

All or Nothing: 2015

March 8, 2015 | Enterprise Center - St. Louis, Missouri

2015

We fade into the backstage area of the Scottrade Center facing a set of double doors. One of

Within a few steps the camera moves back and off to the left, revealing James Wingate and UTA Commissioner 'Cool' Cancer Jiles standing in his way. Jiles steps forward with his hand out blocking Perfection's path.

Jiles: Well, it seems this is the end of the road for you, buddy!

Perfection stares at Jiles before readjusting his eyes on Wingate.

Perfection: All or Nothing....

Wingate: That's right.

Perfection: You contracted me for thirty wrestlers...and then make it forty? That's how you want to do your business, huh?

Wingate leans in towards the champ.

Wingate: Sounds like someone isn't up to the challenge?

Perfection smirks before pulling the title off his arm, he begins to move it towards Jiles who he stares at intensely. Perfection instead hands the UTA Championship towards Wingate while keeping his focus on The Commish.

Wingate: Good luck in All or Nothing, James.

Perfection walks past them slamming his shoulder into Jiles as he goes past.

Jiles: Yeah, good luck tonight, EX-champ!...Man, how COOL was that, boss?!

Wingate shakes his head as the camera then follows Perfection walking away. He is then shortly joined by La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson; all three walking down the corridor title-less.

Cameras cut to a All Or Nothing promotional video.

Voice Over: All Or Nothing... a Forty person over the top rope match to decide every title in the UTA. Who

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will turn to dust and who will turn to gold?

Clips of past UTA matches pass your eyes. Some of the biggest stars in the business.

Voice Over: The winner of this match doesn't just walk out with the UTA Championship, they take one step towards becoming a legend. Who will shock the world at All Or Nothing?

The UTA logo appears proudly on your screen.

Voice Over: St. Louis, Missouri... are you ready? Is the UTA ready?

Pyrotechnics go off as the fans inside the Scottrade Center go bonkers. The lights come up as the cameras pick up the signs and faces of the UTA faithful in St. Louis.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody!

We come to a two shot of Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace behind their commentary table by ringside.

Blackfront: We'd like to thank those of you watching All Or Nothing on Pay Per View in North America and across the world. I'm Jason Blackfront as always with my play by play partner, Tommy Ace. Tommy, can you feel it?

Ace: There's something in the air, Jason. I can't wait to get tonight started!

Blackfront: I know the feeling. Earlier today the UTA cameras caught many of the UTA champions handing over their respected titles.

We cut to earlier recorded footage... Bechdel Kush is seen handing her UTA Wildfire Championship over to Cancer Jiles. She gives it one last kiss before putting it in the hands of Jiles.

Blackfront: There's Kush handing over the Wildfire championship... Zhalia Fears as well, handing her Prodigy title over.

Ace: This might be the last time some of these UTA stars hold gold in the UTA.

Blackfront: I'm ready for All Or Nothing... aren't you?!

Ace: Yes! Let's...

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

Ace: Yes!

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Blackfront: We apparently are going to hear from Dynasty right off the bat.

Ace: About damn time!

Sean Jackson walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely then opens and we get a glimpse of the evening parking lot, more importantly our current UTA Champion Perfection walks in, full suit, UTA Championship belt glistening in the corridor lighting.

Blackfront: We just opened the show...

Ace: So? Not soon enough!

Blackfront: Well, I guess we are looking at the former UTA Champion as of tonight. All Champions had to vacate the titles prior to the main event this evening.

La Flama Blanca walks straight down the ramp pointing and yelling at the camera, most if not all is inaudible due to the music and booing in the arena.

Ace: Poor La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Yes, that also means that the other half of the Tag Team Champions, La Flama Blanca, no longer has a UTA belt.

Ace: So disgusting, backstabbing people in management! What is this world coming to?!

As the opening riffs begin La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem as Perfection brings up the rear. The three men head down towards the ring.

Blackfront: It's been awhile since we've seen Dynasty together at full strength.

Ace: I bet they all have a lot to say.

La Flama Blanca slides into the ring while Perfection stands on the outside still being booed by the fans. Sean Jackson walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope.

Ace: No respect for Dynasty from these Missouri mouth breathers.

Blackfront: Shut up, Tommy.

Perfection grabs at the middle rope, bringing himself to the ring apron. He joins his Dynasty-mates in the ring and slides against the nearest turnbuckle before motioning LFB to get the mic and kick things off.

Blackfront: Could we be looking at three of the final six? The final six who will fight it out to see who lands

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where, later tonight in the All Or Nothing Match?

Ace: I'm hoping so!

La Flama Blanca walks to the corner and asks for a microphone. He taps on it to make sure it's live. Before he can even get a word in the fans let the group have it.

Fans: You three suck! You three suck! You three suck!

Sean Jackson grows angry and begins to yell in the ring. Perfection pops out of the corner and puts his left hand on Jackson's shoulder and pats him on the upper chest area with his right hand. La Flama Blanca turns back to the group and says something to them.

La Flama Blanca: It's obvious... that you guys don't know the meaning of that word. Dynasty does nothing but win. Dynasty saves these UTA TV tapings from going straight into the toilet. We're the only reason the UTA is on Pay Per View. Now... I know Dynasty has undergone...some changes. We are still strong. We are still feared. Dynasty... is making moves.

The Luchador takes a few steps back and passes the microphone to Sean Jackson. The Mental Rapist has the floor.

Jackson: Despite your best efforts Wingate, Dynasty is STILL the driving force behind ALL of the success you enjoy. You have managed to surround yourself with glad handed empty suits who tell you what you want to hear....

Sean momentarily stops talking while boos rip through the arena.

Ace: Listen to disrespect. They should be thankful that Dynasty even takes the time to notice them.

Blackfront: Can you get any more nauseating?

Ace: What?

Jackson: Especially that Dynasty wannabee Cancer Jiles. Well Wingate, once again your little plan to foil Dynasty is going to fall by the wayside. Because not only are we going to retain the UTA championship, but we're going to retake our Legacy championship, as well as the Wildfire...and there won't be a damned thing that anyone on your roster can do to stop it.

With the utmost of respect, Sean passes the microphone over to the UTA champion Perfection.

Perfection: How quaint, Ungratefals.

James walks across the entire ring with his hand pointed towards the audience.

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Perfection: It would seem management thinks the only way they can take that UTA Championship belt off of us...

James pauses.

Perfection:...is to put EVERYONE against us!

The crowd boos; not of the idea that everyone is against Dynasty, but that Dynasty knows they are that much better than everyone.

Perfection: Once again James Wingate will fail right here in cop-killing St. Louis!

The crowd erupts into boo's.

Blackfront: That's just too far.

Perfection: It's a shame! A shame that THEY feel they can try and plant a rift between this friendship, between Dynasty. A shame that the rest of the roster doesn't understand what great competition is!

Ace: Speak the truth champ!

Perfection: Great competition, Ungratefals, is proving you should hold that belt I just turned in even if it means fighting the very people that helped you earn it!

All three Dynasty members nod in agreement.

Perfection: Tonight, the challenge is on all three of us to prove that we are not only better than everyone outside of Dynasty...but to see who is better amongst friends! A lot of things were said over the last few weeks, but tonight you Ungratefals will witness "The Gold Standard" of competition!

Blackfront: More delusions by the delusional.

Ace: It's the truth! What is better than friendly competition?!

Perfection: Tonight you will watch three of the greatest athletes in this industry fight for the UTA Championship!

Perfection lowers the microphone before walking to the ropes and leaning over them, the camera closing in.

Perfection: One of us will walk out with that belt and you, James Wingate, will have burned another WILDCARD with this All or Nothing match!

He nods looking off to the left and mouths off to a person in the front row, off microphone range. Perfection

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finishes whatever he was arguing about before pulling the mic to his lips. He points at LFB, Sean Jackson, and then to himself.

Perfection: WE...HAVE YET TO PLAY OURS!

Perfection spikes the microphone onto the canvass and ushers towards LFB and Jackson to exit the ring.

Blackfront: Oh no.

Ace: Oh yes!

Blackfront: It can't be!....

Phoenix - Not the City

The scene cuts backstage to the sight of David Hightower storming down a hallway. Wearing his typical wife-beater and jeans, Hightower looks almost maniacal in nature. The fact that he's talking to himself while walking around like a madman doesn't help the case at all.

Hightower: God damn Dooze. Who's this clown think he is, anyway? Some fool said he's actually around this place tonight 'n' really wants ta step in that dang ring with me after I did what I did ter 'im!

Hightower continues to march down the hallway.

A single, orange feather falls in his path.

David looks up from where it dropped, then over his shoulder... then back in front of him.

Hightower: What in the barbequed gator butt is that? If Jiles is gonn' go lettin' birds back here after the stink put up 'bout me bringin' Whiskey around, I'm really gonn' lose my cool! That Cancer fella better be ready for me, now I've got two bones ta pick with 'im!

He takes another step toward, presumably, the office of Commissioner Jiles.

Another orange feather drops in front of him.

Again, David looks up. Nothing. Then around. Nothing.

He shakes his head like it was covered with ants, then continues.

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His first few steps are taken with trepidation. However, after a couple successful moves without another feather, David loosens back up and quickens his pace.

A group of feathers glide down into view from above David's head. As he looks around frantically, Kush walks into the scene absent-mindedly. She seems to be concentrating on something else, and almost hits Hightower as she draws near.

Kush: Gah! Sorry! Sorry...

Hightower stops, dead in his tracks, staring down Kush as if she's behind it all.

Kush looks up, and suddenly smiles brightly at the sight of the orange feathers making their way to the ground. She snags one of them as it passes by her.

Hightower: Wouldn't happen ter know 'xactly what's in God's good graces is goin' on here, would ya?!?

Kush lands her copacetic eyes on Hightower, still holding the orange feather in hand.

Kush: There's, ah... Theeeeeere's feathers falling on you?

That statement did anything but calm David down.

Kush: Well, I guess, ah... I guess what I meant was, ah... Yooooou know what these mean, right?

David's turning shades of red only New Englander's vacationing near the equator can reach.

Kush: Okayyyy, ah... Let me put it like this. Sooooo... These feathers, they're, ah... they're orange, right? Orange like, ah... Liiiiiike a phoenix.

With the little patience David might have left being tested, he is not up for Kush beating around the bush here.

Hightower: What in the world is a Phoenix and am I gonna get arrested fer killin' one?!? Now wait a god dang second lil' lady! Isn't Phoenix a place in Arizona?

The unease of figuring out how to word her answer is visually obvious.

Kush: You're, ah... technically correct? A-ny-waaaays, I don't think you could, ah... you could kill one.

David looks at her cross... with a lot of anger.

Kush: Well, ah... See, according to legend, the phoenix is a legendary bird that burns to ash when, ah... when it dies. Then, after a while, it, ah... liiiiit rises up from its ashes, renewed.

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Hightower: What in the god dang hell kinda voodoo mumbo jumbo are ya talkin bout'?!

Kush: Greek mythos, actually. It's, ah... It's Greek, not voodoo.

Hightower rolls his eyes shaking his head.

Hightower: Ahhhh ferget it! I'd be better off askin someone more intelligent! Where the hell did my dog get to?

That's the moment David realizes what's happening. That's the same moment when David turns absolute, full-on, lobster red. That's also when-

SPLAT

An egg.

David Hightower's face.

The steam, almost visible, pouring out from his ears and nose could almost cook it.

Hightower: GOD DANG IT!!!! WHISKEY!!! WHERE ARE YA!!! IMMA KILL THAT SUMBITCH!!!

End scene.

State of Spawn

Recorded earlier today

Jennifer and Gaze are sitting in chair across from each other. Williams is dressed in a white button up dress shirt with blue dress pants, with white heels. Across from her sits Lady Gaze, dressed in a black dress, with black heels. Her hair tied into a ponytail. Gaze has on red eye shadow with red lipstick. Gaze and Jennifer both have their legs crossed.

Jennifer Williams: If you will forgive me Gaze, last time we talked it felt real awkward.

Gaze: Things change Jen. I plan to be professional here so go ahead and ask your questions.

Jennifer seems relieved at Gaze's response. Williams looks toward the camera and gets the introduction started.

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Jennifer Williams: Hello, fans. Later tonight at the Scottrade Center in St. Louis, Missouri, the UTA will host All or Nothing. The card is pretty stacked and it will be a great night of action.

Williams looks toward Gaze.

Jennifer Williams: Lots of rumors are flying around that The Spawn may indeed be over by the end of the night. I guess the first question is..... I watched a recent episode of UTA Exclusive, and I am sure not only myself but the fans want to know what is going on with The Spawn?

Gaze: Well, Jen I can assure you especially Dynasty The Spawn is not going anywhere! It has been a rough past month with The Spectre leaving. Just a bump in the road nothing to get all the fans upset about.

Jennifer Williams: A lot of fans want to know why did The Spectre refuse to resign with the company?

Gaze: If I was The Spectre I would be able to give you an answer. However I am not, The Spectre. From what I can gather. All these children in the backstage area can not seem to respect a man's lifestyle and his very presence in this company. A company he was with since day one! It seems that is meaningless to these degenerates!

Jennifer Williams: I see, well right now it seems two of you are willing to talk it out with Ron Hall about joining. But, for some reason Crimson Lord your husband does not why?

Gaze: Pretty much this entire roster has no clue how much of a bloodbath Ron Hall and Crimson Lord had back in 2003-2004. The stuff they did to each other would not be allowed in this new era of wrestling. I question a fifteen year grudge myself, but for some reason both of them want nothing to do with each other.

Jennifer Williams: Gaze, how are you doing with all this happening now? You seem to be caught in the middle of the three.

Gaze: I am managing. I am not going to lie it has gotten stressful at times. Why wouldn't it when you have three big egos clashing with one another. Tonight at All or Nothing I am going to force them to get together. I don't care if they beat the hell out of each other. I will get them on the same page!

Jennifer Williams: Good luck Gaze, I have a feeling you are going to need it. Before you go I have one final question for you. Who do you think is going to walk out of All or Nothing with the UTA Championship?

Gaze ponders the question for a moment and then responds, not very thrilled by her answer.

Gaze: This makes me feel sick to say this..... I am going to have to say..... La Flama Blanca.

Jennifer surprised by her choice.

Jennifer Williams: Wow, I would have expected you to choose Crimson Lord.

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Gaze looks down toward the floor and shakes her head.

Gaze: I do not think I ever want him to hold that championship ever again!

Jennifer Williams: Really....Why?

Gaze takes the microphone off of her dress. Gaze raises it to her mouth as she stands up.

Gaze: That title changes men, and frankly I do not want to go back to the old Crimson Lord again!

She drops the microphone and walks off the stage.

Tape ends....

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's "Crystallize" begins to filter through the PA system.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, this opening contest is scheduled for one fall!

A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin.

Announcer: Introducing first, weighing in at 235 pounds...he is The Shining Light From Above...PALADIN!

Blackfront: Here comes Paladin, Tommy, a guy with a lot to say regarding Dynasty...

Ace: Yeah, I don't get all this 'I AM' stuff. 'I AM' tired of hearing it, really.

Paladin, having walked down to ringside under the eyes of a hushed crowd, slides in underneath the bottom rope. A couple of bounces with his back to the ropes and a squat in the corner later, and Paladin is ready for his opponent to make his entrance as the lights return to normal, but only for a moment.

Blackfront: Paladin looking ready as ever here, looking to kick this thing off...

The lights go out in the arena as the lights then start to flicker as "Scarecrow" by Ministry starts, the giant screen in the back starts to play images of clowns, spiders, insects, and other random images to induce fear. Nigma walks out from the back and stops as he looks out at the crowd

Announcer: And his opponent, hailing from Parts Unknown...

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Nigma then lifts the noose around his neck and mock hangs himself as he then stumbles down the ramp toward the ramp.

Ace: So, is somebody gonna tell me what that's supposed to be all about?

Blackfront: It's a mind game, Ace. A mind game Nigma has proven himself good at.

Ace: It's an Alice In Chains music video outtake!

He stops half way and takes off his hat to reveal the mask. As smoke starts to fill the ramp and around the ring. Nigma then starts again to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5 foot eight inches and weighing in at one-hundred eighty-five pounds...

Nigma climbs the steps as he stops on the apron and wipes his feet before entering.

Ace: I swear to God, I'm waiting for He-Man and Skeletor to crawl out from under the ring...

Nigma then walks to the center of the ring and looks around as he then walks to his corner and takes off his coat.

Announcer: NIIIIIGMMMMMMMMMA!!!

Nigma walks to a corner and sits down, looking across the ring at Paladin who eyes him intently. The lights remain on at normal brightness now, with the crowd swelling up in anticipation for the first match of the night to begin.

Blackfront: This is a BIG night tonight, we've got four big match-ups and then the big forty-man All Or Nothing Battle Royal...

The bell rings. Nigma and Paladin waste zero time locking horns in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: They tie up, and we're off!

Paladin uses his slight weight advantage to push Nigma back. Rolling backwards and back onto his feet, Nigma pounces right back in for more.

Blackfront: Paladin with a bit of a size advantage.

Ace: Nigma with a bit of a weird advantage.

This time, it is Nigma who whips Paladin down with an arm drag. Paladin is equally nimble to his feet, meeting Nigma for a third time.

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Blackfront: Nigma does prefer to use his head, it seems. Is Paladin pure enough in spirit to overcome the mind games?

Paladin picks Nigma up, dropping him with a well-executed scoop slam. He follows this up with a quick leg drop across the chest and neck.

Ace: Pure enough in pain, right there. See, for all this white horse riding, and all these psychological tricks...

Paladin takes a step in and drops another leg, this time connecting with the back of Nigma's head as he is on all fours to rise.

Ace: BOOM! It all boils down to two men beating each other up.

Blackfront: But this isn't a brawl in the street...nice front face headlock applied by Paladin, laying the man down...see, Tommy? This is a thinking man's sport. Muscle can only get you so far.

Nigma turns his knees in, and escapes the hold. Both men rise up to their feet, getting a moderate reception from the crowd. They cease to wait, and lock up once again.

Blackfront: Side headlock applied by Paladin now...into a headlock takeover, down on the canvas!

Nigma gets a leg over Paladin's head, using the legscissors to break out. Paladin rolls through to escape. Nigma also rolls back from his sitting position. Both men charge at one another, but this time Paladin sidesteps, slapping Nigma on the back as he continues running.

Blackfront: And only in the UTA are you going to see action like this - CRUCIFIX ROLLUP BY NIGMA! CAN HE GET IT?

Nigma wiggles around, but Paladin prepares to drop him with the Samoan drop. Nigma manages to wriggle loose, and get his feet back on solid ground. That solid ground is the apron, across the ring ropes from Paladin. Paladin turns around to get caught with a shoulder charge to the gut from Nigma, then Nigma springboards over the top and rolls over Paladin, running again to the opposite side of the ring.

Blackfront: Things are picking up here...the crowd is starting to get on their feet...

Nigma charges into Paladin with a two-foot front dropkick, sending him through the ropes and onto the floor. Nigma keeps running one more time...

Blackfront: NIGMA UP HIGH

Nigma springboards to the top rope, but slips back down onto the ring apron when he notices Paladin ready to catch him. Once on the ring apron, he jukes Paladin just enough to leap off at him with a straight spear.

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Blackfront: To the floor, what a dive by Nigma!

A split-screen instant replay shows the dive from a different camera angle positioned on the floor beside Paladin. Nigma's spear, and the head-on-head contact between the two, is well documented in slow motion. Back to live action, there is little from either man as they lay crumpled on the floor. Nigma is up against the ring steps, with blood beginning to trickle from the top of his forehead.

Ace: There's using your head, Jason! We got blood now, too! Is that Nigma's blood on Paladin's mask, or do you think it's his?

The white of Paladin's mask is stained red as Paladin kicks his legs, laying on his stomach near the railing. The referee begins his ten count at "ONE!" but it does little to entice either man to move any quicker.

Blackfront: I don't know who got the worse of that one, really...

Nigma stumbles around briefly before leaning down to pull Paladin off the floor. Nigma grabs Paladin by the base of the neck and the small of the back, shoving Paladin over into the ring steps.

Ace: You wondering now? Are ya?

Nigma takes in a deep breath, checking around the arena to listen in at the crowd before climbing up onto the apron. The referee's count is now at "THREE!"

Blackfront: And while Nigma got busted open, it looks like Paladin is the one worse for the wear...

Ace: Or Paladin's busted open too, one or the other. Doesn't it look like there's more bloodstain under his mask?

Blackfront: I think you're right...

Ace: I usually am.

Nigma jumps off the ring apron, catching a rising Paladin with a flying leg lariat from the apron onto the floor.

Ace: Nigma has the right idea here...just don't let the man up!

Blackfront: Nigma could win by countout!

The count is now at "FIVE!" Nigma climbs up onto the apron again. Paladin once more is pulling himself up by the railing. He turns to see a leaping Nigma coming his direction...

Blackfront: Again!

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Paladin catches Nigma, falling forwards to drive Nigma back-first into the ring apron.

Blackfront: Paladin comes back!

The crowd perks up with cheers as Paladin, still woozy, rolls into the ring underneath the bottom rope. Nigma holds onto his lower back, but the count is now broken when Paladin grabs him from inside the ring, pulling him to a standing position and forcing him to crawl onto the ring apron.

Blackfront: Paladin wants to bring Nigma in the hard way!

Paladin brings Nigma up, over, and down with a vertical suplex to bring Nigma off the apron and into the ring. Paladin floats over, going for the first cover of the night.

Ace: It's not over that soon!

Blackfront: It could be...Nigma kicks out!

After the two-count near fall, Paladin brings Nigma back up by his head, positioning the man in the corner and preparing to Irish whip him across the ring.

Blackfront: These two men giving it all in this All or Nothing opening contest...Nigma to the corner...

Nigma leaps to the second pad, then back again to jump over Paladin as he comes in. Paladin is able to avoid charging into the turnbuckles, and turns around to catch Nigma now coming in. Paladin drops low, hitting Nigma with a very swift drop toe hold to slam him face first into the turnbuckles.

Ace: OOH! Do not think I have seen that before!

Blackfront: Absolutely devastating!

Nigma lies in the corner as Paladin takes a moment to grasp the top rope, breathing a bit heavy. He turns and looks back, moving towards Nigma.

Blackfront: Nigma could be out after that move...

Paladin leans down towards Nigma, and is wrapped up in an inside cradle.

Ace: Head games!

Blackfront: Nigma could steal one! NO! Paladin kicks out at two and a half!

After the small package, both men get back to their feet. Nigma ducks a Paladin clothesline, turning Paladin around into an inverted front face lock. Paladin is able to pick Nigma up, however, and hoist his feet off the

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canvas. Paladin sits down, dropping Nigma with some kind of Emerald Fusion-esque move, with more of a sideslam type impact.

Blackfront: Paladin with the next move!

Paladin leans over with an arm draped over, going for a pin.

Blackfront: Paladin goes for it all...

Ace: Is it that time?

Blackfront: No! Not yet! Nigma gets a shoulder up in the nick of time!

Ace: Boy, this thing is just like Hanukkah, it won't end!

Kneeling over his opponent, Paladin shakes his own cobwebs loose before attempting to go at Nigma again.

Blackfront: And now these two are going to keep going at it until someone stands tall...

Paladin and Nigma soon find themselves locked in a double front face lock, each man vying for position.

Blackfront: Interesting...either man has a signature move they could attempt from this position, if they could just get a little bit of advantage over the other...

Nigma leans back, breaking free of Paladin's arm. He appears to prepare for his swinging neckbreaker, the Nightmare Factory.

Ace: End this!

He swings, but without Paladin's head in his arms.

Blackfront: Paladin breaks free!

Paladin kicks Nigma in the stomach, preparing to lift him in the vertical suplex and drive him down with The Absolution...

Blackfront: Now Nigma gets out of Paladin's grasp!

Nigma returns the earlier kick to the gut with one of his own. Forcing Paladin's head between his knees, he signals for the Face Your Fear sunset flip piledriver...

Ace: Here we go! This one will finish it!

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Nigma goes to jump up for the flip, but Paladin breaks free. Nigma does the front flip anyway, landing on his feet. Nigma spins around to meet Paladin, who meets him first with another toe kick in the midsection.

Ace: SOMEONE HIT SOMETHING!

Paladin lifts Nigma up, then brings him down with The Absolution.

Blackfront: THERE!

Ace: NOT HIM!

Paladin leans over, covering Nigma. The crowd counts along with the referee.

Blackfront: ONE! TWO! THREE!

Ace: Un-believable...

Paladin moves his legs, rolls back, and gets to his feet in order to have his hand raised by the referee.

Announcer: The winner of this match, Paladin!

Blackfront: And Paladin wins a hard fought opening contest!

Ace: He's gonna need half a tub of Oxy Clean to get the blood out of his mask though!

Blackfront: That was a great way to start this night off!

Round Number 2

The cameras flash to the back. A close up view of the UTA All or Nothing Logo is dominating the screen. The scene pans back to view the interviewer, Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time..., The Marine, Orobin Thor.

The fans can be heard as a dull roar in the back as the Marine slips into the shot.

Sawyers: Orobin, tonight you take on Pin Smith, another newcomer like yourself. After your heartwrenching debut on the final episode of Proving Grounds, how confident are you feeling about this match?

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Jamie thrusts the mic into Orobin's face.

Orobin: I kind of expected to be somewhat rusty, Jamie, but I was thrown completely off guard by this Lew Smith. No worries tho, as that will never happen again. Pin Smith eh? What, are him and Lew brothers? Cousins? Butt buddies? Am I to expect the same weird fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants type of style? Its possible, but I DON'T CARE!!

He takes a small pause.

Orobin: Lew, count your blessings or whatever you did to practically be untouchable. If those were steroids... I want some damnit. Oh and don't think I will forget nor forgive the fact that you deliberately tried to shake my confidence in myself. You had me questioning my skills as one of this business's very BEST it has to offer. I needed only to be reminded of who I am.

He looks at Jamie before continuing.

