

iPPV: #002

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23 Mar 2014

Staples Center, Los Angeles, California (seats 20,000)

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 Staples Center in Los Angeles. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the word *LIVE!* appear for a few seconds before disappearing.

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 Tommy Ace 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 second internet pay-per-view since the United Toughness Alliance has returned.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to a HUGE show. I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight on this action packed show is my broadcast partner, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Man am I excited to be here Jason for this absolutely huge show here in the sold out Staples Center where we may have a new champion.

Blackfront: On the edition of Wrestleshow two weeks ago we saw as tonight's main event was set up.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain will defend his championship title in a steel cage against Madman Szalinski! It's going to be amazing.

Blackfront: We also may see a new internet champion as Yoshii challenges Frank Dylan James. Those two men are monsters and I can gurantee it will be hard hitting from bell to bell.

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

Blackfront: Well, are you ready Tommy?

Ace: I was born ready for tonight Jason!

Blackfront: Well folks, sit back.. relax and enjoy as we bring to you excitement only like the United Toughness Alliance can!

The camera slowly pans to the top of the stage.

More Souls for Vanessa

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

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

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

BOOS

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

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

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

The Mental Rapist

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

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

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He then leans over and gives Vanessa a kiss on the lips. Once said kiss is delivered, he and the Vietnamese darkling begin to make their way towards the ring.

During the slow walk down the ramp, the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut snow white dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt, blue jeans, and boots.

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

Sean then reaches between the ropes and is handed a house mic. As he prepares to speak, Vanessa also leans on the ropes, her jet black hair clearly hanging down below her waist.

Jackson: Mr. Wingate...

As Sean mentions the name of the UTA owner, the smile still envelopes the face of the *Mental Rapist*.

Jackson: I knew that a brilliant business man like you would do the right thing.

Sean begins to pace around the ring, all the while Vanessa is following him with her eyes. The joy is written all over her face.

Jackson: I knew that you would see the value of making ME the face of this company, thus putting me in the position to acquire championship gold.

As he speaks, Sean makes it a point to glance at the camera every now and then, making sure that Mr. Wingate understands what is being said.

Jackson: Now granted, I completely understand why I'm being placed in a match with four other individuals. Which is exactly why I'm going to let the cat out of the bag to my opponents, and to these fans here tonight.

Sean stops pacing and immediately goes back to leaning on the top rope. Making sure to keep eye contact with the camera and the fans. Meanwhile, Vanessa has begun stroking her own hair in a seductive manner.

Jackson: You see people, Mr. Wingate knows exactly what it takes to keep Vanessa and I happy. Unlike a certain third rate hack owner from the NeWA...

Pleased, Vanessa now begins to run her hands over the back of Sean Jackson's shoulders. Making every man in the arena wish that it was them in Sean Jackson's place. For who wouldn't want a massage from a beautiful Vietnamese bombshell?

Jackson: Mr. Wingate is giving Vanessa and myself exactly what we want. I get to mow through four other competitors enroute to a number one contenders match, while Vanessa gets to claim their souls.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: Yes people, Mr. Wingate is giving us exactly what we want. I mean, come on people. Do you REALLY think that it was an accident that Vanessa and I left that other company, and in a few short days, ended up here?

Sean shakes his head, almost chuckling now.

Jackson: Heck no it was no accident. Vanessa and I arrived here in UTA because Mr. Wingate knew that I would make him a lot of money, AND bring a lot of extra publicity. Mr. Wingate knew that dishing up Log Habben, IM Hate, Roscoe Shame, and Lucius Jones....

The smile, for the first time disappears and now, Sean has a serious look on his face.

Jackson: As victims would keep me here, and would keep me happy. Because let's face it people, beating up on one person at a time can only keep you happy for so long before you start wanting more. So just like Wingate wants more money, I want more victims and Vanessa wants more souls. So tonight, I can tell you all with 100% certainty that blood will flow, and it will flow as water down the river Nile.

Sean looks over at Vanessa who has since moved to his side.

Jackson: That much I promise.

Vanessa leans in and gives him a kiss on the lips.

Vanessa: So let it be said, so shall it be done.

She then turns her attention away from Sean Jackson and begins to address Mr. Wingate and the fans.

Vanessa: Mr. Wingate, because you aren't that person from the NeWA, Sean Jackson and I appreciate you. Because you aren't that person from the NeWA, you don't have to worry about us destroying your company. Because you aren't the kind of guy who doesn't know how to keep his stars happy, we will do our part in keeping UTA at the very top of the wrestling world.

Vanessa starts pointing at the fans.

Vanessa: And we will do it in spite of the people who want to cheer against us. We will do it in spite of anyone who thinks that they can derail the greatest team to ever step foot into the UTA. That being the brawn....

Vanessa motions towards Sean.

Vanessa: And me being the brains....

Once again, Vanessa blades her body to the camera. Her killer curves showing through the skin tight white dress.

Vanessa: The true faces of the United Toughness Alliance.

The fans begin to boo as Vanessa hands over the mic to Sean Jackson and begins to step through the ropes. However, before stepping through the ropes himself, he once again addresses his opponents.

Jackson: Log Habben, IM Hate, Roscoe Shame, and Lucius Jones. I know that none of you have a working relationship with Abdul bin Hussain because of a language barrier. I know that none of you have a working relationship with Doctor. Emo as well because it's hard to understand a man who talks backwards....

A very sadistic smile forms on Sean's face.

Jackson: So if you want to know what the high knee to the back of the skull sounds like? Here is but a small taste of the sound that you all will hear tonight....

On purpose, Sean drops the house mic on the canvas, causing the sound of static to completely engulf the arena.

PSSSSHHHHHTTTTTT.

Jackson: Yep, it sounds something just like that.

BOOS

Sean then steps through the ropes and joins Vanessa on the walk back up the ramp, and to the backstage area.

We return to ring side.

? Years spent in torment

Buried in a nameless grave ?

The fans give a mixed reaction as Ozzy Osbourne howls out into the arena, which is plunged into darkness, save for the clusters of camera flashes which now go off.

? Screams break the silence
Waking from the dead of night
Vengeance is boiling ?

Pulsating lights give the lively crowd a stop motion quality as Wülfric punching the air and snarling, tears the curtain back and pounces onto the stage, further dividing the fans.

Ace: I was always told werewolves only exist in fairytales, Jason, but looking at Wülfric, I think I was lied to!

Blackfront: This guy is an animal, Tommy.

Wülfric stalks his way to the ring, tracked by a white spotlight. He barges through the mass of tentacle-like arms of the fans as they try to touch him.

Announcer: Currently making his way to the ring, standing five-feet, niine inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred forty-five pooouuunds...

