

WrestleShow: WrestleShow 16

June 29, 2014 | Bank of America Stadium - Charlotte, North Carolina

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The screen turns to fuzzy snow. The hint outline of three letters can faintly be made out in the snow as they form into "cVc". The screen snaps into focus suddenly with still a slight fuzz but becoming more clear as a grandfather clock comes into focus.

Tick Tock.

The clock has a pendulum in the cabinet beneath the clock face. It swings back and forth. The walls are painted black in the room with a dim light focused just on the clock. The floorboards in the room creak and crack as Chance Von Crank walks in front of the clock. The light causes his robe to shimmer. Crank turns to face the clock and puts his fist against the wall on either side of the clock. He presses his forehead up against the clock face.

Crank: Time... It is undefeated. It has no sympathy or pity for the "old" and "done".

Chance smirks at his own reflection in the glass. He spins back around to face the camera and light again.

Crank: I come from the trailer park and I live like there is no tomorrow because life and death is simple when you come from nothin'. The fear I put in men shows true when they just point at a logo yet not be able to utter a single word in the presence of my awesome.

Chance headbutts the clock face with the top of his head shattering the glass. The glass leaves a nasty cut across the top his head. He turns back to face the camera. Blood begins running down his forehead and face.

Crank: I have bled pints of blood all over this world in the name of merchandising and lining my own pockets. I put in all this work for me not some snotty nosed kid who buys a shirt then thinks he knows me. Assholes.. Speaking of assholes, Shawn... I always wanted to give your wife a "pearl necklace". Maybe after I leave you crippled if not dead she will want some cVc D. Do something about it, bitch. I bet its been years since she *#\$%ed a real wrestler. *You are softer than virgin pussy hair. You look like ten pounds of shit in a five pound bag.*

Crank grins wiping the blood from his face. He walks over to the wall and begins using his finger tips to write with his blood.

cVc > FX

Crank: Written in the Shock N Rolla's blood for all to see. My rise to the top will be swift with cold calculation.

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This is a new Demon you are dealing with... I'll wear a ridiculous outfit and spin a wheel to get paid. I have no shame in my game.

Chance rips the pendulum out of the cabinet and swings it wildly at the clock. He continues destroying the clock then stabs the pendulum through what's left of the clock face.

Crank: I'm going back to the main event after I end your career. You will be pathetic, broken and finished all in one night. Nothing will slow down the beating coming your way. I want to break something... that they can't fix back. *I ain't leavin' till he quits breathin'.*

Change kicks the camera off the stand and walks off whistling his new theme song. He slams a door violently snapping the top hinge and we are sent to black.

It's just in time as the HOTv 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.

As the camera pans across the fans they are screaming and yelling for the action to begin. We pan over to our dynamic duo of commentators, Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to another action packed edition of Wrestleshow on High Octane Television! I'm Jason Blackfront and along side of me, my partner n crime.. Tommy Ace!

Ace: It feels great to be here Jason. I've been looking forward to this show all week.

Blackfront: Tonight is huge. Chance von Crank is back in the UTA and will be hosting tonight's Wheel of Chance!!

Ace: That's right folks. We have a huge wheel set p in the back with every kind of match you can imagine. Crank is going to spinning that wheel to determine what stipulations are going to be attached to every match here tonight!

Blackfront: No one knows what is in store for them. The luck of spin falls in one man's hands.

Ace: Everyone will be taking their chance... with Chance.

Blackfront: Also on tap we have a lot of new faces here in the UTA Universe that will be showing up.

Ace: Don't forget, the old ones. I haven't seen him, but I have heard that The Spectre is in the building!

Blackfront: Anything can happen tonight that is for sure. But right now... lets head to the back with Chance von Crank and the Wheel of Chance!

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The First Spin

As we move to the back, we are welcomed by Chance Von Crank, wearing his new limited edition *Shock 'n' Rolla* jersey standing in front of the brand new, Wheel of Chance.

Crank: The Shock 'n' Rolla here to show ya.... what type of matches you are going to see tonight.

Chance looks at the wheel.

Crank: From First Blood to No DQ... Anything can happen on the wheel!

He grins at the camera.

Crank: The first match tonight has Log Habben, who shared a beer with Abdul Ahad on the last show.. going against some new guy with the same name as Walter's wife on Breaking Bad.

He places his hand on one of the bars from the wheel.

Crank: That show was legit. School teacher cooking meth to pay his hospital bills and all. Either way, the first match tonight...

Chance pushes the bar up a bit before bringing it down with force, letting the wheel spin. As it begins to slow down Chance watches it almost stop on *Normal Match* before clicking over to *Lumberjack*.

Crank: Will be a Lumberjack Match!

He begins to laugh.

Crank: Log Habben in a Lumberjack Match? Man.. That's what happens when you have the Wheel of Chance. You can't get more legit than that unless you were looking inside of The Trailer Park Prodigy's pants.

Crank thrust at the camera as the commentator's begin to talk over the scene.

Blackfront: our first match tonight will be a Lumberjack Match between Log Habben and Skylar Montgomery.

Ace: Seriously, what are the chances of a former logger being in a Lumberjack Match?

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Blackfront: The wrestling Gods are on the UTA's side tonight folks! We'll be kicking it off with a bang here in just a few moments!

The Debut of Will Haynes

As we move outside, there's a crowd of people gathered around the side of the arena trying to meet some of the UTA talent. They're distracted briefly when an UBER SUV pulls up and the driver exits to open the door for his passenger.

He opens the door and a snakeskin boot hits the floor. The camera pans up to reveal black skinny jeans, a white v-neck t-shirt, a pair of Dog Tags, and of course, the stubble/short hair combination of one WILL "THE THRILL" HAYNES.

the THRILL takes a deep breath and sees the camera. He is about to get cheeky as hell.

the THRILL: Ahhh, feels good t' be in a real company.

the THRILL mocks salutes the camera and continues his walk to the building. The crowd calling out to him.

Will, please sign my program.

Thrill, you suck! You ruin everything you touch.

Oh my God, THRILL please marry me.

He hears it all. Pays it no mind.

the THRILL: I don't know why I didn't come here right after Nashville. I mean look at this crowd. Chock full of idiots but still. I don't even think Nashville liked having us there. These people at least care.

He continues to talk as he walks, the camera following.

the THRILL: And why shouldn't they care? One of the best wrestlers alive just walked in n' is currently revealing his future plans. That amounts t' a big deal if ya ask me.

the THRILL reaches the door. A security team member opens it for him. the THRILL nods his appercciation and continues to the backstage area.

the THRILL: Eventually, I'll want get me some gold. That's my greatest motivator. Always has been, always will be. They ain't callin' me the Golden God for nothin', right? But honestly, there's some folks 'round here

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that I would love t' mix it up with first. Ya know get my feet wet.

He stops in the back area.

the THRILL: I can tell this ain't gonna be like the other places, which I LOVE. Seriously, I LOVE it. THRILL has longed t' test himself against the best. Not saying that means that half of you are good but there's a couple that I've seen flash some promise. N' that's a good start, if ya ask me.

So, for the time bein' allow the THRILL to settle in. That ain't to say he ain't gonna be brash, in your face, annoying, and loud. It's to say that he ain't really sure which way to steer the ship just yet. Gimme a month or two t' figure it all out n' I'll tell ya this. N' listen when I say it: You won't be disappointed.

His final words before the segment will end.

the THRILL: Seriously UTA, you just got gifted a game changer n' he's gonna deliver sooner rathe than later. Just gotta be patient. THRILL out.

He throws up a peace sign and heads to find the office he is supposed to report to.

The Smell of the Ocean

Tonight's event is sponsored by Febreze. Making even cannibalistic situations smell like an ocean breeze.

We head into the first commercial of the night.

As we return from commercial break, we head back ringside in preparation for the first match. *Sorry You're Not A Winner* by Enter Shikari begins to play through the PA system.

A cloud of smoke pours onto the entrance stage and, from behind the curtain, steps Skylar Montgomery.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first.. Hailing from London, England...

Skylar begins down the ramp as the fans give him very little reaction.

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Announcer: Standing at six foot and one inches tall, weighing in tonight at one hundred and eighty pounds... He is... SKYLAR... MONTGOMERRRRYYYYY!!!!

SkyMont takes off, jetting toward the ring and sliding in under the bottom rope. The fans still give little reaction.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery making his UTA debut tonight.

Ace: I'd usually say listen to these fans, but you'd have to have supersonic hearing. They just don't know what to say about this guy.

Blackfront: Skylar has been in the business a while, finally making his way here to the UTA. After tonight the universe will know what he is about.

Ace: If he makes it through that is. Not only does he have to beat the likes of Log Habben, there will be superstars surrounding the ring to keep the action side.

His music fades as we return to the top of the stage. Log Habben steps out as *Got Up This Morning* by Sage Francis begins to play.

Announcer: Coming to the ring next... Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire

Log unbuttons his shirts and smiles, charmingly, then casually spits on the ground and throws his shirt on top, standing only in a wife beater.

Announcer: Standing at Six Foot Two and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds

Log sprints to the ring recklessly, stopping outside the ring.

Announcer: He is..... Looooooooog Habben

Log, showing stunning athleticism box jumps onto the side of the ring, then stumbles doing the simple entrance between the ropes.

Blackfront: Habben coming off of a loss in the first round of the Ring King tournament, looking to do better this week against the newcomer.

Ace: Off of a loss? This idiot didn't even have a match. He came into the ring drunk, like he probably is tonight, and assaulted Abdul Ahad with a full can of beer. How he even has a job still amazes me.

Blackfront: It's no secret that Log is fighting some personal demons. Hopefully he can overcome adversity tonight and use that momentum in his battles outside of the ring.

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Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he goes to jump off and prepare for the match, but falls, tumbling to the mat as the camera quickly swoops to the top of the stage again.

Ace: See! He is a danger to his opponent.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring now... the lumberjacks for tonight's match...

Conrad Teller is the first man out from the back, heading down the ramp.

Announcer: Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: After just a match in Valor Championship Wrestling, Conrad Teller will be joining the UTA full time, starting with tonight's lumberjack match.

Next, CBR steps out from the back and raises the Internet Championship.

Announcer: The UTA Internet Champion... The Canadian Superstar... C... B... RRRRR!!!

He begins down the ramp.

Ace: Hey look! It's the guy who's too good to actually have a match until his byes are up in the tournament!

Blackfront: That is the Internet Champion, undefeated in singles competition. Show some respect Tommy.

Announcer: Next out, Will.. The THRILL... HAYNES!!!!

the THRILL steps through the curtains to a steady amount of heavy boos as he begins down the ramp.

Blackfront: Will Haynes, whom we saw at the start of the show, now official here in the UTA as he will be one of the lumberjacks.

