Jones and hooks the leg.

1...

2... Th....Kickout!

Blackfront: No! This one continues as Jones is able to get the shoulder up at the last second. Both men visibly exhausted. The referee begins his ten count as both men continue to lie on the mat.

Ace: This once could still go either way Jason! What an interesting match up!

Using the turnbuckle for balance Brother Judas pulls himself to his feet. Lucius Jones does the same in the middle of the ring. Judas limps over and the two began exchanging blows back and forth.

Blackfront: Here we go! These two are just throwing everything they got left at each other. The Good Reverend climbs up on the ring apron, and begins yelling at the competitors. The referee turns his attention

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to the shouting manager at ring side.

Blackfront: What's going on here? The Good Reverend on the ring apron now, distracting the referee. The two in the ring still brawling it out. LOW BLOW by Brother Judas! The referee didn't see it dammit!

Ace: Smart move by The Truth here. I dont care how sore your knee is, it doesn't compare to a kick in the go-nads!

Jones falls to the mat holding his groin. He is in a bad way. Judas' face twists into a snarl of a smile as The Reverend drops back to the arena floor.

Blackfront: Judas now, grabs Jones by the hair and puts him between his legs. Here we go!

Ace: You think he can really do this to a man the size of Lucius? Judas lifts him up, and slams him back down with authority!

Blackfront: The Crucifiction! He nailed it! Judas goes for the cover.

1....

2...

3...

Announcer: Here is your winner, Brotherrrrrrrrrr Juuuuuuuudas!

The Good Reverend enters the ring, walks over to Judas and smiles. He lifts Judas' arm in victory, as the fans continue to boo. Jones slides out of the ring and down to the floor, where a referee checks on him.

The Supreme Leader

Wrestleshow jumps backstage back to the office of James Wingate Cecilworth Farthington. It has been an evening of hustle and bustle in the executive office of the FIC (Farthington In Charge) of Wrestleshow.

Farthington: Barty... hey Barty.... Cecilworth snaps at his uncle.

Barty: Yes, Young Master Farthington?

Farthington: I think it is time to do great things in the magical land of UTAH!

Barty: Like what Young Master Farthington? Cecilworth puts a finger in the air.

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Farthington: Like a...

He is cut off as Victory's Michael Lorenzo walks into the office.

Lorenzo: Hold that thought.

Cecilworth quickly pushes his chair away from his desk and stands up.

Farthington: Why... umm... hello there! Welcome to the Wrestling Show of all Wrestleshows... umm... Wrestleshow!

He throws his hand out but is taken aback when Lorenzo does not shake it. How rude, to not shake a Farthington's hand.

Lorenzo: Let's cut to the chase Cecilworth.... Cecilworth smiles and nods.

Farthington: I like cutting cheeses! Lorenzo: Chase. Cut to the chase! He sighs.

Lorenzo: Since you... He uses air quotes.

Lorenzo: "Took Over"

Yes, very well done air quotes.

Lorenzo: Wrestleshow... well, things have been...

Barty: Brilliant sir?

Farthington: Amazing?

Barty: I think the word he is looking for is great Young Master Farthington. Cecilworth nods.

Farthington: Yes, great. The land of UTAH has been great! Why thank you for stopping by Mr. Lorenzo.

Michael rubs his temples.

Lorenzo: I was going to say... alright.

Barty and Cecilworth look at each other surprised.

Farthington: Alright?

Lorenzo: Yes. Ratings are up a little. There has been no major issues and quite frankly... I think you're doing

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a good job.

Barty: Really sir?

Cecilworth turns and smacks his uncle in the shoulder.

Farthington: Hush.

Lorenzo: Because of that, I think for the time being I'm going to actually put you in charge.

Barty: You've got to be kidding.

Cecilworth turns and looks at Barty again before turning back to Lorenzo.

Farthington: Why thank you! I won't let you or UTAH down! I will be the best supreme leader UTAH has ever had in all of the lands!

Michael just shakes his head.

Lorenzo: Yea, whatever. I'm going to go before I change my mind. Congratulations Mr. Farthington.

He turns to Barty.

Lorenzo: Good day.

Michael walks out of the office as Cecilworth taps Uncle Barty on the arm.

Farthington: I am the supreme leader. He smiles as we move from the scene.

Lookin' for Dem Belts

The scene fades in to the backstage area near the craft table. Several notable UTA superstars are seen walking by, with a few grabbing some sandwiches, bottles of water, or other miscellaneous sundries. The scene seems relatively normal, until the two raging redneck rascals known as Luke and Duke Dibbins.

Duke is wearing a pair of shorts and lacks a shirt, while Luke is also wearing a pair of jean shorts, an unbuttoned plaid sleeveless shirt and a trucker cap reading LUKE in massive lettering.

D. Dibbins: Whoooooooooooo Lukey, kin yo' believe thet they jest leave grub like this hyar lyin' aroun'? Dawgone Democraps always waste shit! Fry mah hide!

Luke shakes his head, removes his trucker cap and rubs the top of his head. He puts the cap back on before anyone notices the bald spot.

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L. Dibbins: Hell no Dukey! Them idiots aroun' hyar doesn't care about ennythin'. They isn't fum th' South, they doesn't knows how t'appreesheeate ennythin'. Kinda like them tag team belts. Duke nods his head in agreement.

D. Dibbins: Speakin' of which, we pow'ful need t'git back t'lookin' fo' them, dawgone it. ah ain't see them belts an' we've been lookin' ev'rywhar fo' them, even HCW UK!

L. Dibbins: Yeah we does. Less git back t'th' hunt, but befo'e we does, whut say yo' about this hyar grub? It'd be a dadburn shame t'see it all hoof it to waste.

D. Dibbins: I knows what ya mean, brousin.

Duke gives Luke a wicked grin and then Luke returns it with one of his own. Luke now looks around, walks out of the shot, and then returns with a backpack.

Both men begin to pile all of the sandwiches, chips, bottled water, and other items into the backpack. They yeehaw to one another and quickly scurry off as the scene fades to commercial.

Brought to You By

The Altercation

The backstage is booming as the cameras cut to backstage. You see lowly Staff members running around, doing their various jobs to make the show go as smoothly as possible. The hallway was probably the longest in the backstage area, it was the Main Hall that connected to everything. A major highway for any event held in the building.

Jackson: I'm not worried, let this homeless and toothless bum show his face here. WWA isn't UTA and then isn't now, I am not the same man I was then. He needs attention then he should come get it face to face and I will put the old dog down. Wha---

"The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson comes around the corner talking on his cell phone. His "Ace In The Hole" Briefcase gripped in his free hand. His eyes getting big as he slowly pulls the phone from his ear and hangs it up. He seems to be trying to stay quiet as he keeps his eyes locked on something down the hall some. The camera turns with him as he passes by and you see a man standing with a shoulder against the wall and his back to Sean Jackson. He's wearing a black hoodie MUCH like Jason Cashe had worn when he showed up and attacked Jackson.

Jackson: Got you...

His whispering voice is faint as he dips down to creep closer, soft footed like a tiger hunting its prey. His pupils sparkle with light as he bites down on his bottom lip and moves in right up behind the man. Clutching his briefcase to use it as a weapon, he lunges forward and the collision echos and grabs everyone's attention.

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All eyes on Sean Jackson as he stands over his once again rival. The man pushes up on his hands and knees and Jackson kick pushes him, he rolls over to his side before flopping onto his back. The grin of arrogance and accomplishment turns sour into a look of surprise. The face didn't match the man he had meant to take out.

Jackson: Damn it...

Looking at the people watching him, Jackson becomes annoyed and spits down at the hoodie wearing man before spinning around in a rush. He almost runs right into someone. As he looks into the eyes of who he almost collided with, a red shade fills Sean Jackson's face. It was Jason Cashe!

Jackson: YOU!!!!

Cashe: Hiya!

Up from Cashe's side comes an apple. A bright red apple and he casually takes a bite from it. Chewing loudly, smacking, Cashe smiles with his mouth half open and juices spit out with each chew. Jackson steps back to miss the projectiles.

Jackson: You've got a lot of nerve, showing your face after that stunt two weeks ago. Cashe: Nerve? If it was like that Jackson, I could have dropped you just down. Heh.. Wiping his mouth of some juice, Cashe continues quickly with his observations he made.

Cashe: Watching you tip toe towards that dude. Surely thinking it was me right? I mean I gave him that same Hoodie not 10 minutes before you came around the corner. Do you know how LONG it seems to take for 10 minutes to pass sitting in a dark closet?

Jackson: I'll put you there when you fall unconscious...

Lunging at Cashe, Jackson gets stopped in his tracks with an open palm from Cashe just held up in front of him. As if asking for Jackson to hold up, he takes one more bite from the apple before tossing it back over his shoulder. Chewing faster than before, he keeps his mouth closed and swallows hard to get his mouth free of apple.

Cashe: Wait a minute...You want to kick my ass? Is that what you're saying? Jumping at me, all froggy and shit are we? I didn't come here to fight you Sean..

Shaking his head, not for a second believing Cashe. Sean steps in close and the two could be hugging they were so close. Cashe sniffs in Jackson's direct and scrunches up at the nose and steps back one step. Nodding his head, Cashe runs his tongue along his top teeth before explaining.