He climbs the steps and darts through the ropes, turning his back on the hard cam to face the opposite side of the arena, continuing to shadow spar.

Announcer: WWWÜLF--RIIC!

The Big Bad Wolf snatches his hood off and turns around to glare into the hard cam, throwing his arms up into the air in dominance. As his music fades the camera moves back to the stage.

Without notice, the lights drop in the arena to full black just milliseconds before the unmistakable bass line and voice of Pharrell calls out *URRBODY GET UP!* and Robin Thicke begins to make your girlfriend's panties wet.

Announcer: Coming to the ring... Hailing from Buffalo, New York....

On cue, the fans jump to their feet - if only to groove out for a few seconds to the hottest song of all time - and are quickly engulfed in a light show quite the likes they have never experienced before. Unless they've been to a Pink Floyd cover band show and dropped some doses with the roadies. Before that thought has time to settle, a jovial figure emerges through the ultraviolet extravaganza and begins to gyrate all over the stage.

Announcer: Standing at Six feet, Four inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-eight pounds...

While *Blurred Lines* bounces off the walls of the arena, the video screen whips through a montage of bodies crashing into the mat just before the arena lights pick up and finds Esteban Awesome, UTA's resident party animal, grooving and thrusting his hips down the ramp.

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Blackfront: Esteban Awesome with a big wall to climb tonight if he wants to continue on the road to making his mark here in the UTA.

Ace: This guy is... awesome!

Announcer: He is..... EEEEEESTEEEBAAAAAANNNN AAAAAWWWESOOOOOOOOOOOMMMME!!!!

He mouths the words to the song and slaps hands with fans, or their faces if their hand was not properly positioned, before energetically sliding into the ring.

Ace: Come on Esteban, you can do this!

Blackfront: Good way to not be biased.

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: Here we go. Wülfric waste no time coming forward with his arm extended. Awesome ducks the clothesline.

Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Awesome with a couple stiff right hands to the jaw of Wülfric.

Ace: That's got to hurt his hand more than Wülfric's face.

Blackfront: Wülfric is unaffected. Awesome now runs back, off the ropes.

As he returns, Esteban Awesome attempts to knock Wülfric down, but he doesn't move.

Blackfront: Awesome heading to the left, off the ropes again.

Ace: Wülfric doesn't budge. He is built like a brick house.

Not giving up, Esteban Awesome shoots across the ring again. This time as he returns, Wülfric turns around throwing an elbow up, catching him in the face and sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome hits the canvas hard.

Ace: Wülfric's elbow hit his face hard.

Wülfric bends over and grabs Awesome by the head, pulling him halfway up before bringing a big forearm down across his back.

Blackfront: Wülfric in control.

Awesome goes to one knee. Wülfric comes forward with a kick meant for his face, but Esteban moves to the side. He quickly comes forward and up, wrapping his arms around Wülfric's waist.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome lifts with all of his might.

He struggles but gets Wülfric up and over.

Blackfront: Belly to back suplex by Esteban Awesome!

Ace: I don't know how he did it, but he got Wülfric off of his feet.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome dropped Wülfric directly on his neck.

Wülfric holds his neck as Esteban Awesome rolls over and gets to a knee, looking at the downed Wülfric. He runs back and hits the ropes as Wülfric begins to get up.

Blackfront: Awesome with a shining wizard!

Ace: Esteban Awesome trying to quickly end Wülfric.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by Esteban.

The referee drops to begin his count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two.

Ace: Wülfric is a beast of a man. Although Esteban Awesome has been impressive, it is going to take more than that to put him away.

Esteban Awesome quickly gets up, knowing he can't slow down now. He runs and hits the ropes again as Wülfric rolls over and begins to push his way up.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome with a clothesline... Wülfric ducks.

Both men turn to face each other.

Blackfront: Boot to the stomach of Esteban Awesome. Wülfric grabs him, lifts up and twist... spinebuster!

Ace: The sheer power of this man is incredible!

Blackfront: Wülfric now with the pin. Awesome somehow able to kick out at two.

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Ace: If he wants to win, Esteban needs to stay off of his back.

Blackfront: Well, yea, that is a given Tommy.

Esteban Awesome holds his lower back as Wülfric pushes his way up. He is a little bit more sluggish than he was before and you can tell his knees are in pain from the many years of abuse and hard living.

Blackfront: Wülfric pulling Esteban Awesome to his feet. Grabs an arm, huge Irish whip into the corner.

Ace: That is not where you want to be in a match with a man like Wülfric.

Blackfront: Wülfric runs... big splash!

As he connects, Wülfric stumbles back a bit, obviously his knee joints still hurting as he leans on the ropes. Esteban Awesome falls face forward to the mat.

Blackfront: Wülfric aggressive as always, grabbing the left leg of Esteban Awesome and lifting it. He drives that knee right into the canvas.

Awesome grabs his knee and rolls to his back. Wülfric lifts Awesome's left leg up and holds it for a moment.

Blackfront: Boot to the inside of the knee of Esteban Awesome.

Ace: Wülfric smart, working the leg of Esteban Awesome.

He bends down, grabbing the right leg of Esteban Awesome, lifting it up as well and waiting for a moment before leaning back.

Blackfront: Wülfric with a slingshot!

Awesome is launched up and forward. He lands on the top rope, which bounces him up and backward. He flails as his body turns.

Blackfront: SPEAR! Wülfric hits the spear!

Ace: That was hard enough it may have cracked the ribs of Esteban Awesome!

Blackfront: Wülfric with the cover... Esteban Awesome somehow able to kick out yet again!

Ace: If I was him, I would just stay down. You know he has to be in pain after that hard hitting spear by Wülfric.

Blackfront: I really don't know how he kicked out.

Wülfric hits the mat and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Wülfric is undeniably upset.

Ace: You don't want to be on the other side of a man like Wülfric when he is mad. People get badly hurt, or worse that way.

Blackfront: Wülfric pulling Awesome to his feet.

He grabs Awesome's arm and pulls back, whipping him across the ring.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome off of the ropes.

Awesome leaps with a flying cross body block.

Blackfront: AWESOME SAUCE! He takes Wülfric off of his feet!

The fans begin to go crazy. Esteban Awesome rolls on the mat, holding his ribs.

Ace: All he is doing is delaying the inevitable if he doesn't capitalize on Wülfric being taken down!

Awesome pushes his way to his feet, crawling over on his knees to the ropes, and using them to get to his feet. Awesome looks around at the fans and then at the turnbuckle. He points and the crowd all screams together.

Blackfront: I think Esteban Awesome is asking the crowd if he should go to the top!

Ace: That's stupid Esteban! Just focus on Wülfric!

Awesome, holding onto the top rope, walks toward the corner and begins to climb. Behind him, Wülfric is starting to roll over and get up.

