

iPPV: #001

January 26, 2014 | Studio

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CARD SUBJECT TO CHANGE

As the time has come, the stream begins to play. However, we are welcomed with nothing more than a black screen displaying the UTA logo. A few moments later we fade into a shot of James Wingate Jr., better known as Matt Fury JR, sitting in front of backdrop.

He stares into the camera with a straight look on his face, almost as he he is dreading what is about to come next.

Wingate: I'm James Wingate, President and CEO of the United Toughness Alliance.

He lets out what almost seems like a sigh before continuing.

Wingate: In our the sports entertainment business, it's easy to get caught up in the moment and lose sight of reality. We tend to forget that our performers are not the supermen they portray on screen, and are real individuals like you, and like me.

He moves ever so slightly, but continues on.

Wingate: I have the unfortunate duty tonight to tell you, the fan, that due to irreconcilable differences on both sides, Shawn Phillips whom is better known as Shawn FX... will not be here tonight.

He pauses.

Wingate: Mr. Phillips has chosen to leave the United Toughness Alliance, breaking his contract and quite frankly letting you, the fan, down.

James pauses again before he continues.

Wingate: It is unfortunate, but as advertised the card is subject to change without notice. As we head into this landmark, historic event tonight there is a void that the departure of Mr. Phillips leaves.

He nods ever so slightly.

Wingate: However, that void will be filled as each and every person performing tonight will step up and give you all of the excitement you have come to expect from the UTA and then some.

He sits back, adjusting his position.

Wingate: I am excited and you should be too as at the end of the night we will crown a new UTA Champion for the first time in many years. The new generation is upon us, and I would like to personally thank each and every one of you for joining us tonight as we push forward. Thank you.

He holds his hands together as we fade to black.

INTRODUCTION

As we have a black screen, the United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out INTRUST Bank Arena in Wichita. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the word *LIVE!* appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

As the camera pans across the screaming fans, we are greeted with several shots of signs that they are holding high.

Shawn FX Let Me Down

Who Will Be Our Hero Now?

Lucius Jones is My Dad!

LOOOOOOOOG

The Guy Behind Me Can't See

I Came to See What's in the Box

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage where our stage is all decked out with UTA paraphernalia.

A series of colorful pyrotechnics arranged along the edge of the stage begin to fire off, followed by a smaller series around the edge of the panels and above. To cap it off, one larger final explosion excites as it fires off from the four corners of the stage. The crowd goes absolutely bonkers.

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Rumor Man Stan sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to the first internet pay-per-view since the United Toughness Alliance has returned.

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Blackfront: Welcome everybody to a HUGE show as we kick off our first internet pay-per-view with the UTA Championship Title Tournament! As always, I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this action packed show is none other than resident WrestleUTA.com [Dirt Sheet](#) disher, Rumor Man Stan!

Stan: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the sold out INTRUST Bank Arena where we will have a champion crowned tonight!

Blackfront: On the edition of WRESTLESHOW two weeks ago we saw the first round of tonight's tournament kick off, seeding the matches you will see tonight as

Stan: Right before the show, we had a special live WRESTLESHOW internet pay-per-view pre-show in which ten superstars battled in an over the top rope battle royal for a chance to enter tonight's tournament in a wild card position.

Blackfront: Yes, Frank Washington won the match by eliminating Abdul bin Hussain to secure his spot in a match against the winner of Drew Stevenson and Chance Von Crank later here tonight.

Stan: I haven't been able to sleep the last week Jason, tonight is what it is all about!

Blackfront: Unfortunately as you all saw before the show went on the air, Shawn FX will not be here tonight. We apologize about the last minute card change as it is out of our control.

Stan: Yes, but to make things right, those who ordered the internet pay-per-view tonight will receive fifty percent off the next one. Watch your email for details.

Blackfront: Well, are you ready Stan?

Stan: I was born ready for tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Well folks, sit back.. relax and enjoy as we bring to you... the United Toughness Alliance Championship Tournament!

The camera slowly pans to the left before fading to the back.

THE BOX: PART 1

We head to a location backstage where a large brown box sits. There are several holes in the top of it, with a label on the side that reads - ATTN: Shawn FX.

Yes, it is THAT box. The box that had been delivered days before the show. The box that was supposed to be revealed tonight, yet wouldn't because Shawn FX is no longer with the company.

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It is the box that you would think he would have thought to take.

We hear a loud huffing sound seconds before Howard King walks into the scene. A look of frustration is on his face as he walks through the hall and past the box. He stops and takes a few steps back, then looks down at the box.

King: What the hell is in this thing?

He kicks the box to no avail. One more minor kick does nothing and King just shrugs.

King: Whatever. I'm glad that guy is gone anyways.

He turns and continues on his way as we pan in closer to the box....

What's in the box?

Blackfront: This next match up could steal the show.

Stan: Both men have been rising here in UTA and both want to leave here tonight World Champion.

Blackfront: Kirk Irving is on his way to the ring right now. The wait is over for this big match.

The lights dim as the menacing horns of "The Spiteful Chant" by Kendrick Lamar echo throughout the arena. Kirk Irving steps out from behind the curtain nodding his head with a confident smirk on his face as the fans give him a nice pop. Kirk makes his way down the ramp interacting with a few fans on the way with handclaps and fist pounds. The Ace slides under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle. Kirk slaps his chest twice and throws up his "Hook 'Em Horns" state hand sign.

Announcer: Introducing first... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred thirty six pounds... Hailing from Houston Texas! He is The Ace! Kirrrkkkk Irving!

Stan: The crowd loves this guy.

Blackfront: He has established himself well here since arriving.

"Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail" plays over the PA as the crowd starts to cheer and the first verse hits.

"You wanna take, take, take, take, take it away from me. Take it away from me. You can't wait, wait, wait, wait, wait till I'm stumbling. Go get carried away."

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The crowds cheers start to get louder and with the song the fans scream out.

"Go!"

EMO walks out on stage jumping up and down as if he was leading a mosh pit trying to get the crowd psyched up.

"And the fears sets in, in an instant. Too much of myself gets exposed. This is where I go at my weakest, When I don't have to be scared to tell the truth."

As he makes his way down the ring he high-fives the fans that have their arms reached out towards the ramp.

"Tend to do my best when everything goes wrong. That's why sad songs make me happy, cause I don't have to feel alone."

EMO slides into the ring and poses for the crowd on the turnbuckle as the song begins to fade out.

Announcer: And his opponent stands five feet eleven inches tall and weighs in at one hundred and eighty five pounds... He hails from Rosewell, Ohio.. HE IS DOOCCCTTOOOORRRR! EMOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: These men are both fan favorites of sorts.

Stan: These two could not be more different. I for one can't wait to see which one of these men move on here tonight.

Blackfront: Both men are ready in the middle of the ring to get this one underway.

The bell rings as the two men circle each other. Dr. EMO suddenly strikes Irving across the forehead with a sharp blow. He continues until he gets Kirk down to one knee. EMO hits the ropes...

Blackfront: Shining Wizard! Nice.

Stan: He nailed him! MD EMO in for the pin!

Blackfront: Quick kick out by Kirk!

Irving maneuvers himself just out of EMO's reach. He flies forward with a forearm smash sending both men to the mat. Irving sits on Dr. EMO's chest clubbing away as the crowd loves it.

Stan: This crowd loves this match. This is one they have been waiting to see.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO with the reversal and a DDT follow up!

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EMO is quick back to his feet. He goes for a super kick but Irving ducks at counters with an atomic drop! Irving follows up with a quick bulldog.

Stan: Kirk is rolling here tonight! He has Irving down again early in this one.

Blackfront: These two men both have something to prove here tonight. This crowd is wild for these two. Northern Lights Suplex! Irving is taking the fight to Doctor EMO!

Irving jumps back to his feet going for a quick pin. Dr. EMO immediately kicks out at one. Both men get to their feet and face off. EMO nails Kirk with a huge drop kick. Dr. EMO hits the corner turnbuckle quickly. The crowd is on they're feet as he jumps to the top turn buckle and dives off.

Stan: Missed! Damn...

Blackfront: Doctor EMO goes for a shooting star press but Irving moves at the last possible second.

EMO twists in the ring while Irving gathers himself.

Blackfront: Irving playing possum has cost EMO big time in this one.

Dr. EMO gets up to one knee still holding his ribs. Irving rushes him with a spear to the ribs that the crowd reacts to immediately.

Stan: Oh boy... That is a game changer.

Blackfront: Despite his best effort at cutting EMO in two pieces, Doctor EMO is a relentless competitor.

Irving goes for the pin.

Blackfront: One.

Stan: Two!

Blackfront: Kick Out! Irving can't believe it.

Irving argues with the referee about the count. Dr. EMO gets back to his feet and attempts to super kick Irving's head off his shoulders. Irving turns right into the kick and both men fall to the mat. The referee begins his count.

Blackfront: That super kick was vicious! Both men are down ladies and gentlemen and the referee's count just hit four.

Stan: Dr. EMO has begun to stir and is attempting to get back to his feet.

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Blackfront: Irving too is now getting back to his feet.

The referee stops the count as the two men face each other once again. They begin striking each other wildly with punches. The crowd is going crazy over this stalemate.

Blackfront: A left then a right jab from Irving only to be hammered with a different combination from Doctor EMO. Both of these men want a chance to be World Champion.

Stan: EMO pushes Irving into the ropes and over the top he goes.

Irving falls to the outside of the ring as Dr. EMO backs up until his back touches the ropes. Kirk gets back to his feet as EMO takes off in Irving's direction. He dives over the ropes and Irving catches him in mid air. He continues EMO's momentum by swinging him over his head and towards the announce crew. Blackfront and Stan jump out of the way.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO has bounced clear across the table and what a near miss for us Stan.

Stan: What a feat of strength shown by Kirk Irving. These two are pulling out all the stops here tonight.

Dr. EMO pops up from behind the desk holding his ribs. Kirk charges him but misses and EMO drives Irving's face into the security barrier. EMO dumps the True Professional on over the barrier and into the crowd. He pursues after Irving in a rage. Irving pops up and blocks a punch from Dr. EMO. He begins jabbing him in the ribs. Dr. EMO hits a sharp elbow to Kirks brow. Dr. EMO realizes the referees count and crosses back over the barrier. He pulls at Irving bringing him across the barrier and rolls him in the ring stopping the count.

Blackfront: Irving is reeling here. Doctor EMO climbs the turnbuckle once again...

Stan: Nails It! EMO has nailed the shooting star press this time he rolls up Irving in a pin!

Blackfront: One! Two!

Stan: Kick Out at Two and a half!

Dr. EMO gets back to his feet and hits the ropes. He attempts a knee smash but Irving counters with a spine buster. Mr. Incredible jumps back to his feet and hooking EMO up for a double arm DDT!

Stan: Kirk Irving is right back in this thing! That DDT was flawless!

Blackfront: Irving has now gotten the upper hand and continues his assault on Doctor EMO.

Stan: EMO is fighting back!

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Dr. EMO rolls onto his back and begins fighting off Irving. Kirk continues his offense but EMO gets to his feet and kicks Irving in the side of the head out of pure desperation. Dr. EMO rushes to the corner and climbs the turnbuckle with encouragement from the crowd. Kirk gets back to his feet and intercepts EMO before he can leap off. Irving climbs up on the middle rope with both feet as he clobbers Dr. EMO in the face. Kirk pulls Dr. EMO to his feet on the top turnbuckle hooking him for a suplex. Irving lifts him up and over leaping backwards off the top turnbuckle. The impact from the suplex shakes the entire ring.

