

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 49

December 7, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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

The camera pans across the fans that have filled the Pacific Coliseum to its brim. Signs thrust up in the air showing support for their favorite superstars on Wrestleshow from the members of Dynasty, to its former, to those that fight the good fight and even the Dibbins! One sign in particular reads: "M' boy is a Dibbins yung'n. His pa be Luke or Duke." The cameras continue to roam the arena.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, we are here live on Pure Sports Entertainment from the Pacific Coliseum in Vancouver, Canada! I'm Jason Blackfront and next to me as always none other than Tommy Ace!

Ace: It has been three weeks since the very foundation of the UTA was shaken in Tokyo at International Affair, and tonight questions pending from that night are sure to be answered. Blackfront: We have quite the stacked show ahead for you fans tonight. In our Main Event Mr. Ace in the Hole, Sean Jackson, will take on the Legacy Championship's number one contender Zhalia Fears. Just two weeks before facing the champion himself at Seasons Beatings.

Ace: Speaking of, our Legacy Champion, Dynasty's CBR, goes one on one with Duke Dibbins looking for a bit of payback against the brother for their last encounter. Meanwhile the other Dibbins, Luke, will face Dynasty's Kendrix in what is sure to be a great test for the Dibbins. And we all know those boys have failed every day of their lives.

Blackfront: We also will see the number one contender for the Wildfire Championship, Scott Stevens, face the returning Dan Benson in what will be quite the bump before he faces Colton Thorpe for the championship in two weeks.

Ace: Also in action are Chance von Crank taking on the self-proclaimed general manager of After Hours, our new show that doesn't cater to the brats at home, El Trebol Jr. And of course the UTA's Hall of Famer Ron Hall will find quite the challenge in the undefeated Jarvis Valentine.

Blackfront: Kicking us off tonight will see Cormick O'Connor going one on one with the Prodigy Champions number one contender, Quinlan. This and much more is set for tonight, including words from our NEW UTA World Champion, and if rumors are true, Dynasty will be in the house. Ace: Well two of them are wrestling, Jason. So they are in the house, but as to what they think about their leader La Flama Blanca losing the

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championship and CBR capturing the Legacy title, remains to be seen.

The cameras cut to a wide crowd shot showing as the Vancouver natives cheer in anticipation.

Legacy

The scene cuts back to ringside, where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are at the announce table. Jason has his hands curled together on top of a stack of papers, sitting up straight whilst

Tommy slouches back in his chair.

Blackfront: Indeed what a show we have in store for you tonight folks. Three weeks removed from International Affair and the landscape has truly changed here in the UTA

Ace: No it hasn't Jason! Dane is only interim champ until La Flama Blanca gets his rematch! Blackfront: Well, judging from the footage of last night Tommy, it doesn't look like that will be any time soon. But what does this mean for the future? Perfection has a shot to take on Eric Dane in what could be a huge contest!

Ace: Perfection will rejoin Dynasty as the World Champion. I'm telling you Jason!

Blackfront: That remains to be seen seeing as he's on Victory, but this is Wrestleshow and up first here we will see Quin...

Before Jason can finish his sentence, the opening riffs to "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold hits the PA system and the lights dim.

Blackfront: It looks like another member of Dynasty is coming out first though...

The riff repeats as out from the back to a chorus of loud boos and a few Canadian cheers steps Claude Baptiste Ranier. CBR wears a purple shirt, opened two buttons at the collar and a dark Charcoal suit hanging perfectly tailored onto his shoulders. He has a pair of purple tinted sunglasses on, a trademark custom Baume & Mercier black and chrome watch on his wrist and the Legacy Title draped over his shoulder.

Ace: here comes a real champion Jason!

Claude makes his way slowly down the ramp, ignoring the outstretched hands of fans as he runs his right hand gently over the gold surface of the title. He gets to the ring as the vocals start and walks up the ring steps, looking back over the sea of fans and lifting his sunglasses a moment to take in reflection.

Blackfront: Last night, after a gruelling fight with John Sektor, CBR was able to walk away with the Legacy title.

Ace: In a clean win too Jason! Claude is once again the King and he's got his belt back! After a brief pause,

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Ranier steps through the ring ropes, placing the sunglasses back on the bridge of his nose and walking slowly over to the corner to take a mic. He steps back to the middle of the ring, swinging the mic idly in his fingers as the music dies down. Claude looks

around the audience, patting his new belt with a grin as the crowd boos even louder, the cheers also gaining volume in the ocean of Canadian faces. Claude lifts the mic, waiting for the audience to calm, but the boos continue and a CBR chant threatens to drown out the negativity in the back of the arena. He lowers the mic and walks to the ropes, leaning on them with his elbows and forearms.

Blackfront: The crowd here in Canada, Claude's homeland, making their feelings known about the new Legacy Champion.

Ace: He's a hometown hero Jason! Listen to them.

Claude smiles and slowly shakes his head, lifting the mic balanced on the rope.

CBR: Are you done?

The crowd erupts once again, but his time just briefly, dying down to a low din. Ranier lifts off the ropes, one hand curled around the top rope as the mic is hoisted up.

CBR: I thought so...

Ranier looks up the stage and stands up straight. He points towards the Titantron.

CBR: I just want to say Eduardo, come back soon brother...your place at the Dynasty table will always be set.

He pauses a few moments and walks slowly back to the middle of the ring, once again raising the mic. Claude stops, lifting his sunglasses, taking a deep breath and leaning back for volume... CBR: Vancouver...Welcome to Day two hundred and fifty nine of the title reign of C...B...R!

The crowd boos again with the few cheers getting louder for the Canadian Star. Claude smirks and pauses, lowering the mic to look around the audience and take a gentle step to the side. Once more, the mic is raised.

CBR: You know, back in January, I was made to lose this belt to Gentleman Jack and for the next four months had to watch while this title was butchered, while it was disgraced. In two hundred and ninety four days, this belt has had fourteen champions...fourteen!

He shakes his head as he walks slowly towards a corner of the ring.

CBR: The last champion defended his belt once...in a hundred and thirty nine days. But last

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night, Claude Baptiste Ranier did you all a favour. I won back this great, prestigious belt, the most prestigious title in this organisation.

Claude gets to the corner and pulls a cameraman towards him, curled lips upwards.

CBR: Oh...and I single handedly ended the machine.

He lets go of the cameraman and walks back to the middle of the ring.

CBR: That's right Vancouver, because of the God of Kings, you won't have to listen to any of those sycophants ever again. I am the Legacy champ, I am the NEW Gold Standard and I am the measuring stick of the UTA.

Claude lifts the title off of his shoulder and lifts it into the air.

CBR: This belt...this title...means everything to me. I named it, I held it, defended against every competitor James Wingate could throw at me. I held this belt whilst careers rose and fell, through the reigns of five World Champions.

The boos ring out with louder cheers as a fired up CBR walks to the ropes. He takes the belt down and places it over the top rope.

CBR: And now, I will be the man to bring pride back to this championship, back to a title that should represent the best technical athletes on the planet.

Blackfront: Impassioned words by our Legacy Champ.

Ace: The greatest champ who ever lived!

Claude leans up on the ropes, taking a breath and looking up the ramp again.

CBR: As for the matter of Dyna...

Before he can continue, "Pretty Little Psycho" by Porcelain Black hits the PA system and the crowd erupts into a frenzy of cheers.

Blackfront: It's Zhalia! She's here Tommy. After that brutal match at International Affair, the number one contender for the Legacy Title is here!

As if on cue, from the back, Zhalia Fears emerges and the crowd rises in volume. She walks out onto the stage, her arm in a custom made cast decorated with The Nightmare before Christmas matching her usual attire, mic in hand.

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Ace: What's she doing out here?! She should be getting ready for Sean Jackson!

Zhalia waves at the crowd, a wide smile across her face as she bops the mic back and forth to the music before it dies down. She looks towards the ring and furnishes CBR with a thumbs up as the crowd quiets to let her speak.

Fears: Hi Claude!

Zhalia smiles widely as she waves to the ring, looking around the arena. She lifts the mic to her mouth once again.

Fears: Congratulations on the huge victory at International Affair! That was one of the best matches I have seen in a long time and you thoroughly deserved the win.

She claps onto the mic genuinely, pointing down at Claude and nodding to the fans before raising the mic back up.

Fears: You know, I have respected you for a long time Claude. You are not Crimson Lord, you are not Mike Best, you are not Sean, you are not Eric Dane. You do it right. You are the only one in Dynasty who always did things right. You did defend the belt more than anyone and you never truly lost it in the grand scheme of things, so I am pleased to see it back around your waist again and ever since I walked through the gates here in the UTA I have dreamt of an opportunity to go one on one with you.

The scene cuts to the ring where Claude is leaning on the ropes with the title over the top rope, looking down at Zhalia atop the ramp, who starts to walk slowly down towards the ring.

Fears: But at International Affair I had my own huge match when I stepped into that ring... She points to the ring.

Fears: ...with Perfection, Scott Stevens and Quinlan and won a shot at that...

Points to the Legacy Title.

Fears: ...In that dream match against The Canadian Star!

Zhalia gets to the ring excitedly and slides under the ropes, CBR taking his title and backing off to the other side of the ring. Fears gets back to her feet, facing the Legacy champ.

Fears: And at Seasons Beatings Claude, CBR and Zhalia Fears go one on one for the Legacy Title and I for one, cannot wait!

Ranier smirks at Zhalia, slowly walking across the ring still facing her.

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CBR: How quaint...the little white rabbit coming out of her hole to interrupt the big bad wolf. You know, Zhalia, I've had my eye on you since you joined the UTA. Time and time again, you've had opportunity after opportunity and what did you do?

Claude pauses, looking around the audience with one arm outstretched waiting for an answer. CBR: Every time Zhalia, you've failed...you've fallen under the weight of expectation. And at Seasons Beatings you expect to go one on one with the real big game player of the UTA? As much heart as you've got, even you need to admit that that is nothing short of ridiculous.

Zhalia shakes her head, lifting the mic again.

Fears: I know you better than that Claude. I know you will carry that belt with the same pride as you did a year ago and that is the CBR I want to face. I want to face the champion who was unbeatable for almost a whole year. I want to face the man who beat Hopper, La Flama Blanca and John Sektor. I want to challenge myself against the best in the UTA and Claude, that is you. Claude pauses, stepping forward and holding the Legacy Title above his head, he says a few words to Zhalia as the crowd rises in volume again. Fears stands her ground looking up at the bigger man and points at his title whilst sharing a few words back. She lifts the mic.

Fears: Claude, I want...

"Short Change Hero" hits the PA system and from the back Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely storm out and run down to the ring.

Blackfront: No! No! Not like this!

Ace: Get her!

Mikey is first to slide under the ropes followed by Kendrix and Zhalia turns to face them. Fears drops Mikey with a drop kick before levelling Kendrix with a forearm. She turns quickly and kicks Mikey in the gut before swivelling back and performing an enziguri on Kendrix, forcing him into the corner. As she gets up she turns with a right, a left and a right to Mikey, who stumbles backwards before Zhalia goes down from a vicious forearm to the back of her knee from Kendrix. Blackfront: Chop Block and now the numbers game catching up with Zhalia Fears. This is shameful!

Mikey and Kendrix put the boots to the downed Fears, Kendrix dropping an elbow to her sternum and wrapping his arm around her neck choking the former Prodigy Champ. Unlikely boots her repeatedly in the stomach and drops to one knee firing rights into her face as she is choked out. Claude stands looking down at the scene, his title over his shoulder as Kendrix breaks the hold and slides out of the ring.

Ace: Kendrix looking under the ring for something...the steel pipe! He's got the steel pipe! Kendrix rolls back into the ring and walks up to CBR, pointing the steel pipe at him and then down at Zhalia. He grins and gets back onto Zhalia, lifting her arm out and placing his boot on her hand, pointing at the cast.

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Blackfront: This is sick! No!

Claude takes the pipe and stands in front of the melee. He drops the Legacy Title and holds the pipe in both hands looking down. Ranier lifts it high into the air...

Ace: Do it! Take her out Claude!

He pauses...looking at Mikey Unlikely, then at Kendrix and finally back down at Zhalia Fears before raising his arms again...

Blackfront: God damnit no!

But the contact never comes. He shakes his head and lets his arm fall loose by his side, before letting the pipe slip out onto the mat.

Claude takes his Legacy Title and places it back on his shoulder, sharing words with Mikey and Kendrix. Mikey shakes his head, grabbing the pipe and lifting it into the air, but CBR grabs it and shakes his head. He lifts Kendrix up and has a word with both of his stablemates, urging them off of Zhalia. Kendrix shrugs at him as if to say "why" and Mikey points down at Fears whilst looking at Claude and responding.

Blackfront: A penny for what they're saying to one another in there!

Ace: I guess CBR had second thoughts and wants her to suffer against Sean Jackson before they take her out.

CBR steps through the ropes and drops down to the outside as Kendrix and Mikey follow. Zhalia Fears is back to one knee in the ring, rubbing her arm and looking up the ramp confused.

Blackfront: A lot of unanswered questions here, but in our main event...it will be Zhalia Fears

versus Sean Jackson in one hell of a grudge match. Question is will she be ready for it?

Greetings from the 504

The UTAttron rumbles to life.

There is a hum, followed by a logo. BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE PANTHEON

--in conjunction with the United Toughness Alliance

The next thing you see is a medium-closeup of the UTA Heavyweight Champion of the World. His hair is styled extravagantly, his Italian suit is expensive, and his Maybach sunshades gleam in the lights almost as much as the title belt hefted over his shoulder.

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He is the pure definition of the word Champion.

The astute observer would notice his surroundings. He's not standing in front of a backdrop, or a blank wall. Tonight the Champ stands before the cityscape of his beloved Crescent City of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Wait, what?

A scroll on the bottom of the screen reads as follows:

...Previously Recorded...

Dane: Ladies and gentlemen, champions, challengers, and fans of the UTA, it is my sad duty to inform you that I won't be appearing live on OtherShow in Vancouver.

He pauses for the boos he know will come. They do.

Dane: Now, before speculation runs wild, as it will, let me put the subject to rest. I'm simply taking a bit of well deserved vacation time after a grueling world tour capped off by lugging La Flama Blanca through the best match of his life at International Affair where I did what I told the world I was going to do...

He smiles, those pearly whites gleaming as always.

Dane: Win the World Heavyweight Title. Patting the title belt, he continues.

Dane: It is also my sad duty to announce that I've signed an exclusive contract to appear on UTA's Flagship television show, VICTORY, and therefor not only will I not be appearing in Vancouver, but I won't ever be appearing on OtherShow again.

The Only Star chuckles.]

Dane: It's not as if there are any viable challengers over there anyway. His smile widens into an all-out smirk.

Dane: I mean seriously, who do you got, Dan Benson? Chance Von Crank? Sean Jackson has some kind of an Asshole Briefcase, so as far as I'm concerned that means he can come to me! So, with that said, I hope all of you peons out there have been recording this, because it's the last time you'll ever see Eric Dane's face on OtherShow!

Before that smirk can expand to ridiculous levels Madman Szalinski bursts onto the scene, his brand new black and red mask in full effect. He whispers something into Eric Dane's ear quicklet. Dane: Really?

More whispering.

Dane: Seriously?

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Madman nods vehemently before finding his way right back out of the shot. The Champion contemplates for a moment before pressing on.

Dane: It has been brought to my attention that I'm being forced to appear in two weeks on the next episode of this b-rated bonanza, OtherShow 50: Season's Beatings. Apparently, unbeknownst to me, this match had been signed before I entered into my current Victory exclusive contract and is thus valid enough that it'd take more effort to fight it than it will to show up and embarrass James Witherhold into submission simply by existing in the same universe as

he does.

Eric pauses, scratching his freshly-shorn chin in mock contemplation.

Dane: That settles it then. Season's Beatings will forever go down as the final appearance of Eric Dane on OtherShow, and the night that Perfection lost his smile again... again. So tune in, suckers, because in the year 2016 and beyond you're gonna have to watch Victory if you want to catch a glimpse of THE CHAMP!

Eric brandishes the title belt as the UTAtion fades out and rumbles back to its neutral state.