Orobin: Now, onto Pin Smith. I can't really say 'welcome to the UTA' because I practically just got here myself. What I can say is this. Bring your A-Game kid because I'm coming like a hurricane to rip you apart, limb by limb. You are now squarely locked into my gunsights and the time is now for me to pull the trigger. Prepare yourself. The UTA has UNLEASHED this DOG of WAR!! OORAH!!! GET SOME!!!

With that, he leaves camera view leaving behind an awestruck Jamie Sawyers.

All In

Mr. Fantastic stands in front of a UTA logo backdrop, rubbing his hands together and smiling. Dressed in his wrestling gear and wearing a Fantastic Fight Academy T-shirt, he turns to the camera.

Fantastic: Aaah! Can you feel it? Ha ha ha! Huh? Can you?

Fantastic inhales deeply

Fantastic: How 'bout that? Can you smell it? It's the smell of opportunity in the air. Look at where we are! St. Louis, Missouri. Riverboat gambling all up and down the Mississippi River!! People hoping that next roll of the dice will change their lives forever! What better place for an event like All or Nothing?

Fantastic chuckles to himself

Fantastic: Just like thoseb gambling tourists, there is a locker room full of UTA superstars who have all

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pushed their chips in the middle of the table and are going all in for a chance to earn championship gold. But, like so many hardluck stories, they are all going home with empty pockets. And you know why? Because of this...

Points to the logo on his T-shirt

Fantastic: Because tonight, Mr. Fantastic is in the main event! Because I am the man who put down all obstacles, rises to every occasion and shows everyone exactly why I am on top of the wrestling mountain. Tonight, I step into that ring with thirty-nine other men and I walk out a champion in this company!! Tonight, the Spawn will show everyone why we are the most dominant group in the history of professional wrestling. And, tonight, I remind the thirty-nine other "bad beats" in that ring that THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN BEING FANTASTIC!!

The Eyes of the GOAT

CUTTO The Second Coming, in front of the All or Nothing banner.

Second Coming: Tonight's the night that we find out the truth. Who has the fire of the GOAT? Who's channeled the spirit of the GOAT?

Her eyes narrow.

Second Coming: Will it be a member of Team 2 Badass 4 A Name? I don't know. But we don't need to be the greatest, ever - just at the right moment.

She smirks.

Second Coming: Like my sister Kush said... it's time to slay a dragon.

The bell rings as the fans once again turn their attention to the announcer.

Announcer: This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit, and the winner of this match will be entered into the All or Nothing match!

The fans cheer at that last statement, as much for the match itself as they are for the still - unknown entrant

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into the main event.

Announcer: Furthermore, it has been determined by Commissioner Cancer Jiles, that there must be a winner in this contest! If no winner is able to be declared, neither competitor will be permitted entry into tonight's main event!

Blackfront: The stakes couldn't be higher, Tommy!

Ace: Shows what you know. This match isn't for any of Dynasty's Championships, is it?

Announcer: Introducing first...

Without notice the arena becomes a party of flashing strobes and moving spotlights of many colors. The stage lights up from underneath as the video screen goes through an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties. "All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khaled kicks on over the airwaves.

Ace: Good God! Did we get bought out by MTV again? What's happening to my ears!?

Blackfront: Whatever it is, the fans are enjoying it. Look at all these kids jumping around. The UTA newcomer certainly has his way with a crowd.

Pin Smith, dancing around on the stage from side to side, engages the crowd like he always does. Throwing his hand up, as the song indicates, and bouncing up and down, also indicated by the song. The Real Deal starts toward the ring with a beaming smile on his face, taking the time to slaps hands and receive the welcoming wishes from wrestling's greatest fans.

Announcer: On his way to the ring... from Main Street, USA... by way of Sin City, Nevada...

King makes it to the ring steps, turning back to grab a few more high fives from the crowd. He rhythmically scales the metal stairs before popping through the ropes.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches and weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds...

Pin quickly makes his way around the ring. He does some high knees and light jogging before gripping the top rope and stretches out his impressive limbs.

Announcer: "King"... Pin Smith.

The crowd pops slightly, more for the light show than the unknown in the ring. That causes King to raise his fist to the crowd, thanking them for their unrelenting support. The music fades out as King turns his attention to the task at hand.

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Blackfront: Smith certainly has confidence. He's coming off his debut match victory against Teddy Alexander, but will that momentum carry through tonight?

Ace: He's got more momentum than the coast guard guy, but it'll only carry him to the Dynasty Brick Wall.

Blackfront: We'll see about that, Tommy.

Announcer: AND HIS OPPONENT...

'Hardcore' by The Warrior Project resounds within the arena. Words light up the screen as a chorus of voices reads what is written. The power of the music ramps up, gathering its strength. The final words are spoken as the music explodes sending the fans into a cheering frenzy. Out pops The Marine full of energy and getting the fans riled up.

Ace: He dropped a match to Lew Smith, why do they like him?

Blackfront: That was a close one, Tommy - and they appreciate his efforts!

Announcer: 'Hailing from Houston, Texas. Weighing in at two hundred sixty five pounds...

He runs down the ramp, sliding underneath the bottom rope. He hops up and climbs one turnbuckle. He raises both arms in the air, yelling "Oorah!!" and "GET SOME!!" He points at some of the fans and repeats the process on the parallel turnbuckle.

Announcer: "The Marine... OROOOOOOOBIIIIIIIN THOOOOOOOOOOOOR!"

Orobin hops off the turnbuckle but lays out across the ropes, waiting.

Blackfront: King doesn't look impressed, Tommy.

Ace: Would you be?

Blackfront: He's an impressive physical sight!

Ace: So's Dynasty, and they have class. Don't be suckered by a pretty face.

The bell rings, and Thor wastes no time in firing off a series of hard right hands into Smith's face. He's got the King rocked from the start, and the fans cheer for every punch.

Blackfront: I think he heard you, Tommy! The Marine is looking to send a message to the entire UTA with his assault here!

Smith backs into the ropes, and Thor whips him across the ring, flattening the Kingpin with a hard

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clothesline. Smith hits the mat and scrambles away to the bottom rope, hoping for a breather.

Ace: It's not like bowling, is it, kid?

Blackfront: Pin Smith is off his game from the start, and Thor just grabbed him by the ankle and pulled him back to the middle of the ring!

Thor let go of Smith's foot as he moves toward his head and shoulders to pull him back up, but Smith gets a foot on his chest and shoves him backwards, then nips up and launches forward with a shoulderblock that puts the Marine down this time! He wastes no time in rushing the ropes again and coming off toward a rising Marine, and aims low, tackling him around the knees!

Blackfront: Thor's head just bounced against the mat, and Pin Smith with a roll over and a hook of the leg! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Ace: Delaying the inevitable.

Blackfront: Who is?

Ace: Doesn't matter.

As soon as Thor kicked out, he rolls away from Smith, though his opponent remained on him. The King Pin moves in, but the Marine drives his head forward and smashes against Smith's eye! Pin Smith staggers back, his balance off, and Thor hooks him from behind in a full nelson, dropping him on his neck and shoulders with a full nelson slam! He stands up and pulls Smith back to his feet, and lifts him high over his head!

Blackfront: Orobin Thor showing his strength with a press slam! Where's he going to deposit him?

Ace: Probably right where he is. Have you noticed he hasn't moved?

Thor did, in fact, deposit Smith right where he was standing, and the King Pin bounces off the mat and slides into the ropes. He pulls himself up while the Marine slowly, methodically stalks him.

Blackfront: Smith has the height advantage, but the Marine has the weight. In a match like this, where Thor has Smith at a disadvantage, the weight advantage has to mean more.

Ace: The only weight that matters is the sixty pounds of gold Dynasty's taking home.

Smith shakes his head to try and clear his vision, but no sooner does he turn around, than Orobin Thor cracks him in the face with a stiff forearm and sends him back into the ropes. He comes off the other side, only for Thor to duck down and send him flying through the air with a high angle backdrop. Smith hits the mat and rolls to the outside, holding the back of his head.

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Blackfront: The fans are cheering for Orobin Thor, and trying to get Pin Smith's head back in the game.

Ace: That's not what matters, Jason! Look at Thor!

The announcers notice it. The fans notice it. Pin Smith definitely notices it: Orobin Thor has a limp in his step. He does his best to cover it with slow, methodical, stalking movements, but the damage - and disclosure - is done.

Blackfront: Smith slides under the bottom rope, breaking the count, but slides right back out! He's calling for Thor to back off so he can slide back into the ring!

Ace: Break the count, distract the ref, put the Marine off balance. It's all good strategy for such a pretty boy.

After the third reentry attempt and broken count, Thor steps around the referee and reaches down for Smith, but Smith grabs his ankle and pulls the Marine to the mat! He pulls back and drops an elbow into Thor's knee! Another! He pulls the Marine completely out of the ring and slides back in, watching his opponent try to pull himself up!

Ace: There's some smarts for you!

Blackfront: The tables have turned, and Pin Smith is in the ring with Orobin Thor on the outside, though Thor is down where Smith was just off balance!

Ace: With the chance to lose to Dynasty in All or Nothing on the line, every advantage helps.

Smith takes a few seconds in the ring, then exits the ring behind the referee's back. He walks around to the Marine and helps him up, sending him back into the ring to a cheer from the fans.

Ace: Now what the heck is that?

Blackfront: That's called good sportsmanship, Tommy. Pin Smith needed a breather, but he's clearly looking for a fair fight.

Ace: Losers look for a fair fight. Winners go home and f--

Blackfront: Tommy!

Pin Smith sends Orobin Thor back into the ring, and he climbs to the apron! The fans are on their feet as the Marine climbs back to a vertical base, and the King Pin waits on the other side of the ropes! Thor finally staggers up as the referee threatens once more for King to reenter the ring, and Smith vaults himself from the apron to the top rope and jumps with a flying crossbody into a cover! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Blackfront: He's not finished yet!

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Ace: He's almost there.

Thor barely gets his shoulder up after the last pin attempt, and the fall from the cross body seems to have caused more damage to his knee. He punches the mat in frustration, and Pin Smith looks unsure of how to proceed. He clearly wants to keep going but appears to sympathize with the Marine's bad luck.

Because of this, Smith hesitates as he approaches, which draws Thor's attention. The Marine intercepts his approach and the two lock up, with Thor lifting Smith high in the air with both hands by the neck! He throws the King Pin backwards into the corner, and limps forward, throwing wild and powerful fists into Smith's face and chest.

Ace: Might makes right.

The Marine pulls Pin out of the corner and sends him into the ropes, but Smith reverses the whip! Thor is visibly pained as he hits the other end, and Pin further twists his ankle on the rebound with a drop toe hold! He doesn't waste any time from here!

Blackfront: Zugzwang! Smith has it locked on in the middle of the ring!

Ace: Only quitters quit.

Blackfront: I don't think that's quite the case here, Tommy!

The fans are loud; some are calling for the submission while others want the Marine to break the hold. A close up of the action shows the hold locked in tightly, while Thor is unable to get both legs under him for additional leverage.

Blackfront: There it is! Orobin Thor taps out!

The bell rang, and Pin Smith immediately releases the hold. He backs up and allows the referee to raise his hand in victory, but regards his opponent with a clear look of regret.

Announcer: The winner of this match as the result of a submission, and entrant into the All or Nothing Main Event... PIN... SMITH!!

Blackfront: Orobin Thor had nowhere to go. He's a smart man, Tommy, and he knew that it wasn't worth risking serious injury for the sake of pride.

Ace: Sure. Whatever it takes to get through the night. But at least he won't hurt himself even more against Dynasty.

Blackfront: We'll be back in a flash!

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When Legends Collide

Mr. Fantastic is sitting on a bench in the locker room, taping his fists. He suddenly jumps to his feet as "The Southern Rebel" Ron Hall walks in.

Fantastic: Can I help you, Ronnie?

Hall: You got a minute? Wanted to talk with you about something.

Fantastic: What?

Hall: I'm not trying to cause trouble between you and Crimson but I've been thinking. Maybe Gaze was on to something. We apparently do have a common problem with Dynasty.

Fantastic: And?

Hall: I might not be able to trust Crimson as far as I can throw him but maybe you and I could try for a truce just one night and watch each other's backs in case Dynasty tries something funny.

Fantastic: Well, brother, it's going to be a wild scene out there in that main event tonight. I don't exactly know what your story is but an extra set of eyes never hurts, I suppose.

Hall: That aside, if it comes down to just us at the end, I will throw you out to.

Fantastic: (Rises from his seat, they lock eyes for a moment and you can feel the tension) I wouldn't have expected you to say anything...

Suddenly, Gaze and Crimson Lord walk into the locker room. Crimson is clearly both surprised and angered at seeing Fantastic and Hall conferring together.

Lord: Well, look what we have here. Thought I would not find out, huh? You're all against me! You two and this new generation of superstars. She was right. Part of me did not want to believe her but now I see it plain as day!

Gaze: Crimson, please calm down. This is not what you think. I set this up.

Fantastic: C'mon, man. You don't know what your talking about! Frankly, no one knows what the hell you've been talking about lately. Why don't you listen to your lady here and...

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Crimson quickly looks toward Gaze.

Lord: You, too? You all are conspiring against me! I know your deal. You want to take out your biggest threat in that rumble tonight!

Crimson walks over and gets right in Hall's face.

Lord: Just staring at you makes me sick. To think Fantastic would even consider you an ally is beyond me!

Crimson looks toward Mr. Fantastic.

Lord: I guess you are going to ignore my warnings. This group is not big enough for me and....

Looks back at Ron Hall.

Lord: YOU!

Hall: Look dumbass I'm *not* apart of this group! It was her (points at Gaze) idea. You got a problem with it, take it up with your wife unless she's wearing the pants too!

Gaze: Enough you two!

Gaze forces herself in between Crimson Lord and Ron Hall.

Fantastic: What is happening here? All I wanted was few minutes of peace and quiet to get ready for this match!

Lord: You want this man watching your back? Fine, Fantastic! I guess you have chosen who you wanted to watch your back tonight! I did this on my own before and I will do it again. I did not need anyone then and I sure as hell do not need you two losers now!

Hall: Ok, one more time genius... I (talking to Crimson like he's M.D points to himself) came in here to talk with him (points at Fantastic) about tonight. I damn sure don't need you (points at Crimson) to do anything for me!

Lord: Watch your back, Hall. You never know when I will strike!

Hall: (gets up close to Crimson Lord. Everyone's waiting for this to blow up. Will it?). Go ahead and try it, you'll fail just like you have so many times before.

Crimson Lord angrily leaves the locker room as Gaze goes to track him down. Fantastic looks over to Hall.

Fantastic: Gaze seems to think there's a place for you in the Spawn. Well, you don't earn it by getting

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between existing members. Like I said, Ronnie...I don't know what your story is but you keep breaking down this group and I damn sure know how your story ends...

Hall: (you can feel the tension that's spilled over.) if you're feeling froggy jump Fantastic.

Fantastic: (smirks) Good luck out there, cowboy. (turns and looks towards the locker room door)
Crimson...wait a second!!

Fantastic walks out of the locker room to go after his partner, while Hall looks on, pondering the confrontation

Special Musical Guest Z. Mann Zilla

As we cut back to ringside, we see that musical instruments have been set up on the main stage.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome UTA's special musical guest, Z. Mann Zilla!

The crowd pops as Z. Mann Zilla hits the stage. The guitars start blasting immediately.

LYRICS:

Got my wrists bound, Man that crowd is loud
I know I'm gonna make 'em all proud... but how?
Call it a hunch or a history lesson, yeah
My reputation in the ring should leave nobody guessing

The stakes have never been higher, but then again
when's a win just another win?
I never give no pause or no quarter, no pulling punches or mercy
It's always all or nothing when you face me

CHORUS (2X)

You know I'm ready!
My anthem is blasting and the crowd is going sonic!
The monitor above me's got my name and picture on it!
I'm willing and able to break a table with you on it!
Because I'm taking it all!

Boom! Blaow! Pyros and explosion sounds
All around, as I advance to meet the crowd

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Now for the thousands in attendance, and all the millions watching at home,
Here comes a hell of a show, yo

There ain't a body in their seat
They crane their necks, lift their kids, raisin' up their phones for a photo Tweet
They know what they're about to see
Because they know it's always all or nothing to me

CHORUS (2X)

Hey kids!

As the scene fades in, we see Uncle Rocky standing in front of a bunch of kids. We are looking at the kids from behind, and there appear to be about 12 of them total. Uncle Rocky has a big grin on his face.

Uncle Rocky: Hello friends!

There's a momentary pause, then all the children respond with...

Kids: HELLO UNCLE ROCKY!

Uncle Rocky: Do you know what today is?

Kids (after a moment pause): THE ALL OR NOTHING PAY PER VIEW!

Uncle Rocky: Correct-a-mundo, my fun-sized fans! And who will you all be cheering for to win it?

Kids (after a moment pause): UNCLE ROCKY!!!

Uncle Rocky: I'm SO VERY happy to hear you say that! Now please enjoy some complimentary healthy snacks over there!

The kids start to get up. We start to see some faces - all the kids look like they have tears in their eyes as they hurry over to where the snacks are. Uncle Rocky turns in the other direction, as several adults come walking over, also looking a bit distressed. As they file past, the last one - a grandmother by the look of it - gives Uncle Rocky an evil glare.

Old Woman: You are a horrible person.

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Uncle Rocky: Opinions sure are fun to have, huh?

Uncle Rocky then smiles brightly at her with his mouth... while his eyes glare daggers through her. He watches her head over to the area with the snacks. After a few moments, Robot Pete enters the scene from the same direction as the parents. He appears to be carrying a stack of cue cards and a chainsaw.

Uncle Rocky: You... MIGHT have over-sold it a bit back there, buddy.

Robot Pete: Only because the rubber hammer wasn't getting the desired results!

Uncle Rocky: Well, I guess we need to do whatever it takes to get over in this match!

Robot Pete: WHATEVER IT TAKES, CHAMP!!!

Uncle Rocky smiles and nods at Robot Pete as the scene fades out.

Carrying the UTA

Scene begins with Kate Kincaid standing backstage with Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens. As Kate turns to face the duo, Marshall immediately fires off the first salvo.

Marshall: Ms. Kincaid, as always you're looking lovely tonight. But, we all know the question you are about to ask. So let me go ahead and save you the trouble.

Marshall shoots a quick look over his shoulder to Sean Jackson before turning his full attention back to Kate.

Marshall: Dynasty has been the machine that has kept UTA afloat. Despite everyone else, who has entered into this company, and stayed for all of fifteen seconds...

A smile breaks onto Sean Jackson's face.

Marshall: Dynasty has been the standard bearer, dominating the title scene, dominating the main event as only they can. Matter of fact Kate, you can mark it down in big bold letters...

Marshall starts being animated with his hands, over emphasizing the big bold letters.

Marshall: The winner tonight WILL be a member of Dynasty. For you see Kate, Dynasty always ups their game in situations like this, especially when the UTA championship is on the line.

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Kate: Well Marshall, this main event will be loaded with talent. Unlike the main events of the p...

Marshall chuckles while shaking his head, prompting Sean to instantly retort.

Sean: Oh please Kate, the only talent you're going to see tonight is Dynasty. How many times do we have to prove that nothing happens here in UTA without Dynasty allowing it? Spectre was supposed to put me on the shelf at Seasons Beatings, and it didn't happen.

Sean points over his shoulder, to no particular direction at all.

Sean: Ron Hall and Spawn was supposed to rid UTA of Perfection. Hell Cancer Jiles and James Wingate gave him two...count em, two chances to eliminate Perfection from title contention...

The smile gets larger.

Sean: But the so called Hall of Famer, who had the good graces from the two cheap suits at the top, simply couldn't get the job done. Or better yet, who could forget the kick heard round the world when the drugged out caddy Madman Szalinski, who in the fog of a drunken stupor....

He could go on, but waves himself off. Not wanting to give Szalinski any more airtime than humanly possible.

Sean: You know, why speak of that burnout when I can talk about my good friend La Flama Blanca. The man who finally got tired of being lost in Szalinski's shadow, and took it upon himself to finally kick that failure in the face, and to take his rightful spot alongside Perfection and myself at the top of the mountain...

While Sean is speaking, Marshall is nodding his head in approval.

Sean: And tonight, we WILL maintain our dominance at the top. So to answer your immediate question Kate. It doesn't matter who in Dynasty wins tonight, just as long as one of us wins, and the UTA championship stays in our fold. But not that, the Legacy title needs to come home to us as well.

Sean leans in close.

Sean: Had it not been for that cheap suit Wingate, Claude would have never got addicted to pain pills and the Legacy championship would still belong to us. But no, Claude basically had the belt stolen from him and practically gift wrapped to Gentleman Jack. Well, that too will be corrected tonight and for good measure...

Sean leans back out.

Sean: We're going to walk out with the Wildfire championship. Whether any of the intransitive pieces of trailer trash here in St. Louis like it or not.

As Sean Jackson walks away, Marshall Owens lingers about just long enough to give his own parting shot.

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Marshall: Kate, they call Missouri the show me state. Well tonight St. Louis, don't blink, because Dynasty is going to show you once and for all that they ARE the standard bearers here in UTA.

With that, Marshall Owens walks away, leaving Kate Kincaid on her own.

A-MEN

The scene opens to the smiling face of one Jamie Sawyers. He stands in his suit, poised to deliver once again, another fantastic interview. As the camera zooms out, we can see he is not alone today. Standing in front of the same screen and backdrop that countless others have been cutting their promos in front of are the proud members of #WTFC.

From left to right, the first and oldest member, The Dooze, stands with his arms crossed in front of the Superman logo on his chest. The Dude, dressed in an all white suit, stands just behind him.

Next to that pair is the THRILLmaker, himself, Will Haynes. He's donning his typical pre-match garb; a black hoodie and matching sweats, as well as those snazzy shoes he's always kicking around in.

Finally on the other side of Sawyers stands the last member of #WTFC. Mikey Unlikely, dressed in his ring gear with a "#WTFC" Tshirt on. He smiles wide with an arm around the should of Jamie.

Sawyers: What an exciting pre-rumble interview we have lined up for you folks, right now! Jamie Sawyers here with the up and coming UTA stable, hashtag... WTFC!

Haynes: Say hi to your mother for me.

Haynes throws on his best Marky Mark impression, always keeping the guys cracking a smile. Even minutes before the biggest match of their UTA careers.

Sawyers: Right. Now guys, In just a little while all of you will be entering the All or Nothing match! With 37 other superstars!

Unlikely: That's right, Jamie.

Sawyers: Now before we get into your thoughts on this HUGE All or Nothing match I have a question for Doozer.

Doozer's eyes get wide. He probably knows what's coming.

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Sawyers: Doozer, how are you recovering from the vicious attack at the hands of David Hightower a few weeks ago?

Doozer: Well, Jamie, I'm standing right here... right now... and I wouldn't be here if I couldn't go into that match and give it my all. If David Hightower really thought he could get rid of The Dooze like that, then that poor bastard better think again. Instead, he managed to push me in quite the opposite direction. He reminded me that I've taken things a little too lightly around the UTA. Don't get me wrong, The Dooze is still aimed to amuse... but now he's refocused and ready to Abuse!

Sawyers: Strong words from the DREAM Hall of...

Mikey cuts him off.

Unlikely: AND #WTFC Hall of Famer!

Sawyers: I stand corrected. Now lets move on to the All or Nothing match. Gentlemen, all of you have the opportunity to become the UTA champion this evening, as well as any of the other championships! Your thoughts?

Unlikely: Well Jamie, This is the biggest match, of any of our careers. Here we are, the time is now, and it's up to us! The crowd is hot, and they are ready to watch #WTFC walk away with all the gold! Most importantly they are ready to see a NEW UTA Champion!

Mikey pulls his arm off the shoulder of Jamie, and runs it through his hair. Will Haynes starts picking something off, of the suit jacket of Sawyers.

Unlikely: Every single person in the Scottrade Center is ready to watch history in the making. Tonight the three of us walk in as contenders, and we walk out as the best in the biz! Tonight Jamie, #WTFC proves why we are the best, we prove why we formed all those months ago, and we prove that we can be taken seriously.

He looks directly into the camera now, pointing.

Unlikely: There is not one person in this locker room, who wants this more than we do! Not one person, who has fought harder, and not one person more deserving than the members of #WTFC. Today is a new day, today is the day we walk out with Gold. You ready Wall Hangings?

Haynes: Ready as I'll ever be, Mikey UNlikely.

The two friends chuckle.

Haynes: Tonight the UTA is officially put on notice. No more talkin', no more Tweetin', none a' that. Tonight is all about dat action, boss. Tonight the Dubya Tee Eff Cee boys put 'em all in the ground n' let God sort 'em

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out.

Doozer snags the microphone.

Doozer: A-MEN!

The Dooze drops the mic, as a point of emphasis, and begins to walk off screen while raises his arms with open hands up and away from the center of his body as if to signal an explosion. Smirking, the members of #WTFC follow. The Dude hesitates just before going off screen himself, looks over each shoulder, then carefully picks the mic up. Jamie Sawyers, standing there the whole time but being obviously ignored by the sneaky Dude, looks at the camera and shrugs his shoulders.

The Dude: ... X-men, too.

Sawyers gives the cameraman the signal to cut scene.

The Fans know...

The scene opens to "Too Cool" CHris Hopper standing in front of a large backdrop that simply has the "Wrestle UTA" logo as large as possible across it. He is wearing his ring attire and looks ready for battle. The confident look on his face is not one of arrogance, but experience. He begins to speak.

Hopper: Some have stated that this is the biggest match of the year in the UTA. Well I disagree with that assessment.

He cracks a grin.

Hopper: I happen to think this is the most important match in UTA history!

His eyes widen a little as he speaks.

Hopper: Forty stars will enter the ring and only one will walk out of here with the UTA Championship. The grandest prize in all of wrestling right now.

He makes the belt motion with his hands on his waist.

Hopper: I'm sure everyone is going to stand here and tell you why they deserve to be champion or why they believe they are championship material. I'm not going to do that. I'm not going to stand up here and list my virtues to you, the fans...

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He points a finger toward the camera to make a point.

Hopper: Because you already know them. You have been behind me from day one and you know what I am capable of.

