

WrestleShow: 36

April 20, 2015 | Colonial Center - Columbia, South Carolina

WrestleShow 36

A black screen. You turn your television on and excitedly switch to Pure Sports Entertainment. It's just in time as the PSE logo appears on your television. As it fades away, the United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Wrestleshow, live on Pure Sports Entertainment. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Blackfront: We are in Columbia, South Carolina! Live here in Colonial Arena!

Ace: Big night tonight, Jason! Another action packed card! I can't wait!

Blackfront: Tommy, tonight is the night we've all been waiting for. Two... BIG UTA title matches happen later on this evening.

Ace: Not only is the Wildfire title being decided in a Triple Threat Match but, tonight the Legacy title is up for grabs inside a steel cage. Got to love it!

Graphic for the Triple Threat Wildfire title match comes on screen. Blackfront and Ace continue their discussion of tonight's matches.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely, Joshua Jones and former Prodigy Champion, Zhalia Fears square off for the vacated Wildfire Championship.

Ace: You have to think... does the winner of this match have to look over their shoulder because the former champion is back in action.

Blackfront: Perfection could very well be watching this match later on.

Ace: I know he will be. This match can go in any direction. The winner walks away champion.

Blackfront: And in our Main Event... a grudge match between the current UTA Legacy Champion Will Haynes and the Number One Contender for the UTA World Title La Flama Blanca go one on one inside a

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steel cage.

Ace: The Universe has been buzzing all week about this match. This match puts the winner on another level!

Blackfront: Don't go anywhere folks! Also tonight, UTA World Champion Sean Jackson is in action. He takes on Abdul bin Hussain for the first time in over a year.

Another graphic hits the tube showcasing the other UTA stars in action.

Ace: This is going to be a good one, Jason! Hussain better watch out tonight... John Sektor is here as we know. Anything can happen between those two.

Blackfront: Right you are, Tommy. John Sektor takes on the returning Blackbeard in one on one action. Chris Hopper is also in action here tonight as "The King of Cool" faces Ruster Reno.

Ace: The young upstart can really make a name for himself if he walks away with a big win over Chris Hopper.

Cameras come back to Ace and Blackfront. The fans behind them play up that they are on television.

Blackfront: We're ready... The Universe is ready... WRESTLESHOW... IS... LIVE!

[The Arrival of the Boss](#)

The Arrival of the Boss

A shot of the parking garage opens up. Bryan Wingate stands by as we see a limo pulling into the shot. It pulls up slowly, parking behind Bryan who walks to the back, opening the door.

We can see two feet, wearing expensive dress shoes appear under the door. A few moments later, James Wingate exits the car. He stands up and adjust his collar before stepping forward. Bryan shuts the door behind him.

B. Wingate: Good to see you James.

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The owner of the UTA looks at his uncle and smiles.

J. Wingate: Likewise.

The smile fades from his face.

J. Wingate: Where is Jiles?

Bryan gulps before answering.

B. Wingate: In his office.

James thinks for a moment.

J. Wingate: *His* office huh? Well, lets go say hello to the commissioner.

He begins to walk forward and out of the scene. Bryan takes a deep breath and follows as we fade.

[Go Back to Basra](#)

Go Back to Basra

Backstage a muted roar of cheers can be heard from inside the arena, as none other than the Gold Standard John Sektor can be seen pacing the floors and getting ready for his match. His eyes and face are stern and focussed as he rolls his shoulders and shoots out a couple of air punches. Cracking his neck from side to side, he grits his teeth and slams his right hand into the palm of his left, looking well and truly ready for a fight. Backstage reporter, Jennifer Williams, soon appears by his side, yielding her trusty microphone as he regards her out of the corner of his eye.

Williams: Sektor, you're about to open the show tonight...how are you feeling given what happened to you last week?

Sektor stops and glares at her, slowly raising his right arm and showing her the colorful bruising to his ribs.

Sektor: See for yourself..

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Williams pulls a painful expression as she checks out his ribs.

Williams: Jeeze..well I was commentating last week and Abdul was completely out of line for what he did you. Are you gonna be able to..

Sektor: No!

Sektor stops moving and shakes his head in a matter of fact manner.

Sektor: He was well within his right to do what he did to me. I said a bunch of crap about his culture and his religion and he retaliated with physical force. Absolutely nothing wrong with that..

Sektor's teeth are still showing as he arches his lip with anger.

Sektor: But he will soon find out, that those actions? They have consequences, and if he thinks he was sending out a warning shot last week?

Sektor huffs out a single laugh of disbelief.

Sektor: Then he's made a big mistake. What he's infact done, and he should be familiar with this...has declared an act of WAR, between the two of us.

Sektor straightens his back and looks down on Jennifer, letting her get a good gauge of how unintimidated he is.

Sektor: The biggest mistake he made? Was not finishing me off! But am I going to go and attack him from behind and do what he did to me?

He smirks and shakes his head.

Sektor: No..not my style. Instead, I'm going to make sure he gives me a rematch, so that I can bury what's left of his none existant legacy, and send him crying back to his own God Damn country!

He spat his words out at Jenifer like venom, with a look of sheer disgust for Abdul written all over his face.

Williams: Well up next you're about to take on the returning Blackbeard. How will this affect you, both physically and mentally?

Sektor raises his eyebrows casually and runs his hand over his moustache.

Sektor: Physically? I'm fine, I've wrestled in much worse conditions than this. I'm sure he'll see these ribs and try to go to town on them, but that's up to me to guard against..

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Something in his face changes as he pauses, bringing his gaze closer to Jennifer and forcing her to really look into his eyes.

Sektor: But mentally?

He shakes his head slowly, his eyes now looking cold and almost dead.

Sektor: Mentally, I'm not so good. I feel dangerous tonight. And, unfortunately for our Pirate friend...he's going to feel the brunt of it.

With that said, Sektor walks off camera and heads towards the ring area.

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[How Much Does a Title Weigh?](#)

How Much Does a Title Weigh?

Backstage the WTFC Crew is gathered together. After celebrating their favorite holiday earlier on they're excited for TWO BIG MATCHES for the group later on this evening.

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Mikey Unlikely challenges for the Wildfire Title. Will Haynes defends his Legacy Title in a Steel Cage Match. Tonight could go a long way into proving WTFC's legit firepower in the UTA universe.

Mikey is up first, and currently he has the Legacy Title sitting on his shoulder.

Unlikey: Do they all weigh this much? Or are they weighted from first to last?

Haynes stares at Unlikely. Bobby Dean licks an Ice Cream cone. Slaw is slumped in a corner with a pair of sunglasses on.

Haynes: Hell if I know man. I've held heavier if I'm bein' honest witchu.

Mikey nods his head.

Unlikey: Do you get like a custom plate? Or do they get it done for you?

Haynes: Wait, my name is on that thing?

Mikey points to the spot where it says Will Haynes. Haynes smiles.

Haynes: Damn, now I really wanna retain that thing.

Unlikey: Yeah man, I hope I can bring us home the Wildfire Championship.

Haynes: Game of Thrones shit right there.

Wildfire is indeed something in Game of Thrones. The gang isn't on their A Game today. Happy Holidaze fellas.

Bobby Dean (with Ice Cream on his face): Guys, tonight is gonna be a good night!

Unlikey: Hope so, big guy.

Haynes: Yeah, hope so.

And that's it.

[John Sektor vs. Blackbeard](#)

The Pirate King from *The Pirates of Penzance* begins to play as a group of men dressed in rags all walk out, chained together with shackles. The chains are all linked behind them and the men pull the chains and a large litter, where the Dread Pirate King, Blackbeard stands.

Announcer: Hailing from the Seven Seas... he stands six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and sixty two pounds..... BLAAACCKKKKBBBEEEEAAARRDDDD!!!

A fearsome look is in his good eye as he snarls at the men. He has a live, talking parrot on his shoulder he calls Parley, a black eye patch over his bad eye, a hook over his left hand, and a thick black beard that trails to the center of his chest. Blackbeard climbs down from the litter and climbs in the ring.

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into cheers. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and mustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk.

Blackfront: John Sektor looking to make a big impact here tonight.

Ace: I hope Blackbeard send shim down to Davey Jones' Locker!

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, he slowly and calmly begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

Announcer: Hailing from Miami, Florida.

He pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking in the adoration of the crowd in attendance.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: The Gold Standard...JOHN, SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announce echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: This should be an exciting opening match.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

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Blackfront: The fans are hot as we get ready.

As the bell sounds to start the match, both men circle and move in to lock up.

Blackfront: And we're off. The larger Blackbeard takes control, pulling Sektor into a side headlock early on.

Blackbeard goes to re-adjust the headlock, giving John Sektor a brief moment to push his back, causing him to release and step forward.

Blackfront: Sektor with a forearm to the kidneys of Blackbeard.

Ace: If he plans on beating the Pirate king, he is going to need to bring more than that.

Blackbeard holds his back as he stumbles forward and turns around.

Blackfront: Sektor wraps Blackbeard up.. belly-to-belly sup... NO! Blackbeard blocks and... lifts.... Sektor sent over with a belly-to-belly suplex.

Ace: Well how did that work out for you Sektor?

John Sektor sits up, holding his back as Blackbeard stomps over.

Blackfront: Blackbeard now pulling John Sektor up to his feet.

He pushes Sektor back and into the ropes. Blackbeard grabs his arm and yanks back, however, Sektor is able to reverse momentum.

Blackfront: Reversal by Sektor. Blackbeard across the ring and into the ropes. On the return, Sektor looks ready...

Blackbeard brings his foot up at the last moment, catching Sektor in the face.

Blackfront: Big boot catches Sektor and he is down again.

Ace: As much time as he is spending on the canvas, he might as well be inducted into the Hall of Shame.

Blackfront: Now that is uncalled for.

John holds his jaw on the canvas as Blackbeard bends down, knocking his hand away before grabbing him around the throat.

Blackfront: Blackbeard now pulling Sektor back to his feet by his throat.

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Once he has him on his feet, Blackbeard continues to hold John's throat with one hand as he slides his other to Sektor's back.

Blackfront: John Sektor in trouble now.

Ace: I think it's less that he is in trouble, and more that maybe he should go back to the bush league where guys like The Pirate King are just fables told to the roster to keep them in their bed at night.

Blackbeard lifts Sektor up by his throat. John tries to kick free, a look of terror on his face.

Blackfront: Sektor goes for a ride... CHOKESLAM BY BLACKBEARD!

The fans boo as Blackbeard lets out a mighty ARRGGHHHH.

Ace: This is why building a name and then coming here means squat. UTA home grown talent is the best talent.

Blackfront: Well, what about Sean Jackson? He isn't home grown, but he currently holds the UTA World Championship and is apart of your favorite group, Dynasty.

Tommy can be heard scoffing.

Ace: Anything Sean has ever done before the UTA and Dynasty is moot Jason. He never excelled like he did once coming to the UTA.

Blackfront: Then why can't Sektor?

Ace: Because he sucks.

Blackfront: You're just rude Tommy.

Blackbeard has his hand around Sektor's throat as he is bent to one knee, pressing down hard as John kicks, clawing at his opponent's hand.

Blackfront: Blackbeard now continuing to choke John Sektor.

The referee warns Blackbeard who seems to just press down with more force. The referee begins to count.

Blackfront: The referee now counting.

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Blackbeard releases at four and stand sup, turning to the referee who throws his hands up and backs away as The Pirate King raises a fist, threatening him.

Blackfront: Blackbeard with total disregard. It's disgusting.

Ace: It's great! I love it!

Blackfront: Of course you do.

John Sektor, on his hands and knees, crawls behind Blackbeard who is still arguing with the referee.

Blackfront: Sektor moving, using this time to...

He quickly comes up, wrapping his hand under Blackbeard's leg, and pulling backward.

Blackfront: SEKTOR WITH A SCHOLL BOY ROLL UP. Blackbeard quickly kicks out.

Ace: What a cheap move.

Blackbeard rolls over and gets up quickly, as does Sektor.

Blackfront: Both men on their feet. Blackbeard charges Sektor. Sektor ducks a clothesline. Both men turn... standing drop kick by The Gold Standard!

The fans cheer. Blackbeard isn't phased as he rolls over and begins to get up. Sektor quickly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: John Sektor with what seems to be a second wind now.

Sektor looks back at the ropes before running to hit them.

Blackfront: Sektor off of the ropes, on the return now

Blackbeard begins to push up from one knee as Sektor approaches. He leaps forward, his knee extended, pulling Blackbeard's head forward as he smashes his face with a knee. The fans continue to cheer.

Blackfront: Setkor with a rising knee to the face of Blackbeard!

Blackbeard falls back to the canvas as John Sektor falls to his own knees. He breaths hard as he looks down at his opponent.

Blackfront: John Sektor has taken Blackbeard out, but is it enough?

Ace: Too little, too late. Sektor should just hang his head in shame and high tail it back to HOW.

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John begins to get up as Blackbeard starts to move.

Blackfront: Sektor to his feet, quickly stomping away at Blackbeard.

Ace: What? Can't even let the guy get to his feet so it's a fair fight?

Blackfront: Are you kidding me Tommy? Jeez. Sektor now grabbing the head of Blackbeard and pulling him to his feet.

Sektor pulls Blackbeard up, immediately coming forward with a forearm shot to the face.

Blackfront: Forearm catches Blackbeard. Another. Now followed by a right, and another. Sektor rocking the big man with those hard fist. Blackbeard staggering.

John Sektor comes forward with a boot to the midsection of Blackbeard, causing him to double over. He quickly brings Blackbeard in close, hooking under both of his arms.

Blackfront: Sektor looking to finish this now.

Ace: There's no way.

He looks to the left and then to the right. The fans scream and chant his name. Finally, Sektor lifts Blackbeard up with all of his might.

Blackfront: What a display of power here by John Sektor.

Finally, he drops Blackbeard with the double arm sit-out face buster.

Blackfront: THE C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION!

John Sektor pushes Blackbeard over and covers him.

Blackfront: I think this one may be over.

Ace: No way!

The referee slides down and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for a third and final time, the bell starts to sound.

Blackfront: He's done it! John Sektor has beat Blackbeard!

Ace: Just dumb luck!

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Blackfront: I don't think luck has anything to do with it.

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall... JOHN... SEKKKTOOOORRRR!!!!

The referee holds Sektor's hand up in victory as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: John Sektor with a big win tonight on Wrestleshow.

Ace: I think I'm going to be sick.

Sektor heads over and climbs the turnbuckle, yelling out to the screaming fans as he continues to celebrate.

[A Memory of Better Times](#)

A Memory of Better Times

The scene cuts backstage where Zhalia Fears can be seen skipping her way down the hallway. She waves at the backstage crew as they pass by on their duties. In a half hour she will be competing alongside Joshua Jones and Mikey Unlikely for the vacated Wildfire Championship. A great opportunity that she hopes to secure and share amongst her friends.

She comes to a stop at one of the locker room doors and pushes it open.

Fears: Ku-

She pauses, realizing the room is empty but remains standing there for a few moments. Even the viewers at home can get the idea that she is picturing her and her two sisters playing cards and talking together like old times.

Old times, long passed.

She sighs and pulls the door shut once more, continuing down the hallway. The injuries that Kush has suffered as put her out of commission, and unfortunately off the road as well. The Second Coming is still around but they seem to have grown distant since the accident, something she has not quite figured out as to why. In just a week they will be wrestling together again against Team Danger, so something will have to

come to pass.

Once more she stops in front of a door and pushes it open.