Cashe: No, fighting you would mean I had hopes you'd give me a good fight! We've already seen how that went down remember? Sure you've gotten better I'm sure! You're the MAN in SCW aren't you? Or were, I

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dunno, I can't lie and say I pay any attention to Sin City other than when 4CW holds it down there.

Jackson: Do you have a point or is this monologue just to piss me off? Do you know what you prevented? I should KILL you!!

Again, Cashe holds up an open hand to hold him at bay. Clearing his throat he continues and gets more to the point.

Cashe: Fine...FINE!! You want to act out, get real Wild!? We can do that homie...

Fists clinched, Cash looks like he was about to take his own shot at Jackson but he stops and lets out a snickering laugh. Sticking out his chin towards Jackson, Cashe makes the "Ace In The Hole" an offer.

Cashe: Take your shot "Ace Hole"! I took mine, made a headline when I stepped out in front of the UTA crowd and they LOVED it! Now is your shot, your turn...Take it! TAKE IT BITCH!!

Jackson: Fine..I will!!

Like a shot of lightning, Sean Jackson connects a solid right hook to the bearded face of Jason Cashe. He falls into the wall at his left but Cashe bounces off it and gives Jackson a hard shot back. The two trade a few punches before Cashe ducks a high swinging left and drives his shoulder into Jackson's midsection.

Jackson: Aghhh!!!

The two come off their feet as Cashe slams Jackson down onto the hallway floors with a takedown. Jackson bucks and shoves Cashe off to his side, they both hurry to their feet, Cashe up first, lifts a knee into Jackson's face as he pushes up. Jackson is stunned, slumps back and sits on his knees. Cashe grabs him, Jackson drills him to the hip with a short punch but Cashe palms Jackson's head and smashes it sideways into the wall they are fighting next too in the hallway.

Cashe: How bout them fucking apples bitch! Now what!?

Leaned against the wall, Sean Jackson sits holding his head. Cashe snatches him and begins to pull him to his feet but Sean Jackson grabs his Briefcase as he rises. Using his shoulder to shove Cashe backwards, Jackson blasts "The Troubled One" with the briefcase!

THUD!!

As Cashe goes limp and falls to the floor like a sack of rocks, UTA's Security Team rushes into the scene, filling the hallway as they group up to pull Sean Jackson away. Cashe still dazed gets to his feet slurring his words but still hollering and hooting at Jackson.

Cashe: That's all you got?!

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Jackson: I'll end you!

Cashe: Let's go then!

On queue, both men drop two of the Security Guards. More replace them and manage to get the two under control. Four of them are needed to walk, almost drag Jason Cashe down the hall away from where the other half of Security was holding Sean Jackson. This was far from over and both men knew it was only going to get worse from here on out.

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

As the opening riffs begin Kendrix and CBR walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring.

Blackfront: Kendrix and CBR teaming up here tonight to take on the debuting Dibbins Boys.

Ace: Those guys are idiots. Have you seen their Twitter accounts?

Kendrix walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely ripping any signs from their hands that are anti-Dynasty. As they do that CBR walks straight down the ramp pointing and yelling at the camera, most if not all is inaudible due to the music and booing in the arena.

Blackfront: The Dibbins are an odd bunch.

Ace: Odd doesn't even begin to cover it Jason. I swear they have mentioned being married to their sisters!

CBR slides into the ring as Kendrix walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope before they both take their positions around the ring.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined 475 pounds...

Both members take their places on opposite turnbuckles taunting the crowd below that answers back with boos and jeers.

Announcer: Kendrix... CBR.... They are... DYYYNNNAASSTTTYYY!!!!

They both jump down and meet in the middle to discuss a few things as the referee shakes them down for any weapons.

Blackfront: We're about to meet The Dibbins.

Kick It In The Sticks by Brantley Gilbert plays as a four wheeler zips out from the backstage area. Sitting on it is the #Brounsins, Luke and Duke Dibbins. They ride down the ramp in a four wheeler. Announcer: Hailing

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from the backwoods of Virginia.

The fans erupt into a frenzy of cheers, but only because two fans are fighting in the stands, no one gives a shit about the Dibbins.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred pounds...

Once the fight is over, silence resumes as they climb into the ring with the vicious, bloodthirsty stuffed dog Pear.

Announcer: LUKE.. AND DUKE DIBBBBIIINNSSSS!!!!!!

Dynasty just lean on the ropes, talking amongst themselves while pointing at The Dibbins. Ace: Just look at these two! It's like... it's like.. Chance Von Crank.. Dick Fury.. and Madman Szalinski all mated with a sheep and out popped these idiots.

Blackfront: Not the most orthodox looking team we have seen.

Ace: What is Cecilworth thinking hiring these guys?!

Blackfront: Wait.. can he even.. did he.. how did these guys get contracts? Ace: The mysteries of the world Jason. Much like magnets and how they work. Blackfront: Actually, magnets...

Ace: it was rhetorical.

Blackfront: I don't think you know what that means Tommy.

Luke Dibbins steps forward yelling at Dynasty WHERE DEM DAM RETURD BELTS AT! I KNOWZ YOUZ GOT DEM! Duke grabs his brother pulling him back toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Luke Dibbins referring to the tag team titles that were retired by Team Danger.

Ace: I need a drink.

CBR laughs as he taps Kendrix on the chest before heading to the apron. Kendrix leaps back and forward in place waiting. Luke and Duke argue between themselves before Duke tells Luke to get out of the ring.

Blackfront: It looks like Duck Dibbins and Kendrix will be starting this one off. As the bell sounds the two men move in toward the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Here we go. Both men going for a lock up here.

Kendrix immediately brings Duke into a side headlock.

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Blackfront: Side headlock by Kendrix... he follows up with a a hard left to the face of Duke Dibbins.

As he connects, he lets go. Duke grabs his face and stumbles around before Kendrix grabs the back of his head and turns him around.

Blackfront: Duke Dibbins sent across the ring and into the corner hard. Kendrix runs behind him. As Duke hits, Kendrix leaps up.

Blackfront: Splash into the corner by Kendrix. He reaches over and tags in CBR. Blackfront: Tag is made.

As CBR enters, he spins into the corner and begins to put fist into the midsection of Duke. Kendrix exits to the apron.

Blackfront: CBR now working Duke Dibbins in the corner there.

Ace: This is not a match, it's just a sparing session for Dynasty as they get ready for International Affair.

CBR brings a knee up, catching Duke in the gut as he tags Kendrix.

Blackfront: Kendrix now back in the ring as CBR is out. JFK with a forearm shot across the face of Duke Dibbins now followed by another.

He brings a foot up and into Duke's stomach, causing him to fall into a seated position.

Blackfront: Kendrix with the tag to CBR. Dynasty working well together tonight.

Ace: Of course they are. It's all unity within Dynasty.

CBR enters the ring. Holding the top ropes for leverage he begins to stomp away at Duke. On the opposite side of the ring, Luke Dibbins begins to enter. However the referee turns and rushes over to stop him. As he does, Kendrix quickly enters the ring and joins CBR as both men violently stomp away at Duke Dibbins.

Blackfront: As the referee has his back turned, Dynasty continuing the assault on Duke Dibbins.

Ace: Just great team work Jason.

Luke gets out of the ring. As the referee begins to turn, CBR quickly heads to the apron as Kendrix continues to stomp.

Blackfront: CBR still the legal man, but it seems the referee allowing Kendrix to stay in after not seeing a tag.

Ace: Maybe if we had smarter referee's this wouldn't be an issue.

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Blackfront: Yea, it's the referee's fault that Dynasty cheat. Ace: Cheat? I see nothing but amazing team work Jason. Blackfront: Of course you do.

Kendrix bends down and grabs Luke, pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix sending Duke Dibbins across the ring... He runs behind him... Dibbins off of the ropes now... knee to the midsection by Kendrix!

Duke flips over Kendrix's knee, and hits the canvas hard. Kendrix quickly jets forward, leaping up and slamming a forearm into the face of Luke Dibbins, sending him to the floor.

Blackfront: Kendrix continuing to dominate the Dibbins.

Ace: Did you expect anything else.

Kendrix grabs Duke's arm and pulls him across the ring toward the corner before tagging CBR back in.

Blackfront: CBR now back into the ring, multiple stomps to Duke Dibbins.

Luke Dibbins pulls himself up to the apron and rolls into the ring. He uses the ropes to get to his feet. As he begins to take off, the referee quickly gets between him and CBR, holding him back. As he does, Kendrix quickly enters in, runs forward and drops a knee to the head of Duke. The fans begin to boo the tactics of Dynasty.

Blackfront: Dynasty still showing how well they work together, keeping Duke Dibbins and Luke far away from each other.

As Luke starts to get back out of the ring, CBR, quickly drops and rolls out himself leaving Kendrix in with Duke.

Blackfront: CBR lifting the legs of Duke.

He holds Duke's legs up before dropping back.

Blackfront: SLINGSHOT!

As Duke flies, his arm is stretched out enough that Luke pushes forward while reaching over and slightly touches his hand. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: THE TAG IS MADE! THE TAG IS MADE!

Duke quickly starts to enter the ring, but the referee stops him, saying that he didn't see a tag. teh fans instantly go into a boo as Luke argues that he tagged Duke.

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Ace: Well, I guess not Jason.

Blackfront: That was clear as day!

We get a split screen that shows a slow motion replay where Luke's finger tips touch the pinky finger tip of Duke before going back full screen.