Chris holds his hands out wide as he speaks.

Hopper: Others stand here and brag about themselves because they know you don't buy into them as championship material. Other do it because they don't believe it themselves and saying it over and over again will help their own minds get the idea they could be champion.

He points both of his thumbs back to his own chest.

Hopper: Not me.

Chris takes his hands and points to the ground.

Hopper: Not tonight.

He stands confidently as he points toward the arena.

Hopper: I walk into that ring tonight knowing I am the best and fully capable of taking the title home with me. And that is exactly what I'm going to do.

His face is a picture of confidence.

Hopper: Tonight I will win the title and all you will hear as the show ends is thousands of people chanting the exact same phrase...

He steps forward, forcing his face to fill most of the screen's view.

Hopper: All.....Hail....The King!

He walks away as the screen fades to black.

"Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play and David Hightower walks out pushing a shopping cart filled with weapons. Whiskey comes out trotting beside him.

Blackfront: David Hightower and Whiskey coming to the ring... looks like he's brought some instruments of

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pain along with him.

Ace: David Hightower looks to continue his violent ways against Doozer, here at All Or Nothing.

David pushes the cart with Whiskey running ahead of him wagging his tail letting out a few playful barks.

Announcer: Hailing from West Memphis Arkansas

David leaves the cart by the ring steps and walks over to one of the corner and kneels down beside Whiskey and says a few words to him before he pets the dog on the head.

Announcer: Standing at six feet and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...

Hightower grabs a Singapore Cane from the shopping cart and slides into the ring.

Ace: A good ole, Singapore Cane!

David storms around the ring before he slams his own head into one of the turnbuckles getting himself hyped as Whiskey runs around the outside of the ring letting out a few barks.

Announcer: He is "The Toughest Dog In The Yard" David Hightower!

David smacks the cane against his head a few times and puts his arm into the air holding the cane high above his head as the fans boo.

Blackfront: David Hightower looks hyped up for this match.

Ace: This man is one crazy redneck.

Blackfront: We don't even know what kind of shape Doozer is even in, Tommy. No one has heard much from him since he was burned by Hightower, literally and figuratively a few weeks ago.

Ace: I heard from reliable sources that Doozer looks like Freddy Krueger.

Blackfront: Oh god.

A remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play.

Doozer emerges from the entranceway. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen.

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Blackfront: Listen to this crowd!

Ace: He looks like The Mummy!

Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides.

Blackfront: Doozer has been cleared for competition, is it smart that he takes on this challenge...

Ace: No, it's not. He's a glutton for punishment.

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He circles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can.

Announcer: Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts!

Doozer stands outside the ring close to the barricade. He wipes the sweat from around his mouth and exhales.

Ace: Get in the ring, sissy!

Blackfront: Doozer holding off getting into the ring. I don't blame him.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and seventy three pounds...

Blackfront: Doozer, heavily wrapped on his left leg and his left arm. Will he be able to compete at the high level we've grown accustomed to? We are going to find out.

Announcer: DOOOOOOOOOOOOO-ZZZEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Doozer steps close to the ring and David Hightower runs towards Doozer and smacks the top rope with the cane.

Ace: He's going to have to get in there sooner or later.

Blackfront: Hightower waving Doozer into the ring now...

Doozer rushes the ring and slides under the bottom rope. He runs and ducks under a Singapore Cane swing.

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The bell sounds.

Blackfront: David Hightower misses... Doozer hits a Lou Thesz Press!

Doozer mounts David Hightower and rains down lefts and rights as the fans cheer him on. Doozer seems to be letting out a lot of aggression on his opponent.

Ace: Doozer is like a man possessed.

Doozer stands up tall and puts on a show for the fans. They go crazy for him as he bends over to grab the Singapore Cane. He holds it in both hands and raises it over his head.

Blackfront: That sound! Sickening!

Doozer lands several cane shots to the chest and mid section of David Hightower. He stops and then goes rapid fire with cane shots. David Hightower smartly rolls himself to the outside.

Blackfront: Hightower escapes from Doozer's relentless attack.

Ace: Referee O'Connor just an innocent bystander in this one. He's just there to count the one, two, three.

David Hightower holds his chest as he walks towards the ring steps. Doozer drops to the arena floor and follows David Hightower. Hightower leans himself on the shopping cart and pulls out a road sign.

Ace: Doozer is seeing stars!

David Hightower puts a Doozer shaped dent in the road sign. Doozer stumbles back and falls to the protective mat.

Blackfront: Doozer might be opened up!

Ace: That's what he gets for trying to make a turn on red!

David Hightower walks towards his opponent as the fans in the arena show their displeasure for him. He picks up Doozer and gets close to the barricade. Doozer is smashed into the barricade by a David Hightower Side Russian Legsweep.

Blackfront: Hightower with some stiff rights. Doozer trying to get some distance.

Hightower slams his left forearm down hard on Doozer's back. Hightower grabs Doozer's wrist and sends him into the direction of the ring steps.

Blackfront: Irish Whip... reversal... Hightower into the steps!

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The steps separate and the fans go wild. Doozer takes a few breaths and goes back to work. He grabs Hightower by pants and tosses him into the barricade. Boot stomps follow and the crowd is eating it up.

Blackfront: Doozer looks in control of this match... Doozer poked in the eye by David Hightower.

Ace: That will stop his momentum quick.

Doozer grabs at his eye and walks passed the shopping cart. Hightower takes his time and positions himself behind the shopping cart as it faces towards Doozer. Hightower puts both hands on the cart and begins running at Doozer.

Blackfront: Doozer better watch out!

Doozer grabs the ring post and swings himself around, missing Hightower's attack. Hightower stops himself just before he crashed into the barricade. Doozer punches Hightower square in the face. Doozer takes David by the head and swings him around sending him face first into the ring post.

Ace: Hightower might have lost a tooth after that!

Blackfront: Doozer sends David Hightower back into the ring.

The fans cheer Doozer as he stands outside the ring. Doozer throws his arms up and down in the air trying to get the fans on their feet. Doozer takes a look at the shopping cart but rolls into the ring.

Ace: He should have grabbed a weapon! Idiot!

Doozer back in the ring takes David Hightower by the head and slams him into the top turnbuckle. He slams him head first into the turnbuckle again and again and again. Doozer turns Hightower around and lands a combination of lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Doozer is going Beast Mode!

Ace: Doozer is stomping a mud hole into David Hightower. Doozer takes some steps towards the opposite corner, pumping the crowd up as Hightower sits in the corner, looking out of it.

Blackfront: Doozer is sizing up Hightower.

Doozer runs full speed and lands a hard right knee into David Hightower's face. The fans begin a "Doozer" chant.

Blackfront: Doozer making his way to the outside.

Ace: He's going over to the shopping cart.

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Doozer walks towards the shopping cart and looks through its contents.

Blackfront: Doozer doing some shopping.

Doozer finds something he likes and takes it out of the cart.

Blackfront: Is that a pipe wrench?

Ace: Brings me back to my youth when I worked as a plumber.

Blackfront: What?

David Hightower is up on his feet with his back to Doozer.

Blackfront: Doozer back in the ring. He's looking to use that pipe wrench to his advantage.

Doozer stands by the corner and waits for his opponent to turn around. Doozer charges at Hightower but is sent into the turnbuckles.

Ace: Hightower sends Doozer into the corner.

Doozer drops the wrench and takes a few wobbly steps before Hightower takes his back, wrapping his arms around his waist and slamming him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Backdrop Suplex by David Hightower!

Ace: Let's see a replay... Doozer lands right on the back of his head.

Blackfront: Both men just punishing one another.

Ace: Each one of these men has good reason to want to destroy the other.

Blackfront: Hightower has went to the extreme in recent weeks. Doozer has to fight fire with fire.

David Hightower rolls out of the ring and lifts up the ring apron. He pulls out a chair and throws it into the ring.

Blackfront: Hightower sending another chair into the ring.

Ace: I don't think he's finished either.

David Hightower pulls a table from under the ring, this excites the fans.

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Blackfront: I knew it would only be a matter of time before we saw a table.

Ace: Just as long as it's not our announce table... I don't care.

Hightower grabs the table and slides it into the ring. He looks over towards Whiskey and gives him a thumbs up.

Blackfront: For some reason, David Hightower giving his dog a thumbs up.

Ace: It's weird the relationship those two have...

Hightower slides back into the ring. Hightower picks up a chair and stares down his opponent who is finally back up on his feet. Hightower raises the chair with both hands and comes at Doozer.

Blackfront: Doozer ducks the chair shot... DROPKICK INTO THE CHAIR!

Ace: Hightower might be out cold!

Blackfront: Doozer isn't going for the pin!

Ace: That's going to come back to haunt him.

Doozer bends at the hip and picks up the chair that struck Hightower in the face. The fans get behind Doozer as he makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Doozer is going to the ropes...

Ace: He's going to try to end this!

Doozer waits on the second rope for a few seconds and then raises the steel chair above his head. He leaps off the ropes and comes down with the chair.

Ace: HIGHTOWER!

Blackfront: Hightower sending the chair into Doozer's skull.

Hightower in the nick of time put is left leg up into the air. Doozer and Hightower are on the mat. Hightower rolls to his stomach and gets to his knees.

Blackfront: What else is going to happen in this match?

Ace: It looks like Hightower is going to set up the table.

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Hightower props the table against the turnbuckles.

Blackfront: Hightower looking to finish off Doozer with the table.

Ace: The fans are going to have their hearts ripped out in a minute!

David Hightower walks towards Doozer, who is halfway to his feet. Hightower pulls Doozer up and goes for an Irish Whip that is reversed.

Blackfront: Doozer with the reversal... Hightower now with the reversal.

Doozer is sent into the opposite corner away from the table and slides to turn himself around and come back at the charging Hightower.

Ace: Big time Clothesline!

The fans are on their feet. Doozer is pumped.

Blackfront: Doozer is waiting for Hightower to turn around...

David Hightower struggles to get back to his feet. Doozer stands by the ring ropes, ready to pounce.

Ace: SPEAR! SPEAR THROUGH THE TABLE!

The fans as a group let out a scream as Doozer Spears David Hightower through the table. Wood splinters fly in every direction as Doozer lays on top of Hightower in the corner.

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Blackfront: Doozer is going for the pin!

Doozer hooks the leg as Referee Knoxx counts the pin.

Fans: ONE! TWO! THREE!

Blackfront: He did it! He did it!

Announcer: The winner of this match by pinfall... DOOOOOOOZER!

Ace: What a match.

Blackfront: Doozer has been burned and beaten down by David Hightower and he finally gets his moment.

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The fans cheer their hero as he stands with his arm raised in victory.

Fans: DOOZER! DOOZER! DOOZER!

Cream Rises to the Top

We cut to a backstage locker room where we see Mikey Unlikely getting ready for All or Nothing. He is already in his ring gear, sporting his signature black and green look. The fans inside the Scottrade Center begin to cheer upon seeing Mikey on the Tough Tron.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely... where will Mikey enter the All or Nothing Match?

Ace: Your guess is as good as mine!

He sits on a wooden bench, pulling his kickpads up over his boots before standing straight up. and swinging his arms in wide circles.

Ace: Mikey is a favorite to finish in the final six.

Mikey turns and places his leg up on the bench, before bending against it, trying to stretch out his hamstrings.

Blackfront: He looks ready for the biggest test in his life.

Unlikely walks over to the mirror, where he bounces up and down, and loosens up, trying to get the blood pumping.

Ace: This could catapulte him into the top tier in the UTA!

As the camera pans over, we catch a glimpse of Uncle Rocky training with Robot Pete. Pete is wearing "punch target" gloves on both his hands, and Uncle Rocky is throwing punches into the gloves.

Blackfront: The Good Friends! are getting ready for All Or Nothing.

After several punches, Pete's tummy opens up, and a third punch target appears. Uncle Rock's face takes on an exaggerated "raging warrior takes a poo" face, and he dramatically headbutts the center target. Robot Pete laughs and claps, and the duo hug it out.

Ace: A little weird...

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Blackfront: Can The Good Friends! walk out as Tag Team Champions?

Ace: Probably not.

We now catch a glimpse of Kush, who has two folding chairs placed about four feet apart. On each chair, she has rested one of her feet.

Blackfront: The former Wildfire champion... looks to be reading before All Or Nothing.

Ace: I usually read while I'm in the bathroom... not before a big moment in my wrestling career!

Kush is suspending herself over the ground in a full split, while lifting hand-weights. Her gaze is plastered downward, as she reads a Kindle.

Ace: She couldn't have sprang for the Kindle Fire? Cheap skate!

Cameras cut to the members of Dynasty standing in a hallway inside the Scottrade Center. The fans boo the three members of Dynasty.

Ace: The three men who will walk out of All Or Nothing holding the top three titles in the organization.

Blackfront: What will happen if they are the last three standing? Will we see the destruction of Dynasty?

Dynasty appear to be discussing the upcoming All Or Nothing match like gentleman.

Ace: I'm sure everyone would love to see that.

The three men shake hands and walk as a group down the hall.

Ace: This is real life, Jason. Cream rises to the top!

Blackfront: Could one of these athletes be our next UTA Champion?

Ace: We will find out later!

Interview with the first lady of the UTA

In the back, Marie Van Claudio is getting her ring attire fixed up Jennifer Williams comes up to her.

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Jennifer Williams: Marie, may I get some words with you regarding All Or Nothing?

Marie keeps on ignoring her while fixing up her gear.

Williams: Marie?

Marie gets mad as she looks at her.

Marie Van Claudio: WHAT!? WHAT!? WHAT?!

Jennifer jumps back as Marie has an evil glare on her face.

Claudio: I heard you call my name ONCE! You don't need to call the "first lady of the UTA" TWICE when I don't respond the first time!

Marie rolls her eyes as Jennifer looks at her, kind of scared.

Williams: Well, I need to know what are you-

Claudio: *mocking her* I want to know your thoughts on the match. I want to know what MVC thinks about this whole match!

Marie snaps out of it.

Claudio: I already said my thoughts about this match, Williams. What is there more to get out of me when I said my thoughts before?

Jennifer looks at her.

Williams: I know that you have your eye on some of the people in UTA that you have your eyes on. Some of them, you made comments about regarding if you were to win the Tag Team Championships. Now I have to ask you this. What if you didn't come out of this match with any titles, where would you go from here?

Marie's eyes pop out of her head.

Claudio: Are you saying that I cannot get the job done?!

Williams: I didn't say that you could get the job done! I'm just ask-

Claudio: SHUT UP!

Jennifer jumps back.

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Claudio: You know for a FACT that everyone in the back knows that I deserve to have one of those titles, especially the UTA CHAMPIONSHIP!

Claudio pushes her hair out of the way to go back to speaking.

Claudio: Out of everyone here that's in this match, I've worked hard from the time I started in this promotion to get where I'm at right now. Have people forgot that I DEFEATED Kathryn Vermont Thomas and sent her ghostly looking ass packing?!

Claudio has a smirk on her face.

Claudio: You know what, that doesn't matter anymore. What matters is where I'm at right now and I have a good chance to walk out with ANY of the titles UTA has to offer. Now as for walking out with nothing, I will let this be known, whoever's the one to eliminate me....there WILL be problems.

Claudio looks at Jennifer as she intimates the interviewer.

Claudio: ...AND I have NO PROBLEM making their lives a living hell!

Claudio holds the door.

Claudio: NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY LOCKER ROOM!

Jennifer runs out as Marie goes back to settling her ring attire as she prepares for the match.

The Distraction Technique

Once again, we go backstage where, this time, 'Romeo' Ruster Reno is stood in front of the now-familiar UTA backdrop. He is dressed and ready in his in-ring attire plus a black t-shirt with the words 'God's Gift' printed on the front in white letters, as well as his trademark sunglasses covering his blue eyes.

Reno: All or nothing, my admirers, all or nothing. The UTA universe has been waiting so, so long for a gift like me to come their way. Tonight I will make you all proud and finally give you something to cheer about and be proud about when I am announced as the *new* United Toughness Alliance Champion.

He lifts his glasses onto his head.

Reno: Trust me - thirty-nine men, and women for some crazy reason, will come up short tonight. Because when I look this good, and I am looking *fine* today, I will prove to be nothing but a distraction in that ring.

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Jealousy and anger from thirty-nine others will be my key to victory. That's all I have to say. We're just moments away, my followers, from a historic night. Get those cameras ready.

He winks at the camera before walking away, leaving the camera to focus on the UTA logo.

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We cut to the smiling face of one Zhalia Fears as she stands in front of the UTA backdrop.

Fears: All or Nothing.

Zhalia smiles.

Fears: One after another they will be eliminated. Dynasty will NOT get away with any sort of cheap victory or false eliminations.

She waggles her finger and mouths: *No*.

Fears: In the end it will come down to my sisters of battle in which we will put on a show unlike any that the UTA has witnessed before.

She pats the Prodigy Championship around her waist.

Fears: I may lose this shiny, but if I am to lose it I am still walking out with a Championship title. Be it the UTA Championship, Kush's Wildfire, the Legacy or a Tag Title. A new shiny will be had.

She smiles once more.

Fears: See you at All or Nothing!

Fade.

Subtle Confidence

Silence. The air is still. The camera pans across the vast whiteness that is the room in question. There are

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no windows, no doors, nothing but white. After a moment, the camera shifts downward. Slowly, every so slowly it moves toward the floor.

There!

Resting quietly upon the white floor lies a vivid splash of color, blue, red and gold. A single piece of cake. It appears moist and delicious.

A piece of cake.

Piece of cake.

The camera fades.

Blackfront: What a night it has been already, folks and now we have an odd match.

Ace: It is a match that doesn't look winable if you are Brother Simon.

Blackfront: That is just Simon now, Ace.

Ace: Yeah I forgot that he isn't in the family anymore after everything that has happened.

As they speak, we see caskets being rolled down to ringside by event staff. Each one looks different. There is one that is longer than the others and made of pure steel, another is a tad shorter and is also forged from metal, while the third is a very ornately-designed wooden casket with designs on it befitting the leader of a group.

Blackfront: As you can see the caskets are being brought to ringside for the first-ever casket match in UTA!

Ace: Not just a casket match! It is a handicapped casket match!

Blackfront: Indeed it is, Ace. Simon is taking on his former family at the same time in hopes that this trial by fire will gain his full freedom from the clutches of the Good Reverend.

Ace: Rev has something up his sleeve though because he has the seven-foot monster, Brother Judas, on his side. In a match like this, that is enough to make it impossible to lose!

The caskets are set around the ring. The ornate wooden one is next to the ring where the entrance aisle feeds into the area. The largest casket is on the side of the ring as you would walk left, while the other is on

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the right side of the ring.

Blackfront: Which one of those do you think belongs to Judas?

Ace: Well obviously the longest one, but I think the reinforced steel of the casket gives it away. You will have to have something fierce to keep that monster put away.

Blackfront: It looks like the wooden one is the one meant for The Good Reverend.

Ace: He does have a flair for antiques. It is the nicest looking of the three, by far.

Blackfront: This match is one that has the potential to be full of action, so let's take it to the ring and get it started.

The view shows the center of the ring and our UTA announcer standing with microphone in hand.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match will be a handicapped rules casket match!

Crowd erupts at the announcement.

Announcer: The winner is the person or persons who get the entire opposition locked away in a casket and close the lid. There are no disqualifications, no count outs and anything goes!

The crowd is getting amped as they cheer the announcement.

Announcer: Introducing first...

Marilyn Manson's "Man That You Fear" begins to play as Simon steps out from the back, The Good Book in hand. As he begins down the ramp, he tosses The Good Book to the ground and spits on it, garnering a great cheap pop from the crowd.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring standing six-feet, nine-inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty nine pounds....

Blackfront: People don't realize how big Simon really is. The guy is one of the bigger wrestlers in UTA.

Simon walks up the steps and across the apron before stepping into the ring.

Announcer: Here is... SIMMMOOONNNN!!!!

Ace: He is a lot bigger than I remember him. I just think he may have bitten off more than he can handle tonight.

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Blackfront: We'll see. He looks ready for whatever is coming his way.

Ace: Also known as a seven-foot monster and lots of pain.

Announcer: And his opponents!

The lights go dark as "The Man That You Fear" by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas steps out from the back. His monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Blackfront: That guy is massive!

Ace: Put this guy in a dark ally and you have a nightmare for every person in the world!

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making their way to the ring now, standing six-foot, three-inches and seven-feet, two inches.....weighing in at a combined weight of ?????? pounds.... here are BROTHER JUDAS AND THE GOOOOD.... REVVVEERREENNDDDD!!!

Blackfront: The Good Reverend has a funny smile on his face.

Ace: Having a seven foot safety net kind of helps you feel confident.

Blackfront: I'm sure it does. But he has to worry about Simon getting his hands on him at some point.

They continue down the ramp, the light following their every step. As they reaches the ring, The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Ace: Just remember that the Rev is a solid power wrestler in his own right and he only looks smaller because of who he is in there with. He is six-four, after all.

Blackfront: That is a good point. All three men in the ring now and the referee is sig...

Before the referee can fully signal for the bell, Simon rushes over and lands a boot to the chest of The Good Reverend, sending him through the ropes and to the arena floor.

Ace: Simon is wasting no time rushing The Good Reverend and sending him out of the ring!

DING! DING! DING!

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Blackfront: There's the bell officially to get this one started.

Ace: Simon decided to get underhanded and cheat his way to an advantage.

Blackfront: Is it cheating in a match with no disqualification?

Ace: It's the principle of the thing.

Simon rushes over and lands a running forearm to Brother Judas, who is still trying to figure out what just happened and didn't react quickly.

Blackfront: Simon taking the fight to Brother Judas now!

Ace: Deer in a headlight. What he has in size and strength definitely took away from the brains. He had no clue what was going on!

Simon plants a boot in the mid section of Brother Judas and quickly grabs him by the arm and whips him across the ring into the corner.

Blackfront: Brother Judas sent hard into that corner and Simon is refusing to let up.

Ace: It is the best move in a match like this, but two-on-one is a real problem here.

Simon runs and leaps, running his shoulder into the stomach of his former partner.

Blackfront: Shoulder block from Simon. Looks like he is trying to take out the big man one shot at a time!

Ace: He better have an axe or something handy too.

Simon hits a knife-edge chop, then another, and then a third. He doesn't seem to notice The Good Reverend sliding back into the ring across the way behind him.

Blackfront: Simon ripping into the chest of Brother Judas with those chops.

Ace: He's focused, but that means he doesn't see The Good Reverend sliding back into the ring.

Simon suddenly whirls around and kicks The Good Reverend in the stomach and then pulls him for an Irish Whip into the corner right on top of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Simon stacks them up in the corner and he can make a "Truth Sammich" now, Ace!

Ace: If it doesn't have mayo, it isn't a sandwich.

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Simon backs up and then takes off running, landing a massive splash on both men in the corner. The crowd erupts in cheers as The Good Reverend drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: Simon manages to kill two birds with one stone with that splash, Ace. He is really showing some moxy as this one gets going.

Ace: He has to do something to counteract being a man down in this one.

Simon is in command as he rushes over and pulls Brother Judas out of the corner and quickly flips the arm around his neck.

Blackfront: Can he lift him? Really?

Ace: A lot of energy to pull this off if he does indeed lift the monster.

Simon lifts Brother Judas into the air for a massive vertical suplex that again gets the crowd on their feet.

Blackfront: What an impact there! Brother Judas hit and shook the entire ring!

Ace: The crowd gives him some real applause with it. Don't let it go to your head, son.

Blackfront: Well in fairness, he hasn't had a lot of positive reinforcement in his life.

Ace: Good point.

Simon with a grin on his face as he gets over and pulls Brother Judas up again. He takes the arm and puts it around his neck.

Blackfront: Looks like he is going for another one!

Ace: Never listen to the people this early!

Blackfront: He looks strong enough to pull it off, Ace!

Simon lifts Brother Judas into the air, but before the lift hits full vertical status, The Good Reverend chop blocks Simon's right knee, sending both Simon and Brother Judas to the mat.

Ace: Told you so.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend sends both men tumbling to the canvas with that strike to the knee.

Ace: You can't focus on one man for too long in a handicapped situation. Simon has been on the numbers side enough to know that by now.

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The Good Reverend wastes no time and runs over to Simon, leaping into the air for an avalanche splash that takes the wind out of his former charge.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend on the offensive with that big splash! Simon's early burst is now being replaced by a numbers game.

Ace: Which is exactly what always happens with matches involving uneven numbers.

Blackfront: There is always a chance that the person by themselves can overwhelm and gain victory.

Ace: Seriously, its like nobody has ever been involved in wrestling before! Numbers equal power in any situation. Just ask Dynasty, since they hold the top singles title and the top tag titles.

The Good Reverend pulls Simon up and goes for a whip, but it is reversed by Simon. The Good Reverend rebounds off the ropes and ducks the lariat attempt by Simon just as a giant boot crashes into Simon's face from the other side thanks to Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Brother Judas with a massive boot to the skull of Simon and now it looks like Simon is in for some difficult times.

Ace: Only if you call being put out of your misery a difficult time. The kid could have just stayed with the Truth and been perfectly fine.

Blackfront: Sometimes men like to step out and be their own man.

Ace: And when a wolf leaves the pack, he usually gets cut down and that is what we are witnessing here tonight.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and then lifts him into the air, falling backward and dropping his face right over the corner and ring post. Simon stumbles out of the corner into the arm of The Good Reverend, who plants him with an Uranage.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend dropping Simon hard with that. I think in a regular match that move would have been the finishing touch for a pinfall.

Ace: I bet right now, Simon is wishing this was just a normal match and not a match that has the potential to be so dangerous.

Blackfront: Simon doesn't strike me as the having regrets kind of person.

Ace: Ask him when this match is over and see....of course you'll have to open the casket to ask.

The Good Reverend begins giving instruction to Brother Judas, telling him to throw him out of the ring.

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Brother Judas obediently picks Simon up and throws him, like a sack of potatoes, over the top rope and to the arena floor right in front of the announcer team.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is directing traffic as Brother Judas tosses Simon out like he was garbage!