"Shipping Up to Boston (Instrumental)" by Dropkick Murphys starts playing bringing the arrival of the Irish-born Cormick O'Conner for his UTA debut.

Announcer: Introducing first, making his UTA in-ring debut, from Castlebar, Ireland, at six foot three, and two hundred and thirty three pounds-,

Cormick takes in the Vancouver fans reaction as he slowly makes his way down to the ring.

Announcer: Cormick O'Conner!

Blackfront: Big night for O'Conner! You always want to start off your career with a victory and doing so over the man that will be challenging our new Prodigy Champion Lew Smith in just two weeks, is the smart way to do it!

Ace: The way he is responding to these fans it looks like we have another fan-stick the finger down the throat-favorite.

Cormick looks out at the fans while stepping through the ropes and taking his corner. Quite aware to what this match could mean for him as he awaits his opponent.

The PA system of the Pacific Coliseum kicks back to life with the heavy riffs of Danko Jones' Forest for the Trees. The spotlight waits on the curtain, but they don't part. It is a quick switch to camera 5 and the top of Section U where we find Mitchell Quinlan, making his way through the crowd. The gear he wears is done in the blue/green/white motif of the hometown Vancouver Canucks, but it may be the old SCCW "Lane Stevens"

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tee that is most jarring.

Ace: And now he is back to this? Why does he get a two and a half minute entrance, when he really should probably be forced to make his entrance during the commercial break.

Blackfront: This is the opening match of the card. We haven't had any commercials yet? And maybe this raucous Canadian crowd is something the world should hear?

Calmly, he makes his way down the stairs, flashing a mouthguard-full smile as aisle-seaters try to make their way onto the telecast. Quinlan is patted on the back by the people he walks by, and stops to pose with a twenty something that has brought a Canadian flag.

Announcer: Introducing next, from Brantford, Ontario! Standing at six feet, two and one half inches and weighing two hundred and thirty eight pounds...

At the barricade now, Quinlan gets onto the floor like a one of the Sedin twins hopping onto the ice. He runs up the stairs, but stands on the apron, taking in the crowd before he leaps over the top rope.

Announcer: Quinlan!

Quinlan backs into a corner and takes a seat on the top rope. He ignores the rookie across from him as he continues to scan the crowd.

Blackfront: We'll see how the rookie from Ireland fairs here tonight against the experience and home-nation advantage of Quinlan.

Ace: Don't kid yourself, Jason. Not even these British Columbians are stupid enough to actually be cheering for this reject. They are probably just cheering for themselves and this lousy socialist country of theirs.

DING! DING! DING!

At the sound of the bell, Quinlan slips off the ropes and makes his way to O'Conner as he takes the tee over his head. The two exchanges words and a nod before they start to circle. O'Conner is the first in with a takedown attempt, that Quinlan is able to withstand.

Blackfront: Great sprawl from Quinlan to stay up! And the knee!

Completing the stuff, Quinlan had placed a knee to Cormick's jaw that takes the kid briefly to the mat on one knee, but now back up and backing up. Quinlan sees the growing space and decides to close it the best way he knows how.

Blackfront: Dragon Rush! Quinlan unleashing a series of kicks and punches that are starting to make even me a little dizzy.

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Ace: Dizzy? I think you mean sleepy.

Before long, the two are tangled in the ropes, and the ref is pulling Quinlan away. Before he uses his count, Quinlan relents, but roars in the face of O'Conner.

Blackfront: That is the fight he's been talking about, and I think he might finally be ready to show it again in that twenty by twenty.

Cormick rubs his chin and wipes away some spit, looking daggers into the Canuck in the centre of the ring, imploring his next efforts. Regaining the swagger he walked into the company with, O'Conner walks forward with a hand raised.

Blackfront: O'Conner looking for a test of strength?

Quinlan simply laughs off the old trick. When O'Conner taunts him, Quinlan just shakes his head.

Ace: I knew he was a coward.

Before O'Conner can ready his next strategium, he feels Quinlan's knee collide with his lower ribs.

Ace: And a cheat! That knee lift was cheap! O'Conner wasn't ready for that! Instinct kicking in, and O'Conner drives an elbow to Quinlan's ear.

Blackfront: With that elbow, O'Conner has just gained some space and the momentum. Let's see what he does with it.

Rushing at Quinlan spinning back around, O'Conner levels him with a back elbow. O'Conner doesn't waste time, clutching for a necklock to drag Quinlan back up. As quickly as he gets him up, he is driving Quinlan back to the mat with a snap suplex that rattles the plywood.

Blackfront: Could you hear that?

Ace: Is it too much to hope for that I just heard the sound of Quinlan's career being ended? With a grace, O'Conner has floated over and is pressing Quinlan's shoulders to the mat.

1!

Kickout!

Blackfront: Plenty more fight left.

Not getting unsettled, O'Conner places a kick to Quinlan's outstretched arm and starts bringing him vertical. Quinlan is less cooperative when he gets to one knee, throwing a punch to O'Conner's gut. Cormick

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responds with a right. Rising up, Quinlan strikes with a left.

Blackfront: Both these men seem happy to just trade punches at this point in the match. Reaching back for a little something extra, O'Conner sends Quinlan loopy with a haymaker. Ace: Did I just see a chicklet go flying? Does anyone even eat those things any more?

Stagger backward, it does seem that Quinlan is out on his feet, but he takes that momentum with him to the rope and rebounds with a springboard Superman and both men collapse to the mat.

Blackfront: The crowd loving it. Both men on the ground though. You have to wonder who'll be first up.

First to a knee, O'Conner looks over to Quinlan still laying on his back, and he scoots over looking for a pin attempt. He is repelled with a short series of kicks, before a final one finds the top of O'Conner's head.

Blackfront: Quinlan now up and rolling his neck. Trying to shake out the damage he's taken in this short tilt.

Stalking over, Quinlan pulls O'Conner up from behind and there is a little bit of panic out of O'Conner when Quinlan sinks in the reverse facelock. Taking a fistfull of tights with his other hand, Quinlan lifts O'Conner up and over to the mat with a reverse suplex

Blackfront: Veteran move out of the rookie, wisely rolls out of the ring after that suplex. He just better not take too much time out there recovering. We know Quinlan isn't afraid to leap over those ropes and onto his opponents.

Ace: When has he ever hit that suicide dive of his, anyway?

Back inside the ring, Quinlan had gotten back up and noticed O'Conner no longer in the ring. Rather than go in pursuit, he takes another moment to look out at the faithful gathered in Van

City. The camera catches him mouthing the words, 'thank you.'

That moment passed, Quinlan gets a serious face back and walks over to O'Conner, resting against the apron. When Quinlan reaches over to grab a tuft of dark red hair, O'Conner is ready for him.

Blackfront: Cormick with a shot to Quinlan's jaw. That's one way to get back momentum.

Ace: Serves Quinlan right for pulling hair like that.

O'Conner slides under the bottom rope and pops up to his feet. He grabs Quinlan's dome and swings his own.

Ace: Nobody wins with a headbutt.

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Blackfront: Effective, though. I think he might have opened up Quinlan with that one. I can see a little trickle starting.

Undeterred by the bloodshed, or even the headbutt, Quinlan is quick back with a headbutt of his own. This time, it is O'Conner who has to stagger back.

Ace: See, that's why you don't headbutt a guy. Sometimes, they are as stupid and hardheaded as this idiot.

Letting his tongue lap the small trickle of blood that had reached the corner of his mouth, Quinlan is quick to flash a mouthguard-filled grin. He takes a second to time this, and he launches with the same back kick that took down Lucious Jones.

Blackfront: Sick Kick! No! O'Conner able to step out of the way of that one!

With the momentum of the kick turning him around, Quinlan has to go to a knee to stop. This is the opening O'Conner takes to cinch in the rear naked choke. Quinlan tries to fight it, but can do little but swing his arms in vain.

Blackfront: O'Conner has that sleeper hold in really tight. The ref might want to check that that doesn't slip into a choke.

Fading, Quinlan leans forward. With 13 thousand compatriots willing him on, he is able to go step by draining step to the ropes. The crowd all cheer when he reaches and the ref pulls O'Conner back.

Ace: I swear, the Asian hookers are the only thing that make this city worth coming to. O'Conner backs out of the ropes with his hands held up, giving Quinlan his break, but only stops long enough for the ref to stop his count at two. Before he can finish that first, long gasp of air, O'Conner is reaching over his shoulder and grapevining his leg.

Blackfront: Russian leg sweep!

The torque is enough to have Quinlan land neck first on the mat. O'Conner gets up, thinking the end is in sight. One leg at a time, Cormick is stepping on the back of Quinlan's knee caps and wrapping his legs behind his own.

Blackfront: Surfboard knee crusher! I don't care how far removed from that knee injury Quinlan is, that might have just re-aggravated his knee troubles. What an impressive display for the little known Irishman.

Tugging Quinlan to the center of the ring by one leg, O'Conner locks in the cloverleaf.

Blackfront: Quinlan fighting it. Will O'Conner be able to turn him over?

Ace: Like that?

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As O'Conner sits back with the Celtic Cloverleaf, Quinlan is in obvious agony. With both hands, Quinlan tries pushing O'Conner up and off him, but to no avail. O'Conner's face is matching the intensity in Quinlan's own grotesque grimace/grin.

Blackfront: Quinlan fighting to the ropes!

Ace: Just give up already. Or don't. Let him tear up your knee and cripple you. Actually, yeah. Do that!

Blackfront: Quinlan's hand outstretched, but he is still an inch away.

Taken all that he can, Quinlan needs to tap, just an inch away from the the rope break. The ref calls for the bell immediately.

DING! DING! DING!

Blackfront: O'Conner has down it.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this contest... by way of submission... Cormick O'Conner!

In the centre of the ring, our ref has O'Conner's hand raised high as Shipping Up to Boston kicks in. Defiantly, O'Conner celebrates his first victory even if the crowd was unhappy their fellow

Canadian finished second.

Having torn off his wrist tape, Quinlan is back up and limping toward O'Conner. With one hand, he spins him around. O'Conner is a little weary, raising a fist, but is even more surprised when Quinlan offers him a handshake.

Blackfront: Sign of respect here. This kid gave Quinlan all he could handle here tonight.

Leaving the ring to O'Conner, Quinlan hops back over the guardrail and leaves the arena through the crowd.

An open invitation

The scene says: Recorded earlier. It's the usual UTA interview set. A large blue wall with the UTA logo in the middle of it. We see Rumor Man Stan standing there with the UTA Hall of Famer, and former World Champion Ron Hall. Ron is dressed for his match with Jarvis Valentine later tonight. He's in jeans and his hands are taped.

Stan: I am standing here with Ron Hall, the UTA Hall of Famer. Ron, it seems to have been a rough few months for you since Ring King back in August. From the moment we got off the plane in Africa for our International Tour, you've been the recipient of some constant, non stop and unwanted attention.

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Ron who seems genuinely annoyed at the reminder: Yeah. What we seem to have here is someone who's afraid to fight their own battles and needs others to do it for them.

Stan: Any concerns about these visitors getting involved in your match with Jarvis Valentine tonight?

Ron who is trying to restrain himself from how dumb this question is: No. I don't think he's involved with whoever this fianceer is. I think Jarvis will try to do this on his own.

Stan: Do you have any thoughts on who this might be?

Ron swallows hard and stops himself: I do, but I have no proof. What I do have as he takes the mic from Stan and easing Stan out of the shot is a live mic, a national TV broadcast and an open challenge!

Fans can be heard cheering

Ron: Whoever you are, you want my attention? YOU HAVE IT! You want to take care of me? You want to put me out of this sport? Stop sending people and do it yourself!

Fans cheer as Ron takes a moment, composes himself and continues.

Ron: The UTA has a show in two weeks in Chicago called Season's Beatings. You want to finish me off? Let's do this in front of the world. Me and you, face to face in the middle of the ring in Chicago!

The crowd erupts!

Ron: I'll be in Chicago. Don't keep me waiting.

Stan walks back into the shot nervously, just in enough time for Ron to shove the mic into Stan's chest and walk off.

Brought to You By

Watch and Notice

In the back, we see Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the UTA backdrop getting ready for his next interview.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest, Sabrina Baker. Sabrina walks up and looks up at Jamie. She shakes her head as Jamie speaks.

Sawyers: Last week on Proving Grounds, we saw you face off against Jarvis Valentine in a singles match where once-

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Sabrina holds up her hand to him.

Baker: Stop right there! I know what you're going to say!

Jamie freezes. It's clearly you can see in his eyes that he's getting scared for what she's about to say.

Baker: It's always the same thing EVERYTIME I come here for an interview. "Sabrina, how are you feeling about your loss?" "What's next for you?" "What are you going to wear?"

She keeps her eyes on him, looking at him coldly.

Baker: That's what it's turning out to be, and I know you're going to ask about my recent loss to Jarvis Valentine, am I right?

Sawyers: No, I didn't want to ask you about that. She rolls her eyes at him. Clearly he's lying.

Baker: I know when someone's lying, Jamie. You WERE going to ask me that. She snaps her fingers in his face.

Baker: Here's something you should be asking. You should be asking me how it felt beating the crap out of someone that was afraid to hit a girl. THAT'S WHAT you should be asking.

She keeps a smirk on her face.

Baker: Beating the crap out of Jarvis Valentine was something I was waiting to do for a long time! He thinks that he could get away with the "nice guy" act in this place and going around bragging about how he's undefeated.

Sawyers: Well technically he is un-

She cuts him off again by putting her hand in her face.

Baker: I don't care if he is still! Jamie backs up.

Baker: He thinks all because he's undefeated, he gets a free pass walking around and thinking he's the "man". It's going to take a lot for him to be the "man" of this place!

She shakes her head.

Baker: I understand he has a match against that "Fossil" Ron Hall tonight and I'm sure he's walking around saying he's going to defeat him to keep his undefeated streak alive.

Sabrina hears something click in her head.

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Baker: Jamie, I want you to keep an eye out in what happens in this match. I want you to see what goes down because when you see it, it will be something EVERYONE will be talking about for weeks to come!

She walks away as Jamie wants to know what's about to go down with Sabrina.

Blackfront: Coming up next ladies and gentleman, I think, is going to be a great match! El Trebol Jr taking on Chance Von Crank!

Ace: We all should know Chance Van Crank is going to take this!

Blackfront: I don't know Ace, the self proclaimed general manager of After Hours could surprise you!

The slow intro to "Johnny I Hardly Knew Ya" begins to play over the PA system as the anticipation is built until those very words are spoken. Green and Black pyros fire off up and down the stage as El Trébol Jr bursts out from the back into the ramp. As the music intensifies, the mini luchador practically runs down the ramp before leaping into a slide under the bottom rope. Rolling forward to his feet, Trébol clammers onto the nearest turnbuckle, throwing his little arms high into the air, rocking out to the song for a few moments before it finally dies away. Then, dropping to the mat, he moves over into his corner to await Chance Van Crank.

Blackfront: El Trebol Jr is on fire starting out on a winning streak here in the UTA.

Ace: Yea, but you have to remember Chance Von Crank is also going strong right now with his own winning streak!

"I'm Broken" by Pantera hits. The crowd reaction is swift and negative. Chance Von Crank struts out onto the stage. The camera flashes illuminate his rhinestone robe.

Ace: Look at that! How can this guy lose! He looks great, and is going up against a small guy! The crowd boos The Harlan County Devil with a real hatred. Chance walks toward the ring trolling every hateful fan within cursing distance. Crank walks up the steps and slips through the ropes.

He ditches the robe throwing it out into the crowd. They throw it back.

Blackfront: That may be, but everyone here loves El Trebol Jr, and has his father in his corner! Either way this will be a great match!

The bell sounds and right away CVC tries to run at El Trebol, but El Trebol runs around CVC quickly as CVC tries to grab El Trebol. CVC turns around quickly to take a dropkick to his right leg dropping CVC to one knee.

Blackfront: Man is he quick!

Ace: He is chickin running like that!

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Already coming back from bouncing off the ropes El Trebol runs at CVC but gets slammed down by a diving clothesline.

Ace: Boom match over!

El Trebol rolls over a couple times before getting picked up by CVC by the legs. CVC swings El Trebol into the turnbuckles not once, not twice, but three times. After the third time CVC drops him in the corner upside down. And starts kicking El Trebol as the ref starts counting to five.

