

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 51

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WrestleShow

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

The camera pans across the fans that have filled the Quicken Loans Arena to its brim. Signs thrust up in the air showing support for their favorite superstars on Wrestleshow. The cameras continue to roam the arena.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, we are here live on Pure Sports Entertainment from the Quicken Loans Arena in Cleveland, Ohio! I'm Jason Blackfront and next to me as always none other than Tommy Ace!

Ace: Tonights going to be big Jason!

Blackfront: It defi-

The piercing voice of Brian Johnson cuts through the Cleveland crowd noise as he screams, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT. The fans are up on their feet in excited anticipation;

Blackfront: Oh my, wait a minute, this can't be...that, that's Chris Hopper's entrance music Tommy...

Ace: No! This can't be happening Jason, this idiot can't be here!!

As the crowd goes wild the video package plays above the stage, however, it doesn't show Chris Hopper's usual entrance video package. Instead, it shows Kendrix hitting The Bellend on Chris Hopper and pinning him. The feed suddenly cuts and is replaced by Oasis' 'F(redacted)n' In The Bushes' hitting the PA system;

We put this festival on you ba(redacted)ds, with a lot of love. We worked for one year for you pigs. Are you gonna break our walls down? Are you gonna destroy it? Well you go to hell!

Blackfront: Hey, what the? Oh c'mon, you've got to be kidding me?

At that moment the cheers from the hyped Cleveland crowd turn to deafening boos as the three figures of Mikey Unlikely, MJ and Kendrix, each wearing their 'Get Over It' t-shirts...the former wearing Lisil Jackson's Fedora, the latter wearing the Prodigy Title around his waist, appear from behind the curtain, both doubling over in hysterics.

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Ace: Yes! That's more like it Jason. The Hollywood Bruvs are here!

Blackfront: These two men are despicable, disrespecting a legend of this business like Chris Hopper!

Wiping away apparent tears of joy from their eyes the Hollywood Bruvs fist bump and make their way down the ramp towards the ring. Mikey, with MJ clinging to his arm, and Kendrix simply point at a few of the fans lined up on the barricades either side of them and laugh in their faces.

Ace: Hahaha, the fans thought Chris Hopper was coming out Jason. Idiots!

Blackfront: Now why on earth would they think that?

As Kendrix climbs the steps onto the apron, Mikey grabs onto MJ's shoulder, pointing at the ropes and then back at Kendrix. MJ, looking a little peeved, sits on the middle rope and lifts the top one up. Mikey gestures for Kendrix to make his way through the ropes first. Before he does, Kendrix holds his hand to his heart and mouths "thank you" to Mikey while ignoring MJ completely and enters the ring. Climbing the turnbuckle to his right, nearest the stage, he hoists the Prodigy title high for all to see.

Blackfront: You may not like the young man or the way he goes about his business but you've

got to respect Kendrix for winning the Prodigy Title, two weeks ago, in the five way scramble match at Seasons Beatings

Ace: How can anyone not like Kendrix? Are you saying you don't like him Jason?

Blackfront: No comment.

As Mikey and MJ applaud from the centre of the ring Kendrix makes his way down from the opposite turnbuckle, placing the title over his left shoulder, nodding his head smugly with his trademark smirk splashed across his face. Mikey reaches out over the top rope and grabs a mic from the timekeeper. The music cuts as Mikey returns to the centre of the ring beside Kendrix. The fans boo loudly. Mikey just smiles and looks around waiting for the commotion to die down. Unlikely: HAPPY NEW YEAR CLEVELAND!

Ace: Happy New Year Mikey!

Blackfront: I don't think the fans here in the Quicken Loans Arena are happy to see the Hollywood Bruvs out here this early.

Unlikely: Now, Now.... Is that any way to treat your home state hero?

Kendrix climbs onto the second rope and yells at some fans to wish Mikey a "Happy New Year". Mikey shakes his head and chuckles a bit.

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Unlikely: That's OK! Because tonight is not about Mikey Unlikely. Tonight is not about The Hollywood Bruvs tag team aspirations, oooohhh no! Tonight is about one thing!

He holds up one finger square in the middle of the ring, before slowly lowering it until it's pointed directly at Kendrix, who looks both shocked and amused.

Unlikely: He is the Future of the UTA, He is YOUR Prodigy Champion, and he is my best friend in the world! I give you KENDRIXXXXXXXX!

As the boos pour toward the ring, Mikey hands the mic over to Kendrix, patting him on the back before taking the arm of MJ. Kendrix brings the mic to his mouth but drops it back down as he takes a proud look over at the belt laying over his shoulder. Mikey meanwhile, can be heard shouting in the background;

Unlikely: YOU'RE NOT CLAPPING LOUD ENOUGH. CLAP LOUDER DAMMIT!

Looking back out at the crowd in front of him Kendrix raises the mic to his mouth;

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?!

He drops the mic down by his side and cockily laughs off the barrage of boos that hit the ring as he looks over at Mikey who holds his index fingers to the back of his ears, gesturing for them to listen. Focussing back on the crowd in front of him, Kendrix raises the mic to his mouth once more;

Kendrix: First of all, JFK would like to make it perfectly clear that he did not, JFK repeats, did not...bribe the UTA entrance man to play The King of Drool's entrance music to accompany the Hollywood Bruvs to the ring just now...

Shaking his head he looks over at Mikey whose shrugging his shoulders and can be heard in the background;

Unlikely: I don't know why he did that?!

Kendrix: I don't either bruv...

Turning to face the crowd he looks down at his mic held up in front of his mouth; Kendrix: I hope he gets fired for that embarrassing mishap....totally unprofessional... Looking up at the crowd he shifts his eyes quickly side to side before focussing;

Kendrix: Secondly, you people actually thought that Chris Hopper was gonna come out just now? Really? You know, everywhere JFK goes he is constantly reminded about the fact that he retired Chris Hopper at International Affair. What the hell's wrong with you all?

Boos fill the arena as Mikey shouts in the background;

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Unlikely: GET OVER IT!!

Kendrix: You're absolutely right Mikey, you people need to move on with your lives just like JFK has...!

Pointing at his shirt he holds his other arm out wide by his side;

Kendrix: Cos you see, tonight isn't about JFK retiring Chris Hopper at International Affair...tonight is about JFK becoming the longest reigning Prodigy Champion of alllllll tiiiiimmmmeeee!!!

Blackfront: I don't think that's quite right, Kendrix has only held the belt for two weeks.

Proudly nodding his head in agreement with himself he looks over at the crowd to his left and to his right;

Kendrix: That's right people, JFK has held the Prodigy Title for two years straight...2015 AND 2016!

Unlikely heard shouting in the background over the boos; Unlikely: AND COUNTING! Greatest of alllllll tiiiiimmmmeeee! Ace: Wow, two years? That's some achievement Jason!

Kendrix: And seeing as it's a new year. JFK feels that this title requires a new start. A new...resolution, if you will.

The camera zooms in close on the title as Kendrix taps it twice;

Kendrix: But unlike each and every one of you morons who set yourselves up with new year resolutions you can't possibly keep, like going to the gym, breathing through your nose or using contraception so you can stop breeding such dumb ugly kids...

As the crowd boo Kendrix holds his free hand to his face in pure disgust at the thought of the people of Cleveland breeding. Dropping his hand down he closes his eyes, regaining his composure, before opening them once more;

Kendrix: JFK promises to change...

Mikey holds his hands on top of his head, out of sheer horror, exaggeratingly shaking it side to side;

Ace: No! Don't change, JFK!

Kendrix: JFK promises to change...this title forever! He raises the title high above his head;

Kendrix: You see, for too long now this title has represented...absolutely nothing...because it's previous champions...and let's face it, there have been a lot...didn't understand exactly what it was that they held. They were just happy to hold a shiny piece of metal and call themselves "champion".

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He disappointedly rolls his eyes at the very thought;

Kendrix: Not realising that what they had meant that they were the best young, outstanding and exceptional talent in this industry today...

Pointing to the ground he brings the title down, holding it in front of the camera and looking it dead at the lens;

Kendrix: And who better? Who better to carry this title? Who better than the man who beat four people all by himself at Seasons Beatings to win this? Who better, than the man who singlehandedly defeated Sean Jackson. Who better than the man who retired Chris Hopper... Mikey and Kendrix look at each other with their mouths open in shock. Mikey points out at the crowd;

Unlikely: That's their fault, they reminded you that you did that!

Kendrix: And who better, than the man who ended Dynasty when he hit the world's greatest low blow...in the world, to the microscopic balls of Claude Baptiste Ranier...to finally make this title mean something again...than the future of the UTA...Jesse...Fredericks...Kendrix.

Mikey applauds in the background;

Unlikely: No one bruv! Nobody!

Looking away from the camera and out at the crowd, Kendrix looks very pleased with himself;

Kendrix: JFK will....

Before he can continue, the opening riff of "Hail to the King" hits the PA system, sending the crowd into somewhat of an uproar. Mixed cheers and boos flood the arena as Claude Baptiste Ranier appears from backstage, wearing his purple ring gear and an Avenged Sevenfold grey and black t-shirt. CBR has the Legacy Title around his waist as the cheers begin to outweigh the boos, the fans still unsure how to treat the Canadian Star.

Blackfront: Its CBR Tommy and after the events of the past month I'm sure he takes exception to some of the things Kendrix is saying tonight!

Claude holds a mic in his hand and steps onto the stage, the music dying down.

CBR: Woah woah woah Jesse, did I hear you right just now? You retired Hopper, beat Jackson and won that belt all on your own?

Kendrix enthusiastically nods in the ring as The Canadian Star continues.

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CBR: You see, that's not entirely how I remember it. And as for the low blow...well...I might just have something to say about that.

The fans raise their volume once more, this time the cheers unmistakeable as Ranier lowers the mic and starts to walk down the ramp towards the ring.

CBR: Way I remember it, you needed Mikey to win that belt two weeks ago and my help bringing down the Mental Rapist.

A few boos are heard at the reminder of CBR's past as he walks up the ring steps and steps through the ropes.

CBR: Credit where credit is due, you did retire Chris Hopper on your own and that's just a glimpse of the talent you've got, but since then tweedle dum here has been a constant fixture in your matches.

Ranier points over at Mikey, who is making fun of CBR's words with a blah blah gesture, as Kendrix smirks.

Kendrix: Whatevs, bruv! JFK...

Ranier darts forward immediately, inches from Kendrix's face as his voice rises dramatically and the crowd responds in kind.

CBR: Shut the hell up I'm not finished you ungrateful little sh(redacted)t!!!

The fans pop suddenly as Claude is visibly emotional, his face starting to turn a shade of red. CBR: I took you under my wing, showed you the ropes and got you a spot in history. And for what you did to me after International Affair, I should break your neck!

The fans chant "Do It Do It Do It!"

Ace: No! Mikey! Get him!

As if on cue, Unlikely steps forward, the fedora bobbling on his head, but Ranier turns to face him immediately.

CBR: Just stop right there Mikey! Turning back to Kendrix.

CBR: I should break your neck Jesse, but that's the old CBR talking. Besides, you're not alone, you've got the numbers advantage. But then...I'm not alone either.

A gentle grin rises on the face of CBR as the moment he was waiting for comes. "Pretty Little Psycho" hits the PA system and from the back Zhalia Fears and Lisil Jackson appear on stage, flanked by an entire security crew.

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CBR: Mikey, as of next week, we're all on Victory but this week son...this...is...WRESTLEshow! And as of the last time I checked, the #FreeMikeyUnlikely movement was denied....

Mikey looks at CBR, then back up to the security team frantically.

