

Livewire: ep. 11

August 2, 2014 | Studio

Livewire

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 just one week away from our go home episode of Wrestleshow ever, as next Sunday we see the two men who will battle it out for the right to be called the Ring King and will get an opportunity to become the UTA Champion at Ring King on August twenty-fourth.

Williams: What a night it will be. Perfection and Yoshii will go toe to toe, trying to earn the much desired spot against Madman Szalinski for the UTA Championship.

Stan: On top of that, we have a match between Abdul Ahad and Dan Benson to determine who will face CBR at the Pay Per View for the Internet Championship.

Williams: What's amazing is both of those men are undefeated in singles competition, meaning one will walk

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out with an Internet Championship shot as the other walks out with their first singles loss.

Stan: What makes it even bigger is Wrestleshow is the fact that nineteen time World Champion, Chris Hopper, will be at the show to discuss what could have been if Chance Von Crank did not ask for his release as well as he will make a challenge for Ring King.

A promo image for Chris Hopper's return takes over our screen for a few moments.

Stan: It is still unknown who Chris Hopper may be challenging or what he will say.

Williams: Can you imagine if you came in to make a big impact and the man you were working with just up and quit?

Stan: It'll be interesting to see how this plays out Jennifer.

Williams: While we're talking next weekend, make sure to tune in right here on WrestleUTA.com for the third episode of Saturday Night Victory. A new weekly episodic addition to the United Toughness Alliance's stronghold in sports entertainment.

We cut to a brief fade up fade up of a promo for Victory.

Williams: Victory will be awesome Stan! I'm looking forward to the non title match between two friends as La Flama Blanca takes on UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski!.

Stan: Madman specifically asked to face La Flama Blanca as a warm up to Ring King and because of the respect he has for Blanca.

Williams: Fans need to make sure and tune into Victory. All I can say is how amazing it is to be apart of this company and all of the history we make day after day.

Stan: I couldn't agree more Jennifer. But for now, it's time to turn our attention to the next part of this show as Jamie Sawyers is standing by backstage.

We fade into the segment.

For Blackbeard

Cameras come to life with Jamie Sawyers standing with Apollo Cain, he has a piece of paper in his hand and studios glasses...with no lenses.

Sawyers: Well we have Apollo Cain here, coming off an awesome match in which he was bested by August Monday of Daddy Daughter Day. Blackbeard is his next opponent coming up on Wrestleshow and I turn the stage over to him.

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Cain: Well...in honor of my opponent on Wrestleshow, I'd like to recite a little poem myself. Apollo Cain clears his throat dramatically and ruffles the paper in front of him.

Cain: Roses are red, violets are blue...your friggen poem sucked, and I hate you. But that's not all, because lillies are yellow

And if you watched me destroy ole Auggie, I'd be one scared fellow

I'll pull on your beard, and bitch slap your parrot...am I allowed to say that Jamie?

Sawyers: Uh...well, I guess it's just kind of disrespectful!

Cain: Ok good.

I'll pull on your beard and bitch slap your parrot

Your breath stinks like poo, your teeth look like you brush them with carrot I wasn't in New Jersey yet, you long haired wench

YOU should try some cologne; to cover up that stench Your cabana boys can't help you come Wrestleshow
19 You're not cool, you're a tool with hair like a Drag Queen I'm gonna beat you to a pulp, and piss in your hat

Wipe my butt with your top coat, whadya think about that My teeth are worth more than your worthless dubloons Anyone who thinks you'll beat me is a fuc-uh...is a buffoon I'm gonna end my poem now, 'cause I think you're no good If you wanna know where to find me...I'M SO HOOD!!!!

Apollo Cain takes off the glasses crushes them in his hand and throws them at the camera before walking off.