Blackfront: Esteban Awesome looks to be going for a high risk maneuver.

Ace: Esteban, it's called high risk for a reason! Get down!

Esteban stands on the top rope, making sure he has his balance. He then bends slightly down and pushes off, jumping backward, and flipping through the air with a moonsault.

Blackfront: Total hangover from the top rope!!!!!!

However, Wülfric is up. Awesome comes down and right into the arms of Wülfric, upside down. Wülfric runs forward and leaps up.

Blackfront: Wülfric caught him!!!! RUNNING POWERSLAM!

Ace: This one is over!

The fans all groan as Wülfric covers Awesome and the referee drops down to begin his count.

Blackfront: Wülfric gets it! He wins his UTA pay per view debut!

Ace: Come on Esteban. Why would you go for a move like that?

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match... WWWÜLF--RIIC!!

Blackfront: Wülfric is on a roll here in the UTA.

Ace: So was Esteban Awesome until tonight.

Blackfront: You can't take anything away from Awesome as he showed a lot of resiliency here tonight. But in the end, it was a simple mistake that would end his chances of winning.

Ace: An avoidable mistake Jason, an avoidable mistake.

Pardon My Interruption

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pause.

VITV: But you aren't yours truly, so...why even entertain the thought? Why insult yourself because you weren't good or great...or even more true...mediocre? It's nothing to beat yourself up over not many will ever reach my level of....Perfection.....

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

PERFECTION: ...pun intended.

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

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

PERFECTION: And I hate road kill.

FADE OUT

Shop Zone

We get move to an area where there is a ton of merchandise lined up. The camera pans over it with a 1-800 number in tow as 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis' voice goes over the shot.

Stan: The UTA Shop Zone has all of the stuff you need as an UTA fan. From T-Shirts to action figures and more. Order online today for ten percent off or by dialing the one eight hundred number below. Free shipping on all orders over fifty dollars.

As we return ringside, Lucius Jones is entering the ring where the other four men are already standing.

Announcer: The falling match is for the UTA Internet championship and UTA Championship number one contender spots.

The fans yell like crazy.

Announcer: At anytime, only two men will be allowed into the ring. Tag team rules are in effect. Any participant can be tagged in at any time.

The fans continue to go crazy.

Announcer: Once a competitor is pinned, they must leave the ring and head to the back as they are eliminated. The final two men in the ring will decide who will be the number one contender for which title.

As the fans cheer the group of men start to argue amongst themselves.

Blackfront: This may begin as a brawl before the bell even sounds.

Ace: Can't win the match if you don't let it start.

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The referee is able to get in the middle and break the group up. After a few moments, everyone except Log Habben and Roscoe Shame exit to the apron.

Blackfront: It looks like Log Habben and Roscoe Shame will start things off here.

Ace: This should be an interesting, fast paced match.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: As the bell sounds, Shame and Habben lock up. Roscoe Shame quickly takes control pulling Log into a side headlock.

Log stomps the foot of Roscoe and rolls around behind him, grabbing him around the waist.

Blackfront: Habben quickly able to change things up.

Roscoe is able to pull Log's arms away from his waist, turning with his left arm still held, and placing it behind Log's back.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame with an arm bar.

Ace: He's trying to pull Habben's arm out of it's socket.

Blackfront: Log Habben able to reverse the move, now with Roscoe's arm behind his own back.

Ace: I'll tell you what, Log has come a long way since coming into the UTA.

Blackfront: He sure has Tommy. Log now with a tag to Lucius Jones.

Jones climbs into the ring and in front of Roscoe, hitting him in the stomach as Log lets go and exits the ring.

Blackfront: The big man now in control as he introduces Roscoe Shame's head to the top turnbuckle.

Lucius grabs the arm of Roscoe, and sends him flying into the ropes. As he returns, Jones catches him.

Blackfront: Jones catches Roscoe Shame in a belly to belly position.... Suplex! That was executed perfectly.

Ace: He sent Shame flying.

Lucius Jones quickly pulls Shame back to his feet. He sends him into the ropes. As Shame returns, Jones catches him and floats over, putting Shame into the mat.

Blackfront: POWERSLAM BY LUCIUS JONES!

Ace: Oh that was nice and smooth, just like everything Doctor Lovegood does.

Lucius Jones stands in the middle of the ring looking to the right, then to the left as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Jones now pulling Shame back up to his feet, grabs his arm. Irish whip into the corner.

Jones begins to run.

Blackfront: He leaps... BIG SPLASH!

The fans go crazy.

Ace: That shook the ring.

As Lucius Jones moves out of the way, Shame stumbles forward. Jones comes forward with a forearm into the lower back of Roscoe Shame.

Blackfront: A big forearm into the back of Shame.

Ace: That will crack a vertebrae or two.

Roscoe Shame grimaces in pain, still holding his lower back, as he turns around. Jones scoops Shame up, holding him sideways.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones picks Shame up like he is nothing.

Ace: That's pure strength right there.

Jones leans forward then falls back, as he throws Shame backwards behind him.

Blackfront: Fall Away Slam by Lucius Jones.

Ace: The fans are eating it up.

Blackfront: Unfortunately, I don't think tonight is the night that Roscoe Shame begins his come back.

Ace: The match isn't over yet. All it takes is Lucius Jones to make one mistake.

Lucius Jones begins to pull Shame to his feet again. Shame brings both arms up and to the side, breaking Lucius Jones' arms away. He follows up with several closed fist punches to the face of Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Shame fighting back.

Ace: I told you Jason, you can't count anyone out until the referee's hand hits that mat three times.

He brings his hand back and delivers a hard knife edge chop. Lucius Jones holds his chest as he turns away from Shame. Roscoe charges and jumps.

Blackfront: Running bulldog buries Lucius Jones' head into the mat!

The fans boo as Shame knee walks over to the middle of Jones, and begins to turn him over. It takes a moment to get Jones over due to his weight, but Shame does it and then covers him.

Blackfront: Cover by Roscoe Shame. It could be over right here.

Ace: This could be huge for Shame if he can get a pin on Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Kickout by Jones. Just not enough to put him out yet.

Ace: Maybe not, but that could open the doors for Shame to continue his offense.

Shame rolls over and gets to his feet. Jones gets to his knees, holds his head and then shakes it off as he begins to get back to his feet. Shame grabs Jones' arm as he raises.

Blackfront: Roscoe Shame goes to whip Lucius Jones into the corner, no! Reversed by Jones!

Ace: He takes off again.

Jones runs after Shame. As Shame his the corner Lucius Jones leaps.

Blackfront: Another huge corner splash!

Jones backs away as Shame stumbles forward. Before he can fall, Lucius grabs Shame's arm and sends him hard into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring.