Ace: The Good Reverend knows which one of his boys could follow orders and it happens to be the biggest dog in the fight.

Blackfront: I would dare say it is also the one with less power of will to think for themselves.

Ace: In battle, thinking for yourself is overrated.

The mentor and his follower exit the ring, stalking their prey. The Good Reverend begins telling Brother Judas how blessed he is to be chosen for this duty and then points to the guard barrier at ringside.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend really getting into preaching mode right now. I wonder if that sort of stuff actually has an effect on someone like Brother Judas.

Ace: How about you step out there and ask him? Be an easy way to find out.

Blackfront: No thank.

Ace: I didn't think so. The Good Reverend is charismatic and a natural leader. This means he can motivate just about anybody to do almost anything.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and whips him into the guard rail with enough force to visibly move the barrier. The Good Reverend continues extolling Brother Judas for his work and points to the ring post.

Blackfront: Brother Judas follows orders and sends Simon right into that ringside barrier. I don't think the fans expected that much movement from that wall!

Ace: You pay for a ringside seat and you will be front and center for UTA action.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend continuing to give directions to Brother Judas. I would almost say that Brother Judas is acting like a weapon that The Good Reverend is controlling right now to do whatever he wants.

Ace: That is a pretty good way to look at it. It just backs up how strong of a presence he is.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and viciously whips him into the steel ring post. The noise sends chills throughout the arena as the fans are mostly stunned at the violence now. The Good Reverend praises Brother Judas' strength and courage as he points toward the steel ring steps.

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Blackfront: Simon sent off the ring post and that looked absolutely nasty, Ace!

Ace: One thing about Brother Judas -- the guy follows directions like a beast!

Blackfront: And The Good Reverend is again sending the destructive path in a direction and this one is not good for Simon.

Ace: None of this was good for Simon. I *STILL* don't know what he was thinking with this match!

Brother Judas dutifully pulls Simon up and then whips him into the steel steps. The impact was a loud thud that forced the two sections of steps to come apart. The Good Reverend lifts his hands in praise as he then points to the detached upper section of steps.

Blackfront: Brother Judas threw Simon so hard into the steps that they busted apart!

Ace: It is like Simon is Brother Judas play thing and The Good Reverend is helping him play with it.

Blackfront: This could get even more sickening before it is over as The Good Reverend is sending Brother Judas after the ring steps.

Ace: I'm so glad I'm not Simon right now.

Brother Judas walks over to the section that had separated from the steps and bends over to pick it up. Simon is struggling to get to his feet, trying to pull himself up as The Good Reverend stands behind him with arms raised and praising "HIM" loudly.

Blackfront: You mean brave and full of courage?

Ace: I mean stupid and about to get splattered like a bug on a windshield.

Blackfront: Brother Judas picked up that top section of stairs like you or I pick up a laptop case. WHAT strength this giant has!

Ace: And I bet his shot put is pretty impressive too.

Brother Judas turns and throws the steps as hard as he can toward Simon, who sees it in the nick of time and drops to the floor to avoid them. The steps sail right into the face of The Good Reverend, who wasn't watching, knocking him to the floor as the crowd erupts.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is down! Brother Judas drilled The Good Reverend with the steps after Simon ducked!

Ace: It was a close call though!

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Brother Judas is stunned as Simon takes advantage and runs toward him, leaping off the bottom section of steps and landing a superman punch right to the face of the behemoth.

Blackfront: Simon with a superman punch! He is trying to fight back as hard and fast as he can!

Ace: Lightening fast attacks may be his only chance

Simon grabs Brother Judas and whips him into the side of the very casket set aside for his huge frame. Brother Judas hits with a thud and then hits the floor.

Blackfront: Brother Judas drills the casket and hits the arena floor! Simon on the offensive and the fans are really getting behind him.

Ace: The fans cheering like that in this part of the match just might be the kiss of death for Simon.

Simon over quickly and he tries to lock on a full nelson hold, but Brother Judas' size and strength are making it difficult.

Blackfront: Simon is going for that full nelson slam he loves so much, but Brother Judas is able to hold him off.

Ace: I don't care that Simon is very tall, it is tough to pull that off on someone five inches taller.

Brother Judas takes his hands and grabs the forearms of Simon as the big guy stands to his feet and gets Simon off the ground.

Blackfront: Uh oh! Simon's feet are not touching the ground now.

Ace: Simon will be at the mercy of Brother Judas in whatever he decides to do!

Brother Judas falls backward, sending Simon's back right into the ring apron near the ring post. Both men drop to the floor, though Brother Judas is still on his knees.

Blackfront: Brother Judas breaks the attempted hold with a fall back into the ring apron.

Ace: That is the hardest part of the ring, too!

Blackfront: And when you add the size and weight of someone like Brother Judas smashing the front of you at the same time. The impact was harsh for Simon.

Ace: There is no way he is breathing close to normally now.

Brother Judas up to his feet. He grabs Simon and rolls him into the ring, snaking in under the bottom rope

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right behind him. On the other side of the ring, The Good Reverend is sliding into the ring and has a chair with him.

Blackfront: This is getting bad now as it seems the members of the truth are set to bring weapons into it.

Ace: The Good Reverend already had Brother Judas as a strong enough weapon, but that chair just may be another deciding factor.

Blackfront: Simon hasn't backed down though, I have to give him credit for that.

Ace: Do chefs give lobster credit for trying to escape the pan before they boil to death? No. The answer to that is no.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and Simon begins fighting back furiously with punches, right and left, to the stomach area of the giant. The Good Reverend stops the surge with a well-placed chair shot to Simon's back, getting a massive response from the crowd.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend with a chair shot just as Simon was trying to fight out of the clutches of Brother Judas!

Ace: The Good Reverend is no spring chicken. He knows how to keep a battle in his favor.

Blackfront: That is the truth!

Ace: Hence the name for the duo.

Brother Judas pulls Simon back up from his knees and whips Simon as hard as he can into the corner. Simon hits the turnbuckles hard with his ribs and stumbles back out of the corner into a vicious chair shot by The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: Simon is busted wide open! That chair shot cut him right on the middle of the forehead and it looks nasty!

Ace: Those steel chairs always have some little groove that catches flesh. The Good Reverend has struck a major blow there!

The Good Reverend drops the chair and points to it as he instructs Brother Judas what to do next.

Blackfront: More instructions from The Good Reverend.

Ace: Nice knowing you, Simon.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and lifts him into the air for a massive choke slam on top of the chair. Simon is

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bleeding profusely from the forehead as he lays on top of the now deformed metal chair.

Blackfront: choke slam on the chair! Brother Judas crashes his former partner directly on that chair.

Ace: And you know the chair wasn't flat anymore due to the use by The Good Reverend. So that could seriously injure the back and shoulders.

Blackfront: This kid is paying the price for wanting to be his own man.

Ace: He asked for the fire, but he's getting an inferno.

The Good Reverend is raising his hands and shouting the virtues of "HIM" to all at ringside, giving him praise for their impending victory. Brother Judas stands to his feet and awaits whatever The Good Reverend has to say.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is simply reveling in their advantage now. The match is far from over and yet he is just gloating and ranting to the fans about "HIM."

Ace: I don't know who "HIM" is, but I can tell you this: I wouldn't want to cross "HIM."

Blackfront: Well not at this point for certain.

Brother Judas pulls Simon up and gets him in position for the Crucifixion. The Good Reverend is now seemingly speaking in tongues as he nods favorably with a snake-charmer grin at his monster to move forward with it.

Ace: You know something bad is about to happen when someone begins to speak in strange gibberish!

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is urging Brother Judas on with his tongue speaking as he continues nodding wildly at the biggest man in UTA right now!

Ace: Simon is in a very bad position because if he lands the crucifixion, this one could be over with no trouble at all.

Brother Judas lifts Simon into the air and jackknife-powerbombs him over the top rope and out of the ring on top of the casket brought out for The Good Reverend. Simon's body destroys the casket into hundreds of pieces as the fans begin chanting "Holy Shit!", which of course is as censored as you can make it on live broadcast.

Blackfront: JUDAS POWERBOMBS SIMON THROUGH THE WOODEN CASKET!!! IT IS IN PIECES!

Ace: OH MY GOD!!!

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Blackfront: How in the world can Simon even win now if the casket we all assume was meant for The Good Reverend is now in shards!

Ace: Yeah, THAT is his worst problem right now. The guy is bloody and just been powerbombed through a massive wooden casket and our first concern is how the hell will he manage to take out The Good Reverend now. The guy is all but dead now!

The terrible duo exit the ring almost gleefully as they go to witness Brother Judas' handy work. Brother Judas stands solemnly over Simon as The Good Reverend begins preaching at the bloody former proselyte and telling Simon how he gave up everything that the followers of "HIM" were to receive.

Blackfront: Look at them just taunt Simon now! Have the no shame?!?!

Ace: When you have the numbers and an advantage like this, I'm pretty sure you can say whatever you want to. Simon doesn't look like he's about to shut them up anytime soon.

The Good Reverend continues taunting and preaching at the fallen Simon as Brother Judas pulls him out of the rubble. The Good Reverend then grabs Simon from Brother Judas and DDT's him back into the casket rubble.

Blackfront: DDT from The Good Reverend right back into the remains of the casket! Simon is in serious trouble.

Ace: We need to change his name to something more fitting to the beaten, bloody stump of a man he will be when this one is over.

Blackfront: Seriously, Ace?

Ace: Sure, why not?

The Good Reverend is now in full preaching mode as he points over at the casket meant for Simon. Brother Judas nods and picks Simon up, literally slinging him over his shoulder to carry him to his final resting place.

Blackfront: Finally The Good Reverend seems to be leading Brother Judas to end this one and put Simon out of his misery.

Ace: Honestly, it took longer for them to beat Simon that I figured it would.

Blackfront: Simon fought a courageous fight, but look at how he is just slung over Brother Judas' shoulder like a bag of wheat.

Ace: Brother Judas is taking out the trash right now.

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The Good Reverend leads the parade of Brother Judas and Simon to the casket and opens it up. Brother Judas dumps Simon's body into the casket and stands ready to close the book on his former brother.

Blackfront: Simon is in the casket and The Good Reverend continues to gloat about their victory. This is sickening to me.

Ace: What were you expecting when Simon challenged both of them at the same time. The match had no chance of success for Simon at all.

Blackfront: He didn't deserve to go out like this though.

Ace: Yes he did. If you are dumb enough to make a match like this, then you are dumb enough to get your tail whipped and put in a casket.

The Good Reverend again raises his arms in praise and nods at Brother Judas, turning to again preach to ringside fans. Just as Brother Judas begins slamming the casket shut, The Good Reverend suddenly jerks part way into the casket and gets slammed by the door.

Blackfront: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!?!?!?

Ace: Does that count as a closing?

Blackfront: NO! Simon pulled The Good Reverend into the casket as Brother Judas was slamming the door shut and The Good Reverend got crushed and kept the door from closing!

Ace: How does that not count? The lid shut!

Blackfront: Not all the way, Ace. That may be one of the greatest escapes I have ever seen!

Simon pushes the door back up with his legs and a visibly angry Brother Judas now reaches and grabs his former partner by the neck, raising him up with his legs still in the casket.

Blackfront: Brother Judas is right there and grabs him. Look at the strength as he holds him up out of the casket!

Ace: It isn't just a giant; it is a pissed off giant!

Simon jumps out of the casket, breaking the monster's grip on his neck, and hits a drop kick right to Brother Judas' face sending him reeling backward as the crowd erupts.

Blackfront: Leaping drop kick by Simon sends Brother Judas to the floor!

Ace: He paid the price for it though as he landed awkwardly himself after leaping out of the casket to

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perform the kick.

Blackfront: The key there is that he leapt out of the casket.

Ace: This Simon is quite the tenacious one, I have to admit it.

All three men are on the arena floor and beginning to move around. The Good Reverend is the first to get to his feet and he rushes over to try stomping on Simon, but Simon hits a jab punch to the right knee that stops his progress.

Blackfront: Simon fighting back as he jabs The Good Reverend in the knee to avoid the onslaught!

Ace: Simon is still prone on the arena floor and the big guy is on his way over.

As Brother Judas gets to his feet, Simon sees potential trouble and quickly goes under the ring apron and disappears. Brother Judas looks confused as he arrives where Simon was.

Blackfront: Simon playing cagey as he slides under the ring to regroup.

Ace: We call that running as fast as you can! You know what a coward's face looks like?

Blackfront: Not Simon.

Ace: It looks like the back of his head as he runs away from battle.

The Good Reverend and Brother Judas begins searching for Simon. The Good Reverend raises the banner on the side of the ring and looks, motioning for Brother Judas to do the same in the opposite direction.

Blackfront: The search is on as The Good Reverend and Brother Judas are trying to find Simon and put this match away.

Ace: If they find him, they will punish him first.

Blackfront: If they find him.

Ace: The guy is six-feet, nine-inches tall. He isn't hiding just anywhere.

The Good Reverend continues calling out for Simon in a very disturbing fashion as he searches. Brother Judas is simply grunting as he looks. The pair make their way completely around the ring and are back in front of the announce table.

Blackfront: They can't seem to get a bead on Simon as they continue the search right here in front of us, Ace.

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Ace: He has them confused, but all it is doing is making them angrier for when they do find him. And they will find him.

Simon slides out next to the rubble of the busted casket with a wooden baseball bat and a chair. The Good Reverend and Brother Judas do not see him at all.

Blackfront: Simon is out and he has weapons!

Ace: The Truth have no idea!

Simon runs and leaps off the bottom section of stairs that are still there and hits a one-armed swing of the bat to the back of The Good Reverend, sending him to the floor.

Blackfront: Simon with an attack to The Good Reverend! Simon is going full throttle back into the war!

Ace: He's going to regret it once Brother Judas gets hold of him.

Simon turns and swings the chair as hard as he can into the face of Brother Judas. The big man is stunned and Simon picks up the bat and throws it into the ring. Then Simon runs at Brother Judas again and leaps for the big chair swing, smashing the steel into Brother Judas' face.

Blackfront: Brother Judas is busted open! The big guy has been cut by that steel chair!

Ace: I admit I am shocked Brother Judas bleeds red. I swore it would be green or purple or something.

Blackfront: Simon in a major advantage now!

Ace: All he may do is wake up the giant even more. This guy won't faint at the sight of his own blood.

Simon slides into the ring and stands there staring toward his opponents as they begin stirring and see him. He motions for them to come on and bring it as the crowd erupts in cheers for Simon.

Blackfront: Simon is telling them to bring it on as the fans get behind him!

Ace: It is easy to get all chesty when you have the high ground and already used weapons to hurt your opponents.

Blackfront: This is not a normal match, Ace. Simon is doing whatever he can to survive.

Ace: And it still won't matter. Mark my words, the numbers will end this fight when all is said and done.

Brother Judas, now with a face covered in crimson, is angry and he gets to his feet and charges to the ring. As he reaches and begins pulling himself up, Simon rushes over and begins reigning down punches on the

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big man's head.

Blackfront: Simon is using the high ground to get a lot of shots in on Brother Judas as he tries to get up and into the ring.

Ace: High ground is a relative term for someone seven-feet, two-inches tall.

Blackfront: It is working so far.

Ace: Indeed it is working long enough to allow The Good Reverend to get into the ring again without Simon seeing.

The Good Reverend slides into the ring unnoticed by Simon as he continues chopping down the giant. As Simon finally lands his hardest and most furious right hand, Brother Judas falls to his knees on the apron and then to the floor.

Blackfront: Brother Judas is sent back to the arena floor with those punches! Simon ready for anything!

Simon turns to see The Good Reverend in the spider walk. The face The Good Reverend is making is almost devilish when viewed upside down.

Ace: Except The Good Reverend in the Spider walk!

Blackfront: Simon seems unnerved as he has seen this before.

Simon, takes off running at the cult leader and The Good Reverend reacts quickly out of the spider walk and dipping his head for a back body drop that sends Simon over the top rope and bouncing off the top of the casket built for Brother Judas.

Blackfront: Simon with a nasty crash onto the casket and The Good Reverend is very proud of himself.

Ace: Numbers don't lie and they often give you a reason to celebrate.

The Good Reverend steps through the ropes and then onto the casket, leaping off for a senton splash on top of Simon on the arena floor.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend with a senton splash! Simon is in desperate trouble now!

Ace: Not to mention in desperate need of a breath. That had to take all of the wind out of his lungs and possibly broke some ribs.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is now determined to finish this.

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Ace: He certainly looks willing to do what it takes after a leap like that.

Brother Judas makes his way, all bloody and gnarled up, to the battle and pulls Simon off the floor. Brother Judas goes for a whip, but Simon reverses it and sends him careening into the casket with a thud.

Blackfront: Simon with the perfect reversal and Brother Judas hits the casket so hard he nearly flipped over from the impact.

Ace: Simon is giving it his all, but it won't be enough. A monster is still a monster for a reason and when he gets back up, Simon may be finished for good.

The Good Reverend rushes to attack Simon, but Simon moved and The Good Reverend hits a running knee strike to the face of Brother Judas, sending him to the floor again as the crowd erupts.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend drills Brother Judas with a running knee! The big guy gets a taste of what happens when you stand behind Simon and he dodges an attack.

Ace: Speed has been an asset for sure.

Simon rushes and hits a running lariat on The Good Reverend much to the crowd's delight.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend sent down again and the crowd is getting excited as Simon fights out of the difficulty yet again.

Ace: A cat has nine lives, but I am starting to think Simon has at least a dozen.

Simon picks The Good Reverend up and gets him in back breaker position, but instead performs a textbook fall-away slam on The Good Reverend, who hits the arena floor with force.

Blackfront: Fall Away Slam by Simon! The Good Reverend in trouble now as Simon in control.

Ace: But where will he "bury" him? The casket is in pieces over there?

Blackfront: Oh yeah, NOW you ask.

Simon rolls The Good Reverend into the ring and slides in after him. Simon begins to pull The Good Reverend up, but The Good Reverend begins firing away punches of his own to Simon's stomach.

Ace: The Good Reverend fighting back and showing he has just as much fight in him as his former follower does.

Simon lifts a knee into the chest of The Good Reverend and stops the fight in the older man.

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Blackfront: Simon countering with a big knee to the gut.

Ace: The size difference playing a role between these two.

Simon whirls The Good Reverend around and locks a full nelson in tight, lifting and then dropping him with a vicious slam as the crowd erupts.

Blackfront: Full Nelson slam by Simon! He nailed it!

Ace: Yes he hit it, but he has NOWHERE to put the body! That may be the strategic move of the night by The Good Reverend.

Simon looks and sees the bat he had earlier still in the ring. He walks over and picks it up, then stares at The Good Reverend with a gleam in his eye.

Blackfront: Simon has the bat! The Good Reverend is in deep trouble now!

Ace: The kid has the mean streak. We've seen him go ballistic on Wrestleshow before.

Simon waits for The Good Reverend to get to his knees and when The Good Reverend looks up, Simon swings the bat and drills him right on the nose. A visible streak of blood comes from The Good Reverend's face as he gets hit and drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: SIMON JUST LAID HIM OUT WITH THAT BAT!!! The Good Reverend is busted wide open and out cold! I can't believe the impact of that bat shot!

Ace: Simon is showing the kind of mean streak that made him an asset to The Good Reverend in the past.

Blackfront: And not The Good Reverend is regretting teaching him such things.

Ace: I'm sure.

Immediately Simon's face is pegged by the big boot of Brother Judas, causing him to drop the bat. Brother Judas looks even more frightening with the blood on his face as he stands over Simon.

Blackfront: Brother Judas with a boot out of nowhere!!!

Ace: Where did he come from?

Blackfront: All the focus on the bat and The Good Reverend left a wide open opportunity for Brother Judas to get back into the ring.

Ace: Simon is in big trouble now! Look at what the big man found!

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Brother Judas slowly stoops down and picks up the bat. His face curling with hatred as his large hands grasp the handle. He looks at Simon as his eyes squint with purpose.

Blackfront: Brother Judas has the bat in his hands!

Ace: That is not going to be pretty for Simon.

Blackfront: Simon better be watching or he is going to be sent into dreamland.

Ace: Batter up!

Brother Judas waits for Simon to get to his feet and the moment he does he takes a massive wood-splitting swing with the bat. Simon moves out of the way and the bat hits the ropes, shaking the entire top rope across the ring.

Blackfront: BIG SWING by Brother Judas!

Ace: He's chopping wood with that thing. Had he hit a tree, it would have split into pieces and stacked itself just out of fear!

Brother Judas turns and lunges with another swing at Simon, who again artfully dodges the lumbering attack. Simon is looking around trying to figure out what to do with the giant weaponized with a Louisville Slugger.

Blackfront: Another big swing by Brother Judas! The behemoth is really wanting to do more than just end a match now. I think he is looking to end the man completely.

Ace: I can't blame him.

Blackfront: WHY would you promote such an action?

Ace: The kid turned on his family. His family. Think about that for a second at what kind of person turns on his family and then think about why the other brother wants to chase him with a freaking bat!

Brother Judas lunges forward and goes for a home run swing, but Simon jumps into the swing, grabbing the bat above Brother Judas' hands and whirling around with the swing to use the torque in his favor. Simon gets the bat out of Brother Judas' hands and spins around to hit the monster in the left shoulder with a blast.

Blackfront: Simon gets the bat away and hits Brother Judas in the shoulder.

Ace: It's just a flesh wound!

Simon runs forward and takes a massive swing, hitting Brother Judas right on top of the head, breaking the bat into two pieces.

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Blackfront: SIMON BROKE THE BAT OVER HIS HEAD!!!

Ace: What a swing!

Blackfront: Brother Judas is down and out. I'm not even sure he is alive!

Ace: Simon just got his name put next to David as the best giant slayers in the history of the world.

Brother Judas clumps to the canvas, bloodier than ever. Simon is on his knees and looks at the piece of bat he still has and shakes his head.

Blackfront: He can't believe it either! The crowd is cheering his name over and over!

Ace: The kid still hasn't won jack squat until he figured out how to put BOTH men in a casket and remember, The Good Reverend's casket is in shards!

Simon reaches through the ropes and opens the casket meant for Brother Judas. He walks over to the big man and picks him up in back breaker position.

Blackfront: The casket has been opened up and Simon is looking to at least get half way home!

Ace: I still can't believe that bat broke that way.

Simon lumbers over with Brother Judas in tow and dumps the seven-footer over the top rope and into the casket as the fans erupt.

Blackfront: Brother Judas is in the casket! He got him in there!

Ace: He hasn't closed it yet! Brother Judas isn't out of the match at all!

Simon, with a smile through his bloody face, reaches to close the casket; but gets hit from behind by a chair to the back by The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend attacking at the perfect moment just as Simon was starting to enjoy the position he was in.

Ace: Odds are Simon thought that he had ended The Good Reverend already and Brother Judas was his last big hurdle. Sorry kiddo, you thought wrong on that one.

The Good Reverend grabs Simon and hits him with a short-arm lariat. The cultic patriarch is full "The Spirit of HIM" as he raises his hands in celebration.

Blackfront: Simon is down again and The Good Reverend is starting to feel the spirit again. DO you think

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getting slain in the spirit like this gives The Good Reverend extra power?

Ace: I think the only thing is slays is Simon in the ring right now.

Blackfront: That wasn't what I meant.

Ace: I know.

The Good Reverend pulls Simon up and hits a snap DDT on top of the steel chair, which now has a massive blood smear from Simon's forehead after the impact.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend with a DDT and just look at that mess on the chair.

Ace: The kid is taking a beating, no doubt about that. But what were you expecting here? Did you think he would go unscathed?

Blackfront: I'm just amazed at how much blood is being lost. That chair looks disgusting with the blood smears.

Ace: It happens when you get the crap kicked out of you like Simon has tonight.

The Good Reverend kicks Simon out of the ring under the bottom rope in front of the announcers. He follows, stepping through the ropes and jumping to the floor.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend on the attack as he has Simon on the floor now. You think he is finally taking him back to the casket?

Ace: It is the smartest move he can make. He is safe with no casket of his own.

Blackfront: Is he really? It was never announced that the caskets were reserved for only one particular person. I would think that anybody can be put in any of them and it counts.

Ace: You have a point. It wasn't part of the announcement for the match.

The Good Reverend pulls Simon up and looks to be leading him toward his casket. All the while The Good Reverend is singing his own version of sacred hymns of praise.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend is just a creepy individual with all of that praising while doing such violence.

Ace: Kind of reminds me of "Singing in the Rain" from Clockwork Orange. That was disturbing to say the least.

As they round the corner, Simon puts his arms around the waist of The Good Reverend and lifts him for a

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side suplex on the arena floor as the crowd cheers the fight in Simon.

Blackfront: Simon showing he has some fight left as he side slams The Good Reverend out on the arena floor!

Ace: He is using whatever strength he has to fight back and if he spends it all, The Good Reverend will have him right where he wants him.

Blackfront: Both men are down and this one is taking its toll.

Ace: This is a match that takes years off of lives and careers. Nobody is ever the same when it is finished.

Both men are down and trying to get their bearings. Simon is grabbing the ring apron to get himself up, while The Good Reverend is using the barricade at ringside.

Blackfront: WHichever of these men gets to his feet first will have the biggest advantage in trying to end this match.

Ace: Thank you Captain Obvious!

The Good Reverend is the first to fully get to his feet and he picks Simon off the floor and goes to whip him into the casket, but Simon reverses it and sends him back into the barricade.

Blackfront: Simon again showing life as he sends The Good Reverend flying into that barricade!

Ace: Those fans had some great seats with just a little blood spatter for garnish.

Simon pull The Good Reverend to his feet and then grabs his head, running toward the ring post, pegging the top of his head off the post.

Blackfront: Running bulldog of sorts by Simon, sending The Good Reverend's head right into the ring post!

Ace: Simon is pulling out the stops, but will it be enough and can he win at all with no wooden casket for The Good Reverend?

Simon falls down and he is obviously losing too much blood. He is stumbling on the entrance area of ringside as The Good Reverend begins moving.

Blackfront: Right now we need to ask if Simon has lost too much blood. He isn't moving as fluidly as he was earlier.

Ace: Sorry, no mid-match transfusions allowed!