Blackfront: Superplex!!!!

Stan: Irving goes for the pin! ONE! TWO!

Blackfront: Kick Out! Doctor EMO has no quit in him.

Frustration begins to show in Kirk's eyes. Dr. EMO slowly gets to one knee as Irving begins laying into him with shoot kicks. EMO covers his sore ribs only to catch a sharp kick to the head. Irving swings a wild knee but EMO ducks. Irving spins around and EMO spins him back around for a quick jaw breaker. Both men hit the mat breathing heavy.

Stan: These two are putting on a real show here tonight. Someone told them it was balls out or go home and they both took it to heart.

Blackfront: The referee's count has reached five as both men now are getting back up.

Stan: Irving just can't close out Doctor EMO in this match up. Just when you think EMO is done he fights his way back in this one.

Dr. EMO and Kirk make it in time to stop the ref's count. The men slowly circle each other once again as the crowd begins to chant, "EMO Came To Fight". Irving smiles at hearing this. Irving fans hearing this begin a chant of they're own breaks out, "Mr. Incredible!"

Blackfront: The crowd is strongly behind both of these men here tonight.

Stan: Both men have a growing fan base that shows every single show.

The two begin to circle each other as the fans go wild all around them. Dr. EMO rushes Irving who jumps clearing EMO completely. EMO hits the ropes and on the return Irving ducks! Dr. EMO flies through the ropes and out onto the apron. His balance shows impressive as he hops up on the top rope before Irving turns completely around. As Kirk turns he is hit with a diving cross body splash from Dr. EMO. EMO pulls a leg up as they crash to the mat.

Stan: One! Twwwwwo!

Blackfront: Kick Out! Near fall there for Doctor EMO!

Stan: I thought it was all over right there!

Dr. EMO pulls Irving up and slings him into the ropes. Irving hits and on the return tries to avoid EMO but catches a Hurricanrana. The momentum from the hurricanrana sends Irving through the ropes and to the outside of ring. Dr. EMO points to the turnbuckle before climbing to the very top. He leaps off for a EMOSault to the outside of the ring on Irving! *"This is Awesome!"*, responds the crowd.

Stan: Nasty!!! He connected with that and Irving may be hurt!

Blackfront: Dr. EMO is a risk taker and that is just what he did. He nailed Irving on the floor out here and Kirk has yet to move.

Stan: The referee is checking him out.

The referee quickly slides out of the ring to check on both men. Irving is hurt holding his shoulder as EMO gets back to his feet. The referee asks Irving if he can continue and he indicates that he can.

Blackfront: I believe Dr. EMO hit most of his weight on that now weakened shoulder of Irving.

Stan: That was a huge EMOSault and this crowd loved it. The referee calls for the match to continue! Irving has indicated to him that he can in fact continue.

Blackfront: Irving is obviously protecting that left shoulder now.

As soon as the referee indicates for the match to continue, EMO grapples with Kirk. EMO twists his right arm causing him to turn then he slings Irving toward the steel steps. Kirk crashes into the steps bad shoulder first and shrieks from the intense pain.

Stan: Yeah that shoulder is definitely in pain now. Dr. EMO is attempting to put Kirk Irving away here.

Blackfront: Ha, they both have been doing that this entire match. This one will be remembered that's for sure.

Dr. EMO picks up Irving and rolls him onto the apron. Kirk rolls the rest of the way in the ring attempting to gather his bearings. Dr. EMO slides in the ring around the back of a dazed Kirk Irving. Irving gets to his feet dazed but grabs his shoulder. Dr. EMO runs at him from behind but Irving spins his feet as EMO rushes past. Kirk in a last dash effort hooks in a picture perfect rear naked choke!

Stan: Uh-Oh. Don't count Kirk out yet! EMO may be fading here!

Blackfront: Irving has a rear naked choke locked in and has taken this fight to the mat. Doctor EMO is flapping his arms around in every direction for a rope. The referee is watching this close.

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Dr. EMO's arms are moving wildly in every direction. Kirk continues to lock in the move more and more with every movement from EMO his hold tightens. The referee is now right in the Doctor's face looking for any life as he stops flopping his arms about. The referee lifts his arm as the crowd begins to chant, "Doctor! Doctor!". Irving applies more and more pressure attempting to leave Dr. EMO unconscious. The referee drops his hand and then picks it up off the mat again but EMO responds snatching his hand from the referee. He rolls around attempting to pry the left arm of Irving from around his neck. The Doctor rolls again, finally prying the weak left arm and shoulder loose from around him.

Blackfront: He has escaped! Dr. EMO Is still alive!

Stan: He looked like a goner there for a minute, what a match this has been. AMAZING!

Dr. EMO catches his second wind as he hits a drop kick on Kirk sending him to the mat. Irving gets back to his feet dazed and catches a forearm smash sending him back to the mat. He continues to get back up to the dismay of Dr. EMO.

Stan: Wow what a fight! Both of these men have put up such a valiant effort here tonight.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO goes for an Irish whip but Irving counters with a Irish whip of his own into the corner!

EMO hits back first in the corner. Kirk dashes toward EMO going for a spear in the corner. The Doctor at the last possible second ducks out of the way! Irving goes through the turnbuckle nailing his hurt left shoulder against the ring post.

Stan: What an impact! I bet Mr. Incredible doesn't feel so incredible after that!

Blackfront: We could feel that impact over here at the announce table. That shoulder has taken a real beating.

Dr. EMO creeps up behind Irving still tangled in the turnbuckle. He rolls him up putting all his weight against the hurt left shoulder of Irving. The referee goes to the mat for the count

Blackfront One! Two! Thrrrrrrr--- KICK OUT!

Stan: This crowd has lost it. These men have thrown everything at each other here tonight. Hashtag EMOSault is trending worldwide!

The referee breaks up Dr. EMO and Kirk Irving as they face off once more face-to-face. Irving holds his shoulder that may be out of place. EMO looks to continue his offense as he circles Irving once more with his ribs more than bothering him at this point.

Blackfront: These two warriors have impressed me tonight.

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Stan: This is how you make a name for yourself in this business. These two are not leaving anything out there its balls to the wall!

The two men finally meet in the middle of the ring to grapple. Irving begins to get the upper hand and catches a sharp knee to the ribs from The Doctor. Kirk bends from the shot and is hooked for a suplex. Dr. EMO picks him straight up in the air and holds him for a brief moment. The Doctor flips Mr. Incredible on over with harsh impact.

Blackfront: Big time suplex from Doctor EMO! He is softening him up here.

Stan: Never count out The Ace.

Dr. EMO continues his onslaught slapping on an arm bar on Irving's weakened left arm. Irving continues to strike at EMO's sore ribs with his free arm until he is free.

Blackfront: There won't be anything left of either of these two if this doesn't end before long.

Stan: They both want the same thing! To move on! To grasp a dream come true by becoming the Champion here tonight!

Irving gets to his feet obviously still dazed. Dr. EMO jumps flat off his back to his feet with the crowd firmly behind him now. EMO goes for the UberKick! Irving ducks it once more and attempts to grapple EMO from behind. The Doctor spins and pushes Irving away from him. Irving turns around right into an UBERKICK!!

Stan: UBER KICK!

Blackfront: THE DOCTOR HAS HIM HOOKED FOR THE FRONT FLIP PILEDRIVER!!

Dr. EMO sighs briefly before performing the Panik Attack! Kirk Irving hits the mat as EMO rushes in for the pin.

Blackfront: One!

Stan: Two! THREEEEEE! THE DOCTOR MOVES ON!

Blackfront: What a match! This will be an instant classic. Wow, Doctor EMO keeps the dream alive winning this one with Panik Attack!

Dr. EMO stumbles to his feet slightly holding his ribs. Medical staff rushes in the ring checking on Irving's shoulder. The referee holds up The Doctor's hand in victory.

Stan: Dr. EMO will move on now in the World Championship tournament. What an effort on Irving's part though! Both of these men came to fight tonight and they just proved it.

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Announcer: And your winner by way of pinfall... At twenty-seven minutes and thirty-three seconds is DOOOCCCTTTOOOORRR EMOOOOOOOO!!! He advances to the next round!

Blackfront: Doctor EMO could win the whole damn thing.

Stan: We will see! We will see! What a night!

DO WORK, WIN TITLES

Jamie Sawyers is standing in the back with Brez, who is obviously ready for his match as he his pacing back and forward.

Sawyers: Brez, tonight you face Scotty Addams in the second round of the tournament. Do you have a game plan on how to beat Addams?

Jamie puts the microphone to Brez's face as he stops and stares at him. Brez leans in before replying.

Brez: Do work... Win titles...

Brez turns and walks out of the scene as Jamie Sawyers looks at the camera and shrugs his arms.

Sawyers: As always,a man of very few words... Brez.

He sighs and drops his arms to the side of him, impatiently waiting for the segment to end as we fade away.

THE BOX: PART 2

We return to the box. You know, the same giant brown box with holes in the top that was left by a careless man scorn. The box remains, untouched other than Howard King's kicks earlier as Darian Dumont enters the hall.

He nods his head as his iPod plays in his ears. Like King, Dumont almost passed the box up. But who can pass up a giant box with mystery contents? Dumont takes his ear plugs out and looks at the box with his hands on his waist.

Dumont: I wonder what's in that box...

He leans forward and listens to the box for a few moments. Nothing. Dumont stands back up, shrugs, and places his ear plugs back in before heading back on his way.

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The camera zooms in on it yet again as the entire world wonders...

What's in the box?

THE JOKERS WILD

We fade into a short video promo for The Jokers Wild, as seen on the previous episode of WRESTLESHOW.

Blackfront: Coming up next Brez takes on Scotty Addams.

Stan: This match will determine who moves on in the tournament to face the winner of cVc/Stevenson.

Blackfront: Brez makes his way to the ring.

The E.T. instrumental blasts over the loud speakers. Brez walks out on the stage raising his huge arms high into the air.

Stan: That is one big son of a bitch. They fed him corn, I know that much.

Blackfront: Easy Stan... Brez is a monster in every sense of the word. He just walked past us and the ground shook.

Announcer: This match calls for a winner by pin fall or submission. It is a has a thirty minute time limit and introducing first... Standing six feet six inches tall and weighing in at two hundred and seventy three pounds... HE... IS... BREZZZZZZZ!

Brez stands walks up the steps looking around at the crowd. He slides between the ropes and awaits Addams arrival.

Blackfront: There is a daunting task before Scotty Adams here tonight and it's name is Brez.

"ONE STEP TO FALL!

A loud opening scream hits with "One Step to Fall" by Across the Rain playing and Scotty confidently steps through the curtain wearing a smirk on his face.

Announcer: From Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at Two Hundred and Twenty pounds, "The hooottessst Commmmooooddiittty" Scooootttyyy Aadddddaaammmss!

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Sliding onto the apron, Scotty stands facing the entrance and looking around to all of the fans with a smile before he throws his arms up above his head, crossing them at the wrist to form his 'A' without the dash in the middle. It brings boos from the people and it only makes his smile bigger. Scotty turns around and jumps over the top rope into the ring where he runs and jumps into a corner, throwing his 'A' up again nodding his head to his theme music before jumping down and circling around the ring.

Stan: Scotty Addams appears to be up to the challenge before him here tonight.

Blackfront: Let's get this one started! Winner moves on and a step closer to being crowned the UTA World Champion!