CBR: Ooops, Guess I've got the numbers advantage now.

The fans go ballistic as Zhalia points to the ring as security march down. Mikey looks at Kendrix a moment then at security, then back at Kendrix before bolting out of the ring under the ropes and jumping the barricade into the crowd. Security follow suit, running to catch the Hollywood Bruv as Fears and Jackson slip into the ring. Jackson stands in the corner, and Fears folds her arms standing behind JFK. CBR unfastens the Legacy Title holding it in his hand as he steps forward to Kendrix again.

CBR: And just to be certain that there are no...shenanigans...in your match tonight, I had word from the back that Lisil Jackson here has a free pass to Wrestleshow and will be the special...guest...referee in your Prodigy Title defence against the undefeated El Trebol Junior tonight!

The crowd raises in volume again, popping with a Lisil chant as CBR lifts his Legacy title into the air. Jackson smiles wide and waves to Kendrix.

CBR: So we'll see about that two year title reign tonight Jesse...and whether Kendrix is the future...or just lost in the damn past.

Kendrix, visibly incensed, lifts his Prodigy Title getting into the face of CBR shouting at him, the camera panning out to see the two champions with their belts raised in the air standing off!

Blackfront: Wow! Lisil Jackson is the special guest referee for our main event tonight folks!

Ace: They can't! He can't! Where's Mikey!?

Blackfront: They just did! What a night we have in store!

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LANCE MIKES VERSUS KRAVEN KENNEDY

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside, folks! Guess it's time for our first match of the evening, featuring two newcomers to the UTA roster.

Ace: Lance Mikes, who fell to the now-departed Cormick O'Connor at Season's Beatings, takes- on the embarrassingly-monikered Kraven "Chaos" Kennedy. I've no idea what to expect from this one, Jason.

The lights turn off in the arena as the crowd's chatter starts to silence. Suddenly the words "My Name is

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Kraven Kennedy, and Chaos... is... beautiful" echoes throughout the arena. Immediately after that, "Droppin' Plates" by Disturbed, intro starts blasting throughout the arena. The music plays while white and silver light swirl around the arena, accompanied by a blinking titantron video that says "CHAOS IS BEAUTIFUL."

Ace: What. The hell. Is this?!

Kraven Kennedy walks out with an insane smirk on his face, as the spotlights focus on him and he stops just shy of the ramp. He holds his head in the air, still smirking.

Blackfront: I don't know, Tommy, but did you know that "chaos... is... beautiful"?

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Athens, Greece, standing 6'8, weighing in at 275lbs... "The Artist of Sorrow," KRAVEN! CHAOS! KENNNNNNEEEEDDDDDYYYYYY!

Ace: "The Artist of Sorrow"?! Is this guy joking?

Blackfront: Does he look like he's joking?

Ace: He looks like he wants to lock himself in a dark room with some emotional music and a tube of his Mom's eyeliner, Tommy.

Kraven face turns more serious as he looks straight and heads down the ramp and toward the ring. The camera pans around his athletic frame as he continues down the ramp. Suddenly, he stops at the apron, and starts banging his head on it continuously, then he rolls into the ring and lays flat on his back, smirking while the chorus plays out. He then uses the ropes to pop back up to his feet, and the smirk ends, as he looks in the sky with his eyes closed, as if he is basking in a cool breeze. The lights slowly come on, he opens his eyes, his head straightens back up, and the smirk returns once again as his music slowly fades.

Blackfront: Certainly likes to make an entrance, doesn't he?

Ace: Highlight of my night, Jason. Especially the bit where he smashed his face against the apron. What is this song, anyway? "Droppin' Plates?" Is it some kind of threat?

Blackfront: Going by the hook, it sounds like the singer is most displeased, and intends on dropping crockery on the rear-end of a female dog. Not sure how threatening that is, though... The lights dim, as the steady beat of a guitar is heard playing and a soft voice is heard singing. The heavy beat of the guitar is heard Lance Mikes walks out, emerging from behind the curtains. He stands on top of the aisle way and poses and fireworks go off behind him, above the entrance way, the sparks falling down on him as he poses with his arms up.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes was unsuccessful in his first UTA match, and he'll be looking to get on- track tonight.

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Ace: I'd say his chances are good, Jason. Look at the state of the weirdo he's facing.

Announcer: ... aaaaaaand his opponent! Hailing from Manchester, England...

As the fireworks stop he pumps up the crowd and then walks down the aisle way. He jumps onto the ring apron and gets into the ring between the top and middle rope.

Announcers: Standing at 6'7", and weighing-in at 247lbs... "THE DEFINITION OF PERFECTION"...
LAAAAAANCE! MIIIIKKKKKKKEEEEESSSSSS!

Ace: I still can't believe Lance Mikes is here, Jason.

Blackfront: One thing about this guy, Tommy - he's interacted with two people since he got here, Jarvis Valentine and Cormick O'Conner. Neither of them remain on the roster.

Coincidence?

Ace: Maybe he'll make this giant potato disappear too!

The song gets back to a slow beat as the begins to spin around the ring as he stops and poses, flexing his muscles fireworks go off on all four turnbuckles, and the lights begin to flicker at the same time. As the fireworks stop, the lights come back on and Lance Mikes holds both hands together with his fingers between the gaps and spins his wrists around, loosening the joints in his hand.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes looks ready to go!

The bell soon rings, and Mikes moves towards Kennedy. "Chaos," however, stands completely still with that unsettling smirk etched across his face.

Ace: Does this dude's face have any setting other than "mildly unsettling creep-smile?"

Blackfront: Maybe he's just happy to be here.

Ace: Or maybe he's a few sandwiches short of a picnic.

Lance, however, refuses to be psyched-out by Kraven's... face... and moves towards his opponent, tying-up with the big man. The Englishman transitions into a side headlock, but Kennedy pushes him loose right away. Taking the momentum, Mikes dashes to the ropes, ducks beneath Kraven's big boot, and clubs him in the kidneys.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes is going to work!

Repeated blows stagger Kennedy and steam him stumbling towards the corner. There, Mikes follows-up with

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several knees to the gut, before turning away, taking a few steps, then charging forward with a running knee! As Kennedy comes loose, Lance takes his head and drives it into the mat with a running bulldog.

Blackfront: A real hot start from Mikes, who's out to make amends tonight.

Ace: The kid looks eager to impress. I'll give him that.

Blackfront: And he's not letting-up on "Chaos," either!

On the ground, Lance pulls Kennedy into a seated position. He kneels behind his opponent and clamps his hands under his chin, then pulls back. Mikes can't keep Kraven in the chinlock all that long, however, and the debutant slowly starts working his way to his feet. When he's up, Lance keeps hold of his head and twists his own body round, dropping Kennedy with a neckbreaker.

Blackfront: This is a pretty interesting clash. Both of these guys are absolutely huge, but Kennedy's got a lot more bulk packed onto that 6'7" frame. Mikes is the same height, but much leaner, and that gives him a considerable speed and agility advantage.

Ace: Yeah, this Crimson Lord tribute act isn't looking too lithe thus far. Lance is schooling him. His opponent down, Lance springs to his feet, runs to the ropes, and comes back with a big leg drop! He hooks the leg.

...1!

...2!

But Kennedy throws a shoulder up.

Blackfront: Big move, but Kraven rolls out of it. Lance Mikes is absolutely cruising.

"The Definition of Perfection" is wrestling with a glint in his eye and a spring in his step. He's back on his feet, waiting for Kraven Kennedy to rise, and heads are starting to turn within the crowd.

Lance stomps his boot into the crowd a few times, as Karven pulls himself up with the ropes' aid. When "Chaos" turns around, he's with a loud holler of "come get some!" from Lance Mikes, and he doesn't like it one bit.

Ace: He ain't smirking now!

Angered, Kennedy lumbers forward, and this plays right into Lance Mikes' hands. Mikes hoists him in the air and slams him into the mat with a big Spinebuster, which really gets the crowd going!

Blackfront: HUUUUUGE move from Lance Mikes!

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Ace: I don't know if the Plate Dropper's gonna get up from that one.

Feeling the adrenaline coursing through his body, Lance climbs to his feet, then points the top rope. Moments later he's scaling the turnbuckles and balancing himself up-top.

Blackfront: Jesus, that's a 6'7" man up there!

But Mikes flies through the air with a grace the defies his size. The Shooting Star Press is perfect, and Kraven Kennedy is powerless to avoid it.

Ace: What the... how did he pull that off?!

Blackfront: Have you ever seen a 6'7" man pull off a move like that?! He calls it "Truly Magnificent"!

The move takes a little out of Lance, but he's able to hook the leg.

...1!

...2!

...3!!!

Blackfront: What a performance!

"Always" starts playing throughout the arena once again, and Lance Mikes stands proud, letting the referee hoist his hand in victory.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... LAAAAANNNNNCCCCCEEEEEEE!
MIIIIIIKKKKKKEEEEEESSSSSSSSSS!

Blackfront: That was excellent, Tommy. Lance Mikes dominated from bell-to-bell, and put Kraven Kennedy away in a matter of minutes!

Ace: I guess it's back to the drawing board for the newcomer... that's if he doesn't vanish like everyone else Lance comes into contact with!

Blackfront: An outstanding display of skill and athleticism. Lance Mikes is off the mark here in the UTA, and I'm excited to see what's next for the big man!

ICONS

It's the dressing rooms of the Quicken Loans arena. Ron Hall is dressed for his upcoming match in his blue

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jeans and wrestling shoes. He is quietly going through his prematch routine of taping up his wrist.

He seems to be lost in his mental preparation as he tears off the tape at one end. He slowly repeats the process with the other wrist. He tears off the tape and reaches down to tighten the laces to his shoes when a loud knock breaks his thought. He looks up visibly annoyed.

"It's open"

The shadow of the door opening teases the scene for a moment before the figure of Claude Baptiste Ranier walks into view, attired in his ring trunks and boots with an Avenged Sevenfold t-shirt covering his torso and the Legacy Title wrapped neatly around his waist. Ron quickly and uneasily rises from his seat and seems to be less than thrilled to be standing face to face with the Canadian Star.

Hall: Can I help you Claude?

CBR: Listen, Ron. Do you have a minute?

Hall stands up straight folding his arms in a mildly defensive gesture, but nods to his opponent later tonight.

CBR: Look, I know you've got your plate full with Scott Stevens at the moment but I just wanted to say...sorry.

Ron's eyebrows raise a microscopic amount at the words coming from Ranier, who looks at the ground a moment before looking back at the Hall of Famer.

Hall: Sorry? He's not believing what he's hearing Sorry for what? Claude nods and continues, using his hands to accentuate his words.

CBR: In truth, I'm sorry for a lot of things. But specifically Ron, I'm sorry for what we put you through last year when you came back to the UTA and I'm sorry for what I did to you in the Ring King tournament back in June.

Hall's stance softens a bit as his arms unfold. The look on his face now says "I want to believe you but I'm not sure I do."

CBR: You know, I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of over the past year and a half here, and that night the fans deserved a great match...we had a great match until I ruined it and tonight, they deserve a fight.

Claude straightens his back, the sincerity obvious in his expression. Hall doesn't say anything. The look on his face says that he's starting to believe the Legacy champion.

CBR: You know, it's guys like you Ron that paved the way for the CBR's of the world to get their shot in UTA. It will be an honour to test myself against you later on tonight and if Scott Stevens, Kendrix or Mikey get involved...well, they may just very well have to go through two icons of this company.

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Claude extends his hand to Ron Hall, not blinking, eyes never leaving The Southern Rebel's.