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Blackfront: Ace!

Ace: What?

Simon is yelling at The Good Reverend and the extreme evangelist is hearing the curses. The Good Reverend's face furrows and he hits a running forearm on Simon, sending both men tumbling into the barricade near Brother Judas' casket.

Blackfront: These two are going at it furiously as they try to get the advantage on each other.

Ace: Neither one is in good shape, but The Good Reverend seems to be just nasty enough and willing to do what it takes.

Simon and The Good Reverend both get to their feet and The Good Reverend rushes Simon again, but Simon ducks his head and sends The Good Reverend into a massive body flip into the air, landing him in the casket on top of Brother Judas.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend sent into the casket! What a counter by Simon!

Ace: Is that legal?

The crowd erupts as Simon grabs the lid and slams the casket shut.

Blackfront: SIMON SHUTS THE LID ON THE CASKET!!!

Ace: Does that count? Someone tell me for crying out loud!

Blackfront: The referee is signaling for the bell! This is it! Simon has won it!

Ace: I'll be damned!

DING! DING! DING!

Announcer: Your winner by putting his opponents into the casket completely.....SIMON!!!!

The crowd erupts in cheers as Simon has his arms raised even while on his knees in front of the casket.

Blackfront: What a shocking victory for Simon as he overcame the odds and pulled out a massive upset.

Ace: Nobody thought he had that in him.

Blackfront: The fans sure did and I think UTA just found someone the fans really can get behind now! What a match!

Breakfast of Champions

Backstage, tensions are running high. It's those stressful few moments before 40 of UTA's finest step into the ring and try to earn their spots in the upper echelon. Among those 40 is Joshua Jones, who is nigh-famous for his ability to handle stress.

We join him now as he paces back and forth in the hallway, pulling at his hair.

Joshua Jones: I got this... I got this... I got this...

After a few moments, while his back is turned, Kush walks up behind him. She doesn't appear to be paying attention to where she's going, instead sipping water from a straw and reading her Kindle. She bumps directly into Jones.

Kush: Gah! Oh!

Joshua Jones: Jeez! I... OH KUSH!!!

Kush: Sorry! I was, ah...

Joshua Jones: No, no, no, it's...

The duo look at each other for just a moment, and then their eyes drift to the floor. There's a moment of awkward silence. Finally, Jones breaks the silence.

Joshua Jones: So! Uh... Good luck out there! In the match!

Kush: Yeah! Ah... Good luck to, ah... toooooo you too!

Joshua Jones: Thanks!

More awkward silence. This time, Kush speaks up first.

Kush: So, ah... Yooooooooooooo haven't called me?

Josh looks away and blushes.

Joshua Jones: I'm sorry! I just... I didn't know if you wanted me to call, or...

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Kush: You could have, ah... You could haaaaaave called me to ask...

Kush smiles a little. Joshua looks even more embarrassed.

Joshua Jones: That's just confusing! I mean... I wanted to call you, but... This match, and the whole thing with Second Coming, and...

Kush: Look, ah... I know this match has, ah... Has put a lot of pressure on people. It's okay. But, ah... Buuuuut after tonight, we won't, ah... We won't have to worry about it?

Joshua grits his teeth and inhales sharply. We can tell he's kind of tapping his foot as well.

Joshua Jones: I worry about a lot of things, Becky. I mean, is that... Is that okay? I don't know!

Kush takes a step forward and lightly brushes Joshua on the arm. He looks over and sees her smiling brightly at him, dimples and all.

Kush: It's okay. I promise.

Joshua slowly starts to smile as well. His hand creeps towards hers. Just as they are about to touch hands...

Off-Screen Voice: Coming through! Watch your step!

Kush and Jones both leap to the side of the hallway, as a kit-case for instruments comes rolling by. On the side of the case is written "Z MANN ZILLA AND THE WORLD'S LARGEST TRIO". Behind the case, we see tonight's musical guest, Z. Mann Zilla, pushing it towards the door! He stops and looks at both Joshua Jones and Kush, and smiles.

Z. Mann Zilla: Hey! I was hoping I'd get a chance to say hi to you two!

Kush: . . .

Joshua Jones: Hey! You're that singer! That Zilla guy! How are you?

Z. Mann Zilla: Super-groovy, thanks for asking! I'm really looking forward to seeing you two in the All Or Nothing rumble!

Kush: ...thank you?

Joshua Jones: Oh man! I hope I don't disappoint you!

Z. Mann Zilla: Can I get a picture with you guys?

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Joshua Jones: Uh... sure!

Kush: ...ah... I guess?

Zilla crowds in behind Joshua Jones and Kush and holds up his camera selfie-style. Jones does his best to smile, but Kush has a very awkward look on her face - it's hard to describe, one part uneasiness, another part curiosity. Afterwards, he goes back to his case.

Z. Mann Zilla: Well, I'm going to get this stuff loaded away so I can just enjoy the match. Good luck out there!

Joshua Jones: Thanks!

Kush: I'LL HELP YOU.

Z. Mann Zilla: Well, I don't know if-

Kush: I INSIST.

Zilla shrugs, but accepts the help. Joshua Jones goes back to his pacing. As Zilla & Kush push the case towards the loading dock, she looks over at him.

Kush: Look, ah... This might sound weird, but, ah... Buuuuuuut...

Z. Mann Zilla: Let me guess... Every time you look at me, your eyes go all weird. Like you can't quite focus on me.

Kush: Yes! Why, ah... Do you know...

Z. Mann Zilla: Have you ever read 'Breakfast Of Champions' by Kurt Vonnegut?

Kush: Ah... no?

Z. Mann Zilla: Well, it's kind of like that. If you do decide to read it, there's a bit towards the end where-

Off-screen Voice: I'VE GOT A COPY *RIGHT HERE*, YOU SONUVABITCH!!!

Zilla and Kush swiftly turn around. Behind them, Travis 16 is holding up a copy of 'Breakfast Of Champions' with an evil grin on his face.

Z. Mann Zilla: Crap... crapcrapcrapcrap...

Travis 16: Ooooooooh, yes, snaggle-puss! I've been saving a copy for when you decided to pull this stunt

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again, and *I'm gonna shelve it RIGHT UP YOUR ASS!!!*

Z. Mann Zilla: Crap! CRAP! Kush, I gotta go, sorry!

Travis 16: Oh, c'mon, I thought you LOVED Vonnegut! COME ON YOU FAT FURRY JACKASS, *LET'S DO THIS!!!*

Zilla runs very quickly off screen, followed closely by Travis 16 waving the book. Kush just looks more confused than ever as the scene fades to black.

Closure

Fade in from black. A camera rolls up to Lew, stretching his legs down a hallway in preparation for the All Or Nothing Pay Per View. Slightly startled, Lew takes a step back and stops stretching.

Sawyers: Lew, The Ominous Angel! The All Or Nothing main event is nearly here! Some great matches we've had tonight already! Are you ready to take on such an incredible line up of wrestlers?

Lew hums and leans against the wall.

Lew: Well, there's no easy answer to that one. There is amazing talent in this company and I am only but a small part of that. It'll be a huge struggle. I've got a lot on my mind and it's really getting to me. But nonetheless! I will do what I can with the luck that I have depending on when my entrance music hits the ears of many screaming fans and my eventual opponents in the ring. To be honest, I'm quite nervous. I've not been in a match with so many people before, I don't trust myself to last a long time in there

Someone from behind Lew interrupts the interview.

???: Dick knows that Lew can't last long. Dick knows it's an embarrassing trait.

Lew's eyebrows raise, he turns to find Dick Fury standing behind him.

Smith: Shouldn't you be commentating?

Dick Fury: Dick knows his job. But Dick isn't on the mic tonight. No, no. Dick didn't want to give himself a sore throat. Dick came for you.

Smith: Oh? What exactly did you need to tell me?

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Fury: Dick's excited for tonight's line up. Some impressive and disappointing matches so far. Dick's hanging around for the big one. Just so happened to be that LucyLew here is in it. Dick's going to watch and Dick wants you to go for it hard.

Smith: Excuse me? I'm not sure if I caught that...were...were you just wishing me good luck?

Fury: Can you not hear Dick? If you're not understanding me, then Dick will put it in another position for you.

Fury coughs and strikes a pose. Legs spread, hands curled up into fists and placed on his hips. A woman in pink comes from behind him and pulls a party popper over his shoulder towards Lew.

Fury: Dick wishes you luck.

Lew, wideeyed and astonished, shoots a look of confusion and pride. He smiles.

Smith: Wow, Dick. I'm sure that took a whole darn lot to muster up what you had to say. I'm truly thankful.

Fury: Dick's pleasure.

Dick waves his hand at the woman to dismiss her and resumes his past posture.

Smith: We had a harsh run, you and I. VCW was our time and we made it a great show. We have a long running feud history and for you to come to me to wish me luck? That takes huge ass balls. Seriously, thank you.

Fury: Dick knows what he's got. He also knows little Lucy will kick ass for a given amount of time.

Smith: I seriously wouldn't have my career now if it weren't for you Dick. Thank you for that.

Lew puts out his hand. Hesitant at first, Dick follows up and reaches for Lew's hand and shakes it.

Fury: Dick's got to go now, that bitch is by the hour.

Dick turns and walks off. Lew, turning back to the camera, wipes his hand on his trousers.

Smith: I may need to burn these later.

Although saying that, Lew smiles and walks off. The camera panning to Lew walking out of the hallway and towards the locker rooms.

Sawyers: But...the interview isn't done yet...

The camera fades to black.

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Reclaim what I left behind!

In Crimson Lord's locker room. Crimson is standing in front of something looking down at it. Who he is talking too can not be seen.

Crimson Lord: It is here! In a few short moments the All or Nothing rumble will begin. I will take what I left behind.....YOU! It is clear to me now that Fantastic would rather take another loser into The Spawn then the one that actually is a winner. I am no longer Spawn! I will gladly allow him to remove me from a group of has-beens, who think they are relevant in this business still!

He suddenly stops talking almost as though he is listening to something.

Voice: Your final lesson has been learned. You did not need anyone the last time we were together and now you have cut the fat. You are well rested and are primed for us to be reunited again.

A slow smile comes across Crimson Lord's face.

Crimson Lord: I feel a heavy weight lifted from me. It will be our time once more! I can see it now mangled body after mangled body. A corn a cobia of bodies left in my wake. It will be glorious! And while, I walk amongst those careers hanging on by a thread I will have you firmly in my grasp!

Crimson Lord gives of a sadistic laugh, while staring toward obviously the UTA championship replica belt.

UTA Championship: There is my boy, its time to unleash your Blood Lust on those thirty-nine UTA stars!

A sick sadistic smile appears on Crimson's face. Gaze enters the locker room. Embarrassed how her attempt to get Ron Hall together with Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord did not exactly go as planned.

Gaze: Crimson, what you saw it was not what you thought!

Crimson Lord ignores her and is entranced at the Replica belt. Gaze finally reaches him and notices his stare toward the glass case with the replica belt in it. She sudden herself snaps.

Gaze: Ok, that's it! I have had enough of your obsession over this bloody championship!

She quickly walks in front of him. Gaze violently tosses the glass case sitting on a pedestal on the ground. The glass shatters after hitting the floor. Crimson's eyes widen. She turns to him and grabs him by the hair and pulls him to her eye level! She quickly points at the championship resting on broke glass.

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Gaze: That is an inanimate object! It is not talking to you! You are so wrapped up in regaining that championship that you have turned your back on the people that have supported your return to this business! Mr. Fantastic! Not only him but ME! I am not going to stand here any longer while I watch you sink into the sink hole of your fragmented psyche.

Crimson Lord's eyes have not left the title now on the floor. Gaze realizing he is not even listening pulls out what looks to be a cringe from her jacket. With Gaze's free hand injects the needle into the side of Crimson Lord's neck pushing the cap in. Crimson's look turns to pain as the needle makes itself welcome inside his body. She quickly pulls the needle out of his neck and tosses it on the ground. Crimson Lord's eyes twitch a bit, and finally are taken from the title and toward her.

Gaze: Now I want you to go out there and show the fans and more importantly all these degenerates that you are here to stay! You are Spawn! We are Spawn! Do what you have to in that ring when it comes to Ron Hall, whatever pent up frustrations you have for him RELEASE IT! Now go!

She releases his hair and he stares at her for a moment. Crimson then leaves the locker room. She turns to the title laying on the ground. She picks up the title and looks at it for a moment. Gaze then violently throws it as hard as she can against a concrete wall.

Gaze: You will no longer infect his mind anymore!

She spits at the title on the ground. As Mr. Fantastic enters the locker room.

Mr. Fantastic: Did you find him?

Gaze upset herself looks at Fantastic.

Gaze: I took care of it!

Gaze full of rage leaves the locker room. Mr. Fantastic watches her leave, and then looks at the belt lying on the ground.

Short and Sweet

The camera moves wildly from side to side and then focuses in on the one... the only... La Flama Blanca. He stands proud in front of a UTA All Or Nothing backdrop.

The Luchador stands to the side pacing slightly.

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La Flama Blanca: It's here... It is here... Time for everyone to come down to reality. Tonight, is all about La Flama Blanca. Tonight, is all about La Flama Blanca being the last man standing... standing with the UTA Championship Title.

The Luchador chuckles.

La Flama Blanca: As the boos rain down upon me... It won't matter. I'm above each and everyone person on the roster. Tonight, I will show you all way. The Icon is here...

The Luchador pushes the camera causing the camera man to lose his balance and fall to the ground. Blanca pulls the camera out of the camera man's hands and says his final words.

La Flama Blanca: I AM THE FRANCHISE OF THE UTA!

He drops the camera and we cut to away to another scene.

The view changes to show our beloved ring announcer standing at center ring.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is the main event of the evening and is set for one fall and there is no time limit.

The fans begin to go crazy.

Announcer: The match will start with two competitors. Every two minutes there after, another superstar will enter the ring until thirty superstars have entered.

The fans continue to scream.

Announcer: A superstar is eliminated only when they exit the ring, over the top rope and both feet touch the ground.

The lights are dark as the piano melody tinkles through of the beginning of the infamous theme song of Mike Tyson's Punch Out

Announcer: Hailing from the fighting city of Chicago, Illinois....

Once the electric guitar kicks in, flashing lights in alternating white and green pulsate through the arena with a gold spotlight on Leyendo De Ocho at the entrance curtain.

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Announcer: Standing five-feet, eight-inches tall and weighing in at one-hundred and eighty-eight pounds. Here is at the number one position... LEYENDA AAAA DEEEEE OCHO OOOOOOOOOO!!!

The fans cheer when his name is announced head down, hands forming the shape of a triangle at chest-height. He marches to the ring, pumping up the crowd and high fiving fans like a house of fire.

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho was placed into the number one spot when he was the first to be eliminated in the All or Nothing Lottery Match several weeks ago.

Ace: He lost then and he'll lose now! There is no way he makes it from the number one spot all the way through twenty nine others!

Blackfront: I agree, the odds are stacked against him. But if anyone can do it, it's the eight bit prodigy!

His music fades as he enters the ring.

Immortal by Eve to Adam begins to play. The crowd pops as Joshua Jones steps through the curtains. His face is an emotionless mask. He trembles visibly as he struggles to maintain his composed and stoic look.

Blackfront: It's Joshua Jones! Joshua Jones is the number two entrant in the twenty fifteen All or Nothing match!

Ace: Well, we know who else isn't going to win.

Blackfront: You're always too negative Tommy.

A few seconds later, Joshua's energy gets the better of him. He explodes into the air. As he lands, he breaks into a run.

Announcer: Hailing from Piedmont, California.

Joshua slides under the bottom rope before springing to his feet. He adds a second jump for good measure.

Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventeen pounds...

Joshua runs to the near ropes, bounces off them, and keeps running. He hits the opposite ropes at full speed, again rebounding and continuing to run.

Announcer: The second entrant into tonight's All or Nothing match.... JOSHUA.... JOOONNNNEESSS!!!!

Joshua jumps onto the middle rope, but instead of launching himself into the air, he grabs the top rope with both hands, killing his momentum. Standing on the middle rope, he nods several times.

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Blackfront: And the crowd here is going bananas as we kick off the most anticipated match of the year so far!

Joshua pushes himself away from the ropes. He lands on his feet, still nodding. He makes his way toward his corner, bouncing with each step.

Blackfront: These two will go at it for the next two minutes, when the third entrant will come into the ring. Tonight is a night of amazement and surprises.

Ace: It is going to be spectacular Jason! Especially when Dynasty walks out with all three of the top titles!

Both men Move toward the ring as the bell sounds to begin the match. They shake hands before beginning to circle in a ready stance.

Blackfront: T-Minus two minutes until number three enters. Until then, Leyenda de Ocho and Joshua Jones have the ring to themselves. They tie up in the center of the ring...

Jones leads the dance with an Irish whip towards the ropes

Blackfront: Ocho reverses, Jones sent toward the ropes.

Jones leaps to and springboards off the center rope and flies at LDO with a cross-body.

Blackfront: Springboard connects!

Jones instinctively goes for a pin, but after about 2 seconds he realizes there's nobody counting, and then slaps himself in the face and gets up.

Blackfront: The only way to win is to throw your opponent over the top rope and both of their feet touch the floor.

Ace: And here I thought he had this.

Blackfront: Jones running on instinct as he gets up and pulls LDO to a vertical position. Jones goes for an elbow, but is blocked by LDO, who returns fire with a couple punches to the gut.

Jones doubles over.

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho runs for the ropes.. on the return... he LEVELS Jones with a swift dropkick!

LDO rises quickly and paces the ring, waiting for Jones to get up...

Blackfront: Jones starts to rise. Leyenda getting ready... he charges and goes for a rising knee - NO! Jones

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quickly dodges to the side! LDO goes running for the ropes, and Jones follows - HUGE clothesline onto LDO - he flips over the top rope!

Ace: Ocho's about to leave this party early!

Ocho grabs the middle rope, and swings his legs around under the bottom before rolling back in.

Blackfront: Not quite! LDO manages to grab the middle rope and pull himself back in!

Jones begins pacing again and psyching himself up... he pulls LDO vertical. Grabbing his arm, he Irish whips Ocho towards the ropes and runs in the opposite direction.

Blackfront: LDO ducks under a leapfrog... Jones leaps up, springboards off the opposite ropes... BIG forearm smash on Leyenda de Ocho!

Jones gets to his feet quickly and begins circling LDO, stomping him repeatedly.

Blackfront: Cake Walk on Leyenda de Ocho.

Ace: Sure looks like he's just stomping him to me.

Joshua Jones looks around the ring, his eyes finding the corner turnbuckle. He looks back at LDO, who is still laying on the canvas, then back at the corner.

Ace: He isn't going to do what I think he is, is he?

Blackfront: He looks to be heading to the turnbuckle.

Ace: This idiot knows it's better not to put yourself to where you can easily fall out of the ring, right?

Blackfront: Jones climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: I guess not.

As Jones reaches the top, he stands, gathering his balance. Leyenda de Ocho begins to push up to his feet.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones sizing Leyenda de Ocho up...

Ace: That shouldn't be too hard. it's small.

Blackfront: HE LEAPS! CORKSCREW MISSILE DROPKICK- NO!!! Ocho counters!

Leyenda de Ocho grabs Jones' legs midair and yanking him hard to the canvas.

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Blackfront: The 8-bit Legend getting pumped up. Joshua Jones begins to stir, sitting up... Leyenda de Ocho runs... off of the ropes and on the return... SHINING WIZADO! SHINING WIZADO!

The fans go crazy for Leyenda de Ocho but go even crazier when the count down clock begins.

10

9

8

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho now pulling Joshua Jones to his feet.

5

4

Blackfront: Jones sent into the ropes. On the return... LDO leaps up, grabbing Joshua Jones by the head and falling back.. HUGE DDT!

1

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

The snappy drum solo from *Clap Your Hands* by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Uncle Rocky leaps out from behind the curtain! Colorful pyros go off in the ceiling and rain rainbow confetti onto the entrance ramp. Uncle Rocky does a few doofy dance moves while the crowd BOOs the Bombastic Brawler.

Blackfront: Coming in at number three is Uncle Rocky!

Ace: This idiot again. After what he did in the last battle royal he was apart of, I'm surprised they are even letting him near this match.

Blackfront: He's carrying a gift bag with him. What does he have up his sleeve?

Ace: I don't know, but I doubt it's going to be good for anyone in that ring.

Rocky starts stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle. Inside the ring, Leyenda de Ocho holds

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Joshua Jones' leg up, before he drops an elbow to his inner thigh.

Blackfront: LDO continuing to work on Joshua Jones as Uncle Rocky slides into the ring.

Rocky pops up. Leyenda steps over Joshua and motions for Rocky to bring it. Uncle Rocky throws his hand down to the side and bring sit up and across ina big wave as he says *HELLO FRIEND!* Leyenda de Ocho just points at Rocky and shakes his head as if asking the crowd *Who is this guy?*

Blackfront: Three of forty superstars who will enter this match are now in it.

Ace: Two and a half. I think Jones is down for the counter.

Joshua Jones lays near the edge of the canvas, holding his leg as Leyenda de Ocho steps toward Uncle Rocky. Rocky puts his finger up, before holding the gift bag up. Ocho looks curiously at it.

Blackfront: The gift bag seems to be for Leyenda de Ocho.

LDO shakes his finger, telling Rocky he isn't falling for any of his tricks.

Blackfront: LDO showing his smarts here.

Uncle Rocky nods, agreeing it looks funky. He places a finger up as if he has an idea and then reaches into the gift bag.

Blackfront: Ocho being very cautious.

Uncle Rocky pulls something from the bag and holds it for Leyenda de Ocho to see. As the camera gets a closer shot, we can see a classic Game Boy that has been decorated to match LDO's ring attire.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky brought a game boy for LDO.

Ace: It's an Ocho Edition! I didn't even know you could still find those things!

LDO stands with his hands on his hips and smiles. He mouths *Thank You* before stepping forward with his hand out. Uncle Rocky reaches forward with the Game Boy, but just as he is about to give it to LDO, he pulls back his hand and shoots forward, slamming the brick of a game system into the forehead of Leyenda de Ocho, sending him back first to the canvas. The fans boo.

Ace: I knew you couldn't trust Uncle Rocky!

Blackfront: You know, for a moment I thought we were going to see a different side of Uncle Rocky. I was wrong.

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Ace: As you usually are Jason.

LDO holds his head as he rolls over and begins to get up. Uncle Rocky pulls his arm back like a quarterback before chunking the classic Game Boy right at LDO's forehead, catching him.

Ace: Flying video games to the face!

Leyenda de Ocho stumbles back as Uncle Rocky comes forward.

Blackfront: Rocky with a boot to the gut of Leyenda de Ocho, grabs his neck.. swings.. NECKBREAKER!

The fans boo as Leyenda de Ocho hits the canvas. Rocky grabs the Game Boy from the canvas as he gets to his feet. Across the ring, Joshua Jones is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Rocky stands over Leyenda de Ocho pretending to play the game in a mockingly way.

Blackfront: No respect by Uncle Rocky. None at all.

Rocky walks over to the ropes and lifts the Game Boy up, throwing it hard down from inside the ring to the floor below. As it hits, it bounces up slightly and slides away.

Ace: It didn't even hurt the Game Boy! Those things were made like tanks!

As Uncle Rocky turns around, he sees Joshua Jones running toward him. His eyes grow large as he backs into the ropes.

Blackfront: Jones running.. clothes....

Uncle Rocky pulls the top rope down as he drops. However, Joshua Jones had anticipated this as he brings his arm down and leaps, throwing both feet forward.

Blackfront: Double leg drop kick by Joshua Jones that catches Uncle Rocky in the face!

Rocky's body crumbles and he rolls to the edge of the ring apron. Joshua Jones rolls over and pushes up, his arms in the air.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky thought he was going to make the first elimination of the night there

As Joshua Jones turns around, he is caught with a spinning heel kick by the now standing Leyenda de Ocho.

Blackfront: LDO with a spinning heel kick taking Joshua Jones off of his feet.

LDO heads over and grabs Uncle Rocky, beginning to pull him up.

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Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho pulling Uncle Rocky to his feet.

Ace: Can you believe we still have thirty seven more people in this match?

Blackfront: Non stop action coming your way right here on All or Nothing.

Ocho pushes Uncle Rocky into the ropes, suing them for momentum as his sends him running across the ring.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky off of the ropes. Leyenda de Ocho charges forward, leaps, another spinning heel kick taking Rocky off of his feet!

10

Ace: We're about to see who is number four!

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho now toward the ropes, he leaps... senton onto Rocky!

6

5

4

Blackfront: The 8-bit Legend now pulling Joshua Jones up.

2

1

BUZZZZZZ@~!

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of *If You Want Peace...Prepare For War* by Children Of Bodom Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colors that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!". Lew Smith burst from the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: Number four in the All or Nothing match, the former VCW Champion... Lew Smith!

Ace: Seems like dream team pulled the first four numbers.

Blackfront: There's no reason for that.

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Smith slides into the ring. he pops up and comes forward, slamming a forearm into the side of Leyenda de Ocho's head, causing him to let go of Joshua Jones.

Blackfront: Forearm now to Joshua Jones. Lew Smith comes around... palm strike to the chest of Leyenda de Ocho!

LDO grabs his chest as Lew Smith spins around and strikes Joshua Jones in the chest as well.

Blackfront: The former VCW champion coming in strong.

Ocho, still holding his chest looks up at Lew who comes toward him. Smith takes a swing at Leyenda de Ocho's head, but misses as Ocho ducks down and slides behind Lew.

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho using his speed to quickly getting out of harms way.

Lew turns quickly toward Ocho. As he moves in for the attack again, Leyenda de Ocho side steps and jets toward the ropes. Lew, once again finding himself needing to turn toward his opponent, does so just in time to see Leyenda de Ocho leap to the second rope and use it to launch himself with a quarter turn moonsault.

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho caught by Lew Smith.

Ace: This isn't good for LDO.

Blackfront: Lew Smith drops Leyenda de Ocho across his knee for a vicious back breaker.