The bell rings as the two men square off in the middle of the ring. Addams goes inside with sharp jabs but is quickly over powered by Brez.

Stan: What is Scotty thinking here attempting to brawl with the big man?

Blackfront: Scotty is a fighter but now Brez is using the middle rope to choke him.

Stan: The referee begins his count warning Brez. He holds it until four!

Brez releases his hold on Addams.

The referee breaks the two men up and Scotty hits the mat holding his throat. Brez rushes him again but catches a sharp punch to the gut. The Hottest Commodity continues punching Brez then turns to sharp kicks as he works the bigger man into the corner.

Stan: Scotty is softening up the big man with those sharp licks.

Brez blocks a kick then grabs a hold of Addams neck. He pushes himself out of the corner and turns Scotty into the corner. Brez lowers his shoulder and begins driving it into the midsection of Addams over and over.

Blackfront: What a counter!

Stan: Brez is using his power to his complete advantage early in this one.

Brez pulls Scotty from the corner and hooks an arm over his head. He lifts him straight up into the air. Addams begins fighting back in mid air. He swings forward driving Brez's head into the mat with a huge counter DDT.

Stan: What a counter!

Blackfront: The Hottest Commodity just drove his skull through the mat with that violent display.

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Stan: Scotty is after the big guy!

Addams gets back to his feet and immediately targets the knees of Brez. He hits on knee as Scotty continues his kicking onslaught. Brez falls forward into the arms of Addams who hits a DDT and goes for the cover.

Blackfront: Quick kick out by Brez! Addams is attempting to keep the fight on the mat.

Stan: Brez is a monster when standing horizontal and Addams knows this.

Addams is suddenly picked up by the brute Brez. He squeezes and shakes Scotty into the bear hug. Scotty holds his head with both free hands everytime Brez applies more pressure. The pain is written across Addams face as Brez continues to tighten the bear hug.

Stan: Reach for the ropes Scotty! REACH!

Blackfront: Brez has him in the middle of the ring now. Addams is in some serious trouble here, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Addams finally gets some leverage moving the little bit he can. He braces leaning back and begins raining down elbows right in Brez's face.

Blackfront: Scotty fights back with those calculated elbow shots... OH!

*****SNAP*****

Brez drops Addams suddenly to the mat. He escapes the ring underneath the bottom rope. The grin across his face is broad as he walks past Stan and Blackfront's desk. Meanwhile in the ring Brez is still holding his broken nose. He cups his hands together over his snout. He twists it quickly snapping it back straight in place. Addams is in awe of this display still circling the ring on the outside.

Stan: The sound his nose made being snapped back in place just now was awful. Brutal.

Blackfront: Addams slides back in the ring!

Scotty gets to his feet and is turned upside down from a huge clothesline from Brez.

Blackfront: Boom! He was turned inside out!

Stan: Brez is not happy about the broken nose. Run Away Scotty!

Brez follows up with a knee to the rib cage! Addams continues his attempt to get back up but catches another huge knee.

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Blackfront: Brez continues his assault. Addams is irish whipped into the ropes and catches a knee on the return to the midsection. The impact flips him completely over Brez's extended knee. Brez falls then hooks a leg for a quick pin!

Stan: One! Two!

Blackfront: Kick Out! Addams is still alive.

Brez gets a hold of the back of Addams head. He brings him back to his feet and Scotty quickly twists his opponent's nose. The pain that shoots to his injured snout brings Brez down to one knee. Scotty taking advantage of the opening backs into the ropes. He lunges forward full force kicking Brez right in the face taking him down violently.

Stan: Never Say Die is living up to that nickname here tonight. Addams came for a fight.

Addams runs to the corner turnbuckle and hops up swiftly to the top turnbuckle. He stands up slowly taking his eye off of Brez for just a brief moment. Brez gets back to his feet and charges the corner. Before Scotty can do anything he is shoved off the top turnbuckle and flying to the outside. He hits the security barrier face first then bounces back flat on his back.

Blackfront: Scotty has landed on the outside here and is still down. Brez is coming after him and he is yet to move after that big spill off the top rope.

Stan: Brez sent him flying out of the ring and face first to the security barrier! Nasty spill!

Brez slides through the ropes and makes his way down the steps. The referee begins to count just as Brez gets Scotty by the hair of the head. Brez pulls Addams towards the ring post. He lifts Scotty up and over his head to throw him into the ring post face first. Scotty slides down Brez's back and pushes him face first instead into the ring post.

Blackfront: Scotty with a nice counter. Brez is down on the outside now as Addams slides back in the ring. He will win if Brez doesn't beat the referee's count.

Stan It's at five!

The referee continues his count as Addams catches his breath in the corner. Brez gets to a knee and shakes his head. The referee count hits eight before it registers to Brez. He slides in the ring then back out as Addams makes a mad dash for him.

Stan: Addams approach has been so calculated thus far in this match. Brez continues using his size advantage at any possible opportunity.

Brez walks up the steps and attempts to enter as Addams makes a dash for him again. Brez shoulder blocks

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him through the ropes then climbs on through. He kicks Addams in the gut causing him to bend. Brez taunts the crowd as he pulls Scotty in for a powerbomb. He lifts Scotty high into the air slamming him back down to earth with a wicked bounce.

Blackfront: What force! That power bomb was brutal. That looked like a felony what we just witnessed.

Stan: Brez hooks a leg!

Blackfront: ONE!

Stan: TWO!!!!!!!!!! SCOTTY!!!!

Blackfront: Kick out! Addams just gets the shoulder up in time. I thought it was all over right there.

Addams gets to his knees and head butts Brez right in the nose. He continues until the referee breaks the two men up. He sends Addams to one corner and Brez the complete opposite one. The referee calls for the match to continue. Addams is the first to strike sliding between Brez's split legs. Brez turns around quickly and Scotty wraps his arms around Brez's neck and falls to the mat on both knees!

Blackfront: What a jaw breaker!

Stan: He has Brez flat on his back again! What is he doing!

Addams climbs to the top turnbuckle and stands up holding his arms high into the air. Brez gets back to his feet but is completely bent over catching his breath. Scotty leaps off the top performing a shooting star press leg drop! He catches Brez perfect across the back of his neck sending him flat to the mat. Addams flips over Brez then goes for a pin!

Stan: One! Two!

Blackfront: Kick out at Two and three quarters! Brez hits the mat with both fists in frustration.

Scotty runs towards Brez but gets clobbered for doing so. Brez begins throwing wild fists at Addams stopping him dead in his tracks.

Stan: He is keeping Addams off of him. He is catching his second wind and this monsters strength has no end.

Blackfront: Brez gets the upper hand and whips Addams into the ropes! He hits the side ropes meeting Scotty in the middle of the ring! WOW!

Stan: Lights Out!

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Brez rolls up Scotty in a pin. The referee counts one but Scotty kicks out before a count of two. Brez becomes frustrated with his opponent at this point. He begins choking Scotty as the referee rushes in warning him. He slams Addams head against the mat. He still has a hold of his head and slams it once more before getting to his feet.

Stan: Brez frustration could cost him this match if he doesn't watch it.

Blackfront: He is completely frustrated with the resilience of Scotty Addams.

Scotty gets back to his feet and ducks a clothesline while pulling the ropes down. Brez misses him completely and tumbles over the ropes and out of the ring. Addams releases the ropes and catches his breath. Meanwhile on the outside Brez is full of frustration. Scotty rushes to the corner and leaps to the top turnbuckle with one swift movement. Brez turns just as he leaps off the top. Brez catches him out of the air. He takes off running toward the ring post full speed carrying Addams in his arms. Brez smashes Scotty between himself and the metal ring post.

Blackfront: Scotty just got smashed.

Stan: Addams went for it all has paid for it dearly right here in front of the announce booth.

The big man continues after Addams. He gets a hold of him by both shoulders and leads him towards the steel ring steps. Brez releases his shoulders to get ahold of the back of his head to slam him face first. Scotty puts out both hands on the steps stopping himself from landing face first. He elbows Brez in the kidneys. Scotty creates enough separation to climb the steps. Brez creeps back up as Addams turns and hooks Brez around the neck and falls back off the steps.

Stan: DDT OFF THE STEPS! BREZ IS DOWN! REPEAT BREZ IS DOWN!

Blackfront: Adams got some major air with that one.

Stan: Addams has lost it! He is on top of Brez on the outside hammering him in the face.

Blackfront: He come for fight! Brez's broken nose has been like a target on his face for Addams to aim at.

Brez balls up his right fist at his side and then swings with all his might at Addams jaw. He hits his mark sending Scotty to the ground. The referee's count is at four as both men stumble to they're feet. Brez elbows Scotty in the back of the head before he gets back in the ring. Brez walks back over to the ropes reaching over them for Addams. Scotty suddenly leaps up on the apron and pulls Brez throat down to the rope. This spring boards him back into the ring flat on his backside as Scotty slides back in the ring.

Stan: Scotty is picking his spots here. He has got the big guy reeling.

Blackfront: He's back to his feet now!

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Brez charges Scotty who goes for a drop kick but misses! Brez picks up Addams and whips him in the corner. He walks over and open hand chops him across the chest. He chops him again and then again. The red marks begin to show as when chops the fourth and fifth time.

Blackfront: Those are some nasty back hand chops!

Stan: They are already starting to bruise.

Addams pokes Brez in both eyes just out of the referee's sight. The reaction from Brez causes the referee to warn Scotty. He hooks Brez for a suplex but he blocks it with his leg. Brez reverses the suplex and hits his own on Addams.

Stan: Great reversal! Brez is in it to win it.

Blackfront: He has had an answer for everything Scotty has thrown at him here tonight.

Scotty stumbles to his feet as Brez hits the ropes. He comes in at Scotty who hits the mat flat suddenly. Brez jumps over him so not to trip. Addams leaps back to his feet and drop kicks Brez in the face as he comes back off the ropes. Brez is taken off his feet completely as Scotty goes in for pin.

Blackfront: One! TWOOOO!

Stan: WHAT!?

Blackfront: Kick Out by Brez that's what.

Brez sits up after kicking out. Addams stands up arguing with the referee. Brez wobbles to his feet obviously shook up. He plants his right foot and then his left. He then focuses in on Scotty. He turns around and Brez is already hitting him in the gut. He bends and Brez kicks him in the side of the knee cap.

Blackfront: Brez is following up here with what looks like another powerbomb! This could be the beginning of the end here.

Stan: Scotty nearly didn't survive that last one. He gets major air with that maneuver and could put Addams through the ring.

Brez lifts him into the air but Scotty begins hitting him in the face. Scotty lands blow and blow while being held high up in the air. Brez loses his balance and Addams rides his shoulders flat to the mat. Addams continues hitting Brez after the violent impact to the mat. Brez fights back from his back.

Stan: WOW! DID YOU SEE THAT?!?

Blackfront: Scotty has turned the tables completely. Brez lost a ton of momentum right there.

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Spinning leg lariat by Addams! He continues to keep his opponent on the mat and off his feet.

Blackfront: Addams is on a roll!

Stan: Brez is getting up!

Brez gets to his feet as Addams dashes for him again. Brez nearly cuts him in half with a spear. Both men are now down.

Stan: This match can't end with a double DQ! GET UP! GET UP!

Blackfront: They both want to move on and creep closer to the World Championship.

Stan: Both men begin to stir... Brez is pushing himself up and Addams has made it to one knee.

Addams intercepts Brez before he can get to his feet and hooks him for the Platinum Driver!