CBR: Let's show them what we can do Ron. Let's show them exactly who we are.

Ron looks down at Claude's extended hand, he looks up slowly but the trust builds as the tension melts. He reaches and grabs Rainer's hand and they shake. It's a bit uneasy given their prior history but for the moment it seems that a peace might be established.

Hall: Sounds good.

He leans into CBR'S face.

Hall: Don't let me find out this is an act.

Claude shoots a smile to the Hall of Famer, the handshake lingering for a few moments.

CBR: Don't worry Ron, I'm all over playing games.

Ranier steps back and leaves the lockerroom leaving Hall wondering what to make of it all.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

ANSWERS

As we cut to the backstage area of the Quicken Loans Arena, we see Jamie Sawyers standing by to interview someone. Jamie looks rather nervous as he fidgets with his blue and black plaid colored tie as he waits to begin. Who could he be interviewing? A marquee name returning to Wrestle UTA? Ron Hall? Sean Jackson? Eric Dane? Or is he interviewing the King of Cleveland himself, Lebron James?

As Sawyers waits for his cue, he brushes his navy suit jacket with a lint roller, and tosses it to the side when the camera motions for him to get ready. As the camera man quietly does the count down, Sawyers lets out a sigh before calming himself.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is none other than the new UTA Wildfire Champion, Scott Stevens.

As Sawyers finishes his sentence, the Wildfire champion steps into view wearing his wrestling attire for his big matchup later tonight. As the camera zooms in on the champion, we see that he's still worse from his match against a former UTA employee, but the thing that's not is the Kodak smile plastered to his face.

Stevens: Your eyes do not deceive you Sawyers, it is I, your Wildfire champion! Stevens boasts as he pats the center plate of his championship.

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Stevens: Not from some exotic location on the opposite end of the Earth or some fantasy island, but here and live in the flesh for you all to witness what a true champion looks like.

Stevens says with a smirk and a wink to the camera.

Sawyers: On the Season Beatings edition of Wrestleshow you did what few have done in Wrestle UTA, and that is defeat the previous champion, Colton Thorpe.

Stevens chuckles a bit.

Stevens: Say that again incase there is some that didn't hear you.

Sawyers: Last Wrestleshow you defeated the previous champion, Colton Thorpe.

Stevens: I defeated Colton Thorpe.....let that sink in for a moment Jamie. Stevens says as pauses for a moment before continuing.

Stevens: What is that commercial UTA plays for Colton Thorpe??? Stevens asks as he snaps his fingers for Sawyers to help him out. Sawyers: The one about the headphones?

Sawyers asks and Stevens points his way.

Stevens: That's the one, and what is the tag line of that advertisement?

Sawyers: Nothing beats the Thorpedo.

Stevens: Nothing beats a Thorpedo, eh?

Jamie shakes his head at Stevens rhetorical question, and the Texan smiles widely as he turns to Sawyers.

Stevens: Except me.

Stevens boasts proudly as he shows off his title.

Stevens: A beauty isn't it?

Stevens asks as he shines the center plate.

Sawyers: Yes it is.

Sawyers replies as Stevens continues to shine is title.

Stevens: You see Jamie, everyone here thought Colton Thorpe was going to wipe the floor with me and ride

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off into the sunset with this championship, but that didn't happen now did it?

Sawyers: No it didn't.

Stevens: At Seasons Beatings I proved that I was a God Killer when I killed one of the Wrestling Gods in UTA and as he whittled away to bone and dust I stood tall with his ambrosia.

Stevens says as he looks at the Wildfire Championship.

Stevens: And in his ashes I arose from the fire.

Sawyers: Your victory at Seasons Beatings definitely got people's attention. Stevens looks at Sawyers with a confused look on his face.

Stevens: You say that as if it's a surprise. I've been telling people this since the day I stepped into UTA, but people didn't listen. They were too busy bitching and complaining about my spot in the Ring King tournament and other things that didn't matter. What matters now is that I'm the Wildfire championship, and that's just the beginning of my journey.

Sawyers: Tonight you have a match against former world champion, Sean Jackson, and even though your title isn't on the line tonight it could be in the future, and one person who has been actively seeking an opportunity has been Cayle Murray. Do you accept is request of giving him a title shot?

Stevens: No.

Sawyers has a surprised look on his face.

Sawyers: Why not, if you don't mind me asking?

Stevens: First off, this is Wrestle UTA, and if you want something you have to earn it. As far as I've seen Murray hasn't earned s(bleep)t. He is just mad because I did something in one night that he couldn't do in eight months. Murray had more opportunities at this championship than anybody this year and he failed each and every time. That means his ass is at the back of the line because he's had his time and he wasted it. So Cayle, you can tweet, text, send smoke signals, email, Snapchat, Periscope, send pigeons or dust off Myspace for all I care, but you aren't getting a shot at my title.

Stevens looks at his title draped over his shoulder.

Stevens: It's time for someone else to try and step up and challenge for this title.

Sawyers: Would that someone be Ron Hall? Sawyers asks and Stevens shoots

Stevens: No, why would I have anything to do with Ron Hall? Stevens looks at Sawyers as if he's stupid.

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Sawyers: I was asking based on the brutal attack you inflicted on him at Season Beatings. Stevens smirks.

Stevens: Oh....that.

Sawyers: Yes, that.

Stevens: Look, as far as Ron Hall goes that was his fault.

Sawyers: His fault?!?!?!?!? Sawyers shouts.

Stevens: Yes.

Sawyers: How was it his fault?

Stevens: You want to know go ask him but he should've left it alone. He had to keep digging and spilling dirty laundry that didn't need to be told, and that's why I did what I did. I didn't attack Ron Hall on purpose, I attacked him because he forced my hand Jamie. I wouldn't have done what I did if he kept his mouth shut. Everything that has happened or will happen is on him, and I don't

have an ounce of remorse for him because this could've been avoided, but he couldn't let it go. He brought it upon himself. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a man from Dallas who's ass needs kicking.

Stevens says as he exits the scene.

THE DIBBINS BOYS VERSUS DAN BENSON/SABRINA BAKER

The scene cuts to the ring. Suddenly "Back in Black" by AC/DC hit the loudspeakers and Dan Benson walks through the curtain. The fans boo loudly.

Announcer: The following match is a tag team match! Coming to the ring first, he hails from Minneapolis Minnesota! Weighing in at 243 pounds...

Blackfront: This is an odd pairing, if I have ever seen one! This match has disaster written all over it.

Ace: Any match featuring four personalities this different, is sure to always end badly for someone.

Dan Benson walks down the ramp, up the ring steps, and gets into the ring. His robe reads

"Shock the World".

Announcer: This is Dan Bensooooooooooooooooonnnnnn!!!!

The fans let him know their true feelings. Benson removes his robe and hands it to the ring attendant. He

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moves to his corner and waits.

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

Blackfront: : Sabrina Baker recently has really let her aggression and frustration show through.

Ace:: Well, she has the perfect punching bags tonight then!

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's brushes past them. Some of them try to reach her hands for high fives. She goes, but does a fake out.

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

Sabrina gets on the apron and looks at the fans. She teases doing her backflip ring entrance, but brushes them off and gets in normal.

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

Sabrina stands in the middle of the ring and stares at all of the ones that once cheered for before as she brushes her shoulders off.

Announcer: Sabrina Baker!

She walks around the ring and waits for her opponent as she keeps her eyes on the ramp.

Ace: Sabrina is looking good tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Doesn't she always?

Ace: That's a dumb question.

Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching.

Kick It In The Sticks by Brantley Gilbert plays as a four wheeler zips out from the backstage area. Sitting on it is the #Brouins, Luke and Duke Dibbins. El Trebol Jr, sits on the handlebars. They ride down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from the backwoods of West Virginia.

The fans erupt into a frenzy of cheers, Luke drives as Duke holds the UTA Hardcore championship high above his head.

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Ace: I cannot believe one of these hillbillies holds a UTA Championship! How far have we fallen?

Blackfront: Both of them have held it Tommy!

Ace: My point exactly.

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

The Dibbins climb off the four wheeler. Luke picks up El Trebol Jr, and piggybacks him into the ring. Duke rolls under the bottom rope.

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

The opposing team just leans on the ropes, talking amongst themselves while pointing at The Dibbins.

Blackfront: The referee checking the Dibbins for weapons. He pulls a... Is that a rusted metal railroad spike, from Duke's sock? The fans think it's funny, but Duke swears he doesn't know how that got there.

The referee tosses it from the ring, before signalling for the bell.

Ace: He probably thinks this is a hardcore match Jason, The man can't even spell Hardcore. Blackfront: No one has ever claimed that the Dibbins were intellectuals Tommy, what we do know is they are both tough son of a guns!

Ace: Hopefully tonight's the night that Dan Benson knocks the stupid out of them. El Trebol leaves the ring, and stands at ringside. He jumps once... twice....

Ace: Ha! I don't think El Trebol Jr. can see over the ring apron Jason!

Blackfront: It does indeed appear as if he is struggling.

Trebol drops down, and halfway crawls under the ring. He comes out with step stool. a two rung ladder type deal.

He sets it up, climbs to the top, and slaps the mat for the match to start as the fans laugh collectively.

Blackfront: That is why he is the brains behind their operation! This is the man that could walk out of here tonight as the Prodigy Champion, when he takes on Kendrix in our main event.

Ace: You watch your mouth Jason!

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Blackfront: Well it seems that Duke Dibbins and Dan Benson will start this match out. Their respective partners go to the apron.

Dan Benson and Duke head towards the center of the ring. Benson goes for the collar and elbow tie up but Duke dodges it and ducks behind him. He spins Benson around before delivering two quick right hands catching Benson off guard. Dibbins grabs a headlock, but the much stronger Benson just pushes him off.

Blackfront: Duke is never going to win a power struggle with this wily veteran. Dibbins now charges back in, but Benson catching him with a quick thumb to the eye!

Ace: Nice!

The referee warns Benson who plays innocent now. Duke holds his hand over his eye, as Dan approaches him again. Benson with some heavy clubbing blows to the back of Duke, brings him to his knees.

Blackfront: One thing Duke is yet to experience in the UTA. Someone who hits this hard! Dan now grabs Dibbins by the wrist. He takes a step back before pulling Duke towards him and nailing the short arm clothesline!

Duke drops hard and grabs his jaw, shaking his head.

Ace: Benson doesn't need weapons to beat down the Hardcore Champion tonight! I for one, love it!

Benson picks up Duke, and tags in Sabrina Baker, the fans boo as she enters the fray. Blackfront: Here comes Sabrina! He rears back and... HARD SLAP across the face of Duke Dibbins. He once again grabs at his jaw. Baker grabs him by the head and rolls him over with a snapmare before applying the rear chin lock.

The referee slides into position in front of the hold. Behind Claudios back, she reaches towards her corner. Dan reaches out, and grabs her arm, pulling and giving her extra leverage. Duke kicks wildly as soon as Dan grabs on.

Ace: Great teamwork here by Baker and Benson! Hey, its B&B!

Blackfront: Reaching a bit are we? This is a cheap tactic here by the first time tag team. The referee now catches them in the act and applies the count. Baker holds out till four! She stomps on Duke wildly as she stands.

Ace: Baker, not going easy on the backwood boys.

She picks up Duke and throws him through the ropes to the outside of the ring. Duke gets up slowly on the outside. Baker hits the ropes and dives through, taking Duke back down.

Blackfront: Oh my! What a move there by Sabrina Baker! Putting her body on the line!

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Baker gets up, and taunts the fans who boo back at her. El Trebol slowly works his way around the ring to the action but is cut off by a colossal Dan Benson. Trebol intelligently retreats.