Leyenda de Ocho holds his back in pain on the canvas as Lew Smith springs back into action, coming down with a devastating stomp.

Blackfront: Lew Smith in complete control. I'm unsure if Leyenda de Ocho will be able to withstand much more from the former VCW Champion.

Smith reaches down, lifting Leyenda de Ocho up by his head and left arm.

Ace: Leyenda de Ocho now back on his feet. Lew Smith follows up with a series of knife edge chops to his already glowing chest.

Smith strikes again, this time Leyenda de Ocho moves slightly to the side, catching his arm and using his own momentum, to drag Lew Smith over. The fans cheer wildly.

Blackfront: Leyenda de Ocho with an arm drag, trying to regain some control.

Lew rolls over and pops up as quickly as he was taken down. He burst forward and into yet another arm drag by the waiting Leyenda de Ocho.

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Blackfront: Another arm drag. Leyenda de Ocho now starting to build an offense. Can he turn this around?

Both men get up. Ocho quickly shoots forward with a kick of his own.

Ace: Lew Smith catches the foot of Leyenda de Ocho. It was a good tr... Ocho turns it into an Enziguri!

As his foot connects with the side of Lew Smith's head, Smith lets go and falls to the side, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Spot on kick by Leyenda de Ocho who may have changed the tides here.

Ocho runs toward the ropes. As he gets closer, Uncle Rocky shoots up, grabbing the top rope yet again, and pulling down. Ocho flies right over the top, slamming down to the floor out side.

10

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky making up for earlier by earning the first elimination of the match as we get ready for the next entrant her ein the All or Nothing Match.

7

6

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky now yanking Joshua Jones up by his head.

He drags him across the ring toward the corner. Once he has Jones in the corner, Rocky throws his foot up into Joshua's throat, holding the top rope for leverage.

3

2

1

BUZZ@~!

Without notice the arena becomes a party of flashing strobes and moving spotlights of many colors. The stage lights up from underneath as the video screen goes through an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties. *All I Do Is Win* by DJ Khaled kicks on over the airwaves.

Ace: Good God! What's happening to my ears!?

Blackfront: It's our next entrant! Pin Smith, who earned his shot to be in this match just a little while ago.

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Pin Smith, dancing around on the stage from side to side, engages the crowd like he always does. Throwing his hand up, as the song indicates, and bouncing up and down, also indicated by the song. The Real Deal starts toward the ring with a beaming smile on his face, taking the time to slaps hands and receive the welcoming wishes from wrestling's greatest fans.

Blackfront: Inside the ring here, Uncle Rocky with a massive chop across the chest of Joshua Jones whom is still in the corner. Lew Smith grabbing the shoulder of Rocky, turns him around.

Lew slams an elbow into the forehead of uncle Rocky, causing him to stumble backward, landing on Joshua Jones. Lew Smith looks back and runs toward the center of the ring. Once he gets there, he stops, and turns.

Blackfront: Smith takes off... he leaps.. BIG SPLASH!

Lew comes down hard across Uncle Rocky who crushes even more into Joshua Jones. As he backs away, both men come forward and fall to the canvas.

Ace: TIMBER!

Blackfront: Lew Smith taking out two men at once with that splash.

Pin Smith slides in under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Pin Smith now in the ring here.

Ace: The two Smiths!

Blackfront: No relation of course.

Pin moves in quick with a big boot attempt but misses Lew Smith completely as he ducks. Pin Smith charges Lew Smith again and is sent to the canvas with an arm drag takedown.

Blackfront: Arm drag takedown sends Pin to the canvas.

Pin Smith snaps back up. Lew Smith now lands some hard lefts pushing Pin in the corner. Working his mid section with combinations.

Blackfront: Lew Smith taking it to Pin.

Pin tosses Lew into the corner. He throws Lew's arms behind the top rope.

Ace: Knife Edge Chops! I love those!

Pin begins taking Lew to town with the knife edge chops. Pausing in between.

All or Nothing: 2015

Blackfront: Pin lands a head butt on Lew chasing him from the corner.

Lew Smith walks towards the ropes leaning his body across the top rope as he walks. Pin sends Lew into the ropes and across the ring. Lew comes back at Pin and flips around putting his legs around the waist of Pin. Pin raises Smith up and slams him face first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Big time reversal by Pin Smith!

Ace: That's how you bring it right there!

Pin goes on the attack kicking at the knees of Lew Smith. Pin picks up the right leg of Lew Smith and smashes it into the canvas.

Ace: Smart move. Take Smith's legs out of the equation and he can't use them.

Pin smashes the same leg into the canvas again.

Blackfront: Still working that leg of Lew Smith.

Pin grabs one of Smith's legs and locks in a Single Leg Boston Crab.

Blackfront: Smith is in the middle of the ring. No where to go.

Ace: Well, this is just stupid. he can't submit. You have to throw him over the top rope to win!

Lew Smith slams his hands on the canvas in pain. Pin Smith leans back further putting even more strain on the lower back of Lew Smith.

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Blackfront: I'm not sure how much pain Lew Smith can continue to take. Pin Smith not letting go!

Uncle Rocky can be seen laying on the canvas and digging into his singlet.

Ace: What is that idiot doing?

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All or Nothing: 2015

Rocky begins to push up.

BUZZZZZZZZ@!

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's *Crystallize* begins to filter through the PA system. A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin. The lights come back up as he begins down the ramp.

Blackfront: Rocky to his feet, he's got what looks to be brass knuckles on his hand!

As Pin Smith leans back and Lew Smith screams in pain, Uncle Rocky comes forward, slamming the knuckles into the back of Pin's head. He lets go and is jolted forward, stumbling before falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky with those brass knuckles to the back of Pin Smith's head!

He begins to shove them back down into his singlet. Once he removes his hand, he looks out to the booing fans and asks *What did I do?!* Shrugging it off, Rocky turns around to see Paladin standing right behind him. Full of surprise he stumbles backward.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky wasn't expecting to see Paladin.

Ace: I was hoping we wouldn't.

Blackfront: Paladin right a big right, rocking the side of Uncle Rocky's head. Another.. Another... Uncle Rocky is reeling now.

Paladin pushes him into the ropes, using them to shoot him forward where Joshua Jones has now gotten up. Jones bends down, and grabs Rocky, lifting him up and over.

Blackfront: Right into the grasp of Joshua Jones... back body drop!

Paladin comes forward, grabbing the arm of Joshua Jones. He pulls back, whipping him across the ring.

Blackfront: Paladin sends Joshua Jones across the ring. Off of the rope and on the return... leap frog. Off the ropes again... Paladin catches Jones with arm drag.

Both men quickly roll over and get to their feet. Joshua charges Paladin again.

Blackfront: Paladin with another arm drag taking Jones over. Both men quickly back up. Jones forward, leaps up.. legs around the neck of Paladin... standing hurricarrana!

As Paladin hits the canvas back first, he rolls up to his feet, leaps to the nearby ropes, and springboards

All or Nothing: 2015

back, elbow out, which catches Joshua as he gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Paladin out of the hurricarrana into a springboard elbow smash! What agility!

Joshua rolls back and to his knees, rubbing his chin as Paladin spins around into an offensive stance.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet for these two already, live, on pay per view!

Joshua stands up and nods toward Paladin, before both men begin to circle.

Blackfront: Show of respect by Jones as we get ready to continue.

They lock up.

Blackfront: Locking up. Joshua pushing back and taking control. Jones rolls around Paladin. Belly to back.

Paladin stomps the foot of Jones.

Blackfront: Paladin, rolls around, now behind Jones.

Paladin drops to his knee, grabs the leg of Joshua Jones and raises back up, yanking Joshua's leg so he falls to his hands on the canvas as Paladin stands up.

Blackfront: Ankle Lock!

Ace: These idiots and their submission moves! THROW HIM OVER THE DAMN ROPES!

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Uncle Rocky begins to push up as does Lew Smith. Pin Smith continues to lay, holding his head as Paladin wrenches the ankle of Joshua Jones.

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All or Nothing: 2015

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BUZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

Suddenly the lights go out in the arena and turn a shade of blood red as *Out of My Way* by Seether begins to play over the loudspeakers. Brandy Sutton walks out and stands closing her eyes clenching her fists as the lights return.

Blackfront: Brandy Sutton the first woman in this match tonight at number seven.

Paladin lets go of Joshua's ankle and heads over to Uncle Rocky who is now fully up.

Blackfront: Paladin now rocking Rocky with those fist.

Lew tries to take a step, but crumbles as his leg can't keep him up.

Blackfront: Lew Smith still feeling the effects of that injured leg. Paladin grabs the back of Uncle Rocky's head, he shoots him forward into.. over the top rope!

As Paladin sends Rocky over and turns back to the match, he misses Uncle Rocky grabbing the ropes and rolling back in under the bottom. As he gets up he runs forward, throws his arm around Paladin's neck and bends forward pulling Paladin onto his own back before dropping to his knees.

Blackfront: Inverted headlock back breaker by Uncle Rocky!

The fans boo Rocky. Brandy Sutton rolls into the ring. As she stands up, Uncle Rocky gets up and runs forward, arm out, slamming into her chest and sending her over the top rope.

Blackfront: BRANDY SUTTON IS GONE!

Ace: That was great!

Sutton slaps the floor on the outside of the ring as Uncle Rocky points and laughs at her from inside. He turns and heads over to Lew Smith, pulling him up.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky now lifting Lew Smith to his feet.

Ace: This could be a clean sweep for Uncle Rocky! At least until Dynasty gets here!

Rocky places Lew's upper body over the top rope and grabs his feet, lifting. Lew grabs the top rope and holds onto it with all his might, trying to fight Rocky off.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky looking to eliminate Lew Smith now. Here comes Joshua Jones!

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Joshua charges Uncle Rocky causing him to let go of Lew Smith.

Blackfront: Jones with a flurry of fist to Uncle Rocky.

Lew Smith holds the top rope, trying to keep himself up as his legs are weak. In the opposite corner, pin Smith uses the ropes to begin getting up himself.

Blackfront: Paladin right rights and lefts into the midsection of Uncle Rocky who is backed into the corner. Joshua Jones now joining him. Both men teaming up on Uncle Rocky.

Ace: Isn't it every man for himself?

Blackfront: Temporary alliances can happen.

Pin Smith heads forward yelling at the two. They look back, see him begging for Rocky. They nod and both grab an arm of Uncle Rocky before yanking back and sending him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky sent out of the corner. Pin Smith comes forward... BIG BOOT TO THE FACE! Uncle Rocky goes down!

Pin drops to a knee, grabbing Rocky's head and begins to punch him in the face.

Blackfront: Pin Smith extracting revenge for those brass knuckles to the back of his head earlier.

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Paladin and Joshua Jones head over and begin stomping Uncle Rocky as Pin Smith begins to get up.

Ace: I guess Uncle Rocky has no good friends in this match!

Blackfront: He did this to himself! Brass knuckles! Game Boys! Uncle Rocky has had this coming!

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All or Nothing: 2015

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

Got up this morning by Sage Francis begins to play and the fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: Oh.. it can't be! Is it?! Is it?! IT IS!

Log Habben steps out to the stage and the arena explodes

Blackfront: LOG HABBEN IS HERE!

Ace: Who cares about this idiot?

Blackfront: Apparently the fans do!

Log begins down the ramp and toward the ring.

Blackfront: The number eight participant in the two thousand and fifteen All or Nothing match is Log Habben!

Log slides into the ring and comes forward, instantly attacking Paladin. After a few hard shots, he moves over and slams his fist into Joshua Jones, then finishes with a couple of hard shots to Pin Smith. All three men hit the canvas.

Blackfront: Log Habben taking names and kicking asses!

Log throws one arm up and screams to the fans, *LOG HABBENS!* They cheer along with him. He stomps toward Lew Smith who is still trying to just stay up near the ropes.

Blackfront: Log Habben now with a couple shots to Lew Smith.

He bends down and grabs Lew's legs, beginning to lift him.

Blackfront: Log Habben looking to eliminate Lew Smith.

Uncle Rocky crawls slowly across the ring. He begins to push up.

Ace: Uncle Rocky is still in this!

Pin Smith, Joshua Jones, and Paladin all each begin to get to their feet as well.

Blackfront: Eight people have entered this match, and six still remain. It can be anybody's match.

Lew continues to fight Log, coming forward with a punch that causes him to lose his grip.

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Blackfront: Lew Smith safe for now as this match continues.

Log grabs his forehead and stumbles back as Lew watches him. Lew looks forward to see Uncle Rocky running toward him. Smith bends down and grabs Uncle Rocky, sending him up and over, and tumbling to the floor.

Blackfront: LEW SMITH JUST ELIMINATED UNCLE ROCKY! LEW SMITH JUST ELIMINATED UNCLE ROCKY!

Ace: Is this the Twilight Zone or something?!

Lew drops to a knee, still unable to stand on his own accord. Paladin and Pin Smith fight in one corner as Joshua Jones takes Log Habben to another.

Blackfront: Five men remain as the ninth entrant is due to arrive at any moment. Still another thirty one after him or her.

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Ace: What was Jiles thinking when he made this a forty person match? This is insanity!

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Lew Smith pulls himself up again, limping over and joining Joshua Jones as they exchange blows with Log Habben

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BUZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

A slow drum beat begins from the PA system, repeating itself as the crowd dies down to hear it. The Utatron flickers into life, fading in with the image of a hill, cloudy blue skies above and a large steel Claymore sword buried into the grassy surface. A Scottish flag sits behind it, the wooden pole deep in the soil as well, waving effortlessly in the wind.

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And suddenly, the sound of the rich violin bursts into the silence, playing its quick repeating verse as *Promentory* by Trevor Jones begins to play.

As the violin repeats itself, from the back slowly steps the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson, a bright smile on his face as he taps his foot to the music. Coming onto the stage, Robertson turns slowly, taking in the lights, the rafters and sheer production value of the show, arms outstretched in the moment as he turns back to face the ring and the crowd.

Blackfront: Lamond Alexander Robertson is the ninth man!

Ace: This guy here has really good odds in Vegas of leaving as a champion after Dynasty. But his early entry worries me.

Blackfront: Robertson now wasting no time as he heads toward the ring!

Robertson slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Lamond Robertson heading over and pulling Lew Smith away from Habben. Robertson grabs the back of his head... SMITH OVER THE TOP ROPE WITH FORCE!

Ace: The strength!

Blackfront: Robertson now grabs Joshua Jones.. lifts... SPINEBUSTER!

Ace: Yes!

Log Habben comes out of the corner toward Lamond, who catches him, spins Log around, and shoots him over the top rope, crashing to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Log Habben has been eliminated!

Out of the other corner Paladin charges Robertson.

Blackfront: Paladin on the move, Lamond catches him.. POWER SLAM!

Ace: YES! THIS GUY IS GREAT!

Blackfront: Lamond back to his feet. He runs... leaps up, knee to the gut of Pin Smith in the corner!

As he steps back and pin stumbles forward, Lamond grabs the back of Pin Smith's head and swings him around, throwing him over the top rope.

Blackfront: PIN SMITH IS GONE!

All or Nothing: 2015

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Lamond grabs Paladin by the head lifting him up.

Blackfront: Lamond Alexander Robertson looking to clear the ring.

Ace: He could really make it all the way if he keeps this up! This is great Jason!

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BUZZZZZZZ@~!

Emily Koresh doesn't even wait for her music as she burst down the ramp.

Blackfront: Number ten, Emily Koresh!

Ace: the UTA's queen of extreme!

LAR holds Paladin in the ropes, trying to lift him over as Emily slides in.

Blackfront: Koresh quickly leaping on the back of Joshua Jones as he tries to get to his feet.

Ace: Watch out, she's a biter.

Joshua reaches back, securing Emily's neck as he stumbles over to the ropes. Leaning into them, he uses his strength to flip her over his shoulder and out of the ring, crashing to the floor.

Blackfront: Emily Koresh is gone! Joshua Jones still in this after entering in at number two.

Ace: So far the women are not having any luck staying in this one.

Blackfront: Jones grabs the shoulder of Robertson, turning him around. Big right hand.

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Paladin comes forward slamming a forearm into the back of Lamond. Robertson pushes Joshua away from him. He comes back with an elbow into the face of Paladin.

Blackfront: Lamond Robertson fighting back as only three remain.

LAR comes forward, hitting Joshua Jones with a big clothesline. He leaps throwing his arms out and letting out a loud war cry. As he turns, Paladin comes forward, raising his arm and catching Lamond with a European uppercut. He stumbles back, leaning on the ropes.

Blackfront: Paladin slowing Lamond down.

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Blackfront: We get ready for the next person to join this match as one fourth of it is over already.

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BUZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

The big screen goes black. In #97Red the word BEST flies in and begins to flicker. The High Octane Wrestling logo burst through and begins to spin before exploding to reveal the name... MIKE BEST.

Blackfront: MIKE BEST IS HERE! MIKE BEST IS HERE!

Ace: The rumors were true!

Red pyros begin to fire. We can see a shadow emerge through the smoke. As he steps into view, we see him.

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Ace: Wait.. what the....?

Blackfront: It's.. it's... a...

Ace: It's a midget! Midget Mike Best is here!

Blackfront: I believe they like the term *Little people* Tommy.

Ace: What a let down!

Midget Mike Best makes his way down the ramp, mimicking Mike Best's mannerisms. Inside of the ring Paladin is trying to eliminate Lamond Alexander Robertson still. Joshua Jones pushes himself up.

Blackfront: Lamond Alexander Robertson with a shot that sends Paladin back, saving himself from elimination.

Midget Mike Best walks up the steps and the fans boo as he raises his arms up before entering the ring.

Ace: Sure took him long enough to get to the ring.

Blackfront: Mike Best... errr... the... umm..

Ace: Midget Jason. He's a midget. Midget Mike Best is in the ring now is what I think Jason was trying to say.

Paladin steps forward. Midget Mike Best reaches up and taps him. As Paladin spins around, Best stays behind him. Paladin looks around, not seeing anyone. he grabs the top rope and looks over it to see if the perpetrator is there. As he does, Midget Mike Best runs forward, and grabs his legs, using him leaning on the ropes for leverage to slip Paladin up and over.

Blackfront: WHAT?! PALADIN ELIMINATED!

Ace: Midget Mike Best has eliminated Paladin!

Blackfront: Where down to Best, Jones, and Robertson!

Ace: look! Midget Mike Best with a shot to Joshua Jones' crotch! HA!

Joshua grabs his groin and drops to his knees. Midget Mike Best runs back, hitting the ropes.

Blackfront: Best on the return, rising knee to the face of Joshua Jones!

Ace: I love this! Mike Best is in the UTA!

All or Nothing: 2015

Blackfront: Not quite Tommy.

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Lamond Robertson grabs Midget Mike Best. Best pulls away and comes forward with a head butt into the crotch of Robertson.

Ace: That's the BEST move ever!

Lamond stumbles forward, holding his arm down across his groin while using his other to hold the top rope as he steps forward.

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BUZZZZZZZZ@!~

AC/DC's *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* begins to play. The fans leap to their feet as High Octane Wrestling's John Sektor steps out.

Blackfront: The Gold Standard! The Gold Standard! John Sektor!

Ace: Mr. Mustache!

Blackfront: John Sektor is set to face the real Mike Best in a last man standing match on March tenth at High Octane Wrestling's March to Glory in Mexico City. But tonight, he is here at All or Nothing!

Sektor points to the ring at Midget Mike Best who is yelling for him to bring it. The fans go crazy as John Sektor takes off down the ramp.

Blackfront: Sektor slides into the ring and attacks the mini version of Mike Best!

Ace: The midget.

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Blackfront: You are disgustingly rude Tommy.

John slams his fist down into Midget Mike Best's head several times before grabbing his neck, and bending down to hook into his trunks.

Blackfront: John Sektor lifts Best...

He steps back toward the ropes, and drops Midget mike Best over the top rope, letting him fall to the floor.

Blackfront: Sektor eliminates Best with a suplex over the top rope!

The fans go insane.

Blackfront: I can not believe my eyes. John Sektor in a UTA ring!

Ace: He wont be able to do that to the real mike best at march to Glory! I'll tell you that much!

Blackfront: John Sektor now with a forearm to the back of Lamond Alexander Robertson as this match continues.

He turns Lamond around and hits him with a right.

Blackfront: Lamond Robertson returns the favor with his own right. Sektor with another.

He quickly grabs Lamond from the front, and lifts while leaning back.

Blackfront: John Sektor with a belly to back suplex!

As he rolls over and gets up, John Sektor turns just in time to see Joshua Jones run forward and leap.

Blackfront: Drop kick by Jones! John Sektor meets the canvas.

Jones quickly gets to his feet and runs toward the corner, beginning to climb. Lamond Alexander Robertson begins to push up to his feet.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones going up top now, which may be a mistake as Robertson is now on his feet.

Lamond heads over toward Jones who kicks him in the face as he approaches. Robertson grabs his face and turns as he stumbles away from the corner. Joshua leaps, grabbing Lamond's head as he comes forward.

Blackfront: BULL DOG FROM THE TOP ROPE!

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The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones has been in this since the beginning. You know he has to be tired.

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Jones rolls over and gets to his feet. Robertson begins to push up as well.

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Blackfront: Lamond and Sektor on their feet as this match continues.

BUZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

The lights go out in the arena as *Knife* by Dan Le Sac VS Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as Kendrix emerges from the back and begins down the ramp.

Blackfront: Kendrix on his way to the ring now. This young man has been quite impressive since coming into the UTA.

Ace: He sure has. I'm quickly becoming a Kendrix fan.

Blackfront: Robertson charges Jones with a spear. JOSHUA MOVES!

Lamond Alexander Robertson slams should first between the turnbuckles and into the post.

Blackfront: Jones grabs Lamond Alexander Robertson from behind... belly to back suplex!

Kendrix rolls into the ring. As he does, he comes behind Joshua Jones locking him into a side head lock.

Blackfront: Kendrix quickly taking control.

Kendrix shoves Jones into the ropes following with an Irish whip.

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Blackfront: Kendrix misses the lariat. Jones into the ropes again.

As Jones rebounds, Kendrix dips his head and Jones goes for the boot to the chest only to have his foot caught by Kendrix.

Blackfront: Kendrix catches Joshua's foot.

Kendrix looks proud of himself as he holds that right boot and the fans are giving him heat for being arrogant.

Blackfront: Kendrix is really coming into his own as the fans are throwing hate his way due to being overconfident.

Suddenly, Jones leaps into the air for a back flip, and kicks Kendrix in the chin with the left foot as it passes by. The crowd erupts.

Blackfront: Jones catching Kendrix off guard!

Ace: Was that even legal?

Blackfront: It sure was! Now Jones has Kendrix reeling!

Kendrix rubs his chin and looks angry. He takes off to rush Jones, who answers with a perfectly timed drop kick, sending Kendrix to the canvas.

Blackfront: Drop kick! What elevation from Jones on that move!

Kendrix again to his feet quickly, but just in time to get hit by a rolling koppo kick to the head, sending him tumbling to the canvas again.

Blackfront: Jones is on a roll! He has total control.

Ace: Where is this burst of energy coming from?!

Jones heads over and he pulls Kendrix up, grabbing him around the waist and lifting for a textbook belly-to-belly suplex.

Blackfront: Jones doing whatever he wants now! That suplex looked almost perfect!

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Joshua looks at the crowd with a smile and runs toward his downed opponent, leaping into the air for a running shooting star press that lands with precision.

Blackfront: He hits a running shooting star press!

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

The sounds of *Sexy Boy* by Air causes some murmur amongst the UTA crowd in attendance.. The screen plays a series of images of a male silhouette posing in various angles in front of a camera. Before long, the confusion from the fans begin to settle down as none other than 'Romeo' Ruster Reno casually steps out from behind the curtains. A grin spread across his face as he re-enacts the same poses from the big screen above.

Ace: Here he is. The former Model of the Year!

Blackfoot: Making his in ring debut tonight, Ruster Reno looking to take it all home.

Reno takes his time as he makes his way down the ramp, taking every opportunity possible to acknowledge a female member in the crowd. He pauses a few times to taunt some of the male fans, pointing at his abs as he does so.

Blackfront: Inside the ring Joshua Jones trying to eliminate Lamond Alexander Robertson.

He tries to lift Robertson over the top rope, but he holds tight with his good arm. Kendrix rolls over and begins to push himself up as Ruster Reno walks up the steps, across the apron, and then enters the ring.

Blackfront: Reno attacking Joshua Jones.

Ace: Go for the weakest link. I can dig that.

All or Nothing: 2015

Blackfront: Weakest link? Joshua Jones has survived twenty five minutes of this match so far.

He grabs the arm of Joshua Jones, twisting it back behind him.

Blackfront: Wrist lock by Reno.

Jones lifts his arm up and twist around, bringing his right hand forward, hitting Reno who lets go. However, Joshua grabs his wrist and pulls him forward into a rising knee. Joshua steps back a step and comes forward, leaping up and over Ruster Reno grabbing his waist as he does.

Blackfront: Sunset flip by Joshua Jones... Reno rolls through and up to his feet. Jones up now as well. Jones runs, Reno drops... Fireman's carry into an arm bar by Ruster Reno!

Ace: What do you know?! This guy can wrestle!

Blackfront: Sure seems like he can!

Ruster applies more pressure. Joshua Jones lets out a yelp as Ruster continues to hold him. Lamond Alexander Robertson heads over and as Ruster Reno holds Joshua Jones, he brings a boot down to his midsection.

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Lamond Robertson and Ruster Reno working together as Robertson brings those boots down to Jones who has nowhere to go. Kendrix, who is now up, heads over and from behind throws his arm around the neck and head of Ruster Reno, pulling back. As Ruster lets go of Joshua, Kendrix throws an arm up under his.

Blackfront: Kendrix with a sleeper hold on Ruster Reno!

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Lamond Robertson grabs Joshua Jones and begins to pull him up. As he rises, Jones comes forward with a fist to the gut of Robertson.

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BUZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

Blackfront: Who is next?

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Ace: We're about to find out!

Doomsday Jesus by Black Label Society begins to play and the fans go nuts.

Blackfront: Is it really him?! IT IS!