Ace: I think I know what's next!

As Shame returns, Lucius Jones comes forward with a huge, discuss style open hand slap that sends Roscoe Shame hard to the mat.

Ace: CRACKA SMACKA!

Jones drops down covering Shame and hooking his leg. As the referee slides into place and begins counting, the fans count along with him.

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Blackfront: Lucius Jones gets it! Roscoe Shame has been eliminated!

Ace: Who's going to be next in?

IM Hate enters the ring.

Blackfront: We're going to see Ian Micheals Hate now, against Lucius Jones. Or not, as Jones just tagged Log Habben back in.

Ace: I'm not sure how smart this is for Log. The more you are in the ring, the better chance you have of being sent to the back early.

Both men circle. As IM Hate moves forward to grab Log, he drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. Hate looks down and throws his hands up as in saying What the heck?.

Blackfront: Log Habben is a master of avoiding actual wrestling, yet finding a way to get the upper hand.

Ace: Well, it looks like IM Hate came to actually have a match as he heads to the outside after Log.

Habben slides back into the ring as Hate jumps from the apron to the floor. Hate turns around and looks up, yelling at the referee to make Log stop.

Blackfront: IM Hate showing frustration as he has yet to get his hands on his opponent.

Ace: You can't really blame him. He came to fight and Log Habben is doing what he can to avoid that fight. However, you have to think that Habben is smarter then he lets on, and this is simply a mind game which is working.

Blackfront: We've seen this over and over from Habben. He avoids as much technical wrestling as he can, but he always finds a way to come out ahead as I said before.

IM Hate grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself to the apron. As he does, Log Habben lets out a yell as he runs forward, throwing his elbow out and catching Hate in the head, sending him down to the floor.

Blackfront: Log Habben charging Hate, creating more space between them with that elbow shot to the head.

Ace: It's obvious his offense is calculated. Why waste time and energy when you can wait for the perfect moment, hit one move that can neutralize your opponent and take home the win?

Blackfront: Well, he hasn't won yet. Habben still needs to get Hate into the ring and make the pin then he has two other, larger, competitors to out last.

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Ace: If both of these guys are counted out, who are the next two to get into the ring?

Outside of the ring, IM Hate holds his head as he begins to get to his feet. He turns and walks over to the ring, reaching in to use the mat with the intentions to pull himself back into the ring. However, his fingers are met with a stomp from Log Habben.

Blackfront: Log refusing to let IM Hate into the ring.

Sean Jackson yells at Hate from the apron to get his ass in the ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben now heading outside of the ring.

As IM Hate holds his fingers in his unstomped hand, Habben climbs through the ropes to the apron and drops to the floor.

Ace: Hate needs to turn around.

And turn around he does, just in time to get a big, still, closed right hand from Log Habben.

Blackfront: Haymaker from Habben that shakes IM Hate up.

Ace: He's got to be seeing stars after that.

Log grabs IM Hate by the head, turning him around and directed him to the commentator's table before slamming him face first into it.

Blackfront: Hate headfirst right here in front of us.

Ace: Hey Log, the ring is over there.

Habben takes Ian Michaels by the head again, now escorting him to the ring and rolling him in.

Blackfront: Thank goodness, Log Habben now returning to the ring.

Habben, now in the ring as well, stomps over and leans down, grabbing Hate and pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Habben is just mean.

Ace: Well, a man with a mean streak is a man you don't want to be in the situation like IM Hate is in with.

Log pushes Ian Michaels back toward the corner, yelling in the face of his opponent until Hate's back hits the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Log Habben now delivering those stiff fist to the mid section of IM Hate.

Ace: The UTA has some heavy hitters and I have to say, it is very impressive to watch these brawlers do their thing.

Blackfront: IM Hate is learning that the hard way.

Log Habben grabs Hate by the side of the head with both hands, and yanks back, using his force to throw Hate out of the corner and across the ring.

Blackfront: Habben displaying that brute strength.

Ace: It's from the years of working with the timbers, you have to build that strength.

Log heads over and begins stomping away at IM Hate.

Blackfront: Hate desperately needs to do something or he might as well count his debut as a bust.

Ace: He let Log Habben's mind games get to him early on. Once that happens you have to completely start over and re-think your approach. But that's hard to do when you have a man like Habben coming at you non stop.

Log moves to Ian Michaels's feet, leaning down and grabbing them. However, Hate is able to kick him in the face. Log grabs his face and stumbles back.

Blackfront: This may be the opening that Ian Michaels needs.

Ace: Only if he can somehow use it to his advantage. A kick in the face only buys you so much time.

Habben shakes it off and heads back, attempting to grab Ian Michaels's legs once more and yet again getting a kick to the face. As Habben holds his nose, IM Hate crawls away slowly.

Blackfront: Hate creating space between him and Habben.

Ace: He needs more than space if he wants to turn this around.

Hate grabs the ropes, using them to pull himself up.

Blackfront: Habben is angry.

Ace: Wouldn't you be too if you got kicked in the face twice?

Log stomps toward Hate who comes forward, leaning down and twisting as he swings his right arm up,

catching Log Habben under the chin.

Blackfront: Huge European uppercut by IM Hate.

Log swings his arms as he stumbles back. As he catches himself and continues forward, Ian Michaels scoots forward himself, throwing his leg up and giving Habben a big boot, sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: IM Hate creating that opening we were talking about.

Ace: Yes, but you can't expect to just come back after the beating he has received so far from Log.

Log Habben turns over and pushes himself up as IM Hate heads over, and locks his head. He grabs the side of Log's pants with his free hand and lifts him up and over, slamming him to the mat.

Blackfront: Snap suplex by IM Hate.

Ace: Not too shabby.

Hate quickly covers Log Habben as the referee drops to make the count.

Blackfront: IM Hate going for the first pin attempt of the match.

Log kicks out at two.

Ace: It just wasn't enough though Jason.

Blackfront: No, it wasn't. But it shows how IM Hate differs from Log Habben.

Ace: Oh, I agree. Log Habben comes with brute force and delivers punishment while IM Hate uses a few precise moves and attempts to win the match.

Hate pushes himself up, pulling Log with him.

Ace: But who is more dangerous? The guy who just wants to hurt people, or the one who is trying to win the match?

Blackfront: Not as dangerous as a mixture between the two.

As they are halfway up, Log stops Ian Michaels from pulling him up further. He reaches forward, grabbing the legs of Hate and yanking back.

Blackfront: Log Habben yanking IM Hate off of his feet!

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He steps in. Hate is almost able to break away as Log doesn't have a good grip, but he pulls back again, and turns Ian Michaels over into a Sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Log Habben has locked in the Log Removal!

Ace: It's not the best looking Sharpshooter I've ever seen, but I think he's going to make IM Hate tap.