The Debut

Video feed starts

The red coats led the prisoner from the cell filled with lockers and smelling of sweat. He went without a word or struggle. Slowly the small group walked up the stone stairway, their footsteps echoing in the passageway. From below there came moans and groans of the wounded wrestling gladiators, thankful that they had lived to see another go, but grieving for the man who shared their fate. There was a loud clanging, causing the red coats to jump. This raised an amused, yet cynical laugh from their prisoner.

The day was bright, not a cloud hung in the light blue sky. It was hot, most women who were present fanned their delicate faces to relieve themselves of the heat outside. Beads of sweat dripped into the men's eyes and were carelessly brushed away with a hand. The sound of the ocean was carried to their ears on still air. All faces turned to the opening door and the rustling of the black curtain. They held their breaths: this was the

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pirate Blackbeard.

He himself breathed in deeply, smelling the salty air. In his mind's eye he saw his ship sailing on the water to freedom, then to peace. He was pushed roughly forward, nearly falling on the hard cobbled yard. He caught his balance at the last minute, pulling himself into an upright position. He looked at the truth of his predicament. He was the lowest of the low: a man who would shoot you in the back if you trusted him. They stared at him, but he stared right back. How many of these men had seen a real fight? How many had watched friends fall before their eyes, been betrayed again and again, the ring was no fairy tale. After all, circumstance made the man. All the men who met his eyes looked away. The pirate captain smirked.

He was moved down a man-made path that curved to the ring, a lonely, squared structure. On it stood a large man with a mask-covered face, along with an announcer to read his details to the audience. He nearly laughed aloud. His captors attempted to rush him up the structure's stairs, but he did not want to move that quickly, and so he didn't. He almost always got what he wanted. He went up at a leisurely pace, bowing every so often at people near him, his eyes forever amused. The people standing there watched him intently, some raising their hands, and lighting devices flash, causing the after-image of a flash left in his eyes. At the top of the stairs, the town crier brought him forward so he stood in front of those in attendance, all eyes staring up at him.

He did not look at the audience. There was no bobbing hat pushing its way forward to save him. His parrot called out to him in a high pitched voice, squawking out a loud "Filthy Bastard." He turned to the town crier standing in the ring with him.

Blackbeard: I admit that I have not been a good lad for most of my life, and I am now willing to accept responsibility for it. Instead of spending my time hiding from those I am indebted to, I will now work to repay them all. I will join the guild of men and women in the United Toughness Alliance and become a reformed man.

He knows that what he says is a lie, but for Blackbeard, that's about as close as it will get for him to be a selfless man. A silver-toothed grin spreads over his face, cracking it in half as he looks out among the sea of people and knows that his future greatness begins here.

Video feed cuts out

Remember, You Asked for This

The camera comes to life with Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the Wrestle UTA banner. He has the mic to his mouth, ready to speak before a hand is thrust into the picture, mere inches away from the mic. The hand opens, as if someone is demanding the mic.

Jamie shifts his eyes ever so slightly into the direction of where the hand came from, before deeply exhaling and releasing the mic into the now open hand.

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As the hand closes around the mic, a second hand comes into the picture and gently moves Sawyers out of the picture. As Jamie moves in the direction of the *nudge*, the camera moves in the opposite direction and the figure of Sean Jackson now fills the screen. Not in a happy mood, his eyes show a man filled with hatred. Hatred for one man, and one man only....

The Spectre.

As Sean raises the mic to his mouth, Vanessa and Marshall Owens enter the picture. Jackson: As usual, your so called hall of famer had to show his true colors. He showed himself to be the coward that I've always known him to be.

As Sean speaks, Marshall reaches from behind and pulls out teddy. Yes, allegedly the teddy bear that once belonged to Xander.

Jackson: All this time Spectre, all this time. You've been spouting off how you're here to save Wrestle UTA from me...

Sean looks over to Vanessa, Marshall, and yes, teddy.

Jackson: From us. But yet, time and time again, you can't seem to bring yourself to do anything but cower...

A smile starts to form.

Jackson: Under the ring, behind the camera, always some angle to NOT face me like a man. The smile gets bigger.