Stan: Platinum Driver! Platinum Driver!

Blackfront: He's going for the pin!

The referee hits the mat and counts one...

Blackfront: TWO!

Stan: Three! Scotty has done it!

Blackfront: Addams has won this after nailing Brez with the Platinum Driver!

Announcer: Winner by way of Pinfall at 26 minutes and forty three seconds is Scotttttyyyy ADDDDAMS! He will continue on to the next round.

Scotty Addams hand is held high by the referee after getting the pinfall victory. The Jokers Wild member looks at Brez one last time before exiting the ring. Stevenson and Washington walk down the ramp to meet him. The three men taunt the crowd and Brez who is still in the ring watching the men walk backwards up the ramp. They mock him as they work the crowd.

Stan: He has done the impossible here tonight. Brez is an impressive competitor and built like a brick shit house.

Blackfront: Now Addams will move on to either face fellow Jokers Wild ally, Drew Stevenson or Chance Von Crank.

Stan: Scotty Adams will move on and keep the dream alive here tonight.

Blackfront: Brez put on a brilliant display but in the end Scotty prevails and will in fact as you say keep the dream alive.

Stan: What if he ends up having to face one of the other Jokers Wild? What do you think would happen if that does happen, Blackfront?

Blackfront: This is for the United Toughness World Championship and you have to leave it all out there tonight. Friendships that have lasted years end at moments notice with such a prize up for grabs. Anything could happen this night.

WHAT'S IN THE BOX?

It's the box. You know the one, we've seen it a few times tonight already. However this time Chance Von Crank and his pint size sidekick are standing next to it just staring.

Midget: What's in the box?

Chance scratches his head.

Crank: Now damn idea.

MVC turns his head to side and looks at it.

Midget: We should open it.

Crank looks over at him like he just had the best idea in the world.

Crank: We should, shouldn't we?

His little buddy shakes his head excitedly. Before they can continue, Al Envy walks through and stops. He stares at Crank who turns toward him.

Crank: Not now.

Al Envy's eyes widen as Chance turns back to the box.

Envy: What did you say?

Crank looks at him again.

Crank: Not.. right... now...

He turns back to the box. MVC's hands shake with excitement.

Envy: We have a score to settle damn it.

Chance Von Crank lets out a very loud and annoyed sounding sigh before turning back to Al Envy.

Crank: Look Al... The little fucker and me.. we're gonna see what's in this damn box that FX wouldn't shut up about.

Crank uses his thumb and points at the box. Envy stretches up and looks over at it.

Crank: You and the Shock 'N' Rolla, well we can settle our differences some other time. But right now, we're opening the box.

Al thinks for a moment.

Envy: Well, I do want to know what's in it.

Crank smirks and nods.

Crank: Thank you.

Before he can get to the box opening Lucius Jones steps into the scene, a woman on each arm. Chance slowly turns his head toward them and squints.

Crank: We're opening FX's box. Before you say anything, can we please.. for the love of God, just open the damn box?

Jones looks at the woman on his right, then the one on his left before looking back at CVC.

Jones: The Doctor and his bitches are down with that.

Crank & Envy: Good!

Chance rubs his hands together but before he can continue Log Habben comes from the other direction.

Crank: Jesus H. Christ.

Habben looks at the odd group of people.

Habben: What are...

Envy: We're opening the box Shawn FX left.

Midget Von Crank shakes his head excitedly in agreement.

Habben: Think there's beer inside?

Everyone turns their heads toward him. A collective groan come sover them.

Chance: That's it damn it! Lets open this thing!

It takes a few moments, but finally the top of the box is opened. The camera can not see the contents as the group of men all bend over and peer in.

Envy: Is that..

Jones: Damn shame...

Habben: I'm going to be sick...

Crank: That was one twisted fuck...

MVC looks the most worried as Chance looks down at him.

Crank: Keep being a little prick and that'll happen to you.

Envy: How long do you think he was in there?

Jones: Damn shame...

Chance Von Crank closes the top back without us getting a chance to actually see the contents, but from their responses, do we really want to? CVC looks around at the mixed crowd and shrugs.

Crank: I'm not touching this thing again. No way are they pinning this on the Razzle Dazzle.

He uses his shirt to wipe down the edges he touched.

Crank: Anyone else hungry?

They all groan as we pan back.

GIRL POWER

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Stan: We are about to see Chance Von Crank and Midget Von Crank Jason.

Blackfront: Crank becomes more vile with each passing day. Some of the remarks he has made recently were uncalled for and brutal in nature towards the entire UTA roster.

Stan: He's not going to change the way he does business because of how one sissy feels about him. He says it all the time.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson is a former World Champion and has nothing but back up backstage. Jokers Wild could make this interesting real quick.

Announcer: Introducing first... hailing from Kansas City and standing 6 feet and two inches tall.. Weighing in at 250 pounds! The Emerald! DREW STEVENSON!

Stan: I believe Stevenson has taken real offense to Cranks comments leading up to this match.

Blackfront: He has every right to be offended. Crank is an habitual line stepper.

The arena lights suddenly just shut off consuming the arena into complete darkness. The sudden engulfing of a massive bright spotlight shines down onto the entry area, the fans try looking through it but it is far too bright to see through it with the naked eye. Suddenly, the public address sound system comes on playing "Hail to the King" by Avenged Sevenfold as the stage is still engulfed in the massive light. After a few seconds, the spotlight begins fading away and the arena lights return to life as there stands Drew Stevenson with his hands on his hips just looking out nodding as these fans boo him, he just begins walking down the aisle sporting his usual attire which consists of dark green wrestling trunks, dark green kneepads, boots and his hands taped up in dark green tape as well. He begins walking down the aisle until he gets down to the ring, he quickly rolls into the ring from under the bottom rope immediately getting back to his feet just pacing the ring simply awaiting for the bell to ring thus getting this match underway.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson is undefeated since arriving here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Stan: So is this man.

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A cocking gun is heard then a loud blast from the barrel can be heard right after.

"Shock N Rolla!"

"Here 2 Show Ya!"

"Cocked Back and Fucking Loaded!"

"Chance Von Crank!"

Cranks theme song blasts through the loud speakers as he struts out on the stage. Chance's robe shines bright in during his pyro's exploding in every direction. The crowd's reaction to Crank is loud and in his face. He walks down the ramp stroking in front of his pelvis mocking the fans with phantom facials. Drew Stevenson watches cVc as he creeps closer to the ring.

Announcer: Introducing now standing at 6 feet four and weighing in at 260 pounds... Hailing from Harlan Kentucky he is the Trailer Park Prodigy, CHANCE VON CRANK!

Chance continues his strut towards the ring insulting the fans with each step he takes. Suddenly Midget Von Crank comes from underneath the ring and jumps up on the apron. Drew Stevenson turns to ward off the taunting midget. Chance rushes the ring dropping his robe before sliding underneath the bottom rope. Midget Von Crank jumps down off the apron and Stevenson turns right into a clubbing clothesline from Chance Von Crank as the bell rings.

Blackfront: It is always a numbers game with Chance Von Crank. He now has Stevenson on the mat as the referee warns Crank about his count.

Stan: Chance Von Crank said he would be the United Toughness Alliance World Champion by the end of this night.

Blackfront: He has to win this one first Stan, Counter by Stevenson!

Drew gets to his feet are sweeping Crank off his feet from the mat. Stevenson picks Crank up and slings him in the corner turnbuckle with violent force. Before Chance falls to the mat after the corner impact to his back, Drew DDT's him nearly out of his boots!

Stan: One..... Two...OHH...

Blackfront: Kick Out! Stevenson with a near fall and Crank is hammering him now with elbows to the face!

The two men roll around on the mat and Chance gets on top and continues his assault with his elbows. Stevenson adjusts and hooks a side arm triangle choke on Crank!

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Blackfront: He's got him! Stevenson has that hold on tight!

Stan: Chance is trying to scoot towards the ropes he reaches for all he has got.

Blackfront: Stevenson's head was cut open in that assault with the elbows from Crank.

Chance finally reaches the ropes breaking the hold. He storms to his feet and ducks a clothesline from Stevenson. He counters with a swinging neck breaker but Stevenson is quick back to his feet as Crank breaths heavy squatted in the corner.

Stan: Crank is so methodical... Just watch him think his next three moves out just before he strikes.

Blackfront: Looks to this announcer as if he has just realized he needs to reevaluate his first impression of Stevenson!

Drew charges Crank and is countered! Crank grabs hold of Stevenson's hand slinging him in the corner then taunts Drew with a pelvis stroke and phantom facial before striking with a big elbow in the corner. Crank straddles him in the corner putting his feet on either side of Stevenson on the middle rope. He back hand chops Stevenson three times in the corner.

"FAP!" "FAP!" "FAP!"

Stan: HAHA!

Crank stops briefly realizing with each chop the crowd chants, "FAP!" He continues to chop the open chest of Drew Stevenson three more times in the corner.

Stan: FAP! FAP! FAP!

Blackfront: That man is vile and disgusting. Stevenson is reeling here as Crank taunts his opponent openly and at will.

Crank turns his back to Stevenson taunting the crowd and is rolled up in a quick pin from behind!

Stan: Quick kick out!

Blackfront: He needs to keep his eyes on a wrestler like Drew Stevenson. He is here for a real reason not to showboat and all that. What is Midget Von Crank's deal out here?

Blackfront is referring to Midget Von Crank who watches the match close sitting on the announce table to do so.

Stan: He's just out here to support CVC, Jason!

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Stevenson gets the upper hand on Crank suddenly with a reversal into a vicious backbreaker. Drew gets back to his feet and begins to stomp Chance Von Crank. He bounces around the ring reaching for the ropes as Stevenson continues to stomp away.

Stan; Growing concerns for Midget Von Crank over here as Stevenson attempts to stomp a mud hole in Chance.

Blackfront: If you like Stevenson or not really doesn't matter here he is the veteran between these two. Crank will get a lesson in respect tonight.

A quick Russian leg sweep from Stevenson sends Crank to the mat hard. cVc gets to his feet slow and pays for it. Drew applies a sleeper hold from behind. Chance struggles in every direction as Stevenson attempts to bring him to the mat.

Blackfront: Stevenson is doing everything he can to get Crank flat on the mat with this sleeper!

Stan: Crank continues to fight to stay on his feet.

Blackfront: Chance has a slight size advantage over Stevenson and he wants this on the mat and so far has made his bed there.

Crank swings wildly attempting to catch a rope to break the hold. Stevenson continues to tighten his hold around cVc's neck. After a brief more wild swings Stevenson gets him to the mat attempting to tap him out.

Stan: Midget Von Crank is hitting the announce table now to will his hero on.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank may be out here. He has not moved since the two men fell to the mat. The referee is there to check Crank.

The referee picks up Chance's hand and drops it to the mat. He then picks it up once again and drops it once more to the mat.

Blackfront: Stevenson may have just knocked off Chance Von Crank!

Stan: No Way!

The referee lifts Chance hand once more. He drops it but before it hits the mat he lifts it high. Midget Von Crank can be seen in the back ground jumping high into the air in celebration. Crank takes his hands and begins attempting to pry Stevenson off of him. cVc rolls around the ring finally breaking the hold and stumbling to his feet and away from Stevenson.

Stan: He broke the hold!

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Blackfront: Chance is retreating from Stevenson quickly here.