Sabrina rolls Duke back into the ring, she hangs his head over the apron, and comes down on the neck of Duke with a forearm shot.

The referee still counting. Marie climbs back in and quickly tags Dan Benson who is all too happy to continue the fight.

Dan picks up Duke and whips him off the ropes. On the rebound he picks up Duke by the midsection.

Blackfront: Big backbreaker there! Duke has taken a lot of punishment here in the early going. Ace: That's because he shouldn't be facing real wrestlers, the Dibbins need to stay on After Hours where they belong!

Dan Benson applies a Camel Clutch on Duke. El Trebol slaps the mat, he pokes Luke on the ankle, who looks down. Trebol shouts direction and points at the submission hold in the ring. Luke begins to get in the ring, but the referee cuts him off.

While he's distracted, Sabrina Baker steps in, runs and delivers a jumping elbow drop to the small of the back of Dibbins.

Blackfront: Oh come on! This is cheap.

Ace: What do you think Luke was about to do? Blackfront: Helping his brother from the numbers game! Ace: Save it Blackfront!

The referee gets Luke to retreat, as Baker claps above her head. Benson releases the hold and goes to the apron, the referee falls for the fake tag.

Baker drops a rolling knee across the back of Dukes head, who writhes on the ground. Luke tries to begin a slow clap on the outside, unfortunately he has no rhythm and cannot get on the same page with the crowd.

Blackfront: Baker now hits the ropes as Duke is starting to get up. She comes back and goes for a crossbody block. Duke drops flat to the mat! Baker misses!

Ace: I'm not sure Duke dodged that on purpose, or if he just fell over from the beating Jason! Blackfront: It appeared to be the later! Duke is just breathing heavy on the mat, Baker getting up a little slower, she took all the impact from that move attempt! Shes right back on Dibbins dropping an elbow in the center of the ring.

Duke slowly crawls towards his corner, but Baker is all over it. She grabs Duke, lifts him. He swings and misses big. Baker kicks him in the gut before backing him into the turnbuckle. Baker delivers a series of

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forearm shots. Increasingly more violent with each strike.

Blackfront: Dibbins is out on his feet and Baker doesn't care! She is absolutely pounding the face of Duke! The referee needs to step in here!

Almost as if he heard the broadcaster, the Referee weasels his way in between the competitor and forces Sabrina back, warning her all the way. The fans boo her loudly. On the other side of the ring, with the help of El Trebol, Luke finally finds the pattern and gets a slow clap going.

Ace: Here she comes again!

Baker runs at Duke in the corner. He lifts her leg high, going for a yakuza kick. Duke once again simply falls out of the way, as Sabrina hits the turnbuckle hard and falls to the mat holding her kicking leg.

The fans cheer at the miss. El Trebol jumps down off the step stool. He picks it up, and carries it to the corner where both of the wrestlers lay in the ring. He sets the stool back up, climbs it once again, and begins to shake Duke, trying to get him moving again.

Blackfront: The self proclaimed General Manager of After Hours and number one contender for Kendrix's Prodigy Championship, El Trebol Jr doing everything he can to get Duke to the corner for the tag. Dan Benson is in his corner complaining to the referee.

Baker now limping to her feet. She starts to lift Duke who instinctively hits a low blow on Baker. The referee puts his hands on his head, and almost signals for the bell before stopping and thinking about it. He shrugs and holds off.

Baker does not seem to be affected. She pulls Duke to his feet. When she lets go of him and cocks back to swing, Duke just falls on his back. Sabrina laughs, and begins to walk over to her partner. The referee kneels down to check on Duke, he quickly lifts his head and looks at Baker walking away.

Blackfront: Wait! Duke is awake! Duke jumps up like a man well rested! Benson is yelling at Baker, now she sees Duke on his feet. He runs and tags in his brother Luke. Sabrina is frustrated. Here comes Luke!

Ace: Oh No! Watch Out!

The fans go nuts as Luke steps into the ring. Baker runs at him. Luke runs and almost takes Bakers head off with a lariat.

Blackfront: Baker down! Here comes Dan Benson! Luke drops him with a clothesline! Baker

back up! Clothesline! Benson again! Clothesline! Here comes his Brousin Duke! CLOTHESLINE! He got his brother! Luke spins! He get Sabrina one more time! He goes for the referee!!!!!!

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The referee places both hands in front of him and screams at the top of his lungs "STOP!"...

Blackfront: The referee barely able to stop Luke from taking him down as well.

Dibbins heads over and grabs Sabrina's arm, starting to pull her to her feet. He tosses her arm over his shoulder and goes to lift her. As he does, she throws her leg up and over Luke's neck, using her other to spin around the front of him. As he bends over and her leg presses down on his neck she reaches forward and grabs his left arm and pulls it back locking in an Octopus Stretch.

Blackfront: Release the Switch by Sabrina Baker!

Ace: Out of nowhere!

Luke tries to fight but he falls to a knee as she bends his wrist back. He can't take it anymore and begins to tap out. The bell sounds

Announcer: The winners of this match.... Sabrina Baker and Dan Beeeeeenssssooonn!!!

Blackfront: Big win here tonight for these two.

Baker releases Luke and rolls to her feet and adjust her hair as her music begins.

BACKSTAGE TENSION

The camera comes to life with Marshall Owens and Sean Jackson standing backstage. With Mr. Ace In The Hole wearing a dress shirt and slacks, he has the briefcase in his right hand as Marshall prepares to conduct the interview.

Owens: Sean, later on tonight we get to witness another Texas revolution. A revolution to see who has bragging rights for the greatest state in the country.

This draws a smile and nod from the Dallas native, knowing that something bigger than a championship is at stake. Bragging rights for Texas.

Owens: That being our home state of Texas.

The former Dynasty member cracks that million dollar smirk.

Jackson: You've got that right Marshall, because Dallas will always produce the real winners in Texas. Had I been playing quarterback for Dallas, we would be undefeated. Had I been playing for Cleveland...

Sean stops himself.

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Jackson: Scratch that, no self-respecting professional would want to play for Cleveland. Just like they wouldn't be caught dead playing in Houston.

Marshall tries to hide his own smirk, and it is a losing battle.

Owens: Well, they do have J.J. Watts, so... Mr. Ace In The Hole rolls his eyes.

Jackson: Give me a break Marshall, J.J. Watts has nothing on...

Abruptly Sean stops speaking, his eyes wide in surprise. As the camera pans back, stepping into view is the Wildfire Champion Scott Stevens.

Stevens: First off, it's J.J. Watt, no "s" on the end, and second, Dallas hasn't produced a winner since 1995, and while your "real winners" are sitting at home like every season, Houston will be in the playoffs as divisional winners.

Stevens boasts about his hometown football team.

Stevens: How can you be a winner when you can't even clinch a division that's worse than the Texans?

Stevens asks sarcastically as he edges his way closer to his opponent.

Jackson: Hey, we had injuries this year... Stevens interrupts.

Stevens: You've had injuries for 20 years?

Stevens asks curiously as he sees it's beginning to upset Sean. A bit upset, Sean waves it off and attempts to change the subject.

Jackson: Look, nobody invited you over here Scott. This was interview time set aside for Marshall and myself, so maybe you should go discuss all that crap with someone who cares. Mr. Ace In The Hole shifts his thumb alternately between himself and Marshall.

Jackson: Because we aren't interested in your skewed version of events. I know, maybe you can shoot that line of garbage to a fan base who is used to it...

He fakes a smile.

Jackson: The Cleveland Brown fan base. Stevens smirks.

Stevens: At least the Browns fan base know what they have while you continue to think the Cowboys are still America's team and that Dez caught it.

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That changes the complexion of everything. If there was ever a sore spot with any fan of Dallas, it was the "non catch".

Jackson: First off, that was a catch and you know it. But I can tell this isn't about football Stevens, you interjected yourself out of jealousy. I am a solid three count from my third world championship and you are emboldened by a fluke win over the real Wildfire Champion Colton Thorpe.

Jackson's comment about his championship victory doesn't sit well with the Texan.

Stevens: There was nothing flukey about it Jackson. I did what no other person on this roster could do and that's beat the Thorpedo.

Stevens gets chest to chest with his opponent.

Stevens: That makes me better than you and everyone else in Wrestle UTA. Stevens says as he pokes Jackson's chest with his index finger.

Stevens: Besides, how can you be a three count away from winning a third world title when you're losing to women and a midget who dresses as a frog?

Stevens asks curiously as he cracks a sly grin.

Jackson: Look Marshall, he beats Colton and now he is a regular comedian. Well let me enlighten you on a few things Scott, I was at this same cross road last year. On a losing streak with no clear direction and then, voila, I walk out of All or Nothing with the world championship. The Dallas native leans in on Scott's right shoulder and whispers.

Jackson: And all I had to do was beat someone who thought I didn't stand a chance. Sean leans back out, not wanting the verbal altercation to get too strange.

Jackson: So I guess that makes you the stepping stone this time around. Marshall, feeling a bit uncomfortable tries to back his client up, but fails.

Stevens: I'm not saying you don't have a chance against the UTA roster, I'm saying is you don't have a chance against me.

Stevens says as he points to himself.

Stevens: It's funny you mentioned All or Nothing because all I remember from that year with you as champion is a ton of nothing. No heat. No memorable matches. Nothing. So it's a good thing you won it on that pay-per-view because that's what you've been lately is nothing!

Now Marshall is really trying to get his client out of there, but to no avail. Sean is holding his ground.

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Jackson: Keep it up Scott, and I will show you exactly what I'm all about. You want to stand there and question what I've done and who I have done it against, well just remember that I beat thirty- nine other competitors to win my last world championship...

Marshall is tugging at his arm, but Sean elbows him away.

Jackson: So if I'm a big nothing now, what does that make you tonight when a high knee puts your lights out?

Stevens laughs.

Stevens: Jackson, I love the passion and fire you have, but if I can survive a gang onslaught in the Windy City you're going to need more than a simple high knee to beat me.

Stevens informs his fellow Texan.

Jackson: You are right, maybe I will need something more than a high knee to your skull. The Mental Rapist looks down at Scott's knees.

Jackson: Maybe I am looking a bit too high. Maybe I should target your knee with everything not bolted down...

Yes, the former Dynasty member has done his homework. Jackson: And put your punk ass on the shelf, where you belong. Stevens smirks.

Stevens: Oh really? Let me ask you something Sean.... Stevens leans in and whispers.

Stevens: If CBR, Colton Thorpe, and Mike Best couldn't get the job done what makes you think you're different than the rest.

Stevens leans back and pats Jackson on the cheek twice.

Jackson: Because I have this...

The Dallas native points down to the Ace in the hole briefcase.

Jackson: And they don't.

Mr. Ace In The Hole begins to back out slowly, Marshall letting out a sigh of relief.

Jackson: Something you will find out soon enough.

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Mr. Jackson then turns his back on the Wildfire Champion and walks away.

Stevens: We will indeed, we will indeed.

Stevens says to himself as he watches Jackson continuing walking down the hallway.

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

OG THUMPER RETURNS!

We open to the locker room area, Kendrix is shown peaking into door after door, searching for someone or something. He walks down the hall, looking around frantically. Rounding a corner he stops immediately. He smiles but it's not quite clear what he's smiling at.

Kendrix: You look great bruv!

He takes a step back, and allows his "bruv" to round the corner. It's OG Thumper! He is accompanied by Mary Jane, who is wearing a pair of bunny ears, and a painted nose, but otherwise is dressed to kill.

There is something on Thumper's head however, is that... Lisil Jackson's fedora?