Jackson: You might be able to fool what fans you have left, but you can't fool me. No Spectre, you know that the only chance you have is to hide from me. To stay away from the Mental Rapist for as long as possible, to hit and run when you can, and then head for the hills.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: I've taken from you Spectre. I've taken the BACW heavyweight title from you. I've taken the NWA world heavyweight title from you. I've taken the compound from you....

Sean holds his free index finger up, almost as if an epiphany has struck him. Well technically, it has.

Jackson: You remember the compound don't you Spectre? the very compound that you burned to the ground, the very compound that you burned to the ground after that troubling closed circuit video of you threatening yourself with the knife.

Sean takes the same index finger and points towards his own head.

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Jackson: I got in your head Spectre, and you took the only way out that you could. You faked your death and disappeared completely....

The smile disappears.

Jackson: Only to come back, thinking that you stood a snowballs chance in hell of getting it all back. But you couldn't, could you? The very triple tier circus of fun match that you so desperately wanted....

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: That you so desperately needed, and you go by way of hiding behind a camera to attack me. The very match that you BEGGED me to accept, you took the cowards way out because you knew you couldn't win....

Pause from dramatic effect.

Jackson: Just like you know that you can't win now. But you see Spectre, even in losing at Wrestleshow 18, I still won. I won because the fans of Wrestle UTA got to see with their own eyes, the cowardice of their so called hall of famer.

The smile begins to re-emerge

Jackson: I won because I'm STILL taking things from you. Another slight pause.

Jackson: I told you more than a year ago, that YOU were the target. I told the wrestling world that when you enter a company, you don't go after the scrubs, you target the big dog. Well in BACW Spectre, YOU were the big dog. You were the man that I had to target in order to get my name on the marquee and what happened?

The smile gets larger, almost obscene.

Jackson: I became the BACW champion. I became a two time NWA world heavyweight champion. I became the man that James Wingate HAD to have, and before it's all said and done. I'll become the man who will completely erase the name Spectre from everything Wrestle UTA related....

Sean looks over at Marshall Owens, who is still holding teddy.

Jackson: Tell em Marshall.

With a quick nod, Marshall Owens does exactly that.

Owens: With pleasure. Looking directly into the camera.

Owens: Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Marshall Owens and I represent the one, who will expose the

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one, FOR the one, who WILL become THE ONE in Wrestle UTA. For months, teddy has had to endure with the incoherent ramblings of a man who dared to refer to the Spectre as a purple haired freak, while having green hair himself.

This draws a snicker from Sean Jackson.

Owens: Thinking that somehow, green was a more attractive color. Well Xander, I'm here to let you know, it isn't. But this has absolutely nothing to do with Xander, and everything to do with that fraud Spectre.

Well, actually it does have something to do with Xander. But that is for another time.

Owens: Mr. Spectre. One has to question your sanity at this point. Sean Jackson has literally taken it all from you. He's taken title belts, he's made you burn down your compound, he's made you fake your death, he's even forced you to make a mockery of your own gimmick match...

Sean leans in and whispers something to Vanessa, who stands there stoic, no emotion. Owens: So why, oh why, would you follow Sean Jackson to Wrestle UTA? why, oh why, would you risk showing your cowardice to the last, tiny remaining fans that you have left here?

If they would have been standing in a Wrestle UTA arena, the boos would have been deafening. But since they aren't, there's nothing to stop the evil ramblings of this group.

Owens: Or better yet, why would you risk the only thing you have left? that being your hall of fame status?

Now the evil grin forms on Marshall's face. Yes, he's about to cross the line.

Owens: Is it because you have nothing left? Is it because you never thought for one second that James Wingate would bring Sean to Wrestle UTA? Well, the fact of the matter is that we ARE here, and we ARE here to stay. Sean said last year that you were his target, that you were his ticket to the big time....

Marshall looks back at the Wrestle UTA banner hanging in the background.

Owens: And you haven't disappointed. You've done everything that we knew you would, and now, NOW the one thing that Sean wants to take from you the most is within his grasp.