Blackfront: Come on Ref! Get him off of him!

Ace: What's the matter? He hurting your friend or what?

The ref pushes CVC off of El Trebol. El Trebol legs fall to the mat as he rolls under the rope to the apron. CVC tells the ref off for pushing him away from El Trebol before walk over to the ropes and reaching for El Trebol. CVC pulls El Trebol up by his head before out of nowhere El Trebol grabs the back of CVC head and drops down off the apron making CVC's head snap back from being clotheslined by the ring rope. CVC falls back holding his throat as El Trebol roles back into the ring.

Blackfront: This is El Trebols time to get back into the match!

Ace: Not going to happen!

By this time El Trebol has already jumped up onto the top turnbuckle. He leaps off and lands a splash on CVC as the crowd cheers. El Trebol goes for the pin

1

2

Kickout!

El Trebol gets back to his feet right away and kicks at CVC a couple times before running at the

ropes, but when he comes back CVC is back to his feet. CVC swings his arms to try to catch El Trebol but El Trebol slides under CVC and pops up right away and continues running towards the turnbuckles. As he approaches them he leaps up to land on the top turnbuckle. He turns around just in time to see CVC coming at him.

El Trebol jumps off the turnbuckle and lands on CVC shoulders and delivers a huge Hurricanrana.

He holds on and reaches back to grab the legs of CVC to try the pin again. 1

2

Kickout!

Ace: Good job CVC! Good kickout!

Blackfront: You can tell El Trebol thought he had him with him shaking his head in disappointment!

Ace: How do you know he is disappointed? He could be smiling under that mask!

By this time El Trebol has already perched himself on the top turnbuckle again. He jumps doing a 450 spin the air, but when he lands CVC has already rolled out of the way. El Trebol instantly grabs his midsection and begins to roll around on the mat as CVC stands up.

Blackfront: He could have won that he landed that!

Ace: Yes, but he didn't did he?

CVC reaches down and picks up El Trebol and locks his head and lifts him up and pauses for a moment before falling back dropping El Trebol on his back. El Trebol grabs his back in pain. CVC gets back to his feet and starts to stomp on El Trebol.

The ref counts to five once again, but this time CVC stops. El Trebol holds his midsection still as he gets picked up by CVC. CVC grabs ahold of El Trebol's wrist and whips him into the corner. El Trebol back slams into the turnbuckle just before CVC runs at him and connects with a running knee to the face dropping El Trebol to his back.

Ace: That had to hurt! I would not want to be where El Trebol is right now!

Blackfront: Looks like he just got knocked out!

CVC backs up to the turnbuckle and lifts himself up to the second turnbuckle. He jumps and hits a hard elbow to El Trebol's face!

Ace: El Trebol is going to need a new face after this match! CVC goes for the pin.

1

2

Blackfront: NO! El Trebol just put his foot on the bottom rope.

CVC gets up irritated knowing he had won the match. He then walks over to the opposite turnbuckle and

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waits for El Trebol to get up. El Trebol finally gets up and leans against the turnbuckle just as CVC takes off running.

El Trebol moves just in time as CVC slams shoulder first into the ring post!

Ace: OOOH!! That's never good. Come on CVC, you can recover!

El Trebol falls back to the mat holding his head as CVC falls backwards holding his shoulder. The ref starts to count.

1

2

The crowd starts to count down with the ref. 3

4

Blackfront: They both are finally moving to the ropes. 5

CVC grabs the second rope and starts pulling himself up 6

El Trebol now grabs the middle rope and starts pulling himself up. 7

8

Both men get to there knees. 9

Blackfront: There both up just in time! We almost had a no contest folks! Ace: What a great match between these two! I knew it was going to be great! Blackfront: You liar, you had CVC all the way in this match!

Ace: Well....

Back on their feet, El Trebol Jr. and CVC charge recklessly at each other. Trebol, however, ducks well beneath the boot CVC throws and quickly scampers up the turnbuckles. As Chance turns, El Trebol flies, landing on CVC's shoulders with the Moonsault...

Blackfront: AL VER VERDE!

... into the Reverse Frankensteiner!

...1!

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...2!

...3!!!

Ace: Wait, what?!

Blackfront: He did it! The Little Green Bean pulled it off! Ace: I... wow... I really didn't see that coming, Jason.

Blackfront: A huge, huge win for El Trebol Jr.!

Brought to You By

The Arrival!

The camera cuts backstage into the loading area, the area where the superstars of UTA come and go, the entrance for them to the building. We see a black car pulling in to the loading area. A few of the backstage crew rush over. You can't see in to the car as the front screen is tinted just enough to hide the faces of the people in.

Ace: Is this who I think it is?

Blackfront: I heard rumours about a new arrival here in UTA.

Ace: I'll believe it when I see it!

Blackfront: I don't think you'll have to wait much longer.

The driver side door opens and out steps a man. The camera pans to his feet. He is wearing black shoes and you can see the bottom of his trousers which are also black.

Ace: We're about to find out who just arrived.

Williams: If it's indeed who I think it is, UTA is about to get more interesting!

The camera cuts back to the ring. The camera is facing up the aisle way. Suddenly 'Always' by Saliva begins to play on the sound system. The fans wait in anticipation to see whos music is playing.

Ace: Business just picked up!

Lance Mikes walks out from behind the curtain on the the top of the ramp way.

Blackfront: Oh my! We're in for a long ride! Lance Mikes has indeed arrived folks!

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Lance Mikes stands a top of the ramp way in his black suit. A dark maroon shirt underneath with no tie. He looks to both sides of the ramp way with a some what familiar smirk on his face. The fans begin to boo him as he starts to make his way towards the ring. He reaches the bottom of the ramp way and walks up the ring steps and across the apron and gets in to the ring under the top rope.

Ace: I thought this guy had retired.

Blackfront: I never thought we'd see the day he'd be a UTA Superstar.

Lance walks over to the back of the ring and reaches out as he is handed a microphone. He takes the microphone and turns around to face the aisle way. His music fades out as the fans await what he has to say. He raises his left arm up with the microphone in hand.

Lance Mikes: What am I doing here. That is the million dollar question. Why does anyone join a wrestling promotion. To wrestle. But wait, aren't I retired? No. I never once said I was retired from wrestling. I walked away from the business many years ago because I needed to get away from the business. More importantly I needed to get myself back to one hundred percent, after all I am The Definition Of Perfection!

He puts his arms out to his side and begins to smirk and lets out laugh.

Ace: Well I can see his ego is still there.

Blackfront: And you were expecting something else from this guy?

Lance Mikes: Why come back now? Why after all these years? Simple, Championship Gold! Like any wrestler on any roster. I want championship gold around my waist. Hell, I've held title after title in more or less any federation I've been in. What's so different about UTA? To me, nothing. UTA is just like any other federation I've been apart of. It has a roster STACKED with talented superstars, But none of them compare to The Worlds Greatest Athlete. So it's only a matter of time, it's only formality that the current set of champions are holding those belts warm for me. It's only a matter of time before I begin to ascend the ranks here in UTA and destroy any superstar that is put in front of me. It's only a matter of time before I capture a title. I don't care at whos expense I do it. I couldn't careless about of these superstars on the roster, I didn't come here to make friends I came here to WIN, to win championships, to win matches. Everyone in this industry knows that you can't make friends and get ahead in this business, unfortunately you have to it in you to stab people in the back, to take care of business by any means. By hook or by crook. You have to be able to do it all and also be able to sleep peacefully at night.

Ace: Wow, is this guy for real?

Blackfront: I'm afraid so, this is as real as it gets.

Lance Mikes: Now, theres one person who I need to thank at this time. That person is an up and coming star. Someone who is making headlines here in UTA. None other than Jarvis Valentine. Why am I thanking

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him? Well it's quite simple really. I was sat at home, sitting back and relaxing watching some TV and I got a call from an old buddy. That old buddy is Jarvis. He told me about this great place and that he's glad he joined UTA. We talked back and forth for the next couple of days and the next thing I know I'm on a flight over to UTA Headquarters to thrash out a deal to bring the hottest free agent back in to the business. So you can all thank Jarvis for me being here. Go ahead, a huge round of applause for Jarvis everyone!

He begins to clap his hands and some of the fans begin to clap along.

Ace: Jarvis is the reason he signed with UTA? That's pretty hard to believe. Blackfront: Why is that so hard to believe. They're friends, he persuaded him to join. Ace: I don't know, I've got a bad feeling about this guy.

Blackfront: No that's just your stomach, you probably ate some over-dated food. He lifts the microphone back up and begins to speak.

Lance Mikes: I feel rejuvenated. I've been out of the ring for so long, I've missed the goosebumps I get every single time my music plays and I walk out from behind those curtain. I miss the atmosphere being out here in front of the thousands of fans. Hell, I don't care whether you cheer or jeer me. I miss stepping in to the ring and bringing it all, night after night. Performing at the very top of my ability. There isn't many superstars who can stand toe to toe with Lance Mikes, let me tell you that. I've had my bad days when I've been beaten and heck I might even get beaten here in UTA. When I'm on my A game, when i'm totally focused on what I have to do - I won't be beaten. You see I don't call myself The Worlds Greatest Athlete, or The Human Hype.

No - No... I was given these names by the fans, by the people who know exactly what I am about, by my peers that I've fought side by side with or fought against. I'm so excited to be here in UTA, man I'm getting goosebumps just standing here in this ring. WOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ace: This guy can really talk, talk me to sleep!

Blackfront: If he wrestles as good as he talks, I can't wait to see him in the ring.

Ace: Wake me up when he's finished.

Lance Mikes: You see it's been far too long since I've laced up a pair of wrestling boots, it's been far too long since I stepped in to a wrestling ring and proved to the world why I am as good as I say I am. So let this be a message to anyone and everyone in that locker room. I don't care who I have to go through, I don't care who they want to put in front of me. You stack 'em up, I'll keep knocking 'em down! WHY?! JUST LOOK AT ME!

Lance drops the microphone as his music begins to play once again. He gets out the ring under the top rope and walks back across the ring apron to the ring steps. He walks down the steps and stands at the bottom of the ramp way. He turns around and looks at the ring with a huge smirk on his face. He turns and begins to walk up the aisle way. He stops at the top of the ramp way and once again turns around to face the ring. He holds his chin with his index finger and thumb and gets that oh so familiar smirk on his face once again. He turns around, dropping his arm by his side again and walks through the curtain to the backstage area.

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Music Speaks to Me

The sound of banjos play in the background as the scene fades in while the words "Pre- Recorded" flash across the bottom right corner of the video feed.

The viewers find themselves in the backwoods of West Virginia outside the iconic Dibbins trailer where the Brouskins are sitting around with a special guest, El Trébol, sitting with them.

Luke and the little luchador have taken the folding lawn chairs, longneck bottles of beer in hand, while Duke lays supine across the stained blue couch, his own beer can being used as an ice pack to his back; a second can was open beside him on the porch wood within reach of his arm.. An awkward silence holds between the three for a moment before Luke finally speaks up.

Luke: I taught wen dat skunk color'd Jarvis was diggin' under da ring, he had found dem damn returd belts.

El Trébol takes a swig of the cheap beer, his mask pulled halfway up for easy access. Trébol: I hope you don't think they could've been possibly been under the ring. Someone would've taken them from you a long time ago, in that case.

Duke groans as he shifts on the couch.

Duke: We tink we knowed where dem belts are everweek, but they ain't ever tere!

Luke: Yeah! Youse said yad help us find dem, too.

El Trébol holds his hands up defensively, so as not to anger the two brouskins. He had no intention of being ragdolled around like another luchador here in the UTA at the hands of Duke. Trébol: And I promise I'll get you your belts, fellows. Thing is, these belts have been hidden well, so it's going to take a little more effort to uncover them. All we can wait for is a lead.

Luke scratches his head, a puzzled expression across his face.

Luke: Well Hell, Elk Trouble! We gotsa hole pile of lead in da back, jus waitin ta go to da scrap'em yard.

Before Luke can go off looking for his scrap pile, the sound of bells are heard as a troupe of Christmas carolers come from off-screen onto the porch of the trailer, singing the chorus of "Oh Christmas Tree" to the trio. Luke covers his ears while Duke sits up on the couch, a flash of anger in his eyes.

Duke: Cuttit out with dat Jewfish music!

The Dibbins Brouskins look as if they're about to chase the singers off, but El Trébol grins before they get the chance.

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Trébol: You two stop and listen, will you? I think this may be the sign we were looking for, the clue to find those tag team belts.

Luke and Duke sit there listening with blank expressions across the face until the former snaps his fat fingers suddenly. They both hop to their feet, Duke enduring the pain in his back.

Luke: Dem returd belts are in a tree! Come on, Dukey, we needs to get ours axes.

Duke: Ya gotta be kittin' me! Happy Harmonica!

The Brouskins practically leap off the porch as El Trébol is left alone on the porch, shaking his head. He pulls his mask down to hide his face as he too stands up.

Trébol: The things I go through for a sense of security.

The scenes fades out moments after to the melody of banjo music and Christmas bells.

Signing Autographs

Blackfront: Earlier today our film crew was outside of the Pacific Coliseum and they witnessed this...

The scene fades to show the back of the arena where some RVs are parked with UTA Wrestling semi trucks. There is a guardrail set up where the RV's and trucks entered earlier in the day.

Along the guardrail stands numerous fans of UTA. You can see some fans holding replica UTA titles to wearing UTA shirts.

Suddenly from the right we see Jarvis Valentine along the RV side of the guardrail. He has a marker in hand signing autographs for little fans.

He leans down to talk through the guardrail to a child.

Jarvis: He little guy what's your name. The little kid replies Jimmy.

Jarvis: Hey Jimmy. You excited for tonight's show?

Jimmy smiles and nods his head vigorously as Jarvis gets done signing a Jarvis Valentine photograph.

The Dad: Mind taking a picture with him maybe? Jarvis nods his head and smiles.

Jarvis: Of Course!

Jarvis puts the marker in his pocket and then leans over the guardrail and picks up Jimmy. He turns Jimmy

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around as they both smile for the dad.

Dad: This will be great!

Dad pushes the button to take the picture. There is a bright flash that comes from the camera. Just then Jimmy goes flying over the guardrail who is caught by the dad. Jarvis crashes into the guardrail shoving it back a few feet as everyone gets pushed back.

We then see a man with a black hoodie on with the hood covering his face. The fans scream as the man stomps at Jarvis a few times before looking behind him like he gets spooked. Jarvis holds his side as the man runs off behind the parked RVs.

A few moments pass before we see Lance Mikes running in to lean down next to Jarvis.

Lance Mikes: Hey man, you ok?

Jarvis: Yea, but who the hell was that?

A fan screams out the direction the man took off running. Lance looks up at the fan and then the direction they said and takes off running after the man who attacked Jarvis. The scene fades back to Blackfront and Ace as Jarvis starts to get to his feet.

Ace: Whoever did this obviously don't like Jarvis!

Blackfront: And now he has to face Ron Hall in his toughest test yet here in UTA! And that is coming up next.

When the camera switches back, Ron Hall is already in the ring, getting ready for the match. Saliva - Don't Question My Heart starts playing over the PA System as white lights start to flash. Smoke feels the entrance area including around the ring. A few moments pass's before Jarvis Valentine walks our from behind the hidden curtains. He pauses for a moment and raises his arms just as pyro goes off on either side of him before putting his arms down and walks to the ring. He says a few things to the people along the aisle. He gets to the ring and walks up the steps and through the rope's. He goes to the nearest left corner and climbs the turn buckle and raises his arm's again before getting down and waiting for the bell.

When it rings, Hall and Valentine rush forward, locking up high. Each struggles to gain their proper footing for a moment before the savvy vet, Ron Hall ducks underneath allowing Valentine to rush past him.

Blackfront: And no surprise here but Ron Hall is showing off some of that ring savvy. Gotta love the mind he has for wrestling, Ace.

Ace: I don't gotta love anything about Ron Hall, Jason. He's in the Hall of Fame, I can MAYBE respect that...someday.

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Hall hammers Valentine with a right, and then another right, driving Jarvis back into the ropes. Hall pushes in and sends Jarvis across.

Blackfront: Jarvis for the ride.