IM Hate tries to escape but he can't as he begins to tap out.

Blackfront: Log Habben has done it! He has eliminated Ian Michaels Hate!

Lucius Jones and Sean Jackson look at each other. Jackson signals for Jones to go ahead if he wants.

Blackfront: Jones in the ring again. Hate isn't even out yet and he rushes Log. Habben ducks the clothesline attempt by Lucius Jones!

Log leaps forward to tag Sean Jackson, but Sean just hopes to the floor on the outside. Log's face tells the story as he is shocked and appalled.

Ace: Sean Jackson playing it smart. You can't lose if you aren't in the ring.

Blackfront: That's those mind games the self proclaimed Mental Rapist is known for.

Log turns around in time to side step a big boot attempt by Lucius Jones. Jones' leg goes through the ropes.

Blackfront: Jones stuck in the ropes.

As he finally is able to get free and step back, log quickly comes up from behind him.

Blackfront: Log Habben with a quick school boy roll up!

The referee drops and begins to count. Habben puts his feet up on the ropes for leverage and gets the three.

Blackfront: Log Habben able to steal a pin!

Ace: Yea, but now he faces Sean Jackson!

Lucius Jones hits the mat before getting up and walking to the ropes to leave. Sean Jackson slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben has just secured himself a number one contender spot! He has a chance to become a champion!

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Ace: The winner of the match moves on to challenge for the UTA Championship while the loser, gets a shot at the Internet Championship. What a way to go out. No one really is a loser in this situation.

Blackfront: I do not envy Log Habben right now Tommy. Sean Jackson has a victory over both the current UTA Champion and the former UTA Champion.

Log holds his hands up and backs away from Jackson.

Blackfront: Log realizes the seriousness of the situation, trying to talk to Sean Jackson.

Ace: Sean Jackson doesn't want to talk. He just wants to concur and so far, he has.

Blackfront: Log Habben is feeling froggy as he rushes forward and begins slamming right hands into the side of Sean Jackson's head!

Ace: My God. Could he do what both Abdul bin Hussain and Doctor EMO couldn't?

Log pushes Sean into the ropes.

Blackfront: Habben with an Irish whip, using the ropes to help with momentum. NO! Sean Jackson reverses! Log Habben is sent across the ring! Wait..

Habben grabs the top rope as he hits, quickly dropping down and rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: Log Habben smartly finding a way to derail Sean Jackson's offense.

Ace: Jackson doesn't look too pleased to be outsmarted by someone like Log Habben.

Log and Sean stare at each other. Habben throws his hands up and nods at Jackson before turning and beginning up the ramp.

Blackfront: What the.. Log Habben is.. leaving?

Ace: Ha! He knows he already has a guaranteed Internet title shot if he leaves now, and that's exactly what he is doing!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson can't believe it. What kind of mind games must this be to the master of them?

Jackson looks out at Vanessa who just shrugs at him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is allowing Log Habben to walk out. He is guaranteeing that he will face the winner of tonight's main event!

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Ace: I have never seen something like this play out like this before Jason.

The referee calls for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner, as a result of a count out... the NEW... number one contender for the UTA Championship... SEAN... JACKSOOOOONNNN!!!!

Vanessa walks up the steps and enters the ring to celebrate with Sean.

Announcer: The new number one contender for the Internet Championship... LOG... HABBBEEEEENNNN!!!!

Blackfront: Well, Sean Jackson secured his title shot without really needing to do anything.

Ace: Brilliant on both men's parts. Habben for taking his free title shot and leaving, and then Sean Jackson for not chancing anything and letting him.

Blackfront: I've got to agree, that is one way to end an unique match like this. Now just to find out who each of these men will be facing at a later date.

Madman

We head to the back where Jamie Sawyers is standing next to Madman Szalinski and Ariel, who is holding Peach.

Sawyers: Madman. Thank you for joining me. Tonight you meet Abdul bin Hussain in a steel cage for the United Toughness Alliance championship. How are you feeling?

Madman just looks at Jamie before starting, ignoring his question entirely.

Szalinski: All right. So, I just got to see this little video from our United Toughness Alliance World Champion, Abdul bin Hussain from a few days ago. You see, tonight, we're gonna be getting together in a steel cage, and going at it for that belt. I tried to make the most of it, and I tried to be the bigger man and give the champ some credit.

Madman shakes his head, rubbing his chin with the free hand.

Szalinski: But what the hell was that? Who the hell do you think you are? You think that championship belt makes your words any more truthful? You think your religion makes you a man? You think that woman at your side, is the mask on her face any more of a shield than mine? YOU THINK I SUPPORT WESTBORO BAPTIST? YOU HAVEN'T LISTENED WHEN I HAVE SPOKE OF THE FOURTEEN YEARS I HAVE

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SERVED IN THIS HELL? PAYING MY DUES? I'M COLLECTING INTEREST FROM THE BUSINESS AT THIS POINT, MY FRIEND!

Madman takes a breath.

Szalinski: DAMN SON!

Madman continues yelling into the camera.

Szalinski: I asked you to do something for me. One thing. I tried to show respect to you, I tried to show you that there are Americans who actually still believe in that Constitution, that Bill of Rights, that dream those who landed in Plymouth had...I tried to show you that there's a few of us who don't mind letting you be who you are. We're not all that guy. I asked you to do one thing: come at me as a man, and as a competitor. I asked you to come at me as a wrestler. And what did you do? You tried to hand me this same crap that you've handed these fans, your opponents, this company...

As Madman lowers the finger he raised on the words "one thing", his fists clench in anger once more.

Ariel: Babe, you're rambling.

Peach: BARK!

Szalinski: SEE? EVEN PEACH WANTS TO BITE YOUR ASS!"

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Szalinski: So you want to play that game with me? You want to play the idealology game? You want to make this about politics and God? All right, Kumar. Let's do this.

He storms off, Ariel and Peach in tow.

Sawyers: A fired up challenger. Back to you guys.

Before going back ringside, we get a promo for High Octane Television.

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

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

Announcer: Coming first to the ring... from Tokyo, Japan and being accompanied by Jed Dye....

Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs Yoshii's shoulders to prep him for the battle that's ahead. They both start walking towards the ring as Jed ignores the 'loser' fans who hold their hands out, while Yoshii high fives all of them while never losing his focus on the ring.

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

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

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

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

We switch back to the top of the stage. *Doomsday Jesus* by Black Label Society begins to play.

Announcer: Hailing from The Mountains of West Virginia ... He stands at six foot seven and weighs in at three hundred and twenty pounds.... He is the reigning Inter Champion... FRANK... DYLAN....
JAAAMMMEEEESSSS!!!!

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

Blackfront: This man is crazy!