Chance rolls out of the ring and hits both hands flat atop the steel steps in frustration. He rolls back in the ring as Stevenson charges. He ducks hits the ropes and bulldogs Drew from behind. Drew is quick back to his feet. Crank wraps his arms around him from him behind and flips him over his head in a violent high impact German suplex. He holds onto Drew and drags him back to his feet never releasing his hold. He swings him over his head again for another vicious German suplex!

Stan: Crank is on the offensive now with these criminal looking German suplexes.

Blackfront: Yet another German suplex! Those are high impact with these two big men. Crank is dragging Stevenson to the corner turnbuckle now.

Chance backs up in the corner climbing to the middle rope. He leaps off elbowing Stevenson across the throat.

Stan: Nasty! Chance may have crushed his windpipe with that elbow drop!

Blackfront: Crank hooks for a pump handle slam...

Stan: RazzleDazzler!!!!

The Jokers Wild suddenly rushes down the ramp and spread out around the ring getting Crank's attention immediately. Frank Washington and Scotty Adams surround the ring. Crank twists Stevenson's arm as Midget Von Crank takes Rumor Man Stan's chair from beneath him. Crank slings Drew into the corner into a distracted referee. Both men hit the man from the impact.

Blackfront: He done that on that purpose!

Stan: I believe you are right. The referee is out and Drew may be as well!

Midget Von Crank rushes the chair to the ring and slides it in. Addams nails him in the face with a boot as he and Washington jump up on the apron. Chance taunts them with the chair. *"Come Get Fucked!"* he exclaims.

Stan: This match has gotten completely out of control. Midget Von Crank is down on the outside after catching a boot to the face from Scotty Addams.

Blackfront: Chance's words have come back to haunt him here tonight.

Addams and Washington keep their distance but slowly move around Crank, who holds the chair, ready, to strike. In the corner, Drew Stevenson begins to use the ropes to pull himself up, stepping over the referee.

Blackfront: It's three on one with both Midget Von Crank and the referee out cold!

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The crowd gets loud as their attention turns to the top of the stage. The camera switches angles, to show the three men in the ring and the UTA commissioner, Kevin Hawk, coming out from the back. He quickly begins heading down the ramp, microphone in hand.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk is out here, hopefully to restore order.

Stan: He promised he would not allow a situation like this to happen tonight, and look where we are.

Hawk: Don't you do it.. Any of you!

Hawk walks up the steps and walks across the apron, standing outside of the ropes in the middle of the ring.

Hawk: I mean it, not one more move by any of you.

Crank yells at the three men circling him like sharks, holding that chair cocked and ready to go. Kevin hawk steps into the ring.

Hawk: I swear, I will throw both of you out of the tournament right here.

He steps up behind Crank and grabs his shoulder. Chance Von Crank turns around; not knowing whom it is and slams the chair hard into Kevin Hawk's head. A look of horror comes across his face as Hawk falls to the mat.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank just knocked our commissioner out cold!

Stan: That's a Hall of Famer Jason! You just don't do that!

Crank drops the chair in shock. As he does, The Jokers Wild makes their move. All three men attack Chance Von Crank with a flurry of lefts and rights, beating him until he is to one knee.

Blackfront: All order has been lost.

Stan: What does this do to Chance Von Crank and Drew Stevenson's shot at the championship title tonight?

Blackfront: They may not be getting one Stan!

Stevenson runs past Crank, hits the ropes and comes back with a boot to his face. Crank falls back to the mat as all three of the men proceed with stomping him.

Blackfront: Crank has fallen to The Jokers Wild. Unlike Shawn FX has had in recent weeks; I do not think anyone will be running down here to save him now.

Stan: That's the price you pay when you talk everyone down like Crank does. Maybe he'll learn his lesson.

Hawk: Bell...

Kevin Hawk has rolled over and trying to talk into the microphone.

Hawk: Ring.. the... bell...

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk is calling this match!

Stan: Oh man, this can't be good for any of these men!

Hawk rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope to the outside, using the apron to hold himself up as The Jokers Wild quit their assault and step toward him, yelling. Kevin raises the microphone up.

Hawk: I warned all of you...

Blackfront: He did, and he was very clear too.

Hawk: Stevenson...

Drew yells at Hawk.

Hawk: You... and Crank....

All three men begin yelling louder as Chance Von Crank is still lying, in pain.

Hawk: Are done. You're both disqualified.

The Jokers Wild stomps and yells as if they had not expected that. The crowd goes insane.

Blackfront: He did it, he actually did it! He has disqualified both men!

Stan: Last time I checked, both of these guys were the top picks to win tonight too!

Hawk: All three of you need to get out of the ring right now, or you two...

Hawk points at Washington and Addams.

Hawk: Will be disqualified too!

The crowd gets even louder as all three men can't believe what they have heard.

Hawk: I warned you damn it!

Blackfront: How does this affect the show?

Stan: Hopefully we will find out soon. I'm just simply amazed at this outcome.

Blackfront: I certainly did not see that coming.

Hawk watches as The Jokers Wild exit the ring. They do not take their eyes off of him as they begin to head toward the stage. Midget Von Crank has now recovered and entered the ring to check on Chance.

Blackfront: What a turn of events.

Stan: Just wait until Chance Von Crank realizes what has happened.

Blackfront: He will not be happy, I tell you that.

Stan: Not at all Jason, not at all.

SOON, HE SHALL ARRIVE

The peaceful sound of a Japanese melody comes over the speakers followed by an image of their flag and foreign text.

???????

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

We move to another area backstage, the same one from earlier as Jamie Sawyers stands with UTA commissioner, Kevin Hawk, in front of a backdrop.

Sawyers: Mr Hawk just a little bit ago you shocked the world when you disqualified both Chance Von Crank and Drew Stevenson. Do you feel like you over reacted?

He reaches forward with the microphone.

Hawk: Over reacted? Really? Jamie, days ago I made it clear that we would have an interruption free night

tonight and that I would not tolerate the antics that have been going on the last couple of months.

He raises his right hand and holds his head as he continues.

Hawk: This isn't the era of The Spawn, and these vicious group attacks have to stop now. I gave everyone a fair warning.

Jamie Sawyers takes the microphone back.

Sawyers: Yes, but Chance Von Crank was only trying to defend himself from The Jokers Wild. Is it fair to disqualify him as well? He did not know you were the one behind him.

Hawk laughs.

Hawk: Really? Fair? It was his associate that introduced the chair into the mix. Crank is just as responsible as The Jokers Wild. I even gave all of them a last chance. Either of the men could have walked away and still had a chance to move forward.

Jamie nods.

Sawyers: How will we continue? With no Shawn FX to face Frank Washington who won the WRESTLESHOW battle royal, and no winner from this match, is it safe to say the winner of the semi-final round will automatically face Frank Washington for the United Toughness Alliance Championship Title?

Kevin shakes his head.

Hawk: No, Frank Washington will not have it that easy. There will be a match and his opponent has been fairly decided.

Sawyers: And who is it Mr. Hawk?

Kevin puts his hand up.

Hawk: No more questions. You will find out when it's time.

Kevin Hawk walks out of the scene as Jamie Sawyers brings the microphone back up.

Sawyers: Well you heard it from the commissioner himself, there will be a second semi-final match tonight as Frank Washington will take on an unknown opponent.

We pan out.

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"*Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail*" plays over the PA as the crowd starts to cheer and the first verse hits.

"*You wanna take, take, take, take, take it away from me. Take it away from me. You can't wait, wait, wait, wait, wait till I'm stumbling. Go get carried away.*"

The crowd cheers start to get louder and with the song the fans scream out.

"Go!"

Dr. EMO walks out on stage jumping up and down as if he was leading a mosh pit trying to get the crowd psyched up.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO sure has the fans pumped up tonight as he comes out to kick off the semi-finals here tonight!

Stan: What a second round this is turning into. First with Shawn FX gone, and now both Chance Von Crank and Drew Stevenson disqualified I just don't know what to think.

Blackfront: The commissioner says there will be another semi-final match, but we do not know who will face Frank Washington yet.

Stan: I'm on pins and needles.

As he makes his way down the ring he high-fives the fans that have their arms reached out towards the ramp.

Announcer: He stands five feet eleven inches tall and weighs in at one hundred and eighty five pounds... He hails from Rosewell, Ohio.. HE IS DRRRRRRRRR! EMOOOOOOOO!

Dr. EMO slides into the ring and poses for the crowd on the turnbuckle as the song begins to fade out.

Blackfront: EMO fought a hard fought match to kick the show off tonight, beating Kirk Irving.

Stan: Irving may have injured himself in that match as well.

Blackfront: Well, hopefully we have more details on his injuries before the night is over.

"ONE STEP TO FALL!"

A loud opening scream hits with "*One Step to Fall*" by Across the Rain playing and Scotty confidently steps through the curtain wearing a smirk on his face.

Announcer: From Chicago, Illinois, is weighing in at Two Hundred and Twenty pounds, "The hooottessst

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Commmoooooooddiittty" Scooootttyyy Aadddddaaammmss!

Blackfront: It will be interesting to see how Drew Stevenson and Frank Washington react if Scotty Addams wins the title tonight.

Stan: I want to see Scotty Addams and Frank Washington in the main event!

Blackfront: It could happen as Frank Washington did win the pre-show Battle Royal on WRESTLESHOW.

Sliding onto the apron, Scotty stands facing the entrance and looking around to all of the fans with a smile before he throws his arms up above his head, crossing them at the wrist to form his 'A' without the dash in the middle. It brings boos from the people and it only makes his smile bigger. Scotty turns around and jumps over the top rope into the ring where he runs and jumps into a corner, throwing his 'A' up again nodding his head to his theme music before jumping down and circling around the ring.

Stan: One of these men could be our next champion!

Blackfront: At the same time, neither could be Stan.

The referee calls for the bell to begin the match and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Both of these men have to be tired already.

Stan: At least they had a chance to rest. The winner of the next match will not get the same luxury, as they will meet either Doctor EMO or Scotty Addams in the main event.

Both men circle before locking up.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams with a weight advantage over Doctor EMO.

Stan: That could play a part in this match if you also figure in that Doctor EMO's first match of the night was nearly half an hour long.

Addams pushes Dr. EMO back, who falls to the mat. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Addams is going to use that advantage.

Stan: You've got to in this situation Jason. You use anything to win.

Scotty Addams walks over, and grabs Dr. EMO as he is getting back to his feet, quickly grasping EMO's pants with his left hand, as he uses his right to grab EMO's head and snap back.

Blackfront: Snap suplex by Scotty Addams!

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The fans boo as Addams quickly covers Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: Quick cover by Addams. EMO kicks out at one.

Stan: That's smart thinking by Addams. Do your damage, and then go for the pin.

Addams rolls over and gets up as Dr. EMO holds his head. Scotty jumps up, coming down with a knee to the face of Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams keeping his offense going.

Stan: Ha! He's going for another pin already Jason!

Blackfront: Another kick out at one. You have to applaud him for trying.

Stan: I tell you, keep on him. It's crunch time here. The winner of this match will have a guaranteed title shot here tonight!

Scotty Addams begins to get up again, now yanking Dr. EMO up by the head as he rises. EMO rocks gently as he is still out of it. Scotty Addams clinches his fist together and hits Dr. EMO in the gut right a right, followed by one from the left.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams now going with just the classic hoss punches to the ribs of Doctor EMO.

Stan: Those ribs have to be sensitive after EMO's match with Kirk Irving earlier tonight.

Scotty Addams slides to the right, grabbing ahold of Dr. EMO's arm and forcing him belly-first to the mat. Using his right arm, Addams grabs Dr. EMO's head and yanks back.