Ace: This guy here... I tell you, I've seen him and he sure thinks he is God's gift to our sport.

Announcer: Representing Valor Championship Wrestling... Former UTA Champion.. Doctor... EMO!

The fans get off of the seats as Dr. EMO steps out with his arms raised high.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO, back on UTA television folks.

Ace: Overrated if you ask me.

From the back next comes the UTA's own.. Perfection.

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Announcer: Next out... PERFECTION!

The fans boo.

Blackfront: Perfection is back! His recent trip to VCW is over!

Ace: And yet he is still jerking UTA curtains.

Announcer: Next out.. representing The Jokers Wild.... They are... Drew Stevenson and Scotty...
ADDAAAAAMMMSSS!!!

The fans get on their feet as both Drew Stevenson and Scotty Addams make their return, stepping out from the back and beginning down the ramp.

Blackfront: The Jokers Wild is back!

Ace: I dunno Jason, I don't see Frank Washington anywhere. How can it be The Jokers Wild without all of the members?

Announcer: He is the VCW Heavyweight Champion... LEW... SMIIITHHH!!!

Lew starts down the ramp from the back.

Blackfront: VCW Heavyweight Champion, Lew Smith, live here on Wrestleshow!

Ace: Good for him. Bout time he gets some big time exposure to make up for being his in the head with a coffee mug on Late Night with D by Di...

Announcer: Next out, also representing Valor Championship Wrestling.... DICK... FURRRRYYYY!!!

The fans give a heavy mixed reaction as Superb Dick Fury is next out. Lew Smith just snarls at his opponent for Anarchy.

Announcer: Making his way now... from VCW.... TOMMY.... LIPTOOOONNNN!!!!

Tommy starts down the ramp.

Blackfront: Tommy Lipton making his first appearance here in the UTA, after recently scoring a pin fall over Lew Smith in a tag match last Thursday on Rage.

Announcer: Formerly of the United Toughness Alliance.. Now representing Valor Championship Wrestling... he is... FIZZZZZZZ!!!!

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Fizz rides out from the back on a tricycle as the fans scream for him.

Ace: I don't know what it is about this guy, but I love me some Fizz! Midgets and wrestling go together like tacos and tarter sauce!

Blackfront: Wait.. what? Either way, it's little people. The M word is derogatory.

Announcer: And last.. the final lumberjack for tonight's opening bout.... he is an UTA Hall of Fame member.... RENT A COP... DAAAAVVVVEEEEYYYYYYY!!!!

Ace: Oh God.. They sure scraped the bottom of the barrel here didn't they?

The obese hall of famer waddles out from the back, waving to the fans as he makes his way down the ramp.

Blackfront: Twelve superstars will surround the ring, three on each side. At anytime if Log Habben or Skylar Montgomery find themselves outside of the ring, it is the lumberjack's duty to get them back inside.

Ace: Look at the guys we have outside here. This is a recipe for something bad Jason. Lew Smith, Dick Fury, and Tommy Lipton do not like each other at all. Perfection is being forced to be a lumberjack instead of being given a match.. You have The Jokers Wild who have been a thorn in plenty of people's sides. what is management thinking?

Blackfront: The focus needs to be on the two in the ring as we get ready to kick this match off. But you are right, we have a mixture for chaos if any of these guys decide to go in business for themselves tonight.

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Here we go. Log Habben going one on one with Skylar Montgomery. Quick tie up by the two. Habben takes charge, placing Montgomery into a side headlock.

Ace: I've seen Skylar Montgomery's resume and it is impressive. He is a high flyer and lightning fast on his feet. If he can get a chance to get free, Habben may have a lot to deal with on his hands here.

Blackfront: Habben releasing the headlock and using his size advantage to shove Skylar Montgomery to the mat.

Ace: Skylar Montgomery is at a definitive disadvantage in this match.

Log Habben quickly follows up with a running knee to the face of Skylar Montgomery as he attempts to get up, putting him on his back.

Blackfront: Log has been steadily improving since coming into the UTA, and it shows as he stomps away.

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Ace: He's methodically stomping the legs of Skylar Montgomery. This is good tactic as Skylar Montgomery is a lightweight, high flyer. Take his legs away and he can't get air born.

Blackfront: You are correct Tommy. I love seeing the natural progression of men like Log.

Ace: At least he isn't in the same state of mind he was on the last show.

Blackfront: Log now pulling Skylar Montgomery to his feet. Those legs wobbly as Habben whips Skylar Montgomery across the ring.

Log bends down in order to catch Skylar Montgomery on his return.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery leaps over, sunset flip into a pin!

The referee drops to make the count, but Log is out at one.

Ace: Not even close. All Skylar Montgomery did was make Habben mad.

Blackfront: That's something I know I wouldn't want to do.

Log rolls over and slides backward out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Unsure how smart this is with the lumberjacks outside of the ring.

Will Haynes, Conrad Teller, and CBR begin to wail on Log Habben

Ace: Log usually escapes the ring and messes with the mind of his opponent, but that isn't going to work in this match.

Habben goes to one knee as he is being stomped by the three men.

Blackfront: Habben trying to get back to his feet and fight back.

Skylar Montgomery, on his feet now, runs towards the ropes.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery with a suicide dive!

Skylar Montgomery crashes into all four men. The fans begin to get loud.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery now trying to set the pace taking out not only Log Habben, but three of the lumberjacks!

Ace: That may be what Skylar Montgomery needed to get a little bit of control in this match. You have to

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take the big man down. But now he's also outside with nine other men who have the sole purpose of putting him back in the ring.

The rest of the lumberjacks head around the ring.

Ace: They're swarming like sharks in bloody water.

Blackfront: Perfection with a knee to the face of Log Habben. All control is begin lost now.

Ace: Aren't they supposed to be putting them back in the ring, and not just attacking them?

Dr. EMO and the two members of The Jokers Wild push through, moving the other guys away from Log and Skylar.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO, Drew Stevenson, and Scotty Addams trying to police the situation as they stop the assault and rolls the opponents back into the ring.

As Log and Skylar lay in the ring now, the three men are seen telling the others to do the right thing keep the action inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben using the ropes to pull himself up, this match about to get back underway.

As Log gets to his feet, Skylar Montgomery pushes up to his knees.

Blackfront: Log Habben steps forward with a knee to the face of Skylar Montgomery.

Ace: Log is just ruthless.

Blackfront: That ruthlessness is what will make Log Habben a major star here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Log goes to grab Skylar Montgomery's legs, but Skylar Montgomery quickly rolls to his stomach and crawls away.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery trying to escape the grasp of Log Habben.

Ace: He's got to if he wants to keep those legs. Once Log gets ahold of your legs, you're done with.

Log continues his chase as Skylar Montgomery pushes up quickly and runs towards the ropes. He leaps up to the second, and uses them to launch himself off, turning in the air.

Blackfront: LOG HABBEN CATCHES Skylar Montgomery IN MID AIR!

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Ace: Not good for Skylar Montgomery!

Log twist around and jumps up, falling forward with Skylar Montgomery in his arms.

Blackfront: Log Habben slams Skylar Montgomery hard into the mat! It's got to be over!

Ace: Using that strength there Jason.

The referee begins his count. Outside of the ring, Dick Fury, Tommy Lipton, and Lew Smith begin arguing and pushing each other. The referee is distracted from his count.

Ace: I knew these morons would mess things up.

The referee gets up and heads to the edge of the ropes, yelling at them to knock it off.

Ace: Hey zebra man! You focus on the match, not these numbskulls!

Log Habben hits the mat and gets to his feet, heading toward the referee.

Blackfront: Log Habben rightfully upset as he should have been able to end the match right there.

Log turns the referee around and begins to yell at him. Using his hands to potion the three count. The referee points to the men outside who are now starting to fight with each other.

Blackfront: We've lost control.

Tommy Lipton grabs Lew Smith by the hair, dragging him over and slamming his head off of the steel stairs. As he raises up and turns around, he sees Dick Fury running. Fury jumps up and hits a drop kick on Lipton, sending him to the floor.

Blackfront: Wait, what is Fizz doing?

Fizz for some reason has entered the ring behind Log and the referee who are still arguing in the corner. The opposite side of the ring, Fizz begins to climb the turnbuckle.

Ace: He's going to do it!

Fizz leaps off the second rope with a splash, hitting Skylar Montgomery.

Ace: FIZZNESS TIME!

Blackfront: The referee needs to get control of this!

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Fizz quickly rolls out of the ring, only to be confronted by Rent-A-Cop Davey who begins to tell him he shouldn't interfere. CBR, who is now up, begins to run around the ring, knocking Drew Stevenson out of the way as he heads toward Dick Fury.

Blackfront: CBR now attacking Superb Dick Fury.

Drew Stevenson is helped up by Scotty Addams. They look at each other and head in CBR's direction.

Blackfront: The Jokers Wild now interjecting!

They turn CBR around and begin trading left and rights. Both men grab each other's hand with out stretched arms, and run, clotheslining CBR.

Blackfront: Double clothesline by The Jokers Wild, taking down the internet champion!

From around the ring, Conrad Teller comes. He runs forward throwing two arms out himself, taking down both Scotty Addams and Drew Stevenson.

Blackfront: The favor returned by Conrad Teller!

Ace: That's one way to get noticed in your debut!

Inside of the ring. Log Habben pulls Skylar Montgomery to his feet.

Blackfront: Skylar Montgomery to his feet. Log Habben comes back... his arm up, beautiful European uppercut by Log Habben.

Outside of the ring, Conrad Teller holds his arms up to the fans. He turns as out of nowhere, the THRILL leaps up, grabs his head and brings him down into an Ace Cutter.

Blackfront: Will Haynes hits The Kush on Conrad Teller from nowhere outside of the ring!

Ace: Well, while you're paying attention to them, Log Habben whips Skylar Montgomery across the ring...

As Skylar comes off of the ropes, Log lifts him up, spins around and slams him down.

Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER!

Log quickly goes for the pin.

Blackfront: Log Habben going for the pin.

The referee drops.

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Ace: Yea, if this stupid referee will just do his job.

The referee does the count hitting three.

Blackfront: Log Habben does it!

Announcer: Your winner... via pinfall... LOG... HABBEEEEENNN!!!

As Log's music hits, the THRILL slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Will Haynes looking to make a mark now after the match is over!

As he heads toward log, Dr. EMO slides in and quickly jumps to his feet.

Blackfront: EMO in the ring now!

He runs behind Log and stops for a split second before throwing his patented superkick out to catch Will Haynes in motion.

Blackfront: UBER KICK! UBER KICK! UBER KICK!

Ace: Someone needs to tell these guys this match is over!

Perfection his the ring. He runs toward EMO, who turns around.

Blackfront: Perfection catches Doctor EMO... DDT!

Ace: A PERFECT DDT at that!