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

Blackfront: That's absurd Tommy.

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

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

Blackfront: Internet championship on the line in our first of two title matches here tonight.

The bell sounds and James stomps toward Yoshii.

Blackfront: Both of these men are behemoths.

Ace: This will be heavy hitting here.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James waisting no time, pushing into Yoshii like a line backer.

He pushes Yoshii back into the ropes. This time FDJ goes to whip Yoshii.

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

The fans scream and cheer.

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

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

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

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

Yoshii heads to the ropes, but the referee quickly gets between him, trying to stop Yoshii from leaving the ring. Suddenly the fans get even louder as someone jumps the barricade in a hoodie.

Blackfront: Wait! Who's this?!

Ace: That crazy fan is going to get hurt!

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Look at that mask he's wearing!

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

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

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

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

Ace: I thought someone would get squashed in this match, but not like this Jason.

Yoshii leaps down and lands on the head of Frank Dylan James.

Blackfront: YOSHII BOMB!

The referee drops down and quickly counts.

Blackfront: This one is over folks.

The bell begins to sound.

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

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

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

Blackfront: James has no idea what has happened.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James is mad.

Ace: That is an understatement Jason.

We fade to the back as FDJ continues to angrily stomp around the ring.

Livewire

The United Toughness Alliance logo comes across the screen overlaying a black background and in a metallic outline, before it begins to shake. An electronic charge outlines the logo before it begins to break apart. Finally, the logo explodes and the Livewire logo burst through.

It pulsates as if to signify a heart beat before fading out. We are welcomed to an outside shot of downtown Seattle, WA. Busses drive by, people cross streets.

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

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

The two talk inaudibly as we fade into just Stan Davis sitting in front of a backdrop.

Davis: Livewire is fun, it's exciting.

We now fade to Jennifer Williams sitting.

Williams: You'll get exclusive interviews, news, and segments not seen anywhere else.

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Next up is Tommy Ace.

Ace: What do I like about Livewire? Man, I like it all. You get to see the superstar talent of the UTA, raw and unfiltered.

From Tommy we fade to UTA Owner and CEO James Wingate in his office, behind his desk.

Wingate: Livewire is what the professional wrestling world is missing. Yes, Wrestleshow and other programs like it are the spotlight of our industry. But with a show like Livewire, the experience is taken one step further.

We see Wülfric standing next to Jamie Sawyers being interviewed, and then it fades into Max Burke with Jamie before coming to rest on Jason Blackfront sitting in front of a backdrop.

Blackfront: I've been in this business a long time and this is the first time I have seen a program truly made to pull the curtain back on the business. It's great stuff.

The Livewire logo comes across the screen once more followed by the words *Every other Sunday, right here on WrestleUTA.com.*

As the hi-hats count off four to start off *Dr. Wily Part One*, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has a chance tonight to become the United Toughness Alliance champion.

Ace: All he has to do is get past Abdul bin Hussain and a twenty foot steel cage!

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

They stop at the end of the ramp and look up at the cage hanging over the ring. Ariel grabs his arm, holding him tight. Madman pulls her in for a huge and a kiss on the forehead as if saying everything will be alright. Szalinski then rolls into the ring as Ariel is directed by the referee around the ring to the other side.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at 187 pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning wait for his opponent.

Announcer: Introducing now... he is the UTA Champion... 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: The champion has maybe the toughest match since arriving in the United Toughness Alliance here tonight.

Ace: It is going to be World War Three when this match starts!

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.

Blackfront: The look of determination on the face of the champion as he makes his way to the ring.

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 looks up at the steel cage hanging over the ring. From the stairs his raises his arms to the sky and looks up, past the cage, praying to the almighty Allah before walking across the apron and entering the ring as Rafiq and Nazirah head around to the left side.

Blackfront: Business is about to pick up.

Ace: Pick up? This show has been amazing!

The cage begins to lower, slowly, as the fans start up a *USA!* chant.

Blackfront: The fans are strongly behind Madman Szalinski here tonight.

Ace: He represents America. Winning the title tonight not only is a victory for him but our country!

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Blackfront: That menacing cage lowering. Soon these two men will be trapped inside with no place to go but up and over.

Madman and Abdul just stare at each other from opposite corners as the cage continues to lower. Finally it touches the ground. the camera switches to show a concerned Ariel grabbing the side of the cage and yelling for her husband to be safe.

Blackfront: Ariel should not be out here. This will not be a match for the weak at heart. Careers could end tonight. Lives are at stake. Good versus evil is the undertone which we are about to witness.

Ace: This is huge.

Both men walk to the center of the ring. The referee watches from the outside and the bell sounds. The crowd roars.

Blackfront: I don't think I have ever been this nervous about a match.

Ace: You're nervous? Think of how those two men feel.

The two in the ring mouth something inaudible toward each other. After a few moments, Madman reaches out offering his hand to Abdul.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski showing good sportsmanship, offering to shake the hand of the champion.

Abdul looks to the crowd, all cheering against him and then to Madman. He reaches out and grasp the hand of the challenger. However, instead of shaking it, Hussain pulls Madman in, raising his knee to the midsection of Szalinski.

Blackfront: Ah, come on.

Ace: You just can't trust him Jason! I don't know what Madman was thinking.

Blackfront: Hussain now lifting the head of Madman Szalinski up. He comes forward with a thunderous chop across the chest of the challenger.

Madman grabs his chest and stumbles around, facing away from Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Hussain back and off the ropes, bull dog! He plants Madman Szalinski into the mat, face first.

The fans begin to boo even louder as Absul bin Hussain gets to his feet. Madman Szalinski rolls around holding his head.

Blackfront: The champion back to his feet. He now stomps away at the head of the challenger.

Ace: Szalinski is in a bad place early on.

Abdul bin Hussain continues to stomp before dropping to his knees above Madman. He grabs his head and picks him up, wrapping his arms around the neck of Szalinski.

Blackfront: The champion now applying a sleeper hold to Szalinski. If he can render him unconscious early, the champion can easily climb over the cage and go home still the UTA Champion.

Madman flails his arms, trying to break free, but just allows Hussain to get a better grip.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain has a good size advantage over the challenger, Szalinski. He is using that brute strength to try and put him out.

Szalinski is able to get his fingers up and into the eyes of Abdul who briefly legs go.

Blackfront: Madman trying to get away.

Abdul shakes it off and headbutts Madman in the back of the head. Instead of re-applying the sleeper hold, Abdul holds Madman with one arm and uses his free one to rip at the strings on his mask.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain ripping away at that mask, trying to pull it off of Szalinski.

Ace: That's the ultimate humiliation to any masked wrestler, having their mask removed in a match.