Ace: Clear as day? Get your eyes checked Jason.

Blackfront: You saw it on the replay!

Ace: All I see is Dynasty destroying two idiots.

CBR grabs Duke picking him halfway up before grabbing his shorts and lifting him vertically.

Blackfront: CBR going for a vertical sup...

Duke's legs begin to wobble and he falls backward. but as he does, he accidently brings CBR down with him.

Blackfront: WAIT! DDT BY DUKE DIBBINS! DDT!

The fans get crazy as Luke begins to jump up and down on the apron, reaching over and yelling for Duke to make the tag.

Blackfront: If Duke can make the tag, the tides may be changing! Ace: Come on now, he didn't mean to DDT CBR! it was a mistake! Blackfront: Mistake or not, this might be what the Dibbins need!

Duke rolls over and looks up, seeing his brother's hand out reached. He begins to crawl.

Blackfront: Duke Dibbins is heading toward Luke.. If he can make the tag here....

Kendrix quickly rushes the ring and grabs Duke's leg pulling him back. The fans boo more. The referee quickly warns Kendrix, pushing him backward.

Blackfront: Kendrix stopping the possibility for the tag.

As the referee tells Kendrix to get out, Luke Dibbins quickly enters in the ring, grabs his brother, and pulls him toward the corner and exits back to the apron. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Luke Dibbins taking a page out of Dynasty's book!

As Kendrix heads back to the apron, the referee turns in time to see Luke bend over the ropes and touch Duke's hand.

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Blackfront: Alright! This time the tag is seen! here comes Luke Dibbins!

CBR is halfway up as Luke Dibbins runs over and begins bringing down a series of forearms across his back.

Blackfront: Luke on the assault here.

He lifts CBR to a standing position. He pulls his hands back and brings them in, slapping CBR on each side of his head over the ears.

Blackfront: That's got to hurt!

CBR grabs his ears in pain as Luke brings a foot up and into his groin. CBR drops to his knees as the referee calls for the bell. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Well, that move just cost them the match.

Ace: It was effective though... I guess.

Announcer: The winners of this match via disqualification... DYYYYNNNAASSSTTYYY!!!! Kendrix quickly rushes the ring, running at Luke who meets him with a kick to the crotch as well, dropping Kendrix like a bad habit. The fans cheer. Luke begins yelling down at the two members of Dynasty holding "themselves" about the tag title belts.

WHERE ARE DEM RETURD BELTS?! I KNOWZ YOU GOT DEM!

Blackfront: Well, Dynasty with the win here, but I can tell you this, The Dibbins just made an unique impression.

Ace: Idiots.

Luke helps Duke up. As he stands he looks at Dynasty on the canvas and begin celebrating the win they did not get. Luke joins in and the two jump around with their arms in the air as we move on.

Barrel Toss

The Wrestleshow broadcast cuts to the parking lot where a delivery truck, with two burly Irish lads unloading barrels of Jameson Whiskey, was currently parked.

Blackfront: Bronson Box would be upset that it's not Jack Daniels written on the side of those barrels

Ace: Only because he's never had true excellence. The UTA has spared no expense in their attempts to accomodate their competitors and their thirst.

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The camera follow the two Irish roughnecks as they set down one such barrel off to the side where a near dozen such barrels already rested. Returning to the truck, the first of the lads, red- haired with a face like a bulldog, hops into the truck and fetches out a barrel that was different than the rest. On the side of this barrel was the label Occulto, which any beer connoisseur would know as Budweiser's attempt at a Tequila-flavored beer.

Ace: Who would order something terrible as that? Its an American attempt at Mexican flavor that just does not work.

Blackfont: Can't fault them for trying.

As the Irish Bulldog sets the barrel on the ground, it begins to shake, the sound of wood scraping against the concrete. The duo share a silent stare before the second man, a lanky dark-haired youth, disappears off screen to fetch, of all things, a crowbar from the truck. While the red-head holds the rattling barrel still, the black-haired worker begins to pry the lid off, slowly but surely.

Ace: You know you've had a good night when the casks start dancing.

Blackfont: That's up for debate, really.

The lid is finally pried off and out pops, to the surprised men, a dwarf in a full-body lucha libre suit. The little man, in his green and black suit with matching mask, holds himself on the rim of the barrel for a moment as he stares hard at the red-head, who had been in his line of sight when he initially emerged. Then he yelled, his average sounding voice muffled by the cloth of his outfit.

???: Hey now, don't go throwing this barrel, Donkey Kong!

And with a surprising display of athleticism, the dwarf launches himself up and over the still-in- shock worker, leap frogging (and, in essence, teabagging) him as he landed on the concrete below. Without looking back, the little man disappears behind the Jameson barrels and further into the Aviva Stadium.

Ace: Who the heck was that and why am I afraid that we're actually going to find out soon enough?

Blackfont: He wasn't just any short guy. He looked like a luchador.

The Irish bulldog looked at his coworker, who had fished out a few items from the bottom of the barrel. The first item was a 3DS, Super Smash Brothers paused in the middle of a fight and the second was a hand-crafted Trading Card with the UTA emblem drawn in the corner. The same man who had just been loosed into the arena was drawn on the front in green and black crayon, with his name written sloppily at the bottom. The workers holds it up for his co-worker to see, and in turn, those tuning in.

Blackfont: El Trébol Jr.

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Ace: A masked midget who apparently is a nerd and a terrible artist. UTA has truly stooped low with this new signing.

Blackfont: I see what you did there. And I guess, soon enough, we shall see what El Trébol has to offer as well.

And with that, the scene fades out.

Brought to You By

Something to Do

Backstage Kendrix and CBR are in the Dynasty dressing room on a bench, ice packs in their laps.

CBR: I'm going to kill those Dibbins.

Kendrix tosses the ice pack away and stands up. he moves his legs around to get feeling back into them.

Kendrix: Bruv, there is a time and place. We'll get them back. But for now, I have something to do.

CBR looks at him and nods as Kendrix begins to walk away, a slight limp. The camera focuses in on an angry CBR before we move away.

An Annoucement

Backstage, Jamie Swayers is standing by with Will "the THRILL" Haynes.

Swayers: I've gotta say Will, it's not every day I have the opportunity to ask some questions to a member of the Victory roster here on Wrestleshow, it seems a little out of place.

Haynes: Well what I gotta say, Jamie, is important. I ain't got time t' sit around on my hands till Victory. Rather get this right off my chest, right here, right now. N' I figured, why the hell not. Ain't the fans in Dublin deserve t' hear the THRILLmaker lay it down?

Haynes asks the question knowing the footage is being shown in the arena. The fans explode for a mention of their city. The cheapest pop in the industry.

Swayers: Fair enough I suppose. So Will, what's going on with Mikey Unlikely? Haynes smiles, nods his head.

Haynes: Well, Jamie, I've come t' Wrestleshow t' tell the WORLD that at the International Affair Pay Per View - LIVE from the Tokyo Dome, I'll FINALLY be going ONE ON ONE with Mikey Unlikely.

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The fans explode. They've been waiting for Mikey to get his comeuppance for far too long. Haynes: N' because he's a slimy piece a' crap who won't hesitate t' get his friends involved or swing a chair when the time is right, I've asked for a special stipulation for our little match up. Jamie's eyes go wide. He's getting a scoop here.

Swayers: And what kind of stipulation is that, Will?

Haynes: Well Jamie, I'm going t' make Mikey say "I Quit." I'll make him say the words.

The crowd goes nuts in the arena. An "I Quit" Match between Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes set for the International Affair Pay Per View.

Swayers: An "I Quit" Match! Wow, Will, this is going to be an instant classic.

Haynes: No doubt about it, Jamie. A classic for sure. Just like tonight's Main Event. Can't wait for that one. Hope it impresses, for the sake of these fans.

Swayers: Thanks for stopping by Will.

Haynes: Sure Jamie, anytime.

The two men shake hands as we move on with the show.

The Dublin crowd got loud as the piercing voice of Brian Johnson cuts through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT.

As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper wears the trademark blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses. The crowd give him a warm reception.

Blackfront: Here comes Hopper, and I you have to wonder if he heard Quinlan rebuking his call for mutual respect in the lead up of this one. This match has just enough to be something a little more.

Ace: Jason, I think Hopper will be worrying more about potential jail time right now, more than a match. Especially against the likes of the human sedative, Quinlan. Next week, I want to see a sign; Quinlan, boring under any name!

Hopper zigs and zags down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana and standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

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As he reaches the ringside area, suddenly we seem him get blindsided by a figure in a heather grey hoodie. The camera crosses over to get a glimpse of the attacker in the #FreeMikeyUnlikely full-zip. Pulling the sweatshirt over his head, Kendrix continuing reigning down blows to the staggered Hopper.

Blackfront: KENDRIX HAS RAN DOWN AND ATTACKED HOPPER FROM BEHIND!!!

Ace: Christmas comes early! Hopper knew better than to get involved in Dynasty business last Wrestleshow. Now he pays the price.

Kendrix reefs Hopper up and whips him into the steel steps with all his might. The upper half of the stairs is dislodged by the collision with Chris' shoulder and back. Inside the ring referee Mickey O'Connor is waving on, calling for security to get out here.