Valentine comss off the far side, he cocks his forearm ready to slam it into Hall's head but Hall steps forward himself and leans into a Lariat that sends Jarvis crashing to the mat.

Blackfront: Ron Hall with a big clothesline there.

Ace: Ron Hall should be thankful that he can still get into the ring. Those bones are old and probably pretty brittle. Like a candy cane. There's a seasonal reference for ya, partner.

Blackfront: Much appericiated, if nothing else.

Hall circles the fallen Valentine, knowing it'll take more than a simple clothesline to end this one. Valentine rolls to his side and using the ropes hoists himself back to a vertical base. Valentine quickly swings with a clothesline of his own. Hall is quick and is able to duck underneath of it, pushing Valentine into the ropes and sending him over again.

Blackfront: Valentine whipped off the ropes here again. Hall bends down, intent to send him over and a HUGE kick to the head by Valentine who stopped short.

Ace: Where's the vet smarts now, Jason?

Hall dazed from that boot backs into the ropes, Valentine storms forward throwing his weight into a clothesline that sends both men spilling out of the ring over the top rope. The fans go nuts.

Blackfront: Valentine taking things out of the ring, putting everything he had into that clothesline. Hell of a jump this kid has made from After Hours to Wrestleshow in a short amount of time.

Ace: Wolves at the bottom of the hill are always hungrier.

Hall lays on his side, seemingly favoring his shoulder. Valentine is flat on his back as he sucks wind. The official eyes things up from the confines of the ring and begins his ten count.

ONE...

TWO...

Valentine is up first and he delivers a staggering boot into the midsection of the Southern Rebel. THREE...

FOUR...

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Blackfront: Valentine getting up for this match. He's been given a chance here tonight, would be a shame to have him miss out.

Valentine is over with the steel steps now, separating them from their base. FIVE...

SIX...

Ace: This guy is breaking out the steps. This isn't After Hours, that kind of disregard for the rules doesn't fly here. Someone should've told him that.

Valentine places the steel steps close to the security barrier. He turns his attention back to Hall, picking up the UTA Legend.

Blackfront: Those steel rings set up and this doesn't look good for Ron Hall.

Ace: Valentine scoops him!

Valentine plants Hall onto the steel steps stomach first with a Front Suplex. Hall explodes in pain, as the fans groan - they too feeling the wind rushed out of their stomach.

Blackfront: Jarvis Valentine, what a move. Stomach first onto the steel goes Hall.

The official now slides out of the ring to check on Hall. Valentine backs off into a corner where two sections of security barrier form a corner. The official gives the thumbs up and backs away as Hall on all fours pushes to his feet.

Blackfront: Here comes Valentine.

Valentine runs forward, climbs the steel stairs quickly and leaps off connecting with a dropkick right to the chest of Ron Hall. Sending the UTA Legend crashing back onto the ring floor. The fans explode out of their chairs.

Ace: I've gotta say that was pretty impressive. This guy moves well. I guess.

Blackfront: Fans sure are excited. He's taking it to Ron Hall. Let's see if the Rebel can claim back into this one.

Hall is to his knees, pulling himself up onto the ring mat but Jarvis beats him. Valentine grabs Hall's head and tosses him right back into the ring. Valentine climbs back in as well, pulling Hall to all fours and dropping a hard elbow into the back of the Rebel's neck.

Ace: Valentine picking his spot now. Working Hall's neck over.

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Valentine stands Hall up, pushing him back into the ropes, rather casually he whips Ron across the ring.

Blackfront: Ron Hall reversing the Irish Whip, sends Valentine over the other way, Valentine on the come back now...

Hall vaults Valentine into the air, taking advantage of the momentum and Valentine lands catching his neck on the top rope, flopping back into the ring, landing on his back; sucking for breath.

Blackfront: Ron Hall responding in a big way!

Ace: I guess that is some of those vet smarts at play. I'll give him a little credit tonight. Good defensive move.

Valentine pulls himself up on the ropes as Hall once again moves quickly. He runs towards Jarvis and throws both feet up in the air catching Valentine in the chest with a dropkick that sends him spilling out of the ring.

Blackfront: The Southern Rebel with a nice dropkick there, keeping Valentine off guard.

Ace: Valentine a little too confident perhaps in the early goings of this one.

Blackfront: Ought oh what's Hall doing?

Hall steps out onto the mat, Jarvis climbs to his feet.

Ace: I think Ron Hall is going to try to play a young man's game.

Hall races off the mat, leaping into the air. Valentine sees him at the last second and turns and Ron Hall collides headfirst into the barrier, dropping to the concrete ring floor.

Blackfront: Oh my goodness. Ron Hall went flying looking for Valentine and instead he found a head full of steel. That's gotta hurt.

Ace: Ron Hall trying to keep pace with Jarvis and that's not good for you, especially if you're an older Ron Hall. Should've kept this one in the ring. Would've helped Ron out a lot.

Both men are down. Valentine rolls over to his side and pushes closer to the ring, he reaches a knee and rolls into the ring, resetting the count. Valentine slides back out of the ring, turning his attention to Ron Hall who is getting to his feet.

Ace: Valentine takes Hall's head and spikes it right into those steel steps. Hall pops back off in obvious pain.

Blackfront: And I don't know what to say, this one was going Ron's way for a while there and he let it get away from him. Valentine makes you pay on the outside of the ring. Let's hope Ron can pull this one out.

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Ace: Why? He deserves to lose. Came in here with a bad plan. Blew up right in his face it seems like.

Valentine pulls Hall in going to whip him into the steel ring post, Hall reverses it quickly and sends

Valentine elbow first into the ring post. Valentine staggers out when...

Blackfront: Country Chin Music! The crowd explodes!

Ace: Lot of good that does him out on the floor.

Hall picks up Valentine and rolls him back into the ring. He pins. ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Valentine kicks out!

Ace: Had he not had to roll him into the ring this one would be over. Valentine was in La La Land after that Superkick.

Hall pops his feet and pulls Valentine up, content on trying to finish this one strong but Valentine brings his hands up quickly into Hall's face, catching the Rebel off guard. Valentine overtakes Hall and forces him back into the turnbuckle, before quickly backing away to gain space to recover.

Hall checks his mouth for blood.

Ace: And Valentine more or less choking Hall into that turnbuckle.

Blackfront: I think you're seeing frustrations here from Jarvis. Ron Hall isn't easy to put down by any means.

Hall and Valentine come together, they tie up, Valentine with the side head lock this time. Valentine sends Hall into the ropes. Hall swings wildly and Valentine steps underneath and locks Hall into a sleeper hold.

Blackfront: Look at this now, sleeper hold by Valentine. This guy can do it all, now can't he. Ace: And look at this Ron Hall goes low, lifts him in the air and spins out dropping him a nice looking Side Slam. Damn, that was actually pretty good.

Hall breathes heavy after the Spinning Side Slam. He pushes up and drops an elbow into the midsection of Jarvis. Hall pulls Jarvis to his feet, pushing him back into the turnbuckle. Hall pushes in, sending Jarvis the other way.

Blackfront: Jarvis with the reversel. He stops Hall's progress and launches back him into the corner, turnbuckle right into the small of Ron's back.

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Ace: Both men kick, the feet collide. Jarvis backs up as Hall charges, Jarvis able to get Hall airborne and POWERBOMB! Quick pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Blackfront: Ron Hall pushes out! Just in time too. That was close.

Jarvis to his feet quickly. He pulls Hall up. Hall into the ropes. Hall swings wildly, Jarvis ducks underneath and lays his body out, catching Ron Hall on the way with a Swinging Neckbreaker. Jarvis quickly pushes into another pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Hall out that time at two. Wow, this one is something else.

Jarvis picks Hall up again, Hall is much more active this time around, stepping around and gripping Valentine by the waist. Valentine around to the back side quickly himself, he grips Hall and Belly to Back Suplexes him to the ground, pushing into yet another quick pin.

Blackfront: Jarvis Valentine taking it Ron Hall trying to close the Rebel out. Here's the count. ONE...

TWO...

Ace: Ron Hall powers out.

Valentine pulls Hall to his feet, into the ropes Ron goes. Ron ducks the clothesline attempt and throws his foot behind him in the air, connecting with a Superkick to Valentine.

Blackfront: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! Hall pins.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!!

Blackfront: Ron Hall wins! Big effort from Jarvis Valentine, but the Hall of Famer came through when it

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mattered!

Welcome to the UTA!

The scene cuts to the back where we see Chance Von Crank strolling about. The smug expression lingers after a moment. Crank is scouring over divorce papers.

He continues his arrogant stride as he looks to walk right past Cormick O'Conner, who looks to be getting a refreshment from a refreshment table that's set up for the WrestleShow talent. He turns and watches Chance pass by.

O'Conner: That's quite de performance yer put out dare tonight...it's too bad yer don't know a tin' bout sportsmanship though.

The Shock N' Rolla stops dead in his tracks. He turns slowly back towards O'Conner. Chance looks up from the papers.

cVc: It sounds like you got *** in your mouth. Sportsmanship is for ***holes who do not know this business yet. You need to get a clue, kid. I don't know who you are but..

O'Conner: De names Cormick O'Con-

The Trailer Park Prodigy explodes from the blatant disrespect.

cVc: Wow. Wow... WOAHH! Did you just interrupt the Shock N' Rolla?

Chance starts walking towards O'Conner who holds his ground. Crank gets right into his face, he reaches up with both hands squeezing O'Conner's cheeks together with both hands.

cVc: You don't stop cVc while he's walking. Who are you to even raise your head to me? Let alone speak. My shadow turns your day to night.

Cormick brushes Crank off. O'Conner continues to keep his cool. Chance pokes his index finger into Cormick's chest.

cVc: You Ain't ****. You still got mommy's ***** milk around your lips. Cormick smiles a bit.

O'Conner: Nah laddy, yer not worth me time.

Chance stands uncomfortably close to Cormick. cVc becomes more aggressive.

cVc: I'm the Shock N' Rolla, Here 2 Show Ya... Cocked Back and ?????in' LOADED! You bet your ass I'm worth the time. If you had a pencil six feet tall you still couldn't draw like cVc.

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O'Conner takes a drink of his refreshment and swallows.

O'Conner: Yeah, but den who's goin' to try and take de scum like yer out of dis place? You jus' talk, is all.

Chance stares intensely at Cormick. The disdain is written across his face. Chance snatches the glass bottle from O'Conner. He takes a big drink watching Cormick with both eyes open as he does so. He then tilts the bottle to finish it off.

cVc: I'm gonna give you a pass this one time, Rookie.

cVc goes to turn to walk away but then QUICKLY turns back around and smashes the glass bottle over O'Conner's skull. Crank then catches Cormick O'Conner as he falls forward then launches him into the refreshments table. O'Conner crashes to the ground while flipping over the table and chairs. O'Conner is out cold on the floor as cVc leans in close standing over him.

cVc: Welcome to the UTA, Bitch!

Come Out, Come Out Where Ever You Are

The camera comes to life in the backstage area in front of a Wrestle UTA banner with Jamie

Sawyers standing by. Once he receives his cue, the microphone is raised to his mouth and right as he is starting to say something, the mic is snatched out of his hand.

In one fluid motion, another hand comes into view and Jamie is shoved out of the way. As the camera pans back ever so slightly, Mr. Ace In The Hole Sean Jackson takes his place as does Marshall Owens. Lifting the mic to his mouth, the former world champion begins spitting venom. Jackson: Eric Dane, everybody knows you are somewhere in the building. So stop insulting their intelligence and bring your butt out here.

His eyes are fixed on the camera, making sure the target of his venom is paying close attention. As Marshall is standing alongside the Mental Rapist, it is clear he is holding the Ace in the hole briefcase for his client.

Jackson: That via satellite crap may work on people like La Flama Blanca, but not me. I know you are here in this building, hiding out because you know that at any time, and at any place... Marshall holds up the briefcase.

Jackson: I can cash in and take my rightful place as the UTA World Champion once again. He points towards the camera.

Jackson: So come on Dane, stop delaying the inevitable. Just come on out here, lay down in front of me, and prolong your career for another fifteen minutes. Because if you force me to cash in during one of your matches....

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There comes that million dollar smirk.

Jackson: Then I can guarantee things will get ugly for you. Because Dane, whether you want to admit it or not, this Ace in the hole briefcase will always keep me one step ahead of you. I can bide my time Eric, I can be as patient as I want to be. I can hang in the back, waiting for you to make that one mistake...

The former Dynasty member snaps his fingers.

Jackson: And just like that, your title reign comes to an end. For you see Eric, I know you better than anyone in this arena, better than anyone in that locker room. Since 1999 I've been following your career, and the operation has always been the same. You weasel your way in, climb aboard the ladder, and then step on everyone in the process of getting to the top.

Momentarily looking back at the briefcase, Sean knows it is his golden ticket. A priceless possession that enables him to breath down the champions neck twenty-four / seven.

Jackson: But now you find yourself in foreign territory Eric. A situation where you no longer have any control, a situation where even in your matches, you have to develop that all too important sixth sense...

That smirk turns into a full blown smile.

Jackson: Having eyes on me.

Now Marshall is smiling as well, enjoying how his client is toying with the new champion. Jackson: Tell me Eric, how much anxiety did you feel when you hoisted that championship belt up? did you think for even a moment that I would cash in the briefcase, right there in the Tokyo Dome?

Taking a deep breath, Sean looks up, his eyes gazing at the ceiling for a brief moment. Jackson: Come on Eric, step out from your hiding place and explain to these Vancouver sheep how afraid you were of me. Explain to them how you have been in a panic, subjecting your body to illegal nerve pills in order to cope.

The Dallas native then stares back at the camera.

Jackson: Washing them down with alcohol, in the company of any two bit prostitute willing to feed your ego for twenty dollars a pop. Well Eric, you can wash em down with whatever you want, in front of whoever you want, but it won't stop the fact that before it is all over, I will be the next UTA World Champion.

The camera pans in tighter on the face of Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Jackson: So let's stop playing games Eric. I know you are here in the building, just as these people know you are in the building, so come on out here and hand that championship belt to me. The former World Champion waits patiently.

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Jackson: Come on Eric, I'm waiting right here. Matter of fact, I'll even get Jamie here to get a referee and we will make this official.

Still nothing. Which causes the Dallas native to begin growing impatient.

Jackson: I'm waiting champ.

The word champ is dripping with disdain.

Jackson: Stop being a coward Dane, and I mean it. You are supposed to be the world champion, you are supposed to be this hall of fame star that isn't afraid of anyone or anything. Well unless you are scared, you will come out here right now and you will...

Having enough, Jamie steps back into the shot and reaches for the mic.

Sawyers: Mr. Jackson, I find it disturbing you would call...

Jerking his head around and pulling the mic back from Sawyers, the Mental Rapist turns the venom on the backstage reporter.

Jackson: You find what disturbing? that I would call the champ a coward? Well he is a coward and the fact he refused to step up to the true threat to his championship tells me everything I need to know about Eric Dane. But I can promise you one thing, he can't run forever, and he sure as hell can't hide. I will catch him not taking me seriously and when I do...

Mr. Ace In The Hole shoves the mic back into the chest of Sawyers.

Jackson: It will be lights out, game called due to darkness.

With that, Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens step out of the shot, leaving the backstage reporter standing on his own, rubbing his chest.

Sawyers: Strong words from someone who knows the champion isn't even here. But typical of his actions since winning the Ace in the hole briefcase.

The camera scene switches to Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace at the announce table.

Ace: Sean has lost his mind, completely off his rocker if he thinks the World Champion is afraid of him.

Blackfront: Typical mind games from Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Tommy Ace shakes his head, disagreeing with the assessment of his broadcast partner.

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Ace: Off his meds is more like it.

The camera angle goes back to Jamie Sawyers.

Blackfront: Thanks Jamie.

The backstage interviewer nods.

Kick It In The Sticks by Brantley Gilbert plays as Duke Dibbins steps out from the back.

Announcer: Hailing from the Backwoods of West Virginia

Duke makes his way down to the ring, a blank expression on his face as the Canadian crowd cheer him. Beneath his open jacket, white tape is visible wrapped around his ribs and back. Announcer: DUKE DIBBINS!!!!

Using the ring steps, Duke climbs into the ring and heads to his corner.