Log Habben realizes what is all going on. As Perfection rolls over and pushes up, Log comes forward and just kicks him in the face, sending Perfection back first to the mat. His music restarts as he raises his hands once again.

Blackfront: Log Habben with the last laugh as he takes out Perfection. There are bodies everywhere and this is just the first match of the night. What else will come? We'll find out right after this commercial break!

We fade into commercial.

Spin Again

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As we return from commercial, we are once again met by Chance Von Crank and the Wheel of Chance.

Crank: Time to find out what the second match is going to be.

He grabs the nobs and gives the wheel a spin. However, it abruptly is stopped as Abdul Ahad is seen stepping into the scene, and grabbing the wheel.

Crank: What do you think you're doing?

Ahad: Do you believe that I entrust you to properly choose my destiny without me present? Allah sees all and he watches the error of your ways.

Crank rolls his eyes.

Ahad: Now that I have arrived and can witness you spinning the wheel properly, you may spin again.

Chance Von Crank just shakes his head before grabbing the wheel nob.

Crank: No more of that crap.

He begins to spin the wheel. As it turns both men watch. Finally it starts to slow down, clicking over to the words *Strap Match*.

Ahad: Ah, a match that will show true competition. There will be no way for Tobias to ruin this like Habben did on the last Wrestleshow.

Crank: Yea, whatever. Why don't you go jerk a camel now?

Abdul stares sharply at Chance.

Ahad: Today is the day that I advance once step closer to the UTA Championship by the power of Allah. I shall let that remark pass... for now.

He and cVc stare at each down other as we move back ringside.

What's Hate Got To Do With It?

v/o: Charlotte, North Carolina. Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out,

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acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

A hush falls over the arena as the crimson mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, until it forms The Mental Rapist.

Behind the letters, clips of Sean Jackson in the ring over the years comes to life on the video wall above the entrance way. Soon a theme begins, one that was very popular back in the day.

That being the opening notes of In *The Air Tonight* by Phil Collins.

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

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

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

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

A slight smile forms on Sean's face as he looks out into the sea of darkness that has enveloped the fans in the arena. He then motions to his Vietnamese darkling that it's time to head to the ring.

Sean and Vanessa begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, blue jeans, and boots.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he is takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides of the rings as he looks outward to the wrestling fans, in a menacing manner which is much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa. Jackson then hops down off the turnbuckle and leans against the ropes. As the pyro dies out, the lights come back on, returning the light to the arena. At that moment Sean is handed a house mic and as the buzz of boos and cheers erupt through the arena, he raises the mic to his mouth

Jackson: Charlotte, North Carolina. When are you going to demand more of your heroes?

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A smile forms on his face. Never pass up the opportunity to run somebody down, especially on an open mic.

Jackson: When are you going to demand that your heroes live up to the hype you place on them?

He begins to pace back and forth in front of the camera, making sure not to break eye contact. At least, not yet.

Jackson: Or the hype that they place on themselves. I mean, take Madman Szalinski for instance....

A Madman chant begins, much to Sean's chagrin

Jackson: (waving them off) The current UTA champion who practically had the belt handed to him. I was under the impression that you wrestling fans demanded more of your champions. That they legitimately earn their titles in the ring. But I guess had I stolen the title from Szalinski, you all would be up in arms about it. Demanding that I do the right thing and give the belt back....

Sean stops pacing, now breaking eye contact with the camera and begins looking directly at the fans.

Jackson: Which just goes to show the blatant double standards in which you frauds live by.

Boos.

Jackson: You're all frauds, because you cheer for people like Madman Szalinski, like Dr. Emo, like The Spectre....

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: Who are nothing more than frauds themselves. But why strive to do the right thing when they have people like you who cheer their dishonesty? who cheer for their cheating ways? I mean, do you even care that they are teaching your children to lie? to steal? to cheat?

Sean doesn't even wait for a response as he continues with the rant.

Jackson: You sit there, in those seats, all smug in the fact that your kids follow a slut named Miley Cyrus. That they follow a pill head named Justin Beiber. That they worship the very ground that Lady Gaga walks on....

Sean is now pointing an accusing finger at those same fans

Jackson: But let that be ME stealing a championship belt and the whole lot of you would be demanding my head on a silver platter. You would be demanding that I be banned for life for the injustice....

He again goes back to pacing, however, his head hangs just a bit as he is in deep thought.

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Jackson: But again, it's all because of the blatant double standard in which you all live. You think that's it's okay to cheat on your loved ones, to cheat on your taxes, as if it means nothing at all. The politicians that you support, they will lie to you, they will cheat you out of your money, they will do anything it takes to get your vote, and yet, you question nothing. You blindly give them exactly what they want....

Pause.

Jackson: And it's all because of the fraud heroes that you cheer for. And why not? I mean, take Ian Michael Williams for instance. Here's a guy that's become one of the biggest frauds in Wrestle UTA history. He wants you to believe that he's got a reason to hate, that he's got a reason to be unhappy about things, when that couldn't be further from the truth.

Here we go people. The venom show is about to begin.

Jackson: For starters, how can a man who was fast tracked into this business feel hate about anything? Matter of fact, how can a man who was spoon fed this business by his wrestling relatives feel any hate towards anything, or anyone?

Sean goes back to eyeing the fans as he continues to pace. He's not finished with the rant on anything or anyone. Not even close to being finished.

Jackson: That's right, he doesn't. He just comes out on a regular basis, acts like he hates the world because it fits the mold that you want to believe, and he laughs all the way to the bank. He laughs all the way to the bank because it means he has all you marks fooled.

Boos.

Jackson: Oh please, he has you all fooled and you know it. He has you all fooled because he can pay attention to the real people who have suffered in this business, the real people like me, and try to pass their life experiences off as his own.

All of a sudden, Sean stops pacing and immediately looks at the camera. A direct message to IM Hate.

Jackson: Isn't that right Ian? Like you know anything about hate, or have any reasons to hate. Let me tell you about hate Ian. Hate is what you feel when the heavyweight title is stolen from you. Hate is what you feel when an inept burnout, acting the part of a special referee costs you a high profile match. Matter of fact Ian, hate is what you feel when a piece of crap named Spectre comes in, filled with jealousy, and tries to keep you from being the face of Wrestle UTA. Well Ian, later on tonight, I'm going to show you what hate truly is. Later on tonight, I'm going to step back into this ring and I'm going to show the world what Black Horizon really created....

Sean then steps between and ropes and drops to the floor, just in front of the announce table.

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Jackson: And speaking of Black Horizon, it's finally time to address something revolving around what happened in Miami.

Sean is now looking directly at Jason Blackfront, staring a hole straight through him.

Jackson: So tell me Jason, was it YOU who enabled The Spectre to set up that whole Klondike bar screwjob?

Before Jason has a chance to say anything, Sean cuts him off.

Jackson: Like you would tell the truth. We all know the relationship between you and Spectre, hell he even said it himself that the two of you knew each other well. So it just goes to reason that you would help him to pull off the great Miami screwjob. Well deny it if you want to Blackfront, but I've gone out and found the perfect person to blow this whole conspiracy out of the water....

Sean shifts his attention to the entrance ramp.

Jackson: Ladies and gentlemen....

He extends his free hand towards the ramp, Vanessa clapping her hands in obvious approval.

Jackson: I give to you....

The lights go dim and a spotlight forms on the ramp. Within seconds, a figure emerges from the darkness.

Jackson: EL GRINGO LOCO!!!!

At that moment, an overweight white male steps out into the spotlight, wearing a lucha mask. He is wearing a suit and has a dummies handbook for klondike conspiracies in his left hand. He also has a mic in his right hand as EGL begins to speak.

EGL: BIIIIIIIIIIIIINEVENIIIIIIIIIIIIIDOS Charlotte, North Carolina. I am El Gringo Loco and I'm here to address the blatant disregard of Wrestle UTA, and most importantly YOU Jason Blackfront, for YOUR part in this travesty that took place against Sean Jackson at Black Horizon.

Jason Blackfront can only shake his head, he knows that he had nothing to do with Black Horizon. But with Sean Jackson standing in front of him, it's best that he just doesn't say anything.

EGL: Don't bother denying it Blackfront, we all know that The Spectre had his amigos helping him. But El Gringo Loco is now here and I'm quite sure that Johnny Cochran will be calling me soon in order to help with this DOS BARES KLONDIQUISTADORES.

EGL makes his way up the steps, and enters the ring, even though Sean Jackson is standing in front of the

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announce table, directly in front of Jason Blackfront.

EGL: Now then, just because I'm neck deep in investigating the IRS scandal. Just because I'm knee deep in the Benghazi investigation, and even though I'll be hunting with Dick Cheney....

EGL quickly stops himself. Maybe hunting with Dick Cheney isn't such a good idea.

EGL: Err, I meant interviewing interns for Bill Clinton. Doesn't mean that I have no time for the crime committed against humanity, in which this honorable man....

EGL points down towards Sean Jackson, causing the fans to erupt into boos. However, El Gringo Loco mistakes this as the fans booing Jason Blackfront.

EGL: Sean Jackson, the Pancho Villa of Wrestle UTA, had his belt stolen from him by a thief. A thief named Ian Hate...

Vanessa steps forward and whispers something in his ear.

EGL: That's what I said, The Spectre. Who was in cahoots with a man named Madman Szalinski, who broke the law and should be detained at the Gitmo detention center in Cuba.

EGL holds up his book, flashing it towards the fans at ringside.

EGL: I will be looking into the Geneva Convention, and believe me. By the time my investigation is over, I WILL have all the answers that we need in order to get justice for Trayvon....

Again, Vanessa whispers something in EGL's ear.

EGL: That's what I said. Justice for Sean Jackson. So if you had anything to do with this injustice, understand that El Gringo Loco is coming for you.

EGL again thrusts his hands into the air, letting the mic fall from his hand. As he stands there in all his glory, he doesn't realize that the static echo that usually accompanies the end of Sean Jackson's segments in the ring doesn't happen. The segment ends with a glaring Sean Jackson politely setting the mic down on the announce table in front of Jason Blackfront and then stepping towards the back. As Vanessa begins to step through the ropes as well, El Gringo Loco too makes his way to the ropes where the scene shifts backstage.

J Stevenson Debuts with UTA

Jamie Swayers is standing by. Dressed in a fine Italian suit, he holds a microphone. He's taken a liking to the

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Interview position with United Toughness Alliance.

Swayers: Hello, one and all. Welcome. Tonight, I will be interview one of the newest UTA signings, J Stevenson, the Human Highlight Reel.

Behind him a TV screen comes to life with a live feed of Stevenson, who's sitting at home in Philadelphia after a brief medical incident earlier in the week. Stevenson wears a plain black -shirt. That's all we can see as he's seated at his kitchen table. A glass of water to his left.