Blackfront: If this was about Dynasty business, then where is the rest of Dynasty? Where is the Champ? Where is the number one contender to the Legacy title? No, this is Kendrix attacking him to make a name for himself, period. I don't how Hopper is supposed to compete now.

Ace: #BeLikeKendrix isn't done yet, Jason. We might not even have a match.

Kendrix labors Chris back to his feet and then drops him head first with a DDT on the bottom section of stairs. Stopping to take a look at Hopper laid out, the gears turn in his head. JFK takes the top section and lifts it above his head, drowning in a chorus of booing from the fans. One of the faithful even hurl a \$7.99 cola toward him that splashes across the back of his legs. Kendrix smiles like a madman.

Blackfront: No! No way he does this....no way!

Ace: Hopper head is about to become a pancake..

Kendrix brings down the steps on Hopper's head, busting him open above his left eye.

Blackfront: Where are the security? Someone has to get Kendrix out of here!

Ace: Well, I know at least one person Kendrix has made happy, beside yours truly. Quinlan is probably in the back, trying to think of the proper way to thank Kendrix.

Blackfront: I doubt that, Tommy. If he were out here, I'm certain he would help Hopper out.

Ace: Nobody likes him. Why can you not just accept this?

Clawing at the pants of his attacker, what fight is left in Hopper is willing him to his feet. Quickly, the look of victory plastered across Kendrix' face is replaced with confusion. Then anger. Kendrix grabs Hoppers head and shoves it between his legs. He reaches over his back to grip around his waist. Lifting Hopper up, Kendrix

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hits a piledriver on the thinly padded concrete as the fans get even louder, boos now peppered with profanity. Security pours out from the back as JFK pulls Hopper up and rolls him under the rope and into the ring.

Blackfront: Finally security has arrived!

Ace: No. JFK hasn't even hit the Bell End on that bell end.

Kendrix spits on Hopper as four security guards surround him and begins reining him in, preventing any further damage being inflicted.

Blackfront: Get him out of here! He's ruined this match. There is no way Hopper will be cleared to compete tonight. With that glazed over look on his face, I think Hopper might have been concussed during that attack.

The ringside medic slides into the ring and begins looking over Hopper as the announcer looks down.

Ace: For Hopper's sake, he better hope he had. Hell, maybe he can use this as an excuse to get sent home from the tour and cower away from his match with Kendrix in Tokyo.

Blackfront: I... you are joking, right? The referee crouches next to the medic as he work on the cut to Chris' head. Boy, does it look bad.

Ace: No worse than he usually looks, to be honest.

The crowd is hushed, waiting for some sign. No one is prepared to hear the PA come alive with first a faint heartbeat, then heavy guitar.

Blackfront: Wait...

Ushered from the back with Inambush's "Pulse" Quinlan stands at the top of the ramp. He casts a gaze down to stage left, where security was in the process of trying to remove Kendrix from the building.

Blackfront: Quinlan staring a hole through Kendrix. But, what is he even doing out here? This match can't go now.

Ace: So Kendrix laid waste to that waste of flesh Hopper and saved me from having to pretend I am not sleeping during a Quinlan match? God, I love that man. In a purely heterosexual way, of course.

Rolling his head, Quinlan now throws eye daggers toward the ring and the scene there-in. With all that same frustration he showed toward Kendrix, he marches himself down the ramp. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation, or confusion.

Blackfront: I.. I can't believe this. The medic is actually telling our announcer that Hopper still wants to fight tonight. And I think he is going to let him.

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Ace: You'd figure that when you were as dumb as Hopper was, you might want to save some brain cells, the precious few. Instead, I think he wants to be the standing target for that back kick of Sanctus'.

Announcer: Hailing from Bell City, Ontario! This is Mitchell Quinlan!

Making a beeline, Quinlan shoves aside the medic who'd been trying to glue the gash over Chris Hopper's eye closed and stands chest to chest with the bigger man, jawing something. Before Hopper even reacts, Quinlan is over to the referee, pointing back at Hopper and saying something.

Blackfront: Quinlan obviously is questioning the medic's decision to clear Hopper after that brutal assault from Kendrix.

Ace: I thought this guy was all about ending Hopper for the good of the Ungratefuls, or something. Now's your chance to do it, kid. I could probably even hand Hopper myself after all the work Kendrix did.

The ref backs Quinlan into the corner furthest Hopper and makes his way back to Chris. Trying to convince him to call it off, "Too Cool" will have none of it, brazenly telling him to ring the damn bell. Reluctantly, the referee goes back to the center of the ring and calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Blackfront: Tonight isn't the night for Chris to be playing the hero. I can't believe we have a match here.

Hopper, logy, makes his way forward. Unimpressed, Quinlan walks in with his hands down. He is caught off guard by the right Hopper threw, but slowly enough that Quinlan could easily dodge it with one step backward.

Blackfront: A lazy right from Hopper. Quinlan now circling as Hopper tries to keep up.

Ace: He's going to lap him.

And sidestepping gracefully, Quinlan has the opportunity to take Hopper's back, but lackadaisically keeps circling. Feeling him close, Hopper throws back an elbow.

Blackfront: Quinlan underneath that back elbow and now in with a wicked kick to the thigh.

Ace: He's just playing with him.

Weaving like he was Cassius Clay, Quinlan goes in again and lands another stiff kick to the thigh/knee of Hopper. Once more just to make sure the message was sent.

Blackfront: With each kick, you can see that fire inside of Hopper being stoked. That proud lion's heart.

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Ace: If Quinlan doesn't do it here tonight, Kendrix will extinguish that stupid pride of Hopper's at International Affairs. Wait, Hopper with a takedown attempt!?

Like every other attack in this opening forty five seconds, it is slow and predictable. Quinlan slides between Hopper's gaping legs and rolls out to the floor. He stands with his hands on his hips, head tilted in disappointment.

Blackfront: The referee is trying to talk Quinlan back into the ring, but Quinlan responds by pointing back to the obviously ailing Chris Hopper. And now the ref starts counting.

Ace: I knew there was a reason I didn't like this kid. Actually, I have several reasons I don't like this dope. And during this lack of action, I guess I have time to list every one of them.

1!

Ace: Firstly, I happen to know for a fact that he is to be held responsible for ruining the Netflix series, Daredevil. How am I, or anyone, really, supposed to take the Devil of Hell's Kitchen seriously when I can't stop associating it with the joke of a performance this jerk put on at Ring King?

2!

Getting upset with the ref for counting, Quinlan pulls up the skirt of the ring and starts looking for something.

Blackfront: He can't be.

Emerging shortly after, Quinlan has a steel chair in hand. He gazes between it and Hopper as the crowd starts up again, dismayed that the already damaged Hopper will be at further disadvantage.

Ace: Secondly... wait. Is that a chair? I hate to admit this, but I might have been wrong about this guy. He must be auditioning for Dynasty.

The referee stops counting to remind Quinlan that he will be disqualified from the match if he brought it into the ring. Smiling back, Quinlan unfolds the thing and takes a seat.

Ace: Why isn't he killing Hopper right now? He has to know he's failing his audition right now. Blackfront: Quinlan is protesting that this match was even sanctioned to begin with, Tommy. He obviously isn't looking to injure Hopper here tonight.

Ace: Boo!

As the referee starts back with his count, Quinlan is counting along with him, holding up three fingers.

3!

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Inside the ring, Chris Hopper has taken this time to try to clear the cobwebs, antiquated codeword for bruised brain, loose and get back into fighting shape. The crowd cheer as he rolls under the bottom rope and makes his way over to Quinlan.

Blackfront: Quinlan still counting along with the ref here, but I don't think either of these men see Hopper coming around the corner.

4!

Taking him by surprise, Hopper dumps Quinlan off of his seat and tumbling to the floor. Quinlan is quickly back to his feet, and on his tip-toes trying to go nose to nose with the 6'8" Hopper. When Quinlan turns to point to the back, telling Hopper that he shouldn't even be out here, Hopper

responds with an open hand right.

Ace: Hopper just slapped the taste out of Quinlan's mouth!

Clutching at his cheek, Quinlan looks back to Hopper who waves him on with a goofy grin. Quinlan pauses to look at Hopper, the ref and the chair before he closes the distance quickly and trips Hopper to the floor.

Blackfront: I think that slap might have been the thing to get Quinlan into this one. With top position, Quinlan reigns down headbutts on Hopper.

Ace: Mounted headbutts? How does that work when they are both thick-skulled idiots?

The short flurry is enough to keep Hopper down for a spell as Quinlan hops back up to his feet with Hopper's blood splashed over his forehead.

Blackfront: It looks like those headbutts were enough to open Hopper up again, and I don't know how long the medic can let Hopper go at this.

Chris Hopper uses the ring apron to help himself to a knee. Quinlan continues to look frustrated and marches over to him, rolling him back into the ring. Rather than follow back in, he detours to the bell-keeper's position demanding a microphone.

Ace: No, he was boring enough before. Quinlan: You prideful son of a bitch.

Pulling himself along the mat into a corner, Hopper can't help but flash a smile.

Quinlan: You don't get it, do you? You are willing to risk serious injury for that f***ng ego of yours. Like a conductor, Hopper shrugging his shoulders at the charge garners cheers from the Irish faithful. Quinlan just shakes his head.