Kendrix: The bunny is back! No one will ever suspect this!

OG Thumper holds out a fist which is quickly bumped by Kendrix. They all walk together down the corridor before running into Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers does a double take as he recognizes Thumper. He stops the two gentlemen JFK rolls his eyes.

Sawyers: Kendrix, What is this? Is that O.G. Thumper? I thought that guy got fired? Shaking his head, he responds.

Kendrix: Listen, Yeah! O.G. Thumpa is back again! He's here to set the UTA ablaze with his magnificent skill, in fact Jamie... it would be fair to call him... "The World's Greatest Bunny!" Sawyers goes to speak but Thumper holds up a paw to stop him.

Thumper: IN THE WORLD!!!!!!!!!!

The two laugh wildly. Mary Jane rolls her eyes behind the pair. Jamie raises an eyebrow, suspiciously.

Sawyers: This wouldn't have anything to do with what happened to Mikey Unlikely earlier would it?

Kendrix feigns surprise. A hand over his heart.

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Kendrix: Of course not! Mikey unfortunately has left the building and is unable to return, we were all going to do this together, but since Mikey isn't here, allow JFK to do the honors Jamie. JFK would like to introduce to both you and the world abroad, the NEWEST member of the Hollywood Bruvs! O.G. Thumper!

He points to the rabbit, as he takes a bow. Sawyers holds the mic to Thumper

Thumper: Jammy it's like this, Mikey...er...Bunny Money is here! Ready to help my best friend Kendrix in any way I can. I wanted to let the world know that I "The World's Greatest Rabbit Entertainer" will be at ringside for tonight's Main Event prodigy match. Just to make sure that idiot Lisil Jackson calls it right down the middle. Isn't that right...Bruv!

Kendrix smiles from ear to ear.

Kendrix: Obvs!

Mary Jane shrugs in frustration, shaking her head.

Thumper: Totally Obvs!

The two walk off and you can hear JFK whisper "Do you think they bought it" The giant bunny head flops forward and back. As they leave the area, one of the locker room doors is ajar and fully opens. Lisil Jackson was peeking through the door.

He pulls a walkie talkie from nowhere and presses it close to his face while engaging the button.

L. Jackson: Got Em... The scene fades.

CBR VERSUS RON HALL

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is a NON TITLE MATCH. Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc begins to play. Ron Hall comes out to the fans going crazy. Ace: What is this idiot doing here?

Blackfront: This "Idiot" has a match scheduled next Tommy!

He throws his arms out and spins around, soaking it up as he moves down the ramp. Announcer: Coming to the ring first. Hailing from Heart of the Appalachian Mountains ... Ron continues down the ramp.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eleven and weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty five pounds.... He is... RON... HALLLL!!!!

Blackfront: Ron Hall has the opportunity to make a HUGE statement tonight Tommy , If he can pin the Legacy champion in this non title match!

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Ace: No doubt it would set him up for a shot at the title, but let's be realistic Jason, Ron Hall doesn't stand a chance against someone as good as Claude! Even if his judgment is a bit skewed as of late.

Blackfront: Don't count out the Southern Rebel just yet!

Hall walks up the steps and across the ramp, before stepping into the ring to the fans screaming for him.

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe appears, focused on the entrance atop the stage. The opening riff of "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of both cheers and boos for the reigning UTA Legacy Champion.

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: Just two short weeks ago, CBR came so close to losing his Legacy Championship in his first defense. Zhalia Fears was primed for a win, but she refused to accept it on behalf of the interference from Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix, the Hollywood Bruvs!

Ace: What a moron! If you have the chance to win gold, you take it! The Hollywood Bruvs gave Zhalia Fears an early Christmas present, and she spit in their face Jason!

Blackfront: It's a new year, and a new Zhalia, Tommy! 2016 is upon us and Dynasty is no longer here to spoil it.

Ace: Don't remind me Jason! I've been having trouble sleeping as of late.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one fan's abuse, his smile turning to a frown straight into the eyes of an overweight male in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Ranier actually gives him a real high five! The fans around him explode.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds... CBR walks up

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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 amongst the cheers, 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: These two UTA originals are set to take part in an epic battle!

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

Ace: Say what you want but it was pretty clear to me earlier that Ron Hall does not trust CBR! Don't expect them to hold back in this one.

Blackfront: It's true, it appears as if Claude has turned a new leaf, but he's sly as a fox. He has fooled his fair share of UTA Superstars, only for him to turn the tables on them in the past.

The bell rings and the two head towards the center of the ring. Their eyes locked on each other.

Ace: Yea, but just because Scott Stevens attacked Ron Hall doesn't mean CBR will, Jason. Claude Ranier stretches out his arm for the handshake. Ron Hall looks around at the crowd as they all give their opinion. For the first time it sounds like almost the majority of the crowd cheers for CBR.

Blackfront: It sounds like the fans trust CBR!

Ace: These fans know nothing...

Slowly Ron Hall reaches in, at the last second he just slaps the hand of CBR instead of shaking it. Claude shrugs and accepts it.

Blackfront: Ron not taking any chances.

Collar and elbow tie up, the two both struggle for power. Claude gains the advantage and backs Hall into the

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ropes. He continues to press and display his strength, the referee begins his count. As soon as Ranier hears one, he breaks and backs away.

Ron shakes his arm out, and works his way back to the center of the ring again.

Ace: CBR is just setting the trap. It's a slow and deliberate trap!

The pair each rush forward and lock up again. This time Hall takes the advantage. He ducks under the arm of Ranier and applies a hammerlock. CBR reaches over his head but can't catch the dodging veteran.

Blackfront: Ron drops to his knees and pulls the legs out from under the Legacy Champion. He moves across his body, into the headlock. Ranier pushes off the mat, and raises to a knee as Hall wrenches away on that head and neck. CBR up to both feet now! No, Hall takes him down with a headlock takeover.

Hall keeps the headlock cinched in. The referee slides to the mat to check on Claude and make sure his shoulders are not on the mat. CBR places his forearm under the chin of Hall and wrenches back his head, while bringing his midsection up.

Ace: Nice headscissors reversal there. CBR now in control as Ron breaks the hold.

Blackfront: Are you actually calling the action Tommy?

Ace: Someone has to Jason.

Hall somersaults out of the headscissors and both the men get to their feet quickly. They stand off again, Hall wastes no time and comes in with right as the fans cheer loudly. Ranier receives a few jabs before Hall makes the crowd react with a loud overhand chop to the chest.

Blackfront: You could hear that one! Hall is laying into the Legacy Champion with reckless abandon. He backs Ranier into the corner. The Southern Rebel climbs to the second turnbuckle and begins to punish CBR.

The fans count along with all ten punches. Hall drops out of the way, CBR falls face first into the mat. Ron wastes no time and lifts him back to his feet.

The Hall of Famer backs CBR into the ropes before whipping him off the other side. Hall ducks, CBR Leapfrogs him, instead of taking the backdrop. On the return, Hall turns just in time to catch a vicious diving forearm smash to his head.

Blackfront: CBR now reverses the fortunes with that big move! Ranier now standing up, he takes a few steps before dropping that knee across the head of Hall.

Ace: He's choosing a part of his opponent and attacking Jason. CBR is a professional in every sense of the

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word. Unfortunately his business practices are starting to disgust me!

Blackfront: Because he's finally doing the right thing?

Ace: Turning on The Hollywood Bruvs was not the right thing!

Blackfront: They turned on him Tommy!

Ace: Keep thinking that! You and all these people are wrong! I really hope Mikey got away! Blackfront: Back to the action now, as both competitors have reached their feet. CBR with a european uppercut, followed by another. CBR grabs hall by the waist and throws him over with a belly to belly suplex. Ranier now crawls over and covers.

1...

2... Kickout!

Claude turns Ron onto his stomach and drops a knee in between the shoulder blades. He locks in an armbar. The referee slides into position to check on Hall. A chant breaks out in the crowd for the Hall of Famer. He seems to gain momentum from this as he slowly rises to his feet. He throws some wild lefts at Ranier. Finally one connects solid and CBR lets go.

Blackfront: Ron Hall breaks loose. CBR throws a desperation kick, Hall catches it! Ranier with the Enzi...NO! Hall ducks! CBR is on his face. Hall picks him right back up, before suplexing him back down. Hall into a lateral press.

1...

2... Kickout!

Ace: You're not going to beat CBR with a normal suplex.

Blackfront: I'm afraid you are right about that partner!

The two competitors rise to their feet. Hall tries to suplex CBR again right away, This time the Legacy Champion sees it coming. He punches at the ribs and lifts Hall instead. Once vertical, CBR holds him there.

Ace: What is he doing?

Blackfront: Ron Hall dropping knees from an upside down position into the head of CBR. Hall comes back down to his feet! He still has CBR hooked! He whips Ranier off the ropes, on the rebound now. Big spinebuster by the Southern Rebel there! Both men down now, catching their breath.

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Hall is the first one up, using the turnbuckle to pull himself to his feet. The Canadian Superstar turns around and Hall catches him with a clean dropkick that drops him right back to the mat. Ron picks up CBR and whips him into the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Southern Rebel charging now! Huge corner splash! Hall follows it up with a running bulldog from the corner. It looks as if the former UTA Champion is in firm control at this point.

Ace: Crazier things have happened Jason! But this is right up there! Hall going for the pin! 1..

2..

Claude kicks out at two. Hall showing signs of frustration, stands up, pulling the Legacy Champion with him. Inverted atomic drop by Hall, he then picks up one of Claude's legs before hitting him with a dragon screw.

Blackfront: Ron Hall showing a very versatile arsenal here in this match. Moves I haven't seen from him before!

Ace: I thought you couldn't teach an old dog, new tricks? Maybe the Alzheimer's has kicked in and he thinks he's young again!

Blackfront: Do you think about what you are going to say, before you say it?

Ace: Why would I do that?

Hall tries to grab the legs of Ranier. CBR pulls him in before slingshotting him down. Hall is right back up though and dives onto CBR and starts raining down with lets and rights. CBR tries to defend himself to the best of his abilities.

Hall now hops off. He stands at the turnbuckle and begins to stomp his foot.

Ace: Oh no! I mean... Yes! I don't know what I want Jason!

Blackfront: I know what Ron Hall wants! He is sizing up CBR for Country Chin Music!

The referee backs up, knowing what's coming. Suddenly he is taken off his feet, and is pulled to the outside.

Blackfront: What the....!

Ace: It's Scott Stevens!!!! The Wildfire Champion just took out the referee!

Ron Hall doesn't see it. CBR is beginning to stand up. Hall is poised and ready for his signature kick. Stevens slides into the ring, By the time Hall see's him it's too late.

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Blackfront: Scott Stevens just smashed Ron Hall with the Wildfire Championship! Ron Hall is down folks! Stevens is up and taunting Hall!

The crowd goes crazy. Scott Stevens doesn't understand, he looks up, and turns around. CBR is stalking up on him. Kick to the gut followed by...

Ace: The Crab Drop! CBR Just laid out the Wildfire champion!

Blackfront: These fans are going absolutely nuts for Claude. He looks over to Hall now who is sitting in the corner trying to recover from that hellacious title shot.

Hall has a wide eyed expression on his face. He looks down at Scott Stevens then back to CBR. The Legacy Champion slowly walks over to Hall but stops just short.

Ace: Yes! Get em Claude! Finish him off like you always have!

Blackfront: Wait a minute Tommy! Claude has that hand extended again! He's offering Ron Hall help to his feet!

Ace: What the!?! The same hand that Ron Hall refused to shake earlier.