Swayers: Mr. Stevenson, allow me be one of the first to welcome you to the UTA Family. Can you elaborate on your condition following your last wrestling appearance?

Stevenson takes a drink from his glass and puts it back on the table. He is ready to answer.

Stevenson: I have been medically cleared by not only the doctors in New York but also my personal physician. It's believed I over worked myself in my first match back.

Swayers: I, for one, hope that's all it is. We cannot wait to see you in action here in the UTA.

Stevenson: I look forward to it. It'll be a unique challenge to prove myself at this stage of my career.

Swayers: It always is. The struggle to stay relevant is nothing new in this business. Do you have any specific plans for your time in the UTA?

Stevenson: There are nothing but possibilities moving forward. I'm no stranger to big stages and I hope the UTA will deliver another one for me to conquer.

Swayers: Strong words, Mr. Stevenson. Given your track record it seems like you'll follow them up them up nicely.

Stevenson simply nods.

Swayers: Perhaps before we cut things short, you can elaborate on the phone call you took last Wednesday Night on that other program?

Stevenson: It was troubling news, I think that much was clear. But it's an entirely personal issue at this point that I don't feel comfortable discussing publicly. I hope people can understand that.

Swayers nods his head.

Swayers: Mr. Stevenson, I hope you have a great run in the UTA. We cannot wait to see you in the ring.

Stevenson: Thank you.

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We head into a commercial break.

As we return to the stage, *Hysteria* by Muse starts to play as the crowd starts to rumble. From behind the curtains come Tobias Devereux, De Cajun Sensation, like you didn't know!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

Tobias Devereux tips his hat towards the crowd despite the mixed reaction before sprinting towards the ring and sliding under the bottom rope. He slides all the way to the center of the ring and looks around at the crowd before popping up to his feet. He goes from corner to corner to taunt at the fans and jaw jack at a few in the front rows.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and eighty five pounds... TOBIAS... DEVEREUXXXXX!!!

He eventually gets into his corner and takes of his trench and fedora sitting both in the corner. He stretches out a bit while he awaits the bell.

Blackfront: The first of three matches tonight in the second round of the Ring King tournament is about to begin.

Announcer: His opponent... hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

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

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

Blackfront: Lets take a look at the remaining Ring King matches, which will kick off with this one.

Blackfront: Still to come tonight in this quarter final round we will see Dan Benson take on Xander Hayes and Yoshii go against La Flama Blanca.

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Ace: Well, we know this match is a strap match, I wonder what the other two Ring king matches will be?!

In the ring, the referee is securing the strap to the competitor's arms.

Blackfront: We'll find out soon. For now, let us take a look at what we should expect in this match up. Both men are attached together by a leather strap that stretches the entire width of the ring. In order to win the match, you must touch all four of the corner post in succession without being interrupted.

Ace: That strap is unforgiving and of course, can and probably will be used as a weapon.

The referee checks the strap one more time before calling for the bell.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Both men stand in opposite corners with the strap pulled tight as they both try and get into a position to anchor themselves.

Blackfront: Both men pulling back on the strap, trying to find the right spot to overpower their opponent.

Tobias Devereux wraps a bit of the strap around his wrist, stepping closing. Abdul Ahad does the same thing.

Blackfront: Devereux pulling on the strap, inching toward Abdul Ahad who is holding his ground. Devereux takes off!

Tobias, strap and all, rushes Abdul Ahad. He meets him with several forearm smashes to the face.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad pushes Devereux off of him. Tobias right back with a swift kick to the side of the legs of Abdul Ahad.

Ace: Tobias Devereux is on a mission tonight! No one expected him to make it to the quarter finals, and now here he is. One step closer to becoming UTA Champion.

Blackfront: Another series of forearm shots to the face of Abdul Ahad. Ahad now pushes Devereux back and hard into the corner post.

Abdul runs toward Tobias Devereux.

Blackfront: Devereux out of the corner with an elbow to Abdul Ahad's face!

Abdul Ahad is sent twisting around and stumbling away from Tobias Devereux. Devereux jets forward. However, Abdul turns, sees him, and brings his elbow back to smash Devereux in the face.

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Blackfront: Tobias Devereux sent to the mat by Abdul Ahad!

Abdul ignores Tobias, confidently walking over and slapping the top of the first turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad looking to go ahead and end this one right here as he heads toward the next turnbuckle.

Ace: Can you imagine if he hit all four after just an elbow smash?

Abdul Ahad slaps the second turnbuckle. Tobias Devereux gets to a knee then springs up, running toward Abdul Ahad. He leaps up, his left foot landing on the first rope as his right leg comes up into Abdul's gut. As he hits, Tobias wraps his arm around Abdul's head.

Blackfront: Going for...

Abdul Ahad just shoves Tobias Devereux off of him and to the mat.

Blackfront: ... and rejected.

Abdul Ahad runs toward Tobias Devereux. He leaps up and comes down with both knees. however, Tobias rolls out of the way and up to his feet.

Blackfront: Denied. Tobias Devereux now using this to his advantage as he quickly spins around and kicks Abdul Ahad across the chest. Another swift kick sends Abdul Ahad to his hands and knees.

Tobias Devereux takes a couple steps back and slaps the turnbuckle. He heads over and slaps the second one with force as Abdul Ahad begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Two of four turnbuckles down. Abdul Ahad on his feet. He yanks the strap, pulling Tobias Devereux across the ring.

As Tobias runs, Abdul sidesteps and gives him an added shove to send Devereux into the corner. Devereux hits so hard he stumbles back out toward Abdul Ahad, who quickly steps forward and wraps his arm around Tobia's neck, and hooks his leg before lifting.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux right into a fisherman's suplex by Abdul Ahad.

Ace: Now, all Abdul Ahad has to do is touch all four corners and this one is over.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux may be down for the count on this one as Abdul Ahad slaps the turnbuckle, heading for the next. If he tags all four turnbuckles in succession without being interrupted, this one is over and he continues to the semi-final round of the Ring King tournament.

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Abdul looks at Tobias Devereux to see he is still down and starts toward the third turnbuckle.

Ace: Yea, this one is over. It shows that Tobias Devereux's win on the last show was a fluke.

As Abdul slaps the third turnbuckle he begins for the fourth.

Blackfront: Just a matter of seconds and this match.. NO!

As he raises his hand to tag the last turnbuckle, Abdul Ahad is yanked back har by Tobias Devereux who is now on his knees.

Blackfront: Devereux pulling with everything he has to keep Ahad from that final turnbuckle!

He pulls hard, Abdul Ahad heads toward him. tobias Devereux gets to his feet, side steps Abdul and wraps the strap around his neck. Standing behind him, Tobias pulls tight, choking Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux using that strap as a weapon, attempting to choke out Abdul Ahad.

Ace: If he is able to, all he will need to do is tag the turnbuckles and call this one a night!

Tobias loosens up, allowing Abdul to fall to the mat where he holds his neck, gasping for air. Tobias wraps the strap around his hand a bit more before coming forward, lifting it, and bringing it down across Abdul's back.

Blackfront: OH! That strap cutting across the back of Abdul Ahad. That does not feel good.

Ace: He's whipping him like a red headed step child!

Blackfront: Multiple lashes across the back of Abdul Ahad. You have to think that in the back, Chance Von Crank is watching this and smiling.

Tobias confidently walks back and slaps the first turnbuckle, heading toward the second. The fans begin to boo him as he tags it.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux looks to once again score an upset victory!

Ace: He just tagged the third. One more and he advances!

Abdul Ahad rolls to the edge of the ring and slides out. As he does, Tobias Devereux is violently pulled back and to the mat.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad using that strap to stop Tobias Devereux. he is now on the outside of the ring yanking Devereux across the mat.

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Abdul struggles, but is able to pull Tobias under the bottom rope. His head lays just outside of the ring as Abdul comes forward with an elbow to the forehead.

Blackfront: That's got to hurt!

Abdul Ahad grabs Tobias Devereux's head and yanks him outside of the ring and to the floor.

Ace: What is he doing? You need your opponent in the ring with you if you plan on touching the turnbuckles!

Abdul climbs to the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad on the apron, he's... walking tot he turnbuckle! He just tagged the first one from outside of the ring.

Ace: Can he do that?

Blackfront: I don't see why not Tommy.

Abdul turns, and pulls Tobias, who is on one foot. He yanks until Devereux stumbles up and forward. Abdul crosses around the outside of the corner post and heads around the ring ont he apron still. As he gets to the length of the strap, he pulls hard agan.

Blackfront: Devereux being yanks around the ring by that strap!

Tobias stumbles forward and to the other side of the ring just enough for Abdul to slap the secon turnbuckle.

Blackfront: That's two!

Abdul, begins to pull on the strap, pulling Tobias up and forward before he drops to the edge of the apron and rols into the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad back in the ring, and on his knees. He pulls the leather strap.

Tobias is pulled to the edge of the ring. Abdul continues to yanks, pulling Devereux's arm into the ring. He gets up and walks over, grabbing it.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad now yanking Devereux from the floor and back into the ring from the outside.

As Tobias is pulled in, Abdul grabs him, lifting his opponent up.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad dragging Tobias Devereux along with him as he slaps the third turnbuckle!

Ace: If Tobias wants to win this, he needs to stop Abdul now!

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Abdul lets Tobias drop and quickly goes for the fourth and final turnbuckle. Tobias grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux to his feet. He runs toward Abdul!

Abdul turns around, seeing Tobias. He bends down, lifting Devereux up and over.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux sent up and over Abdul, and to the mat!

Abdul Ahad turns and leaps, his arm outreached as he slaps the fourth and final turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He's done it Abdul Ahad has tagged the final turnbuckle!

The bell begins to ring. Abdul drops to his knees and raises his arms to celebrate.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad moves on to the semi final round of the Ring King tournament!

We head to commercial break.

100% Business

As we come back from commercial and right away on the large screen, La Flama Blanca appears. The fans go wild with screams and cheers as La Flama Blanca turns to face the camera and the UTA Universe.

La Flama Blanca: CHICANOS!!

The North Carolina fans stand on their feet and cheer the UTA star.

The cameras go from shooting the screen by ringside to the backstage area live with La Flama Blanca. The fans quiet down as Blanca continues on.

La Flama Blanca: Another Wrestleshow and once again, another Ring King Tournament match. First, it was IM Hate and I came out the victor. With all the pandemonium I still walked away with the win. Tonight, Yoshii is the next up on the hit list.

The camera pans out to reveal Flama Blanca wearing his "I'm In and You're Effin Out" T-Shirt. He is standing in front of a blue and black UTA backdrop.