Blackfront: Submission maneuver! If Dr. EMO taps Scotty Addams goes to the main event!

Stan: How can he not submit?!

The fans begin an "EMO, EMO, EMO" chant.

Blackfront: The fans are trying to keep Doctor EMO in this.. But come on. This man has already had over thirty-five minutes in the ring tonight!

Stan: He's going to tap! He's going to tap!

Dr. EMO raises his hand and the referee watches closely. Scotty Addams continues to yank back, applying pressure on the arm and neck of Dr. EMO. EMO's hand goes down but stops before hitting the mat as he instead reaches forward.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO trying to reach that bottom rope.

Stan: He's almost there too!

The crowd gets even louder which seems to push Dr. EMO as he is able to somehow get close enough to touch the bottom rope. The referee begins to tell Addams to break the hold.

Blackfront: Dr. EMO is able to save himself, but how long has he pro-longed his title aspirations?

Stan: Addams isn't letting go though Jason.

Blackfront: he needs to before he gets disqualified like Drew Stevenson did!

Stan: Yes, but Addams played a part in the reason Drew was disqualified in the first place.

Blackfront: That was just a mess of a situation all the way around and I for one believe that Kevin Hawk made the right decision.

Finally Scotty Addams breaks the hold and rolls away from EMO and begins to get up. Dr. EMO moves forward, fully grabbing the bottom rope and using it to pull himself to the edge of the apron.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO trying to gather himself before the next attack by Scotty Addams.

Stan: Too late.

Scotty Addams runs and drops down with a baseball slide, kicking Dr. EMO to the floor outside. The fans let him know how unhappy they are as Addams uses the ropes to pull himself up.

Blackfront: I think Doctor EMO's championship match isn't meant to happen tonight.

Stan: Scotty Addams is a man motivated!

On the outside of the ring, Dr. EMO holds the barrier as he slowly pulls himself to his feet. He is obviously hurting, wincing as he stands. Inside of the ring Scotty Addams gets a crazy look in his eyes.

Blackfront: I don't know if I like that look Stan.

Stan: What is he thinking?

Addams grabs ahold of the top rope with both hands.

Blackfront: I think I know what's coming next!

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Dr. EMO gets up and turns to face the ring in time to see Scotty Addams pull down on the ropes and use them as leverage as he leaps up and over, flying through the air to the outside.

Blackfront: EMO QUICKLY MOVES! HE MOVED!

Stan: TRAINWRECK!

Scotty Addams slams head and shoulder first into the barrier and the fans go berserk. The referee jumps back in shock. EMO stumps a few steps forward and drops to his knees, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams has to be hurt badly! He just has to be!

Stan: He took a high risk and it did not pay off.

The referee begins to count. EMO slowly crawls toward the ring as Scotty Addams lies in a pile next to the barrier, holding the back of his neck and kicking his foot.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO trying to get to the ring. He has to be the referee's count.

Stan: This match has been all Scotty Addams up until his mistake. Can Doctor EMO pull this off without have had any offense?

EMO pulls himself up using the side of the ring, and slowly crawls in under the bottom rope. The referee continues his count, but Scotty Adams doesn't move.

Blackfront: Yea, Addams is hurt Stan. I don't think he's going to be able to continue.

Stan: When you take risk like that, that's exactly what you are doing... taking a risk.

Dr. EMO uses the ropes to pull himself up before resting on them, watching Scotty Addams closely as the referee counts. The fans count along as the referee says nine.

Stan: I think it's over. Yes, it's over Jason!

The referee hits ten and immediately begins to call for the bell. The fans explode. Dr. EMO gets a look of surprise as he almost falls, unable to hold himself up.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO does it! Thanks to Scotty Addams' mistake, Doctor EMO will be going to the main event.

As the bell sounds the fans chant "EMO! EMO EMO!" once again. Dr. EMO holds an arm up to celebrate as his music hits.

Announcer: Your winner, at eleven minutes and thirteen seconds.... DOOOCTTTOOOORRRR....
EMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

LOSING IT

As we switch to the back the camera is following an obviously pissed off Chance Von Crank. Midget Von Crank is behind him, trying to keep up as Chance walks quickly through the back.

Crank: Son of a...

He stops as he comes to a catering table where Irresistible Rachel is standing.

Rachel: Hey, are you..

Crank ignores her, grabbing the bottom edge of the table and flipping it over. Food flies everywhere. Rachel shrieks before running away.

Crank: Where he is he? Where is that mother fucker?!

Chance continues on, stopping long enough to punch the side of a nearby vending machine, causing a can to fall down. As Chance continues on, Midget Von Crank takes a few seconds to reach down and pull the can out before scurrying behind Chance.

Crank: I'm coming for you Drew... I'm fucking coming!

Crank reaches a door that has The Jokers Wild logo on it. He steps back and comes forward with a boot, blasting the door open.

Stevenson: What the fu...

The camera man has to push the door back open as it swings closed on him before entering the room where Chance Von Crank has leaped on top of Drew Stevenson, pounding him with lefts and rights.

Crank: I'll kill you!

Midget Von Crank leaps up and down, cheering him on. Suddenly the room fills up with agents and officials. Kevin hawk burst into the scene.

Hawk: Break it up, break it up!

Both men are pulled away from each other. Midget Von Crank lunges forward and bites the leg of one of the

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referees holding Drew Stevenson. As he lets go, Stevenson leaps forward with a Superman punch landing right into Chance Von Crank's face.

Crank: YOU MOTHER FUCKER!

Stevenson spits at Crank before Midget Von Crank throws the full can of soda at his head, hitting his mark. Stevenson stumbles back, holding his forehead as the little bastard runs toward him, and leaps up landing on his chest, causing Drew to fall back over the bench.

Hawk: I swear to God, I will fire all three of you right now! Break this shit up!

The officials grab Midget Von Crank and Drew Stevenson, holding all three men behind. Hawk points at the door.

Hawk: Get him the hell out of here! And that little one too! NOW!

As the men drag a kicking Crank, you can tell he is as crazed as a lunatic.

Crank: THIS ISN'T OVER!

Stevenson: Anytime you piece of white trash! Anytime!

The camera zooms in on Drew Stevenson whom has a very serious look on his face as the other two are escorted out of the dressing room. A few moments later Scotty Addams enters the room, his head and ribs taped up.

Addams: What the hell happened Drew?

Stevenson: Crank! That's what happened!

Scotty, obviously hurt from his matches grabs Drew by the shoulder.

Addams: Not tonight brother. We'll get him though... we'll get him...

We pan back as the two men share a serious look of agreement.

NEW ARRIVAL

The screen goes black. The words *'In Just a Few Weeks... He Arrives...'* The screen fades to black again before displaying the following reveal video.

As we return ringside, an infographic with Frank Washington and an unknown opponent appears on the screen. A few moments later, the mystery picture fades to show Abdul bin Hussain and the fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk has put the man that Frank Washington eliminated in this match!

Stan: Interesting move, but well played by The Commish.

"Re-Education (Through Labor)" by Rise Against resonates from the PA system as jet of smoke erupts on the stage as the lights dim.

*To the sound of a heartbeat pounding away
To the rhythm of the awful rusty machines
We toss and turn but don't sleep
Each breath we take makes us thieves
Like causes without rebels
Just talk but promise nothing else*

Frank Washington emerges from behind the smoke with his back turned and his arms outstretched wide. He slowly turns around revealing a smirk on his face as he points to himself several times before raising his arm pointing high.

*We crawl on our knees for you
Under a sky no longer blue
We sweat all day long for you
But we sow seeds to see us through
'cause sometimes dreams just don't come true
We wait to reap what we are due*

He lowers his arm and makes his way down the entrance ramp in a slow methodical fashion absorbing the atmosphere of the raucous crowd packing the arena tonight.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, now residing in San Jose, California weighing two hundred and thirty-three pounds... He is the Revolutionary Turncoat.... Frank Washingtonnnnn!!!!!!

Blackfront: Washington defeated nine other men tonight, including the man he will be facing right now to earn his spot here.

Stan: If you asked me, Abdul bin Hussain lucked out with the open spot.

Blackfront: Be that what it may, both of these men have an equal chance to advance right now!

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He then pauses near the end of the ramp, pointing to himself as he can be heard saying *"Looking out for Number One!"* He backs off for a moment before sprinting towards the ring as he slides in under the bottom rope.

*White needles buried in the red
The engine roars and then it gives
But never dies
'cause we don't live
We just survive
On the scraps that you throw away*

Frank Washington then gets up and approaches the turnbuckle as he climbs up on the second rope pausing for a moment as he again soaks in the atmosphere created by the UTA faithful as he outstretches his arms wide to pose. After a few moment's pause he descends the turnbuckle taking his coat off and turns his attention to the ring.

As *"Call to Pray"* by Seether began to blare loudly through the arena, it was eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupted in hatred all at once.

Announcer: Now introducing... Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty two pounds... Hailing from Basra, Iraq he is the Butcher of Basra! Abbbbbdul Bin Hussain!!!

"USA! USA! USA!"

The fans began booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans was deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picked out people in the crowd. As they realized there on the screen they held the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtain at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Blackfront: This man is not liked... at all.

Stan: I'm not sure if it's horrible looks, or his distaste for America, but I agree. This crowd is not having it.

Standing there was Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He was standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah was dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carried the Iraqi flag on a pole. They looked about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Slowly Rafiq walked down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He was actually shown laughing. He reached the ringside and climbed the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah entered the ring.

Blackfront: That Iraqi flag is not helping matters any.

Stan: No, it isn't.

Nazirah exits the ring as the two men prepare for the match to begin. Finally the referee calls for the bell to start the match.

Frank Washington and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Stan: Well the crowd getting a tad rowdy here aren't they Jason?

Blackfront: Well, on one hand you have Jokers Wild member Frank Washington who is proven dastardly, and on the other hand you have Abdul bin Hussain who is the most Anti-American person to ever step into an UTA ring.

Stan: Well, one of these guys will meet Doctor EMO in the main event tonight for the UTA Championship title.

Blackfront: It's going to be either Doctor EMO versus The Jokers Wild, or the USA versus Iraq. Either way, if Doctor EMO loses tonight there very well could be a riot.

Frank Washington and Abdul bin Hussain lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. Frank Washington raises Abdul's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Hussain drops to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by Frank Washington after the power struggle.

Frank Washington steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

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

Stan: That'll make your ears ring.

Blackfront: Both of these men have already put up an epic battle tonight in the WRESTLESHOW pre-show battle royal to earn their way into this match.

Stan: Originally Shawn FX was supposed to meet the winner, Frank Washington in this case, but thanks to FX no longer being in the UTA, and both Stevenson and Crank being disqualified we get what is sure to be an interesting match up.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Frank Washington makes his way over to Abdul bin Hussain and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Frank pulls Hussain to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

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Stan: Rear Headlock here by Frank Washington.

Blackfront: Hopefully Frank learned from Scotty Addams' mistakes in the last match and will keep his efforts simple and focused, not taking high risk.

Frank wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Abdul bin Hussain as he releases the hold. Abdul falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Stan: That's more like it... quick punch there by Frank Washington, and from the looks of Abdul bin Hussain, a stiff one too.

Frank Washington then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Frank!

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

Frank Washington gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: And another!

Stan: These guys from The Jokers Wild are just vicious.

Blackfront: They are like pit bulls.

Frank Washington then scrambles over to Abdul bin Hussain 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 Abdul bin Hussain.