Frank Dylan James stomps out from the back of the curtain, chair in hand. He holds the chair up high to the fans and keeps it there as he stomps down the ramp like a crazy man.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James is here!

Ace: And he has a chair!

The referees quickly swarm, trying to stop FDJ from moving forward with the chair. However, they all leap back as he swings the chair wildly. He continues to swing it, hitting the guardrail as he continues on to the ring. James throws the chair up and over into the ring where it hits the back of Kendrix's head, causing him to release Reno.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James in the ring now!

He stomps over picking the chair up.

Blackfront: Someone needs to get that chair away from him!

He begins to swing it at anyone who moves. Everyone tries to stay out of his way.

Blackfront: Lamond Alexander Robertson charges Frank Dylan James...

CRAAAAACKKKK@@@~!

The chair comes down across LAR's head, sending him to the canvas instantly.

Ace: NO! NOT LAMOND!

FDJ lifts the chair bringing it down across Kendrix who is still out of it a bit from being hit by the chair when it flew in.

Blackfront: It is anarchy!

Ace: Like only Frank Dylan James can bring!

Joshua Jones gets to his feet. FDJ lifts the chair up and runs forward. Joshua Jones leaps up and spins.

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Blackfront: SPINNING HEEL KICK INTO THE CHAIR!

The chair slams back hitting FDJ in the face. He stumbles back and into the ropes. Joshua Jones runs back hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up.

Blackfront: DROP KICK INTO THE CHAIR! FRANK DYLAN JAMES GOES OVER THE TOP ROPE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

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Ace: Joshua Jones may have just saved this match for everyone in it!

Blackfront: We still have five in this as this match cont.. wait, where is John Sektor?

Ace: you know, I have not seen him in a while.

Blackfront: Was he eliminated?

Ace: No. Where is he?

Then it's reveled. We see Sektor crawl out from under the apron. he watches Joshua Jones inside the ring who makes sure Frank Dylan James doesn't head back in.

Blackfront: He was hiding under the ring!

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Sektor slides in and quickly gets to his feet. He runs toward Joshua Jones, grabbing his legs from behind and lifting. Joshua Jones goes up and over the top rope as Sektor turns. Jones comes down, grabbing the ropes and keeping his feet barely from touching the floor. He pulls himself back up and over.

Blackfront: Skin the cat by Jones!

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BUZZZZZZZZZZ@~!

Change (House of Flies) by The Deftones plays as the fans are booing as Marie Van Claudio begins down the ramp from the back.

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Blackfront: The first lady of the UTA is here!

Joshua Jones turns John Sektor around and kicks him in the gut.

Blackfront: Jones grabbing the back of John Sektor's head... he throws him over the top rope! John Sektor is eliminated!

Marie Van Claudio gets into the ring joining Joshua Jones, Lamond Alexander Robertson, Kendrix, and Ruster Reno.

Blackfront: At number sixteen, Marie Van Claudio is one of five superstars left in this match. eleven others no longer with us.

Ace: Jeez Jason. you make it sound like they are dead.

Ruster Reno begins to stomp Lamond Alexander Robertson who is on his hands and knees as Joshua Jones heads over to them. Kendrix runs at MVC who side steps him.

Blackfront: Claudio with the side step. Kendrix into the ropes, MVC runs after him... MARIE VAN CLAUDIO ELIMINATES KENDRIX WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

Ruster Reno turns from LAR as Joshua Jones continues to work him. He walks over and slaps Marie on the bottom. She turns with a full force slap across his face.

Blackfront: MVC not liking Ruster Reno's attempt to be sly.

Ruster holds his check and smiles, blowing a kiss at Marie Van Claudio. She is enraged and comes forward, raising a knee up into his groin.

Ace: Ruster Reno just went down quicker then Jade Justice in the locker room!

Marie Van Claudio grabs Ruster's head as he sits on his knees holding himself, and brings her knee into his face. As he collapses to the canvas she stands over him pointing down and yelling.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio now stepping on the crotch of Ruster Reno, grinding her foot.

He begins to scream. She lifts her foot and brings it down hard.

Ace: Oh, this is hard to watch!

Blackfront: Marie Van Caludio trying to lift Ruster to his feet.

She struggles a bit, but is able to get him up. Turning Ruster around, she pushes him toward the ropes. He grabs onto the top to stop himself, and comes back with an elbow to her face. The fans instantly boo louder than they have the entire night.

Blackfront: Direct contact to Marie's face by Reno. That is uncalled for.

Ace: uncalled for?! She is a superstar. That is what happens. Did you not see how she viciously attacked him?!

Reno grabs Marie's hair, and yanks her up and over by it to the canvas. The fans continue to boo loudly. Joshua Jones heads over and begins to punch Ruster with a series of closed fist.

BUZZZZZZZ@~!

The lights go out completely.

Blackfront: What's this?!

As they resume, Nigma is in the ring.

Blackfront: It's Nigma! It's Nigma!

Ace: You say that like anyone cares.

The camera cuts to show Travis 16 sweeping with a huge broom from behind the curtain. He begins to get the edges of the stage.

Ace: Hey idiot! We're trying to have a show here!

Inside the ring Joshua Jones is stomping Ruster Reno who is now in the corner. Nigma grabs Lamond Alexander Robertson and lifts him to his feet.

Blackfront: Robertson brings his arms up knocking Nigma's away. Big right hand, now he grabs his head...
NIGMA IS THROWN OUT!

Ace: As quickly as he came, he is gone!

Marie Van Claudio uses the ropes to begin to pull herself up. As she turns, Lamond Alexander Robertson comes forward with a clothesline, sending her up and over the top rope.

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Blackfront: MARIE VAN CLAUDIO IS ELIMINATED!

Lamond Alexander Robertson lets out another war cry as he runs forward, throwing a boot up that connects with the face of Joshua Jones.

Blackfront: Robertson is a man possessed! He yanks Ruster Reno to his feet.

Lamond throws Ruster with force into and over the top rope.

Blackfront: RENO IS GONE! There are only two men left!

Ace: Yea, but we are about to have the eighteenth superstar enter!

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LAR moves over and grabs Joshua Jones' head, pulling him up.

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

The arena lights dim as *Thunder Underground* by Ozzy Osbourne fills the arena. A few seconds later, Mr. Fantastic emerges onto the stage. He slowly surveys the crowd, looking left and right, nodding his head and offering a confident smirk in recognition of their response.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic on his way to the ring now.

Ace: Ugh! Why is he still here?! Go wherever Spectre did!

Lamond boots Joshua in the gut as he is heald up by the turnbuckles. He then grabs Joshua's head, and yanks back, flipping him up and over, crashing to the canvas. Fantastic rolls into the ring and gets up quickly

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as lamond turns.

Blackfront: And we're off... Fantastic goes for the leg.

Robertson on the canvas after a hard takedown from Mr Fantastic. Fantastic quickly executes an armbar.

Blackfront: Fantastic lets go of Robertson. Back on his feet.

Ace: Fantastic looks like he's going to hit the ropes, Jason.

Fantastic stands with his knees bent a few feet behind Robertson. Lamond pulls himself up to his feet by using the ring ropes. Mr. Fantastic hits the ropes and comes back at his opponent.

Ace: Robertson with the scoop slam out of nowhere.

Blackfront: Robertson wasting now, grabs the arm of Mr. Fantastic, holding it tight.

Robertson has Fantastic in the middle of the ring. Robertson pulls back on Mr. Fantastifcs arm, continuing the lock on the shoulder. Robertson gets pleasure from hearing the boos.

Ace: Robertson, smartly has Fantastic in the middle of the ring. Do as much damage as possible then get him to the ropes.

Fantastic slowly begins to get up to his feet. Robertson puts a stop to it and smashes his forearm and elbow down on Mr. Fantastic's back and shoulders.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic unable to get up.

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Robertson lands a boot to the back of Mr. Fantastic's head. Robertson wraps his arms around Fantastic's waist. In doing do so he tries to German Suplex Fantastic but he blocks the attempt.

Blackfront: Fantastic blocks an attempt at a German Suplex. Fantastic now breaks Robertson's grip.

Fantastic takes Robertson's arm and he turns it over. He goes behind his opponent and secures a hammerlock. He pulls up on the wrist causing Robertson to slap at his arm to alleviate the pain. Robertson brings both men over to the ropes and grabs the top rope and holds it.

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

What ya Life Like by Beanie Sigel begins to play. The eerie sounds of a prison door closing welcomes the sinister horns as Apollo Cain bursts through the curtain. The fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: APOLLO CAIN! IT'S APOLLO CAIN!

He jolts down the ramp and slides into the ring.

Blackfront: The Black Hulk to his feet. he grabs Lamond, now rocking him with those big right hands. Apollo Cain is back!

Apollo lifts Lamond up on his shoulders, dumping him ver the top rope and down to the floor.

Blackfront: LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON HAS BEEN ELIMINATED BY APOLLO CAIN!

Mr. Fantastic comes over and brings a forearm across the shoulder of Apollo.

Blackfront: Another forearm by the hall of famer. He grabs the arm of Apollo... Cain sent running into the corner.

He hits it hard, jolting forward. Fantastic follows up with a clothesline.

Blackfront: Mr. Fantastic with a clothesline, taking Apollo Cain down.

Fantastic holds the top rope and begins to stomp Apollo. Joshua Jones comes from behind, turning him around.

Blackfront: Jones now with a heavy right... Another...

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Blackfront: Fantastic fights back. Side knee to the midsection of Joshua Jones. Fantastic grabs his head, pulling back and sending Joshua to the canvas.

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BUZZZZZZZZ@~!

Gold Medal Tha Trademarc begins to play and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Ron Hall is here! It's Ron Hall!

Ron Hall comes out, throwing his arms up and taking it in. He points at the ring and begins to head down. As he does, Travis 16 sweeps up toward him. Hall tries to pass, but Travis moves to the right, then they repeat to the left.

Ace: Get that idiot out of here!

Ron stops and yells at Travis who screams back I'm just trying to do my job! Hall waves him off and begins around him. Travis sticks the broom out, causing it to hit Ron's shins. Hall turns around and clocks him with a right. The fans go crazy. Ron looks down at Travis 16 who is sitting on the ramp looking up before he turns to start back down.

Blackfront: Travis 16 knocked down by Hall... he's getting to his feet!

Travis 16 runs behind Ron with the broom. He stops and swings, cracking it across Ron's back. Ron goes to a knee as Travis 16 gets behind him, bringing the broom from behind across his throat and yanking back. The fans boo.

Ace: This fool is deranged!

He screams as he pulls back. Officials and agents run from the back, trying to get Travis 16 to release Hal. Inside the ring, Mr. Fantastic, Joshua Jones, and Apollo Cain continue to exchange punches.

Blackfront: It appears they have gotten Travis 16 away from Ron Hall, but the damage may be done already!

Hall on his hands and knees holds his throat as the officials pull Travis 16 back, kicking and screaming He hit me first! he hit me first!

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Blackfront: Ron Hall attacked before even making it to the ring.

Ace: By the damn janitor!

Hall is helped up. The officials check on him. He waves them off saying he is fine and takes a step toward the ring. But then he stops, turns and runs up the ramp. The fans go crazy as he leaps up and through the crowd of Zebras to land a punch on Travis 16.

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Hall disappears into the back with the group of officials and Travis 16. Inside the ring, Apollo Cain lifts Mr. Fantastic up, throwing him over the top rope.

Blackfront: FANTASTIC IS ELIMINATED!

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

The snappy drum solo from *Clap Your Hands* by They Might Be Giants starts playing.

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Robot Pete leaps out from behind the curtain, and immediately shoots sparklers from his antenna! This is answered by by a kaleidoscope of colorful pyros that spit huge clouds of rainbow confetti all over the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Robot Pete is the next entrant!

He starts stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle, amidst a chorus of BOOs. Robot Pete pulls a banana out of his chest compartment and tries to give it to a child in the audience, but a concerned parent

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quickly pulls the child away.

Ace: It must be amateur hour now!

In the ring, Apollo Cain stretches Joshua Jones' arms as he sits on the canvas.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain working the arms of Joshua Jones now, placing his knee into his back and applying pressure.

Robot Pete heads up the steps and enters the ring. he walks over in front of Joshua Jones and Cain, waving big toward them as his monitor displays *HELLO FRIENDS!* Apollo releases Joshua, pushing him down to the side and standing up. Jones holds his arms in pain.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain walking up to Robot Pete.

Cain looks at Pete and smirks. Pete's monitor changes to say *You sure are black!* It quickly changes to say *AUTOCORRECTING* before landing on *You sure are big!* Apollo, taken about, screams WHAT THE [CENSORED] DI YOU JUST SAY?!

Blackfront: Apollo Cain shoves Robot Pete back. Pete comes forward with a clothesline. Cain ducks.. lifting up, with Robot Pete on his shoulders! WHAT STRENGTH! I don't think anyone has ever lifted Robot Pete up! HE SLAMS HIM DOWN!

Apollo yells down at Robot Pete angrily before going down and grabbing his monitor, trying to pull it off with all of his power.

Blackfront: Cain is livid! trying to rip the head off of Robot Pete!

Ace: It's a damn helmet! It's a guy in there!

Cain brings a forearm down across Pete's chest before begin ing to pull more. Robot Pete kicks and tries to grab at Apollo's hands. Cain screams as he yanks back, finally ripping the monitor off. Latches and other various parts fly as he falls back.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! HE DID IT HE PULLED OFF ROBOT PETE'S HEAD!

Ace: Helmet.

Cain gets up, and slams the monitor down with all of his force over the ropes and to the ground. It cracks, parts flying everywhere. The crowd is stunned as they see a man with burns all over his face trying to cover up.

Blackfront: My lord... Pete has been exposed.

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Apollo reaches down, violently grabbing Robot Pete's head and sending him hard over the top rope, and down to the floor. Pete's head hits the broken monitor instantly causing a gash in his forehead. Apollo holds onto the top rope and screams at Pete from inside the ring.

Blackfront: Apollo Cain has eliminated Robot Pete!

Joshua Jones runs behind Cain, grabbing his legs and lifting up, sending Cain up and over.

Blackfront: JOSHUA JONES ELIMINATED APOLLO CAIN! HE IS THE LAST MAN STANDING!

Ace: For now.

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Jones rest in the corner, waiting for the next person.

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BUZZZ@!

Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Loaded!"

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"Chance Von Crank"

His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy and his half self emerge from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a CVC Sucks! chant breaks out throughout the crowd.

Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous Aw Ski Ski after a few simulated strokes, signaling he`s finished.

Blackfront: It's Chance Von Crank!!!

Ace: And he's still hated as much as ever!

He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle, climbs up holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and Screw You CVC! chants. He leaps back to the canvas.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank and Joshua Jones are about to get it on.

Crank pushes Joshua in the chest. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in Crank's face. The crowd buzzes in excitement.

Blackfront: Come on Chance, can't you just be civil for two seconds?

Ace: Well, this is a wrestling match Jason. Why should he not be aggressive from the get go?

Blackfront: He doesn't have to be a jerk though.

cVc pushes Jones again, but this time Jones retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends cVc immediately to the mat. The fans go crazy

Blackfront: Joshua Jones is as tired of Chance Von Crank's cockiness as everyone else is.

Crank quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Jones then motions for Chance to come at him. Crank complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Jones quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Chance Von Crank backward toward the canvas.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank sent off of his feet again.

Ace: Crank is a master of the mind game, just give him time and he'll play with Joshua's head.

Chance Von Crank then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Jones, the blow causing Jones to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. cVc raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Jones's head.

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Blackfront: Chance Von Crank now in control.

Ace: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank working the back Joshua Jones.

Ace: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Crank grabs his arm and Irish whips Joshua Jones into the ropes. As he returns, cVc drops to the canvas, Jones jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Jones then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Crank square in the head.

Blackfront: Big boot from Joshua Jones, and Chance Von Crank is down!

Ace: The fans are loving it as support for Joshua Jones can be heard throughout the crowd.

Blackfront: This is definitely an anti-Chance Von Crank crowd tonight.

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Joshua pulls cVc to his feet. Crank brings a fist up, catching the tired Jones in the head.

Blackfront: cVc sends Jones into the ropes. On the return... swinging neck breaker by Chance Von Crank.

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BUZZZZZ@!~

My Dick by Mickey Avalon begins to play and the crowd goes crazy. Dick Fury burst out of the back and starts down the ramp.

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Blackfront: It's Dick Fury! It's Dick Fury!

Ace: We're finally going to see who has the most mullet power! Fury or Crank!

Fury slides into the ring and gets to his feet. He and Chance Von Crank instantly begin exchanging blows

Blackfront: This is a meeting no one thought we'd ever see!

The two exchange lefts and rights. Chance Von Crack pushes Fury into the ropes as they both battle it out, trying to get the other over.

Blackfront: Both men trying to eliminate the other.

Joshua Jones pushes up to one knee. he looks and sees them fighting by the ropes and quickly rushes forward. they both turn as he throws both arms out.

Blackfront: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! JOSHUA JONES ELIMINATES CHANCE VON CRANK AND DICK FURY!

Ace: Wow!

Joshua Quickly gets to a corner and kneels down, resting.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones has been in this since the number two spot. He has now eliminated six people tying Lamond Robertson with the most eliminations.

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

A remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play and the fans go crazy. Doozer emerges from the entranceway. He slowly begins down the ramp, limping from his injuries.

Blackfront: Doozer victorious earlier against David Hightower must be in a lot of pain.

Ace: Good.

Joshua watches Doozer as he walks up the steps and across the apron. He continues to show pain as he enters the ring. Joshua stands up and takes off.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones wasting no time. He wants to eliminate Doozer before the next entrant to better his chances for staying in this match. Forearm across the back of Doozer

Jones brings a swift kick across and into the legs of Doozer.

Blackfront: Another kick, and another. Joshua Jones grabs Doozer's head, and brings him over with a headlock take down.

Jones gets to his feet and runs back, hitting the ropes. As he returns he brings a knee up and into the back of Doozer who is sitting up. Doozer lets out a yell of pain.

Ace: How is Joshua Jones even still have any energy?!

Blackfront: I'm not sure, but he is now pulling Doozer up by his head.

Doozer throws his arms up, knocking Jones' arms away and comes forward with a right hand.

Blackfront: Doozer fighting back. Another big right followed by a boot into the gut of Joshua Jones.

He grabs Joshua's arm and sends him hard into the turnbuckle. As he hits, he bounces back, hard. Doozer runs forward and leaps up, with an elbow that catches Joshua in the head.

Blackfront: Doozer takes Jones down!

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All or Nothing: 2015

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Blackfront: Doozer lifting the leg of Joshua Jones... boot to his inner thigh. Another!

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BUZZZZZ@~!

The White Buffalo & Forest Ranger's hit *Come Join the Murder* begins to play. Emerging from backstage comes the chiseled, mountain of a man, or more so a beast. Black boots strapped up to just past his ankles, military height. Black lightweight gym shorts would be the only thing dressing his posterior, as he bounced side to side while his icy blue orbs stared down the aisle directly into the ring. His nostrils flared, as he snorted and slid his MMA-gloved fingerless hands over his buzz cut blonde hair....

Blackfront: Brian Styles is here!

Ace: That's a big scary man right there!

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy.

Styles walks down the ramp, never taking his eyes off of the two in the ring. Doozer stomps Joshua Jones one more time before dropping his leg and getting ready for Styles. Brian leaps from the floor to the apron letting out a yell before stepping into the ring through the ropes.

Blackfront: Doozer takes off! Heavy hands coming down as Brian Styles covers his face.

Brian Styles blocks the shots before running forward and taking Doozer down. He mounts him and begins to send shocking lefts and rights into the head of Doozer who tries to cover up.

Blackfront: That MMA background coming into play early.

Styles gets up, pulling Doozer with him. He grabs Doozer's head and sends him up and over the top rope.

Blackfront: DOOZER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Joshua Jones rolls over and begins to crawl away. Brian Styles heads over, reaching down and grabbing him by the waist, pulling him to his feet.

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Blackfront: Styles has Jones. German suplex! He doesn't release! ANOTHER! STILL HOLDING ON! A THIRD GERMAN SUPLEX TO JOSHUA JONES!

As Brian releases this time, Jones slides across the canvas. Brian Styles stomps toward him, mounting Joshua from behind. He puts his arms under Joshua's and pulls back as he sits on Jones' back. Joshua screams in pain.

Blackfront: Brian Styles dominating right now.

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Styles lets go of Joshua Jones and stands up. He walks toward his head, and places his boot on Joshua's skull before kicking it.

Blackfront: No regard for Joshua Jones' health.

Ace: Joshua better hope the next person out can save him.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

As Styles playfully kicks Joshua's motionless head again White Rabbit begins to play. Zhalia Fears charges from the back and the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: No! Zhalia! please stay out!

Ace: Yep. We're about to witness someone get murdered.

Blackfront: The first reigning champion to enter the match slides in. She rushes Styles.. leaps up.. HE CATCHES HER BY THE THROAT!

As Brian holds Zhalia up by her throat, she kicks her feet. Joshua tries to crawl forward and get up, but falls

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back to the canvas, spent.

Blackfront: Please! put her down!

Brian tosses Zhalia like a rag doll into the corner. He runs toward her full speed. She grabs the top ropes and uses them to pull her self up and throw a foot out, catching Brian in the face. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears able to stop Styles momentarily.

He turns and runs toward her.

Blackfront: Zhalia ducks out of the way, rolling up back to her feet.

Brian stops himself before hitting the turnbuckle. Fears turns and watches him. As he runs toward her again, arms stretched out, she ducks, rolling behind him.

Blackfront: Zhalia able to avoid Brian Styles. She jumps.. dropkick to the back of his legs!

Styles goes down to a knee. Zhalia moves back, turns and runs toward him. She leaps over Brian Styles grabbing his head as she flips pulling it forward as she moves in front of him. As she lets go his upper body is sent down and then back.

Blackfront: Fears using her quickness to gain the upper hand.

Ace: This is suicide.

Joshua begins to push himself up. Zhalia quickly heads over, helping Jones up with concern. Brian slaps the canvas and gets to his feet. As he does, he runs toward the two, throwing his arms out and taking them both down with force.

Blackfront: Double clothesline by Brian Styles!

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Styles grabs Zhalia, pulling her up to her feet.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

As Styles slams Zhalia down in the ring, the stage lights in the arena begin to turn a combination of red and gold as the opening guitar riff of / by M.O.P. begins to play through the arena. Graham Clauson burst from the back and down the ramp.

Blackfront: GRAHAM CLAUSON IS HERE!

Ace: Yippee do dah.

Blackfront: Clauson slides into the ring. To his feet. Lets and rights rocking Brian Styles. The Last Shoot King with big rights now into the mid section of Brian Styles who is up against the ropes.

He runs back, turns, and runs forward with his foot up, catching Styles in the face sending him over the top rope. The fans go crazy

Blackfront: Graham Clauson with the elimination!

He throws his arms up, as he turns he sees Zhalia Fears who says I'm Sorry Graham before running forward with a clothesline, connecting, nd sending him over the top rope.

Blackfront: ZHALIA FEARS TAKES OUT GRAHAM CLAUSON!

Joshua Jones uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up. he looks around only seeing Zhalia who herself sees an opportunity. She runs forward at Joshua as he raises up.

Blackfront: Jones bends down, grabs Fears... UP AND OVER! ZHALIA FEARS IS GONE!

Joshua breaths heavy, waiting.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones nearing fifty two minutes in this match.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

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

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and Abdul bin Hussain emerges.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain is the next man out.

Ace: Joshua Jones is screwed.

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Abdul makes his way down the ramp finally arriving at the ring. He heads up the steps and enters in.

Blackfront: Both men charge each other. Hussain with a shoulder block.

Hussain hits the ropes quickly and leaps over Jones who lays on the canvas, he bounces up and lands a dropkick on Hussain's chin. Jones gets back to his feet at the same time as his opponent and lands another dropkick on Hussain.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones somehow still mustering up strength to continue! Jones bounces off the ropes and slams down on Abdul bin Hussain with an elbow drop.

The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Jones going for another elbow drop.. Hussain moves!

He pushes up to his feet. As Joshua begins to get up as well, Abdul runs forward and leaps with his leg extended.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH ON JOSHUA JONES!

Abdul bin Hussain gets to his knees, throws his arms out and looks to the sky as the fans boo.

Blackfront: Could Abdul bin Hussain once again reclaim gold tonight?!

Ace: Well, we already know that there will at least be a new Prodigy Champion. He still has the other champions to get through!

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Abdul begins to get to his feet, puling Joshua Jones up with him. He grabs the back of Joshua's head and with force sends him into, up, and over the top rope crashing to the floor. The fans instantly boo.

Blackfront: Wow. Joshua Jones has been eliminated. Fifty three minutes and two seconds in the match. Simply amazing.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

As the familiar notes of *Pomp and Circumstance* by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, robe hitting the floor, with a confident (some might say arrogant) grin upon his face.

Blackfront: The Legacy Champion! Gentleman Jack is here!

As he enters the ring, Gentleman Jack places his left arm behind his back and comes forward with his right extended, moving his left over and forward as he and Abdul bin Hussain lock up.

Blackfront: Collar to elbow tie up as we get started. Abdul bin Hussain takes control as he moves around behind Gentleman Jack.

Jack grabs the left arm of Abdul and lifts it up as he turns around and twist Hussain's arm simultaneously extending it out and straight.

Blackfront: Pressure on the arm of the former UTA Champion.

Hussain grabs the hand of Gentleman Jack trying to pry his grip away, but just allows for Jack to use his other hand to jerk Abdul's arm a few times.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack working the arm of Abdul bin Hussain.

Ace: Working it? He's trying to dislocate it.

Blackfront: It's difficult to go up against Gentleman Jack with his technical expertise.

Jack pulls Abdul's hand far over to the right before coming up and over hard to the left, sending Abdul bin Hussain to one knee as he continues to hold.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack continuing to control this match.