Hall smiles slightly and takes CBR's hand. The fans erupt again as CBR helps him to his feet and asks him if he's ok. The Southern Rebel nods his head and pats Ranier on the back.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion now making sure Hall is ok! What a display of Sportsmanship! Wait, what's he saying about Stevens!?

Ace: Who knows, but he's pointing right at him, talking with Hall.

The two pick up Stevens to his feet together. The both grab him by the head from either side. They run and send him flying over the top rope to the outside. Hall picks up the Wildfire title from the center of the ring. The fans cheer at the image of him holding it.

He smiles and holds it over his head before tossing it down to Stevens on the outside, who is out of it.

Blackfront: The Canadian Superstar now on the outside helping the official to his feet. CBR helps him back into the ring, and stands in his corner. Hall stands in the opposite. They are going to finish this fight folks!

Once the referee is back up and tells the men to continue they do just that.

Blackfront: Collar and elbow tie up now, both of these men are tired, and both are hurt, both they both want to win this match in the worst way!

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Ace: I cannot believe CBR's despicable actions tonight! What a disgrace!

Blackfront: Do what your Hollywood Bruv says Tommy and "Get over it"!

Tommy is speechless, as Ron Hall breaks free of the tie up, he throws two stiff forearm shots before whipping Claude off the ropes. On the return...

Blackfront: Country Chin...NO!!!! CBR ducks! Catching Halls leg, Claude uses it to turn Hall over and drive him onto the mat face first!

Ace: Canadian Cradle! CBR has it locked in!

The referee slides into position, but it doesn't take long. Between the early work to the head of Ron Hall and the Title shot to the face, he doesn't have much left. He taps the mat in succession. CBR let's go immediately

Blackfront: And this one is over folks!

Announcer: Here is your winner by submission. The UTA Legacy Champion! Claude Baptiste
Ranieeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrr!

CBR gets up and helps a frustrated Hall to his feet, before Ron raises CBRs arm in victory. The two share the ring as the fans clap.

Ace: This is disgusting.

Blackfront: True sportsmanship between two terrific athletes. Nothing wrong with that! The scene fades.

Jack Hunter Thinks the Roster Split is Still a Thing

Flip to the backstage area, where the UTA's top interviewer and chief Superkick-taker Jamie Sawyers is primed and ready to go.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, at this time, I am joined by none other than "The Street Fighter" himself...
Jack Hunter!

The Master of the Cow DDT himself strides in from the left hand side, dressed, as always, in one of his "HASH TAG NEW STREAK!!!!" tees. Except this time, he's taken a few fashion tips from Colton Thorpe and hacked the right sleeve off, probably so you can see his Pepsi tattoo in all its glory.

Jack Hunter is an idiot.

Sawyers: Mr. Hunter, welcome to Wrestleshow.

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As the mic's held towards him, Jack throws his head back and let's out one of his trademark cackles.

Hunter: HAHAAHAHA!

Sawyers: Jack, this is the fir--

Hunter: You said my name wrong.

The interruption perplexes the interviewer.

Sawyers: ... I did?

Hunter: Yes, my name is Jack Hunter, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA the UNDEFEATIFIABLE HASH TAG NEW STREAK 30-0 Utah Tough Alliance Hardcore Champion and NUMBER ONE CONTENDER to La Foosty Booby's UTA World Championship!

Jack Hunter turns around and high-five's the camera lens. The cameraman manages to stop himself from falling over, but it takes him a few moments to readjust. Jamie decides to ignore the torrent of nonsense that's just left The Little Bruiser's mouth.

Sawyers: Jack, this is the first time we've seen you on a Wrestleshow broadcast in quite some time. You're not booked tonight, so what's your business here?

Jack Hunter: Of course I am not a book, Jammy Swayers, you silly sausage. Books live in the library, not the streets, which is where Jack Hunter lives, because I am a street fighter like M. Bison, and you cannot street fight in a library, because then it would be a library fight, and libraries are for boring people and Harry Potters.

Again, complete bewilderment from Sawyers.

Jack Hunter: I will forgive your mistakes for now, Tom Sawyer, because I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Duke of DDT'ing Cows, am taking my talents to Wrestlingshow, because Michelangelo Lorenzo will not give me my World Title shot that I earned when I won The Chamber match and also Ace in the Hole, so that I can cash in my briefcase and take the HASH TAG NEW STREAK to 33-0 when I street fight La Flaky Bacon and put little bruises on his mask. I am drafting myself to Wrestlingshow! Take that Michelangelo, you big smelly stupid man guy!

Sawyers: ... hold-on, Jack. You do realise that the roster split is no more, right? Silence.

Sawyers: This is the last ever Wrestleshow. It's all Victory from here.

Hunter: That is right, Swaggy J, I am here now on Wrestlingshow, far away from Michelangelo...

Sawyers: Michael Lorenzo runs Wrestleshow too...

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Jamie speaks loudly over Hunter's diatribe, but The Street Fighter pays no heed.

Hunter: I have come to street fight the hell out of big pink girlymen like the Utah Leg Acne Champion CBR, and DDT cows like Ronald McDonald-Hall on their big stupid bums because MOOOOOOOOOOOO, and give nice girl people like Sabrina the Teenage Bakerwitch a gift, a gift wrapped-up nicely in a box with a box on it, under a Christmas tree, and she will be happy, because it is the greatest gift of all... the gift of LITTLE BRUISES, but maybe...

There's no point in stopping Jack Hunter when he's on this kind of a "roll." Jamie Sawyers realises this, and doesn't even try. Instead, he just shakes his head and walks away, leaving Hunter jabbering away to himself.

Hunter: ... I will now tell you about the time I went to the jungle and street fought Simba and the Pingu from Happy Feet...

No, he won't, because somebody in the production truck makes an incredible sensible decision and cuts the feed.

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Precautionary Measures

The sound of banjos are heard in the background as UTA cuts backstage where the oddball trio of The Dibbinses and El Trébol are sitting in their locker room in the middle of an important discussion.

Trébol: Ridiculous 6 was not the best movie of twenty-fifteen.

Duke: Ya gotta be kittin me! Dat movie was hestir . . . hestic . . . daw gonnit, it was funny.

Luke: It done made me hungry for a carrot.

Before the argument could get any more heated or weird, the door opens to the locker room as Lisil Jackson himself steps into the room.

L. Jackson: Eyyyyyyy mon!!!!

The response is immediate. El Trébol leaps to his feet and steps behind the seated Dibbins, pointing at the new arrival.

Trébol: You stay back, now!

Lisil Jackson takes a step back with his hands up.

L. Jackson: Easy mon! I come in peace!

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El Trébol drops his hand, hesitation evident in his body language.

Trébol: There's only one way I can be sure. Luke, Duke . . . frisk him.

The Dibbins are quick to follow their bosses order as they move across the room and awkwardly begin to pat down Lisil in search of weapons. Duke is the first to come across a threat in Lisil's pants.

Duke: Elk, I tink Lysol has got 'em a log in his pants. Luke is quick to give his boss a second opinion.

Luke: Naw Dukey, that ain't nothin' more den one of dem little clubs like on Elk's pajamas. Lisil Jackson jumps back shaking his head.

L. Jackson: Naw mon!!! See?

Lisil Jackson pulls out a bottle of D&G orange soda.

L. Jackson: D&G! Authentic Jamaican Cola straight from Kingston!

The Dibbins look back at El Trébol for more instructions, getting only a nod from the little guy. They step back, giving Lisil much needed space after the invasion of his, well, privacy.

Trébol: My apologies Lisil. It's just, after the stuff Sean Jackson tried to pull two weeks ago, I've been a little edge. And what with you two sharing a last name and all, my paranoia got the better of me.

The Dibbins interject.

Duke: Yeah! You two could be brouskins for all we's know.

Luke: Naw, they can't. I means, just look at 'em.

Luke points at Lisil, running his finger up and down in the air gesturing to his whole body.

Luke: He's too tall to be Sean's brousin!

El Trébol coughs, bringing the conversation back before the Dibbins took it to places it shouldn't go.

Trébol: So what was it you wanted from us, Lisil? Lisil Jackson shakes his head sighing.

L. Jackson: Well brudda if ya didn't know I be dee special referee fo tonight's main event. I came ta assure ya dat dis match will be fair.

El Trébol nods.

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Trébol: I knew, Lisil, and I thank you for calling the match down the middle despite everything Mikey and Kendrix have done to you and your hat. I guarantee you that I won't pull anything; I'm winning this match clean or not at all.

Lisil Jackson looks at Trebol sternly.

L. Jackson: It not just be a hat mon!

El Trébol returns the stern gaze with one of his own.

Trébol: It never is. Just watch yourself out there; I won't pull anything, but that don't mean my opponent and his friends won't.

Lisil Jackson smiles boldly.

L. Jackson: Oh do not worry brudda. I got a plan!

Trébol: Awesome. Now if, you know, want to leave that drink by the door on the way out, I'll let you know how I like it later. If you want, that is.

Lisil Jackson nods his head before he reaches into his pocket and hands some Jamaican dollars to El Trebol.

L. Jackson: The D&G Machine is down the hall. It only takes Jamaican currency.

El Trébol accepts the money and then move over to the door to open it. After the disrespect he showed Lisil earlier, they least he could do is hold the door open for him.

Trébol: Until later, then.

L. Jackson: Till den, brudda.

Lisil exits through the open door that shuts behind him. The scene fades out a moment later as Trébol counts the money he was given.

SCOTT STEVENS VERSUS SEAN JACKSON

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 jeers than cheers, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Ace: Talk about a guy who's finally starting to make an impact here in the UTA.

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Blackfront: Stevens has been in the UTA since mid-2015, but it's only recently that he's started turning heads in a major way.

Ace: Defeating Colton Thorpe for the Wildfire Title was huge, Jason. Nobody saw it coming... and tonight, he has a chance to build on that tremendous momentum.

The boos intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following non-title contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, making his way to the ring from Houston, Texas....

Walking down the aisle, he raises a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

Announcer: Standing at 6'6", and weighing in at 256lbs...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares out across the crowd...

Announcer: He is the reigning UTA Wildfire Champion... SCOTT!
STEEEEEEVVVVVVVVVEEEEEENNNNSSSS!

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

Blackfront: What do you think of Stevens' actions earlier on tonight, Tommy? He ran-in on Ron Hall's match with CBR, clocked him with the strap, and essentially cost the HOF'er the match. Ace: I LOVE it, Jason. That's exactly the type of initiative that will see the Texan get ahead here in the UTA. You don't get anywhere unless you start taking actions into your own hands, and that's exactly what he's doing.

Blackfront: So you're saying he is justified in his continued bullying of Ron Hall?

Ace: "Bullying"?! Ron Hall is our most tenured wrestler, Jason! He's a big boy. He can handle it.

v/o: Cleveland! 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."

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

Ace: Talk about a guy who needs a win...

Blackfront: Absolutely. Jackson is one of the best wrestlers on the planet, but he's lost a few disappointing

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matches in a row now. We've spoken about how big an opportunity this is for Stevens, but equally, defeating the current Wildfire Champion will give "The Mental Rapist" a ton

of momentum.

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.

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

As he stands there stoic, soaking it all in. Sean finally motions to head towards the ring.

Announcer: And his opponent! Making his way to the ring 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. In his right hand is the Ace in the hole briefcase.

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 6'2", and weighing in at 220lbs...

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: Jackson looks as eerily focused as ever, Tommy. Despite his recent misfortune, Mr. Ace in the Hole stays ready to go.

After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, preparing for his match to begin.