Szalinski begins to kick, still throwing his arms about. Finally he pulls away from Abdul and crawls forward, his mask untied but still on.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski able to get away from Hussain, but he needs a lot more to get into this thing. Hussain pushes to his feet and stomps over, bringing a foot down to the back of the head of Madman Szalinski. Ariel continues to watch from the outside, horrified.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain lifting Szalinski to his feet.

He turns Madman around and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Hussain whips Szalinski into the ropes.

As Madman approaches the ropes, he leaps up and grabs onto the cage. His feet fly around for a second before catching the second rope allowing him to try and climb up.

Blackfront: Szalinski trying to make a quick escape.

Ace: Climb madman, climb!

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Abdul runs over and grabs the feet of Madman Szalinski and yanks him back. Madman flies from the side of the cage backwards, and slams hard into the mat.

Blackfront: It was a good attempt, but a failed one. Hussain quickly back to his feet, goes back to work, stomping away at Madman's side.

Madman turns over to his stomach, reach out as if trying to reach for Ariel on the outside of the ring. Hussain just smiles as he walks above him.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now stomping the outstretched fingers of madman Szalinski!

Ace: If he can't use his hand,s he can't climb!

Blackfront: Good strategy by the champion.

The fans continue to get louder with their jeers as Abdul lifts madman back to his feet.

Blackfront: Szalinski whipped hard into the corner by Abdul bin Hussain.

The champion walks over and grabs the top ropes, using them for leverage as he raises his leg up, putting his foot into the throat of Madman.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain choking the challenger. With no referee to stop him, this is perfectly legal in this type of match.

Ace: Perfectly legal, and perfectly brutal.

Abdul pulls his foot down and steps back. Madman is only held up by the way he is leaning on the turnbuckle. Hussain heads back a few feet, and turns back to Szalinski. He runs and lifts his leg as he crashes into Madman.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still dishing out the punishment to Madman Szalinski.

Ace: He is having fun while doing it as well. It's almost as if this is his own personal way to crumble America.

Abdul bin Hussain grabs the middle ropes and uses them to add force as he slams his shoulder into Madman's stomach, following with a second. As he steps back, Szalinski falls forward and to the mat, holding his mid section.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if madman Szalinski is going to be able to get back to his feet after the assault from Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul taps Madman with his foot. Once he sees that he is down, Hussain turns back to the cage and

reaches up, grabbing it.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now climbing the side of the cage. I think this one may be over.

Ace: Madman isn't getting up. There's just no way.

The fans are on their feet, screaming hate toward Hussain who continues to climb. Szalinski slowly crawls a few inches before turning over to his back and looking up.

Blackfront: Madman moving, but not at any pace to stop the champion now.

Szalinski sees and sits up. He adjust his mask as he gets to his feet, slowly stumbling toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Come on Madman! You need to pull yourself together!

Szalinski throws an arm up and grabs the cage. He starts to climb, obviously not at a healthy pace at all.

Blackfront: The champion three-fourths of the way up that cage. He is home free.

Ace: I don't know Jason, Madman is now gaining on him.

Szalinski climbs a bit and reaches, unable to grab Abdul. he climbs a bit more before stopping and reaching again. This time he touches Abdul's boot.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now sees that Madman Szalinski is right below him.

Hussain pulls the foot up and puts it into the cage opening before continuing to climb.

Blackfront: Szalinski reaching deep inside of him and continues to climb.

The fans start screaming for Madman as he continues up. He reaches and is able to grab Abdul bin Hussain's lowest boot.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has ahold of Abdul bin Hussain's foot!

He begins to try to pull, but is still weak from the attack and having to climb. Hussain tries to continue up but can't.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to kick Szalinski down.

Madman, with one last burst of energy, pulls Hussain's foot and uses it to get him self up a bit more. He grabs the shin of Abdul bin Hussain and holds on. Hussain's feet come off of the cage and he tries to hold on with his arms.

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Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to hold on but his weight and Madman Szalinski's is just too much!

Both men fall backward from the side of the cage to the mat below. As they hit hard, the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski somehow able to stop Abdul bin Hussain from advancing but at what cost?

Ace: Madman is hurt Jason. That fall did him no favors.

Both men lay on the mat, breathing hard. Ariel is distraught outside.

Blackfront: Ariel wanting to get to her husband badly but unable to do anything but watch from outside of that steel structure.

Ace: It has to be horrible.

Szalinski rolls to the side of the ring near the ropes as Abdul bin Hussain begins to push himself up.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski using the ropes to pull himself to his feet as Abdul bin Hussain begins to get to his.

Madman leans on the ropes, trying to gather himself as Abdul bin Hussain gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain on his feet. He runs at the challenger...

Madman sees Abdul coming, and drops down, pulling the top rope down as well as Abdul leaps slamming face first into the cage. The fans explode.

Blackfront: ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN'S HEAD MEETS THE CAGE!

ACE: YES!

Hussain ricochets off of the cage and flops down to the mat, flailing around holding his head in pain. his legs kick and we can see crimson coming off onto the mat.

Blackfront: The champion is bleeding after his forehead met that metal.

Madman rolls over and gets to his feet. He runs toward Hussain who has now rolled over to his back, blood running down his forehead.

Blackfront: Szalinski leaps up, elbow drop right to the already busted open forehead of Abdul bin Hussain!

Abdul flops around even more, grabbing his head and rolling to his stomach, kicking his feet still.

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Ace: What a move as Madman used that elbow to work that spot of Abdul's forehead.

Madman quickly rolls over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski has hit that point where your body no longer feels pain. He is on his feet and full of energy!

Abdul pushes to his hands and knees as Madman Szalinski runs past him and hits the ropes. As he returns he jumps, throwing his feet out, catching the champion in his face.

Blackfront: Two feet to the face of the champion!

Ace: Get out of the ring Madman! Now is your chance!

Szalinski rolls over and gets up. The fans continue to yell for him. Ariel screams from outside of the ring for her husband.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain not staying down, trying to get back to his feet.

Ace: The champion is just one tough man and hard to keep down.

As Hussain begins to get up, Madman runs forward and grabs the neck of Abdul bin Hussain, leaping.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker!

Ace: Madman continues to build himself up to potentially being able to win this match!

A *Madman!* chant kicks off in the crowd as the fans scream for the challenger to get up.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski getting to his feet.

Ace: He might have this!

Blackfront: Szalinski climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: That's how you do it, get to the top rope and then climb the cage. Why try to fight climbing from the bottom?

Madman reaches the top, but instead of continuing, he turns around to face the ring.

Blackfront: What is Madman doing?

Ace: This is crazy! Just keep climbing!

Abdul bin Hussain begins to get up, blood still flowing. As he gets to his feet, Madman Szalinski leaps off of the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He jumps!