Fears: Petey-

Again she sighs as there is no sight of Robot Pete, the man she would enjoy playing Minecraft with before and after matches and shows, to unwind. Inside the room is a lone stagehand who shrugs and informs her there is nobody by that name there. Zhalia frowns and gives a nod of her head and steps back out into the hallway. Taking a step to the right of the frame she leans back against the wall.

She knows of course that the locker-rooms would change from location to location, but even still the memory is there. A memory of better times. Leaning there with her head hanging, it almost looks like she is holding back her tears. Her trademark smiling replaced with a sad girl's broken heart.

Fears: I miss them...

Zhalia takes a few deep breaths and then pushes herself away from the wall with her left foot. She spins around and comes face to face with another of the backstage crew. With a swipe of her hand to pull her hair out of her face she smiles up at him.

Fears: I can do this. I can do this for them tonight. I can do this. Thank you.

She hugs the young man and steps back before giving a wave and skipping down the corridor once more leaving the man stunned in her wake while the scene fades out.

[Happy Holidays](#)

Happy Holidays

We cut the the backstage entrance. The manilla door opens and in walks one of the people who has a chance to walk out of Wrestleshow as the new Wildfire Champion. It's Mikey Unlikely. He is wearing a pair of black work out pants, and a cut off Wrestleuta.com shirt. A red gym bag thrown over one shoulder.

As per usual Mikey is all smiles, but today seems different, today seems...Special. He has an extra hop in his

step.

Mikey keeps walking down the hall, looking around. He see's a stage hand, and offers him a fist bump.

Unlikely: Happy Holidays!

He says as he continues down the hall. He turns a corner and runs into Coleslaw Jenkins.

Unlikely: Slaw! How we doin dude?

Coleslaw turns to see his comrade. They embrace with a half high five/ half hug combo.

Coleslaw Jenkins: 'Ey yo Mikey! What it do? You enjoyin da bes' day of da year?

Unlikely: Oh Yea, you know me. Look... I need your help with something real quick, you game?

Coleslaw Jenkins: Always! Lets get it!

The two walk off, apparently Slaw is confident enough in Mikeys plans that he doesn't have to ask what's going on. They continue down the hall and run into another one of UTA's finest power families.

The Hightowers...

David is sitting on a sound crate, chewing on an apple, while Whiskey waits patiently at his feet, for anything to fall short of David's mouth.

Old Man Hightower is looking pretty snazzy tonight, He is wearing a nice black top hat, as well as a cane, with a small crystal on the end. He is swinging the cane around.

David Hightower: Will ya take off that stinkin hat?! Ya look like a total jackass!

Old Man Hightower: Hey son! I bought this hat and cane with the money I won from betting the farm against you on Victory! I knew you'd lose and you did! Thank you boy!

David sits there with a withered look on his face before he looks over at Mikey and mouths "HELP ME" silently at him. Unlikely obliges.

Unlikely: Hey Guys! Happy Holidays!

Both men get a confused look on their face, even Whiskey who is now staring at the newcomers, turns his head to the side, not quite understanding.

Old Man Hightower: It would've been a happy Easter if my son wasn't too busy jacking off the dog to spend

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time with the family for Easter dinner!

David turns to Old Man Hightower throwing his arms up. Mikey presses on.

Unlikely: Do you guys know what day it is!?

Old Man Hightower: Oh! Oh! I know this! HUUUUUUUUUUMP DAY!!!! YEAH!!!! Love that commercial!

Mikey and Slaw lose it, as David rolls his eyes again. Trying to catch his breath, the rapper once again tries to reiterate this special occasion.

Unlikely: That's wednesday! Guess again!?

David Hightower: It's Monday, yer at Wrestleshow, Jackass.

Shaking his head, Unlikely continues.

Unlikely: Oh David, You crack me up!

Old Man Hightower: He cracks me up too! Thinking he can wrestle! You know my boy is so dumb he one time jacked off in a sock and forgot about it and put it back on?!

David Hightower: DAD!!!!!!

Old Man Hightower: True story!

Mikey doubles over with laughter. Slaw is slapping the wall, he can barely stand it.

Unlikely: Best. Day. Ever! No you silly goose! Today is 4/20! Number one holiday of the year. We're about to go relax before the show, you fella's wanna join us!? I just bought this super stinky sack from this dude who used to work here in a phoenix mask. Dude was nuts...

Old Man Hightower reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his corn cob pipe.

Old Man Hightower: Hell yeah boy!

David: DAD!!!!

Old Man Hightower: Hey I have a medical card for my hip!

Mikey smiles very wide.

Unlikely: Awesome! Meet us outside in 10 minutes by my Cadillac. I gotta do something first!

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The two walk off, as David continues to argue with the old man. Slaw finally turns to Mikey and asks what's goin on. Mikey whispers a secret into his ear... a long secret. Finally Slaws eyes light up with bewilderment.

Suddenly very mission oriented, Slaw gets serious. The round another corner and both stop, look at each other and nod. The camera turns to see one of the UTA's finest new referees. The two approach the man who is reading a copy of UTA Magazine.

Unlikely: Hey Bud! How are you!?

The referee looks up at Mikey, before turning to look behind him to see who the superstar could be talking too. He looks back at the duo questioningly and points to himself.

Mikey: How are you enjoying this wonderful holiday?

The referee still unsure begins to speak.

Unlikely: (Cutting him off) Ah Great! Listen I need your help with something. The WTFC locker room is a mess! We keep arguing about what would really cause a disqualification in the ring. Bobby says rubber chickens don't count, and I told him any weapon is a weapon! Would you mind coming to our locker room and helping us sort this out? You would really be doing us a huge favor!

The referee thinks about it, checking his watch.

Referee: Well uh, I don't know...

Quite the convincer, Mikey goes to work.

Unlikely: Come on man! It will only take a second, and if you help, we can even celebrate the occasion together!

After a dramatic, obvious wink, from Slaw the referee gets it.

Referee: Well no thanks on that, but I'll help, but we have to be fast! I have a match coming up!

Unlikely: We will be back in plenty of time!

The scene fades as Mikey walks down the hall, and places his arm reassuringly around the referee.

[The Best Arrives](#)

The Best Arrives

A shadowy figure stands, hands on his hips. A word flashes in the color of #97RED.

#EIGHTTIME

The screen begins to shake as red tones pour through, the silhouette still in the shadows. Flashes of red title belts begin to flicker eight times in the background.

TONIGHT

THE BEST ARRIVES

We fade out.

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[Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part ONE](#)

Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part ONE

Previously Recorded.

The scene opens with Senior Backstage Interviewer Jamie Sawyers sitting across from TS Jeremiah Woods outdoors at a weather worn picnic table. In the background is an old rustic log cabin. Jamie Sawyers is in a suit and tie, while TS Jeremiah Woods is dressed down more in a black and grey flannel shirt, black pants, and a black and white skull bandana.

Sawyers has his forearms resting on the table, his fingers interlocked, while Woods is leaning back in his chair, his arms crossed, his legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles, and looking rather surly as he glares at Sawyers.

Sawyers seems a bit hesitant to speak up and, in fact, gulps, before speaking. There is an obvious camera set up as Sawyers looks directly into the camera.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, I am here at the home of TS Jeremiah Woods, which is located somewhere deep within Angelina National Forest in East Texas. It is my hope to get some answers to some lingering questions that have been remained since he made a somewhat surprising return to UTA.

By "surprising return" I mean that, for more than twenty years, the man sitting before me was known the world over, as The Spectre. He was an admired, celebrated and highly decorated performer, a 4 time UTA World Champion. He was even the first ever inductee to the UTA Hall of Fame.

Then in a move that no one expected, the man behind The Spectre began to emerge to the public and quite frankly, shocked the world with some of the most abrasive and controversial language ever uttered on UTA television.

Turning his attention to Woods

Sawyers: Jeremiah Woods, first of all, thank you very much for allowing me to conduct this interview. I know people the world over are wanting to know...why did you decide to stop being the persona you portrayed, The Spectre for more than two decades, and why the sudden hostility that we saw a few weeks ago on television?

The camera focuses on Woods, who sits motionless, and still has a surly look on his face.

Sawyers: Ummm, Jeremiah?

Woods doesn't move for a few seconds, but finally speaks up, speaking rather perturbed

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Woods: Do you have some sort of short term memory issue Sawyers? Hmmm???

Sawyers: I'm sorry, I don't know what you're-

Woods: (Leans in with a cold, menacing look that gives away his displeasure) Did you already forget what we talked about just a few moments ago right before these cameras started rolling?

Sawyers: I'm sorry, I-

Woods: I told you I was not going to discuss why I stopped being "The Spectre". That is in the past, and no one gives a damn about the past! Do you understand?

Sawyers: Yes, sir. I-

Woods: (More agitated than before) All anyone cares about is the here and now! The fact that I, as The Spectre, the first person EVER inducted into the Hall of Fame doesn't mean anything, ESPECIALLY to some of those younger ingrates in the locker room! No one wants to take the time to appreciate the past, or learn from it!

Woods uncross his arms and motions with his left hand in a general direction.

Woods: The fact that when I mentioned James Wingate's father, Matt Fury, a UTA legend, and the history he and I had over a decade ago, then add in the fact Matt Fury was so much more of a man than his son James Wingate will ever be....

the fact my mention of a deceased Hall of Fame member got glossed over, ignored, and blatantly disliked PROVES that there are some individuals out there, be it fans or even fellow wrestlers, that they haven't got a damn clue about this business!

Woods sits back in his chair, fuming.

Sawyers: Well, umm, then why don't you explain to everyone why you specifically mentioned Matt Fury by name?

Woods leans forward quickly in his chair and slams his fist hard on the table, startling Sawyers.

Woods: It's called a "point of reference" you f[CENSORED] moron!! I obviously have a motive and a purpose to what I am doing. So in order for things to quote-unquote "make sense", I have to give some sort of background and history on a man I greatly respected and appreciated in the wrestling business... especially if I am about to crucify his worthless bastard son!

Sawyers: (Very nervously) By that you're speaking of James Wingate, the current UTA owner?

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Woods: [sarcastically] No, meathead! I'm talking about that sexist, chauvinistic pig Dick Fury! Of course I am talking about James Wingate!

Sawyers: But, why do you have such an issue with Mister Wingate? Why do you hate him so much? Why have you returned and taken on this personal attack and vendetta against the owner of UTA?

Woods says nothing, but simply leans back in his chair and crosses his arms again.

Sawyers: Mister Woods, you have been given an opportunity to speak out, and explain to everyone this radical behavior that quite frankly no one ever saw coming. You have the opportunity to set the record straight, and let YOUR feelings be heard.

Woods smirks, and lets out a slight chuckle.

Woods: (Cynically) Ha! Yeah, right... Is that until Wingate gets a hold of this interview and cuts out what he doesn't like and feeds only the morsels he wants to the fans? Yeah, I know how that bastard operates! He thinks he's got everyone fooled but I know better! I've got him pegged!

Sawyers: No, Spectre, it's not like that. I promise, you-

Woods stands up quickly and abruptly, and angered by Sawyers accidental name slip.

Woods: (Looks like he's about to rearrange Sawyers face) WHO did you just call me?!?!?!?

Sawyers:[obviously frightened and sweating nervously] I-I-I I'm sorry, Jeremiah. My mistake! I won't let it happen again.

Woods is fuming at Sawyers, breathing heavily through his nose while his jaw is clenched shut. After a few tense seconds, Woods slowly sits down.

Woods: See that it doesn't.

Sawyers tries to compose himself quickly. He adjusts his tie, slightly loosening his collar.

Sawyers: So, Woods... are you ready to explain your side of things?

Woods again leans back in his chair, and crosses his arms.

Woods: Yes. Yes I am.

END PART ONE

[Seeds](#)

Seeds

We focus on the UTA Legacy Champion, Will Haynes, walking through the backstage hallways. He is dressed for his showdown with La Flama Blanca later on in the evening. A Steel Cage Match for the very belt draped over his shoulder. He looks to be lost in thought, getting himself psyched up for the big match.

Haynes: Legacy...this is my title...I'll show him...

It's a fairly common tactic - mind over matter and all that.

Haynes: No Dynasty, no WTFC, just us. He doesn't stand a ch -

And he stops.

The camera holds on Haynes for a moment, before panning left. He is staring straight into the closed eyes of one half of the UTA World Tag Team Champions.

It's not his opponent tonight; it's his tag team partner. The Second Coming.

2C: Can you move, please? You're blocking my zen.

The Second Coming is sitting on a folding table with her legs crossed, pretzel - style, and her hands resting on her knees. She is breathing regularly, apparently working some kind of yoga.

Haynes: You know you ain't booked tonight, right?

2C: I know, but I've got a partner and an associate wrestling for some championships, and it's my responsibility to be here to support them.

Haynes: Ahhh, that's right. You've got a partner. How is Kush, anyway?

He puts his hand to his mouth in a quite obvious mocking manner.

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Haynes: I'm sorry. Too soon? Too fast? Too furious?

The Second Coming laughs to herself.

2C: Not at all. Kush is doing okay: she's rehabbing a broken neck much better than Doozer is rehabbing deep throating a corn dog.

She raises an eyebrow.

2C: Oh, I'm sorry. Too soon? Prick.

Will Haynes laughed, though there was clearly no humor behind it.

Haynes: Funny.

The Second Coming uncrosses her legs and lets them dangle, almost hitting the floor.

2C: To what do I owe the honor of your time, champ? Shouldn't you be spending as much quality time with that belt as you can, before Eddie kicks you in the face for it?

More insincere chucking.

Haynes: Just thinkin' like you are that Blanca might be spreadin' himself a bit too thin. Don't ya think he should be focused on your lil' tag team?

2C: You can't blame Eddie for taking advantage of the opportunities that the Tumor gives him.

Haynes: I ain't blamin' him at all. I mean it just might really grind your gears. Here you are with a shiny championship belt a' your own n'nobody t' help defend it.

Haynes scoffs.

Haynes: If I was you, I'd make sure he gets his priorities straightened out.

They stand eye to eye - or at least as close as they can.

2C: Is that a request?

Haynes: A friendly suggestion.

The Legacy Champion turns and walks down the opposite hallway. The Second Coming waits a moment.

2C: What about you, and your quest to win the World Title?

Haynes: I was robbed, Eddie wasn't.

She seems to consider that as the Legacy Champion walks out of sight.

[Ruster Reno vs. Chris Hopper](#)

The sounds of *Sexy Boy* by Air causes some murmur amongst the UTA crowd in attendance to much debate as to whose music is playing. 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 with a grin spread across his face as he re-enacts the same poses from the big screen above.

Ace: I love this guy!

Blackfoot: I bet you do.

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 and pointing at his abs as he does so.

Announcer: Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

Reno climbs up the ring steps and turns to face the fans whilst standing on the outside apron. He raises both his arms and points his fingers to the sky, taking this time to 'gift' a few females attendees with his trademark wink.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4" and weighing in at 247 pounds...

The self-proclaimed, 'God's Gift' steps through the ropes and into the ring. A few whistles can be heard from the female audience. Reno acknowledges them by posing to the cameraman and demanding him to flick the camera to the big screen.

Announcer: 'Romeo'... Ruster... Reno!

Reno begins to prepare himself and does some stretches you would normally see a bodybuilder perform prior to a dead-lift competition.

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Blackfoot: It's fair to say that Reno hasn't really had the most successful wrestling career to date. Rumors are that it took a lot of convincing for Reno to have this opportunity.

Ace: With his physique and looks, he has a massive future ahead of him! Models are the future of wrestling!

The crowd went nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut 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. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the living legend himself!

Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional arrogant wrestler ever?

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over.

Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell.

Ace: That may be true, but people can be really dumb sometimes.

Blackfront: Hopper is ready for this one to begin!

The bell sounds.

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Blackfront: And here we go. Right off the bat a collar and elbow tie up.

The two men circle around the ring. Hopper gets the upper hand. Turning the hold into a Side Headlock.

Blackfront: Hopper being pushed into the ropes as Ruster Reno showing some power.

Ace: Bigger or not, Hopper is an old man. This is going to be a cakewalk for Ruster Reno.

Ruster Reno tries to push Hopper, but The King of Cool still holds onto the Headlock.

Blackfront: Reno to a knee now as Chris Hopper continues to hold that grip.

Ace: Come on Hopper. You can rest after the show when you're in front of your TV watching some Matlock.

Blackfront: You are just rude Tommy.

Ace: And he is just boring.

Ruster Reno struggles as he pushes back up to his feet. Finally, he is able to push Chris Hopper off of him.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno gets free. hopper turns... Reno comes forward.. European uppercut that send Hopper into the corner. Reno now connects with a series of Elbows.

Ace: This is great! Put this has been in his place!

Blackfront: Reno a little slow to come to the offense early on here, but making up for it now as he continues to rock Chris Hopper with those elbows.

Chris Hopper covers up as Ruster continues to bring a flurry of shots. Finally, he reaches forward and grabs Reno, spinning him around and throwing him into the corner.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper regains control. Reno in the corner. That is a place you do not want to be stuck when facing a man like Chris Hopper.

Ace: Cover up Ruster!

Chris Hopper begins to send his huge closed fist into the mid section of Ruster Reno.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now giving Reno a taste of his own medicine as The Model tries to protect himself.

Chris Hopper grabs Ruster and pulls him out of the corner.

Blackfront: Hopper now grabs the arm of Ruster Reno.... Irish whip into the ropes. Reno on the return.

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Hopper puts his head down to try and catch Ruster, but Reno stops and drops to a knee throwing a fist up that catches Chris Hopper in the jaw.

Blackfront: Uppercut catches Hopper.

Ace: Yes!

Chris stumbles back holding his jaw as Ruster quickly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Reno charges forward, chop to the back of Chris Hopper's knee, taking the big man down!

The fans start to boo.

Ace: Listen to these ungratefals! Ruster Reno was Model of the Year damn it!

Blackfront: Ruster Reno with several boots down across the back of Chris Hopper's head.

He quickly leaps around, standing over top of Hopper.

Blackfront: Reno looking to continue his offense here.

Ace: take him out!

Ruster Reno drops down, putting his knee in Chris Hopper's lower back. He pulls back Hopper's arms and digs in.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno looking to make Chris Hopper submit! If he can pull this off, it may be his biggest victory yet!

Ace: Yes! I love it! Make that idiot tap!

The referee gets right in the action, asking Hopper if he gives up.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno wrenches back the arms of Hopper. The King of Cool trying to fight the pain.

Ruster continues to pull back as hard as he can.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper could be close to throwing in the towel.

Ace: Just give up you big dummy!

The fans begin to scream for Chris Hopper. As they do, he starts to fight back harder.

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Blackfront: Hopper looks like he's trying to get to his feet. Listen to these fans!

Ace: Idiots! Every last one of them!

Blackfront: Hopper continues to fight. Ruster Reno looks to be losing his grip.

Ace: No! Don't let him go.

Blackfront: Hopper able to break free!

The fans go crazy as Ruster loses his balance and falls to the side. Chris begins to crawl forward, throwing his arm up over the middle rope and using them to start to pull himself up. Reno begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: Hopper to his feet, using the ropes to hold himself up. Reno now coming forward with a series of fist to his mid section.

Ruster grabs Chris' arm, yanking back with all of his might.

Blackfront: Hopper off of the ropes now...

He runs right into a leaping Ruster Reno, who wraps his arms around his head and throws his legs around him.

Blackfront: Reno able to lock on a sleeper hold. Chris Hopper is in the middle of the ring!

Ace: Nowhere to go! I love it!

Reno moves Hopper from side to side. Yelling for him to submit.

Blackfront: This might be it for Chris Hopper.

Ace: Christmas is coming early!

Chris reaches back with one arm, grabbing the head of Ruster Reno, fighting through the hold. He uses his other hand to pull Reno's feet from around his waist. As Ruster's legs fly back, Chris runs forward and leaps up, throwing his legs out, dropping down.

The fans explode.

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Blackfront: ICE BREAKER OUT OF A SLEEPER HOLD! ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: How?! No! This can't be happening!

Hopper quickly turns Reno over, covering him as the referee drops and begins to count. His hand hits the canvas for three and the bell rings.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... CHRIS HOPPPPEEERR!!!

Blackfront: Rusty Reno brought one hell of a fight to the much bigger Chris Hopper, but the experience of The King of Cool was too much. One more down in a line of people who have fallen victim to the devastating Ice Breaker.

Ace: It's official, I *am* going to be sick.

Chris gets up slowly, holding his neck as the referee raises his arm. The fans cheer for their hero, Chris Hopper.

[Cup Size](#)

Cup Size

We open to a backstage hallway, where we see Mikey and Bobby Dean coming out of the closet together...

Interpret that as you will.

They both are sweating profusely. They push the door shut, Bobby Dean leans against it as Mikey finds a steel folding chair. He comes back with one shortly, and puts it underneath the door handle. He sticks the legs into the crack along the concrete floors. Locking something, or someone inside.

Mikey backs away from the door, looking both directions, before he pulls something from his waistband. It's a black and white striped referee shirt. He holds it up to his body.

Mikey Unlikely: This will work!

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Bobby Dean puts his hands on his knees, he's really struggling to catch his breath. He looks up at Mikey.

Bobby Dean: Looks good!

Mikey nods, before tossing the shirt over his shoulder. He gives Dean a high five.

Unlikely: We did it buddy! This plan is really coming together. I gotta go get ready for my title match. Take it easy Bobo.

Mikey walks off one direction, Bobby suddenly jumps away from the door, as someone begins banging on the other side.

Dean: Crap!!

Dean walks the opposite direction of his buddy, and looks back at the door, making sure its not going to budge.

He continues down the hallway where he hears a loud whistle. As he looks over he see's his next opponent standing there. Apollo Cain.

Apollo is leaning against the wall, staring at Bobby. His legs are crossed, as he rests comfortably. Bobby's eyes get wide as he notices that Apollo is twirling something...

A WOMANS BRA!

Cain: C'mon Bobby, Let's see if this thing fits, or you wanna wait for next week?

He lets out a sinister laugh, as Bobby Dean runs as fast as he can, the direction that his pal left. Bobby Dean's fastest speed amounts to quick shuffling and stumbling down the hall.

Dean: MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMKKKKKKKKKKKEEEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

The scene fades.

Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part TWO

Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part TWO

The camera is focused on Woods. He is still leaning back in his chair. His arms are still crossed, and he looks like he is ready to absolutely destroy somebody.

Woods: Looking back on things, and looking back to last year, in fact, a year ago this month. I should have seen this coming. I should have seen this coming a mile away.

(pauses)

Woods: But I didn't.

(pauses)

Woods: Was it my ego? Was it my desire to be back in the UTA spotlight again that somewhat blindly brought me back to the UTA after nine years? Or was it simply that I thought I saw something that was actually different, unique and exciting that James Wingate had to offer- something that I hadn't seen in the UTA in more than a decade? That something was heart.

Yes, Wingate certainly painted a rosy picture about the UTA, and did more to convince me to finally make my return than anyone else had done over the past nine years. I'll grant you that there are MANY great things about the UTA. There are many great wrestling talents in the UTA today. It's still the greatest wrestling organization today!

Woods pauses to take a drink of water from a cup sitting on the table.

Woods: However even the greatest of organizations has its problems. With the UTA, its biggest problem is sitting right there at the VERY top! That problem, is James Wingate the third! He may think he has everyone fooled into thinking he is a great businessman, and that he does right by staying out of the spotlight...

but believe me...

he is up to his ears in B.S. and scandal that should have him removed from office by the stockholders!

Woods pauses a few seconds, pondering over something in his head. The look on his face is one of hatred.

Woods: He even managed to fool me for a while. It took me a few months, but I finally figured it all out! I'm sick of it, Sawyers! (Emphasizing his point) I ...am...sick of it!

Woods pauses, and takes another drink of water. He then pours water from a pitcher, filling the glass again. Sawyers uses this momentary break to try and get Woods back on track.

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Sawyers: Well, if you don't mind, Woods, take us back to where you personally believe James Wingate was doing something unethical, or wrong, in your opinion?

Woods: In my opinion? Hell, it's no longer an "opinion", Sawyers! It's a god damn FACT! Yeah, let's start with the moment I signed my name on the dotted line last year! Wingate didn't sign me on to the UTA as an appreciation of all my hard work and success in the UTA in the past!

No!

This was nothing more than a god damn vendetta that James Wingate had against me ever since I accidentally killed his father at Black Horizon back in 2002! Sh*t happens in the ring, and it was a horrible tragedy when I accidentally broke Matt Fury's neck! No one lives with that regretful evening more than me! I've carried that moment around with me for twelve years, Sawyers.... TWELVE F[CENSORED] YEARS!!!

Of course, the ONLY two people that still give a damn about that night, the only ones who care about that history in the UTA... are James Wingate.... AND ME!!!

I have tried to move on from that dark moment (pauses for a moment as he remembers it) James Wingate has never forgotten, see. A few months ago, I spoke with Wingate, and tried to apologize and make him understand it was nothing more than an accident. He SAID he knew it was an accident! He SAID he forgave me!

But yet that lying sack of crap knew all along what he was doing when he signed me to UTA! He knew exactly what he was doing, and made me look like a damn fool in the process!!! He kept feeding me Sean Jackson for months, knowing our history!

Woods pauses and shakes his head.

Woods: That was nothing more than a ploy... a distraction. Wingate was hoping, that by keeping me occupied with Sean Jackson, I wouldn't notice.

Woods stops speaking, just staring at Sawyers and glaring at him, daring him to ask the obvious question. Sawyers timidly asks the question.

Sawyers: That- that you wouldn't notice what, Woods?

Woods leans in close to Sawyers, the camera gets a tight shot of Woods face.

Woods: That, the truth is... Wingate... had been working with Dynasty... all along.

END PART TWO

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[Getting Low With Allah](#)

Getting Low With Allah

As everyone in the Colonial Center looks on, a dozen Arab women step out on the stage wearing traditional burquas. They stand there for a few moments, leading everyone to believe that Abdul bin Hussein is about to step out behind them.

However, "Get Low" begins to play over the loudspeakers, prompting the women to peel off their attires to reveal very short athletic tops and equally short bottoms that doesn't leave much to the imagination. As they quickly form up in three off setting stacked lines, the music breaks down and so do they, twerking their hips hard and dancing provocatively.

The off setting stacked lines break up as the women form up in twos and threes where some kissing as well as bumping and grinding occurs. Everyone is confused until.....

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

The fans begin to boo as the music stops, the women stop, and out steps the UTA world champion Sean Jackson. With his match coming up soon, he's dressed in his wrestling attire, world championship belt around his waist and microphone in hand. As he stands on the stage, a sadistic smile begins to form.

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Jackson: Welcome to the real world Abdul. The real world without your fake Allah, without your deceitful religion of peace and tolerance.

Sean points towards the women.

Jackson: According to Allah, these beautiful women would be punished for showing off their bodies. According to your religion of peace and tolerance, they would be stoned to death for trying to have the same rights as you...

Sean uses the index finger on his free hand to tap his chin.

Jackson: For being proud of their bodies. But, we all know the reason why your women are forbidden to show their bodies...

As Sean begins to walk in front of the women, they begin to do their own versions of belly dancing as well as slow rhythmic circular gyrations with the money makers.

Jackson: And it's because if they showed off those gorgeous bodies to American men, they would leave you insignificant, insecure, intransitive ingrates high and dry.

He is going all out to get under the skin of Abdul bin Hussein. Over the past two weeks, Sean has attacked Allah, the muslim religion, and now the manhoods of every man following the teachings of Muhammad.

Jackson: Which is why tonight is so important. Because Abdul, after I destroy you, after I show how pathetically weak the muslim religion has made you, each and every one of these women will FINALLY get to experience what America is TRULY all about.

As Get Low once again begins to play, the women once again break down with their very provocative dancing. As Sean walks through them, he begins to touch a few on their bare shoulders, considered a sin in some Arab countries. The scene fades as he steps behind the partition as the women are still dancing.

[Don't Say I Never Did Anything For You](#)

Don't Say I Never Did Anything For You

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Cameras zoom out to reveal the WRESTLEUTA backdrop. La Flama Blanca appears in the frame holding his UTA Tag Team title on his shoulder while in his ring gear. His match later on is one of the biggest of his career.

Blanca takes a few steps and stops almost center of the shot.

La Flama Blanca: Tonight, there will be no games. It will be two men, locked inside a steel cage. The winner is UTA Legacy champion. Tonight... Tonight Will Haynes, I'm going to do you a favor.

Blanca turns his body to face you. He looks poised and ready for his match later on tonight, even if his mask covers it.

La Flama Blanca: You might think that last statement is a joke, but it's not. No, I'm going to do you a favor, Thrill. I'm going to give you a shot at the UTA World Championship.

The remarks seem a little farfetched. Keep listening.

La Flama Blanca: When I defeat you inside the steel cage... you will get your chance to fight for the big boy belt. This is what you want isn't it?

Blanca paces slightly, still in the frame. He adjusts his tag team title that rests on his left shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: You've talked for so long about how you should be champ. After tonight, you'll get your chance... Camera Man, zoom it.

The camera cuts in close on The Luchador. He leaves you with these last words.

La Flama Blanca: Don't say I never did anything for you...

LFB begins to laugh as he walks off screen. The lights fade.

[Joshua Jones vs. Mikey Unlikely vs. Zhalia Fears](#)

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.

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Blackfront: Joshua Jones gets his first UTA title shot here tonight.

Ace: Why though? What has this guy really done since coming to the UTA?

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: Joshua Jones!!!

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.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones looks ready.

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: This should be an exciting match up.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as *White Rabbit* by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Blackfront: Former Prodigy Champion now getting her shot at the Wildfire, Zhalia Fears looks to once again hold gold here in the UTA.

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out with the Second Coming beside her. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

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She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring, Second Coming in tow.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. Second Coming claps and begins to walk to the other side of the ring outside. Fears walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smiles at it and says 'We Miss You Kush!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out. The Second Coming finds a spot outside of the ring and cheers on her friend.

Blackfront: Second Coming joining Zhalia Fears outside of the ring here tonight.

Ace: Oh, that's fair.

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: Could tonight be the night that Mikey Unlikely captures his first UTA title?!

Ace: Didn;t you already say that about Jones? Jeez. Broken record much?

Mikey points to the crowd, and smiles, he picks up steam and heads down the ramp. He gives his fans high fives on the way down the ramp, stopping to pose about halfway down! Mikey smiles and continues to the ring.

Announcer: "Hailing from 'The Louie, Ohio'.

Full of energy Mikey slides into the ring, running to the opposite end of the ring, and climbs to the second rope and drops the hood on his jacket and poses to the fans.

Announcer: Standing at 5'11", and weighing in at 225 pounds. Mikey Unlikely!!!!

Blackfront: The man many feel is the future of the UTA. Tongiht he gets a chance to prove those people right!