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Quinlan: I am not going to do it. Don't get me wrong, I want to beat your ass for this type of stupidity, but I am in a no win situation here. The two outcomes to this match are that either I lose to weakened opponent and your legend gets grander still; or I get in that ring and finish you. But then you always have that excuse that you were far from one hundred.

Blackfront: Quinlan laying it out, and I cannot say he is wrong.

Quinlan: Well, if the choice is between A and B, I will just have to pick C. Hurry up and count to ten, ref.

A sharp pierce of feedback rings throughout the arena as Quinlan lofts the microphone into the ring, toward the referee. Dropping his head, Quinlan makes his way around the ring as the Dublin crowd lets out a mixed reaction.

1!

Blackfront: Quinlan being the bigger man here tonight. Clearly, Hopper was in no condition to fight after what Kendrix did to him.

Ace: Is it too much to ask Kendrix to come out here and beat down this idiot, too? I can hear the ratings plummeting from here.

2!

Quinlan is to the ramp when fingers tapping on a microphone echo through the Aviva Stadium. Ace: Oh God! Now Hopper has the microphone. If you feel like changing the channel, now I cannot blame you. But just remember that the Champ is in the main event, continuing the dominance of Dynasty, so flip back here in four minutes or so.

Hopper: Mitchell.

Hearing his name is enough to have Quinlan pirouette back toward the ring where Hopper stands, using the ropes for support.

Hopper: You can't really be walking out on this fight, could you? I mean, what happened to that guy that called me, what was it again? A roided out, no. A walking heart-attack, roided out f***er. Where'd that go?

Blackfront: Hopper can barely stand, but he keeps trying to get under Quinlan's skin and keep this match going.

Hopper: You think I am an ego tripping, glory hog? Well now is your time to do something about it, kid. That is unless...

The measured pause is for dramatic effect. Hopper: You are really just a scared little bitch.

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Ace: Nothing like saying your opponent doesn't have male reproductive organs to irritate him back into the fight.

The school yard tactic is enough to draw Quinlan's interest back to the fight. He makes a confident march back to ring, but stands on the apron looking back at Hopper.

Blackfront: Quinlan staring back at the bloodied grin of Hopper. Now each men nodding to the other.

And as Hopper gestures for Quinlan to get back between the ropes, he is met with Quinlan drawing his thumb across his throat. He is hesitant to enter through the second and top rope, and decides to leap over the top in.

Blackfront: And now maybe, this impractical match can get going.

More like a traditional set up, both men start to circle until Hopper shoots in, getting a side headlock. Quinlan pushes against his large forearms looking to ease the pressure. Keeping the pace going, Hopper switches to grabbing the left arm of Quinlan and pulling it into a hammerlock. Blackfront: Standing switch from Hopper, now wrenching at the shoulder and elbow joints. This must just be instinct for Hopper.

Ace: Yeah, yeah. Big like ox, smart like streetcar.

Searching for the escape, Quinlan reaches his free arm up and around Hopper's head, dropping to his butt in a jawbreaker. Quinlan scurries to his feet first.

Blackfront: Smart counter there, a little reminiscent of Hopper's own Ice Breaker. Quinlan back up, Hopper...

Ace: Knee lift!

The knee to the ribs shoots Hopper upright and staggered, but not down. Quinlan looks to the ropes, then Hopper.

Blackfront: Quinlan trying to build up the steam to bring the heavier man down.

Quinlan rebounds throwing a shoulder block that doesn't move Hopper. Hopper begs him to try it again, and Quinlan stubbornly accepts.

Blackfront: A second try, no! Hopper with the scoop slam and Quinlan hits the mat spine first! Arching his back after that one, Quinlan has little time to recover as Hopper is laying on top of him, looking for the quick pinfall.

Blackfront: Ref slides into position... 1!

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Blackfront: Kickout!

Quinlan slides away and keeps his back to the corner that he uses to get back vertical, never taking his eyes off of the crafty veteran. Hopper gets back to his feet and waits for Quinlan's next move.

Blackfront: Hopper certainly starting to look a little stronger.

Jetting back in, Quinlan feints the collar and elbow in favour of a European uppercut. Shaking it off quickly, Hopper responds in kind with an uppercut sets Quinlan back a few steps.

Blackfront: And Quinlan back in with another one of those stiff leg kicks. Yikes. That's enough to drop Hopper to a knee.

With Hopper at a lower altitude, Quinlan sees this as the occasion to synch in the sleeper hold. Blackfront: Quinlan with the rear naked choke, and Hopper needs to get out of this. He is swinging, looking for the ropes.

Every time Hopper is near enough to a set of ropes, Quinlan tries to steer this bull away with a jerk back toward the center of the ring. Slowly, Hopper's air supply is running out and he is back to kneeling on a single knee.

Ace: Hopper has already lost a few brain cells tonight, what's a few more?

Giving it one last try, aided on by the Dublin crowd, Hopper backs Quinlan up to the ropes before taking off for the far set and dropping to the mat.

Blackfront: Quinlan sent flying over the top awkwardly! Right in front of us.

Rolling out under the bottom rope, Chris Hopper takes control of Quinlan's head. He looks to the ring, but before he can throw Quinlan in, Quinlan is stomping his toes to release his grip.

Blackfront: Quinlan now in control and looking to bounce Hoppers head right off our announce desk!

Hopper is shaken as Quinlan tries to slam his head once more into the table, but at the last second gets a hand out to stop him. The near arm then plies its elbow into Quinlan's ribs, making him release the hold. Hopper's turn.

Blackfront: Now Quinlan bounced skull first off our announce table, and this crowd is firmly behind Hopper here tonight.

Hopper throws the staggered Quinlan back into the ring and takes a moment to soak up a little of the Irish loving.

Ace: I will never understand these Ungratefuls. Why are they cheering on the guy that cannot even see his

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opponent about to hit him with a suicide dive?

And yes, back in the ring, Quinlan has picked up a head of steam running the length of the ring before taking a leap over the top rope directly at Hopper.

Blackfront: No, Hopper moved at the last second! And Quinlan hit hard.

Immediately on the ground, Quinlan is clutching at his left knee. Hopper, wiping away a little of the blood that has turned half of his face into a crimson mask, stalks back over to Quinlan. His attempt to throw him into the ring looks awkward, and Quinlan collides with the apron.

Blackfront: I don't know, but it looks like Quinlan might have tweaked that knee on that missed Vaulting Plancha. Hopper, rolling him into the ring, now.

Hopper walks up the steps and Quinlan is slow to recover inside of the ring. By the time Chris is stepping over the top rope, Quinlan is trying to pull himself back up in the corner and push the ref away.

Blackfront: Hopper meeting Quinlan in the corner with a knee to the midsection.

Hopper grabs an arm and presses in on Quinlan before whipping out of the corner toward the other corner, but Quinlan moves gingerly and stops halfway across the ring. Sense Hopper standing behind him, Quinlan drops and trips him with a leg sweep that looks to have been more painful to him.

Ace: Ha! Idiot!

Quinlan guttingly gets to his feet and meets Hopper with a forearm shot to the jaw. A left hook to the body double over Hopper enough to left Quinlan to get the butterfly lock.

Blackfront: Angels wings!?

Hopper stands up pushing Quinlan back and booting him in the gut. He turns, grabs Quinlan's head and leaps.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER! HE REVERSES INTO AN ICE BREAKER!

The fans cheer. Hopper quickly covers Quinlan as the referee drops and begins his count. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... CHRIS.... HOOOPPPEEEERR!!!! Blackfront: Chris Hopper with the win here tonight as he prepares to do battle with Kendrix at international Affair. However, I think Quinlan may be hurt.

Officials get in the ring and attempt to check on Quinlan who seems to eb refusing as we move on.

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Big Brother is Watching

The image goes to static.

Ace: The hell is going on around here?

Blackfront: We appear to be having technical difficulties ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: No crap Captain Obvious. Farthington can't afford to pay the bills? The image slowly comes back on to a live security feed.

Ace: The idiots in the truck are broadcasting the arena security feed.

The grainy security feed shows various guards dressed in black, and one of the guards is carrying a food.

Blackfront: This feed isn't coming from the arena.

Ace: Where's it coming from?

The next image the live feed shows is a man in a red jumpsuit, greasy and matted hair, who's face is obscured by the sandwich he is eating, and as he lowers it, the person is none other than Scott Stevens.

Blackfront: That's Scott Stevens! He's competing later tonight at Alcatraz at Rumble at the Rock for their world championship.

Ace: Great that means he'll be sticking up our television soon.

Stevens looks towards the security camera and gives it a wink and a smirk before taking a bite of his sandwich as the feed goes to static.

International Affair Tour Continues!!!!!!

Following the ongoing action throughout the night the tron lights up for the Dublin fans, with the UTA logo and into the greeting face of the UTA's Hall of Famer Dr. Emo. His back to the large screen that spans his studio room, he welcomes the viewers.

Dr. Emo: Evening all! Hope you are having a fun time in Dublin there, and maybe one or two of you have gotten lucky!

Emo grin as the screen behind opens up to the face of Madman.

Dr. Emo: Speaking of lucky. How about that? On Victory the fans, and the roster, were all greeted with the

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one and only Madman Szalinski. Talk about lucky! And you know what, Stan Davis, consider this a plug for your usual work and rumors.

He grins at the camera and gives a sly wink.