Blackfront: Duke still dealing with the damage from his match with Jarvis Valentine on the last After Hours.

Ace: Get used to this sight, folks, because the longer UTA airs that broadcast, the more competitors we're going to see with injuries like that.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage. The opening riff of "Hail to the King" by Avenge Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the former Legacy Champion of the UTA.

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

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

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion is looking focused tonight, Ace, here in his homeland.

Ace: Indeed. And despite his attitude towards the fans, you can still hear pockets of cheers for

CBR.

As the verse kicks in, Claude looks over the fans, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting

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into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

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

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

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

Announcer: The current UTA Legacy Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

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

Blackfront: CBR preparing for chance at retribution against Duke Dibbins who, along with his brother, took away a chance at a clean victory for CBR and Kendrix nearly two months.

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

Ace: Let's be fair, though, CBR isn't above doing the same in his own matches.

Blackfront: Still, he doesn't feel slighted in those situations. Duke, though, disrespected CBR, at least in his eyes, and the only way to rectify that is to leave him writhing on the mat.

The bell sounds as the two competitors step into the center of the ring, sizing one another up. CBR immediately calls for a tie-up.

Blackfront: CBR looking to control this match with his technical ability.

Duke, poor Duke, thinks CBR is calling for a high-five and gladly obliges. CBR wrenches on the arm once it was within range, pulling Duke into a standing side headlock. A snapmere follows, with a quick transition into a grounded headlock.

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Ace: Duke just doesn't have a chance once these two are on the ground.

Duke has the wherewithal to roll onto his stomach, though, to little displeasure of CBR, who pulls Duke's head by the mullet and slams it onto the mat before releasing the hold and rolling to his feet. Duke is up a moment later, with his hand in the air.

Blackfront: I don't think Duke knows what he's doing by putting his hand up like that.

CBR smugly grins before reaching out for the hand and pulling Duke close once more. To the surprise of many, Duke steps around the Legacy Champ before he can react, putting him in the sleeper hold. Then, Duke repeatedly slams his elbow onto the shoulder and neck of CBR, grinding the bone into the flesh of the champ.

Ace: What do you think he thinks he's doing?

Blackfront: My guess is a modified version of a collar-and-elbow.

CBR, having enough of the display, backs Duke until the pair were in the corner, forcing a count from the referee. The referee steps in to break up the hold, allowing CBR to sneak a kick from behind between the legs of Duke before stepping out a free man while Duke drops into a seated position.

Ace: CBR returns the kick heard around the world, right under the referee's nose!

Returning to the offensive, CBR presses his foot under the chin of Duke, pressing roughly on the neck while the head was shoved against the thinly-padded turnbuckle. The referee reaches a count of four before CBR releases the illegal choke.

Blackfront: CBR is testing the referee to see how much he can get away with today.

Pulling Duke to his feet by the hair, CBR throws the man up and over with a picturesque snap suplex, floating over into the first pinfall of the evening.

1!

2!

Ace: But Duke is still in this fight. He has to defend his back a little bit better in the future, though. It's the largest target on the body and his isn't at a hundred percent right now.

CBR senses the weak spot on Duke, letting the man roll onto his stomach before dropping a knee onto the injured area, grinding into it without remorse as Duke groans in pain.

Blackfront: One can say technical wrestling, if they were prone to dark thoughts, is torture for sport and we're

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witnessing one of the best here in UTA.

Grabbing Duke's legs and head, CBR rolls onto his back, attempting to stretch his opponent's body across both knees. The Dibbins Boy starts squirming wildly, though, preventing the Legacy champ from putting a hold on, until finally CBR lets Duke roll away from him. A mistake when, as he were trying to find his feet, he eats a small boot from Duke who had reached it faster.

Ace: Duke Dibbins with the comeback.

CBR sways in the kneeling position until Duke grabs him by the head and spikes him to the mat with a huge DDT. A pinfall follows as the crowd gets behind the mullet man.

1!

2!

Blackfront: CBR powers out.

Duke finds his feet as CBR lays there in the center of the ring, sizing his downed opponent up. He then charges forward, leaping up and coming crashing down with a running senton.

Ace: But CBR got his knees up. Duke is in obvious pain.

CBR throws Duke off of him, rolling immediately over and locking in a chinlock with his knee driving into the injured back. Duke's pain is audible as he tries to drag himself close to the ropes. Blackfront: CBR is not happy by the fight Duke has been putting up and is looking to end him. Ace: The fans are behind the redneck, though, cheering for the ropebreak.

For a few long, excruciating seconds it looks as if Duke wasn't going to get to the ropes, but with the force of the crowd behind him, he stretches out and just grabs hold to a loud pop.

Blackfront: The grounded chinlock has been broken!

Ace: And CBR lets go of the submission immediately.

Only to find his feet, though; from there, CBR mercilessly stomps on the lower back of Duke who, despite the onslaught, is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. The fans are behind him all the way.

Blackfront: Duke is to his feet and turns to face the Legacy Champion.

Ace: CBR with the forearm smash . . . but Duke catches his arm!

Blackfront: Headbutt!

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The skull to skull contact as CBR stumbles back from Duke who, despite the obvious aching in his cranium, is on fire. He draws close again, delivering a second headbutt. CBR backs into the center of the ring, Duke Dibbins on him the whole way. Then, Duke wows the crowd as he spins a full three-hundred and sixty degrees, adding a little discus to the final headbutt.

Ace: Not sure if the spin was necessary, but the third time's the charm. CBR is on the mat. Blackfront: Duke should capitalize with a pin, except instead he's heading into the corner. Once there, Duke begins to stomp in the corner, the crowd clapping along.

Ace: Does Duke even know how to deliver a superkick?

Blackfront: Come now, just because he's stomping like that doesn't mean--

CBR has found his feet and Duke charges forward, lashing out with a badly performed kick aimed for his chin.

Blackfront: CBR sidesteps the strike. Guess you can say that that's your answer, Ace. Grabbing Duke by the head, CBR slams him across his knee with a STO backbreaker, letting the writhing Dibbins collapse to the mat. Then, with quick efficiency, CBR locks in The Canadian Cradle.

Ace: Center of the ring with nowhere to go. Will this be the end of this surprising match?

It is as Duke Dibbins taps out after a few moments of feeble resistance as the referee calls for the bell.

Backstage with Benson

In the back stage area we see Dan Benson stretching preparing for his match tonight. Jennifer Williams comes in.

Williams: Right here tonight we are excited to see two veterans in the ring facing off. We have Dan Benson right here. Dan, what are your thoughts about the controversy at International Affair? Dan stands up grabbing a towel to wrap around his neck.

Dan: Controversy? What ever do you mean? Cashe came after me first and I had to do what I could to protect myself. So it did cost him the match, well then maybe he should have followed the rules.

Williams: What about you and Sean Jackson? Will you two be working from this time forward? Dan: Working relationship? Sean Jackson and myself? The UTA couldn't handle a force like that. Let's just say he owes me one.

Grins.

Williams: Moving forward, any thoughts about your match against Scott Stevens?

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Dan: I will be honest with you, and I don't intent to take him lightly. He has been around the block a few times. We both have been at the top, we both have walked the path of glory, in a few moments that won't matter anymore. Whoever comes out on top, will be making a hell of an impact around here in the future. And trust me, it will be one hell of a 'Shocker'

Williams: Well there we have it, now let's get back to the action!

Brought to You By

Dynasty

Backstage we cut to Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely standing in front of the UTA banner, discussing something quietly. To their right is Jamie Sawyers, poised, microphone in hand.

Sawyers: Hello, I'm Jamie Sawyers, and I'm here with two members of Dynasty, Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix! Gentlemen, can you please touch on what happened a little earlier tonight with Claude Baptiste Ranier

Kendrix and Unlikely turn their attention to Sawyers, not pleased at the interruption;

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! You obvs have a very specific agenda Jammy Sawyers! Otherwise you

wouldn't have interrupted us, innit?!

Mikey: And what kind of question is that? How did you even get this job? As The Greatest Entertainer...in the world...I've been interviewed loads of times and it's always the same with you people. The same inquiries every week...

He rolls his eyes dramatically.

Mikey: You with your pointed, leading questions... He pokes Sawyers hard in the chest.

Mikey: Reporters always looking for an angle...Well we have an agenda too, and it isn't to answer all this nonsense you have to feed us. We're here for a reason.

Once again he puts hands on Sawyers before Kendrix shoves him out of shot;

Kendrix: Stand back Jammy and watch the World's Greatest Entertainer...in the world...ask real questions! Show 'em how it's done Mikey!

Mikey exaggeratingly clears his throat;

Mikey: Sir Jesse Kendrix. A few short weeks ago, you defeated yet another legend in this business. You beat a man revered worldwide! A man who will never be seen on UTA Television again. Tell me, How does it feel

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to be a hero?

JFK strokes his beard in apparent thought before gladly wagging his finger and looking back at Mikey;

Kendrix: Fantastic question Mikey, wonderfully put. Now, you know JFK, he's not one to toot his own horn, obvs!

Mikey shakes his head;

Mikey: totally obvs!

Kendrix: But honestly, it feels normal to JFK. He did what he said he was going to do. Rid the world of boring Chris Hopper matches and monologues while at the same time, cementing his place where he belongs... at the top of the UTA.

Pointing his finger up by his head he then modestly places his palm on his chest;

Kendrix: You could even say that JFK... is the greatest hero... of all time! The two high five.

Mikey: Fantastic answer Sir Jesse, I don't know why more people aren't saying that. You know what I like about you!?

He pauses...

Mikey: EVERYTHING!

The two laugh together as an unexpected guest walks by and keeps on going.

The camera pans to show CBR with a towel over his neck following his match with Duke Dibbins. He wipes sweat from his brow and takes a drink from the bottle of water in his left hand, his right resting on the Legacy Title over his shoulder.

Claude walks past a couple of crewmen before he's stopped by Kendrix

Kendrix: Oi Bruv wait up yeah?

The camera turns to CBR's front to see Kendrix behind him catching up to the Canadian. Ranier turns to his side and nods at JFK.

CBR: Jesse...

Kendrix stops a foot or so away from the Legacy Champ and raises his arms to his sides.

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Kendrix: What was that all about earlier bruv?

Mikey: Yeah dude, we were trying to help you out.

As Mikey Unlikely walks into picture, the camera zooming out to show all three in the corner of the hallway. Claude takes another swig of water and shakes his head.

CBR: What was what? Kendrix points to the monitor.

Kendrix: That stuff with Zhalia innit mate. We had her down, you were going to take her out. Claude looks at Kendrix then over at Mikey.

CBR: That was nothing. I didn't ask you guys to do that, I've got everything under control. Mikey puts his hand on Claude's shoulder.

Mikey: We don't do things because you ask us to...we do them for Dynasty, just like we've always done. Just like you, Sean and James did when you started this thing.

Claude looks down at Unlikely's hand, then up at Mikey.

CBR: This...thing?

Kendrix chimes in placing his hand on Claude's other shoulder.

Kendrix: Come on bruv, don't be like that. One for all and all for one innit? We've just got your back.

Ranier turns to face Kendrix.

CBR: Is that your way of saying I need help to beat Zhalia Fears? JFK backs off, arms up as Mikey steps in further behind Claude.

Kendrix: Woah, woah bruv. Course not! It's just...you know... you couldn't retire Chris Hopper like JFK...and you're not the future of the UTA...like JFK.

Mikey: Yeah, not like that Claude...Even though you don't get all the opportunities, that we highly talented members get...or put your opponents on the sidelines for months at a time...like me.

Claude looks at both men, his hand gripping his Legacy Title.

Kendrix: Yeah bruv, we know you can beat Zhalia Fears...obvs...but just wanted to give you a helping hand. Even JFK needs a helping hand sometimes...well, not really, but you know what I mean.

Mikey: At times like this Claude with Eduardo gone, we need to stick together more than ever! Claude looks

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at Mikey for a few moments. He glances at Kendrix before stepping away from the two without a word and walks off down the hallway.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds... As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent. Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Stevens hangs back in his turnbuckle as Benson motions for him to step forward. Stevens shrugs his shoulders and surges forward. The men tie up high, using just their hands. Benson is able to get enough forward momentum that Stevens is quick to break the hold and back up towards the ropes. The fans applauding the opening move a bit.

Back in Black by AC/DC plays over the speakers.

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking over the cheering crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring. Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd cheers on Dan. He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Blackfront: And these two are some of the most well traveled vets we have on the roster, Tommy. From the bottom, right on up to the top.

Ace: True that, Jason. And Stevens might wanna roll back up to Chicago because Benson is gonna embarrass him all over that ring here tonight.

They surge forward together again. This time Stevens yanks the arm of Benson, pulling him forward, twisting the arm underneath, applying pressure. Stevens takes the arm and uses it to pull Benson close to him as he throws a massive shoulder forward, driving more pressure onto

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the arm.

Blackfront: Stevens showing good form here as he works Benson over to open things up.

Ace: Benson a technical specialist in his own right, let's see what happens here.

Another shoulder is driven by Stevens into that wrenched arm of Benson. And another. Stevens dips again, twisting the arm trying for pressure but Benson sees an opening and steps forward, swinging his free arm into a clothesline that catches Scott and knocks him down to the mat.

Ace: And how's that for an answer, Jason, almost on cue.

Blackfront: Benson, no stranger to the ring, obviously, cuts down Stevens there. And remember folks, you'll only see this kind of action here on UTA programming; here on Wrestleshow.

Benson pulls Stevens to his feet, pushing him into the ropes and sending him across for the ride. Benson tries to Monkey Toss Stevens but Stevens lands on his feet. Stevens takes the arm he was working on and bends it down, delivering a knee strike to the ribs of Benson in the process. Stevens hooks the neck and drops Benson with a Swinging Neckbreaker.

Blackfront: Great move there by Stevens.

Ace: Here's a cover. ONE...

TWO...

Ace: Benson able to fire out of that one.

Blackfront: And we'll continue. Great little opening sequence, got my heart racing lemme tell you.

Stevens to his feet, he pulls Benson up a quick strike with a forearm to the side of the head drives Dan back into the ropes. Stevens sends Benson across for the ride.

Blackfront: Off the far side goes Benson, Stevens drops his shoulder gonna send Dan up and over, but wait Benson with other plans.

Ace: Huge club there to Stevens' neck sending Scott down to the mat. That looked painful. In the ring Benson stands over the fallen Stevens. Stevens brings a hand to his neck in pain.

Benson picks up Stevens and delivers a straight punch to the head, knocking Stevens back to the ground. Benson picks him back up and situates Stevens in the corner, standing up but slumped against the turnbuckle. Benson brings a knee into the ribs of Stevens, as Stevens howls in pain. Blackfront: Those ribs have to be tender, Stevens has been working his fair share of matches recently. Mainly in other places, but

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still - work is work, is it not?

Ace: Yeah but let's be real, Jason. His UTA career so far has left a little to the imagination. Another knee strike from Benson, followed by another. Stevens is breathing heavy, his eyes watering from the pain. Benson steps in and delivers an elbow shot to Stevens' head now. Blackfront: Benson teeing off on Stevens here. This isn't good.

Ace: It'll help him toughen up.

Blackfront: This guy spent weeks in a prison cell before the most important match of his life, I don't think he needs anymore toughening up.

Benson pulls Stevens out of the corner and spins him around, throwing him into the ropes chest first. Stevens pops right back to Danny Boy who brings a massive forearm into his neck, sending Stevens to his knees in pain.

Ace: Dan Benson is being tactical here tonight. Working over the ribs, trying to work over the neck. He's looking for an in. Trying to set up that Shocker finish of his.

Blackfront: And Stevens needs an answer here, and soon.

Benson stands Stevens up and does the same thing, sending Scott into the ropes chest first and delivering a huge Forearm right to the neck. And Benson does it again. This time Stevens ducks the attempted forearm and throws his own punch, catching Benson.

Blackfront: Here's an opening for Stevens now!

A right, a left, a right, a left, the combo of punches backs Benson up into the turnbuckle.

Ace: Stevens sends Benson across, Benson reverses it. Stevens across now.

Blackfront: And Benson catches Stevens in the gut with a hard shoulder. Stevens is reeling once again.