Coming back into the scene, Jamie Sawyers wants an explanation.

Sawyers: And what might that be Marshall?

Before anyone has a chance to say anything, Sean snaps his head in the direction of Jamie Sawyers and barks out...

Jackson: You'll find out Jamie. You'll all find out.

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With that, Sean and company step away, leaving Jamie Sawyers standing alone. Pondering what Sean and Marshall meant.

Ask a Luchadore

We transition to see the fan favorite, La Flama Blanca. We are at Blanca's five thousand square feet Long Island, New York home. Cameras are in the kitchen catching Flama in the middle of cooking.

Blanca turns to face the camera wearing a chef's hat, his mask, and an apron that reads, "Kiss the Luchador". He smiles and acts startled because he is being filmed.

La Flama Blanca: I didn't see you there. Que pasa chicanos and gringos? I guess it's that time again. I have a few minutes to wait for my beef and green chili mix to cool down before I pack them inside some warmed tortillas.

His chef's hat deflates a little and Blanca notices. He tries to prop it back up and is not successful. He continues.

La Flama Blanca: Today's show is sponsored again by Smith and Forge Hard Cider. Traditional cider made strong. Voice over guy, first question pro favor.

Voice Over: Howard from Las Vegas, Nevada wants to know, "How many licks to the center of a Tootsie Pop?"

La Flama Blanca: I think it was proven that it's actually a number like five thousand plus licks. If they say so. If you sit there and count them, you need better things to do with your life. Next!

Voice Over: Faith from New York, New York wants to know, "What's on your hot dog?"

La Flama Blanca: Kraut and mustard. one of the best things about this country. good ole penis shaped faux meat in a bun. And no... I never use ketchup. Next!

Voice Over: Holly from Tucson, Arizona wants to know, "What's the worst band ever?"

La Flama Blanca: People always do lists like that. Three bands that always seem to be at the bottom are Primus, Limp Bizkit, and the Insane Clown Posse. So probably one of those three. Next question.

Voice Over: Deb from York, United Kingdom wants to know, "Why did the Roadrunner always beat the Coyote?"

La Flama Blanca: Well, that was cartoon. Coyotes run faster than roadrunners. That's real life. Next one.

Voice Over: Julio from Arlington, Texas wants to know, "Cual es tu parte favorita de America?"

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La Flama Blanca: Dos cosas. El dinero and las mujeres. Blanca takes a look at his wrist where a watch would be.

La Flama Blanca: Well it's that time in the show for the Did You Know? fact of the day. Did you know that when snakes are born with two heads that they fight each other for food? Hmm... seems legit. Next question.

Voice Over: James from Oakland, California wants to know, "What would be the mission that you would choose to accept?"

La Flama Blanca: Relations with a lot of European white women. Shooting guns too. Save the world. Next.

Voice Over: Rob from Toronto, Canada wants to know, "Who is your favorite Batman?"

La Flama Blanca: Movie wise, it's Bale. Those movies are awesome. Grew up on Keaton but Bale knocked it out of the park. Kevin Conroy is the voice of Batman and the real Batman in my opinion. God, I sound like a nerd. Next, wait... I'm hungry as a maah so I'm going to cut this short. Until next time.

Blanca grabs a plate and a tortilla and begins to spoon some of his dinner into a tortilla. He takes a big bite and smiles at the camera.

La Flama Blanca: Adios, hasta luego mis amigos! We fade back to our host.

Outro

We return to the studio once more with Stan Davis and Jennifer Williams.

Stan: Well folks, that's all the time we have this week here on Livewire. Remember to tune in next weekend for the huge episode of Victory as well as the next action packed edition of Wrestleshow on High Octane Television. I'm your host Stan Davis...

Williams: ...and I'm Jennifer Williams.

Stan: Have a wonderful night!

The camera pans out as the two begin to chat with each other and the copyright comes across the screen before we fade to black and the stream ends.