Dr. Emo: According to Rumor Man Stan, we could very well be seeing the return of both Chance Von Crank and a former Champion, Yoshi, as we hit Japan in a few weeks! So, does it look like Madman may be returning to the UTA soon as well?

The question hangs in the air as the footage behind him updates to Will Haynes in the ring. Dr. Emo: Or how about this. Will Haynes returns to face Mikey Unlikely but before that can go down Mikey has a announcement of sorts of his own.

We see Mikey proposing to MJ.

Dr. Emo: Oh you know Mikey was in for a beating from Will later, but unfortunately for him that would not happen as the match was altered and we had the return of Billy the Kid to face Haynes. He grins as the screen updates to the Gauntlet match.

Dr. Emo: As expected, Eric Dane went into the Gauntlet match with victory on mind, for Victory. Michael Lorenzo upped the ante with each opponent involved, but in the end regardless of the light tubes, tied arm, steel steps and all the street fighting one could hope for - Dane steps out as your victor and will go on to face the UTA World Champion later.

The screen suddenly expands it's full width. Bobby Dean's enormous form just so happen to require it!

Dr. Emo: Of course the most talked about moment from Victory came at the hands of the closing of the show. Following our Wildfire Champion Colton Thorpe putting down yet another challenger for his title. Sure Bobby gave it his all and put in an impressive workout.

Pausing he shrugs.

Dr. Emo: Do we call Bobby Dean's matches, matches or workouts, today? In either case Thorpe like many before him found himself squashed, quite specifically, but still with the wherewithal to get his foot on the rope.

The next shot is a replay of the title shot on Dean and leading into the pin.

Dr. Emo: This all led to the title getting plastered in the face of Bobby, much like our UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca did to that purple haired munchkin Fears earlier. And yet-

Once more behind him we see a Thorpedo nail Bobby Dean, before Cayle Murray makes a b-line for the ring.

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Dr. Emo: The talkative moment isn't the Thorpedo, or the victory, or even Cayle's save. No. We see as Murray lays the challenge to Thorpe, who doesn't have to accept in this case and rightfully wants to talk his way out of that.

Dr. Emo: At International Affair. After several months. We will finally see Cayle Murray take on Colton Thorpe in one on one action for the Wildfire Championship.

The Victory logo takes center stage as the Wrestleuta site's preview loads up.

Dr. Emo: And coming up next week on Victory from Palais Omnisports de Paris, in Paris, we will have not one but two separate contract signings including the aforementioned Murray and Thorpe, as well as the UTA World Championship match for International Affair. And currently booked for the show is:

Marie Van Claudio vs B.R. Ellis Amy Harrison vs Jack Hunter Ron Hall vs Lisil Jackson Perfection vs Stephen Greer

Will Haynes vs Yeshua Pandemonium

Dr. Emo: And with that, enjoy the rest of Wrestleshow and I will see you again soon! The clip ends and the tron fades out to black.

Brought to You By

Last Moments Prep

We cut backstage where one of the competitors for the UTA World Championship match, Zhalia Fears, which gets a rising cheer from the Dublin native. She is busy shadow boxing/kickboxing in front of a large standing mirror. Preperation for her match against the champion, La Flama Blanca, no doubt.

After several more kicks and a final spinning backfist grazes the mirror, she puts the breaks on while looking forward at her own reflection.

Fears: A year long journey has brought us to this spot. This night. Zhalia smirks.

Fears: There are those that say that Dynasty can not be beat. Everyone just talks and says they will do this, do that. They all end up failing.

Wrenching her wrists, she reaches down into her duffel next to the mirror and pulls out her bracelets.

Fears: Then on social media and even the guys back here, they say that a woman no matter the athleticism, can not be the face of the company. Just not marketable.

Sliding those on she laughs to herself silently.

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Fears: Time to prove them wrong -- and just do it.

With a grin she turns and starts to head out, then stops. Looking back over her shoulder.

Fears: How about we not screw this up, Zhalia.

With a nod to herself she turns and heads on out of the room. The scene fades off elsewhere.

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

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

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

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

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with... I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord.

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

Announcer: He stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... [The Mental Rapist]

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

Announcer: Mr. ACE IN THE HOLE..... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

A slight smile forms on his face. Lord only knows what's floating around in that screwed up head of his, especially with the Vietnamese darkling at his side. After soaking up the reaction for a few moments, he

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motions that it's finally time to make their way to the ring.

Blackfront: Mr. Ace in the Hole returning to a more sinister state it seems since his departure from Dynasty.

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark Vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson.

Blackfront: If you're John Sektor, what is your mind set going into a match against this man? Ace: You have to be intimidated. But Sektor isn't a push over himself. He may very well be the one to knock Jackson off of course.

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

Blackfront: This should be a big match.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into cheers. '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.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion looks ready for the challenge.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, the Legacy champion begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, slapping 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 love 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: He is the CURRENT Reigning and Defending UTA LEGACY CHAMPION. The Gold Standard...JOHN..... SEKKKKKTTTTOOOOORRRRRR!

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.

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Blackfront: The Legacy Champion will meet Sean Jackson's former Dynasty mate, CBR, in just a few weeks at International Affair.

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

Blackfront: This one is ready to kick off.

As the referee calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes John Sektor..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Sektor who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs. Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of John Sektor. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing him back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

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

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

John blocks a jab from Mr. Ace in the Hole and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from John Sektor as he is fighting back against Jackson.

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

Blackfront: Heavy chops from the Legacy Champion here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

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

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by John Sektor!

Sean Jackson hits the canvas hard as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion is proving he may very well be a good match for Jackson.

Ace: Both of these guys have a mean streak and are just great in the ring.

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

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

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

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

Ace: No, but it's enough to show him he has a serious competitor in the ring with him.

Blackfront: John Sektor is not to be taken lightly it seems.

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

Blackfront: John Sektor still in control as the fans begin to back him here in this match.

Ace: They have been behind him since Ring King. Sektor is the last remaining active member of The Machine.

Jackson turns around as Sektor grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up.

Blackfront: John Sektor lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

As they hit, Sektor steps back, still holding Jackson. He goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing John to drop Jackson.

Blackfront: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

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

Ace: Still in control, John Sektor is absolutely dominating Sean Jackson up here tonight.

John runs over and climbs the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top he turns around. Once he has his balance, he leaps down with a double foot stomp connecting on Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: John Sektor stomping Sean Jackson. Sektor quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops. Ace: He's got him! he's got him!

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Blackfront: No! Kickout at two!

John Sektor gets to his feet again. He bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs Sektor around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

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

Blackfront: John Sektor has seen this before, he drops to the canvas!

Sean Jackson's knee completely misses John Sektor's head. John pushes up behind Sean Jackson who turns around.

Blackfront: Jackson turns.. roundhouse kick by John Sektor! He catches his mark!

Ace: John Sektor might have this!

Blackfront: He goes for the cover.

The referee drops and begins to count. Sean Jackson kicks out at the very last possible second.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson still in this one.

As Sektor begins to get up, he pulls Jackson up with him. Blackfront: John Sektor runs to the ropes.. on the return now. Jackson moves fast and drops Sektor to the canvas.

Blackfront: Jackson now with an arm bar, hoping to turn things around here.

Ace: If he's going to, now is the time.

John Sektor tries to grab at Sean's hands and pry them apart with his free hand. The referee notices Sektor's shoulders are on the canvas and begins to count the pin.

Blackfront: Sektor being pinned...

Sektor lifts his shoulder off the canvas. Sektor kicks his leg out to try to reach the bottom rope.

Ace: Sektor trying for that bottom rope.

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Blackfront: Sektor might have some serious arm damage after being in this Arm Bar.

Sektor fights through the pain and finally is able to put his foot on the bottom rope. Sean doesn't let the submission hold go despite Sektor being on the rope. The referee warns Jackson to let the hold go. He begins to count.

Blackfront: Jackson taking the full count of five before letting go.

Jackson finally lets the hold go and gets up to his feet. Sektor grabs at his shoulder; obviously it has been tweaked. Jackson grabs John Sektor by the hair causing the referee to warn him again. Jackson pulls Sektor up and sends him back down to the canvas with a Suplex.

Blackfront: Sean going for a second Suplex... Sektor hitting the canvas hard. Jackson keeps his grip on Sektor and attempts a third Suplex.

Ace: Jackson is going for a third Suplex...

John Sektor hooks his leg around Sean's to stop the Suplex attempt. John Sektor returns the favor.

Blackfront: John Sektor with a Suplex of his own!

John Sektor arches his back off the mat and grabs at it with his hand. Jackson rests on his backside grabbing at his back.

Ace: Sean looks angry, Jason...

Sektor rolls onto his stomach, still holding on his back in pain. The fans begin a SEK-TOR chant.

Blackfront: The fans trying to rally behind Sektor now.

Sean gets Vertical and walks towards John Sektor. Jackson raises his left leg just to stomp on Sektor's hand. Sektor rolls around in the ring and exits to the floor. Sean Jackson grabs the referee by the shirt and engages him.

Blackfront: Vanessa... watch Vanessa...

Vanessa walks towards John Sektor, slamming Sean's briefcase into John's stomach. The fans in the arena boo with passion. The Referee turns around to see her too close to Sektor, warning her to stay out of the match.

Blackfront: The evil Vanessa interfering here.

Ace: Of course she did. Why wouldn't she?

