

Livewire: ep. 3

March 30, 2014 | Studio

Livewire

4th & Madison - Floor 37, Seattle, WA (seats)

The screen is black. An overlay of a Play button sits in front of you as you are used to with every streaming media site you see on the internet. It's now time for the much anticipated, next episode of Livewire....

As you click the button, the stream loads. The United Toughness Alliance logo comes across the screen in a metallic outline, before it begins to shake. An electronic charge outlines the logo before it begins to break apart.

Finally, the logo explodes and the Livewire logo burst through. It pulsates as if to signify a heart beat before fading out. We are welcomed to an outside shot of downtown Seattle, WA. Busses drive by, people cross streets.

The Space Needle stands tall over the horizon before we fade into a shot of the world famous EMP Museum followed by a trip on the water in one of the tourist filled Duck Tour boats. Finally, we are outside the 42 floor Fourth & Madison building where the UTA host it's offices and new studio. We get a shot of the reception area, welcoming us to the floor.

We get different shots of the office with different superstars in inaudible situations, smiling, laughing, and spending time with the staff of the UTA. These are the people that keep things going. Finally we get a wide shot of the Livewire studio. The camera moves in to sit on Jennifer Williams and 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis, sitting at the Livewire news desk.

Stan: Welcome back everybody to the new, bi-weekly, thirty minute show.. Livewire. I'm Stan Davis, known to you as the Dirt Sheet's Rumor Man Stan. Sitting beside me is the lovely as ever, Jennifer Williams.

Williams: Why thank you Stan, I'm glad to be here.

Stan: Tonight we're going to hear from some of our superstars about their upcoming matches as we head into the next exciting edition of Wrestleshow.

Williams: It's exciting times to be apart of the United Toughness Alliance as we continue on to reclaim our spot at the top of professional wrestling world.

Stan: That's right Jennifer. The UTA at one time was the largest promotion in the world, but after years of legal battles following the untimely passing of Eddie Peterson Sr., we once again return to set the professional wrestling world on fire.

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Williams: Also on tap we take a look back at the last week in the UTA .

Stan: But first, lets head over to correspondent Jamie Sawyers who is standing by with the new number one contender to the UTA Championship, Sean Jackson.

Williams: How exciting Stan!

Sean and Vanessa Address the Triple Threat

As the camera comes to life in the backstage area, Jamie Sawyers is seen being flanked on both sides by Sean Jackson and Vanessa. Sean Jackson is dressed in a dress shirt and slacks while Vanessa is wearing a white low cut dress, her jet black hair draped on her shoulders.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce one of the competitors who will be in the triple threat non title match at Wrestleshow in Rio Ranza, New Mexico...

As Jamie is talking, Sean sneaks a quick peak at Vanessa who also takes a moment to look at the hottest super star in the UTA today. After that brief glance, they both go back to staring at the camera.

Sawyers: The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

Jamie then turns his attention and microphone to Sean Jackson.

Sawyers: Sean, congratulations are in order for your victory at the iPPV in which you survived four...

Jamie never gets to finish the statement as Sean takes offense and lets him have it.

Jackson: Survived? survived? Jamie, were you even watching that match?

Sawyers: (nodding) Well, yes. Yes I wa...

Jackson: Obviously you weren't. Because if you had watched that match, you would have known that my victory was a forgone conclusion. You would have known that I ripped through that so called competition without even breaking a sweat.

As Sean speaks, Vanessa breaks into a smile.

Jackson: Just like I plan on ripping through my competition at Wrestleshow.

Sawyers: Now Sean, no one is going to deny that you aren't one of the best here in UTA. But to think that you're going to...

Sean's head snaps in the direction of Sawyers.

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Jackson: What Jamie? You're thinking otherwise? Well let me tell you something. I've already beaten Hussain once, and I can damn sure beat him again. The mere fact that Madman Szalinski is in the match as well is of no consequence. He couldn't get the job done at the iPPV and come Wrestleshow. He will fail again.

Sawyers: Now Sean, that really isn't a fair assessment. Had you not interfered in the match.... Jackson: Whoa, whoa. Hold your horses there Jamie. I didn't interfere in anything. If anything, I went down to the ring to offer encouragement to both competitors. Or better yet, I went to ringside in order to scout....

Clearly frustrated, Sean throws his hands in the air.