La Flama Blanca: Since day one I've been here to show the world just who I am and what I'm all about. Kicking ass, speaking the truth and crossing names off my shit list. It's not personal... it's 100% business. I'm

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in it to win it baby.

Flama Blanca looks up to the ceiling and back towards the camera.

La Flama Blanca: Beat Nuts like Perfection want to be where I am right now, The Ring King Tournament. Guys who abandoned the company like Scotty Addams crawl back and ask for an underserved shot to be Ring King. This is where the whole business wants to be, in my shoes.

Flama Blanca chuckles and backs away from the camera.

La Flama Blanca: They all want, what I am fighting for. They want to be handed a shot, take the easy road to the crown. Unlike these ass clowns, I have had to earn it each step of the way. This is my time. Show after show, I back it up all the talk.

He closes his eyes and shakes his head.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight, is no different. My opponent is a man weighing in over Three Hundred pounds than me. A man who would lose a race to a snail and a turtle. A Five Hundred plus pound puppet with a four eyed joke of a manager. Dye, you and Yoshii don't scare me and you never will. Unless you walk out of the bathroom as I'm walking in. Uhhh gives me the chills just thinking about it.

Flama Blanca shakes his body as the fans laugh.

La Flama Blanca: To me, you two are just a nerd and a fat guy in a diaper. You are standing in my way, one match away from a showdown with CBR. One more match away from my shot at the UTA World Title.

The camera cuts back into a close up of La Flama Blanca.

La Flama Blanca: While you two have been losing match after match. Losing the Internet Title, I've been kicking asses, cashing checks and kissing bitches. No matter what the stipulation is tonight, I will come out on top.

Blanca pauses and chooses his next words carefully.

La Flama Blanca: Let's see if you have what it takes Yoshii. Will tonight be the end of my winning streak? Do you have what it takes to walk into the ring here in North Carolina and leave with the win?

Flama Blanca waves his finger from side to side.

La Flama Blanca: Not a chance. Yoshii... Jed... I'll tell you why, I'm gonna tell you. Come closer.

The camera zooms in on Flama Blanca as he pats himself on the chest.

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La Flama Blanca: Because I'm in and...

We cut back to ringside cameras.

Crowd: YOU'RE EFFIN OUT!

Flama Blanca laughs as the fans finish his sentence.. Flama Blanca looks directly into the camera. Pointing his index finger "right" at Yoshii and Jed Dye.

La Flama Blanca: You're effin out.

He walks away from the camera with the UTA backdrop in the middle of the shot. The fans go nuts.

Blackfront: That's a very confident sounding man.

Ace: This guy needs to watch his mouth, there are children watching. What's wrong with him? No class I tell ya.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca definitely is someone who appeals to the Eighteen to Thirty Five male demographic.

Ace: That may be Jason, but someone needs to wash his mouth out with soap. I'd say use hot sauce but he'd probably enjoy that. That's what my mother used to do to me and my brother. Hot sauce, still hate it to this day, Jason.

Blackfront: Let it go, Tommy.

Ace: I can't wait for Yoshii to squash this cockroach like the bug he is. There's a lot of cockroaches in Mexico, Jason.

Blackfront: So I've heard Tommy.

Dan Benson Exposed

Rock Me Amadeus begins to play over the speakers. In the entrance Dan appears and stands there momentarily overlooking the crowd. After he gains their attention he makes his departure to the ring.

Ace: It appears like we are going to have a surprise visit here from Benson tonight. This will be the first time he has been down to the ring to speak.

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Blackfront: Well, I have seen him in other wrestling companies, and when he comes out during the show he is out to either hurt somebody, upset somebody off or make an ass of himself. What would be your pick?

Ace: I would have to go with ass.

When Dan gets in the ring he holds his arms out to revile his bright blue robe. With a mic. already in his hand he begins to speak.

Benson: Charlotte North Carolina, feast your eyes on the BEST!

A chant of *Who are you? Who are you?* Is spoken by the crowd as Benson tries to speak.

Benson: Shut up! You are all nothing but tobacco chewing pickup driving red-neck HICKS!

Blackfront: Ohh it seems the crowd is getting under Benson's skin, now that is something you don't see often.

Benson: It appears there seems to be some jealousy emanating in the locker room as of late. Some of the guys back there are checking out the object that I have beneath my robe. It has gone as far that there have been offers to touch it and feel it's great ridges. As a man, I am very proud of what I have, and quite frankly I don't blame them for one moment. You know something else, the ladies out there drool over what I have, and I can honestly say they can't keep their hands off it.

Ace: What in the world is he getting at?

Benson: Tonight for one time and one time only I will expose myself. You heard it, I am going to let you all feast your eyes on what I have under my robe,

Dan turns his back on the camera and opens his robe wide open for about five seconds or so. He closes his robe and turns to face the camera.

Benson: Now you didn't think I would come out here and show the belt on camera did you? That would be against my contract. I already know back in that locker room Sean Jackson is spitting nails, La Flama Blanca realizes I even have a couple of inches over him.

The crowd starts chanting *WHO ARE YOU!* Louder. Benson pauses.

Benson: You know who I am, I am the legit champ, and tonight you will see me square off against one of VCW's top stars in the King of the Ring Tournament in Xander Hayes.

The camera zooms in on a close up.

Benson: Xander you may be one of the best over there in VCW. But over here in UTA you are about to face

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the best in the world. When the bell sounds it won't matter who we represent, or our past accomplishments are. All that will matter will be the future, and that future is, who will win the King of the Ring and get a shot at UTA gold? Who will move closer to becoming a legend? You best prepare yourself, because the answer may SHOCK YOUR WORLD!

Blackfront: Wow, I can't believe Dan just showed off that belt when the UTA staff made it clear they want nothing to do with it.

Ace: Well Benson did what he does best, he worked around the system, ruffled some feathers. He had his back turned on the camera, never showed off logos or mentioned anybody by name so by all right he is in the clear.

Take a Spin

Suddenly as Dan Benson is pulling off his robe and title, Chance Von Crank takes over the big screen.

Crank: Yo Danny... did you forget something?

Blackfront: We still don't know what type of match that Dan Benson will have next against Xander Hayes.

Crank: You forgot it's time to.. take a spin!

Chance Von Crank steps back, revealing the wheel. He grabs a nob and spins it with all of his might as Dan Benson and the fans watch it rotate.

Blackfront: We're about to have the next match determined right here!

As the wheel slows down, everyone watches in silence until it clicks, revealing that Dan Benson will face Xander Hayes in a *Normal Match*. Benson just smirks.

Crank: Well, that's boring.

Blackfront: Dan Benson will face Xander Hayes one on one in a normal match here in just moments.

Ace: Any match against a man that speaks to a headless teddy bear is not normal Jason.

Blackfront: This may be a good thing as neither Benson nor Xander have to worry about being prepared for anything out of the ordinary.

Ace: It is a plus. Especially when coming into an event like tonight you have no idea what to expect.

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The lights go out as the giant screen lights up with a headless Teddy bear fills the screen as the neon green lights start to flash around the arena. then *Dance of the Crazy Pill* by X starts to play. Out walks X wearing his big baggy black cargo pants and a Chicago Cubs jersey that is black and green in color. He's holding a headless Teddy bear with green glow sticks sticking out the bears neck. He then starts to talk to the bear as he nods and makes his way to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now.. From Chicago, Illinois... Standing at five foot nine and weighing in at one hundred and eighty-nine pounds... He is... XANDER... HAYYYEESSSS!!!!

As he slides under the bottom rope he places Teddy in the corner and pulls out the glow sticks as he starts to put on a show for the fans. He then stops and walks to where Teddy is and sit's down and waits for the match to start, talking to Teddy.

Blackfront: One on one action as Wrestleshow marches on right after this commercial break!

As we return from commercial, the match has just begun. Dan Benson and Xander Hayes circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Ace: The crowd is ready for this one.

Blackfront: So far every match has been great tonight, and this one will be no exception.

Dan Benson and Xander Hayes lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. Dan Benson raises Xander's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Hayes drops to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by Dan Benson after the power struggle.

Dan Benson steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Xander Hayes. Hayes goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY Dan Benson! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Ace: That'll make your ears ring.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Dan Benson makes his way over to Xander Hayes and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Dan pulls Hayes to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear Headlock here by Benson.

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Dan wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Xander Hayes as he releases the hold. Xander falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Ace: That's more like it... quick punch there by Dan Benson, and from the looks of Xander Hayes, a stiff one too.

Dan Benson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Xander Hayes.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Dan!

Ace: He has to stay on him if he plans on winning this match.

Dan Benson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Xander Hayes.

Blackfront: And another!

Dan Benson then scrambles over to Xander Hayes and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by Xander Hayes.

Dan Benson gets to his feet and stomps Xander Hayes several times before bringing him to his feet. Hayes rises with a punch to the face of Dan Benson, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Dan Benson then grabs Xander Hayes by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip here by Dan--No! Reversal.

Dan Benson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Hayes, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by Dan Benson! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: I'm impressed. Dan Benson is really showing his skill set off here against Xander Hayes.

Benson walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Xander.

Blackfront: Dan Benson needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Meanwhile Xander Hayes slowly gets to his feet and as Dan Benson turns around. Hayes charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes with the offense now.

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Ace: Was it worth gloating Dan?

The punches work Dan Benson into the corner, and Xander Hayes switches to stomps, stomping Dan Benson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson caught in that corner now, Xander Hayes stomping away at the gut.

Xander Hayes then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Dan Benson. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes choking Dan Benson now!

Ace: Xander Hayes has said before, he'll do anything to win and it's showing.

The referee counts in the corner causing Xander Hayes to bring his foot down. Dan Benson falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Xander Hayes's face warning him about the choke.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to beat Dan Benson.

Hayes makes his way over to the fallen Dan Benson and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Xander then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes trying to end this one now.

Xander Hayes gets up stands over Dan Benson, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Hayes laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Dan's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes stomping the fingers of Dan Benson now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

Ace: It's a damn good way to establish his dominance in this match.

Dan Benson wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Benson tries to crawl again and again Xander Hayes raises up a boot and brings it down on Dan's digits.

Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of Dan Benson--Xander Hayes is actually enjoying Dan's punishment.

Ace: I think I see Teddy smiling!

Blackfront: Smiling? Teddy is a headless teddy bear...

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Xander Hayes laughs once more before grabbing Dan Benson around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Hayes grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Xander Hayes... off goes Dan.

Benson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Xander Hayes stands with an arm extended. Dan Benson collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Xander Hayes!

Ace: He has full control of this match.

Xander then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Dan over onto his stomach. He straddles Dan's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Dan Benson.

Ace: I don't know how Dan is going to get out of this one.

Hayes wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Dan's face, asking him if would like to submit. Dan Benson cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: Dan Benson in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: I'll give it to him, he just wont give up.