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Sean Jackson steps through the ropes and drops down to the ring floor. He grabs the hand of John Sektor, helping him to his feet.

Blackfront: Irish Whip attempt by Jackson, is reversed.

Ace: Jackson into the barricade! The fans cheer.

Blackfront: The referee now counting.

John Sektor still holding at his back gets a few feet away from his opponent and goes to work. He unloads right hand after right hand on the chin of Jackson. John Sektor grabs his opponent by the back of the head and brings him to the ring, rolling him back in.

Blackfront: John Sektor now in control of this match as he gets back into the ring.

Ace: This has been a good one here.

Sektor stands over Jackson in the ring. John Sektor grabs one of Sean's legs and flips him over to now lay on his back. Sektor grabs Jackson's remaining free leg and pushes them outward.

Sektor smiles to the crowd as they cheer him on.

Blackfront: Jackson is begging for mercy!

Ace: A size Twelve boot to the groin! Ohh!

Sean Jackson holds himself trying to relieve the pain. John Sektor looks out into the crowd and throws his arms up in the air.

Blackfront: Sektor pumping up this Dublin crowd.

John Sektor stands behind his opponent and grabs Sean under his arms. Sektor puts Sean's arm behind his head and lifts him up in the air sending Sean into more pain.

Blackfront: Atomic Drop. Jackson is in trouble.

Jackson takes small steps away from John Sektor. Sektor turns Sean around and catches him with a body slam. Sean hits the canvas hard.

Blackfront: John Sektor into the ropes... knee drop right to the forehead of Jackson!

Ace: Sektor goes for the cover...

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Sean kicks out at two with force. John Sektor sinks in a leglock.

Blackfront: Sean is in the middle of the ring, no man's land!

The fans cheer as Jackson continues to be tortured. Sektor pulls back more and more inflicting much pain on Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Sean landing some stiff right hands, trying to fight off John Sektor. John Sektor is forced to let the hold go.

Blackfront: Jackson unloading on John Sektor here now.

Jackson holds Sektor's head close to his body as he rains down right hands. The referee gets in between the two and forces them to separate. Jackson hears it from the fans. Jackson doesn't waste any time hitting the ropes and coming at John Sektor with a Shinning Wizard, knocking him cold.

Blackfront: Jackson might have this match won!

As he drops, the referee slides into position and begins to count.

Ace: HE KICKED OUT!

John Sektor kicks out some how. The fans inside the arena are cheering loud and showing Sektor their respect. Jackson quickly puts John Sektor into a rear headlock, pressing all his weight down onto his opponent.

Blackfront: This has turned into a war early.

Ace: Listen to these fans cheer for Sektor...

John Sektor continues to suffer by the hands of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: I think Sektor could be going to sleep.

Ace: Even I don't want this to end like that.

John Sektor looks to be out like a light. Jackson barks at the referee to count him out. The referee lifts up John Sektor's hand and it drops down.

Blackfront: Sektor is out, Tommy. Sektor's hand falls a second time.

Ace: Jackson is going to win this one...

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John Sektor stops his arm from falling a third time and he shows some life. The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: Sektor is up!

Ace: Jackson doesn't know what to think!

John Sektor still in the grips of his opponent powers himself up to his feet and then lands some elbow shots into Sean's gut, desperately trying to break himself free.

Blackfront: Sektor escapes...

John Sektor hits the ropes and is sent down to the canvas with a powerful knee lift from his opponent.

Blackfront: Sektor is down!

Jackson stands in the ring bent over at the hip, breathing heavy. Fans shower Sean with boos. Jackson watches and waits for Sektor to get back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson hitting the ropes once more.

Jackson bounces off the ropes and is sent over the top rope and to the floor by John Sektor. The fans pop for The Gold Standard.

Ace: Jackson to the outside. Smart move by the veteran, Jason.

Blackfront: Most definitely. This match is even again.

John Sektor hangs his upper body over the top rope taking a breather. Vanessa comes to the aid of Sean Jackson. The fans around them boo loudly. Blackfront: Both men giving it their all so far.

Ace: The fans are getting their money's worth!

John Sektor drops to the canvas and rolls to the outside. He forces Vanessa to scamper away while he deals with bin Jackson.

The referee continues to count. Powerful forearm smashes hit their mark on Sean's back and shoulders. Sektor sends his opponent back into the ring.

Blackfront: John Sektor needs to get back into the ring now himself if he plans to take this one home.

As John gets on the apron, Vanessa grabs his foot. He turns to her and yells. She begins to yell back at him in Vietnamese. Inside of the ring, Sean Jackson grabs the middle rope. As he pulls himself up, he pushes forward, sending Sektor off of the apron and crashing to the floor. Vanessa bends down, pointing and

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laughing at him evilly as the referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

Blackfront: What a damn shame. The fans boo loudly.

Announcer: The winner of this match via count out.... SEAN.... JAAACKKKSSOONN!!!!

Blackfront: He wouldn't have done it with out that Evil Jezzabell!

Ace: I hate to do it, but I have to agree. Vanessa being here with Sean Jackson tonight cost John Sektor the match.

Jackson rolls out of the ring and heads over, looking down at John Sektor. Suddenly, the fans get even louder as the camera pans out to see Jason Cashe sprinting down the ramp from the back. Blackfront: JASON CASHE! IT'S JASON CASHE!

Sean quickly grabs Vanessa by the arm and drags her to the barrier, helping her over it. As she stands, he leaps over himself and the two begin to exit through the crowd. Cashe heads around the ring, but stops short watching as Sean turns and smiles toward him. Cashe ends his pursuit as he drops down to attend to John Sektor.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson may have won tonight, but I can tell you that this is far from over between him and Jason Cashe.

Ace: It's far from over between him and John Sektor!

Blackfront: that may very well be true Tommy.

Dirty Deeds kicks back up as Jason helps Sektor to his feet outside of the ring.

You Watch Your Mouth, Jason!

Cameras start filming outside the Dynasty locker room. Within seconds the door opens and out walks the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca. The boos ring out through the Aviva Arena in Dublin. His steps are slow and filled with purpose.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca, Tommy... defends his UTA World Championship against the challenger Zhalia Fears.

Ace: Look at The Champ! Wearing the most prestigious title in our business around his waist! He gets a few feet outside the door, into the hallway. La Flama Blanca looks down at his UTA World Championship title, rubbing it with his hand as he continues his way to the ring.

Ace: Both The Champ and the UTA World title are looking good tonight, Jason!

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Cameras continue to roll, capturing La Flama Blanca's movements as they are broadcasted on the Big Screen inside the arena. The fans continue to let the Champion hear it. He raises his head high.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight... is MY night.

LFB keeps his pace before the feed fades. We soon cut to ringside where Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront are at their broadcast desk.

Blackfront: Tonight could be the last night we see The Luchador with that UTA World Championship title, Tommy.

The fans behind the two go wild, waving to their friends and family at home.

Ace: You watch your mouth, Jason! Didn't your mother tell you, if you don't have anything nice to say, you shouldn't say anything at all?!

We get different angles of the Aviva Arena, everyone seems to be loving every moment of the UTA Experience. Blackfront brushes off the comment by his partner.

Blackfront: Anyway... the winner here tonight will face Eric Dane at the International Affair Pay Per View live in Tokyo, Japan at the Tokyo Dome. It's going to be incredible, Tommy.

Ace: Indeed, Jason. LFB is going to crush Zhalia Fears. Crush her hopes and dreams. Blackfront: Zhalia Fears goes one on one with La Flama Blanca, the UTA World Championship is on the line and it's next.

Brought to You By

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as Pretty Little Psycho by Porcelain Black starts playing.

Blackfront: It's main event time as Zhalia Fears finally gets her chance at a one on one shot for the top gold in the company!

Ace: Just another name to add to the list of people that the champ has put down! This isn't a website poll Jason. Zhalia can't fake her way into a win here!

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

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

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She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a cheery young fan before walking back to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says 'Keep watching Zhaliphires!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo.

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

Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out.

Blackfront: Could tonight be the night that history changes forever?!

Ace: No.

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.

The song is in full swing as La Flama Blanca walks through the curtain, with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his new LFB apparel and his UTA World Championship title belt around his waist, LFB stops putting his fist high into the air.

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion has defended his championship successfully more times than any previous top champion since we returned in 2013.

Ace: It's because once the title is on the best, where else can it go?

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.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. The Champion looks around the arena as he gets closer to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Fifteen pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo the current UTA World Champion as cameras pick up the fans inside the arena.

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Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY, he is the current UTA WORLD CHAMPION... He is LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The Luchador puts his arms in the air and the boos continue to rain down.

Ace: It's always great to see the champ in action!

Blanca walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo. Blackfront: The WOlrld Championship on the line just weeks before it is due to be defended at International Affair. if Zhalia Fears wins tonight, it will be her taking on Eric Dane at the pay per view.

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes of his belt, handing it to the ring announcer outside the ring.

Ace: That wont ever happen Jason.

Blackfront: I guess we're about to find out.

Both superstars circle in the ring. Zhalia test Blanca a bit, reaching for him, but not grabbing. They continue to circle. Finally, they lock up.

Blackfront: We're on!

La Flama Blanca quickly moves around behind Zhalia.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca in control behind Zhalia Fears. He lifts her up, and drops her to the canvas sideways.