Jackson: Look, you think what you want about why I went down to ringside. But I'll tell you this much right now. Had I not gone down there, the entire arena would have fallen asleep. Heck, I was falling asleep at the weak attempts at arm bars and finger twisting. It got so bad that I simply needed to do something.

Calming down somewhat, Sean asks Jamie a question of his own.

Jackson: But let me ask you Jamie. Has the entire wrestling world been talking about that match between the Madman and Hussain?

Sawyers nods.

Sawyers: Yes. Yes they have.

Jackson: Have they also been talking about this triple threat match coming up at Wrestleshow? Again, Sawyers nods.

Sawyers: Yes. Yes they have.

Jackson: Good. Mission accomplished then. Sean looks at Vanessa.

Jackson: You ready?

Vanessa without saying a single word, nods her head and they both walk away, leaving Jamie Sawyers standing there by himself.

Peach's Predictions III

A black screen precedes the Peach's Predictions logo.

Madman: LIVE from our living room in The Fire Fields...it's time for some more Peach's Predictions!

The camera is set on the floor, where it is at Peach's level.

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Peach: BARK!

Peach sits down beside Madman, who is laying on his belly in front of the camera.

Madman: You know what it does. Red or blue, Peach makes her choice, we put it on wax. You ready to get us some ratings, puppy?

Peach: RUFF!

Madman: That's right! Let's get started! Tobias Devereux vs. Roscoe Shame Peach: BARK!

Peach smacks the red one around with her paws, going over and sniffing around the blue one too. Finally, she picks up the blue bone, carrying it over.

Madman: Good girl.

Perfection vs. Wülfric

Peach turns her nose up at the red bone and snorts, then slowly drags the blue bone over while whimpering softly.

Peach: ...whine...

Madman: Come on, he's not that mean.

Peach: WHINE!

Madman: HOW WOULD YOU KNOW, DOG, YOU HAVEN'T MET HIM!

Max Burke vs. IM Hate

Peach goes for the red bone, after kicking the blue one underneath the couch.

Madman: Great. Now I have to get it back.

Madman tips the empty couch over, revealing the blue bone underneath it...as well as a treasure trove of list items, including a stack of bills with the paper ribbon still holding it together, two TV remotes, a T-shirt, three dog bones, and a sandwich bag rolled up with the contents inside (which Madman picks up, mouthing a silent curse.)

Madman: Sorry, kids. At least I know I'm not dry yet.

Log Habben vs. Esteban Awesome

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Peach grabs the red bone, noticeably wearing a fake beard when she brings it back and sits down.

CBR vs. Yoshii Madman: ...here we go...

Madman tosses the large blue bone down with the normal red one. Peach simply lays on the blue bone.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Madman: Yeah, that new Internet title doesn't make him any lighter does it?

Abdul bin Hussain vs. Madman Szalinski vs. Sean Jackson

Madman throws both the normal sized red and blue bones down, but realizes he does not have a green bone.

Madman: Aw, crap. What am I gonna use for green...

Ariel walks into the room, from off-camera, taking the bag from in between Madman's fingers (as he has no pockets) and throwing it onto the floor.

Madman: What the hell?

Ariel: It's green, right?

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Madman and Ariel look down to see Peach eating the bag, contents and all.

Ariel: Does that mean she picked green to win?

Madman: I...I...

Ariel: ...should probably wrap this up.

Madman:

Szalinski looks almost to cry as he signs off, Peach running up alongside him when he kneels down into the low camera.

Madman: Thanks for coming to see another Peach's Predictions.

Peach: RUFF! RUFF! BARK!

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Pardon My Interruption

We are lined up in a pitch black room, the one you'd expect to see in some CIA interrogation scene, lonely table single light overhanging but this light is spotlighting the focal point of this table and our camera- a Glencairn Whiskey Glass that is half filled with a brown liquid.

This has our full attention as it is all we can see as it is all we are meant to see. A hand comes from the darkness behind the glass; it feeds the steam through its middle and ring finger of the right hand. This hand in particular is too flawless, not a speck of dirt under any nail, an almost shimmering gloss to them...clearly manicured yet masculine- if you can believe such a thing.

Voice In The Void: Dalmore Selene 1951....

The glass is now lifted gently back into the darkness as we can hear a deep inhalation of the scotch through the nostrils for its aroma. An "ahhh" of refreshment as the glass now returns back where it started from.

VITV: I would ask if you have ever had it, however I know what the overwhelming response will be. That either one or all of you will bolster you've had better. And do you know why?