Announcer: He his Mr. Ace In The Hole! The former UTA World Champion... "THE MENTAL RAPIST"... SEAN! JJJJJAAAAACCCCKKKKKSSSOOOOOONNNNNNNNN!

Blackfront: Looking at this match objectively, if you cast your mind back about a month ago, this is a pretty run of the mill clash. Not any more.

Ace: Exactly. For the reasons we've outlined -- Stevens' recent mean streak and Jackson's recent

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misfortunes -- this is one of the closest matches we've seen in a while.

Blackfront: And that's no discredit to either of these men. Both are among the best in the business, but momentum is absolutely critical in this sport. Win a few matches and you're on top of the world, lose a few and you're back to square one.

Finally Jackson's entourage fully disperse, and the bell rings. Both wrestlers start circling one another, eyeing carefully, waiting for any openings. Soon they tie-up in the middle, but Jackson maneuvers away quickly, and skips behind his larger foe. Jackson hooks his boot around Stevens', trying to drag the Wildfire champion around, but Stevens uses raw strength to break Sean's grip and spin back around to face him.

Blackfront: Nice little sequence to start us off, but Stevens' strength wins-out.

Stevens, again, throws himself into a lock-up with Jackson. He keeps a tighter grip this time and pushes Jackson back against the ropes. The referee calls for the clean break after a few seconds, and Stevens almost gives Jackson one... before coming forward again, and catching him with a knee to the gut. Sean falls to one knee, and Stevens clubs the back of his head.

Ace: Right off the bat, there's that newfound Scott Stevens aggression. He technically gave the clean break, but he jumped right back into it.

Blackfront: All over Sean Jackson like a cheap suit, and the assault continues.

A second clubbing blow downs Sean, and Stevens stomps down hard on him, holding the top rope for extra leverage. Jackson, however, is wise to his ring position, and rolls under the bottom rope when things get too hairy.

Blackfront: The Mental Rapist is out of there!

Ace: He's not gonna get far though!

For all Jackson's cunning, he can't quite evade Stevens. The big man slides out of the ring himself, stomping towards the former UTA Champion. Sean, however, telepaths Stevens coming after him, and after rounding a corner, slides right back in. Knowing his opponent is significantly slower, Jackson watches Stevens pull himself back onto the apron and charges forward, nailing a running forearm.

Blackfront: Stevens is wobbled!

Ace: But he's got hold of that top rope!

This helps the Scorpion keep his balance and not tumble off the apron. He blasts Jackson with a big right hand and uses the time gained to climb between the middle and top ropes. Sean, of course, is right back in his face, but Stevens is willing to eat a couple of shots, and wait for an opening for another knee to the gut.

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When Sean doubles over, Stevens hits the ropes, and comes back with a knee lift.

Blackfront: Stevens is answering everything thus far, and he's starting to take control.

Ace: He's taking initiative, Jason. This is a direction continuation of all we've seen from him these past few weeks, and it's great to see him stepping up.

Sean is on the mat, and Stevens drops an elbow across his chest. After a second elbow drop, Scott takes Jackson up by the head, and after cracking his skull with a twelve-to-six elbow, he whips The Mental Rapist to the corner. Once there, Stevens mudhole stomps his opponent enough times to make him fall to the bottom turnbuckle. The Scorpion shows no hesitation in his next move.

Blackfront: Stevens is pushing his boot into Jackson's windpipe, depriving Jackson of oxygen. There's no escape for Sean even when the referee finishes his count and orders Stevens to break the choke. Only the threat of disqualification draws Stevens away, and even then, it's only for a moment.

Ace: And Scott is right back on him!

Stevens stomps down on Jackson again. Satisfied that he's done enough damage, Stevens pulls Jackson to the middle of the ring, and yanks him up by the gut. With Sean by his side, Scott pulls back, pulling, gutwrenching his opponent through the air.

Blackfront: Gutwrench suplex!

Ace: What a move! And now the cover...

...1!

...2!

No! Sean kicks out!

Blackfront: Great move from Stevens, and it's been all him so far! Sean Jackson has barely had a look-in!

Ace: Tell me about it, Jason! The Wildfire Champ is dominating proceedings, and The Mental Rapist's recent funk continues!

Stevens sits-up after the kick-out, and immediately starts setting Jackson up for the next move. With a handful of hair, Stevens rises, but a gutpunch stalls him, and another loosens his grip enough for Jackson to break free.

Ace: Jackson lives!

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Though he's taken damage, Jackson has enough to front dropkick Stevens' knee, sending the bigger man tumbling to the mat. Once there, Sean knows he has to capitalise, and does so by hitting the deck and applying a grounded sleeper.

Blackfront: Jackson looking to work his way back into this one by using some of his infamous technique-based offence here.

Ace: Smart move going after the oxygen supply. Stevens is known for his endurance, but if you can hinder a man of his size's ability to breath, your chances of winning increase vastly.

Brute force let's Stevens slowly start to rise, but Sean isn't just going to let him take over. Sean kicks him in the back of the knee, buckling Stevens' leg. After letting go of the sleeper, Jackson rushes past the knelt Stevens, and comes back with a big neckbreaker.

Blackfront: Stevens hits the mat! Hooking the leg, Sean covers.

...1!

Stevens kicks out!

Sean doesn't let him rise on his own accord, however, and attaches himself to Stevens like a limpet. He locks-in another tight sleeper, but Scott fights through it, backing Jackson into a corner. Sean sees this coming, however, and sits himself on the top rope, hammering on Stevens' head with a couple of closed-fist shots. Stevens stumbles away, and Sean flies off, catching the back of his head with a flying elbow!

Ace: There's the elbow! Sean usually uses that one to set-up Game Called Due to Darkness, but I've got a feeling there's more work to be done here...

Blackfront: Indeed, Tommy. Stevens is a damage sponge: it's gonna take more than this to finish him off.

Stevens is face-down on the mat, and slowly rising. Back on his feet, Jackson retreats to a corner, and goads his larger foe forward. Scott takes the bait and runs forward, but Sean ducks beneath the big boot, grabs Stevens' head on the way past, and drills him with an inverted cutter! Ace: Niiice! Sean is really in-control of this one now!

Instead of going for the cover, Sean grabs Stevens' head and pulls him to a seated position. Once there, Jackson wraps an arm around his throat, and let's his own body drop down to the mat when he pulls back.

Blackfront: Guillotine choke!

Ace: Damn, Jason! That looks tight!

Sean wrenches backwards, pulling with all he's got. Stevens knows he's in trouble straight away, and pushes

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his feet into the ground, relieving some of the pressure.

Blackfront: Stevens is fighting through it, though!

Once stable, Stevens summons every last drop of his upper body strength to pull Jackson from the mat...

Ace: Oh my God!

... and SLAM him back down again!

Blackfront: Scott Stevens able to get free. Can he use this to capitalize now?

Stevens pushes up before heading over to Jackson. As he bends down to grab Jackson by the head and begin pulling him up, Sean reaches up and grabs Scott's head pulling down as he drops to his knees cracking Stevens' jaw on the top of his head.

Ace: Oh, that's gotta hurt.

Scott falls back to a seated position, holding his mouth. As he does, Jackson rolls over and pushes up. Seeing Stevens sitting, Jackson charges forward, passing him. He hits the ropes and comes off with a rising knee, connecting to the back of Scott Stevens' head.

Blackfront: GAME CALLED DUE TO DARKNESS!

Jackson turns Stevens over and quickly covers him. The referee slides into position.

Ace: This one could be over Jason.

Blackfront: That's the way it looks! Two.. THREE! The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... SEAN... JAAACCCKKKSSSOOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: Jackson with a huge non title win over the champion.

Ace: Well, he showed up tonight Jason. Everyone knows when Scott Stevens' opponent actually shows up, Scott Stevens can't win. Especially not when who he is facing is someone like Sean Jackson.

Jackson gets to his feet and raises a hand in victory.

SCREWY RABBIT

The scene opens to the backstage area. JFK is jumping up and down, stretching himself out, and getting ready for the main event.

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OG Thumper is next to him trying to keep Lisil Jackson's fedora balanced on his head, you can tell the person is uncomfortable in the suit.. The third member of this rag tag crew is Mary Jane, she sits on a steel chair in the corner, playing on her cell phone.

Jesse drops to floor and starts doing pushups. Suddenly from behind the Hollywood Bruvs comes the security team from the beginning of the show. Kendrix stands up as soon as he hears them. Leading the charge is Zhalia Fears and Lisil Jackson. Jackson is wearing a referee shirt.

Fears grabs OG Thumper from behind, pinning his arms to the side, Immediately Thumper flails trying to get free. The fedora goes flying. Lisil Jackson slides in, and pops the head off of the giant rabbit suit.

IT'S MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Fears helps the team drag Mikey down the hall, who is screaming and fighting the whole way out. The camera turns back, Lisil Jackson steps towards Kendrix as the two stare each other down; Kendrix: JFK knows you're planning on screwing him over tonight. But let him remind you that if you pull anything dodgy out there, you will be destroying every ounce of respect and integrity that that shirt...

He jabs his index finger on the UTA Logo on Lisil's shirt before holding the Prodigy Title up in the face of Lisil;

Kendrix: And this title...represent. Make sure you do the right thing bruv, yeah?! He takes off down the hall towards the entrance way for the main event.

Jackson stops short. Mary Jane stands up, she has the fedora in her hands. She slowly walks over to The Jamaican Inspiration.

MJ: I'm sorry about them, Thank you for defending me a few weeks ago. Now we're even. She hands the fedora to Jackson who accepts it with a soft smile.

L. Jackson: Ya know ya don't have ta hang out wit bullies like dem. Ya deserve betta dan dat! Ya may tink dat dis life is dee kinda life ya wanna live, but ya be askin fo trouble... Just tink bout it...

She laughs nervously, before heading down the hall in the direction they took Mikey. Jackson slips his fedora on, and smiles wide. He heads to the ring.

We cut back to ringside.

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KENDRIX VERSUS EL TREBOL JR

We move back ring side.

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Blackfront: Lisil Jackson is already in the ring to referee this match.

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 the start of the match

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to "Let 'em come" by Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the centre of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage, his back facing the ring. Wearing the latest Dynasty t-shirt with 'JFK' and '#Bruv' emblazoned in red on it and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care hits", he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

Blackfront: That union Jack means Kendrix has hit the scene!

Ace: This young man is one of my favorites because he doesn't care about anything except being the best and he has the tools to make it happen in that ring.

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red colored pyro, the colors of the English National Flag, explodes from the ramp as the chorus kicks in; "If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp slowly towards the ring, looking at the fans with a disgusted look on his face.

Announcer: Hailing from London, England

Kendrix stops in front of one young fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and takes the pen. He then takes from another young fan, a large poster they've brought from home of one of there UTA heroes and rips it to pieces. He signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face. He gets to the ring, walks up the steps, looks back at the crowd

shaking his head looking disgusted again before stepping through the middle rope into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighing in at 218lbs

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans shaking his head with a disapproving look on his face he looks down at the English Crest on the left side

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of his shirt.

Announcer: He is the current UTA Prodigy Champion.... JFK...KENDRIX! "If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

Kendrix raises his head up proudly he beats his right fist on the crest twice before opening his arms out wide while shouting out words that can't be repeated on TV while making a "wanker" sign with his fist and pointing at the fans with the other hand.

Blackfront: I still cannot believe he gets away with that gesture on television.

He takes his shirt and scarf off and looks like he is ready to chuck them into the crowd. Instead he chuckles to himself and just leaves them in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck. Arriving dead in the center of the ring he hops from toe to toe, ready to face his opponent.