Frank Washington gets to his feet and stomps Abdul bin Hussain several times before bringing him to his feet. Hussain rises with a punch to the face of Frank Washington, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Frank Washington then grabs Abdul bin Hussain by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

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

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

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by Frank Washington! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Stan: I'm impressed.

Washington walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Abdul.

Blackfront: Frank Washington needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Stan: These Jokers Wild guys are a cocky bunch aren't they?

Blackfront: Yea they are and so far it's cost them dearly tonight.

Stan: Maybe it'll be a lesson learned?

Meanwhile Abdul bin Hussain slowly gets to his feet and as Frank Washington turns around. Hussain charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with the offense now.

Stan: Was it worth gloating Frank?

The punches work Frank Washington into the corner, and Abdul bin Hussain switches to stomps, stomping Frank Washington in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Frank Washington caught in that corner now, Abdul bin Hussain stomping away at the gut.

Stan: Hassain using the power that Allah gave him.

Blackfront: Well... I guess. I'm not one to knock another man's religious beliefs.

Abdul bin Hussain then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Frank Washington. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain choking Frank Washington now!

Stan: That big boot of his is cutting off the airflow. Washington could pass out.

The referee counts in the corner causing Abdul bin Hussain to bring his foot down. Frank Washington falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Abdul bin Hussain's face warning him about the choke.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to advance.

Hussain makes his way over to the fallen Frank Washington and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Abdul 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: Abdul bin Hussain trying to end this one now and secure his spot in the main event.

Stan: The longer this match goes, the more winded the winner will be when Doctor EMO gets out here. When you have to wrestle in back to back matches, you try to make sure your first is over as quickly as possible.

Abdul bin Hussain gets up stands over Frank Washington, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Hussain laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Frank's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stomping the fingers of Frank Washington now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

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

Frank Washington wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Washington tries to crawl again and again Abdul bin Hussain raises up a boot and brings it down on Frank's digits.

Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of Frank Washington--Abdul bin Hussain is actually enjoying Frank's punishment.

Stan: This is every day life for Abdul, torturing Americans.

Blackfront: Now Stan, is that called for?

Abdul bin Hussain laughs once more before grabbing Frank Washington around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Hussain grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Abdul bin Hussain... off goes Frank.

Washington hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Abdul bin Hussain stands with an arm extended. Frank Washington collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Abdul bin Hussain!

Stan: He has full control of this match.

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

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Frank

Washington.

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

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

Stan: Frank Washington in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: I'll give it to the guys in The Jokers Wild, they just don't give up.

Stan: They sure don't.

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

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

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

Stan: AH! Frank Washington with a handful of hair! This punk is vicious... he's going to make Abdul bin Hussain uglier than he already is!

Frank Washington lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Abdul bin Hussain cries out as Frank pulls his hair. He loses his hold as tufts of hair come out.

Stan: He's done it! And you thought only chicks pull hair...well you're wrong, only chicks and Frank Washington pull hair!

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

Stan: Sure did, and Frank Washington just proved that point.

Abdul bin Hussain releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his head, growing angry.

Stan: And Abdul bin Hussain has realized it... and does not like it! Hey don't worry guy, you can hardly notice the bald spot!

Abdul bin Hussain stomps his way over to Frank Washington, who has once again crawled onto his belly in

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an effort to reach the ropes. Hussain stomps him in the small of the back and Frank Washington cries out, going limp.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain letting out a little aggression on Frank Washington now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

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

Abdul bin Hussain stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Frank Washington lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Hussain tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Frank by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul brings Frank to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

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

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Abdul bin Hussain after the kick to the gut!

Abdul bin Hussain then turns and covers Frank Washington, hooking his leg and pulling Frank 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 Abdul bin Hussain after that DDT! NO! Abdul bin Hussain almost advanced to the main event after that one.

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

The crowd dies down as Abdul bin Hussain turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Hussain pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in dismay as Frank Washington slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Frank trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Hussain makes his way over to Frank, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Abdul reaches him and Frank Washington rises up with a strike to the throat.

Stan: What a palm strike by Frank Washington, right to the throat of Abdul bin Hussain. 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.

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Hussain reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Frank Washington makes his way out of the corner and grabs Abdul by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain stuck in the corner now. . .

Stan: Its time for some retribution.

Frank Washington faces Abdul bin Hussain and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Washington then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Hussain.

Stan: Knife edge chop by Frank Washington! Did you hear that one?!

Blackfront: Hussain's chest is glowing.

Frank Washington leans back and chops Abdul bin Hussain once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Stan: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Benedict Arnold of Professional Wrestling!

Frank Washington chops him a third and final time. Frank Washington steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Hussain.

Blackfront: What a kick by Frank Washington! My God what a shot!

Abdul bin Hussain stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Washington makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is dead in the ring after that one--but what is Frank doing now?

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

Washington 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 Hussain slowly tries to get to his feet.

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

Stan: Seriously, did he not see where Scotty Addams messed up in the last match? Just stick to the basics Frank.

Abdul bin Hussain gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, Frank Washington jumps off the middle rope and catches Hussain in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks! Frank Washington can already sense the main event

Stan: I stand corrected. Frank Washington with a hard hitting move there that may give him the win.

Hussain rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. Washington gets to his feet and raises his arms.

Blackfront: That paid off big for Frank Washington who makes his way over to the fallen Abdul bin Hussain and brings him to his feet.

Stan: Washington could be going for a move he calls the Royal Flush, and if that's the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Blackfront: Yes, that patented triple German suplex.

Frank Washington hooks Abdul bin Hussain by the head under the arm and then takes his arm and flips it over his head before grabbing Abdul bin Hussain by the tights and lifting him.

Blackfront: No, going for a larger suplex here.

Frank Washington lifts Abdul bin Hussain up and over into the air, but Abdul bin Hussain falls back down and lands on his feet. He then pushes Frank Washington who goes belly first into the ropes. As he comes back, Abdul bin Hussain hooks him around the waist and using his legs lifts him up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Blackfront: German suplex by Abdul bin Hussain!

Stan: Do two more if you want to really rub it in Frank Washington's face!

Frank Washington lies on his side on the mat, grabbing his lower back. Hussain is a few feet away from him sitting up and looking dazed. The referee looks around and starts up the count.

Blackfront: Both men dazed here . . . it appears that German suplex was an act of desperation by Abdul bin Hussain. He's feeling the fatigue come upon him now.

Stan: I can't stress enough about the longer this match goes, the worse it is for the winner as they advance to the next match.

One. . . Frank Washington continues to hold his back, as Abdul bin Hussain looks around. Two. . . Hussain turns over onto his knees and crawls toward the ropes, grabbing the bottom rope. Three. . . Abdul grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, as Frank Washington slowly gets to his feet. Four. . . Abdul bin Hussain pulls himself to his feet and turns toward Frank Washington, who is now on his feet. Frank Washington quickly kicks Abdul bin Hussain in the gut causing him to bend at the waist.

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Blackfront: Frank Washington with the kick to the gut of Abdul bin Hussain after struggling to get up.

Frank Washington then turns Abdul bin Hussain around and hooks him around the chin. Washington promptly falls forward to the mat, Hussain hitting the mat with him.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT by Frank Washington! This match has been back and forth, back and forth ladies and gentlemen.

Stan: I'm on the edge of my seat. It could be anyone's match.

Frank Washington falls on top of Abdul and stays there, the referee sliding to the mat for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin now by Frank... too tired to hook the leg. . . one. . . two... kick out! Abdul bin Hussain kicks out of the near pin fall.

Stan: You can really get the feel that this is an important match for both of these men. Both exchanging blows, neither letting up, now this is a match Jason... this is a match!

Frank Washington slowly gets to his feet as the fan excitement dies down. Washington looks to the crowd almost in disgust and then lowers at the waist and raises Hussain up to the seated position.

Blackfront: Frank Washington getting creative here. . . Where's he going?

Frank takes off for the ropes Abdul bin Hussain is facing and he turns as he hits, the bounce sending him back toward Hussain. Washington reaches Abdul and raises up a knee, connecting and making a sickening sound as Hussain falls backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: What a sound! What a sound ladies and gentlemen! Frank Washington just took Abdul bin Hussain out with a charged knee to the skull

Abdul bin Hussain lies on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily.

Stan: And Abdul bin Hussain is up the creek without a paddle! He's not moving!

Blackfront: How much longer can this go on?

Frank drops down and covers Abdul bin Hussain yet again.

Blackfront: Another pin attempt here.

Stan: There's no way Hussain can kick out after that vicious blow to the head.

As the referee counts, Abdul does in fact kick out right before three.

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Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Abdul bin Hussain found the strength to kick out.

Stan: Amazing Jason, just amazing. I thought for sure this was over!

Frank Washington gets up and begins yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Washington just knew he had it.

Stan: Yelling at the referee isn't going to help the situation Frank.

He pushes the referee back and turns around. His eyes grow wide as Abdul bin Hussain comes up from a kneeling position with an arm extended, bringing it across Frank's already bothered throat, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Abdul bin Hussain now! And Frank is down!

Stan: That was out of nowhere! How did he find the strength?!

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain made his UTA debut just tonight in the pre-show battle royal, and has almost secured an UTA Championship title shot in the main event if he can just put Washington away.

Stan: What a way to debut!

Abdul bin Hussain then turns and covers Frank Washington, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. The referee drops to the mat and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with the pin... we could have a winner here... kick out! Frank Washington kicks out!

Stan: Neither man can put the other out!

Abdul bin Hussain gets up on his knees and checks with the referee, who shakes his head and shows two fingers. Hussain snarls at the result and then gets to his feet, grabbing Frank Washington by the head and bringing him up as well.

Blackfront: Both men up now after yet another near pin fall.

Abdul bin Hussain keeps his left hand on Frank's head and reaches back with his right, bringing it forward, clocking Frank Washington in the jaw. The blow knocks Frank Washington back, and Frank returns with a right of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging hard rights now!

Stan: This is a main event caliber match here.

Blackfront: It sure is Stan.

Abdul bin Hussain ups the pace, throwing two left jabs and gaining the upper hand. Hussain grabs Frank Washington by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Frank Washington into the ropes now. Hussain off of the opposite ropes...

Frank Washington hits the ropes and returns. Abdul bin Hussain falls flat onto his belly, forcing Frank Washington to jump over him.

Blackfront: Frank Washington still into the ropes. . .

Washington hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet. Frank reaches Hussain who lifts him up, grabbing him around the rib cage and turning before slamming him downward to the mat.

Blackfront: What a spine buster by Abdul bin Hussain.

Stan: The whole ring shook!

Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet then turns to the fallen Frank Washington, stomping him three times, Frank Washington takesg each blow to the upper chest.

Stan: Abdul bin Hussain sending a message of some sorts? Stomping the heck out of Frank Washington now, no doubt still mad about losing some hair tonight . . . Hey Abdul. . . it'll grow back!

Hussain then bends down and sticks a threatening finger in Frank Washington's face, saying something that is inaudible but full of hate. Abdul then straightens up and stomps Frank Washington one last time in the chest before bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is showing that he is just plain mean.

Stan: Wouldn't you be if you looked like him?

Abdul bin Hussain reaches back, flattening his hand before bringing it forward across the chest of Frank Washington, the sound ringing out through the air.

Blackfront: Knife Edge Chop now by Abdul bin Hussain... giving Frank Washington a little of his own medicine!