That hand of nail buffering skill now taps its fingers against the hardwood table, right beside the glass of scotch.

VITV: Because I said I drink Dalmore Selene '51. As false as it is that anyone in this organization drinks a finer scotch whiskey than I, it's not false that I set the precedence. Always have, always will. It's actually a simple little fact- I wield excellence and the excellence I wield is always envied.

A lift of the glass again, this time it's gone for a little longer and set back down empty.

VITV: ...Envied just like this scotch. People yearn to taste it, 'what does a twenty-four thousand dollar bottle of scotch tastes like' they ponder as they flip a burger- a skill most of this roster would have difficulty doing. Those burger flippers, your distant cousins in the family tree of job importance, will never taste this scotch even though they will always envy and yearn for it.

Now both hands are cupped around the glass, fingers tapping against it.

VITV: The point for all of you inept viewers is that no matter how much you envy, yearn, or want something you can't always have it. You can't just ask and then receive...unless you're me of course...then the world is your oyster...a very expensive oyster.

Pause.

VITV: But you aren't yours truly, so...why even entertain the thought? Why insult yourself because you

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weren't good or great...or even more true...mediocre? It's nothing to beat yourself up over not many will ever reach my level of....Perfection.....

And in a flash the room is no longer dark, it's a large plain white room fully lit. At the table sits Perfection, AKA, James Witherhold Immortal Wrestling Federation's first and last company champion. He's been MIA from wrestling over a year, still, he dons a fine suit, wonderfully combed and conditioned blonde hair, and that smile...fucking dapper.

PERFECTION: ...pun intended.

PERFECTION: Here's a simple closing for such simple people. Johnny Walker will never rise to same level as my Selene '51 just like none of you will raise equal to me. Now...you can either accept those realities or get run over by them.

A smile across those lips exposing a perfectly white smile which is also neatly aligned.

PERFECTION: And I hate road kill.

Return of Dumont

We return to Stan and Jennifer sitting in the studio.

Stan: Peach's Predictions, always a fun time.

Williams: It sure is. That puppy is so cute!

Stan: Well, not so cute is the now the already disfigured face of Darian Dumont who over a month ago was attacked, brutally by a chain wielding Frank Dylan James.

Williams: It was unknown when or if Dumont would return and if he seek retribution on Frank Dylan James.

Stan: That question was answered one week ago at the pay per view, when a masked Darian Dumont jumped the railing and attacked Frank Dylan James, costing him the Internet Championship.

Williams: Lets go back and take a look at that match and the return of Darian Dumont.

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese Bushido plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii.

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Announcer: Coming first to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye.... Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed

ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

Blackfront: Yoshii hoping to extract revenge on Frank Dylan James for his attack on Jed Dye during the last Wrestleshow.

Announcer: He stands at six foot four and weighs in at five hundred and thirty nine pounds....
YOOOSSHHHHIIIIII!!!!

Ace: Also on the line is the Internet Championship though.

Blackfront: Yes, maybe Yoshii's biggest match to date.

We switch back to the top of the stage. Doomsday Jesus by Black Label Society begins to play. Announcer: Hailing from The Mountains of West Virginia ... He stands at six foot seven and weighs in at three hundred and twenty pounds.... He is the reigning Inter Champion... FRANK... DYLAN.... JAAAMMMMEEEESSSS!!!!

Frank Dylan James stomps out from the back, the Internet Championship held high in his right hand as he stomps down the ramp, a wild look in his eye.

Blackfront: This man is crazy!

Ace: I swear, if you listen to him, I think he has told us that he has eaten the likes of Howard king and Cha...

Blackfront: That's absurd Tommy.

Ace: I don't know Jason, there is something not right about the champion.

James stomps around the ring, belt still held above before coming to the steps and continuing to stomp as he climbs them. He throws the title belt over the ropes, almost hitting Yoshii as he throws his leg over the top and enters the ring.

Blackfront: Internet championship on the line in our first of two title matches here tonight. The bell sounds and James stomps toward Yoshii.

Blackfront: Both of these men are behemoths.

Ace: This will be heavy hitting here.

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Blackfront: Throw the book of wrestling moves out, here we go as both men begin bringing those heavy fist.

Yoshii gains the upper hand hitting Frank Dylan James one more time before pushing him into the ropes and using them to whip him across the ring.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James off of the ropes. Yoshii goes to meet him. As they crash... neither man goes down!