Szalinski's legs wrap around the head of Abdul.

Blackfront: Going for a hurricarranna...

As Madman leans back, Abdul doesn't flip over. Instead he pulls back, fighting against it, and lifting Madman Szalinski up before coming forward and bringing him down, hard.

Blackfront: NO! Abdul bin Hussain turns it into a powerbomb!

Ace: Madman Szalinski just screwed himself!

Blackfront: Ariel can't believe it and quite frankly neither can I.

Szalinski lays, arms and legs out as Abdul rolls over and slowly begins to get up. The fans go back to booing.

Ace: I'm afraid that if Abdul bin Hussain wins tonight, these fans may riot.

Abdul, on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the sky, praising Allah. The fans can't stand it, their hatred more than likely heard for blocks.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now getting to his feet and looking at the cage. He is ready to continue his successful reign as UTA Champion.

From the entrance section, the crowd grows even louder than the rest of the building.

Blackfront: What's this?

The camera angle moves over to show Sean Jackson methodically walking from the back, wearing a Mental Rapist shirt.

Blackfront: There is Sean Jackson! That's the man who will meet the winner of this match in a guaranteed title match!

Ace: What is he doing out here?

Blackfront: Just as his shirt alludes, playing mind games with the champion!

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Abdul heads toward the ramp side of the ring and begins yelling at Jackson to go to the back. Not changing his expression at all, Sean Jackson continues toward the ring.

Blackfront: I hope he doesn't plan on interfering in this match. We must have a winner!

Jackson stops right outside of the cage and places his hands on his hips, staring at Abdul who is growing more angry by the second.

Ace: He's just down getting a closer look at his competition.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain wasting too much time.

Rafiq heads around the ring toward Jackson.

Blackfront: Rafiq intervening... big right hand to his head for his troubles!

Rafiq humorsly falls to the floor grabbing his head, obviously overselling the punch. Inside of the ring, Abdul bin Hussain goes beserk. He quickly rushes the ropes and leaps up, grabbing onto the cage and begins climbing.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain trying to get outside now, not to win, but to get his hands on the number one contender!

Sean Jackson now heads to the cage and starts to climb from the outside. the fans have an excitement overload.

Blackfront: Jackson now scaling the cage as well!

Ace: My lord, when these two get ahold of each other.. it's going to be insane!

Inside the ring, Madman pushes himself up. he looks around and sees what is going on.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski late to the party, but now following Hussain up the cage.

Abdul and Jackson meet about the same time at the top. The cameras flash. Neither fully over, uses one arm to hold themselves up and the other to start exchanging blows.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain and Sean Jackson both with hard rights. This.. this.. this is just anarchy!

Madman finally reaches the top as well. Holding on tight with his left arm, he uses his right to elbow Hussain and come forward with a fist into the face of Sean Jackson. Jackson loses his grip and flies from the top of the cage.

Blackfront: MY GOD! MY GOD!

Sean Jackson crashes hard onto Rafiq, who had finally gotten to his feet., and the referee who had ran around to the side to try and signal Jackson to get off of the cage.

Ace: Rafiq and the referee just caught all of that.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson may just be lucky that Rafiq and the referee were there to land on or he could have been seriously hurt.

Ace: Yea, but now the referee is down Jason!

At the top of the cage both men have now climbed up, putting on leg over, sitting on top.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski and Abdul bin Hussain hit each other with heavy rights on top of the cage.

Ace: One wrong move by either, and this match is over!

Madman blocks a punch by Hussain and comes forward with another of his own. Abdul, barely able to hold himself up is dazed. Szalinski tosses his leg over the top and begins to climb down. Ariel leaps up and down from the other side and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: MADMAN IS ESCAPING! MADMAN IS ESCAPING!

Ace: We have a new champion!

Abdul is able to gather himself and throws his leg over, climbing down as well but noticeably above Madman Szalinski.

Blackfront: the first man to touch the floor wins!

Szalinski leaps down, hitting the floor and the crowd all get to their feet. It is defining. Shortly after Hussain drops down.

Blackfront: Wait, where is the bell?

Ace: the referee is still down Jason! He didn't see Madman touch the floor!

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Seeing that the referee is still down, Madman quickly runs over trying to get him to come to. Outside of the ring, Abdul bin Hussain grabs madman from behind, turning him around.

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Blackfront: Knee to the midsection of Szalinski. Hussain now sends him crashing into the side of the cage!

Madman hits the cage and flies down hard to the floor. Behind Abdul, Sean Jackson is now in a three point stance. Hussain turns around and Jackson runs. he grabs Abdul bin Hussan and slams him back first into the cage.

Blackfront: Madman has won this but there is no referee. Now Sean Jackson is destroying the champion.

The referee begins to move as Sean Jackson walks backward away from the scene. He just smiles before turning and heading up the ramp.

Blackfront: The referee is back up, but the damage is done!

The referee looks at the two men down and begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski is getting screwed out of the title!

Ace: Maybe not Jason. Maybe the referee saw him land.

Blackfront: He was out cold!

The referee confers with the announcer.

Announcer: Due to unforeseen circumstances.... this match has ended in a draw. Still, the United Toughness Alliance champion... ABDULLLL.... BIN... HUSSSAAAAIIINNNNN!!!!

Blackfront: This is baloney!

The fans go apeshit. They begin throwing trash at Hussain who is being helped up by his sister. Ariel rushes to her husband's side, checking on him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has a guaranteed title shot against Abdul bin Hussain, but I can tell you this now.. it is not over between Madman Szalinski and either of those two men.

Abdul and his sister help Rafiq to his feet. The three raise their hands and begin to head up the ramp quickly as the fans are getting more violent. Ariel begins helping Madman to his feet.

Blackfront: This is not what I expected to see folks. Sean Jackson has caused what was a good and competitive match, into something disgraceful.

Ariel holds Madman who realizes what has happened finally. He looks down, disappointed before looking out to the crowd and yelling that he is sorry.

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Blackfront: It's not your fault Madman. You gave one hell of a performance.

As they begin to head to the back, Madman stops by a kid with one of his mask on and moves in hugging him, saying something more than likely inspirational before they continue back up. Once they reach the top of the stage, Madman raises an arm up and the camera zooms in. The fans cheer for their champion.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski was screwed tonight. But I feel that in two weeks on the next Wrestleshow the fall out will be huge.

Ace: It sure will Jason.

Blackfront: Well folks, I'm Jason Blackfront..

Ace: and I'm Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: Thank you for joining us tonight and we will see you in two weeks, right here on WrestleUTA.com for Wrestleshow.

Ace: Good night everyone!

Madman Szalinski and Ariel turn to the back and continue walking as the screen fades to black and the copyright comes across the screen.