Mikey hops down and removes the jacket, hands it to the ring crew, and starts warming up in his corner. He

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stretches against the ropes, as the match is ready to begin.

Blackfront: This will be one hell of a match. I can't wait.

As the bell sounds, all three superstars stand looking at each other, waiting for someone to make the first move.

Blackfront: Here we go! Wildfire Championship on the line.

Ace: Am I the only one who thinks Zhalia has an unfair advantage with the Second Coming out here?

Blackfront: Why does that bother you? Isn't she your buddy La Flama Blanca's tag team partner? I thought you loved everything Dynasty.

Ace: That's the problem. She's showing her allegiance tonight and it's not with Dynasty!

Blackfront: And we're off! Mikey Unlikely comes forward with a boot to the gut of Joshua Jones to start things off.

Zhalia comes forward with a forearm to the face of Unlikely.

Blackfront: Fears now getting some of Mikey.

Ace: Heh. You said getting some.

Blackfront: Shut up Tommy.

Joshua Jones comes back up with his own shot to Mikey. He and Zhalia exchange looks before each grabbing an arm.

Blackfront: They team up and send Mikey into the ropes. Unlikely on the return... Fears and Jones bend down and catch him.. up and over with a back body drop by Zhalia Fears and Joshua Jones!

The Second Coming slaps the edge of the apron, cheering Zhalia on. Fears turns to Joshua Jones who comes forward, hooking her arm and dropping down while flipping her over to the canvas, not letting go as he quickly stands up.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones with an arm drag into an arm bar.

He holds her arm and drops down to the canvas, still pulling up. Unlikely rolls over and pushes to his feet.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones working the arm of Zhalia Fears. Mikey Unlikely to his feet, he meets Jones with a stomp causing him to let Fears go.

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Ace: Well that was just stupid to continue holding her arm in the first place.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely pulls Jones to his feet now.

Zhalia holds her arm and shoulder rolling away from the other two.

Blackfront: Jones waste not time, taking control as he pushes Mikey back and into the ropes.

Jones pushes him back further into the ropes before pulling back.

Blackfront: Jones sends Mikey Unlikely across the ring. Off of the rope and on the return... leap frog. Off the ropes again... Jones catches Unlikely with arm drag.

Both men quickly roll over and get to their feet. Mikey charges Jones again.

Blackfront: Jones with another arm drag taking Unlikely over. Both men quickly back up, setting the tone for the match to be high paced.

Ace: High paced but that doesn't change the fact all three of these people are nobodies.

Blackfront: Unlikely forward, leaps up.. legs around the neck of Jones... standing hurricarrana!

As Jones hits the canvas back first, he rolls up to his feet, leaps to the nearby ropes, and springboards back, elbow out, which catches Mikey as he gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Jones out of the hurricarrana into a springboard elbow smash! What agility!

Mikey rolls back and to his knees, rubbing his chin as Jones spins around into an offensive stance.

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet for these two already, live, here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Zhalia Fears uses the ropes to pull herself up. She shakes off her arm before running toward the two.

Blackfront: Fears back in this...

She leaps up behind Joshua Jones, grabbing his head and throwing her legs out. As Jones comes forward and down, Fears' legs wrap around Mikey's neck. She releases Jones, causing him to crash head first into the Canvas as she twist back and down, sending Mikey over. The fans get on their feet, amazed at what they just saw.

Blackfront: AMAZING! A bulldog into Hurricarrana combo! I don't think I have ever seen anything like that in all my years of calling matches!

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The Second Coming leaps up and down, clapping as Zhalia rolls over and pops to her feet. The fans continue to scream at the amazing move they just witness.

Blackfront: Fears grabs Unlikely's head pulling him into a sitting position.

She quickly steps back and comes forward with a swift kick to the back of Mikey Unlikely.

His upper body comes forward, his arms out as he lets out a yelp from the kick before falling to the side and rolling away.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears now grabbing the head of Joshua Jones, pulling him up.

Jones reaches forward, grabbing her legs and yanks back as he comes up. She falls back first to the canvas as he stands, holding her legs. He pulls her up slightly before leaning back and dropping to the canvas. Zhalia swings forward and up, shooting over him and into the nearby turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Slingshot by Joshua Jones!

As Zhalia bounces off of the turnbuckle, Jones rolls over and shoots forward, leaping up and grabbing her head before falling directly down.

Blackfront: DDT by Joshua Jones!

Ace: Bout time someone put a end to this Zhalia Fears nonsense.

Mikey begins to get up. Jones quickly grabs him pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones takes control. no! Unlikely rolls around Jones. Belly to back.

Jones stomps the foot of Unlikely.

Blackfront: Jones, rolls around, now behind Unlikely.

Jones drops to his knee, grabs the leg of Mikey Unlikely and raises back up, yanking Mikey's leg so he falls to his hands on the canvas as Jones stands up.

Blackfront: Jones with an ankle lock on Unlikely. Mikey fighting it.

Mikey begins to roll.

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Ace: Break his ankle!

Blackfront: Unlikely over on his back. His free foot in the midsection of Jones. Unlikely pushes back and Jones sent backward!

Jones stumbles back as Mikey kips up to his feet. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Unlikely back to his feet, comes forward... Jones ducks the clothesline attempt. Both men turn... boot to the gut by Jones.

He quickly grabs Mikey's neck and hooks his tights before lifting.

Blackfront: Jones drops back... huge suplex by Joshua Jones!

Mikey's back hits the canvas and he slides a little bit before sitting up, his face in pain, and grabbing his back. Jones turns over and pushes up to his feet.

Ace: What a suplex by Joshua Jones.

Blackfront: It sure was. All three of these competitors bring it tonight folks. Each wanting to be champion.

Jones heads over, grabbing the head of Mikey, and turning him as he begins to pull him up.

Blackfront: Jones pul- NO! Mikey Unlikely pulling down, rolls Joshua Jones up into a cradle pin!

The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: He's going to steal a win! He's gonna steal it!

Ace: Yipee do dah.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the second time. Zhalia Fears leaps up, coming down with an axe handle that breaks up the attempt. The fans scream. The Second Coming continues to go crazy herself on the outside.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely, Joshua Jones, and Zhalia Fears all rolling back to their feet and damn it if we aren't back to where we started!

Ace: Oh great. More?

The fans stomp their feet and yell as all three competitors look around.

Blackfront: The energy in here tonight is amazing.

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Ace: And yet, I am still bored.

Jones, Unlikely, and Fears all nod to each other as if showing a sign of respect. Suddenly, Joshua Jones comes forward, dropping down and spinning his leg around catching Zhalia Fears.

Blackfront: Jones sweeps the leg of Fears, she goes down.

He pops up with an arm out, Mikey ducks under, spinning around and grabbing Joshua Jones back his head and neck. He grabs the side of Joshua's tights and uses them to lift Jones up vertically.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely going for a reverse vertical suplex... Jones kicking his feet now...

Ace: Kicking like a little girl.

Joshua is able to swing his body over and landing on his feet. Using the momentum he pulls Mikey Up vertically.

Blackfront: REVERSAL INTO HIS OWN VERTICAL SUP... NO! Jones runs forward and throws Unlikely!

Mikey's body comes down across the top rope with such force he bounces up and back over to the canvas. Joshua Jones runs over, climbing the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Jones going up top.

Ace: Not a wise idea with two others in the ring.

As he turns to get situated, Zhalia Fears pushes up, running over and backing into the corner. She grabs Joshua's feet, wrapping them around her waist as she reaches up and grabs his head.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears setting Joshua Jones up...

She steps out of the corner, runs forward and leaps with a backpack stunner.

Blackfront: THE OFFERING! THE OFFERING! THE OFFERING!

Ace: Someone should offer these fans a refund for having to sit through a Zhalia Fears match.

Fears floats over and covers Joshua Jones as the referee slides into place.

Blackfront: This one could be over!

The referee's hand hits the canvas twice. Mikey Unlikely crawls forward and reaches out, grabbing Zhalia's foot. He uses what strength he has left to pull back as he gets to his knees, pulling her off of Joshua Jones.

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Blackfront: NO! This one is NOT over yet! Mikey Unlikely breaking the pin attempt!

Mikey pushes up to his feet as Zhalia rolls over and begins to get up herself. Mikey pumps his fist before turning and running. He leaps up to the ropes and uses them to springboard off, catching Zhalia with a forearm smash.

Blackfront: ONE HIT WONDER BY MIKEY UNLIKELY! ONE HIT WONDER! HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

The referee leaps down and begins to slap the canvas.

Blackfront: Two...

Joshua Jones is able to push up just quick enough to fall forward with an elbow to Mikey's back, causing the pin to be broken. The fans can't stand it as they get to their feet. Even Second Coming can't believe the match she is watching.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones, barely able to move after that backpack stunner from Fears, somehow able to keep this match going for the Wildfire Championship!

Jones rolls over and uses the ropes to start pulling himself up. Mikey Unlikely holds his back in pain as he starts to get up as well. Jones breathes heavy as he leans on the ropes. He turns and Joshua takes off, leaping up with his knee out catching him with a Busaiku knee kick.

Blackfront: THE SWEET TOOTH! THE SWEET TOOTH!

They both hit the canvas hard. The fans clap with excitement.

Blackfront: All three opponents down. It is literally anyone's match!

Jones begins to roll over, placing his arm across the chest of Mikey Unlikely. The referee gets into position and begins to count.

Blackfront: Could this be it?!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third and final time. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEW UTA WILDFIRE CHAMPION.... JOSHUA... JOOONNNNESSS!!!

Blackfront: Joshua Jones does it! Joshua Jones takes home his first UTA title!

Zhalia Fears rolls to the edge of the ring where The Second Coming meets her, helping Fears down before hugging her. The referee hands Joshua the Wildfire Championship. He holds his body in pain with one hand

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as he raises the title with the other. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: hard fought match but there could be only one winner. Congratulations Joshua Jones.

Joshua continues to celebrate with the title.

[Respecting One's Elder](#)

Respecting One's Elder

The scene opens backstage where David Hightower and Old Man Hightower are walking with Whiskey trotting along with them.

David: Will ya take off that stinkin hat?! Ya look like a total jackass!

Old Man Hightower: Oh you're only mad because you don't have one!

David shakes his head.

David: Don't have one?! I don't want one! What are ya one of them there chimney cleanin people?!

David says as the crew head down another hall way.

David: And by the way dad! I forbid you to go smoking whatever Caribbean fruit loop nonsense Mikey has with him!

Old Man Hightower: Now you listen here son! I served in Vietnam! I seen a man get his god dang head blown up like it was a coconut! Ya think I haven't earned the right to smoke some?! Boy you can kiss my ass!

David throws his arms up frustrated as Old Man Hightower stops seeing Sean Jackson and a dozen scantily clad Arab women walking his way.

Old Man Hightower: Oh snap! Hotties at 12 O'Clock! Not that you'd be interested boy I mean I know you're into the opposite gender and all...

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David: WE ARE NOT HAVIN THIS DISCUSSION AGAIN DAD!

Old Man Hightower takes out a pocket knife and starts checking his teeth in the reflection.

Old Man Hightower: With a pretty woman you got to look your finest!

David: Dad I think yer expiration date passed years ago!

Stepping down the hallway, the UTA world champion was feeling very confident. After taking shot after shot for the past two weeks at Allah, the muslim religion, and Abdul bin Hussein...he was completely satisfied with the part this group of beautiful Arab women played. However, the smile on his face was due to the fact that it wasn't over yet....

Not by a longshot. However, in his moment of thought, he managed to notice Old Man Hightower, his son David, and the dog Whiskey. As Sean and his entourage approach the trio, in a sign of complete respect, Sean extends his hand to the Old Man.

Jackson: Mr. Hightower, it's a pleasure to see you again.

Old Man Hightower shakes Sean's hand.

Old Man Hightower: Hot damn! That's a hell of a grasp you got there boy!

Sean smiles again.

Jackson: Where I come from Mr. Hightower, you show respect by giving a firm handshake....

Sean sneaks a glance at David.

Jackson: Not a whimpy one.

He then shifts the attention back to Old Man Hightower.

Old Man Hightower: You kidding me? David can't even open up a jar of pickles without needing help!

David rolls his eyes.

David: If anyone needs me I'm leaving this all ya can eat character assassination!

David turns to walk out of the scene.

Jackson: Wow, is he always this sensitive? Or does he have the rumble complex with everything he does?

Sean holds up three fingers to Old Man Hightower, an inside joke that is quickly picked up by all parties involved.

Old Man Hightower: Haha! Oh god! Three!!! Hey what else can David do in three seconds?

Old Man Hightower ponders the question while David smacks Old Man Hightower's top hat off his head and Whiskey promptly walks over and retrieves it for him.

David: Whiskey! Bad dog!

Whiskey sits and tilts his head to the side confused.

Unable to pass up the moment, Sean once again interjects himself.

Jackson: David, why do you have to be all grumpy? I can't believe that you will stand there and take your frustrations out on a hero and man's best friend. Not only that, but to act like a child in front of these very beautiful young women.

Old Man Hightower: Psst! Sean! He ain't into that! Remember?

That causes a chuckle from the world champion.

David: ENOUGH!!!

Old Man Hightower: Oh what are you going to do? Get your head stuck in a soda machine again?! You realize that it took the fire department to break out the jaws to break him free?! Dumb ass!

Shaking his head, Sean almost face palms himself but doesn't. Not in front of the women.

Jackson: David, that's the kind of idiocy that I would expect from the cowards in Basra, not red blooded Americans. Your Old Man is a war hero for crying out loud. Can you stop embarrassing him already?

Mockingly, Sean sends a wink in David's direction.

David: I'm embarrassin... I'm embarrassin....

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It's almost like David's brain has officially broke. The hard drive has crashed, the hamster on the wheel has died, and David' rational thinking has left the building!

David: OH I AM EMBARRASSING HIM?! DO YA HEAR THE WAY THAT OLD *bleep!* TALKS TO ME?!

Old Man Hightower: Dag nabbit that's going to be a fine for sure! That's in the banned words book!

David: SHUT IT OLD MAN! I am about fed up with yer bull *bleep*!

Old Man Hightower grins from ear to ear.

Old Man Hightower: Oh yeah? What are you going to do huh? Go on tough guy! Hit me!

David clenches his fists.

Old Man Hightower: Be a man for once in your sorry excuse for a life and hit me!

Old Man Hightower shakes his head before looking at Sean.

Old Man Hightower: I think I made him mad...

Sean sensing it also, looks at the opportunity to really drive a wedge between the two. For some reason, he can't seem to pass up the opportunity to wreck a family.

Jackson: Nah, he's been like this since All Or Nothing. You are a true American hero, a man who is a war hero, a man who made the ultimate sacrifice for his country. All David has done is be the disappointment that you knew he would be.

Sean sends a glance in the direction to his all female entourage.

Jackson: Don't mind him, he's just a bitter young man who could never live up to his daddy's legacy. In other words, he is the exception to all Americans being like Old Man Hightower and yours truly.

David: Oh yeah?

David gets in Sean's face.

David: Then why don't ya step into my yard sometime boy?

The surprised look on Sean's face tells the whole story. It was as if he thought that Hightower would just take it, like always. But this time it was different....

Much different. Conveniently, he checks his watch.

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Jackson: You know, I would. But I have an important match to prepare for. So if you'll excuse me, I have bigger fish to fry.

Making sure to step around David Hightower, Sean makes sure not to turn his back to the much bigger Hightower. The scantily clad women also follow.

Old Man Hightower: Hey wait!