Stevens falls to the mat in pain. Benson looks down at Stevens before picking him up to his feet. Benson picks Stevens up by the side and brings him down hard on his own knee with a Backbreaker. Stevens falls to a heap inside the ring.

Benson pulls back the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

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THR...

Blackfront: Stevens turns the shoulder.

Ace: That was supposed to be it! Stupid Stevens, stay down!

Benson is up and he pulls Stevens to his feet. He backs him into the turnbuckle, and its a pair of straight fists to the head of Stevens, sending Scott to the mat. Scott very smartly slides out of the ring.

Blackfront: What's going on here?

Ace: Action spilling out of the ring, Jason.

Benson is down after him. Benson grabs Stevens around the neck, pulling him close, before sending him crashing HARD into the steel steps.

Ace: YES! I love it Benson is being ruthless. Really taking this fight to Stevens. Right into those steel steps. I love it.

Blackfront: And Stevens is in pain as Benson rolls him back in the ring.

Back in the ring Stevens pulls himself to his knees using the ropes but Benson is on top of him. Stevens fires off a quick punch which catches Benson but it does little to halt Dan's progress. Dan drops an elbow on Stevens shoulder as Stevens slumps back to the ropes. Benson sees an opportunity.

Blackfront: Stevens is hung out to dry on those ropes and here comes Benson.

Ace: He crashes down onto Stevens with a huge knee strike, driving Scott's neck right into those ring ropes. I told you this guy should've went back to Chi Town, Jason.

Stevens falls to the ring mat. Benson is over to pick him back up and continuing the punishment. Benson grabs Stevens around the waist and brings him up and over with a textbook Belly to Belly Suplex.

Ace: What a move. Dan Benson is a great wrestler, Jason. He's gonna be big here, just wait and see.

Benson pushes into a pin. ONE...

TWO...

Blackfront: Stevens kicks out. He's taken a lot in this match, how much more does he have left in the tank?

Ace: I don't know but it's can't be a lot can it?

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Benson again pulling Stevens to his feet. Stevens brings his hands up and pushes Benson away. Stevens charges, Benson clothesline, Stevens ducks underneath.

Blackfront: TOXIC STING! TOXIC STING! HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! STEVENS CAUGHT BENSON!

Stevens quickly covers. ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The kickout comes but it's a half second too late. The bell sounds. Scott Stevens is the winner! Ace: No. No. What is this? Benson had him. Benson had Stevens dead to rights, MORE THAN ONCE!

Blackfront: The Lonesome Loser was able to pull this one out. I can't believe it, what a good match.

Training Session

Banjo music and the "Pre-Recorded" message in the corner of the screen appear once more as the UTA universe takes another trip into the backwoods of West Virginia.

Gone is the rundown trailer of the Dibbins Boy, replaced by an equally disgusting wrestling ring in a field where the trio found themselves at next. El Trébol and Luke Dibbins stand inside the ring where a disgusting looking pillow, stained in various shades of yellow and brown, laid in the center of the ring. Meanwhile, Duke watches from a rusted wheelchair on the outside, his chair missing a wheel while he watches the two, not medically cleared for this next exercise.

Inside the ring, El Trébol claps his hands as he points to the pillow.

Trébol: Alright, Luke, one we retrieve these belts-- El Trébol is cut off by Duke on the outside.

Duke: We's already tried da trees. Dey ain't dere.

El Trébol throws Duke a dirty look, though it was lost behind the mask, before turning back to Duke.

Trébol: Like I was saying, once we find these belts, you and Duke are going to have to be able to defend them better than you did with the Hardcore Title.

Luke: Yeah, theys didn't even give Dukey his own belt before Sexys Hardon took mines from me. El Trébol nods his head.

Trébol: Exactly my point. And once you two have your tag team belts, men who are much stronger than Sexton. If you want to keep these belts where they belong, you two are going to have to get better in this ring.

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So, with that in mind, I'm going to show you some new moves to try out later.

Without further ado, El Trébol shoots the ropes, rebounding off the middle rope back towards the center of the ring, charging directly at the pillow. Upon reaching it, he leaps up, leaning back to crash on top of it back first. Rolling immediately to his feet, the little luchador points to the pillow. Trébol: That technique is called a senton, Luke; I want you to try it.

Luke just stares at him, confused.

Luke: Wat's sittin' on the pillow goin ta do? I put my head on dat!

Duke: Me too!

A disgusting thought, indeed. El Trébol shakes his head.

Trébol: Will you please just run and jump on it?

Its obvious that Luke is still trying to figure out the necessity of this training, until he finally snaps his fingers.

Luke: Like I was jumpin' on one of dem water beds, you mean?

Trébol: Whatever helps you sleep at night.

Duke: Dat's wat he was just sayin', Elk! A water bed.

With an image in mind to carry him along, Luke runs at the ropes, rebounding off in a less graceful way than El Trébol. Nevertheless, the redneck comes flying in with the running senton that was half-way impressive technique. He even rolls onto his feet, slowly but surely. El Trébol nods, the barest form a grin forming behind the mask.

Trébol: Good. Again.

And with that, the scene fades out as the trio continue their training session. For what, exactly, was uncertain, but with these three involved, it was bound to be over the top.

The sound of a banjo can be heard playing in the background moments before "Kick it in the Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert starts playing proper.

Blackfront: Here we go, Tommy! It's time for part two of tonight's Dibbins bonanza!

Ace: Great. Awesome. Can't wait.

Tommy's voice is rife with sarcasm and displeasure as everyone else in the building "eagerly" anticipates the

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brouskins arrival. It's not Luke who steps out onto the stage, however, but Duke. Duke waves back frantically, urging his relation of dubious origins out.

Blackfront: What the...?!

Luke Dibbins finally stumbles out moments later...

... chomping down a gigantic cheeseburger.

Ace: Oh for the love of God...

Luke hurriedly scoffs down as much of his pre-match meal as possible, but he's more concerned on eating than actually getting to the ring. Duke goes behind him, pushing him unceremoniously down the ramp.

Blackfront: Well, we already knew these guys were kinda unique, but I think we've seen it all. Ace: This lard-ass is eating a goddamn burger on his way to the ring, Jason. How inconvenient of this match to interrupt Luke's eating time! I guess you don't get to be that flabby without scoffing a few patties down.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Turkey, Texas, weighing in at 220lbs... LUKE! DIBBBBBBBBBIIIIINNNNNNNSSSSSSS! The Brouskins shuffle their way into the ring when the lights go out in the arena. The opening lead up to Scroobius Pip's "Let 'Em Come" blares out over the PA system and lights flash in black and white. Kendrix immediately appears at the top of the ring, but he's forgoing most of his usual pomp and circumstances tonight. Instead, the look on JFK's face is one of pure disdain as he stares down at the Dibbins Boys.

Ace: God save the Queen, and God save JFK! This guy's about to take Luke Dibbins' lunch money, Jason.

Blackfront: Good luck to him, because it looks like Luke's already spent every damn cent. Kendrix slowly struts his way down the ramp, mouthing off to the Dibbins Boys, the fans, and anyone else who'll listen. He pulls off his Union Jack-adorned shirt before he even reaches the ring, throws it to the ground, and rolls under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Kendrix is pissed!

Ace: Of course he is! This is the brightest young light in the business, Jason, and he's being made to face an out-of-shape redneck who couldn't even be bothered to finish his dinner before hitting the ring.

Blackfront: We've certainly seen a new, refined JFK since he retired Chris Hopper at International Affair. Wrestleshow's hottest prospect has been full of nothing but hellfire and venom over the past few weeks, and he's looking to take it all out on Luke tonight.

Announcer: ... aaaaand his opponent! In the ring, from London, England, he weighs in at 218lbs... he is JAY-EFF-KAY... KEEEEEEENNNNNNNNDDRRRRRRRIIIIIIXXXX!

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While Kendrix has been making his way down, the referee's been remonstrating with Duke Dibbins, trying to convince him that this is not, indeed, a tag team match. Eventually, the smaller Brousin relents and heads to the outside of the ring, but Luke's still stuffing his face with cheeseburger.

Ace: Put the burger down, you idiot! The match is about to begin!

Blackfront: Looks like Kendrix is about to ram it right down Luke's throat, Tommy...

The bell rings, and sure enough, JFK stomps over to Luke Dibbins' corner and demands a fight. Mid-chew, Luke puts his hands-up defensively and shrugs. He shouts loudly.

Luke: Gyyad dayum! Can't ya see I'm eatin' hyurrr?!

Particles of half-chewed burger fly from Luke's mouth as he speaks. A couple land on JFK's shoulder, and it's enough to set the fiery Londoner off.

Ace: Uh-oh!

With one back-handed swoop, Kendrix sends the burger flying from Luke's hand all the way to the outside of the ring. Aghast, Luke's jaw drops as the burger hits the floor.

Blackfront: Huh, and we thought Kendrix was cheesed-off! Just look at Luke's face!

Sure enough, Luke Dibbins has turned a deep shade of crimson. He clenches his fists, turns to face Kendrix again, and starts throwing punch after punch after punch into the Englishman's face! Blackfront: Never get between a Brousin and his burger, Tommy!

Stuck in a furious rage, Luke has Kendrix back against the ropes, but the Londoner weathers the storm. He pushes Luke hard in the chest, forcing him back a few steps, but the Brousin is right back on top of him! The fists continue to fly, before a straight headbutt knocks Kendrix for six.

Blackfront: I don't think we've ever seen a Dibbins so flustered! Luke's on fire!

Ace: This is nothing short of excruciating, Jason.

Meanwhile, outside the ring, Duke Dibbins scoops up the burger's half-munched remains...

Blackfront: Wait... is he... ?!

Yes. Yes he is. The sound of Tommy Ace slapping his own forehead is heard as Duke claims Luke's meal as his own, much to the disgust of the fans in the first few rows.

Ace: Oh. My. Goodness. I've officially seen it all now, Jason. Kendrix, please murder these guys and get it

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over with.

As Luke forcefully pushes Kendrix into the corner he bawls at him again, warning him not to mess with his goddamn cheeseburgers. Unfortunately for him, the moment's lapse gives Kendrix ample time to fire back with a stiff shot to the jaw, followed by another, then a boot to the gut. JFK takes Luke's head and snaps it back, forcing the bigger (read: fatter) man down into the mat. After running the ropes, Kendrix comes back with a big leg drop, then hops to his feet, scowling.

Ace: ... aaaand normal service is resumed! Thank you, JFK. Thank you.

Blackfront: Luke got a little bit carried away there, and now Kendrix is in-control. This isn't a great spot for anyone to be in at the moment, let alone Luke Dibbins.

Ace: Indeed. Kendrix is full of drive and ambition at the moment. He retired Chris Hopper, and now he's looking for gold! This flabby redneck is just another hurdle along the way...

Kendrix beckons Luke to his feet, demanding he gets up and fights. Luke does, but his clothesline is incredibly laboured, and Kendrix ducks beneath it with ease. Kendrix kicks Luke hard in the back of the knee, and when Luke recovers and turns around, he's met with a big slap across the face!

Ace: YESSSS! Punish that fool, JFK!

The slap only makes Luke madder, and he fires back with a couple of strong shots. He takes Kendrix's arm and whips him across the ring, but JFK ducks the clothesline on the rebound, steadies himself, and blasts Luke's chin!

Blackfront: SUPERKICK!

Ace: Oh my! Luke's eyes just rolled back in his skull! JFK hooks the leg.

...1!

...2!

But Luke kicks-out!

Blackfront: Big kick-out from Luke there, who took one hell of a shot. Say what you will about the Dibbins Boys, but they're tough as hell.

Ace: Look at JFK's face though, Jason! He's smiling! Kendrix is enjoying every second of this: he's sick and tired of fighting these scrubs, but he's sure as hell gonna punish Luke for showing- up and disrespecting JFK with his presence!

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The grin on Kendrix's face is one of pure malice. Once risen, he stomps down on his opponent a couple of times, before dropping to the mat and wrapping an arm around Luke's skull.

Ace: Say heeeeeellllloooooo to headlock!

Luke, however, is as strong as an ox. He rises to his feet with brute force alone and wraps his arms around Kendrix' waist, looking for a backdrop. JFK, however, adjusts himself and spins out, landing on his feet behind Luke. A hard elbow catches Dibbins in the kidneys, doubling him over, so JFK takes a step back, then boots him hard in the chest!

Blackfront: I see what you mean, Tommy. Kendrix is trying to kill Luke Dibbins out there...

Ace: If JFK's thoughts on this match weren't already known by all, they sure as hell are now. This is turning into a brow beating.

He takes Luke by the throat, Kendrix: pushing him against the ropes, mouthing-off, then elbowing him hard across the jaw. JFK laughs heartily, but Dibbins fires back! A left, a right! JFK staggers, falls back a couple of steps, and Luke comes forward...

Blackfront: Luke with the div--

Ace: NO! NO! THE BELL END!

The double-knee facebreaker is instantaneous, and it crumbles Luke Dibbins.

Blackfront: That's it, Tommy! This one's over!

On the mat, Kendrix rolls Luke onto his back, but he hesitates. Seconds pass, and he doesn't make the pinfall: his smirk, however, continues to grow.

Blackfront: What is he doing?! He's squandering his chance here...

Ace: Heh. No he isn't...

JFK pops to his feet momentarily, kicking Dibbins limp body mockingly, before holding his hands- out and looking to the crowd. Showers of jeers rain down on the Londonder, and he's loving every minute.

Blackfront: Oh come on now! This is just mean-spirited!

Ace: Jeesh, what do you want him to do, Jason?! It's a goddamn wrestling match, and JFK is in complete control. He's not exactly gonna help Luke to his feet and give him a hug.

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Quite the contrary, Kendrix decides he's done toying with his opponent for now. He takes Luke's arm, drops to the mat, puts his hands across Dibbins' face and pulls back.

Ace: There it is! The Kendrix Cross!

Blackfront: Can Luke get out of it?!

JFK wrenches back on the Crossface tighter and tighter, but The Bell End's taken too much out of Luke. Though he struggles, the Brousin is left with no choice but to tap.

Blackfront: It's over! Kendrix wins by submission!

Ace: Back to the burger van for you, Luke Dibbins!

The referee's calling for Kendrix to stop, but the Londoner just won't release the hold. He pulls back for much longer than necessary, before rising to his feet, and shuffling Luke out of the ring. Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by submission...

KEEEEEEEENNNNNNNNNDDDDDDDRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXXXXX!

Ace: Say what you will about the competition level, but JFK looked like an absolute beast tonight! Blackfront: He just eviscerated Luke Dibbins. There's no better way of putting it. As soon as Kendrix took control of the match, he was relentless and clinical in his assault, and in the end, he picks up the win.

Leaning over the rope towards the timekeeper Kendrix gestures for a mic. Grabbing it out of his hands he walks over toward the opposite turnbuckle, in front of a ringside camera. The shot picks him up, eyes fixed intently on the lens while pointing at Luke still lying face down on the mat behind him;

Kendrix: Bruv, enough of this nonsense, yeah?! It's time. You all know what JFK wants, give him what he deserves!

A loud thud is heard as the mic drops to the mat. Rolling out of the ring under the bottom rope Kendrix heads straight up the ramp to a chorus of boos.

Ace: The Prodigy Division is officially on notice, Jason. JFK is coming for that belt, and on tonight's form, I wouldn't wanna stand in his way!

Just a Sample

Scott Stevens is walking through the backstage area of the Pacific Coliseum with a huge smile on his face as he is ripping off the tape from his hands and wrists when we see Jamie Sawyers approaching the victorious Texan.

Sawyers: Congratulations on a hard fought victory here tonight Stevens.

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Sawyers says to Stevens as he rips the last piece of tape off of his wrist before tossing it into the trash.

Stevens: Thank you Jamie. It was a hard fought victory, but like I had warned Benson going into the match that he wasn't taking me very seriously, and I showed him why he shouldn't underestimate me.

Stevens informs Sawyers.

Sawyers: With this victory here tonight it helps you build some momentum going into your scheduled title match with Colton Thorpe for the Wildfire championship at Wrestleshow 50. Are you ready for your first title match in Wrestle UTA?

Sawyers asks Stevens with great interest. Stevens: About as ready as I can be Jamie. Stevens tells Jamie.