Abdul uses his free hand to hold onto Gentleman Jack's arm and push from his knee to a standing position, still in Jack's grasp. Abdul bin Hussain is able to use his free hand to finally get control of Gentleman Jack's hand, pulling it away from his own. As he does, he places all of his weight and uses the momentum of turning around to twist the arm of Gentleman Jack which in turn sends Jack flipping over front ways and landing on his back on the canvas.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain gaining the upper hand as he sends Jack to the canvas. Abdul bin Hussain with Gentleman Jack's left wrist secured, leaning into his ribs.

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Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is a former champion for a reason. He knows his stuff and if there is anyone who can match up with Gentleman Jack skill wise, it's that man right there.

As Hussain leans into Jack, The Gentleman turns his body over, still with his wrist in the hands of Abdul, and pushes back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack up to his feet now.

Abdul rotates Gentleman Jack's arm up and over hard and with enough force and momentum, Jack does another flip over and lands to the canvas.

Blackfront: What power by Abdul bin Hussain!

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BUZZZZ@!~

Abdul bin Hussain quickly grabs the left arm of Gentleman Jack who is trying to get to his feet, placing his right hand on the shoulder of Jack who is on knee, and pressing down with all of his might. You're the Best Around begins. As it does the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain still in control. Gentleman Jack pushing his way up now. Using his free hand he grabs Abdul's head, pushing him back and toward the corner.

Bobby Dean makes his way to the stage and holds his arms up, taking in his cheers before starting down the ramp.

Ace: These guys are showing the boys in the back some great back and forward wrestling here tonight on Pay Per View.

Blackfront: That they are Tommy.

As he presses Abdul into the corner, Gentleman Jack holds his forearm now across the face of Hussain who releases his hold and holds his arms semi up.

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Blackfront: Jack not underestimating Abdul bin Hussain tonight as he continues to control this match.

Gentleman Jack backs up, letting Abdul go, before coming forward with with a hard hitting elbow to the side of Abdul's head that pops throughout the arena. Bobby Dean, still just half way down the ramp stops, placing his hands on his knees and taking a breather.

Ace: Wow Jason. Did you hear his elbow connect with Abdul's head?

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack not holding back tonight, and I do not blame him.

Abdul bends down as Jack grabs his head and pulls him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack raising that right arm, and brings it down with a hard elbow into the upper shoulders of Abdul bin Hussain sending him to one knee.

Ace: He is showing that in the ring, Gentleman jack is aggressive and mean.

Abdul drops to his hands and crawls forward one time as Gentleman Jack shakes his arm, obviously feeling a bit of pain from how hard he has been putting his elbow into Abdul bin Hussain.

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Blackfront: Gentleman Jack pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet.

He steps back, closes his fist and stomps as he comes forward with a gentleman's fist to the face of his opponent. Abdul falls back to the canvas on his rear rolling over while reaching out.

Blackfront: Closed fist by Gentleman Jack as the referee warns him. It's hard hitting punches like that, that have made Gentleman Jack so successful here in the UTA.

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Gentleman Jack stomps as he moves forward, grabbing the head of Abdul bin Hussain as he starts to get up. He pulls Abdul to his feet, immediately grabbing him in a high headlock, retching his neck a few times.

Blackfront: Headlock by Gentleman Jack as he continues to keep Abdul bin Hussain subdued.

Ace: Gentleman Jack may not be a fan favorite, but this crowd is behind him tonight as he systematically destroys Abdul bin Hussain.

All or Nothing: 2015

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BUZZZZZ@~!

Hussain begins to push back, pushing Gentleman Jack toward and into the ropes. *Perfect Gentleman* by Halloween begins to play. Perfection steps out from the back to a chorus of boos before starting down the ramp.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion is here! His hopes? To retain the title live tonight!

Perfection stops about 2/3 the way down and stands in front of a panting Bobby Dean. He shakes his head and laughs before turning and continuing to the ring.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain free now as he uses the ropes to send Gentleman Jack across the ring. Jack off of the opposite side. Leap frog by Abdul bin Hussain!

Ace: Whoa!

Blackfront: Jack hits the ropes again. On the return, back elbow by Abdul bin Hussain sends him down!

The fans boo. Perfection wipes his feet off and heads up the steps and across the apron, standing outside the ropes watching the two inside.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain grabs the arm of Gentleman Jack pulling him back to his feet. Twist the arm up and over, sliding in sideways and lifting... Side Russian Legsweep by Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul lifts Gentleman Jack back up, grabbing the back of his head. He attempts to force Jack toward the ropes, but Gentleman Jack uses his superior strength to half his attempts before grabbing the back of Abdul's head, and coming around, sending him hard into the corner back first.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain hard into the corner. Gentleman Jack charges him... Abdul lifts his feet and catches Gentleman Jack in the face! Hussain now charges Jack.. who catches him, lifts him up and over, back body drop by Gentleman Jack!

The fans cheer. Perfection moves into the ring and stays near the ropes, sliding across them to the corner, his eyes never moving from Jack and Hussain.

Ace: Quick thinking by The Gentleman may have just saved him. Perfection watching these two as they continue, waiting like a snake to strike at the perfect opportunity. THAT is why he is champion Jason!

Gentleman Jack lifts the left arm of Abdul bin Hussain and pulls it back and he places his feet into Abdul's left shoulder blade and drops to the canvas, pulling his arm back while pressing with his feet.

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Blackfront: Excruciating submission move there.

Ace: Jack knows a million of them, but a submission will not end this match!

Jack continues to press into the shoulder blade of Abdul bin Hussain and he pulls back on his arm. After a few moments, Gentleman Jack releases the pressure from his feet, and begins to stand up pulling Abdul's arm with him.

Blackfront: Still holding that arm, Gentleman Jack now with several stomps to the inside of his shoulder. Abdul bin Hussain back on the canvas.

Gentleman Jack pulls Abdul's arm further up as he spins around and stomps his shoulder one more time before letting go.

Blackfront: Gentleman Jack continues to work the arm of Abdul bin Hussain as he lifts it again. Pulling back... knee right into that shoulder blade from behind.

Perfection continues to watch, his fingers moving as he begins to get ready.

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Bobby Dean takes a step up to the first step, holding onto the corner post and breathing hard. Inside the ring, Jack lets go of Abdul bin Hussain. As he does, he turns to see Perfection shoot forward.

Blackfront: Perfection with a running elbow to the head of Gentleman Jack!

Jack rolls over and gets back up. As he does, Perfection comes forward with a boot to his face.

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BUZZZZZ@!~

Genghis Tron "*Board up the House [Renholder Remix]*" plays. Crimson Lord steps from the back and the fans go nuts. Inside the ring, Perfection grabs Gentleman Jack's head, helping him up. He grabs the back of his head once up and sends Jack into, up, and over the top rope.

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Blackfront: GENTLEMAN JACK HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Bobby Dean pulls the top rope down and places a foot over it. As he places his other foot over, perfection runs forward and knocks him out with force.

Blackfront: CLOTHESLINE ELIMINATES BOBBY DEAN!

Ace: He broke the record!

Blackfront: Bobby Dean eliminated in one second of entering the ring!

As Crimson Lord continues down the ramp, Abdul bin Hussain charges Perfection from behind.

Blackfront: Perfection side steps.. ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Crimson Lord walks across the apron and looks at perfection standing by himself in the ring. perfection yells for him to get in.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion looking to retain tonight. We already know we are guaranteed to have a new Prodigy and Legacy Champion!

Ace: La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson needed titles, that's why Jason!

Crimson steps over the top rope and into the ring. He walks toward perfection who just stands, chest out, looking up at the Hall of Fame member.

Blackfront: It's about to explode here as these two will meet in singles action for at least the next minute or so.

Perfection and Crimson Lord exchange words. Finally, Perfection comes across the face of Crimson with an open handed slap. Crimson's eyes grow large and he brings a fist up and forward.

Blackfront: Perfection ducks, now coming forward with a right, another. The UTA Champion shocking Crimson Lord with each punch.

He backs Crimson up into the ropes, grabs his arm and yanks back.

Blackfront: Whip by per- NO! Crimson Lord reverses. Perfection sent across the ring. On the return now, BIG BOOT BY CRIMSON LORD!

Crimson bends down and grabs Perfection by the throat with his two big hands. He lifts him up high. Perfection struggles a bit before spitting into the eyes of Crimson Lord who drops him to the canvas. Perfection quickly comes up and forward with a chop block to the knees of Crimson Lord, sending him

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stumbling forward, and down.

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Blackfront: Perfection not wasting anytime as he lifts the knee of Crimson Lord and drives it into the canvas! Again!

Ace: YES! BREAK HIS KNEE!

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BUZZZZZZZ@~!

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play as David Hightower heads out. He limps quickly down the ramp.

Blackfront: David Hightower is number thirty three!

Ace: This guy just does not get enough punishment, does he?

Blackfront: Perfection driving that knee into the canvas again.

David slides into the ring. perfection drops Crimson's leg and runs forward, meeting him with a clothesline that sends him up and over the top rope.

Blackfront: HIGHTOWER IS GONE!

Ace: Check please!

As Perfection turns back to Crimson Lord, he sees him on his hands and knees. The champion heads forward. Crimson Lord pushes up quickly and runs forward, grabbing Perfection by the gut and lifting him up.

Blackfront: It looks like Crimson Lord is looking to eliminate Perfection now!

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Ace: NO!

Crimson lifts Perfection over the top rope. Perfection's feet hit the edge of the apron. he holds onto the top rope as much as he can as Crimson Lord tries to push him off.

Blackfront: Perfection just moments away from being eliminated!

Crimson lets up just enough to reposition himself, but it gives perfection the chance he needs. Holding onto the ropes, Perfection comes through the middle hitting Crimson in the gut. He then enters in between the ropes, and grabs the leg of Crimson Lord, lifting.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord holding onto the top rope as Perfection is looking to eliminate him.

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Blackfront: Perfection struggles.. but he lifts.. Lord going up...

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BUZZZZZ@~!

Blackfront: CRIMSON LORD GOES OVER! HE'S BEEN ELIMINATED!

The air raid siren sounds off as *Apex Predator* by OTEP starts up. The Second Coming shoots down from the back.

Blackfront: The Second Coming! Perfection is ready!

Second Coming slides into the ring and pops up.

Blackfront: Here we go. Perfection quickly moves in to grab The Second Coming. Second Coming ducks under his arms.

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The Second Coming takes off in a sprint behind Perfection, hitting the ropes and returning as Perfection turns.

Blackfront: Second Coming on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Perfection. Second Coming to her feet behind Perfection, quick standing drop kick to the back of Perfection!

Perfection is sent stumbling forward, and into the ropes. As he shakes it off and turns back around, Perfection comes forward toward Second Coming with a punch. She leans down and comes up grabbing under his arm while throwing her body weight into the move, and swiftly tossing him over to the canvas.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with one of those quick thinking take downs she is known for. The Second Coming quickly continuing her assault. She leaps to the middle rope as Perfection is getting to his feet.

Perfection wobbles as he gets up, not seeing The Second Coming jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by the masked woman!

As they hit the canvas, The Second Coming is sent sliding away from Perfection but quickly gets back up. She runs to the corner turnbuckle as Perfection begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: The Second Coming climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: Knock her off! Here's your chance!

Perfection is up and stumbles toward the corner as The Second Coming stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: The Second Coming leaps, she catches Perfection by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana!

The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: Second Coming may have this one won folks!

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Perfection rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the apron while holding his neck.

Blackfront: Perfection taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to reevaluate the situation.

Ace: That's what you have to do. This may be his only chance to slow down The Second Coming.... or not.

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The Second Coming runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Perfection' direction.

Blackfront: Perfection moves.

Perfection catches the legs of The Second Coming and yanks her hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending Second Coming back first into the floor on the outside.

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Blackfront: Quick thinking by Perfection. This may be what he needs. But these two MUST get back into the ring!

Perfection shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling The Second Coming up by her head.

Blackfront: Hard whip by Perfection, sending The Second Coming into the steel steps.

Second Coming lays on the floor near the steps holding her shoulder as Perfection walks over, bends down and pulls her to her feet.

1

BUZZZZZZZZ@~!

Blackfront: Perfection pulling Second Coming toward the barricade.

v/o: St. Louis, Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

In the Air Tonight begins to play and Sean Jackson steps out.

Ace: Business is about to pick up! Sean Jackson is joining Perfection!

Perfection lifts The Second Coming up, picking her up and tossing her down, stomach first on top of the barricade. She slides down to the floor holding her mid section.

Blackfront: Perfection picking The Second Coming up again, taking her over to and rolling her into the ring.

As Perfection gets to his feet after following into the ring, he picks The Second Coming up once again.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if The Second Coming can come back from the damage done already.

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Ace: Good.

Blackfront: The Second Coming sent toward the turnbuckle, Perfection follows closely...

Second Coming grabs the top ropes as she reaches the corner and pushes up, allowing Perfection to crash hard into the turnbuckle with his shoulder as Second Coming lands on her feet. Jackson slides into the ring.

Blackfront: The Second Coming in a position she does not want to be in.

Ace: I dunno Jason. I hear she loves being double teamed by two men.

Blackfront: Really Tommy?

Ace: Yep! that's what I heard!

Blackfront: You're sickening.

Perfection nurses his shoulder as he and Sean Jackson walk slowly toward the Second Coming.

Blackfront: Second Coming like an animal being backed into a corner. The faces of Dynasty filled with sick, sadistic smiles.

Second Coming shoots forward, taking a swing at perfection who moves. Sean Jackson grabs her from behind and lifts her by her waist as she kicks. Perfection instructs Jackson who places Second Coming's feet on the canvas and adjust his hold to filmy hold her arms.

Blackfront: Second Coming needs help and quick.

Ace: No one is going to help her! She's all alone!

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Blackfront: If this is anybody but La Flama Blanca, they need to do the right thing!

Perfection comes forward with a punch to the gut of The Second Coming as Sean Jackson laughs.

Blackfront: They are just toying with her. I can't watch!

Ace: I can!

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4

Second Coming tries to break free. As Perfection comes close again, she throws a foot up catching him the face. The fans cheer as he stumbles back into the ropes.

Blackfront: Jackson loosing his grip.

The Second Coming is able to get free, and brings an elbow into the gut of Jackson.

1

BUZZZZZ@~!

The beginnings of *Sabotage* by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: It's Will Haynes! Will Haynes is next!

Haynes jets down the ramp. Inside the ring, Second Coming turns and throws a fist into the face of Perfection. She spins around and hits Jackson. Perfection comes forward, running. He leaps.

Blackfront: BULL DOG BY PERFECTION ON SECOND COMING!

Haynes slides into the ring.

Blackfront: The THRILLmaker is here!

He shoots up and starts landing punches to Jackson himself. Perfection comes forward with a stiff clothesline, taking Haynes down.

Blackfront: Perfection and Jackson angered, both stomping away at Will Haynes. it's a massacre.

Ace: Dynasty showing why they will walk out all with gold tonight!

Blackfront: With only four more to come, two of the superstars left will leave empty handed while the last six will walk out with some form of gold! The stakes have never been higher!

Ace: That's why this is All or Nothing!

Jackson bends down and grabs Will Haynes, Lifting him up. As he does, he places Haynes' head between his legs.

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Blackfront: Jackson lifts Haynes... he runs.. throws.. HAYNES THROWN HARD INTO THE TURNBUCKLE BY SEAN JACKSON!

Ace: The brutality! I love it!

Blackfront: I'm sure you do.

Perfection points at Second Coming, then at the opposite turnbuckle. Jackson just smiles.

Blackfront: My God... Not again.

Jackson bends down and grabs The Second Coming by the head.

Ace: BREAK HER BACK AND MAKE HER HUMBLE!

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Jackson lifts Second Coming up, running forward and throwing her across the ring into the other turnbuckle. She hits hard and collapses to the canvas.

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BUZZZZZZ@~!

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cuts through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's TNT. As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is here!

Hopper begins to run down the ramp as perfection directs Sean Jackson to a ready position. Second Coming and Will Haynes still lay on the canvas, holding their backs. Hopper slides into the ring and is instantly stomped by both Jackson and Perfection.

Blackfront: Hopper fighting through the stomps to try and get to his feet. He runs forward, big boot to

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Perfection's face!

Ace: No!

Jackson rushes Hopper who throws a boot up into his gut before turning and leaping up while grabbing Sean Jackson's head and falling.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER TO SEAN JACKSON! ICE BREAKER! Jackson and Perfection both down!

Chris Hopper makes sure they are both down and heads over to Second Coming.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper helping Second Coming up.

Ace: Jesus. These two need to get a room already.

Second Coming pulls away from Chris Hopper.

Ace: Don't you get it Hopper?! She doesn't like you either!

Blackfront: Second Coming still not over being kicked in the face by Chris Hopper in the All or Nothing lottery match.

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Second Coming runs past Hopper, and brings a foot up and into the mid section of Perfection as he is trying to get back up.

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She runs and hits the ropes, as she returns she leaps up and comes down with a leg drop across the back of Perfection's shoulders.

Blackfront: Second Coming wanting to do as much damage as possible to Perfection and walk out tonight, the champion.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

2020 by SOL, rings out through the arena, the lights turn a dark green, just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is wearing his wrestling gear, including a entrance jacket with the hood over his head.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely is here!

Ace: Why are you excited Jason? He is the most Unlikely to win!

Unlikely runs down the ramp, ripping his jacket off as he does.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely in the ring going right for Chris Hopper. Unlikely unloading on Hopper.

Second Coming begins to pick Perfection up, who reaches forward, grabbing her legs, and yanking back.

Blackfront: Perfection pulling the legs from out under Second Coming.

As he stands, he holds her legs. Stepping in, Perfection pulls her leg over and drops down.

Blackfront: FIGURE FOUR LEG LOCK BY PERFECTION! THERE ARE NO SUBMISSIONS! HE JUST WANTS TO DAMAGE THE LEGS OF SECOND COMING!

Haynes pushes up to his feet and runs toward hopper and Unlikely. however, Jackson is up and catches him.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson catches Will Haynes from behind... sleeper hold on Haynes!

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Blackfront: Hopper with a boot to Unlikely's gut.. ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Hopper kneels down, looking at who is left in the ring and smiles as he pushes up.

Blackfront: Hopper runs... boot to the head of perfection, causing him to release his hold on Second Coming!

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BUZZZZZZZ@~!

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. Hot from the back runs La Flama Blanca.

Ace: COME ON BLANCA! HURRY!

Blackfront: Hopper now with rights to the side of Sean Jackson, causing him to let Will Haynes go! La Flama Blanca slides into the ring. He stomps Unlikely. He stomps Second Coming. Hopper turns... La Flama Blanca shoots forward... SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

The kick hits so hard that Hopper is sent back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca runs... another superkick to Hopper! HOPPER GOES OVER! HE IS GON!

The fans boo loudly. La Flama Blanca checks on Perfection and Sean Jackson. Mikey Unlikely begins to push up.

Blackfront: Blanca sees Unlikely.. he shoots forward... SUPERKICK! UNLIKELY SENT OVER THE TOP WITH SUCH FORCE!

Ace: YEEEESSS!!!

Blackfront: You are looking at five of the last six people left in the ring! Everyone in front of you and the number forty entrant, will walk out a champion!

Kush heads out from the back.

Ace: What is that dummy doing?

Blackfront: Kush is the number forty entrant, but the bell has signaled for her to come yet. I think she wants to get the party started early.

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Second Coming starts to get up. As she does, Jackson grabs her by the back of the head and drags her across the ring.

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Blackfront: Sean Jackson throws Second Coming into.. NO! OVER THE TOP ROPE!

She flies down, crashing on top of Kush.

Ace: HA! She had a soft landing!

Blackfront: So rude.

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BUZZZZZ@~!

Blackfront: Kush already out here, but on the floor outside of the ring with Second Coming. All forty entrants have arrived. Second Coming the first person to earn a championship tonight, one half of the new UTA Tag team Champions.

Ace: If that's how you earn a title, I think I'll do without.

La Flama Blanca lifts Will Haynes to his feet, dragging him over to the ropes.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to eliminate Will Haynes now and leave only Dynasty and Kush left.

Kush slides into the ring and runs toward Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Kush attacking Jackson. Looks like Perfection is going to help La Flama Blanca.

Perfection lifts, but Haynes holds on tight. He steps back. Blanca continues to try and get him over. perfection looks back to see Jackson pre-occupied, he then looks at Blanca and moves forward, grabbing La Flama Blanca's legs with Will Haynes, lifting both men up and over the top rope. As they drop, Haynes catches the ropes and rolls back in under neath.

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Blackfront: PERFECTION JUST ELIMINATED LA FLAMA BLANCA! MY LORD!

Ace: I can't believe it! He accidentally got Blanca instead of Haynes!

Blackfront: That was no damn accident!

La Flama Blanca stares up from the ground as Perfection heads toward Jackson and Kush thinking he eliminated both men.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson and perfection both have Kush now.. they send her forward... up and over.. Kush is going over.. SHE PULLS PERFECTION WITH HER! SHE PULLS PERFECTION WITH HER! Kush hits first, but perfection lands on the ground. he is out! Perfection will NOT be the UTA champion any longer!

Ace: NOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Jackson is shocked. it is he and Will Haynes as the last two men standing. And if you haven't caught up.. Joining the Second Coming as UTA Tag Team Champion.. LA FLAMA BLANCA.

Ace: This can't be real! this can't be life!

Blackfront: New Prodigy Champion, former Wildfire champion.. KUSH! And now, former UTA Champion, holding the Wildfire Championship.. PERFECTION!

Ace: This is the most insane turn of events I have ever seen. I can not believe it.

Blackfront: Either Sean Jackson or Will Haynes will walk out, UTA Champion!

Ace: Come on Sean!

Blackfront: These two met recently and Haynes was able to put Sean Jackson down. Can he do it again here tonight? He're about to find out.

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

Blackfront: Sean Jackson taking control early.

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

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

Will blocks a jab from the former champion and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson

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followed by another.

Blackfront: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Will Haynes as he is fighting back against Jackson.

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

Blackfront: Heavy chops from the newcomer here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

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

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick by Will Haynes!

Sean Jackson hits the canvas hard.

Ace: Will Haynes has been on an impressive streak as of recent. But Ihe just don't think the THRILL will be able to put Jackson away tonight.

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

Blackfront: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes still in control as the fans begin to back him here in this match. He has the chance of a life time tonight to walk out the top champin in the UTA.

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

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

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

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

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Ace: Still in control, Will Haynes is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight.

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

Blackfront: Will Haynes stomping Sean Jackson.

He bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs the THRILL around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Blackfront: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Haynes grabs his back as he slides across the canvas. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Will sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him, Jackson sits up. He sees Will and gets to his feet. Haynes slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee. and slamming into the back of Will Haynes's head. The fans get out of their seat as Simon is seen heading down from the back.

Blackfront: GAME CALLED DUE TO DARKNESS! WAIT! lit is Simon! The man who put away both the Good Reverend and brother Judas earlier tonight ina casket match! What is he doing here?!

Ace: No! No! No!

Simon slides into the ring and the fans go crazy. Sean Jackson quickly drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring as Simon chases him across the ring. he stops at the edge and looks over to Jackson outside of the ring who yesls at him.

Blackfront: Simon has already ended the reign of one terror tonight, now looking to do the same by getting rid of Sean Jackson's championship hopes!

He bends down and checks on Will Haynes.

Blackfront: Simon helping Haynes to his feet. Could he be the newest member of WTFC?!

Ace: This is bull!

Sean Jackson slides in behind Simon, who turns to face him. Jackson puts the halt on reach quick, throwing his hands up. Will Haynes shakes it off and passes Simon heading toward Jackson. however, Simon reaches out and grabs his arm, pulling it back causing Haynes to yank back and into Simon's grasp. He lifts Will Haynes up with one hand and then slams him down hard into the canvass.

Blackfront: WHAT?! SIMON IS HELPING SEAN JACKSON!?! IS HE.. IS HE? OH MY GOD! SIMON HAS JOINED DYNASTY!

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Sean Jackson smiles huge as he walks forward and embraces Simon.

Blackfront: Will Haynes is left in the ring with two members of Dynasty! Only one in this match! Dynasty will retain rights to the UTA Championship!

Jackson and Simon lift Will Haynes up, and together they end him up and over the top rope. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of the 2015 All or Nothing match... and NEEEEWWWW... UTA CHAMPION.....
SEEEANNN JAAACCCKKKSSSOOONNN!!!!

We see Cancer Jiles heading from the back, a title in hand.

Ace: Cancer Jiles coming to congratulate Sean Jackson himself!

Blackfront: This is sickening. How can Jackson live with himself?

Ace: Easy. He goes to sleep and wakes up with gold.

Sean whispers something to Simon who heads tot he ropes, and exits the ring as Cancer Jiles makes his way up the steps and across the apron.

Blackfront: Jiles entering the ring with that title and a mic.

The Commissioner lifts the mic that is in his hand.

Jiles: Sean.. i hopped to come out here and congratulate some one who earned this... But what i just saw was despicable!

Jackson snarls at Cancer.

Jiles: Don't worry, it's yours. You won it...

He steps forward.

Jiles: But you did not earn this.

Jiles steps back and looks at the belt. We see a close up of it, it is not the title Perfection had turned in.

Jiles: Sean.. I am retiring the UTA Championship.

Ace: WHAT?!

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Jiles: And instating the UTA World Championship.

Ace: YES!

Jiles: So, with every bit of displeasure I have, I ppresent to you.. The new UTA World Championship Title.

He hands the title over to Sean Jackson who grabs it from him and holds it in his hands, looking down. Jiles drops the mic and turns, walking away.

Blackfront: Cancer Jiles unhappy that he had to do that, and I have to say, so am I. But you are, looking at the top champion of the UTA right now. Sean Jackson.

Jackson walks over and begins to climb the turnbuckle as the fans boo. he holds the title in close before raising it high over his head. Boos come through out the arena.

Blackfront: The fans feel that Will Haynes was cheated tonight, and quit frankly so do I. But as we come to an end, there stands the champion. For all of us at the UTA, we want to thank you for tuning it tonight for All or Nothing! Good night!

The camera zooms in on Jackson holding the title high as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.