Old Man Hightower reaches into his jacket pocket and slides a business card in the cleavage of one of the women.

Old Man Hightower: Call me!!

David: DAD!!!!

Sean momentarily stops dead in his tracks, turning to face Old Man Hightower.

Jackson: When I beat Abdul tonight, I'll give you the pick of your choice. You'll get to show one of these fine young Arab girls a night that Abdul bin Hussein could only dream of.

With another wink, Sean and his entourage continue down the hallway. The one women taking a hold of the business card and smiling.

Old Man Hightower: Hot damn son!

Old Man Hightower turns to see David storming over to the catering area flipping the entire table over letting out a scream. He smashes another table with his fist before he turns and nails another catering guy with a right hook. David storms over to the back exit ripping the door off it's hinges and walks out leaving Old Man Hightower absolutely baffled.

Old Man Hightower: Now what the hell did that solve?!

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[The Debut](#)

The Debut

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! WE SAW THE PROMO EARLIER. WE HEARD THE RUMORS. THEY ARE TRUE!

Ace: YES! I KNEW IT!

Red pryos begin to fire. We can see a shadow emerge through the smoke. As he steps into view, we see him.

Ace: Wait.. what the....?

Blackfront: Oh, not again...

Ace: It's Midget Mike Best! Oh come on!

Blackfront: We saw this little person at All or Nothing where he eliminated Paladin. Have we really signed him to a contract? is this the rumored debut?!

Ace: Why? Why can't we get the real Mike Best?! Why do we have to settle for John Sektor? This is terrible!

Midget Mike Best makes his way down the ramp, mimicking Mike Best's mannerisms.

Blackfront: Well folks, this seems to be just some sick joke.

Ace: It sure is! I'm tired of getting my hopes up!

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Midget Mike Best makes his way up the steps and across the apron. The fans boo as he enters in over the bottom rope.

Blackfront: The buzz was that we had signed a major free agent. This, is not a major free agent by any means.

Ace: Just when I thought this night couldn't get any worse... it does.

The midget Mike Best parades in the ring, showing off to the crowd as they continue to show their indifference. Suddenly, a figure jumps the barricade at ringside, causing a murmur amongst the fans nearby. Whoever it is, they're wearing a hood over their head, and they don't look familiar to the UTA faithful in Columbia, South Carolina.

Blackfront: Wait a minute, who in the hell is that? Somebody call security!

Ace: What are you, drunk? That's Midget Mike Best. He's been out here for like... five minutes. Little people have rights, Jason-- you can't just call security on them.

The hooded figure slides into the ring, unbeknownst to the unfortunate little person in the ring. As the mini-Mike continues to appeal to the crowd, he suddenly hits the canvas with a thunderous smack, as he's kicked about as hard in the back of the head as a midget has ever been kicked.

The crowd isn't sure whether to cheer or boo, so instead an awkward silence falls over the Colonial Center. The hooded figure stands in the center of the ring, chest heaving up and down, slowly peeling the hooded robe back to reveal...

Ace: A GIRL?! It's a freaking girl?!

Blackfront: That's not just any girl, Tommy. That's former HOW wrestler Alex Beckman!

The undefeated former MMA fighter-turned-wrestler stands in all her glory in the ring, to an admittedly less than excited crowd. This was perhaps not the "major free agent" signing that they'd expected, but it's still better than one more UTA tease involving that stupid midget.

Alex throws the robe behind her, eliciting some catcalls from the crowd as she continues her work in the ring. She takes a few steps backward, getting momentum as he rebounds off the ropes, before shooting forward with a terrifying penalty kick that damn near relieves the tiny little impersonator of all eighteen pounds of his skull.

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Blackfront: The Thai-Breaker! In front of God and Columbia, that little person is dead.

Ace: He's always been dead to me, Jason. Always.

Unfortunately for the rapidly declining health of the little man in the ring, Alex Beckman doesn't appear to be finished. She grabs him by the head, pulling him into the world's smallest triangle choke, absolutely savaging Midget Mike in the middle of the ring as security begins to rush down the aisle to put an end to the onslaught.

And then, it happens.

As security surrounds the ring, trying to figure out the best angle of approach to the raging woman in the ring, the crowd explodes out of their seats as a man steps out from behind the curtain, dressed in an impeccably stylish gray suit and 97 Red tie.

Ace: OH MY GOD HE'S HERE. HE'S HERE, JASON. HE'S [BLEEP]ING HERE.

Blackfront: Is that... THAT'S MICHAEL BEST! THE REAL ONE!

The eyes of the Columbia crowd don't deceive. HOW Hall of Famer and bastard son Michael Lee Best makes his way slowly down the ramp, basking in the shock of the crowd as he makes his first ever appearance in the United Toughness Alliance.

Ace: Today is the greatest day of my life. I knew it, man. If you invoke the name of Mike Best enough times, he'll appear! He's like Candyman, or Bloody Mary!

Blackfront: But what in the hell is he doing in UTA? The dirt sheets rumored a huge free agent signing... it can't possibly be Mike Best, can it?

After picking up a microphone, Michael climbs up the ring steps, ducking casually into the ring. He makes his way to the shoulder of Alex Beckman, tapping her gently on the shoulder and telling her that it's time to put an end to this. It takes a moment for her to adrenaline dump and release the hold, but eventually she drops the unconscious McNugget Best and leaves him lying limp in the middle of the ring.

She stands up from the mat, picking her fight robe up off the canvas and slipping it back over her shoulder. In the meantime, Michael is now standing in the middle of the ring with a microphone, and the crowd slowly quiets, anticipating what the most outspoken man in professional wrestling will have to say here tonight.

Best: I'm sure you're all wondering what we're doing here tonight... and what this means...

The crowd begins to buzz, everyone staring into the ring waiting to hear his explanation. But instead, with a smirk, Michael Best offers Alex Beckman his arm and drops the microphone in the middle of the ring. He holds the ropes open for her, escorting her out of the ring without another word.

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Ace: What? WHAT? Say SOMETHING! Why are you here? DID YOU GET MY E-MAILS?

Blackfront: Well the crowd seems to agree with you, Tommy. They aren't happy with this turn of events any more than you are.

And he's right-- the crowd has begun to turn.

The boos begin deep in the belly of the arena, but soon they're just as loud as the cheers he received upon walking through the entranceway. This only serves to widen his grin, as the HOW Hall of Famer and his violent, angry companion make their way back up the ramp, disappearing behind the curtain.

Ace: This is not how I always dreamed it would be, Jason. Not one bit. He didn't even shake my hand.

Blackfront: Well folks, I... can't say for sure what just happened, but it happened. And there's more to come, so don't you dare change the channel. We've got more UTA coming up next.

[Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part THREE](#)

Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part THREE

After a short commercial...

Get it? Short...

The interview with TS Jeremiah Woods continues. Woods has just dropped a bombshell on Sawyers, making the claim that UTA owner James Wingate III has been working alongside Dynasty for a considerable amount of time. The "deer in the headlights" look on Sawyers face says it all, finally after digesting the shock of the accusation Woods has just leveled, Sawyers speaks up.

Sawyers: Woods, I...I can't believe what I'm hearing. These are some very strong accusations against Mr . Wingate. I'm sure with those accusations you have some sort of-

Woods: Proof, Sawyers? Trust me... the proof has been right in front of all our faces this entire time. The first clue was several months ago when Dynasty approached Wingate and try to force him to do something as a "favor" for Dynasty.

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Wingate refused.

Sawyers: True.

Woods: On the surface that looked like a good thing- the boss wasn't going to be bullied or intimidated by a bunch of jackholes and flat out told them "NO".

Sawyers: I remember that moment. It was a very brave thing Wingate did stepping up to Dynasty's demands and rejecting them outright.

Woods looks disappointed at Sawyers response and shakes his head in disagreement slowly.

Woods: Brave? Hmmpphh... That was nothing more than Wingate and Dynasty trying to throw everyone off. When that "incident" occurred, Dynasty started becoming more ruthless, more aggressive, they began doing more appalling things.

Where was Wingate, Sawyers? Where the hell was the owner of the UTA when all this Dynasty mess and bull[CENSORED] was going down?

Sawyers is taken a bit off guard by the direct question by Woods, and attempts to give Woods a rational answer.

Sawyers: Umm, Woods, Mister Wingate is a very busy man. It takes a lot to run his company and-

Woods cuts Sawyers off, screaming.

Woods: More like it takes a lot of time to run his fantasy football draft while the show is going on!

I don't believe for one damn second the lie that Wingate doesn't want to get involved in the physical aspects of running a wrestling promotion, especially in front of the camera! That is pure B.S! He is just like his father! Arrogant. Cocky. An asshole.

That is why Wingate decided to lie in bed and cozy up to assholes like Perfection and La Flama Blanca? As the saying goes: 'When in the company of assholes, do as the assholes do!'

(Laughs a familiar laugh) Hell, maybe Wingate should start coming out to that song called, "I'm An Asshole"!!

Sawyers let out a slight chuckle, and mistakenly tries to correct Woods.

Sawyers: Woods, heh, I'm sorry. I don't think there is such a saying like that.

Woods leans forward grabbing Sawyers by the tie and yanking on it, pulling Sawyers almost nose to nose with him.

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Woods: Don't tell me that does or does not exist!! If I tell you there is a saying like that, there IS! Do you understand me, you sonofabitch?!

Sawyers is petrified and is trembling. He quivers as he nods his head weakly. Woods continues to glare at Sawyers and burn a hole right through Sawyers with an intimidating look, finally releasing the tie and pushing Jamie back into his seat.

Woods: Bah! In the end, you suits are all like. You've got to protect your own kind, I suppose.

Sawyers tries to gather his composure and continue the interview.

Sawyers: Woods, next question.... How-?

Woods cut Sawyers off again.

Woods: NO! I'm not through laying out bombshells! You see, I want to clarify something just a bit. When I say that Wingate is cahoots with Dynasty, I don't mean Dynasty as a GROUP. I'm talking about Dynasty as in... Perfection and La Flama Blanca. No one else!

Sawyers: (Confused by the exactness of his accusations) I'm not sure I follow you.

Woods leans forward, placing his forearms on his knees, clasping his hands together in front of him. He looks down at the ground, then smiles at Sawyers.

Woods: Are you that blind, too? Just like everyone else?

Sawyers: No, sir. It's just I don't understand why you say that-

Woods rolls his eyes, and extends his left arm outward, moving his index and middle finger in a circular motion.

Woods: Yeah, yeah. You don't understand why I would say that. Blah blah blah.

Look, Sawyers. Dynasty has, and always WILL, consist of.... TWO members... Perfection... and La Flama Blanca!

Look at the facts, Sawyers!

Two of Dynasty's breakout stars- and quite frankly the two BEST all-around competitors within Dynasty- Kathryn Vermont Thomas and CBR are not only not in Dynasty anymore, they are COMPLETELY out of the UTA! Why?! Why is that, Sawyers?

Why is it that the longest reigning champion of ANY title in this modern era of UTA is suddenly canned? Oh,

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yeah, sure, the "excuse" given by CBR himself was that he was addicted to painkillers and was taking some time off.

Me personally, I think the REAL issue was that CBR was beginning to get more popular and more recognition and respect from the fans and his peers. We all know that someone as conceited as Perfection just couldn't handle that. So he went running to Wingate, who he knew would kiss his ass, and gave James an ultimatum, who in turn, gave CBR an ultimatum to leave under a bunch of lies, just to save his career!

So we all wonder whatever happened to KVT? She was, and in my opinion, still is, THE First Lady of the UTA. What happened to her, Sawyers? Why the sudden disappearing act? You can't tell me that it's because there's too much testosterone in the Dynasty locker room because KVT has more balls than everyone else associated within Dynasty combined!!!

Sawyers tries to make sense of the situation, and tries to reason with Woods, and offer more logical explanations.

Sawyers: Maybe she was just burned out. Perhaps she had nagging injuries she wanted to keep quiet. Maybe... Maybe she just wanted to pursue business ventures outside of wrestling. It could be any number of things, Woods.

Woods: You're right. It could be. But I think we're overlooking one very obvious thing here.

Perfection. See, Perfection, like I said, is pretty much one half of Dynasty. You don't do as he says, you don't agree with his decisions. You don't kiss his ass, you don't suck his dick, and he will make sure you don't have a job in UTA anymore. THAT is what I think happened here. Perfection, probably in some damn drunken stupor called up KVT one night, or cornered her down some hotel stairwell, and propositioned her for sex. When she turned him down and slapped the ever living dog [CENSORED] out of him, Perfection went and ran to his daddy, James Wingate, and had KVT fired!!!

Sawyers can hardly believe the accusations flying out of Woods mouth. Can the accusations be true no matter how outrageous they sound, or is Woods merely a disgruntled employee?

Sawyers: We don't know that about KVT for sure, Woods.

Woods throws his arms up in disgust.

Woods: Umm, yeah, and we may never know. Why do you think Wingate has never said anything about any of this?

Why did the sudden exit of UTA's greatest women wrestlers get swept under a rug so quickly and why has no one in Dynasty spoken up about it? It's because behind the answer is scandal and lies and Wingate doesn't want the secret getting out!

END PART THREE

[Sean Jackson vs. Abdul bin Hussaian](#)

We open back to a noisy crowd, with 18,000 fans screaming for their favourite superstars in the wake of a good night so far in Columbus, North Carolina.

Blackfront: Well, what a night we've had so far!

Ace: That's not the half of it Jason.

Blackfront: That's right Tommy, because we've still got two HUGE matches still to come. Two pay per view quality main event matches.

Ace: Woah woah woah don't go too far - Sean Jackson, Abdul Bin Hussain and La Flama Blanca of course...but Will Haynes? Don't let me ever catch you making such wild accusations about main events again!

Before Jason Blackfront can retort in a predictably admonishing way to his co-commentator, 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

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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 they emerge.

Blackfront: Here comes the butcher of Basra, off the back of a hellacious match against newcomer John Sektor last week

Ace: I said it two weeks ago - I can't wait to see those two in a UTA ring again together!

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

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring.

Blackfront: This is going to be one hell of a match tonight - I still remember April 2014 when Abdul Bin Hussain lost the UTA Title in a match he was never even in.

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Blackfront: And tonight he gets to go one on one with the man who took the title that night...Sea...

Ace: And the greatest UTA and UTA World Champion there has ever been...Dynasty's own, Sean Jackson!

There's a pause in the arena as AbH waits for his opponent, looking outside the ring at his compatriots then back at the screen...

v/o: Abdul bin Hussein, Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena start to dim as two lines of Arab-American females holding U.S. flags emerge from the backstage area. They are dressed very provocatively as they take flanking positions on both sides of the

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aisle, and begin to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. As their pledge is finished, a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

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

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: Well, this is a statement from Sean Jackson

Ace: Haven't you been paying attention to the past two weeks at ALL Jason?

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

With the UTA world championship belt fastened securely to his waist, Sean makes a complete turn on the stage, making sure everyone gets a full view of his newly acquired championship. After soaking in a resounding chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring. As they do, he has a smile on his face because he knows this will piss off Abdul bin Hussein.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark grey logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he removes the belt and holds it up high for everyone to see. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the UTA world champion The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

Ace: Just impressive Jason. Look at the specimen in the ring right there!

Blackfront: One of only two men to be two time UTA Champion.

Ace: The other being Perfection! All Dynasty

Jackson keeps his eyes on Abdul Bin Hussain, passing the World title to the referee, a slight grin across his face. Once the ref is back in the middle of the ring he calls for the bell, Jackson leaning back against the

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turnbuckle, one leg over the other and arms flayed over the top ropes, keeping his eyes on his opponent. Hussain approaches the middle of the ring slowly, raising his arms to a ready position.