La Flama Blanca quickly slides over grabbing Zhalia's head from above while both are on the canvas. He holds Zhalia's neck as he pushes down, keeping her from moving.

Blackfront: The champion taking control early, making sure to keep the pace to a steady level. Zhalia kicks her feet, trying to get free. She begins to roll up on her side as Blanca holds on.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears trying to get free. La Flama Blanca losing his grip a bit as Zhalia struggles.

Zhalia is able to roll over and get free enough to shove La Flama Blanca's face into the canvas while pulling his arm behind his back. Blanca kicks his feet around to get into a sitting position. Blackfront: Mat wrestling here by Zhalia Fears and La Flama Blanca.

Blanca reaches back, grabbing the head of Zhalia, and pushes up, taking both of them to their feet. He rolls

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under Zhalia's arm, taking control as he pulls the arm out into a bar.

Blackfront: Blanca continuing to keep steady here.

Ace: If he can keep her off of her feet, this one will wrap up quickly.

Zhalia grabs at Blanca's hand trying to get him to let go. Blanca twist her arm up more, causing Zhalia to hunch down.

Blackfront: Fears has to figure out a way to get free and get into control of this match if she expects to win.

Ace: If she expects to win, she's just as stupid as these people here cheering her on.

Zhalia raises her free arm up, placing her elbow into the shoulder of La Flama Blanca, before bringing it down between both of their arms, breaking the hold enough to roll under and pull La Flama Blanca's arm up.

Blackfront: Reversal by Zhalia as she shows a different side tonight than we are used to as well. Blanca gets to one knee as Zhalia uses both hands to hold onto his wrist. La Flama Blanca tries to pull his arm free but can't as he begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca trying to get free here.

As he gets up, he spins under Zhalia's arm. As he twist up, La Flama Blanca leaps up with his right leg, which Zhalia ducks under. Blanca lands on the canvas and turns as Zhalia grabs his head and yanks sideways and over, tossing him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Side headlock toss by Zhalia..

Blanca hits the canvas and quickly throws his leg up over Zhalia's neck. Zhalia rolls out of it and both superstars quickly get back to their feet.

Blackfront: Fast paced match here as they are back to their feet. La Flama Blanca grabbing the head of Zhalia, takes her over with his own headlock take over.

Ace: Get her!

Zhalia throws her leg over La Flama Blanca's neck now, who pushes it up immediately and then kip ups to a standing position as Zhalia rolls over and gets to her knees. Blanca walks over and stares down at his opponent who stands up, pushing him away as she does. Zhalia moves back to the ropes, leaning on them for a moment.

Blackfront: This match has been back and forward. Zhalia Fears bringing it just as hard as the champion.

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Ace: He's just toying with her, that's all.

Zhalia moves over to the corner turnbuckle and looks at La Flama Blanca who motions for her to bring it already. The fans are chanting for Zhalia. They continue to stare down before Zhalia leaves the corner and they start to circle again.

Blackfront: These two are two of the best athletes in the world today.

Ace: Well, one of them are.

As they circle Zhalia offers her left hand up. La Flama Blanca cautiously takes it before they both raise their free hand.

Blackfront: Test of strength here by these two. Zhalia takes control... La Flama Blanca breaks and moves back.. Now into a collar to elbow lock up.

Zhalia once again controls the momentum, throwing La Flama Blanca's arm under hers as to where La Flama Blanca is behind her, arm stretched and being held by Zhalia.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca unable to get free as Zhalia turns around, still holding the arm, and forces him to one knee.

Zhalia grabs La Flama Blanca's head as she lifts. Zhalia forces La Flama Blanca forward, tossing him by his head over to the canvas still holding his arm.

Blackfront: Zhalia lets go, and goes for a headlock. La Flama Blanca rolls under, and places Zhalia's arm into a hammer lock.

Ace: No one is better than La Flama Blanca technically.

Blackfront: Except maybe Zhalia Fears. Blanca uses his free arm to wrap from behind Zhalia under her chin.

He pushes Zhalia face first to the canvas, pinning her down while still keeping her arm in a lock. Zhalia begins to try and get free, sitting out and grabbing La Flama Blanca's head behind her as she lifts up into an arching position.

Blackfront: Zhalia rolls behind Blanca, reversing the hammer lock. Blanca rolls out himself back into control with a wrist lock.

Zhalia almost buckles as La Flama Blanca bends her wrist and pushes forward. Zhalia quickly rolls forward and turns as she leaps up, however it only allows La Flama Blanca to get a better grasp.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca applying pressure to that arm as he pulls back. Zhalia with nowhere to go.

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Ace: TAP! TAP! TAP!

Blackfront: Zhalia trying to get up. She looks to be getting free, rolls under the arm of La Flama Blanca. Blanca rolls, grabs Zhalia... quick suplex by La Flama Blanca!

Ace: He's the best!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca keeping Zhalia down, still working that arm and elbow. Placing his knee on Zhalia's face for added pressure.

The fans chant for Zhalia who spins around and gets up. La Flama Blanca twist his arm up and around. Zhalia drops forward with another barrel roll, before rolling back and spinning up with La Flama Blanca's arm in her control.

Blackfront: Zhalia using Blanca's arm to send him up and tossed to the canvas.

However, Blanca flips, lands on his hands, and does two more hand flips, landing in a standing position. The fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: WHAT WAS THAT?!

Ace: That was the almighty La Flama Blanca!

He turns around and waves a finger in the face of an amazed Zhalia Fears. They stare at each other, Zhalia smiling as La Flama Blanca motions for her to bring it on again.

Blackfront: Another hard lock up. Blanca takes control yet again with another arm bar, keeping Zhalia to one knee. He applies pressure.

Zhalia is able to push to his feet. He grabs the back of La Flama Blanca's head and yanks back, sending him toward the corner.

Blackfront: Zhalia follows. Blanca leaps up as he reaches the corner, landing behind Zhalia who is barely able to stop before hitting. La Flama Blanca takes off toward the other corner...Zhalia charges...

La Flama Blanca throws his legs up and over the top rope, landing on the apron outside as Zhalia Fears gets to him. He bends down and comes through the ropes to catch Zhalia in the midsection.

Blackfront: Zhalia hunched over.. La Flama Blanca using the ropes to launch himself back into the ring. Slides behind Fears. La Flama Blanca takes off across the ring and off of the ropes.

Ace: Look at that speed!

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Blackfront: On the return... Zhalia Fears catches him.. tilt awhirl back breaker! The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling out of the ring in pain. What a move! The fans are on their feet.

Ace: Smart move by Blanca rolling out.

Zhalia heads to the ropes and exits to the apron. La Flama Blanca quickly rushes to her. Blackfront: Zhalia with a kick to the face of La Flama Blanca... Hold on.. What's Zhalia thinking? She uses the ropes to launch himself up, coming down legs first on the top rope, and bouncing backward into a flip as she crashes down on top of La Flama Blanca outside of the rings. The fans can not contain themselves.

Blackfront: WHOA! What a moonsault.

Zhalia, on her feet, throws an arm out and yells in victory as the fans cheer her on. She runs to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and rolls up to a kneeling position with her arms out as the fans cheer her on and clap.

Blackfront: This is the Zhalia Fears we have not seen in some time!

The referee counts as La Flama Blanca pushes to a knee and looks at Zhalia, bewildered. Zhalia now does what La Flama Blanca has done several times and motions for him to bring it.

Blackfront: The tides have changed!

La Flama Blanca gets to his feet and heads over, pulling himself up to the apron, never taking his eyes off of Zhalia.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca now getting back into the ring. He charges Zhalia who ducks. Blanca off of the ropes, Zhalia leaps with a spinning heel kick to the face of la Flama Blanca! Cover.. Kick out by Blanca.

La Flama Blanca starts to crawl away as Zhalia Fears gets back up.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca sitting in the corner now.. What's Zhalia doing? She runs.. KNEE TO THE FACE OF LA FLAMA BLANCA!

The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Zhalia not done as she pulls Blanca up by the head, directing him across the ring. Blanca's head meets the turnbuckle!

Ace: No! Come on!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears grabs the waist of La Flama Blanca... leans back.. Roll up by Zhalia... Blanca rolls

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through, Zhalia's shoulder's down.. KICK OUT AT ONE!

They both rolls over and quickly get to their feet. As they do, Zhalia charges La Flama Blanca. That's when it hits her... the foot of his former friend.

Blackfront: The Estupendo Kick!!!

Ace: It's over!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with the cover.... One.. Two...

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the third and final time before the bell starts to sound. Announcer: The winner of this match and STILLLLL.... UTA.. WORLD... CHAMPIOOONNN..... LA FLAMA.... BLLLLAAANNNNNCAAAA!!!

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears kept this match pretty much even, but that Estupendo Kick can come out of nowhere, which she learned her tonight.

Zhalia rolls over, holding her face before sitting up. She looks up at Blanca who rips his title away from the referee and holds it up toward her.

Blackfront: Sickening. La Flama Blanca gloating after Zhalia took him to the limit.

Ace: If she had, she would have won Jason. He caught her with the Estupendo Kick and that is all she wrote. Right there stands the best champion this company has ever seen!

Blackfront: For now, but at International Affair he defends that title yet again as he faces Eric Dane.

Blanca steps through the ropes and gets to the apron. He holds the title up high one more time, staring down at Zhalia in the ring and still seated as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.