Sawyers: Care to elaborate?

Stevens: I mean you can only watch so much tape on the champion to try and formulate a game

plan of what may and may not work against him. You can try to find out his strengths and weakness and try to use them against him, but until I step into the ring with Colton Thorpe I don't know what will work or not. I mean Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe had been had each other's throats for months and you would think if anyone knew Colton best it would be Murray, and when he was within a heartbeat of defeating his rival he made one costly mistake and was defeated. I plan on making sure the same doesn't happen to me.

Stevens informs Sawyers.

Sawyers: Any final thoughts before I let you go?

Stevens: Thorpe, I know you're watching and listening and if you have the balls you'll prove how good you claim to be by leaving the rest of the false wrestling gods of the Pantheon in the back even when I'm kicking your ass from pillar to post.

Stevens says with a smirk before walking off.

Dirty Little Secrets, Dirty Little Lies

In the backstage area, standing in front of the Wrestle UTA banner is none other than Marshall Owens and his client Sean Jackson. Marshall, still wearing his suit is holding a microphone for the man known as Mr. Ace In The Hole, the man who is only three seconds away from becoming the next UTA World Champion.

As the camera pans back, the Mental Rapist is dressed in his wrestling gear, holding the Ace in the hole briefcase with the tightest of grips.

Owens: Vancouver, prepare yourselves for the airing of Zhalia's dirty little secrets, her dirty little lies.

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The Advocate points towards his client, fully confident of the dirty laundry that was about to be unleashed.

Owens: The dirty laundry that she's fought so hard to keep hidden, to keep quiet from the rest of the world. Well tonight all that comes to an end, isn't that right Sean?

The Mental Rapist nods his head. He swings the briefcase up to eye level for the entire world to see, before letting it fall back to his side.

Jackson: Marshall, you couldn't be more accurate in that statement. The fact of the matter is that Zhalia Fears hid her secrets, hid her lies as best she could, but the moment I exposed Broadmoor's Psychiatric Hospital, she knew it was a matter of time before the dirty laundry was brought into the open.

Mr. Ace In The Hole turns away from Marshall and towards the camera.

Jackson: You caused this mission Zhalia, you caused this resolve to ease your brother's suffering, dragging you from this altered reality, this comfort zone devoid of your brother's love. To listen to the former Dynasty member, Zhalia's life was nothing but one crisis after another and needed to be brought out into the court of public opinion. In his eyes, how could anyone cheer a sister who turned her back on family?

Jackson: You caused this mission by failing to accept responsibility for your parents death, for failing to accept the blame for your brother's coma.

The former UTA World Champion speaks without a hint of remorse. He stands there, not even caring how his words might affect his main event opponent.

Jackson: By simply growing up and becoming the mature young lady your parents wanted so desperately, your life could have ended up much differently. You would have had the power to change your own fate...

Once again, the Dallas native swings the briefcase up, but this time he brings it up close to his chest, a free hand slapping it loudly which secures it tight.

Jackson: Hell who knows...

In looking down at the briefcase, that million dollar smirk begins to form.

Jackson: Maybe you could have been somebody. But instead, you are nothing more than a liar,

desperately trying to hide that little family secret from the most dangerous man in the world. A man who now knows everything about you, and is ready to expose that secret to the entire world. Understanding how hurtful the words are, Marshall now leaks a sadistic smile of his own.

Owens: Tell them Sean, tell them everything.

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Like he needed or wanted an invitation. The moment the camera went active, the Mental Rapist had every intention on breaking this woman who dared to think she was ready mentally to stand toe to toe with the most dangerous man in the world.

Jackson: Well Vancouver, here's the secret that Zhalia has tried so hard to hide. Marshall continues to hold the mic for his client.

Jackson: Zhalia checked herself into Broadmoor because she felt worthless. Her parents left her, her brother left her, EVERYONE has left her. She felt worthless because no one wanted to be with her, no one wanted to have anything to do with her. Hell, even Broadmoor told her exactly what she wanted to hear, just so she would leave.

Shaking his head, the Dallas native doesn't slow down with the badgering. Ms. Fears was at her weakest mentally, and the holidays would only cause that feeling to get worse.

Jackson: And how did she respond? by hurting little children at wrestling events and by breaking up innocent couples who want to live happy lives. She can't be trusted to do the right thing because she has no clue what the right thing is.

The Mental Rapist turns back towards his Attorney.

Jackson: By keeping that dirty laundry secret, Zhalia is far from being a hero. As far as I'm concerned, she has committed the worst sin ever by allowing the death of her parents to blacken her heart, to use it as an excuse for her actions.

Once again, that million dollar smirk from Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Jackson: But don't take my word for it Marshall, not when the message can be better delivered by Katherine and Drew Fears themselves.

A shocked look forms over the face of the Attorney to the stars. As he continues the fake shocked look, a split screen forms where a secondary camera is stationed in a cemetery where a tombstone reads Katherine and Drew Fears. In front of that tombstone are two skeletal remains wearing name tags.

Owens: Oh my God, is it really the parents of Zhalia Fears?

This promo has slipped into the realm of bad taste. With strings used to move the skeletons, it is clear exactly what the Mental Rapist and his attorney are trying to do. The skeleton with the Drew Fears name tag begins to move his mouth as a voice over begins.

D. Fears: Yes Marshall, we are here.

Because this is in poor taste, the arena erupts into boos.

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K. Fears: In the fle...err, bones. More boos.

Owens: Mr. and Mrs. Fears, I know you two are busy rotting in hell, so I won't keep you long. But what is your overall impression of your daughter?

D. Fears: We are disappointed in her Mr. Owens. We raised our daughter better than the selfish brat she turned out to be. As far as we're concerned, she was the dirty little secret we couldn't keep hidden for very long...

K. Fears: And it ended up costing our son his life. Zhalia broke our hearts, she ruined any chance of him being happy, of us being happy. Until she came along, we were happy, we were content with every facet of our lives being judged by the happiness we felt. Until...

The split screen comes to an end, the only camera angle on the duo of Sean and Marshall. The attorney begins to back up as a look of shock forms on his face and the eyes of Mr. Ace In The Hole go wide, giving an indication that someone is approaching. As the camera pulls back, the arena erupts into cheers with the arrival of Zhalia Fears, mere feet away from the two.

Jackson: No Zhalia, this is my time, not yours. If you want to speak to the simpletons, do it on your own time.

Her arm still in her cast, held across her stomach from the sling over the shoulder, she stands there staring at the Mental Rapist. Taking a step closer, her eyes drift downward at the Ace in the hole briefcase. Her usual smile absent.

Jackson: Don't even think about it. If you even as much as touch my briefcase, I'll file criminal charges.

Fears' gaze snaps back to him, that smirk of hers forming while she steps in closer. Now inches apart, she closes the distance putting them feet to feet. Silence overtaking the backstage area, even the fans quiet down. Down to just footsteps falling across the concrete down the corridor. Jackson: I mean it Zhalia, I'll sue.

The Dallas native and his attorney take a step back. She advances, and another step back from the duo.

Jackson: I'll...I'll...

Realizing she isn't going to back down, the former Dynasty member swallows...HARD as he pulls a startled Marshall Owens in front, acting as a buffer. With the attorney in between them, Sean seizes the moment to turn on his heels and quickly vacate the area. Zhalia then steps up to Marshall who also turns on his heels and does an exit stage right.

Standing there, watching the dynamic duds running like scalded dogs, Zhalia looks back down at her broken wing. Without warning, she grabs her wrist with the other hand while turning towards the wall and smashes it forward into the concrete. The cast splits down what looks to be a perfect seam and she lets it drop to the ground. Pulling the sling off she stretches both arms up, fingers interlocking before smiling again and walking

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off in the opposite direction.

The footage coming to an end as we get a close up zoom on the discarded cast.

Brought to You By

We cut back to the arena in Vancouver where fans are audible in their anticipation of the final match of the night. A quick cut to the announce table shows Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace sitting facing the camera.

Blackfront: A great night so far as we head to Seasons Beatings in fourteen days.

Ace: I can't wait Jason! Perfection will win the world title back and rejoin Dynasty, La Flama Blanca will return and Sean Jackson will see the light!

Blackfront: I think someone is filling their Christmas stocking a little early!

Ace: Just you watch and see Jason.

Blackfront: Oh I will Tommy. But that's in two weeks time. Tonight in our main event finally Sean Jackson and Zhalia Fears go one on one.

Ace: This has been brewing for weeks!

Blackfront: Longer than that. These two have shared some heated moments recently and I think both will bring it. You have to wonder though, with that briefcase does Sean Jackson have one eye on Seasons Beatings too? And what about Zhalia's shot at the Legacy Title? That must also weigh heavily on her mind.

Before Tommy can answer, 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: Well I guess we're about to find out! You have to wonder where Zhalia's head space is at following the altercation with Dynasty earlier as well. It seems everything is going on for her at the moment.

Ace: I am looking forward to this one!

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.

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

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.

Franklin: 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

Franklin: 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: Fears looks pumped for this match! She had a nasty injury at International Affair but judging by the lack of cast on that arm I guess she has healed pretty quickly!

Ace: You have to think that Sean Jackson will be looking at that with a bullseye painted on it...I would!

v/o: Vancouver, Can you feel it coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming Mr. Ace In The Hole and The Mental Rapist.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

Ace: Business js about to pick up!

Blackfront: The energy in the arena is palpable!

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens and Vanessa step out onto the stage with two scantily dressed women holding baskets. Sean is the look of pure intensity while Marshall has a smile on his face and Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: Never one for missing a bit of show off, Jackson has somewhat of an entourage with him!

Ace: It used to be Perfecrion, La Flama Blanca and CBR, but i guess that will happen again soon!

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Blackfront: Dreaming again Tommy...

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

As he stands there stoic, soaking in every moment of being in Vancouver, Sean motions towards the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

Vanessa is dressed in a white skin tight dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the words *Mr. Ace In The Hole* embroidered on the front with an arrow pointing up, while on the back of the shirt is a large Ace of Spades playing card. He is also wearing black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

As they begin to make their way towards the ringside area, the two women begin dropping one hundred dollar bills on the floor for Sean Jackson to step on.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

Before entering the ring, Sean passes a glance towards the announce table before finally stepping in. Once he does, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles and immediately begins to pull his shirt outward, reminding everyone he is Mr. Ace In The Hole.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson was supposed to be facing Jason Cashe at Seasons Beatings but Cashe was recently released from his contract after a few short weeks with the UTA, leaving Sean to now purely focus on the World Title picture and Zhalia Fears.

After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, shooting a grin towards Zhalia who rests in her corner. He mouths something at her then pats his arm.

Announcer: Representing the great state of Texas, he IS Mr. Ace In The Hole, he is the former UTA World Champion "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: The Mental Rapist making no secret of his intentions!

Ace: Of course! She needs to watch out!

The referee calls both competitors into the middle of the ring for a few words before waving his hand for the bell.

Blackfront: And we're off! Sean Jackson versus Zhalia Fears!

Jackson walks slowly around the ring, one hand on his hip and a wide smirk on his face. Fears has her back arched downwards and arms stretched out in a grappling pose, cutting off the centre of the ring. Jackson gets

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to the corner and leans back against the turnbuckle, beckoning Zhalia forward with his fingers. Fears comes forward cautiously towards the corner. She tilts her head to the side and closes her fists before lunging in only to eat turnbuckle as Jackson quickly shifts out of the way.

Ace: Jackson is such a student of the game! He suckered her in in that one.

Blackfront: Absolutely Tommy. No one can debate his credentials, he's a former two time UTA World Champion.

As Fears turns from hitting the corner she is met with a boot to the gut before Jackson takes her by the back of her neck and ribs and drives her shoulder first into the corner post. Zhalia helps in pain as she stumbles back out of the corner before Jackson wraps his arms around her sides and lifts to a German Suplex.

Blackfront: Zhalia slips out of the German Suplex onto her feet there and connected with that drop kick!

Jackson reels forward, holding his jaw, the smirk disappearing from his face as he shoots a glare back. He slaps his shoulder with his bare palm as if to wake himself up. Jackson comes forwards, arms out as if to tie up and Fears obliges, but is forced backwards by the obvious strength advantage of the Mental Rapist. Fears drops to one knee, using it as leverage to push back upwards. Once more she's powered backwards but slips out to the side into a side waist lock.

Ace: What is she thinking Jason? It's like a tricycle trying to out power a Harley!

Blackfront: And Jackson throwing elbows to the side of Zhalia's head to break the hold but Fears swings around to his back and...she's rolled him up for a pin!

One...kickout!

Jackson is quickly up to one knee looking at Fears with a surprised look then at the ref and back at Fears. She just shoots a smile and puts her hands on her hips shaking her head.

Blackfront: That could have been a disaster for Sean Jackson!

He's back to his feet and lunges forward, tying up with Zhalia and quickly transitioning to a headlock. Jackson tightens the hold before whipping Fears across the ring to the ropes. She returns and ducks a clothesline attempt, coming off the opposing side of the ring... Blackfront: What a perfectly delivered Flying forearm there by Fears and Jackson stumbles back!

Fears comes forward with another forearm to the face of Jackson and a kick to the gut. She goes for a DDT but Jackson lifts her up and tosses her off, the smaller competitor landing on her front. He quickly goes for an elbow drop but Fears rolls out of the way and springs back to her feet. She charges forward with a drop kick, sending Jackson back onto the ropes.

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Blackfront: Jackson reeling backwards but flooring Zhalia with a vicious clothesline!

Ace: And this is where The Mental Rapist is at his most dangerous Jason. He stops Fears' momentum and now will try and dictate the pace of the fight.

As if on cue, Jackson stalks his way around the downed Zhalia. He drops down a knee to her

back and uses his hand on her chin and one on her thigh to stretch her back awkwardly against his knee. Sean yanks back on her body again before letting go of the hold and driving his open fist repeatedly into the back of Fears' skull. He slowly gets to his feet and lifts Fears with him.

Blackfront: You know, you're right Tommy, Jackson can be so dangerous when he controls the pace. He has her back to her feet and that was a beautiful belly to belly Suplex!

Fears rolls onto her side, holding the back of her neck with one hand and the small of her back with the other. Jackson once again is slow to walk across, taking his time deliberately. He lifts Fears up but she lands a spinning back fist against him followed by a dragonscrew leg whip, raising the energy of the match!

Blackfront: Zhalia is one of those competitors who wears her heart on her sleeve. She never gives up and always has such intensity about her.

Fears is quick to move to Jackson as he gets to a knee, charging him with a knee strike and sending the Mental Rapist to his back and immediately going for a cover.

Ace: Not even a one count there! Zhalia will need to do a lot more to win this one.

Fears wastes no time, lifting Jackson up again and driving a knee to his gut, forearm to his face and a quick spinning neck breaker to take the larger man down. Jackson holds his chin and head in between his hands and rolls onto his front, Fears immediately dropping down and trying to lock in a Scorpion Crosslock! Jackson rolls through and grabs the bottom rope with both arms to break.

Blackfront: Great ring awareness from the former World Champion there, stopping Zhalia's momentum in the process.

Fears looks at Jackson then across the ring and back again. She skips her feet into action and runs at the opposing ropes, coming off with tremendous speed and lands a huge double footed drop kick to Jackson's sternum sending him out of the ring to the outside! Fears springs back to her feet and using the ropes for leverage slingshots herself off of the ring apron and flies down with a moonsault onto the Mental Rapist as he tries to get to his feet.

Ace: That girl is just full of energy!

Blackfront: From an energy and natural fitness point of view, I would say there are very few who can match

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Zhalia Fears.

Both competitors are down on the outside of the ring as the referee starts the count. Fears is slow to her feet first, shaking off the cobwebs and using the ring apron to prop herself to a standing base. Jackson follows, lifting himself up on the ring barricade.

Blackfront: The ref is at three...ouch! That looked like a painful axe handle to Zhalia's back there!

Fears goes down to a knee before her face is met by a hard running knee sending her down to the mat. Jackson drops to one knee himself, lifting her head up and shouting some abuse down before firing right open fists into her face. The ref leans over the ropes to try and encourage the two to get back in the ring and sings out a five.

Ace: Come on Sean! Get her! Leave her out here and get the win!