Blackfront: Well, this one is underway folks but I think someone needs to tell our World Champion!

Ace: Mind games Jason, mind games.

Sean Jackson finally comes out of the corner, slowly wandering towards the centre of the squared circle and the former UTA Champion. AbH once again raises his hands, in a ready pose as Jackson pauses, stretching his back and shaking off his left leg. Finally, Hussain looks to have had enough and lunges forward, Jackson side stepping and pushing him with his own momentum towards the ropes. Abdul comes off the ropes and immediately ties up with the smaller opponent, using his superior weight to force Sean Jackson backwards.

Blackfront: Jackson is giving away over two hundred pounds in this match, the two are the same height but Hussain using his weight advantage.

Ace: Size doesn't matter when you take a knee to the back of the head Jason...

Jackson steps back and presses his arm over Abdul into a headlock. He tightens his right arm over AbH's neck and backs up to the ropes. Hussain goes for a whip out of the headlock, but Jackson keeps it tight. He brings a knee up to AbH's ribs followed by a second, Abdul firing a right fist into Sean's side. Once again he goes for a whip, but Sean Jackson tightens the hold and skids on his heels with the force, dropping to one knee and taking Abdul down with him. He lifts his wrist and grazes it over Abdul Bin Hussain's face before making a cover.

O...not even one.

Abdul who forces his way back to his feet and tries to lift Jackson off his feet, getting him a few inches before he drops back. Again he goes for a side suplex and Sean drops back and a third time...the third time Abdul Bin Hussain slips out of the hold and drop kicks The Mental Rapist from behind, who stumbles into the ropes and turns round just in time to duck out of the way of an attempted superkick!

Blackfront: That could have been disastrous for our World Champ!

Ace: He's got everything under control

Jackson walks round the ring, rubbing his back a little and shaking off the cobwebs. AbH has a smug look on his face, lifting his hand and holding his index finger less than an inch from his thumb as if to indicate 'that was this close'. Jackson beckons the Butcher of Basra forward and the two lock up once more.

Blackfront: This time Jackson using his strength to get the upper hand.

AbH spins round just before they hit the corner, pressing the Mental Rapist into the turnbuckle, the ref

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rushing in and breaking them up as Sean holds onto the middle rope ducking a little. AbH lifts up his hands and steps back but just as the referee backs away he slaps Jackson hard across his face, forcing the Dynasty member to stumble to the side in shock.

Ace: Wow!

Blackfront: Cheap shot by the former UTA Champion! Jackson looks pissed!

Sean Jackson stomps forward, to be stopped by the referee as AbH slips out of the ring, laughing to himself. He shouts some smack at the fans circling the ring, grabbing a little USA flag from a kid and tossing it on the floor, stamping on the little model. Sean Jackson steps back to the corner and motions outside the ring as the Arab-American women suddenly stand on all sides of AbH pointing and start shouting 'USA!...USA!...USA!'

Blackfront: Bin Hussain is surrounded! He cocks his fist and is in two minds!

Ace: There could be Iraqi's in that melee Jason

Before he makes a decision, Rafiq pushes some of the women out of the way, the others still shouting 'USA!' at AbH, who shouts his disdain at them for betraying their country. Before he can react further, a hand grabs his hair and hoists the Iraqi superstar onto the apron, driving a European Upercut to the back of his neck and sending AbH face first onto the floor outside, the women stepping aside whilst a furious Rafiq and Nazirah get in the faces of the random selection of USA clad females. Jackson slowly exits the ring, onto the floor and circles the downed body of Abdul Bin Hussain.

Ace: More mind games Jason...using the ring to his advantage!

Blackfront: Those women weren't the ring!

Ace: What else could they be...?

Jackson lifts AbH slowly upwards, as he holds the back of his neck, driving his knee into the mid-section of the Butcher of Basra. He repeats the knee before whipping Abdul into the steel barricade on the outside. Jackson approaches Hussain, but is met with a poke to the eyes forcing the World Champion to spin around and allowing AbH to push his opponent's back so he rams face first into the ring apron. Hussain follows it up with a running elbow to the middle of Jackson's back and sends him driving into the ring steps.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is down!

Ace: Sean used the ring...AbH used the eye poke...I...I don't know who to cheer for!

AbH walks slowly away from his opponent towards the Arab-American girls, who back off slowly. Hussain grins and picks up the broken American toy flag on the floor and waves it sarcastically whimpering 'You Ess

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Ay..." before crushing it in his fist and rolling back into the ring, the ref on a count of three. Abdul steps to the corner, proud of himself, getting to the second turnbuckle and shouting abuse at the fans. Meanwhile Sean Jackson gets back to his feet on the outside.

Blackfront: Our World Champion back up and getting back into the ring and he does not look happy!

Ace: I've seen that look before...

AbH turns back to face Jackson with a smile, just seeing focus and narrowed eyes looking back at him. Sean steps to the middle of the ring and beckons with his hands for Abdul to come forward. Hussain obliges and the two once again lock up, neither can get an advantage and drop to one knee a couple of times before Abdul twists Jackson's arm out stepping away from the lock up. He wrenches on the wrist, but Sean rolls through and back up, twisting the arm back and taking AbH's. Abdul flips out of it and once again takes control before Jackson punches him hard in the mouth with his free hand following it up with a vicious clothesline!

Blackfront: The Mental Rapist is all business. He follows it up with a European Uppercut as Hussain gets to his feet and oh!

AbH flails backwards, only to be met with a forearm to the face into the corner. He looks dazed but springs out of the corner with a clothesline attempt that Jackson ducks, going for a neckbreaker that AbH turns into a headlock followed by the World Champion launching the Butcher of Basra into the air with a Belly to Back Suplex, after squirming out of the lock. Abdul lands with a thud and onto his front in the middle of the ring, one arm reaching out and clawing at the ring to try and get to the ropes. Sean Jackson shakes off his arms and head and turns to face the downed opponent, slowly walking towards him. He meanders around Hussain, who starts to get onto all fours before bringing an elbow down onto his lower back, forcing the Iraqi to fall back to the mat.

Ace: This is the Sean Jackson we know!

Blackfront: That Belly to Back Suplex has put him in firm control. Another elbow drop to the lower back by the Champ!

Jackson gets to one knee, looking down at AbH. He lifts his head and delivers a slap across his face mouthing 'that was for earlier!' before slowly backing to the ropes and coming off of them with some momentum and dropping his knee to the back of Hussain, rolling through. Sean marches back to his opponent and drops a knee onto the small of his back, using his hands on Abdul's shoulders to pull the former UTA Champ back and put pressure on the move. Hussain yells out in pain, unable to move due to positioning and the hold on his shoulders. Jackson finally relents and gets back to his feet walking slowly around the anti-American, launching a boot into his face as he stirs.

Blackfront: Jackson in complete control now.

Ace: Did you expect anything else?

Blackfront: I thought you loved Hussain?

Ace: I do...I did...watch the damn action Jason and stop confusing me!

Jackson lifts Abdul up by his hair, dismissing the ref's arguments against it, before dragging him over to the corner. Sean drives a fist followed by a knee into the face of the Butcher of Basra before dropping down and rolling out of the ring. He reaches into the ring and pulls at Hussain onto the corner turnbuckle. Jackson uses one hand on Abdul's chin, the other on thigh, pulling back on both while AbH's back presses against the ring post and padding. Hussain yells out in pain and Sean pushes his boot against the ring apron for more force, pulling hard as the ref starts the count.

One...

Blackfront: Jackson taking the action outside again, really working on the back of Abdul Bin Hussain. Now he pulls Hussain out of the ring

Ace: Methodical Jason...what he's all about!

Two...

On the outside, Bin Hussain holds one hand on his back and the other on the floor as he tries to crawl towards the barricade. Jackson follows and kicks AbH's hand away from the floor, causing him to fall on his front. The World Champ lifts him to his feet and follows up with a vicious belly to belly on the outside towards the timekeeper, causing Hussain to land into a selection of chairs!

Three...Four...Five...

Ace: Wow, that was violent!

Blackfront: Jackson is determined to finish off his former rival. He's following Abdul to the corner...wait, Jackson has the title!

Six...

Indeed, Sean Jackson holds the World Title in his hand and drops down to one knee, saying something to AbH that we can't quite hear and forcing him to look at the gold. Hussain coughs a little, grasping at Sean's wrist, the other hand on the floor. Jackson mouths something about Abdul never touching the belt again

and...

Seven...

Blackfront: Abdul Bin Hussain just took out the champ!

AbH uses his grip on Jackson's wrist to force the title up and into the World Champ's face, the ref not seeing it due to the commotion outside, causing Sean Jackson to flop down onto the floor. Hussain stumbles over onto the limp body of his opponent and starts wailing away with right fists, shouting in Arabic down at the Mental Rapist. Again and again the fists land, followed by a knee to the face.

Eight...

Abdul pulls Jackson to the ring and rolls in, before slipping out to break the count, still holding his back. He lifts Sean Jackson to his feet and pulls him across to the announce table, slamming his face down onto the surface...and again...

Ace: Hussain is NOT happy Jason...not happy at all! What are Dynasty going to do!?

Blackfront: Can you blame him?

AbH perches Jackson against the announce table by his back, before jumping up onto the ring apron. He backs up along the curtain, before running forward and launching into a flying side kick into the face of Sean Jackson off of the ring apron in mid-air! Sean flies over the announce table, causing the chairs to part on the other side and Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace to stand back. AbH gets back to his feet and walks round, picking the World Champ back up, slamming his face into the monitor before delivering a snap suplex back towards the ring on the outside.

Blackfront: And there goes the backstage monitor!

Ace: Look! He's trying to get him back into the ring...maybe Hussain is going for the win!

Back inside the ring, AbH covers Jackson.

One...two...kickout!

He gets back to his feet and whips Jackson hard into the corner. Abdul backs off to the opposite corner and charges forward...

Blackfront: Fist of Allah! Fist of Allah!

Before Jackson can fall, AbH tosses his opponent to the ropes, coming off with a vicious clothesline!

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Ace: Beheading!! Is this one over??

Cover...

One...two...the ref stops.

Blackfront: Fantastic ring awareness there by our World Champion...foot on the ropes!

Ace: That's why he is who he is Jason.

Abdul argues with the referee before looking down at his slowly rising opponent. He drops down into a chin lock, pushing his knee into the back of Sean for leverage. The ref checks, but Jackson shows no signs of giving up, struggling against the hold. He presses his knees harder into Jackson, pulling his arms out and rolls onto his back into a modified Surfboard Submission! Sean yells out in pain, struggling against the hold, but it's tight and tightening. More pressure, more pain...the crowd are reacting not knowing who to cheer for but celebrating in the intense action. Will he...won't he...no!

Blackfront: Jackson manages to roll out of the hold and to the ropes.

Before he can get far though...Abdul comes running forward with a dropkick to the back of Sean's head into the ropes. He spins around onto his knees looking back and.

Ace: Shining Wizard! Damn! It has to be over now! Has to be!

Cover. One...two...No! Jackson kicks out! Abdul Bin Hussain slams at the mat, furious and shouting at himself. The Arabian warrior gets to his feet and backs to the ropes, focus, intent on his face.

Blackfront: Abdul Bin Hussain looking to end this one now. He's going for the Pray to Allah...if he hits this, it's...wait...

On the outside one of the Arab-American girls steps forward towards the ring, her hands behind her back. One hand comes back round to her front holding a microphone and...

*O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain...*

Blackfront: America the Beautiful! She's singing America the Beautiful!

The angelic voice stops Bin Hussain before he can launch the move, turning to look outside with a furious expression on his face.

*For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!*

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AbH moves to the ropes and looks down at the girl, both hands on the top rope shouting down. Another four girls then step forward, each with their own mic in hand.

America! America!

God shed his grace on thee

At this point, Hussain loses it, reaching down with his right hand trying to grab at the Arab-American girls who simply step out of reach.

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea!

He goes ballistic, kicking at the ropes and yelling at Rafiq on the outside to intervene, who is doing his best to get past another four holding him away. The ref is at the ropes yelling at AbH to step back and shouting outside at the girls to stop...and...

Blackfront: Oh my god! Low Blow by Sean Jackson!

Ace: Yes! Yes! But...No! Noo! Abdul! Um...go Sean!

AbH drops to his knees as the UTA World Champion pushes to his feet. He takes off across the ring, hitting the ropes. As he returns, he brings a knee up toward the back of Abdul's head.

Blackfront: GAME CALLED DUE TO DARKNESS! IT CONNECTS!

As Abdul bin Hussain hits the canvas, Jackson quickly leaps over and on top of him. The referee slides into place. For extra measure, Jackson throws his legs up on the ropes for leverage.

Blackfront: Oh come on!

As the referee's hand hits for a third time, Jackson quickly drops his legs and the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... SEAN... JAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion pulls off a victory but not without controversy.

Ace: Are you kidding?! That was an amazing win!

Jackson is handed his title which he holds high up as he stands over a fallen Abdul bin Hussain.

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[Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part FOUR](#)

Exclusive Interview With TS Jeremiah Woods-Part FOUR

Woods looks at Sawyers, halfway expecting an answer from him, but all Sawyers can do is open his mouth but no words are coming out. Woods isn't surprised by this and rubs his chin with his left hand. He sits back in his chair, and points to Sawyers.

Woods: This whole Dynasty mess has had Wingate's grubby little fingers all over it for months. Don't you find it convenient that time and time again a Dynasty member has been wearing or had a championship opportunity multiple times?

Isn't it convenient that Wingate tried to repeatedly feed me Sean Jackson, and wanted to do so another time at Black Horizon even though I told him that under no uncertain terms I was done with Jackson after Season's Beatings?

Sawyers: I don't know Mr. Woods, Wingate has gone on record stating you will NEVER see Sean Jackson in a match ever again.

Woods eyes light up, and he smiles.

Woods: OF COURSE, Sawyers! It's all part of Wingate's master plan at getting revenge on me for killing his daddy in the ring! He made absolutely SURE that Sean Jackson would walk out UTA Champion just to

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rub the UTA World Championship in my face, letting it be known that as long as Sean Jackson is champion, I will NEVER have an opportunity at him, OR the World Championship!

Isn't it also convenient that, despite the alleged "luck of the draw" at All or Nothing, that Perfection, La Flama Blanca, and Sean Jackson STILL ended up walking away with championship titles?

Sawyers: The way the match was set up anyone could have walked out with a title.

Woods: (Goes on like Sawyers never said anything) That's not because Dynasty is "good". That is more of the scandal with Wingate himself FIXING the draw so that Dynasty comes out smelling fresh as a baby's butt and humiliates everyone else in the process! No one saw the drawing take place. It wasn't made public! Why? So that Dynasty members could be positioned properly based on certain numbers in the tumbler being previously REMOVED!!

Sawyers is now becoming annoyed with all of Woods ridiculous accusations and fingerpointing. He is tired of hearing these things coming out of Woods mouth that seem so hard to fathom or believe. He looks callously at Woods and shrugs his shoulders, throwing his hands into the air, as if he has given up on the entire interview.

Sawyers: Anything else...Woods! We're out of time, and you've said more than enough.

Woods: Yeah, yeah, most people have the attention span of a gnat F[CENSORED] THEM!!

Yeah, I got one last thing to say... and that is Sean Jackson better watch himself. He better be looking out for the obvious screwjob coming at Black Horizon! He'd better be looking out for me!