Blackfront: For one so young, Kendrix is already an astute ring general but his attitude to others, especially that last gesture, is a disgrace.

Ace: I think he's just a misunderstood young man, you've got it all wrong, Jason. He's just shaking the dice because every match in UTA is a gamble. That's what that gesture means over in England!

Blackfront: Main event action about to get underway here as Kendrix defends his championship against El Trebol Jr.

Ace: As much as I think El Trebol is an oddball, he has been very impressive since coming into the UTA.

Blackfront: That is right. He has a great record that includes a win over former UTA Champion, Sean Jackson as well.

As the bell sounds, Kendrix looks El Trebol Jr. up and down, more down than up, before giving him a cocky smile.

Blackfront: Kendrix should take this match a bit more seriously.

Ace: It's hard to do when facing someone dressed like a green bean Jason.

Trebol takes off, charging toward Kendrix. Before the champion realizes it, Trebol ducks his head and slams forcefully into Kendrix's groin, sending him to his knees in pain instantly.

Blackfront: ¡Mis Joyas! out of the gate!

Ace: Oh come on ref, are you going to allow that?!

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Lisil just laughs at Kendrix who is holding his family jewels while on his knees.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson, while I really like him, may not be the most impartial referee for this match.

Ace: Tell me about it!

El Trebol runs past Kendrix, hitting the ropes. As he returns, he leaps up throwing his legs forward and kicking Kendrix in the back of the head, causing him to fall to the canvas face first. Blackfront: El Trebol using his speed to continue the assault as he looks to become the new UTA Prodigy Champion.

Kendrix grabs the back of his head and rolls over to his back. As he does, El Trebol leaps on top of him with the cover.

Blackfront: IT COULD BE OVER ALREADY!

Lisil slides into position and quickly begins to count.

Blackfront: No. Kick out at two and three quarters.

Ace: Kendrix almost lost his title to a midget thanks to a Jamaican. Just so many things that are weird about this situation.

Blackfront: How so?

Ace: It doesn't matter Jason. Lets get back to the match.

Blackfront: El Trebol JR quickly to his feet. Kendrix beginning to get up as well. Trebol with a swift kick to the side of Kendrix's head, putting him back down.

Ace: Those midgets...

Blackfront: They prefer the term 'Little People' Tommy.

Ace: That's what I said.. anyway, those little midget people like Trebol are fact in the ring. Kendrix needs to put him down and keep him down.

Blackfront: El Trebol JR starting to climb the turnbuckle now.

Ace: Come on Bruv, get up!

El Trebol JR reaches the top turnbuckle and turns toward Kendrix. He steadies himself as he stands.

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Blackfront: El Trebol has went up top, looking to put Kendrix away with a high risk manuever. He leaps through the air, his arms and legs out.

Blackfront: Big Five Star Frog Spl- NO! KENDRIX GETS HIS KNEES UP!

Ace: YES!

El Trebol bounces off of Kendrix's knees and instantly grabs his midsection as he lays on the canvas. Kendrix rolls over and begins to push himself to his feet.

Blackfront: High risk once again does not pay off.

Ace: It's because of how small his brain is Jason. If he had a normal person's brain, he wouldn't have made that mistake.

Blackfront: Damn it Tommy, his brain is normal size.

Ace: Whatever.

Kendrix gets to his feet and walks toward Trebol. He reaches down and grabs El Trebol by the head pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Kendrix now looking to turn things around.

Kendrix shoves El Trebol's head in between his legs, grabs him around the waist and lifts him up.

Blackfront: Kendrix looking to go for a turnbuckle power bomb!

Ace: YES! Lets take him out!

Kendrix runs forward and throws El Trebol JR into the corner. He hits hard before crumbling to the canvas.

Blackfront: Kendrix with loads of power behind that one.

Ace: The Prodigy Champion is no one to take lightly Jason. He's proved that time and time again. Kendrix heads over toward the corner. He grabs ahold of the top rope, placing his foot on top of El Trebol JR's head and pulls back on the ropes as he presses down. El Trebol can be heard screaming through his mask as Lisil runs over and begins to count Kendrix.

Blackfront: Lisil coming to the aid of El Trebol JR.

Ace: This isn't fair Jason, I'll tell you that much.

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Blackfront: How so? He's doing his job.

Ace: His job? What's that? Screwing Kendrix out of his title?!

Kendrix ets go over the ropes, turns a quarter of the way and raises his hand as if threatening to backhand Lisil.

Blackfront: Careful Kendrix, that is an easy way to be disqualified.

Ace: Hey. At least then he still retains!

Kendrix turns back to El Trebol JR. and drops a knee down, connecting with the head of his opponent.

Blackfront: Kendrix still working the head and neck of El Trebol JR here, slowly breaking him down.

Ace: I'm not sure how consistence damage to the head is a slow way of breaking someone down Jason. Seems to me that does the job rather quickly.

Kendrix grabs the legs of El Trebol JR, pulling him out of the corner and toward the middle of the ring. Reaching down, he grabs him by the head and lifts him up once again.

Blackfront: Kendrix lifting Trebol, setting him up for one more of those turnbuckle power bombs.

Ace: Here comes the nail in the coffin Jason.

As he lifts him up higher, before he can run forward, Trebol swings his body up and then with momentum down and to the side. The force is enough that Kendrix is taken over and to the canvas as the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: NO! He reverses into hurricarrana!

Ace: HOW?! HE'S SO SMALL!

Kendrix rolls into a seated position before sliding himself back into the corner.

Blackfront: Kendrix appears to be drained folks, sitting himself up against the turnbuckles now and trying to catch his breath.

El Trebol takes off toward Kendrix, flipping as he approaches and into a cannonball Senton.

Blackfront: El Trebol crashing into Kendrix hard in the corner with that Senton.

As Trebol rolls to his side and uses the ropes to pull himself up, Kendrix's body falls to the canvas.

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Blackfront: The challenger here tonight doing extremely well against the Prodigy Champion.

Ace: It's sickening.

Blackfront: El Trebol takes off across the ring now. Off of the ropes and on the return.. he drops...

BASEBALL SLIDE TO THE HEAD OF KENDRIX!

Kendrix is sent sliding out of the ring under the bottom rope, falling to the floor outside. As Trebol stands up, the fans cheer.

Blackfront: El Trebol JR. is in control, but with Kendrix on the floor, he needs to get him back into the ring or there will be no title change.

Ace: Great! Kendrix, just lay there and don't budge. So what if you get a check in the L column? You go home still a champion!

Blackfront: That's not the way to be a fighting champion Tommy.

Ace: Nope, but it's the way to stay a champion!

Kendrix holds his head as he pushes up to one knee outside of the ring. El Trebol turns and sees him.

Blackfront: Trebol assessing the situation.

Ace: The situation is simple, he's too small to physically get Kendrix back into the ring, so he should just give up now.

Blackfront: That's IF Kendrix thinks like you Tommy. He may not be the nicest guy in the world, but Kendrix doesn't strike me as someone who takes a loss on purpose. It just isn't in him.

Ace: Yea, we'll see.

Kendrix tries to shake it off, and begins to stand. As he does, El Trebol backs to the middle of the ring. Kendrix rises up and Trebol takes off, leaping through the ropes.

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES!

Kendrix catches him in mid air, and using Trebol's momentum against him, slams him to the ground.

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: Not exactly the results El Trebol was looking for. Ace: No, but it shows that Kendrix has some left in the tank! Lisil Jackson leans over the ropes and restarts his count.

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Blackfront: Kendrix now heading up the steps. he may not be one hundred percent, but he is staying in this one.

Kendrix steps to the apron from the steps, looking down at El Trebol laying outside.

Kendrix steps to the apron, looking down at El Trebol laying outside. He runs across and leaps down with a double foot stomp, but El Trebol is able to roll out of the way.

Blackfront: El Trebol barely escaping a double stomp from the apron.

Ace: Why wont this guy just stay down?!

Blackfront: Kendrix pulling Trebol up from his hands and knees. Now directing him to the barricade. Kendrix looking to send El Trebol face first into the barricade now.. NO! Trebol able to grab the top and stop him. Now an elbow back catches the champion in the face! Another!

Kendrix grabs his face and stumbles back. El Trebol quickly looks back to see where he is before leaping directly up and landing feet first on the top of the barricade, and then pushing up and off, turning in the air and crashing down on top of the Prodigy Champion.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT FROM THE BARRICADE BY EL TREBOL JR!

The fans go crazy. Both men lay on the floor, rolling around before El Trebol begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: High risk move finally paid off and may be just what El Trebol needed to get this one over with.

Ace: How would he even wear the title Jason? Think about it, Around his neck? HE'S TOO SMALL!

Blackfront: Tommy, I get concerned about you sometimes.

El Trebol makes it to his feet. He grabs Kendrix's head, who is now on his hands and knees, and brings a knee up hard into his face, sending the champion back first to the floor.

Blackfront: Trebol with a knee to the face of Kendrix. Another.

Ace: Don't hurt the money maker!

Trebol grabs Kendrix by the head, helping him to his feet.

Blackfront: El Trebol pulls Kendrix to his feet. He quickly follows up with a knife edge chop to the chest of Kendrix. Another... and another... El Trebol chopping the Prodigy Champion with a fury. Ace: HOW CAN HE REACH THAT HIGH?

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Blackfront: You are so disrespectful Tommy. Jason can be heard sighing.

Blackfront: Trebol now turns Kendrix.... grabs his arm... El Trebol looking to send Kendrix into the near by corner post... I NO! Kendrix gets his hands up!

Kendrix turns around. But, as he does, he sees El Trebol charging him.

Blackfront: Here comes Trebol...

Kendrix side steps as El Trebol leaps. Grabbing the back of El Trebol, Kendrix pushes him into the corner post.

Ace: YES!

Blackfront: Quick thinking by the Prodigy Champion.

He quickly reaches down and grabs El Trebol JR, picking him up before rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Kendrix wants to end this one, and quite frankly I don't blame him. El Trebol JR. has brought it tonight as he challenges for the Prodigy Championship.

Kendrix slides back into the ring himself. Both he and El Trebol begin to get up. Although dazed, El Trebol makes the first move and runs forward. Lendrix sees him as he stands. Leaping up and grabbing the back of El Trebol's head as he throws his knees up, Kendrix falls back to the canvas.

Blackfront: THE BELL END! THE BELL END! KENDRIX COVERS EL TREBOL.

Lisil looks down. It is obvious he doesn't want to make the count.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson conflicted.

Ace: See! I told you Jason! He couldn't be trusted to be fair in this! Kendrix looks up and yells for him to Make the damn count!

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson doesn't like it, but drops to the mat. It looks like Kendrix may have this one won.

Lisil counts rather slowly, but counts

Ace: LOOK AT THIS SLOW COUNT JASON! HOW IS THIS FAIR?!

As he goes for the third and final count, Lisil looks at El Trebol hoping he kicks out. However, he does not and Lisil's hand hits the canvas. The bell begins to sound.

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Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall and STILLLLL... the UTA PRODIGY CHAMPION....
KEEENNNDDRRRIIIXXX!!!!

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson had a tough job tonight, but he followed through.

Jackson drops down and rolls out of the ring. He hangs his head down as he begins up the ramp, devastated that he had to count three for Kendrix who over celebrates in the ring.

Blackfront: Kendrix holding his championship in the face of El Trebol JR and screaming at him. Poor sportsmanship if you ask me.

Ace: No one did Jason, no one did.

Blackfront: You know, I've had just about enough of you. Anyway, for all of us here in the United Toughness Alliance on Pure Sports Entertainment.. we'll see you next week!

Kendrix continues to gloat as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.