Ace: That was like a train wreck in the world of the Matrix!

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James waisting no time, pushing into Yoshii like a line backer. He pushes Yoshii back into the ropes. This time FDJ goes to whip Yoshii.

Blackfront: Yoshii able to stop, and pulls the Internet Champion into a short arm clothesline taking him off of his feet!

The fans scream and cheer.

Ace: Yoshii doing what most men can not by sending Frank Dylan James to the mat.

James rolls out of the ring, angry. He stomps around and toward Jed Dye who walks backward, scared.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James turning his attention to the manager of Yoshii. This is the same man he drug to the back on the last Wrestleshow and assaulted.

Ace: If I was Jed Dye, I wouldn't even be out here.

Yoshii heads to the ropes, but the referee quickly gets between him, trying to stop Yoshii from leaving the ring. Suddenly the fans get even louder as someone jumps the barricade in a hoodie. Blackfront: Wait! Who's this?!

Ace: That crazy fan is going to get hurt!

The man quickly grabs a steel chair and runs behind Frank Dylan James, smashing him in the head with it. James stumbles forward and turns around to get another hard shot directly into his face.

Blackfront: That's.. that's... DARIAN DUMONT!

Frank Dylan James stumbles back and leans on the apron as Dumont comes forward with one more chair shot. the fans go crazy. Dumont has a very noticeable protective mask covering half of his face.

Ace: He's getting revenge on Frank Dylan James for breaking several bones in his face!

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Blackfront: Look at that mask he's wearing!

Dumont drops the chair and quickly hops back over the barricade as Yoshii finally gets through the referee and exits through the ropes.

Blackfront: The referee is counting but the damage is already done. Frank Dylan James doesn't know what hit him or where he is.

Yoshii uses his weight to lift James' legs up and roll him into the ring before getting in himself.

Blackfront: Yoshii now climbing to the second rope.. this one could already be over!

Ace: I thought someone would get squashed in this match, but not like this Jason. Yoshii leaps down and lands on the head of Frank Dylan James.

Blackfront: YOSHII BOMB!

The referee drops down and quickly counts.

Blackfront: This one is over folks. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: your winner... and NEEEWWW INTERNET CHAMPION..... YOSH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Blackfront: Jed Dye has that belt and is yelling for Yoshii to get out of the ring. I'm unsure if this is really the retribution Yoshii planned to give out, but I'll tell you this.. Darian Dumont will be a wanted man after tonight.

Yoshii follows Jed's instructions and quickly gets out of the ring as FDJ begins to come to.

Blackfront: James has no idea what has happened.

FDJ uses the ropes to pull himself up, holding his head. He begins to stomp and yell, looking around and seeing nothing but Yoshii and Jed Dye escaping up the ramp, title in hand.

Blackfront: I think Frank Dylan James just realized the match is over and he lost the title.

Ace: If I was Darian Dumont, I would stay as far away as possible.

FDJ begins hitting the top turnbuckle in anger. The referee tries to get him to calm down but quickly drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring when James turns to him and charges.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James is mad.

Ace: That is an understatement Jason.

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Outro

We return once again to the studio with Stan and Jennifer, both standing by.

Williams: Darian Dumont, out for revenge as he is back. But where do we go now Stan? Neither Frank Dylan James or Darian Dumont are booked for the next Wrestleshow and I have to think there is unfinished business between the two.

Stan: Oh yea there is. Is a few chair shots and causing Frank Dylan James to lose the Internet Championship enough to make him and Darian Dumont even? How is someone sadistic as Frank Dylan James going to handle what happened at the pay per view?

Williams: On the upcoming Wrestleshow, hopefully we will find answers to this and more. Stan: I'm sure we will as the situation is hot and can pop off at any time. Next Sunday will be the next in a chapter in the booth of James and Dumont.

Williams: But there is one, very large, factor we need to touch on as well. Where does Yoshii sit in all of this? The new Internet Champion had his manager and friend, Jed Dye, kidnapped and beaten, left unconscious by a maniacal Frank Dylan James a few weeks ago.

Stan: More questions that hopefully we will get answers on next Sunday. For now though, we are out of time. Until next time, I am Stan Davis.

Williams: And I am Jennifer Williams.

Stan: Thank you for tuning into another edition of Livewire!

Williams: We'll see you next time!

The copyright comes up as the screen fades to black.