Last year, I screwed Sean Jackson out of the UTA Title. THIS year, however, the screwjob, will come from within,... from within the very walls of Dynasty itself! Sean Jackson has been so focused on achieving his goal of reclaiming the UTA World Title, and listening to the bullcrap coming from his lawyer's mouth, that he doesn't see the conspiracy between Wingate and La Flama Blanca unfolding right before his eyes!

I said before Dynasty was just a two -man band, and Wingate is in obviously in bed with Perfection and LFB because of all the favors they receive. At Black Horizon, don't be surprised if La Flama Blanca ends up with the UTA World Championship and Sean Jackson is kicked to the curb and forcibly removed from Dynasty... AND the UTA!!

Sawyers just shakes his head.

Sawyers: And... how do we all know this isn't just a little bit of Spectre's mind games coming out into the open again? You know you can never face Sean Jackson again. You KNOW you can't go looking for him. Wingate is never going to allow it!

Woods leans in, with a stern and serious look on his face.He moves nose to nose with Sawyers.

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Woods: It doesn't matter what law Wingate hands down on me, Sawyers...because sooner or later... Sean Jackson...if he hears this interview and everything I had to say...sooner or later...Sean Jackson will come looking for me.

Woods continues to look at Sawyers, who appears disinterested. Woods shoves Sawyers to the ground.

Woods: This interview is over! Get the [CENSORED] off my property!

Woods turns his attention to the cameraman, and chases him down, knocking him to the ground.

Woods: Did you hear what I said? GET THE [CENSORED] OFF MY DAMN PROPERTY...NOW!!!!

Woods steps on the camera, cutting the feed, leaving only the sound of white noise and a snowy screen.

[Executive Decision](#)

Executive Decision

We move backstage where James Wingate snarls at the image of Jeremiah Woods on a small screen. Cancer Jiles stands next to him with a nervous look on his face.

Jiles: Ummm... You OK boss?

James takes a deep breath.

Wingate: Am I OK? Am I.. OK?

He turns to Cancer.

Wingate: NO! I AM NOT OK!

Cancer is taken back with surprise of the outburst.

Jiles: You said he was banned from events. I thought...

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James cuts him off.

Wingate: You thought? You THOUGHT?!

He moves into Cancer's face, spit flying as he yells.

Wingate: God damn it Jiles.. YOU THOUGHT WRONG!

Cancer backs up, his hands up.

Wingate: You know damn well I did not want him on my show at all! Now, you give him a one on one interview so he can make up whatever he wants? Say whatever he wants? Do whatever he wants?! Are you kidding me?

Jiles: No. I just...

Wingate: SHUT UP!

Jiles: Sorr-

Wingate: Damnit Jiles... I put a lot of trust in you, and this is what you do? Did you even make the call today?

Cancer gulps.

Jiles: Well, I.. I figured.. since he's already booked next week...

James cocks his head.

Wingate: You figured? I told you to call James today and tell him that after that stunt he pulled last week with Lamond Alexander Robertson that he was fired! You can't even do a simple thing like fire PERFECTION?!

Blackfront: Did the boss just say that he wanted Perfection fired?

Ace: No! He couldn't have!

James takes a breath.

Wingate: Well, good thing I took the liberty to do so today myself.

The fans can be heard in the background, cheering.

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Jiles: You.. You.. fired him?

Wingate: YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I DID!

Jiles: But what about his match next week?!

A knock can be heard at the door.

Wingate: I already found a suitable replacement.

The camera pans out as the door flies open. In walks... Mike Best and Alex Beckman.

Jiles: What?

James smiles and reaches out, shaking Mike's hand.

Wingate: Mr. Best.

Mike just nods at the boss who turns back to Cancer Jiles.

Wingate: Next week, Lamond Alexander Robertson will face Alex Beckman in her UTA debut.

Jiles: But, that's-

Wingate: Don't even finish your sentence Jiles.

Jiles: But, I...

Wingate: I nothing.. You're fired too!

Jiles: You can't be serious?

Wingate: Oh I'm serious. After watching you let the inmates run the asylum I decided that if I wanted something right, I'd do it myself.

Jiles: This is so uncool!

Wingate: Now.. get the hell out of MY office!

Cancer looks at the ground and just walks past the three. James fixes his collar and turns back to Mike Best and Alex Beckman.

Wingate: I think that it's time for a new era to begin here in the UTA. Wouldn't you agree?

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Beckman just stands, a stone cold look on her face as Mike Best smiles.

Blackfront: You heard it here folks.. Perfection and Cancer Jiles both have been fired. Alex Beckman will make her UTA debut next week. A new era has truly began.

Ace: I.. I'm so conflicted.

We fade.

[Death Certificate](#)

Death Certificate

The arena lights slowly diminish. An eerie creepy silent song slowly plays. As the tron shows Crimson Lord his back turned shirtless. Showing off his massive back, the area he stands in is black with only a lone blue and white light showing from the bottom.

Blackfront: It seems we are going to be graced by Crimson Lord.

The lights move slowly underneath his massive frame his head is lowered. His hair appears wet; he has fingerless black gloves on. His menacing voice sends chills throughout the arena.

Crimson: I have lived every waking moment of my life following seven simple rules. Two which I hold the dearest.....

Crimson turns toward the tron staring over his shoulder toward the arena.

Crimson: You sheep refer to those rules as the seven deadly sins! But of those seven deadly sins, wrath is the healthiest - next only to pride. Some call me a psychopath; some call me an arrogant brute.

Crimson: I however am above all of you, my rage surpasses any of you pathetic excuse of new generation superstars in this company. I am the epitome of the true essence of a seven foot demonic monster when I step through those ropes!

Crimson turns fully around. He raises his hand and what appears to be blood slowly drips from his hand. His eyes slowly look toward his hand.

Crimson: The life essence of all that is in this world. BLOOD! I have spent my life trying to take victim after victim's very life essence from them!

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Crimson slowly moves his hand on his face. He wipes the blood on the left side of his face. A very sick and demented smile slowly comes across his face.

Crimson: You have to understand that only the noble all the way to the bottom feeders end up facing me. My anger has made me destroy career after career, and I felt no sorrow or guilt after the act!

Crimson: I am so obsessed with myself to just turn my back on the sufferings of others, and leave them in pain! Such souls belong beneath my foot! Because they would find no peace elsewhere. In this place, they are understood. In this place, their faults have meaning. In this place, their careers belong to ME!

Crimson slowly walks toward the tron. Crimson comes to a full facial view only showing his one red eye. Covered in blood still, dripping from his cheek.

Crimson: I am the cosmic storms. I am the tiny worms. I am fear in the night. I am bringer of blight. Come Black Horizon I dare any of you so called UTA superstars to sign your name on your *Death Certificate*!

Crimson: Next week let's see which one of you cattle has the sack to step through those ropes with "The Plague of Darkness!" Embrace the darkness as it will overcome you!

Crimson slowly fades into the darkness as the lights return to normal.

Ace: Well, the man does make some valid points. He has been rather vicious in that ring.

Blackfront: Yea and it appears he is looking for his next victim at Black Horizon. But who will step up to the plate?

[Backstage with Blackbeard](#)

Backstage with Blackbeard

The scene fades to the backstage area known as the "craft" area, where there is a huge table full of food, snacks, bottles of water, plates, and some plastic silverware. This is where the Scourge of the Seven Seas can be seen, feasting on a delicious smorgasborg of lunch meats and cheeses.

He pays no heed to the craft services workers who pass by, as he drains his stein of a questionable substance (likely grog) and crams more food into his mouth. His one good eye darts around, and catches a glance at a few of the ladies backstage, to which he straightens up, and offers a very impressive bow.

He turns his attention back to the craft table, but as he begins to grab another fistful of lunch meat, a man's shadow appears on the wall behind the table. Blackbeard quickly whips around, his good eye narrows and his magnificent beard ripples as he sees two men that he's only heard about, but never met.

Blackbeard: 'ello matey, be ye friend or foe to this Dread Pirate?

The camera turns to reveal David Hightower and Old Man Hightower standing there waiting to get some food.

David: Oh god... This guy...

Old Man Hightower steps in front of Blackbeard.

Old Man Hightower: Get the hell out of my way Captain Morgan! You're hogging all the prime roast beef!

Old Man Hightower pokes Blackbeard in the chest with his walking cane.

David: Dad! That's probably not a good id...

David ponders the scenario for a few seconds.

David: Actually I think I'm goin to sit back and watch how this here plays out...

David says grabbing a bag of potato chips off the table and opening it up.

Blackbeard glances at the cane with a sneer and pushes it away with his hooked hand. He half-expected this man known as Old Man Hightower to list to one side or fall, but he holds his ground.

Blackbeard: Matey, ye best watch where yer puttin' yer stick. I ain't one fer hittin' the old an' infirmed, but I'll do it.

Blackbeard takes a look over at David Hightower, eating his bag of chipped potatoes and shrugs his shoulders. He now raises up his hand and strokes his thick, wild beard as he considers his next action.

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Blackbeard: I'll tell ye what, old timer. I'll let ye have some o' this roasted beef, but only because I feel sorry for ye.. havin' such a piss poor beard, an' one that I'd be ashamed to wear.

Blackbeard takes a half-step back, but keeps his hand on the plate of roast beef.

Old Man Hightower: What did you just say?!

Old Man Hightower throws his tea jug at David who catches it.

David: Dad? What are ya doin?!

Old Man Hightower: Now ya best listen here Captain Ass Crack! I've been growin this here beard since David wandered around in diapers! I may be old but I can still kick yer ass boy!

David face palms as Old Man Hightower rolls up his sleeves.

Old Man Hightower: No one disrespects my beard and lives to tell about it!

Blackbeard's face has a momentary look of surprise on it, but being the natural pirate that he is, it quickly turns into one of malicious glee. He straightens his sleeves on his silk pirate shirt and then twists the hook on his hand with a grin.

Blackbeard: I wouldn't have t' disrespect yer beard if ye knew how t' grow a proper one, matey.

Blackbeard steps up close to Old Man Hightower and stares at his beard. Blackbeard snorts and then takes another step back.

Blackbeard: Yer not anythin' fer me to be scared of, ya scallywag. But if ye think yer up for a challenge, then why don't ye meet me at the next Victory? I'll be right here, we'll have a Beard Measuring Contest t' see who has the biggest beard in the business. Unless yer as yella' as The Spectre's teeth!

David groans crumpling up the bag of chips he was eating.

David: Oh come on! Ya can't be serious! Dad how dumb can ya be?! It's obvious that it ain't real!

David says walking over and grabbing Blackbeard by the beard and yanks on it.

Blackbeard bellows in pain, rage fills his eyes as he shoves David back with a mighty heave. He now strokes his beard and snarls at the young man.

Blackbeard: What's gotten in yer dumb bloke brain? This magnificent beard be grown by a true man, and I got the hair on me chest t' prove it. Touch me beard again, an' I'll disembowel ye wit' my silver hook!

David: Huh.... Thought for sure that was fake...

Old Man Hightower: Dumb ass!

Blackbeard walks past David roughly, his shoulder bumping into the other man's. Blackbeard comes to a stop by the edge of the craft area and snaps his fingers. One of his 'ship captives' walks out. Blackbeard points over at the table.

Blackbeard: Get some of the food fer me after my match. An' put some o' them strange, clear gloves on yer hands before ye touch th' food.

Blackbeard turns his attention back to David Hightower and Old Man Hightower. He waves dismissively at them both and then points his shiny hook directly at Old Man Hightower.

Blackbeard: Ye both better watch yer back. I ain't t' be trifled wit'. I'll turn yer bodies int' hollowed out carcasses if ye step to me beard again. I ain't gonna warn ye twice.

Old Man Hightower: Are you trying to scare me? Boy I served in Vietnam! While you're out there sailing the seven seas I was getting shot at! I'm not going to be intimidated by someone who looks like he belongs

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outside of a seafood restaurant!

David: Dad! Yer not goin to fight Blackbeard!

Old Man Hightower: The hell I ain't! He has the nerve to say something about my beard?

Old Man Hightower looks at Blackbeard's captive and in one swift motion nails him behind the knees with his cane.

Blackbeard winces and snarls at Old Man Hightower.

Blackbeard: I ain't done wit' ye yet, old man. I'll see ye soon, and ye won't think so lightly o' me then.

Blackbeard waves his hook hand in a warning and now steps out of the backstage area as the scene fades out.

[Will Haynes vs. La Flama Blanca](#)

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his Dynasty apparel, his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt and gesturing around his waist for a possible NEW title to be held.

Blackfront: Main event time folks, and boy oh BOY do we have a big time match in store for you right now as two of UTA's best competitors and bitter rivals go head to head for the Legacy championship.

Ace: Big time match indeed, and that is a BIG time player right there, La Flama Blanca. Gonna bring home the gold yet again for Dynasty.

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He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Twenty pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the cage, he looks up at the structure and feels its jagged walls with his fingers.. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY and one half of the UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... HE IS LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He slowly makes his way around the cage, stroking it and staring at it through the eyeholes of his mask as though he's taking it all in.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Blackfront: He has certainly had quite the year. He's currently number one in the rankings, miles ahead of anybody else. Last week he became number one contender for the UTA championship at Black Horizon and now, as one half of the Tag Team champions, representing Dynasty he is going for the Legacy championship. What do you think his chances are Tommy?

Ace: He's taking the Gold home tonight Jason. No two ways about it. This guy has waited too long for an opportunity like this and he isn't to waste it. No disrespect to Haynes, but my money is on this man right here..

The fans continue to boo and jeer Blanca, but he's in a world of his own now as he just continues to stare at the cage.

Blackfront: Blanca is really staring at that structure Tommy, he look intimidated to you?

Ace: Nah, he's just getting himself in the zone. This is his time Jason and everything has to be perfect.

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. He stops at the top of the ramp and stretches his arms out wide, arching back his head and taking in the ovation as the Legacy title takes the focus around his waist.

Blackfront: Here comes the champ, another young man whos having a great year, finishing second at All or

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Nothing and very nearly winning the whole thing and becoming UTA champion.

Ace: But he DIDN'T did he Jason?

Blackfront: No, but he certainly placed higher than Blanca and that has to be running through both these guys minds.

Ace: That's ridiculous talk! Blanca beat Haynes two weeks ago in the number one contenders match. You can talk all you want about psychological advantages but at the end of the day its all about who's the most hungry.

Will begins to walk down the aisle, nod his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

He continues to greet fans on decent.

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

He removes the Legacy title from around his waist, holding it up for the crowd to see as he nears the cage.

Announcer: Will "the THRILL"...

Before the Announcer can finish his name, La Flama Blanca had come flying off the ring barricade and taken Will Haynes down with flying lariat. The crowd boo in abundance as Wills music abruptly stops.

Blackfront: Cheapshot from La Flama Blanca! That's hardly what I'd call a good start to your 'Legacy.'

LFB has mounted Haynes on the outside, hammering him with lefts and rights as the champion can do nothing but protect himself.

Ace: He's taking every advantage he can get, and given these fans instant intensity for this main event. I'd call that GREAT start!

Blanca eventually dismounts and drags the champion to his feet, grabbing hold of his arm and whipping him straight into the wall of a cage, creating a sickening sound of flesh meeting steel.

Blackfront: We should probably point out that this match hasn't officially started and WON'T do until both men are inside the cage.

Ace: It won't start until LFB is ready for it to start..