Jackson lifts Zhalia up, causing her to stumble over with him before he slams her head face down into the steel barricade. She crumples down into a heap leaning on the metal as right boots are landed into her ribs.

SEVEN

The Mental Rapist turns his head and notices the refs count approaching its finale. He rolls back into the ring and out.

Blackfront: Smart thinking from Jackson there, breaking the count.

Ace: That's why he's the future World Champ Jason! He's smarter than nearly everyone! Jackson takes Zhalia by her hair and drags her back out to ringside, the ref shouting for him not to use her hair. Lifting her head up, Sean rains in a couple of right shots before whipping the limp body of Fears to the announce table, her ribs hitting hard. He comes forward, only to be met by a kick to the gut, Fears leaning back against the announce table for force. Jackson stumbles back, but then comes forward with a right but Fears ducks and drives a knee into his side followed by a vicious Jaw Breaker.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears s down on all fours catching her breath after that one.

She looks over at Jackson, holding his chin and rolling onto his side before getting back to her feet. Fears drives a knee down into the back of Jackson before backing off and waiting for him to

rise and runs forward driving her shoulders into Sean's mid section and into the ring apron. Jackson holds his back as he hits, Zhalia slipping out of the move and thrusting a super kick into his face!

Blackfront: Wow! What an exchange! Zhalia fears setting up some real momentum here.

Fears backs away, Jackson barely standing and just propped up on the ring apron. She charges forward with

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a huge Yakuza kick, forcing Jackson off the ring apron and directly into a headlock and down head first with a quick, hard DDT!

Blackfront: Absolutely no love loss here between these two competitors.

Ace: She can't do that outside of the ring. Ref! Ref!

Fears takes a moment, raising an arm to the fan section behind her where a selection of young fans wave and cheer for the former Prodigy Champion. She turns around and hops over to Sean Jackson, helping lift him to his feet. Zhalia motions towards the ring and drags the heady body of the two hundred and twenty pounder towards it. Fears attempts to roll Jackson into the ring but he fires a forearm then a second into her face before using all his weight and strength to whip her arm first onto the ring steps!

Blackfront: Did yo hear that Tommy?! That was the sound of that damaged arm connecting with steel!

Ace: It's a symphony Jason, an Opus!

Jackson is down on one knee following the exertion as Fears rolls onto her side gripping the arm. Jackson is slow and groggily to his feet, using the ring to walk towards Fears. Immediately he drives a right boot into the arm and a second. Jackson drops down firing fists into Fears' face to loosen her grip on her arm and she does, allowing him to extend it from her body and drop a vicious knee down across the joint.

Blackfront: And here's that bullseye you were talking about Tommy!

Another knee comes down onto the arm as Jackson lifts Fears up before driving her back down to the outside floor arm first. The ref gets to Six as Jackson lifts Fears back up, dragging her to the ring and rolling the limp body back in. He rolls under the ropes himself and back to a vertical base.

Ace: I said it before Jason, Sean Jackson is so dangerous in situations like this!

Jackson stalks his prey, as she slowly gets to all fours he thrusts a violent kick into her face making her fall back down. Further hard soccer kicks into her ribs on the ground make Fears move her arms down to protect her side allowing Jackson to drop another knee on the once more exposed arm of Fears.

Blackfront: Jackson making a beeline for that injury as he lifts her up.

Sean rotates the arm of Fears, twisting it unnaturally to the side, and again. Holding it outstretched, he drives a boot into the joint before wrapping his arms around it and falling back hard to the canvas with a hard hitting arm buster. Immediately Jackson clinches in an arm lock and shouts abuse down at Fears, lifting his knee against her upper back for leverage. He applies more pressure and yanks the arm back, Fears crying out in pain before Jackson releases the hold finally and drops an elbow onto the arm.

Ace: Beautiful Jason! This is just beautiful!

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Blackfront: At what point does the referee intervene here.

Jackson is back to his feet, lifting Fears up. He motions to the crowd and puts her into a Suplex type manoeuvre, lifting Fears up into the air. Jackson hangs for a moment before twisting and releasing her, driving her down into a vicious neck Breaker!

Blackfront: Mental Breaker! Mental Breaker! This one could be over folks.

Jackson sits back up, watching as Fears raises herself back to her knees, almost entirely out of it. Jackson backs up, arms outstretched and drives forward.

Blackfront: Game called due to...NO! Fears ducks! Schoolboy! One...two...thre....kickout!

Ace: I just had a heart attack Jason! I thought the little rabbit was going to win! Blackfront: Maybe she is..running knee to the face...DDT! Jackson is in trouble! Fears drops down and hooks the leg. One...two...no!

She gets back up, favouring her arm and backing up.

Blackfront: Ode to Kush! Jackson is down and out.

The crowd volume rises in anticipation, Fears wasting no time in running to the ring post and climbing the corner. She gets to the top, holding her arm and flies off with a huge Corkscrew Moonsault connecting perfectly! Zhalia hooks the leg again.

One...two...thre...

Somehow, Jackson kicks out, turning onto his front. The crowd boos ring out as Fears sits beside him shaking her head disappointedly. She gets back to her feet and lifts Jackson's legs.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears trying to end this one now! Reverse Cloverleaf in the centre of the ring! Jackson yells out from the pain, trying to fight her off to no avail. He looks forward, a couple of feet from the ropes and starts crawling. She continues to apply pressure as Jackson inches closer and closer. Fears notices and breaks the hold, dropping an elbow onto his back and dragging the Mental Rapist back into the centre of the ring. He quickly turns though and rolls up the White Rabbit.

One...two...no!

Blackfront: He almost had her there! The veteran Sean Jackson showing just why he's such a student of the game.

Fears rolls back after kicking out and to her feet. She comes forward running and...

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Ace: Yes!

A huge arm breaker to the injured arm, Jackson grabbing it outstretched in a moment and driving it down against his knees hat he flings up while falling to the canvas. Fears immediately rolls over in pain. Jackson takes advantage and spins her onto her front, wrapping his legs around the arm. Blackfront: God no! Sean don't do it, you'll break her arm!

Jackson has the arm bar hooked in and Fears yells out in excruciating pain. She flails back and forth, but is unable to break the hold, finally getting her foot on the rope. The ref demands Jackson break the hold, implementing a count.

One...two...three...four...he breaks.

Sean back to a vertical base and brings Fears up with him. He whips her to the ropes and as she comes back lofts her high into the air.

Blackfront: Look at the strength of Sean Jackson! He's lifting her up and down on his...oh my god!

Fears lands hard on her face outside the ring as Jackson delivers a violent Gorilla Press Slam from inside the squared circle. He looks down at his handy work, wiping his hands of imaginary dirt and shouting at the ref to count.

One...two...three... Fears is up to one knee. Four...five...six...

She uses her arm on the ring apron for leverage. Seven...eight...

Zhalia rolls gingerly back into the ring, the waiting Sean Jackaon five feet from her coming forward with an aggressive knee to the Face! He lifts her to her feet and hoists Fears into the air before dropping her down with a huge brain buster!

Jackson covers. One...two...no!

Blackfront: The heart of this young lady is incredible!

Ace: Heart means nothing if you don't have the in ring skills like Sean Jackson to back it up! Jackson is back to his feet and lifts Fears up. He hoists her up onto his shoulder and drives down with her on it in a violent back breaker. Once again he lifts her up, still holding her on his shoulders and drives her down with an inverted Death Valley Driver. The crowd boos as Jackson makes the cover.

Blackfront: The hook em horns driver to end this one...it was a valiant. No! Fears kicks out again!

Ace: What?

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Jackson looks furious, shouting at the referee as Fears crawls onto her front, making her way slowly towards the ropes. The ref comes over to check on her as the crowd goes nuts trying to inspire the young performer back into the match.

Blackfront: Listen to these people! They are genuinely all behind Zhalia Fears!

Fears is slow back up, the ref down checking on her in the corner. Jackson looks furious on the other side of the ring, charging forward with a huge knee and taking out the ref in the process.

The boos from the crowd are huge, Fears down and out and the ref beside her holding his face from the encounter. Jackson looks down at the ref, then at Fears and back at the ref before slipping out of the ring.

Blackfront: Evil intentions on the mind of Sean Jackson!

Ace: Someone pass the brillcream he's got a chair.

Sean rolls back into the ring, folding the steel chair up and back to his feet. He beckons Fears back up, but she's slow. Sean gets down on one knee abusing Fears right in her face as she rises. He rises with her and she thrusts a left open hand into his face with a slap. And anoth...no! Chair to the mid section and Jackson brings it down hard with a crack over the back of her neck! Blackfront: My god! That looked painful!

Fears down is slowly stirring, Jackson dropping the chair in front of her and backing away. As Zhalia gets to both knees Jackson comes forward.

Blackfront: Game called due to Darkness! It's over!

He hooks the leg...the ref is out! Some sections of the crowd count one two three four five...but the ref lays motionless in the ring. Boos ring out and Jackson gets off of Fears and over to the ref, rubbing his foot against the official's face to wake him up. Finally the ref comes to and crawls over. Jackson turns back and

Blackfront: Fears is up! Fears is up! Look at her face.

Eyes glazed over, operating on adrenaline alone Fears is stumbling on her feet. She kicks out, hitting Jackson in the mid section before lifting him with all her strength onto her shoulders. The crowd goes nuts! They pop in unison as she edges him onto her back and drives down!

Blackfront: Offering! How in the world has she... Cover...

One...two...three...

Ace: No! Jackson kicked out. Haha

The groan from the crowd who felt they were about to see something really special rings out. Fears barely

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moves, exhausted, spent. Jackson holds his jaw and rolls onto his front. The ref counts..

One. Two. Three. Four.

Jackson moves, getting to a knee. Five. Six. Seven.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is up but Zhalia Fears is not moving! This looks bad people.

The ref checks on fears as Jackson stumbles back to a corner. He shakes off the cobwebs and comes forward, moving the ref aside and lifting Fears to a standing position. Jackson looks back, finding the chair and points to it, the crowd booing loudly! The ref pleads with Jackson not to do it but he ignores him completely.

Blackfront: This is sick! Don't do it Sean!

Jackson stands just above the chair, Fears' head under his arm. He drives down but Fears slips out causing Sean to land back first on the chair.

Blackfront: Yakuza kick! Jackson getting up and Zhalia takes him right back down!

Fears, spurred on by cheers of the crowd climbs the ropes, her arm still injured making it difficult, she is to her standing base, Jackson laid out in the ring.

Fears motions to the crowd and flies! Blackfront: Down the Rabbit hole! She hits it! Ace: No! Move Sean! Get up!

Fears is up, spring back in her step and she lifts Jackson to his knees, dropping him back down viciously with a straight jacket DDT!

Blackfront: This one's over! This one's over! Cover him Zhalia!

Fears drops down and sprawls her spent body over Jackson, the red dropping down to make the count.

One...two...three... Blackfront: Yes! She did it! Ace: No!

The crowd explodes as Fears roll off of Jackson onto her back, finished and victorious. "Pretty little Psycho" hits the PA system and Fears' eyes close after the mammoth effort.

Announcer: And here is your winner...by pinfall...Zhalia...Feeeeeaaaaaarrrrsssssss!!!

The crowd cheer at the announcement, the ref checking on Fears wanting to raise her arm in victory. She is slow to her feet but raises her arm in the air before hugging the referee and raising her arm again.

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Blackfront: What a match! What a competitor! Zhalia Fears just knocked off the former two time World Champion!

Zhalia holds her arms into the air, the fans popping wildly for the former Prodigy Champ. Blackfront: This could be the future Legacy Champion Tommy! She's got to look forward now to...

Jason Blackfront is cut off by a sickening thud. The metal briefcase in the hands of Sean

?Jackson coming down hard over the back of Zhalia Fears' skull. Fears drops down to her front, the crowd shouting abuse into the ring. Jackson looks down at the carnage and places his foot on Fears' back and raises the briefcase into the air.

Blackfront: Oh come on! That was uncalled for the match is over!

Ace: Nothing's over til Sean Jackson says it's over Jason!

Phil Collins rings out around the arena as Jackson holds the briefcase in the air shouting into the camera through a mic he holds in his left hand.

Jackson: Eric Dane...Perfection...I hope you both have eyes in the back of your head because at Seasons Beatings I might just have a Christmas surprise.

Jackson drops the mic and rolls out of the ring, the fans booing loudly. Fears looks out of it before...

"Short Change Hero" by the heavy hits...

Blackfront: Oh god no. Maybe this is why CBR wanted to wait. He wanted Jackson to soften Fears up for him!

Ace: Genius!

The riff repeats as Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix come out from the back to a chorus of boos. The two, dressed in ring gear make their way slowly to the ring, Jackson just walking up the side of the ring wanting no part in this. Kendrix has a sick twisted grin on his face and Mikey carries a chair with him. The two slide under the ropes and into the ring, the crowd yelling out You Suck chants over and over.

The music cuts as Kendrix lifts Fears up to her feet, driving her back to the corner. He mouths something to her and slaps the girl right across the face.

Blackfront: Come on, hasn't she had enough?!

Mikey slaps the chair with his hand and Kendrix turns, driving Fears face first into the steel, dropping her back onto her back, a cut opening over her eye.

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Ace: Make her bleed for Seasons Beatings! Make her bleed!

Kendrix drops to a knee driving right fists into Fears' face. Mikey thrusts the edge of the chair down into her stomach before taking her arm and stretching it out. Unlikely wraps the steel around Fears' arm and backs off. He looks left and right at the crowd, lifting his middle finger to them and comes forward.

"Hail to the King" stops him in his tracks as the crowd boos loudly again! Mikey turns full swivel and Kendrix gets back to his feet looking up the ramp way.

Blackfront: It's CBR!

Ace: He wants to finish her off himself! This is beautiful!

Ranier, the Legacy title around his waist comes out, pacing towards the ring. Jackson is walking up the ramp, causing CBR to stop and raise his hands slowing down. Jackson stops in front of Claude, the two sharing a few moments of a stare, the audience growing in volume at the prospect of the two founding members of Dynasty sharing blows. Jackson however steps aside and Claude walks forward, sliding under the ring.

Blackfront: What in the hell is going on here.

Mikey takes a run up again, pointing down at the chair but CBR holds him back. The two share a few loud words, Kendrix getting up to his feet and spinning Claude around by his shoulder. The two share heated words, Kendrix pointing down at Fears then at Ranier's title. Mikey again take a run up and goes for a kick to the chair but Claude grabs him again and backs him off to the corner. JFK walks round to his side as the argument intensifies. In a moment, the crowd falls silent....

Blackfront: Oh my god...

Ace: No!

CBR crumples down into a heap in the corner of the ring as Kendrix's outstretched arm comes out from between his legs.

Blackfront: What..what are we witnessing...

Mikey stands looking at JFK in shock, who just looks down with a sick, twisted smile on his face. A few moments pass, pause...then the vipers attack. Boots are driven into CBR and the crowd boos loudly.

Blackfront: This can't be...is this it? The end of Dynasty???

Mikey drops an elbow to CBR's sternum, Kendrix driving boot after boot into his side. The crowd suddenly pops as a flying forearm thunders into the back of Kendrix's head, then a superkick to Mikey as Zhalia Fears

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is back to her feet. She fires a right hand then a left at Kendrix, before turning to go after Mikey again. CBR struggles back to his knees but Kendrix chop blocks Fears bringing her down. Mikey and Kendrix go to work on Fears on the ground.

Blackfront: CBR is back up! What's he going to do!

Ranier hesitates behind Mikey and Kendrix, visibly not knowing whether to strike his prodigy or not. The moments cost him as a vicious chair shot lands over the back of Ranier, Mikey holding the steel. Kendrix lifts up CBR and drives him down with a huge Bell End!

Blackfront: Yes! It's over! Dynasty is over! Mikey lifts Fears to her feet straight after. Ace: I can't watch!

Blackfront: Directors' Cut! Listen to these people!

The crowd, half in shock half boos are loud, throwing pieces of packaging at the ring. The two Dynasty members raise their arms into the air as "Short Change Hero" once again hits the PA System.

Blackfront: My god what have we witnessed here tonight? What happens at Seasons Beatings? The sick smiles of both Mikey and Kendrix are closed up on with the camera as the scene fades. .