The crowd buzzes as Xander Hayes keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Dan Benson in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with Benson, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Ace: Dan there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

Dan Benson reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Xander's head grabbing his hair.

Ace: AH! Dan Benson with a handful of hair! This punk is vicious... he's going to make Xander Hayes uglier than he already is!

Dan Benson lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Xander Hayes cries out as Dan pulls his hair. He loses his hold as tufts of hair come out.

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Ace: He's done it! And you thought only chicks pull hair...well you're wrong, only chicks and Dan Benson pull hair!

Blackfront: Well, you said in situations like this you have to do anything to win, didn't you?

Ace: Sure did, and Dan Benson just proved that point. He should look at his fingers and make sure none of that green has come off on them.

Xander Hayes releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his head, growing angry.

Ace: And Xander Hayes has realized it... and does not like it! Hey don't worry guy, you can hardly notice the bald spot!

Xander Hayes stomps his way over to Dan Benson, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Hayes stomps him in the small of the back and Dan Benson cries out, going limp.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes letting out a little aggression on Dan Benson now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Ace: He ripped his hair out. That is more than a little bit of aggression.

Xander Hayes stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Dan Benson lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Hayes tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Dan by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Xander brings Dan to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Hayes kicks Dan in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Dan's head to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Xander Hayes after the kick to the gut!

Xander Hayes then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking his leg and pulling Dan into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Blackfront: Pin now by Xander Hayes after that DDT! NO!

Ace: That was a close one Jason, but he still couldn't put Dan Benson away who is giving him one hell of a fight while he can.

The crowd dies down as Xander Hayes turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Hayes pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in

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dismay as Dan Benson slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Dan trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Hayes makes his way over to Dan, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Xander reaches him and Dan Benson rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by Dan Benson, right to the throat of Xander Hayes. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Blackfront: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Hayes reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Dan Benson makes his way out of the corner and grabs Xander by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes stuck in the corner now. . .

Ace: Its time for some retribution.

Dan Benson faces Xander Hayes and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Benson then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Hayes.

Ace: Knife edge chop by Dan Benson! Did you hear that one?!

Dan Benson leans back and chops Xander Hayes once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Ace: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Nature Boy.

Dan Benson chops him a third and final time. Dan Benson steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Hayes.

Blackfront: What a kick by Dan Benson! My God what a shot!

Xander Hayes stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Benson makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes is dead in the ring after that one--but what is Dan doing now?

Ace: Probably taking a risk he should know better than to do.

Benson turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. He perches there, waiting as Hayes slowly tries to get to his feet.

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Blackfront: Dan Benson not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Xander Hayes gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, Dan Benson jumps off the middle rope and catches Hayes in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks!

Ace: I stand corrected. Dan Benson with a hard hitting move there that may give him the win.

Hayes rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. Benson gets to his feet and raises his arms.

Blackfront: That paid off big for Dan Benson who makes his way over to the fallen Xander Hayes and brings him to his feet.

Ace: Benson could be going for a move he calls The Shocker, and if that's the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Blackfront: Yes, that patented cutter.

Benson goes for it and hits the cutter.

Blackfront: There it is! The Shocker!

Xander Hayes is laid out as Dan Benson quickly covers him, hooking the leg. He counts along with each slap of the referee's hand on the mat. As it hits three, the bell begins to ring.

Blackfront: Huge win by Dan Benson as he defeats Xander Hayes!

Ace: Hey Xander.. why didn't Teddy help you?

Blackfront: Maybe because Teddy is.. as I said earlier... a headless teddy bear...

Dan Benson celebrates, almost gloating in the ring.

As the Wheel Spins

We head backstage where Chance Von Crank stands by along side of the Kung Fu Mechanic, Elvis McDonald.

Crank: Look at this... Captain Camel Lover and the Kung Fu Idiot.

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Both men step toward Chance who takes a step back and puts his hands up.

Crank: You lay a finger on me, and the wheel doesn't get spun.

Hussain: You are nothing more than a loud mouth infidel. When I am done with this guy, I will silence you.

Chance rolls his eyes and mocks Abdul bin Hussain.

McDonald: You should really put more focus on being positive Chance.

Crank: Shut up you damn hippie.

He grabs the nob and pulls down, to begin the spin. All three men watch the wheel spin until it begins to slow down, landing on... *Cage Match*.

Crank: Sucks to be you guys. Cage matches are nothing but brutality!

Suddenly, from off screen, Shawn FX enters in the picture. he looks at the wheel.

FX: Cage match huh?

Crank: You.

The two men get face to face.

FX: I saw your little video before the show... You just can't quit running your mouth can you Crank?

Crank: Look who's talking.

cVc shoves Shanw FX, who returns the favor. Both men begin to exchange lefts and rights as Abdul bin Hussain and Elvis McDonald watch.

McDonald: Guys! Guys! You shouldn't be doing this!

Chance grabs Shawn FX's head and directs him to the wheel, slamming him into it causing a loud noise. As Chance steps away, Shawn grabs his head and stumbles to the side.

Hussain: Just like Americans to fight like animals.

Suddenly the wheel of chance begins to lean forward, falling. It lands, slamming hard into the backs of both Abdul bin Hussain and Elvis McDonald. The camera man trips backwards as well, giving us a shot of the ceiling. Suddenly we are switched to a different camera angle showing both Chance Von Crank and Shawn FX looking in horror at the wheel.

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FX: SH..[BEEPED]

Shawn quickly bends down and tries to lift the wheel off of the two.

FX: Help me Crank! Jesus!

Officials run into the scene and start lift the wheel with Shawn FX as Chance Von Crank just stands back watching. They get it moved and we get a shot of both men down.

Stagehand: Get the medics! Quick!

Shawn FX turns to Chance Von Crank.

FX: What is your problem man?

Crank: It was your head that broke the damn wheel!

FX: This isn't over!

Shawn FX storms out of the scene as Chance Von Crank surveys the damage.

Crank: How am I supposed to get the next two match stipulations picked?!

Stagehand: Are you kidding? These guys are hurt!

Medical staff run into the scene as we cut to commercial.

Unfortunate Circumstances

As we return from commercial we come to the commentator booth with Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace standing by.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, as seen before the commercial break the wheel that Chance Von Crank has been spinning tonight was damaged during an altercation between Crank and Shawn FX. Due to unfortunate circumstances, we will not be able to have Abdul bin Hussain and Elvis McDonald compete tonight in what would have been a cage match.

Ace: You've got to wonder if those guys are seriously hurt. That wheel has to weight a couple hundred pounds.

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Blackfront: Both men are in the process of being transported to a local medical facility for observation. If we get any more information before the end of the broadcast we will let you know.

Ace: That leaves the biggest question now.

Blackfront: What's that?

Ace: How will Chance Von Crank determine the next two matches?!

Blackfront: I'm unsure Tommy. I do know when things like this happen. Unplanned things that could potentially result in serious injury, we need to focus more of the well being and safety of the superstars, not match stipulations.

Ace: Speak for yourself Jason. I love randomly chosen matches!

Blackfront: You sometimes show that you are not a very nice person Tommy.

Wheel of Peach

We return to the back where Chance Von Crank is standing over the fallen wheel, his hands on his hips.

Crank: How the hell am I supposed to do this...

He runs his hand through his hair, bewildered and unsure what to do.

RUFF RUFF!

Crank: What the...?

The camera moves back, showing Peach the Puppy coming into the scene.

Crank: Stupid mutt. Did you get out of Blanca's locker room?

Peach: RRRRRR.... BARK BARK!

Crank: Bark your damn self!

Chance steps forward and kicks at Peach, who hops to the side and comes forward biting Chance Von Crank's leg.

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Crank: SON OF A....!!!!

Peach: GRRRRRR!! BARK BARK!

Crank: You little!

He raises his hand and shakes it at Peach who starts sniffing the wheel.

Peach: Ruff Ruff!

Crank: What? You want to pick the next match?

Peach: Bark Bark! Ruff Ruff! Whine!

Crank: Well then do it you stupid dog.

Peach sniffs the wheel some more before stepping on the flat wheel.

Peach: RUFF RUFF!

She begins to walk around the fallen wheel, sniffing as she goes.

Crank: Hurry up. We don't have all night.

Peach finally stops and sits down, covering a choice. Chance looks, but can't make it out.

Crank: Stupid dog move!

He reaches down for peach.

Peach: GRRRRRRRRRR!!!! RUFF!

Crank: DAMN IT MOVE DOG!

Chance grabs for her again but is snipped at.

Crank: You little...

Chance clinches his fist before reach again. This time, Peach gets up and runs under his legs and out of the scene. Chance Von Crank sighs and looks down as the camera focuses on the match Peach had chosen...

Blind Fold Match.

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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.

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: The winner of this match will go on to face CBR on the net Wrestleshow in the semi-final match here in the Ring King tournament!

Ace: How are we going to even have a match?! Both men will be blind folded!

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

As Yoshii and Jed Dye stand in the ring preparing, his music fades.

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca already had a large order in front of him facing Yoshii, but to do it blind folded? I'm unsure how this will go.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Blackfront: in just a few moments both men will be blind folded.

Ace: I know La Flama Blanca pretty well, and trust me.. this isn't the first time he's been blindfolded. Just usually he has to pay for it.

Blackfront: You really have issues Tommy.

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The referee finishes assuring the blindfold he had placed on Yoshii is secure and that he can not see, and then heads to do the same to La Flama Blanca. Yoshii puts his arms out, trying to keep his balance.

Blackfront: The referee putting the blindfold on La Flama Blanca. Once he finishes, we will kick this match off and see who will advance to the semi-final round of the Ring King tournament.

Ace: This will be interesting to say the least.

The referee finishes securing the blindfold. La Flama Blanca stumbles around, walking into the ropes. He jumps backward, surprised as the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Here we go in this semi-main event.

Ace: you know, if La Flama Blanca would have kept his door closed, peach would have never gotten out, and he may have gotten a match where he could at least see. Seems irresponsible to me.

Blackfront: Irresponsible or not, here is where we are.

Inside of the ring, both Yoshii and La Flama Blanca have their hands out reached, slowly making their way around the ring, just barely missing each other.

Blackfront: Before they can really start, they need to find each other.

Yoshii and La Flama Blanca both bump into corner turnbuckles, startling both.

Ace: This is going to be a long night.

Yoshii lets out a loud yell. La Flama Blanca's head shoots up as if he heard what direction it came from. He turns slowly and begins in that direction. However, Yoshii, using the top rope to guide him, begins heading away.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using Yoshii's noise to track him, but he is heading to an empty corner.

La Flama Blanca meets the ropes. He feels around, unable to find Yoshii who is now moving toward the middle of the ring, his arms still out. La Flama Blanca feels around toward the middle of the ring and takes a couple of steps. The fans begin to cheer. He stops and listens to them.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using the crowd to guide him.