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LFB executes a standing dropkick on Haynes against the cage, staring out at the crowd as they shower him with hate. Blanca leans down and grabs his head, but Will fights back with a stiff punch to LFB's gut, followed by a second and third, but LFB stops the momentum with a driving knee to the side of his head, ending any excitement from the crowd. He then drags Will up and drives him back into the cage before stepping back and kicking him twice in the mid-section, completing the fluid melee with a spinning heel kick.

Ace: What a talent this guy is. Bruce Lee would be proud of kicks like that..

Blackfront: There's no denying the skills of this Luchadore, only the morals..

Ace: There's no room for morals in title matches Jason..

After showboating to the crowd for what he has done so far, Blanca eventually walks a groggy looking Will Haynes around to the cages door, throwing him in and climbing in after him. The referee (Frank Knoxx) quickly closes the gate and yells for the bell.

DING DING!!

Blackfront: And we're now OFFICIALLY underway! And La Flama Blanca looks like he wants to get this one done early..

LFB has Haynes on his feet in the ring, executes one snap suplex, followed by a second before finishing off the combo with a sit out suplex, stepping back as Haynes bravely jumps up to his feet.

Ace: He's got him in his sights! Superkick city is coming into town!

As Haynes turns, Blanca charges forward and goes for the..

Ace: ESTUPENDO KICK!

Blackfront: But HAYNES DUCKS!

As Haynes ducks under the kicking leg of LFB, he executes a ferocious release German suplex, landing the luchadore awkwardly on his neck. The crowd goes wild!

Blackfront: Haynes had him scouted! And now he's found a foothole in this match, but can the champion capitalise?

Haynes shakes off the cobwebs of the early assault, before pumping his arms to the crowd as he feels a shot of adrenaline coursing through his body. Blanca is getting up to his feet but holding his neck. Haynes rushes over and sets him up, sending him flying over head and straight into the wall of the cage with an exploder suplex!

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Blackfront: THRILLPLEX!! STRAIGHT INTO THE CAGE!

Ace: Oh no no no..this isnt good for Blanca..

The crowd are roaring as Haynes rolls him over and dives on top for the cover as Knoxx counts..

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Blackfront: Has he..NO! BLANCA KICKS OUT JUST IN TIME!

Ace: Wooh, that was close. That could have been embarrassing.

Haynes holds his head, realising how close he was to getting the job done early. However, like a true champion he doesn't complain he just gets focussed and drags the luchadore up to his feet with him. Haynes smiles as he see's how wobbly Blanca legs are and decides to turn him around and decides to lock him into a standing rear chin lock, staring out at his adoring crowd.

Blackfront: Ohhh we know what this means...it could be over if he hits this.

He begins to swing around to hit the rolling cutter, but Blaca slips free and uses the momentum to jump back and kick him around the back of his head.

Ace: He had him scouted too! Smart wrestling from Blanca right there!

Blackfront: Both these two know each other so well that this may become a regular feature throughout this match.

Both men look groggy on their feet and the champion tries to step forward for a slug, but Blanca greets him with a half hearted kick to the gut and follows it up with a double arm DDT! The two men lie motionless for a while..

Blackfront: No count outs here folks. This match can only be decided by pinfall, submission or by escaping the cage..

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Blanca rolls onto his side and pushes himself up to his feet, looking at Haynes who has begun to stare of the canvas. He walks over to the champion and kicks him a few times like a piece of garbage before heading over to the corner.

Ace: Looks like La Flama Blanca's opting for the latter. The luchadore will leave this match in the most comfortable way he knows how. SMART!

The crowd offer no support and only boo's as Blanca begins to scale the cage. Suddenly, those boo's turn to cheers as Haynes springs to life and sprints over, scurrying up the turnbuckle and chasing after him. Blanca looks down and realises he's on his tail and tries to climb faster.

Blackfront: The race is on here folks!

Ace: COME ON SPIDEY!

Blanca gets to the top of the cage but Haynes is right behind him. But it's too late, Blanca has thrown his leg over the top.

Ace: He's gonna do it!

The crowd boo as Blanca climbs over the top, but then cheer as Haynes reaches over and grabs hold of his head. He keeps his grip tight and pulls with all his strength, forcing Blancas to climb back up or else have his mask ripped off.

Blackfront: Blanca's worried about his mask! He's climbing back up!

Ace: You see that! You tried to talk about morals before Jason, and here's a luchadore sacrificing a certain win to protect his integrity!

Haynes manages to throw one of Blancas arms around his neck and the crowd all begin to buzz with excitement as they all begin to predict what's about to happen. With an amazing show of strength he lifts Blanca up and over to the top of the cage, falling back and falling the full fifteen plus feet to the unforgiving canvas below, landing in a thunderous heap.

Blackfront: OH MY GAWD!!!

Fans: HOLY SHIT!!! HOLY SHIT!! HOLY SHIT!!

Ace: I can't believe what I just saw..

Knox checks on both men in the ring, who are both laid out and breathing heavily, neither moving a muscle.

Blackfront: Both men may be broken in half...Knox may have to call an end to this match.

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Ace: Not another draw, surely? Not two weeks in a row?

Knox looks up to the outside and shrugs his shoulders, looking torn as to what to do as neither man moves.

Blackfront: He may not have a choice. If neither man can continue then what can he do?

Ace: WHAT A COP-OUT!! I WANT A WINNER DAMNIT!

As though Haynes heard his cry, he slowly raises an arm and begins to roll, throwing it limply over LFB's chest. Knox quickly gets in position..

ONE

TWO

THREE..

Blackfront: KICKOUT! How in the HECK did he do that?

Ace: Cause he's La Flama EFFIN BLANCA...that's why!

Haynes can't even grieve because he's in too much pain from the fall. Both men take their time to recover, crawling in opposite directions to the ropes so that they can use them for leverage.

Blackfront: Both of these men are putting everything they've got into this match. Every bit of fight they have is being put on display here tonight and it's all for the Legacy title and the pride that comes with it.

Both men gingerly walk over to one another in the middle of the ring and begin exchanging tired slugs. The crowd ooh's and ah's as they take turns nailing each other with haymakers, before Blanca finally gets the upper hand by nailing the champion in the side of the head with a roundhouse. Blanca steps back and comes forward for a superkick, but Haynes ducks and straps him back in for the 'Thrill Ride'....but Blanca reverses and rolls him up with a school boy pin..

ONE

TWO

THREE

Blackfront: Another close call!

Blanca charges back at Haynes, but the champion sees him in time and side-steps, throwing him face first into the steel wall of the cage, dropkicking him between the shoulders back into the steel.

Blackfront: The challenger is getting acquainted with the steel of the cage as the champion gets some momentum going..

As Blanca stumbles backwards, the champion rolls him up with a school boy of his own..

ONE

TWO

THREE

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KICKOUT!

Both men are back up and Blanca runs at the champion, jumping up and wrapping his legs around his face as he executes a perfect hurricarana, sending him face first into the steel cage. The champion staggers back and Blanca runs off the ropes, leaping over him and pinning him down with a sunset flip.

ONE

TWO

THR..

KICKOUT!!

Haynes rolls backwards out of it and grabs Blanca's legs, flipping over with a bridge pin.

ONE

TWO

Blanca grabs the waist of Haynes and pushes up, removing his shoulders from the canvas. He then twists him around and slides him down his shoulders with a crucifix pin.

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT!

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The fans cheer and give both competitors a round of applause for the quick reversals and exhibition of great wrestling.

Blackfront: Wow! We're watching two of the best really showing exactly what they can do tonight. Both men are not only trying to win, but they're trying to outperform each other at every opportunity.

Ace: Gotta say, the mask looks better than Will Hayne's boring face..

Both men nod at one another as they hear the cheers, possibly feeling some mutual respect in the heat of battle, but Blanca quickly nullifies this by launching forward for another attack. He hammers Haynes with a few knife edge chops, but Haynes send a knee to the mid section, whipping him to the ropes. But Blanca jumps on the middle rope and executes a perfect Asai moonsault, landing behind Haynes and completing a reverse DDT!

Blackfront: EL PONCHE! THIS COULD BE OVER!

Ace: A picture of perfection..speaking of whom..never mind..GO BLANCA!

Blancas quickly covers for the

ONE

TWO

THREE!!

Ace: YESSS!!!!

Blackfront: NO!! HAYNES KICKED OUT! KNOXX SAYS ITS A TWO!

Blanca can't believe it. He glares a hole through Knoxx's head as the referee shows him two fingers. The crowd begin to boo as Blanca springs up to his feet and begins to get into Knoxx's face.

Blackfront: LFB thought he had it won right there..

Ace: That's because he DID! I call a foul!

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Blackfront: You can call what you want but it won't change Knoxx's mind..

Blanca shakes his head at Knoxx, but slowly turns with purpose as he hears Haynes starting to move behind him. Like a true predator, he waits for the champion to slowly get to his feet, sizing him up.

Ace: Look at his eyes! He's ready to kill!

Blackfront: Haynes better wake up if he wants to keep his title..this isnt a good place to be right now with a hungry and incensed challenger stalking you like this..

Haynes finally reaches a vertical base and Blanca goes for the superkick..but Haynes ducks AGAIN, spinning LFB around and sending him up and over into the cage with a belly to belly.

Blackfront: Oh good lord! The challenger landed all kinds of awkward after hitting the cage!

Ace: This is turning out to be a brutal affair, Jason. I worry about Blanca's health..

Blackfront: And Haynes?

Ace: Meh..

Haynes thinks about grabbing the challenger, but notices that he's trapped between the ropes and the cage. The crowd cheer and scream for him to climb, which he eventually does to standing ovation of excitement.

Blackfront: Haynes going for the escape!

Haynes begins his ascent..

Ace: Cowards way out..

Blackfront: WHAT? Blanca tried to do that like ten minutes ago..

Haynes gets about three quarters of the way up and Blanca wakes up beneath him, freeing himself up and seeing whats happened. He shakes off the cobwebs and quickly climbs after him, rapidly scaling the cage.

Ace: Look at the speed of Blanca as he gives chase!

Haynes throws his body on the top of the cage, but Blanca reaches up and grabs hold of his tights. He keeps hold as he climbs on top himself. Both men are now sat on top of the cage and exchanging stiff punches. Haynes nails Blanca who nearly loses balance, but manages to pull his weight back forward to propel a stiff right hand of his own.

Blackfront: This is so dangerous..

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Ace: We love danger..

Blackfront: We love Team Danger...but not this kind of danger..

Ace: Erm, speak for yourself there homie. I love DANGER..period.

Blanca throws a leg down over the side of the cage and Haynes does the same. Both men now hang over the side, exchanging punches.

They grab each other with one hand each. Blanca loses one of his footholds but Haynes keeps hold of him. He steps down so that they are both level and nails him with a heabutt. Blanca lets go of the cage with one of his hands after being hit and Haynes eyes bulge as he realises what he just nearly did.

Blackfront: Both men fighting on the outer wall, this match could end the second one of them falls! But who will it be.

Both men now hang halfway down the cage and both begin to deliver headbutts to one another. Eventually they both arch back and throw a headbutt, connecting at the same time and falling limp to the outside of the ring.

The fans cheer wildly, but they don't know why because no one knows who the winner is.

DING DING DING!!

Blackfront: THE MATCH IS OVER! But who won?

Ace: Blanca! It had to be Blanca!

Knox looks to the other officials on the outside of the cage, but everyone seems to have the same dumbstruck expression.

Blackfront: Oh my God this is intense...no one in here knows what's going on and the two competitors are knocked out!

Knox opens the cage door and begins a conference with the other officials..whilst on the outside, Blanca and Haynes are both pulling themselves up on opposite sides of the ramp. After shaking off the cobwebs, they both look to the ring in confusion, each trying to figure out the result of the match like everyone else inside the arena. Knox eventually calls over the announcer and whispers something into his ear. The announcer nods, seeming to understand the instructions he has given him.

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Blackfront: Here we go, we're about to find out who's walking out of here with the Legacy title.

Ace: This is SO, dramatic..

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen...after forty three minutes and twenty two seconds of wrestling action..senior official Frank Knoxx has determined that there is no clear winner..and THEREFORE..

Blanca's eyes instantly close with disappointment.

Ace: NO...IT CANT BE A DRAW..IT CANT!

Announcer: ...he has ORDERED...that this match be RESTARTED..

The fans instantly leap out of their seats with excitement.

Announcer: ..and that both competitors must re-enter..THE CAGE!!

Blanca's eyes burst to life and he sprints towards the champion, but Haynes see's him coming and blocks his attack, unleashing a hell fire of punches on the challenger. The crowd are bursting out of their skin with excitement as the champion beats the crap out of La Flama Blanca, launching him face first into the outside of the cage.

Blackfront: THE MATCH CONTINUES!!

Haynes rolls Blanca back into the cage and the door is once again locked. Haynes continues to nail Blanca with punch after punch after punch..the last shot connecting right on the button and sending Blanca's legs to jelly. Haynes catches him and sets up for the Rolling Cutter..

Blackfront: Here it comes..

But BLANCA REVERSES, spins him around and nails the SUPERKICK!

Ace: FINALLY!!!

The crowd die with disappointment, save for the small pocket of La Flama Blanca fans who cheer him as he hesitates over the downed champion. Instead of going for the pin he begins to scale the cage. He climbs as fast as his weakened legs will carry him, almost slipping off as he gets half way and hanging on by his fingertips.

Ace: CAREFUL!!

Blackfront: He should have just pinned him, Tommy. Blanca can barely move his legs..

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He continues to climb but Haynes is rolling onto his stomach beneath him. The challenger doesn't realise and continues to climb at a painfully slow pace.

Ace: Don't look down Eduardo! Just CLIMB!

Haynes is up on his feet but stumbling all over the place whilst holding his jaw. He eventually looks up and his eyes almost pop out of their sockets as he sees how close La Flama Blanca is to the top. He begins to give chase.

Ace: I can't watch any more of this..

Blackfront: The challenger is painfully close to escaping, but the fight is still very much alive in the champion as he gives chase.

Haynes manages to catch up to La Flama Blanca and grabs hold of his leg, but LFB kicks him sharply, and again..and again..until Haynes FALLS!!

Ace: YES!! CLIMB!! CLIMB TO VICTORY!!

The crowd can only watch on in silence as La Flama Blanca makes it to the top. He stands, struggling to get his balance..before turning his head to look back down to the ring.

Ace: What's he doing? Just escape...you've got it WON!

La Flama Blanca turns around, looking around at the crowd and back down at Haynes. The crowd are egging him on and he looks around at them again.

Blackfront: What's he THINKING?

La Flama Blanca eventually shrugs and leaps off...flipping off with more rotations than they eyes can count with, and landing straight on top of the champion with thunderous impact!!

Blackfront: LAY DIOS MIO!!

Blanca holds his ribs and literally flops over the champion.

ONE

TWO

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!

Ace: YES!!!!!!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca's DONE IT!

Announcer: Your winner of the match via pinfall...and NEW...UTA LEGACY CHAMPION...LA FLAMA....BLAAAAAANNNNCAAAAAAA!!!

Both men lie motionless in the ring as LFB's music rehits, the fans applauding a great match but clearly disappointment by the result.

Blackfront: What an incredible match! You have to give it to both competitors..and even though I'm sure Will Haynes will be dissapointed..he can be proud of his efforts tonight. Incredible!

Ace: He certainly can, but it will be Dyansty cracking open the bubbly tonight Jason!

In the ring, Blanca is on his knees as Mike Knoxx lifts his arm in victory, handing him the Tag title and his newly and hard fought Legacy title. He grabs hold of it, barely able to breath as he gazes at it with his exhausted eyes.

The camera zooms in on the champion as we fade to black.