Abdul bin Hussain chops him once more and Frank Washington stumbles up against the ropes, his chest

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turning a bright red. Hussain yells at the crowd before grabbing hold of Frank Washington and attempting to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Stan: Irish whip--no! Frank with the reversal!

Frank Washington turns, keeping his hold and pulling, Irish whipping Abdul bin Hussain into the ropes instead.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain into the ropes now. . .

Stan: So much back and forward!

Hussain hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Washington turns, pulling his hips through to his leg with a kick to Hussain's head.

Blackfront: Heel kick--No! Abdul bin Hussain ducks!

Frank Washington ends the kick, landing on both feet as Abdul bin Hussain hits the ropes on the other side of the ring. Hussain returns to the center of the ring and Frank Washington goes for the hip toss, hooking the arm.

Blackfront: Hip toss... no!

Hussain blocks it, then grabs the arm in question and spins Washington around until they are back to back. He reaches up and grabs Frank by the head and hits the mat, bringing Frank's head down across his shoulder.

Blackfront: Neck breaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

Stan: That was a nasty one too after that small exchange by both men.

Abdul bin Hussain then turns over, crawling over to the fallen Frank Washington, still hurting from the neck breaker. He reaches Frank and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. The referee slides to the mat, going for the count.

Blackfront: The referee is down... He counts...

The referee's hand hits the mat and the building erupts.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain does it! He does it!

Stan: Hussain, who debuted tonight, is going to the main event!

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Blackfront: What a match! My God, what a match!

Hussain shifts up and stares into the crowd with his hands in his lap and his legs extended straight forward.

Announcer: Your winner at Twenty-eight minutes and four seconds... AbduuuuIIII... biiinnn.....
HUUUSSSAAAAIIINNN!!!!

Blackfront: The second match tonight to almost go to the thirty-minute time limit.

Stan: That is impressive, but once again it is not good for Abdul bin Hussain who shall meet Doctor EMO here in just a few moments.

Abdul bin Hussain moves to his knees, holds his arms out and stares to the sky yelling praises to Allah as Frank Washington rolls out of the ring, disappointment across his face.

Blackfront: I may not agree with The Jokers Wild, but Frank Washington put up a hell of a fight tonight folks.

Stan: He sure did Jason, you have to give that man credit.

Blackfront: I've got a feeling we will be seeing him in the title scene soon.

HATEFUL BEGINNING

UNITED TOUGH ALLIANCE JUST BECAME THE BREEDING GROUND OF HATE!

I'M NOT COMING...

I
AM
HERE

BECAUSE...
I.M. HATE!

As we return ringside, Abdul bin Hussain is now posted up in the corner, waiting. Rafiq and Nazirah both stand on the outside of the ring.

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"*Sometimes You're The Hammer, Sometimes You're The Nail*" by ADTR begins to play yet again tonight. The fans all seem to get to their feet at once. The USA chant almost blows the roof off.

Announcer: And his opponent stands five feet eleven inches tall and weighs in at one hundred and eighty five pounds... He hails from Rosewell, Ohio.. HE IS DOOOCCCCCTTTOOORRRRRR! EMOOOOOOOOO!

Dr. EMO steps out from the back. He slowly begins to make his way toward the ring, moving at a very slower pace than earlier in the night.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO is tired, he's beat up. The only thing he has going for him heading into this match is the fact that Abdul bin Hussain just finished an epic battle to secure his spot here.

Stan: If you ask me, neither of these men are in any shape to continue.

Blackfront: Yes, but a champion must be crowned right here, tonight.

Stan: I just don't know how they are going to do it.

Dr. EMO walks, slowly, up the steps and across the apron before entering in the ring. He holds his taped ribs as he raises an arm to the crowd who goes crazy. Hussain gives a look to the fans that is full of hatred.

Blackfront: Hussain dislikes the fans as much as they are disliking him.

Stan: He dislikes all things American Jason!

Blackfront: Can you believe this guy may be who represents the UTA?

Stan: And we thought it was dark days with The Jokers Wild ahead.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Here we go!

Abdul bin Hussain runs out of the corner and leaps up to meet an injured Dr. EMO with a quick dropkick.

Blackfront: Dropkick by Hussain out of the gate.

Stan: For a man who just put up a hell of a fight, that was some burst of energy.

Blackfront: Motivation can power you when gold is on the line.

Dr. EMO rolls over and begins to get up. Hussain, already to his feet, grabs the head of EMO, lifting him fully to his feet. He grabs his arm and yanks back.

Blackfront: Abdul Hussain with a strong Irish Whip.

Hussain runs toward the other ropes. As he and EMO return, Abdul bin Hussain shoots through the air.

Blackfront: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

Stan: He isn't playing around. Hussain wants to end this now!

Blackfront: I have to say, after just having the match he had this is the only choice!

Abdul rolls over and runs to the corner as Dr. EMO rolls on the mat in pain.

Blackfront: That spear may have broken those already injured ribs of Doctor EMO.

Stan: Well, from the looks of it, he wont need to worry as this will be over soon.

Hussain climbs the turnbuckle to the top. He pauses, looking out to the crowd. He spits toward them before launching himself off with a twisting shooting star press to chorus of jeers.

Blackfront: ARABIAN NIGHTS! ARABIAN NIGHTS!

Stan: This one is over!

However, it is not over as Dr. EMO sees the flying man, and rolls quickly out of the way. Hussain crashes hard into the mat and the fans pop with a magnitude that will be talked about for years to come.

Blackfront: DOCTOR EMO MOVED!

Stan: WHOAH! He may have just put the final nail in the coffin for Abdul bin Hussai.

Hussain holds his gut and rolls around on the mat, kicking his feet. His manager and sister watch from the outside. Dr. EMO throws his arm up and around the middle rope, using it to begin pulling himself up. The fans chant *EMO! EMO! EMO!*

Blackfront: This could be over in a matter of moments.

Stan: At this point I bet Abdul bin Hussain is hoping that it is. He has to be spent.

Dr. EMO is fully up, leaning on the ropes for support. He is hurt, but he is not done. Hussain slowly tries to push himself up. EMO breathes heavily as he watches Abdul crawl around before starting to rise.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO waiting patiently for the moment to strike.

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Stan: These two men have given their all here tonight and it's accumulated into this Jason. One final moment with one chance to get their names in the history books.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO just moments away from potentially joining the likes of Matt "The Hitman" Fury, The Spectre, "The Southern Rebel" Ron Hall and others in the list of very few whom have led this company as champion.

Hussain almost up as EMO shoots forward off of the ropes with a super kick.

Blackfront: UBER KICK! UBER KICK!

However, Abdul sees it coming and drops back to his knee, quickly coming up with his right arm between the legs of Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: Low blow by Abdul bin Hussain!

The entire arena begins boo again, louder than ever before. Dr. EMO grabs his crotch and drops to his knees, his face showing that of pain.

Stan: Quick thinking may have just saved Abdul bin Hussian's chances Jason!

Abdul bin Hussain drops to his knees in front of Dr. EMO, who is also on his. Hussain throws his arms out and looks up, screaming praises to the All Mighty Allah right in front of his opponent. The crowd can't believe their eyes, yelling hateful things at Hussain whom pays them no attention.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain may just walk out as the champion tonight Stan. I don't know how I feel about this.

Stan: Like it or not, he earned his way here and if he does win, he earned that as well.

Blackfront: I can't disagree with you there. He may just top the likes of The Spectre as the most vile person to ever become the UTA Champion.

Hussain hops to his feet, throws his arms back out and screams to Allah in the heavens once again. Dr. EMO falls face forward finally into the mat. As he does, Abdul steps over one of his arms and turns 360 degrees, sandwiching his arm between his own.

Blackfront: The Arms of Allah being applied. Doctor EMO has to tap.

Stan: This one is over!

Dr. EMO screams out in pain, but refuses to give up. He clinches his free fist and hits the mat, you can almost see tears of pain coming from his closed eyes. But he does not give up.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO would rather be broken to give in it seems.

Stan: I don't know how he is doing it.

The fans chant for him, louder and louder as the continue. *EMO! EMO! EMO!* Abdul bin Hussain looks out to them, yelling for them to stop but they wont. Discouraged that these pitiful Americans were giving EMO the strength to fight tapping. Abdul bin Hussain lets go.

Blackfront: Hussain has released the lock.

Stan: Stupid move Abdul. You almost had him.

Hussain stands up, walking over Dr. EMO forward and yelling at the crowd who burst into a new chant, one with much heart behind it.

USA! USA! USA! USA!

Hussain cups his ears with his hands, screaming for them to stop. He tries to ignore the infidels as they chant their country's chant. It pains him to hear it. As he turns away from the ropes to escape the cancer ring through his ears, he barely saw it coming before it hit....

Blackfront: UBER KICK! UBER KICK! UBER KICK!

Stan: I told you Hussain that was stupid to let go!

Blackfront: He gave Doctor EMO the opportunity he needed to get to his feet and hit that powerful super kick!

As Abdul bin Hussain falls backward, hitting the mat, Dr. EMO drops to his knees beside him. The chants of *USA!* continue. EMO closes his right fist and raises it as he sits on his knees.

Stan: He's wasting too much time.

Blackfront: No, he's taking in the glory of American spirit.

Dr. EMO drops down, covering Abdul bin Hussain, hooking his leg. The referee slides into position and as his hand hits the mat each time, the riled up crowd of the INTRUST Bank Arena count along with him.

When his hand hits the third time, the roof explodes. The UTA has a new champion... America has a new hero....

CROWNING THE CHAMPION

Blackfront: Doctor EMO has done it!

Announcer: Your winner... at eleven minutes and twelve seconds.... the NEW.. UNITED... TOUGHNESS... ALLIIIAANNNNCCEEEE... CHAAAMMMPPPIOOOONNN..... DOCTOR! EMMOOOOOOO!!!!!!

A series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The lighting rig above the ring fires off miniature explosives around the edges as well as the referee helps Dr. EMO to his feet, raising his hand.

Stan: I have got to say, Doctor EMO has gained my respect tonight.

Blackfront: America's newest sweetheart!

As Abdul bin Hussain is helped to the back by his manager and sister, Kevin Hawk passes him almost at a jog. EMO celebrates in the ring as the commissioner enters.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk is out here with that beautiful new UTA Championship title.

Stan: My lord it's glorious.

Hawk grabs Dr. EMO's free hand and raises it high as he uses his free hand to move the title over in front of EMO's waist. The referee lets Dr. EMO's hand go, allowing him to use it to grab the title. Hawk lets his other hand go and Dr. EMO drops to his knees, holding the belt in his hands. His face full of joy, his body haven paid the price for this moment...

To be called a champion...

Blackfront: That is one happy champion.

Stan: He deserves it.

Kevin Hawk claps for the champion as he raises to his feet. Holding the belt in one hand, EMO rushes forward and shoots it in the air, as he holds onto the ropes with his free hand. The fans continue to go nuts.

Blackfront: Folks, we have a new champion. Now the road begins for the rest of the roster as they will fight to become the next man in line for a shot.

Stan: Doctor EMO needs to celebrate all he can tonight because he now has one large target on his back.

Blackfront: He sure does Stan, he sure does.

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EMO now stands in the corner on the second rope of the turnbuckle, holding the belt high as we zoom in on him.

Blackfront: For the United Toughness Alliance, I am Jason Blackfront along with Rumor Man Stan thanking you for tuning in. We will see you in about two weeks on WRESTLESHOW!

The copyright information comes up and we fade to black.