Blanca puts one arm out, pointing forward. the fans scream *No*. He slowly moves it to the side until the *No* turns into an explosive *Yes*. La Flama Blanca begins to jump up and down pointing toward Yoshii as the fans scream like crazy.

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Blackfront: La Flama Blanca, blindfold and all, runs toward Yoshii!

Yoshii stumbles away and La Flama Blanca misses. He doesn't slow down, slamming hard into the turnbuckle and bumping backward to the mat, holding his chest.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca just barely missing Yoshii, meets the turnbuckle instead.

Ace: Hitting the corner post is never good, but to blindly do it? That's the worst.

Yoshii turns, still trying to feel for La Flama Blanca. Jed Dye begins to slap the edge of the ring and yelling directions to him.

Blackfront: Jed Dye now trying to direct Yoshii to La Flama Blanca.

Ace: Smart idea by Jed Dye.

Jed Dye keeps yelling, getting more excited as Yoshii gets closer. Finally his foot bumps into La Flama Blanca, startling both men. Blanca quickly rolls away as Yoshii yells BONZAI before taking a few steps back and then running forward and leaping with a huge leg drop that misses completely.

Ace: The ring shook like my windowless van in high school down by the river!

Yoshii holds his bottom in pain as la Flama Blanca feels around, grabbing onto the ropes to pull himself up. Continuing to hold on to them, he begins to wildly kick, hoping to catch Yoshii.

Blackfront: Those wild kicks by La Flama Blanca catching nothing but air.

Jed Dye hits the apron more, yelling as Yoshii begins to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Yoshii back on his feet, once again trying to locate La Flama Blanca who is still wildly kicking in the air.

Ace: You kick long enough, you're eventually going to hit someone.

La Flama Blanca stops kicking and stands, breathing heavy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca, winded from those kicks.

Yoshii, holding the ropes, moves closer to La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: We may finally see these two go at it!

His hand touched the head of La Flama Blanca. Quickly, Yoshii grabs and pulls... La Flama Blanca's

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blindfold off.

Blackfront: Yoshii has inadvertently removed La Flama Blanca's blindfold!

Ace: He did that on purpose!

Yoshii drops the blindfold in terror, unsure what he just grabbed. La Flama Blanca looks around at the crowd, turns and sees Yoshii. He quickly leaps to his feet, runs, and jumps through the air.

Blackfront: SPINNING HEEL KICK CONNECTS!

Yoshii is sent into and over the top rope, crashing to the ground below. Jed Dye jumps back, his face filled with fear and shock. the referee yells at la Flama Blanca that he needs to be re-blindfolded, but La Flama Blanca in the zone runs. he leaps to the top rope and uses it to shoot himself over, landing on top of Yoshii on the outside. the fans begin to scream *Holy Shit! Holy Shit!*

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca forgetting the stipulation and taking a huge high risk move that paid off!

Suddenly the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Wait.. what?!

Ace: That idiot ignored the referee, that's what!

The referee quickly gets out of the ring and runs over to the time keeper table, telling orders at the announcer.

Announcer: Due to disqualification by way of La Flama Blanca continuing after having his blindfold removed... the winner of this match... YOSHIIIIIIII!!!!

Jed Dye umps up and down, almost skipping over to Yoshii who begins to get to his feet while wobbling, removing his blindfold, shocked. La Flama Blanca just sits on his knees, his head hung in disappointment.

Blackfront: It was the heat of the moment for La Flama Blanca. Unaware he needed to stop and allow himself to be blindfolded again, he took a big risk going for the win and it did not work out in his favor.

Ace: Unaware? This buffoon knew it was a blindfold match!

Blackfront: When you're in that ring and your pumped up, things like blindfolds, which you normally do not have in play, is the last thing from your mind Tommy.

Ace: How do you know Jason? I don't see you do any type of wrestling, except maybe with a Doritos bag that wont open.

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La Flama Blanca stands up and just looks at Yoshii and Jed Dye with his hand son his hips. A few moments later he walks forward and extends his hand to Yoshii.

Blackfront: What great showmanship by La Flama Blanca, offering his hand to the winner and the man who will go on to the semi-finals of the Ring King tournament to face the Internet Champion, CBR in two weeks.

Yoshii shakes the hand of La Flama Blanca who then raises Yoshii's arm up in victory.

Blackfront: That folks is the mark of someone who puts their heart into this sport and respects it fully.

Ace: That's the mark of someone weak. He lost the match, he's gone from the running. Pathetic.

Blackfront: You are just too negative tonight Tommy.

La Flama Blanca walks over and slaps the hands of a few front row fans as he makes his way around the ring, allowing Yoshii to have his moment.

We fade into commercial break.

Technology: You Cheap Magical Whore

We return ringside.

Blackfront: Before the main event we have a special treat for you. We will be joined by UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski, via satellite.

We see a shot of Madman Szalinski's office, a makeshift spare bedroom with a desk, computer, and too many wall decorations and posters to count. A clock on the wall with pot leaves for hands stands out. However, Madman Szalinski is nowhere to be seen, only an empty computer chair in front of his monitor.

Blackfront: We're live now...Madman, are you there?

Madman Szalinski walks in, sitting down with a frozen chocolate-covered ice cream bar in his hand (and mouth.) The UTA Championship belt is in his other hand.

Szalinski: I can't believe they put Heath crumbs on top'a Klondike bar...what they gonna think of next? Peach's own website?

Madman wads the wrapper, throwing it over his shoulder.

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Blackfront: Thank you for having us, especially after all that you've been through...

Szalinski: Not a problem. I forgot how stressful being a champion is...

Madman nods at the UTA Championship belt on his lap.

Szalinski: No wonder Sean Jackson lost this thing, man. My phone keeps dying from people calling, wanna talk to the champ...I had to shut it off to do this interview.

Blackfront: And after the incident at Black Horizon, how are you feeling?

Szalinski: Great. Like, REALLY great. Rejuvenated. Reinvigorated. Replenished. Recharged. I literally feel reborn, maybe reincarnated even. I don't feel like I just had a heart attack, or that I was in a coma for two weeks.

Blackfront: What can you tell us? What do you remember?

Szalinski: I don't remember much personally, but I know what happened. It was a long time coming. I've done a lot to my body over the years in and out of the ring. Sooner or later it was going to catch up to me, and now it has.

Blackfront: You don't remember winning the UTA Championship or The Spectre's appearance?

Szalinski: Like I said, I know what happened. I know I choked AbH out in front of everybody. I know Sean Jackson was forced to stand there and watch. And I know that Spectre was the reason why. So while everyone else argues over who is the real NWA champion, I'm sitting over here the real UTA champion.

Blackfront: Are you going to be returning?

Szalinski:hell yes I am.

Blackfront: When?

Szalinski: As soon as I can.

Madman brings the title up to eye level, holding it steady.

Szalinski: I got a title to defend.

The feed cuts out.

Blackfront: We seem to have lost him, but strong words from the champion. Will he be able to defend that title at Ring King? We will know August twenty-fourth, live on pay per view!

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Christmas in June

We move backstage where Chance Von Crank is prying what seems to be the last stipulation marker from a now vacant wheel still on the ground.

Crank: This is stupid.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Valor Championship Wrestling's newest signee, Santa Claus steps into the picture, a giant red bag in hand.

Claus: Now Chance... You want to get moved from the naughty list don't you? Talk like that wont help.

Crank just sighs as he stand sup and drops the final piece into Santa's bag. As Santa begins to shake the bag Crank just stands there.

Crank: Santa huh?

Claus: Yes Chance?

Crank: Nothing. I mean.. it's June.. you know that right?

Claus: Ho! Ho! Ho! It's always Christmas here in the UTA and VCW! Now reach in and pull out a goodie for all the boys and girls at home.

Crank: This is so stupid.

Chance reaches into the open bag and feels around before pulling out one of the cards that had previously been attached to the Wheel of Chance. He looks at it and shows Santa.

Claus: Ho! Ho! Ho! What a wonderful present for all of the kiddies. You're such a good helper elf Chance!

Crank: I'm done. I can't do this.

He flips the card over and shows the camera... 2 out of 3 Falls Match.

Crank: Santa Claus wrestling.. and they say my gimmick is stupid.

He walks off.

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Claus: Ho! Ho! Ho! Back to you guys!

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

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

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

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

As soon as the voice over ends, you hear the voice of Phil Collins start up with...

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

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

Announcer: He stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

[The Mental Rapist]

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

Announcer: The former United Toughness Alliance Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

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

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Blackfront: We found out just moments ago, this main event match will be a two out of three falls match. Sean Jackson looking for a big win tonight after suffering such a crushing loss on the last Wrestleshow.

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark Vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the NWA logo on the front, blood pouring from the bottom. He is also wearing black trunks with gold colored material and outlined in blood red you see "Mental" and on the opposite leg you see "Rapist".

Blackfront: If you're I.M Hate, what is your mind set going into a match against this man?

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

Announcer: His opponent, hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina .

The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays.

*'No more love to purchase
I've invested in myself
You know nothing about me
Keep opinions to yourself
No more complications
Everything's just swell
No more obligations
There's nothing more to tell
Oooo-oooo-ooo
I just want to be alone'*

As the music instantly slams as a hard hitting tune the bald headed kid of hatred walks out with a sleeveless pleather white trench coat on and his father's mask on.

Announcer: Standing at six foot five, and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds.... IAN...
MICHAELS... HAAAATEEEEE

Ian pays no mind to any fans in the arena as he walks down the middle of the isle and leaps onto the apron on his knee and stands to his feet. He wipes off his wrestling shoes on the apron, as he leaps over the top rope and lands into the ring.

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Blackfront: If Ian Michaels Hate can win tonight it may be the biggest win of his career.

Ace: A win over Sean Jackson by anyone is an impressive feat.

He removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume.

Announcer: Joining the announcement team for this match on commentary... he is the United Toughness Alliance Hall of Fame member... THE.... SPECCCTTTTTRREEEEEE!!!!

Blackfront: What? The Spectre apparently will be joining us tonight on commentary for this match.

Ace: Great, just what we need. Another jerk out here.

Blackfront: Are you calling me a jerk?

Depeche Mode's Memphisto begins to play as the lights dim to a low purple and a fog comes out from the back. The Spectre makes his way from the back, laughing sadistically as Sean Jackson complains to the referee that this is not fair. Following him by way of leash, is Johnny the Heyna.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson unhappy that The Spectre will be at ring side. I for one can not blame him.

Ace: Why is he bringing that... thing out here with him?

The Spectre continues, reaching ringside as his music fades out and the lights return to normal. Sean Jackson watches him closely from inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Hall of fame member, The Spectre, joining us here to call this match.

The Spectre sits down and takes his headset. Johnny sitting on the floor next to him.

Spectre: Thanks, Jason. It's extremely rare for me to do color commentary. So consider this another positive thing and a treat for the UTA fans to give them a unique perspective on what's going on. And based on what I know about you and Tommy, probably a better perspective than either of you two could offer.

Ace: Why are you out here? We don't need you to call this.

Spectre: Don't get your panties in a wad, Tommy. I'm not here to take over YOUR job. After all, your skills and reputation as a fiiiiiiine and upstanding, UNBIASED journalist are well known and hehehehehe... "respected" by everyone.

As the referee calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes I.M Hate..

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Hate who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

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Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of I.M Hate. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing him back first into it.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

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

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

Ian Michaels blocks a jab from the former champion and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Blackfront: I heard that you had possibly hurt yourself recently Spectre. How are you doing?

Spectre: Thanks for asking, Jason. Ummm... I'm better. I just overworked my muscles a bit. The thing is... I still have occasional, RANDOM muscle spasms. It's so funny, my arms seem to have a mind of their own and react to stupid comments made by people, or when people make a complete ass of themselves.

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

Blackfront: Heavy chops from Hate here as he continues to work Sean Jackson in this best two out of three falls main event match.

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

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by I.M Hate!

Sean Jackson hits the mat hard. We get a shot of the commentators as Jason looks over at Spectre who seems ill.

Blackfront: You okay, Spectre?

Spectre: Ugh...you guys smell something? UUUUUGHHH!!! Smells like rotten fish that's been sitting out in hunderd degree heat all day long!

Ace: Maybe it's your mangy hyena. When was the last time you bathed that thing?

Spectre looks at Tommy. Suddenly, Spectre's arm knocks over Tommy's drink.

Ace: My diet Pepsi!

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Spectre: Told you those things have a mind of their own.

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

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Ace: That was beautiful.

Spectre: I've seen better.

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

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

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

Blackfront: I.M Hate is not to be taken lightly it seems.

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

Blackfront: Spectre, you and Sean Jackson have a long history.

Spectre: Yes.

Blackfront: What do you think of him really? I mean, since coming into the UTA he has almost dominated every moment.

Spectre: Are you asking me what I think of Sean as a competitor, or as a human being? Two ENTIRELY different things, Jason.

He doesn't give Jason a chance to answer.

Spectre: Look, I am not taking anything away from Sean athletically. He's a truly amazing and gifted competitor. He is among the elite out there today. Where he and I both came from, we were at the top of the ladder. He has been one of those rare individuals than can go toe to toe with yours truly. But some of the decisions Sean has made makes me wonder who is REALLY at the wheel. Who's REALLY wearing the pants in the family? Him... or his BITCH, Vanessa!

Ace: There's really no need to be so hostile out here.

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Spectre: Something wrong, Tommy? Do I make you nervous? If you like I can switch places with Johnny here and HE can sit next to you?

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

Blackfront: I.M Hate lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

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

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

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

Ace: Still in control, I.M Hate is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight.

Spectre: See, Sean should be concentrating on his match with that other dildo in the ring! He knows I know that I am already in his head, but he needs to worry about who's actually in the ring with him right now.

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

Blackfront: I.M Hate stomping Sean Jackson.

Hate quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops.

Ace: He's got him! he's got him!

Blackfront: No! Kickout at two!

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

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

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

Blackfront: Knee to the of the skull by Sean Jackson! He almost took Hate's head off! This game has been called due to darkness!

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Ace: Just like Sean... always using his knees.

Spectre begins to laugh.

Spectre: That was actually pretty good Tommy.

Sean Jackson drops down, covering I.M Hate. The referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: It looks like Sean Jackson will score the first pin fall here in the main event. Just one more and he will leave Wrestleshow with another win.

The bell begins to ring.

Announcer: The winner of the first fall... SEAN... JACKSON!!!!

Blackfront: The match will resume here in just moments as the referee checks on Ian Michaels.

As he does, Sean Jackson leans over the ropes yelling at Spectre, who stays silent.

Blackfront: It looks like we're going to continue. However, Ian Michaels seems a bit out of it.

Ace: Well, he did take a hard shot to the back of the head.

Spectre: Your mother dropped you on the head a few times yourself, didn't she Tommy?

Ace: I don't need to take this kind of abuse.

Blackfront: Doesn't feel so good does it?

The bell sounds to restart the match.

Blackfront: Here we go as Sean Jackson is looking to score a second fall and Ian Michaels is still seeking his first.

They lock up.

Blackfront: Jackson pushing Hate back toward the ropes.

He pushes him into the ropes. Using them, Jackson sends I.M Hate across the ring.

Blackfront: Hate off of the ropes. Into the opposite side... taken down by an arm drag.

Spectre: Dear GOD! What the hell is that God-awful smell? Jesus, Tommy! Did you screw a corpse before

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you came to the show? Are you into necrophilia?

Ace: Hell, no! I am not sick and disturbed like you! And I am NOT into dead people!

Spectre gets up from the commentator's table.

Spectre: Guy's I'm sorry. That smell is making me sick! I can't take it anymore! Any longer, and Tommy will be wearing my dinner! I gotta find out where that disgusting smell is coming from!

Blackfront: Well, folks, looks like Spectre is leaving his post here.

Spectre can be seen carefully and slowly walking around the ringside area, trying to sniff out the source of the bad smell. He soon rounds the corner where Vanessa is standing, whereupon he immediately is overcome by the smell of death and rotten fish. Spectre stumbles back, dry heaving and in search of some container to puke in.

Ace: Look out, Jason! The freak is gonna hurl!!!

Spectre is slumped over the commentator's table, motioning for something. Jason looks behind him on the floor and sees a small Wal-Mart bag. Jason picks it up and shows it to Spectre.

Blackfront: What? You want this?

Spectre nods his head, his cheeks getting puffy as if he is holding in a mouth full of vomit. He then stumbles towards Vanessa with the bag in his hand.

Ace: What does Spectre think he is doing?

Blackfront: Looks like he found the source of the smell and whatever is in that bag, he is going to eradicate that smell.

Ace: He better not lay a hand on Vanessa. Sean will make Spectre pay.

Spectre makes his way over to Vanessa, who is too consumed with Sean's match to notice Spectre approaching. Spectre reaches into the black bag and pulls out...

Ace: FEBREZE?!?!?!?

Spectre slinks over to Vanessa, who is pounding the mat as she cheers Sean Jackson on. Spectre gets on his knees, holding his nose and almost puking. He turns away as he points the Febreze can upward, underneath Vanessa's skirt. The spray ejects from the can, hitting Vanessa's parts, and causing her to jump in the air with a shocked look on her face. She then turns toward Spectre with an extremely angry look on her face. Spectre gets up and skips around the ring, laughing and cackling, as the crowd laughs and cheers him

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on. Spectre stops long enough to grab hold of one of the ringside cameras, shoving his face right into the lens with a big toothy grin, and the can of Febreze pressed against his face.

Spectre: FEBREZE!!! IT'S A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!! HEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!

Spectre continues to skip around the ring.

Ace: Haha! Yeah, very funny Spectre. Everything is a big joke to you! Well, it's not funny to Vanessa, and sure as hell isn't funny to Vanessa.

Spectre makes his way back around to Vanessa, who begins to scream at Spectre. Spectre cracks a grin at Vanessa, and then begins to look at his arm, which begins to twitch.

Blackfront: Uh oh! Spectre's arm might be having muscle spasms again.

Ace: Oh, no! Vanessa doesn't know about Spectre's condition with his arms. Vanessa better be quiet, or Spectre might knock her into next week!

Vanessa continues to scream at Spectre, as Spectre looks at the crowd, BEGGING him to punch Vanessa in the face. Vanessa approaches Spectre, yelling and spitting right in his face. Finally, Spectre puts his hand up in front of Vanessa's face. She suddenly stops, looking at Spectre's hand. Spectre proceeds to palm Vanessa's face, and shove her to the ground hard.

Crowd: YEEEEAAHHHH!!!!

Vanessa sits on the ground, stunned. Johnny the hyena leaves his post and runs over toward Spectre, sniffing Vanessa's crotch as he passes.

Ace: I can't believe it! Spectre shoved a woman to the ground.

Vanessa: All's fair in love and war, Ace. Vanessa isn't exactly the pretty maiden.

Spectre backtracks up the ramp with a huge grin on his face as Vanessa continues to pitch a major fit. Inside the ring, Sean Jackson notices what is going on and heads toward the ropes. However, while he is distracted, I.M Hate comes from behind, rolling him into a pin.

Blackfront: Hate trying to steal a pin fall!

The referee drops, however Jackson quickly kicks out.

Blackfront: Jackson able to kick out. To his feet now, he is heading toward the ropes! I think he's done here! he wants a piece of Spectre!

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I.M Hate gets up and rushes toward Sean Jackson. Jackson sees him on the big screen and steps out of the way. Hate hits the ropes. As he returns, Jackson throws a boot into his gut before grabbing his neck and dropping.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker by Sean Jackson! Very quickly covering Hate.

The referee drops down and begins to count.

Ace: He's just trying to get this over with!

The referee hits three and the bell begins to ring.

Announcer: The winner of the second fall and the match.... SEAN... JACKKKSSSOOONNN!!!!

Jackson waste no time, sliding out of the ring. He quickly checks with Vanessa before screaming for Spectre and jolting toward the ramp and up it, toward the back where Spectre has already left to.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson doesn't care that he just won, he is on a mission.

Ace: I hope when he finds The Spectre he puts a beating on him!

I.M Hate holds his neck as he lays in the ring. As Sean Jackson disappears backstage, the fans get real loud. The camera changes around to show the Internet champion, CBR, coming over the barricade.

Ace: What is he doing here?!

Blackfront: I think he is coming for redemption after Hate attacked him post match at the pay per view several weeks ago!

CBR slides into the ring. With I.M Hate face down, CBR locks his legs around his own, tying up Hate's legs. He bends backwards, foot and ankle keeping the Hate's legs tied painfully, and wraps his arms under Ian's, clasping his hands together and pulling back.

Blackfront: CANADIAN CRADLE! CANADIAN CRADLE!!

CBR keeps the hold locked in for a bit longer before releasing it and standing up over I.M Hate.

Blackfront: At Black Horizon, Ian Michaels Hate stood tall... tonight, CBR has his turn. Will these two collide? Only time will tell. But for tonight, I'm Jason Blackfront...

Ace: ...and I'm Tommy Ace...

Blackfront: Thanking you for tuning in to another exciting episode of Wrestleshow! We'll see you in two

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weeks!

CBR stands on the turnbuckle holding his arm up high as we fade to black.

Show Credits

Match: "WrestleShow 16" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite