

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #6

February 9, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

It's that time of the week, the time you get all sorts of excited. It's time for WrestleUTA streaming directly from WrestleUTA.com. No matter if you watch it on your computer, your smart phone, or your smart television device you wouldn't miss this for the world! Excitedly you press the 'play' button. Before the show begins we get a word from our sponsor.

SPONSORED BY: DOLLARSHAVECLUB

As the advertisement ends, the screen momentarily goes black. The United Toughness Alliance logo fades in for a few moments before we are treated to a shot of the sold out Oklahoma State Fair Arena in Oklahoma City, OK. In the bottom left corner of your screen, the words Previously Recorded appear for a few seconds before disappearing. As the camera pans across the screaming fans, we are greeted with several shots of signs that they are holding high.

USA is #1

Hussain Go Home! Jokers Wild!

I'm So EMOtional

We'll Miss The Shock N' Rolla

The camera pans down and across to the top of the stage with multiple video panels displaying the UTA brand and pulsating to a remixed version of Eminem's You Don't Know featuring 50 Cent, Llyod Banks, and Cashis.

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

We fade to the commentator table ringside where Jason Blackfront and Rumor Man Stan sit, headsets on and a look of excitement on their faces. The fans in the front row behind them wave to their family and friends back home as the voices of the UTA welcome us to another edition of WRESTLESHOW.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to another exciting edition of the United Toughness Alliance's WRESTLESHOW! As always, I'm Jason Blackfront. Joining me tonight, as he has of late, is none other than resident WrestleUTA.com Dirt Sheet disher, Rumor Man Stan!

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Stan: It's so good to be in the booth Jason, I'm loving it.

Blackfront: Well it's good to have you as we kick off the first WRESTLESHOW since the internet pay-per-view, and since crowing a new, United Toughness Alliance Champion!

Stan: That's right Jason. Tonight Dr. EMO is not only in action, he's defending that brand new title.

Blackfront: Yes, against Abdul bin Hussain whom he faced in the main event two weeks ago after a long and grueling tournament.

Stan: Listen to these fans Jason, they are already chanting USA... If Abdul wins tonight, they may riot!

Blackfront: No one man has been as hated in the UTA since the debut of The Spectre in nineteen ninety-nine.

Stan: Hussain has to be hated more than The Spectre ever was!

Blackfront: That's just tonight's main event. There is so much excitement packed in, I'm not sure how we get away with giving it away for free on WrestleUTA.com!

Stan: Me either.

Blackfront: You know the best part about it Stan?

Stan: What's that Jason?

Blackfront: The action starts... right now!

Stan: Lets do this!

As Test My Patience by Dead Sara begins to play the lights dim. A flash of lightening shoots across the video screens followed by a thounderous boom throught the sound system.

Announcer: Coming to the ring... Hailing from Grand Rapids, Michigan... Noah Spade steps outs to the stage. He clinches his fist and looks down.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight.. and weighing in at one hundred and seventy pounds...

A small display of pyrotechnics fire off at the front of the stage near where Spade is standing.

Announcer: He is.... NOOOAAHHHH... SPPPAAAADDDDEEEEEE!!!!!!

Spade looks to the sky, raises his fist a bit and yells before starting toward the ring. Blackfront: Noah Spade

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making his UTA debut here tonight as we kick off another edition of WRESTLESHOW.

Stan: Spade another in the list of recent string of lightweights to enter the UTA. We could have some high paced, fast matches ahead.

Blackfront: This one here should be good as well with Spade debuting and Peyton von Licht making his singles debut, they both will be looking to make an impact.

Noah Spade rolls in under the bottom rope. As he gets to his feet, the music fades. The camera zooms in and focuses on Peyton von Licht whom is already in the ring.

Announcer: His opponent... Hailing from Mount Pearl, Newfoundland, Canada ... Peyton von Licht raises his arm and steps up, turning around for the fans.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eleven and standing at one hundred and seventy-three pounds... he... is... PEYTOOONNN VOOONN.... LIIICCCHHHHTTTT!!!

Blackfront: Peyton von Licht looking for retribution after being eliminated so early during the battle royal during the internet pay-per-view.

Stan: It's always difficult making your debut in a match like that. However, tonight should set the tone for his future in the UTA.

As the referee calls for the bell, both men get low and circle.

Blackfront: Licht making the first move, coming forward with a swift kick to the left leg of Noah Spade, who returns with his own.

Stan: These two men are very similar, and it shows.

Licht spins around Spade, wrapping his arms around his waist. He lifts Spade up and back.

Blackfront: Belly to back suppl... No, Noah Spade lands on his feet.

As Spade lands on his feet, had grabbed Licht, who is arched backwards. He slaps his chest and twist Peyton into an inverted twisting DDT.

Stan: Did you see that?!

Blackfront: That was an interesting DDT there.

Spade quickly turns Licht over to his back and covers, yelling for the referee to hurry up.

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Blackfront: Referee down to count... kick out at two.

Stan: That could have been one of those situations where this could have been over just like that.

Blackfront: I agree. When your head hits the mat after something like that and you are seeing stars, it's hard to realize you need to kick out or your match is over.

Noah Spade to his feet. He grabs Peyton von Licht's head and begins to pull him up. As he raises, Licht grabs the legs of Noah Spade, and yanks back. Spade's feet come up and his back down, hitting the mat.

Blackfront: Good counter by Peyton von Licht.

Stan: Keep your opponent off of their feet, and they can't get in an offense.

Licht leaps over Spade and runs to the ropes where he grabs the top and pushes down to push his body up. Peyton's feet land on the second rope for a brief moment, before he throws his legs back and out, letting go and coming down across the chest of Noah Spade.

Blackfront: Splash by Peyton von Licht, using those ropes to get extra height and power.

Stan: Now he's going for the pin. Good follow up there by Peyton von Licht. Blackfront: Yes, but much like Noah Spade a moment ago, not enough to put his opponent away as Spade kicks out at two.

Stan: I think right now it's more of sending a message.

Blackfront: What's message is that?

Stan: That I'm going to hit you, then I'm gonna pin you, so stay down.

Blackfront: I don't think the last portion of that message is getting through to the other.

Stan: Yea, that does seem to be a failure of communication. Licht grabs the arm of the now up Spade, he yanks back.

Blackfront: Irish whip... no, reversed.

Noah Spade reverses, sending Peyton von Licht hard into the ropes. Licht on the return, as he approaches Spade, Peyton leaps up with a shoulder block. However, Noah Spade side steps and uses his hands to help push on the back of Peyton von Licht, shoving him face first to the mat.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by newcomer, Noah Spade.

Stan: That's what it takes to survive in the UTA Jason, you have to be intelligent. Spade quickly drops to his

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knees, and turns Peyton von Licht over to his back and going for yet another pin. The referee slides into position.

Blackfront: Going for another pin, kick out yet again at two.

Stan: That was nearly three.

Blackfront: Yes, the closest attempt yet in this match up.

Spade gets to his knees. As he rises, he pulls Peyton von Licht up with him again. Blackfront: Noah Spade wraps his arms around Peyton von Licht's midsection. He lifts and drops with a belly-to-back suplex.

Stan: Licht didn't land on his feet.

From a laying position, Licht jumps from his back to both his feet while Spade is turned away from him. He grabs Spade, turning him around.

Blackfront: Licht grabs Noah's arm, goes for the Irish whip, no, Noah Spade reverses sending Peyton von Licht into the ropes!

Noah Spade runs to the opposite side, hitting the ropes and returning.

Stan: There's about to be a mid ring collision here.

Spade ducks down to grab Licht, who quickly leap frogs over him. Both men hit the ropes once more on the opposite side than before, Noah comes back with a ring rope slingshot catapult clothesline.

Blackfront: Noah Spade still leading in offense this match.

Stan: You can't count Peyton von Licht out yet though, he is obviously a fighter.

Spade waste no time as he gets to his feet, pulling Licht up with him. He grabs Licht's arm and sends him crashing into the turnbuckle. Spade runs toward the groggy Licht and leaps.

Blackfront: HUGE SPLASH!!!

Span: That was a pretty good looking splash.

As Noah Spade moves, Peyton von Licht falls to the mat, rolling on his back and holding his midsection. Spade grabs the top ropes and use them to leap up. He turns to face a fallen Licht. Noah stands up, his arms out to keep his balance.

Blackfront: High risk move coming.

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Stan: He's gonna fly! Noah Spade leaps.

Blackfront: Five star frog splash!

Licht is able to get he knees up in time, as Noah Spade hits hard. Spade is shocked, flying up and flopping over to the mat.

Blackfront: Licht with his knees up! Licht with his knees up!

Stan: That's gotta hurt!

Peyton von Licht crawls over, raises an arm up and drapes it over the chest of Noah Spade. The referee moves down again for the count. The fans count along with him. Stan: I think he's got it Jason.

Blackfront: He does! Three!

The referee starts to call for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner in eleven minutes and thirty seconds... PEYTON... VON... LICCCHHHTTTTTT!!!

Blackfront: Licht able to capitalize there in the end.

Stan: Both men did a good job here tonight Jason, but I think you should really watch Noah Spade. He may not have won, but he did control this match.

Blackfront: I agree, he did. Only time will tell how he will grow here in the United Toughness Alliance.

TONIGHT

We fade backstage where The Jokers Wild are gathered in their locker room. Frank Washington and Scotty Addams are standing next to each other as Drew Stevenson sits on the bench.

Washington: Tonight's the night.

Addams: Yeah. Tongiht we prove that old school ideologies and expertise trump all, including attempts to hold us back.

Stevenson looks up.

Stevenson: It's up to Wingate and Hawk to make their move.

Addams: How about you Drew, you ready for tonight?

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Stevenson clinches his fist and looks at both men before standing up. Stevenson: Tonight, I will drop some truth. Take it or leave it, they will listen. He places his hands on his teammates shoulders.

Stevenson: You two go out there and prove to everyone why we are more than just talk and why we are the future of this company.

Frank nods.

Washington: If they don't accept that, if they treat us like they did in the..

Stevenson: Don't even worry about it Frank. They'll see... they'll see.

Addams: Lets do this.

He puts his hand out. Frank puts his in as well as Drew.

Washington: Tonight, The Jokers run Wild. They all pull their hand sup as we fade out.

YOU MAD, BRO?

A quick logo slaps onto the front of a plain black screen, a sound effect of spraying when it appears and the sound of an object sliding on glass when it falls to the bottom, out of screen.

"ChchchCHEAP WHITE FOAM!!!"

When it disappears, we are led to a quiet scene in the frozen woods of nowhere, a Cheap White Foam logo dropping down and bouncing on top of the UTA logo in the lower-left corner a few times before knocking it out of the screen.

It appears to be empty, but rustling of the snow reveals a man is laying down, holding a CO2 paintball rifle and clad in all-white snow camo (with his face totally obscured.) A very chubby beagle/weiner dog runs up, sniffing around, and stands in the snow beside him as he begins whispering into the camera.

Madman: Chill, Peach... Yo. Madman Szalinski here, letting everybody in the United Toughness Alliance know that I'm gonna be coming through very soon.

He shifts his around, as if he is making sure he isn't being watched.

Madman: I'm on paper, I'm legit, I might not be as healthy as I ought to be...but I don't care. I'm coming to UTA anyway, so be ready.

Confidently he shakes his head agreeing with himself.

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Madman: Whoever you think I am, forget him. I'm the Human Anomaly. I'm whatever you weren't thinking of, and I'm the obvious right in front of your face.

He points away from there he is.

Madman: Like right now, when my lovely wife and manager Ariel Shadows is totally unaware that I'm about to cap the hell out of her with this paintball gun...

Madman leans up, the camera strafing right and zooming in to Ariel Shadows exiting what looks to be the couples' home. Szalinski sticks the barrel out just over a pile of packed snow, sticking a mouthful into his mouth to mask his breath in the cold. He sights up, but Peach barks out of nowhere. Madman looks over at Peach, and is met with two pink paintballs from a drawn gun from Ariel, now marching up on Madman.

Madman: DAMN IT! WOMAN!

Two more come flying, and Madman is sent running. Peach comes behind him. Ariel slides in, now in the camera's view.

Ariel: WRESTLESHOW Seven is gonna get a little bit... mad!

Ariel laughs, dodging several light blue paintballs before letting off a couple more, Peach heard barking and Madman heard yelling in the background.

Madman: STOP! SAFE WORD! SAFE WORD! PANCHETTA! PANCHETTA, WOMAN! I SAID IT ALREADY! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, YOU DONE HIT ME IN THE....

The scene fades to black, with the Cheap White Foam logo being smacked away by the UTA logo, wiping in fast from the top downward. We soon return to a live action shot of the crowd.

Peter Gunn Theme by the Blues Brothers comes on as from the back comes "Doctor Lovegood" Lucius Jones.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Birmingham, Alabama...

Blackfront: Listen to the fans, they love this guy already.

Stan: Lucius Jones has taken to social media since signing, and has connected with them.

Blackfront: That's always a good thing.

Announcer: Standing at six foot eight, weighing in at three hundred and forty five pounds...

The Doctor makes his way towards the ring talking to the crowd and slapping hands all the way. He stops to

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talk up one of the sexy ladies in the front row allowing her the opportunity to give him a kiss on the cheek.

Announcer: He is Doctor Lovegood.... LUCIUSSS JOOONNNNEESSSS!!!!

He gives the lady a wink before heading up to the ring and climbing the steps to the apron. He steps over the top rope and stands in the center taunting at the crowd as he awaits the bell.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Tombstone, Arizona....

Stan: Corbin just hasn't been able to re-capture the buzz he had when he first came into the UTA.

Blackfront: Well, he made a statement but just didn't follow through. You have to follow through in this industry.

The first chord of Never Gonna Change by Drive-By Truckers hits and the arena stands to their feet with a mixed reaction.

As the first verse hits, Corbin steps out onto the ramp. After a short pause, he raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and slaps himself in the chest twice.

Announcer: Standing at six foot five and weighing in at two hundred and fifty five pounds... CORBIIIIINNNNN!!!

Slowly, he walks down the entrance ramp, slapping hands with the occasional fan.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones seems ready.

Stan: Why wouldn't he? He has the weight advantage here and the fan support.

Finally, after arriving at the steel stairs, he climbs up and wipes his wrestling boots off on the apron. He ducks underneath the top rope and into the ring. As his music fades, Corbin stands in the middle of the ring, raises his right fist into the air, then brings it down and slaps himself in the chest twice.

As Corbin's music fades out, the fan excitement grows. The bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: This match should be a good one as we get a little more insight in on what Lucis Jones can bring to the table.

Stan: We can't count Corbin out yet. Sure, he's been through a bit of a rough patch, but tonight could be the night he turns it around.

Blackfront: Anything can happen here in the United Toughness Alliance.

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Stan: It sure can.

Blackfront: Corbin challenging Lucius Jones to a test of strength.

Jones places his hands on his waist and looks out to the crowd then back at Corbin as he mouths OK Playa. Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other

Blackfront: Lucius Jones overpowering Marcus Corbin.

Stan: As expected Jason.

Marcus Corbin, unable to gain control, breaks the test with a book to the gut of Lucius Jones. Corbin follows up by pushing Jones, whom stumbles back a few feet and looks at Marcus whom is now taunting him.

Blackfront: Unable to get Jones off his feet, Corbin now running his mouth. Stan: Doesn't he know Doctor Lovegood doesn't like it when he's being taunted? Jones charges Corbin, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

Blackfront: Corbin quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he can control this match as long as Jones can't get a hold of him.

Stan: Hey, that's a good way to go about it right there. Keep Lucius Jones on the mat, and you may have a chance to beat him.

Lucius reaches for the bottom rope, but is just out of reach, he struggles, then is able to gain the few centimeters needed to grab a hold and break the lock.

Blackfront: Corbin has to release the hold.

Stan: Yea, but he needs to continue to lay in. You can't give Lucius Jones even a moment to get control.

Corbin unwillingly releases The Doctor from the cross face, and maneuvers to his feet. He quickly begins to stomp Lucius Jones, but is told to back off by the referee.

Blackfront: Marcus Corbin is aggressive tonight.

Stan: He's on fire. He has to get a win and get his UTA career back on track.

Jones uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as Corbin waits, itching to attack. Once up, Lucius Jones turns to see Corbin charge him.

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

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Stan: He sent Corbin flying.

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

Blackfront: POWERSLAM BY LUCIUS JONES!

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

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

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

Jones begins to run.

Blackfront: He leaps... BIG SPLASH! The fans go crazy.

Stan: That shook the ring.

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

Blackfront: A big forearm into the back of Corbin.

Stan: That will crack a vertebrae or two.

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

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

Stan: That's pure strength right there.

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

Blackfront: Fall Away Slam by Lucius Jones.

Stan: The fans are eating it up.

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

Stan: The match isn't over yet. All it takes is Lucius Jones to make one mistake. Lucius Jones begins to pull Corbin to his feet again. Corbin brings both arms up and to

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the side, breaking Lucius Jones' arms away. He follows up with several closed fist punches to the face of Lucius Jones.

Blackfront: Corbin fighting back.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Cover by Marcus Corbin. It could be over right here.

Stan: This would be a huge victory for Corbin if he can get an upset over Lucius Jones.

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

Stan: Maybe not, but that could open the doors for Corbin to continue his offense. Corbin rolls over and gets to his feet. Jones gets to his knees, holds his head and then shakes it off as he begins to get back to his feet. Corbin grabs Jones' arm as he raises. Blackfront: Marcus Corbin goes to whip Lucius Jones into the corner, no! Reversed by Jones!

Stan: he takes off again.

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

Blackfront: Another huge corner splash!

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

Stan: I think I know what's next!

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

Stan: CRACKA SMACKA!

Blackfront: That is such a non politically correct name Stan.

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Stan: Hey, it's his month. let him call it what he wants.

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

Blackfront: Lucius Jones gets it!

The referee's hand hits for a third time and he gets to his feet, calling for the bell. Announcer: The winner of this match, in fourteen minutes and fifty four seconds.... DOCTOR LOVEGOOD... LUCIUSSS.... JOOOONNNNEESSS!!!!

Jones celebrates in the ring.

Blackfront: Lucius Jones with an impressive win over Marcus Corbin.

Stan: I love this guy.

The fans continue their cheers as we fade from ringside.

KINGS WILL FALL

As we fade to black, our eyes adjust. A face can be seen in the shadows. Upon that face is wild and untamed hair. A little bit of light allows us to see the stare of the Mastodon of the Mountains himself, Frank Dylan James.

James has a crazed look on his face, with a scary grin that puts the icing on the cake. It almost feels as he is inside of all of our heads with his piercing stare.

James: Kingdoms 'er ran by false prophets an' liars of the world.

His unorthodox mountain accent sends the chills from his look even higher. James: Kings.. 'eh man, Kings are jus' jokers on a throne of those lies man. He rolls into an almost evil chuckle.

James: There is only one true king, an' man... He... is... here...

The look upon Frank Gylan James' face is one that reminds you of the insanity that survives our world.

James: Howard King ain't no king man... Tonight, ol' Frank here... an' he's gonna take that liar from the throne and reclaim his place man... Tonight....

FDJ begins to laugh as the shadows return to cover his face. Will anyone be safe, much less Howard King?

LEGENDS AREN'T BORN, THEY ARE ASSIGNED

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As we move to the back, Kevin Hawk sits in his office. He leans back clasping his hands together with his feet on the desk as a knock startles him.

Hawk: One second.

Kevin quickly puts his feet down and begins to re-arrange some of the items on his desk.

Hawk: Come in.

The door bust open and Chance Von Crank enters in.

Crank: What the hell is your problem Hawk? Chance slams his fist on Kevin's desk.

Crank: Where's my damn midget?

Kevin Hawk stands up and straightens his tie. He walks around his desk, stepping beside Crank, who bends up and turns toward the Commissioner.

Hawk: Chance... Can I call you Chance? He waits for cVc to answer.

Crank: Whatever.

Kevin rubs his chin and nods before putting his hands behind his back and walking around Crank.

Hawk: I fired the little person. I fired him and sent him home. He stands, staring at an UTA poster with his back to Crank.

Crank: What?

Kevin turns around and looks at him.

Hawk: He was an employee of the United Toughness Alliance, just like you. I felt his services were no longer needed, and I sent him home. He's gone Chance... he's gone.

Chance Von Crank balls his hands into fist. You can tell he is angry. However, before he can reply Kevin Hawk begins speaking again.

Hawk: No, just no. I don't care Chance. Not one damn bit. Using his hands as he speaks, Kevin shows emotions.

Hawk: You are lucky, you're even here tonight after the last week. I agreed to let you stay here under the conditions that I set, and I say there is no room for a sideshow carnival act like he was.

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Crank: But..

Hawk: NO! You're going to follow the rules or you will be gone next. You agreed to that, and it's final.

Chance Von Crank rubs his hands through his hair showing frustration and stress.

Crank: Man, he was apart of the team. How could you. Kevin chuckles.

Hawk: Don't worry Chance.

Kevin places his hand on Crank's shoulder. Hawk: I've decided put someone else with you. Crank's attention is all Kevin's.

Hawk: Someone... close to the Wingate family... Chance's eyes squint as he waits.

Hawk: Someone... legendary...

It's almost as if Chance Von Crank knows who Kevin Hawk is alluding to.

Crank: Nah man, not at all... The Shock 'N' Rolla don't care what anyone does behind closed doors, but nah... I can't roll with Broke Back Mountain...

Kevin Hawk steps closer to Crank.

Hawk: That homophobic attitude needs to be checked at the door Crank.

He signals toward the door for someone to walk in. That someone? Johnny Legend, ex- teammate to the boss and openly gay professional wrestler. Legend is dressed in a nice suit, his hair in a perfectly tied pony tail.

Hawk: Chance Von Crank, Johnny Legend. Johnny Legend... the man you will be managing... Chance Von Crank.

Chance looks over at Kevin Hawk.

Crank: Managing?

Hawk: Yes, Johnny here is your new manager. He will make sure you stick to the terms you agreed to when you decided to stay with the company, and he will accompany you to the ring and make sure don't do anything that could cost us potential sponsorships or network deals.

Crank: This is bull... Johnny grabs his shoulder.

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Legend: Now Chance... We're a family product.

Johnny begins to rub Crank's shoulders. Chance seems to enjoy it for a second before he realizes what is going on and pulls away, turning his back away from Legend.

Crank: Whoa... No bueno Mary...

Legend: It's Johnny.

Crank: Chance Von Crank doesn't need a manager. Kevin looks at him and sighs.

Hawk: It's done Chance and it's not changing.

He looks at his watch.

Hawk: You need to change though, your match is soon

Chance Von Crank looks as if he is holding back a lot. he stares at Kevin then he looks at Legend.

Crank: Come on... but you're standing outside of the locker room!

Chance Von Crank stomps out of the room. As Johnny follows Kevin stops him.

Hawk: Keep him out of trouble Johnny. Legend nods.

Legend: No problem Kevin.

Hawk crosses his arms and smiles proudly at what he has done.

As we return ringside, Howard King's music is playing. King steps out to the stage and looks across the sea of fans.

Blackfront: Howard King looking to make a statement tonight with a win over Frank Dylan James.

Stan: If I was King, I'd be careful Jason. I hear that James is gathering up followers willing to do his bidding

Accouncer: Hailing from New Shoreham, Rhode Island. Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds....

He begins heading down the ramp toward the ring.

Announcer: He is... HOOOWAAARDDDD.... KIIINGGGGG!!!!

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Blackfront: I will say, Howard King looks motivated tonight as he heads into this match. As king walks up the steps and enters the ring, his music fades out.

Stan: It always get a bit colder in here when James is about to come out. Do you feel the chill in the air Jason?

Doomsday Jesus by Black Label Society begins to play. Announcer: His opponent... From the mountains of West Virginia... The camera pans around, but does not locate Frank Dylan James.

Blackfront: Where is he?

Announcer: Standing at six foot seven... and weighing in at three hundred and twenty pounds...

Finally, he can be seen coming from around the staging area through the curtains that separates the backstage and the front.

Announcer: He is... FRANK... DYLAN... JAAAMMMMEESSSS!!!!

Frank Dylan James has a steel chair in hand, dragging it along with him. As he reaches the area there the floor begins, Frank turns, lifts the chair, and begins beating the top of the barrier with it. Horrified, yet excited fans, jump back and scream as the Mastodon swings.

Blackfront: This is a normal match Frank, you can't have that chair out here!

Stan: If he comes this way, I'm out of here Jason.

Blackfront: You're not leaving me alone with a crazy man on the loose.

FDJ begins toward the ring, lifting and pointing the chair toward King, whom in the ring,

is yelling at the referee to get the chair from him. Blackfront: Howard king wants nothing to do with that chair. Stan: Do you blame him?

Blackfront: Not at all.

Frank gets ringside, and throws the chair over the top rope into the ring. As it almost hits Howard king, he and the referee jump back as FDJ rolls in.

Blackfront: Get that chair before Fr... Stan: It's too late.

James grabs the chair and stomps toward the men, who both quickly drop and roll out of the ring. He begins to wildly swing it, hitting the top rope in the direction of Howard King.

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Blackfront: I believe Frank Dylan James is clinically insane.

Stan: He's never been to a clinic in his life Jason.

King yells at the referee to do something again. The referee gets to the apron and yells for James to drop the chair, but immediately leaps back to the ground as Frank swings it in his direction before letting out a deranged laugh.

Blackfront: We need to get some order so we can begin this match.

Stan: Are you going to get the chair from him Jason? I'm sure not.

Howard King sprints toward the ring, attempting to slide in, but quickly stops in his tracks and jumps back before falling to a sitting position as James swings in his direction. Blackfront: If James isn't careful, there won't be a match.

Stan: I don't think he cares Jason.

FDJ finally stops, and throws the bent chair over the top rope and down at Howard King who is barely able to roll out of the way. As Howard King gets on his hands and knees to get up, James exits to the apron through the ropes.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James heading outside.

Stan: I don't see this match actually becoming a match.

James' feet hit the ground as Howard King gets up. As he goes to turn, Frank Dylan James grabs the back of his head.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James has Howard King.

Stan: Oh, this can't be good.

As James directs King, his face shows no bits of sanity, his mouth open, his eyes wide. He sends Howard King's head into the commentator's table.

Blackfront: Come on Frank, get him in the ring and start this match!

FDJ turns King toward the ring and drags Howard King. However, he stops and instead sends King toward the steel steps. Howard's knees hit the steps and he flies over them, tumbling to the other side.

Stan: I think this is a lost cause.

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James stomps over, and yanks the steps away from the corner post. Howard King rolls around, holding his knee as FDJ lifts the steps.

Blackfront: Why is nobody stopping this?!

As FDJ steps forward, the referee quickly slides between him and Howard king, yelling for Frank to drop the steps.

Stan: I just don't know if Referee Mickey O'Conner can get Frank Dylan James under control.

Every time FDJ tries to side step the referee, he moves with him. Finally, James drops the steps and pushes by the referee, grabbing Howard King off of the ground.

Blackfront: The referee may have just saved Howard King from feeling the wrath of that unforgiving steel.

Frank sends King into the ring under the bottom rope before reaching up, grabbing it himself and using it to pull himself to the apron.

Blackfront: At least this is finally heading into the ring.

Stan: Yea, but you can't start a match with Howard King in this condition Jason.

As FDJ enters the ring he holds his arms out, with his hands wide open and yells as he stomps toward Howard King who is desperately attempting to crawl away.

Blackfront: James grabs the head of King, yanking him backwards and to his feet.

Stan: I can't watch this.

Frank turns King around before grabbing him by the sides, lifting him, and twisting to throw him into the nearby corner. As Howard king hits, FDJ runs at him and leaps with a splash.

Blackfront: Yea, this is over before it even began.

Frank Dylan James backs away and lets Howard King fall to the mat. He begins to yell at the referee.

Stan: I think Frank wants the referee to start this match, but I don't see how he can. The referee yells back at FDJ who grows tired of him and steps toward O'Conner who stumbles back before turning and calling for the bell.

Blackfront: It's one of those situations where you either do what you're told or have that maniac rip your head off.

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FDJ kicks Howard King in the ribs, causing him to roll over in pain. James stomps King's hurt ribs a few times before stepping onto his chest with all of his bodyweight and then off.

Blackfront: This is just brutal to watch.

Stan: It's a massacre.

James drops down to his knees and covers Howard king. The referee drops instantly and quickly counts to three.

Blackfront: A fast count by Mickey O'Conner who just wants this nightmare to end.

Stan: I don't blame him in the slightest.

Announcer: The winner... in Two minutes and eleven seconds.... FRANNKKK... DYLLLAANN...
JAAAAAMMMEEESSSSSS!!!!

As Doomsday Jesus begins to play again, FDJ stays on his knees. He lifts Howard King into his arms and stands up. Carrying King with him, FDJ heads toward the ropes.

Blackfront: I think Frank Dylan James is... taking Howard king with him.

Stan: He can't do that, King is only out on work release!

James sits Howard King down and rolls out of the ring. He reaches back into it, grabbing the arm of Howard king and yanking him out of the ring from under the ropes.

Blackfront: He is taking him.

Stan: I wouldn't want to be Howard king. Who knows what he is going to do with him. FDJ throws King over his should and heads up the ramp toward the back, a look on his face that could make a child cry as we fade away from ringside.

ENVIOUS

We move to another area backstage where Jamie Sawyers is standing next to Al Envy with a microphone.

Sawyers: Al, in just a little while you will be facing Chance Von Crank again in a rematch from WRESTLESHOW a month ago. How confident are you going into this match now that we have learned Crank will not be leaving the company after the show? He holds the microphone in front of Envy.

Envy: Look Jamie, I am a main event competitor. The fans back me because they know I'm not distasteful like Crank. I don't personally care if he stays or goes, because when we get into the ring tonight we are going

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to finish what has been started.

Envy grabs the mic from Jamie and leans into the camera.

Envy: Crank... when I'm done with you tonight... No one, is going to... envy you... He lets go and walks out of the scene as Jamie Sawyers straightens up.

Sawyers: There you have it folks, Al Envy is ready for his match against Chance Von Crank here tonight. Back to you guys ringside.

GRIEVANCES

Blackfront: Welcome back ringside ladies and gentlemen. Already tonight we have has some great action and the night is far from over.

Stan: Far from over, Jason. We still got the UTA Championship Match as Abdul bin Hussain tries to make a short title run for Dr. Emo tonight. It is for sure going to be a great-

E.T. - Instrumental blasts over the sound system, interrupting and surprising the announce team.

Stan: Well, this is unexpected.

Out steps Brez on to the stage as he is greeted with many boos from the Oklahoma City crowd.

Blackfront: The man beast, Brez, making a surprise appearance here tonight. I wonder what this could be about?

Stan: If recent weeks mean anything, this guy is not happy one bit. There's not other guy I've seen harder on himself than this man.

Brez walks to the ring, ignoring all the fans reaching out to high five him.

Blackfront: Brez lost in the UTA Championship Title tournament in the second round at our pay per view a couple weeks ago. He's threaten to quit multiple times due to his failures.

Stan: Well let's be honest, he hasn't exactly lived up to expectations, Jason.

Brez enters the ring and slashes his throat to signal that we wants the music cut.

Brez: Cut the music. Cut the damn music. The frenzied crowd boos.

Brez: Bring it on. Keep it coming. I deserve every ounce of patheticness from you. The crowd boos him some more as Brez laughs.

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Brez: That's what I'm talking about...that right there. I don't deserve anything better. You know, I came to UTA to make it my personal playground. There was no one here better, stronger, or as confident than me. There still isn't. No one in that locker room should be able to compete at my level.

Stan: I think there's more than a couple of guys back there that would have something to say about that.

Blackfront: Yeah, like half of the roster. Brez continues talking.

Brez: And yet, week after week, show after show...who was the guy lying on the ground next to the refs hand hitting the canvas three times? None other than...ME...

You suck! chant starts from the crowd. Brez smirks.

Brez: Yeah. You're right. I do. I haven't done the damage that I was hoping to do here. But...then I got to thinking. Is it really my fault?

Blackfront: I'm not sure where Brez is going with this folks. Brez has a confused look on his face.

Brez: Is it really my fault? I mean, let's look at this people. Who was it that supposedly prepped me for this sport? Who? Yeah, two Legends, right?

Stan: I believe Brez is referencing to Commissioner Kevin Hawk and his long time partner Seth Payne. Two UTA Hall of Famer's.

Blackfront: I can't believe he is going the route that I think this guy is going. Brez continues on.

Brez: Obviously, these Legends don't know jack-squat on what it takes to get someone ready. All they cared about was screwing you out of your money and making some dollars. My failures are their failures. I will NOT take blame for this crap!

The crowd boos Brez. Blackfront: Yup, he is. Brez looks toward the stage.

Brez: That's right Mr. Hawk. You and your buddy, Seth Payne, really need to explain yourself and address just how big of failures you two are. Both of you are nothing but garbage. I will not tolerate being a scapegoat for your sorry asses.

The crowd gives Brez some more heat.

Stan: This is embarrassing, Jason.

Kevin Hawk and Seth Payne both step out on to the stage, Hawk has a mic in his hand.

Hawk: For crying out loud.

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He throws his hand up toward the ring as he says it.

Hawk: Literally, you are crying out loud and it's sad, Brez. It's sad really. You really think you can sit up there and blame all your screw ups on two of the most dominant men to ever be a part of this organization? Really?

Brez interrupts Hawk.

Brez: You damn right! Both of your heads are so far up your own asses that you can't

even accept that you really don't know what the hell you're doing when it comes to this sport.

Hawk laughs as Seth Payne snags the mic out of his hand. The crowd begins to turn their attention more to what Brez is saying instead of just disliking him for being him.

Payne: Brez, what did I tell you a couple of weeks ago? Remember our little run in where I told you to man up and take care of business? That conversation? Yeah. Well what it looks like now is that you obviously didn't take care of business, like all of the other times, and now you want to try and blame us, for 'payback'???

Payne smirks as Brez looks furious as the crowd begins to get behind Brez and show distaste for the two Hall of Fame members.

Payne: I told you I would be back if you screw up again, and THIS, THIS what's happening right here is a MAJOR screw up. I think it's time we show you a little something about respect.

Blackfront: Oh oh. It looks like this is about to heat up. Both Hawk and Payne are walking towards the ring now.

Brez: If this is how you want to settle this, than be my guest. I would love to beat down two old hacks who think their crap don't stink.

Stan: Both Hawk and Payne are getting in the ring now. Jason, I'm not sure I like where this is going.

Blackfront: Me neither, Stan. But you have to wonder if The Jokers Wild is watching this from the back as Brez is saying the same thing they have been for weeks.

Brez stands still as Payne and Hawk get in front of him, just nearly face to face. Anger in all three faces.

Hawk: Oh, and also, Brez...don't worry about quitting this time, because your ass is fired!

Brez reacts by slapping Hawk across the face which sends the mic flying. Payne defends him and tackles Brez to the ground landing shots on Brez.

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Blackfront: HERE WE GO!

Stan: The two hall of famer's taking it to their student, well former student, especially since Hawk just fired Brez!

Payne continues to land shots on Brez, but the human muscle finally counters and reverses his position and starts hitting away on Payne. Hawk comes over to intervene but Brez tosses him over the tope rope out of the ring.

Blackfront: There goes the commissioner! Brez has gone crazy!

Stan: I know some of the boys in the back are applauding Brez right now.

Brez comes back to Payne and starts stomping away on him. Shot after shot to the head and sternum. Kevin Hawk holds his head outside of the ring.

Stan: In the end, does he really feel good about himself with this? Does this make Brez any that much better of a man?! He's now lost his job.

Brez leaves the ring and grabs a steel chair. He slides it into the ring and enters right after.

Blackfront: This is getting out of hand. Brez has snapped.

Brez reaches his feet with the chair in hand. Payne gets to all fours as he's trying to recover and get to his feet.

CRRACKKK

Brez strikes the chair right across the back of Seth Payne.

Blackfront: MY GOSH! Come on now. Someone has to do something about this. This is really uncalled for.

Stan: I'm speechless. This is just...wow.

Blackfront: This is not how you air your grievances.

Brez stares down at Payne as Payne lies there clinching his back. Brez looks livid and pure crazy. He begins to have a sick smile on his face as he slowly raises the chair up again.

Blackfront: Again?! Really?

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Just as the chair reaches it's peak in the air. The lights darken.

Stan: Uh, Jason? What's going on here?

Blackfront: I'm not sure Stan.

On the video screen shows the country of Japan's flag with the words "HE'S COMING"...just then the words "COMING" fade out to "HERE".

Stan: It looks like we're finally going to find out who has been hyped that last couple shows, Blackfront!

Blackfront: I think we just may be!

On the video screen, a red number 5 shows in Japanese...then 4...3...2...1...the screen goes black. The lights raise a bit as the theme music "Bushido" sounds over the P.A. system.

The fans are anxious to see the debut.

Blackfront: I'm guessing whoever this is has had enough of Brez as well to make this their debut!

Out steps a gentlemen wearing a white collared dress shirt and tie. He stands at the top of the stage and looks back to the entry way. He waves to signal to the person that it's time to come on out. Out steps a HUGE Japanese man as he stands near, who appears to be, his manager. At the same very moment the video screen shows "YOSHII" on it.

Blackfront: Yoshii?! Look at the size of this guy?! He no doubt has to be some sort of sumo style wrestler?! He's huge!

Stan: If I'm looking at these stats right, this behemoth stands at six foot four inches and weighs at five hundred and thiry nine pounds, Jason!!!

Yoshii is lead to the ring by his manager. The manager points and speaks to Yoshii, who no enters the ring as Brez just stands and looks at this man.

Blackfront: Seth Payne finally gets himself to roll out of the ring as both Payne and the commissioner head to the back.

Stan: I'd be getting the heck out of there too! Especially just having to deal with Brez. Brez approaches Yoshii and gives him a right hand. He stands in shock as it doesn't seem to phase the sumo big man. Yoshii shakes his head from side to side insisting that may have not been the right thing to do. He nails Brez with a right. Another right.

Blackfront: Yoshii taking it to Brez!

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Yoshii grabs Brez with both arms wrapped around him. He turns and lands a HUGE

belly-to-belly slam on Brez.

Stan: OH MY GOD!!! Five hundred and thirty nine pounds just landed on Brez!!!

Blackfront: WOW!!!

Yoshii gets to his feet as Brez lays there gasping for his breath and grabbing his crushed ribs in pain. His manager yells to Yoshii in Japanese. Yoshii then looks to the corner turnbuckle and then at Brez. Yoshii looks up and screams YOSHII!!! as he grabs Brez by an arm.

Blackfront: I don't think this big boy is done yet, Stan! Brez has just got to be flattened! Stan: I just got word from sources that this Yoshii, his manager, goes by the name Jed Dye. He just told Yoshii to do SOMETHING with Brez and he's now dragging him to the corner!

Yoshii drags Brez to the corner turnbuckle. Brez lies there still trying to catch his breath and tends to his ribs. Yoshii climbs up to the second turnbuckle while the ropes are about to give weight to the massive sumo's weight.

Yoshii: YOSHIIIIIIII!!!

Yoshii leaps up and drops and lands bottom first on Brez's chest. Crushing him. Blackfront: HOLY CRAP! Brez has got to be dead, over five hundred pounds just landed directly on his chest!!!

Stan: I'm sure this is Hawk and Payne's fault too, Jason!!!

Yoshii sits on Brez for a couple seconds longer but then gets up to the sound of cheers from the crowd. "Bushido" plays on the sound system again as Jed Dye waves to Yoshii to exit the ring.

Blackfront: What a debut by the Japanese big man, Stan!!! But what message is this sending to the back?

Stan: No doubt, Jason. You have to wonder if this will sway people like Chance Von Crank from going against Kevin hawk, or Drew Stevenson being so verbal at the lack of respect given.

Blackfront: I still can't believe the size of this guy...it's unreal to see in person... Yoshii exits the ring and walks up to the stage with Jed Dye. Yoshii turns around and bows his head to the crowd. The crowd goes crazy as Brez lies motionless in the ring attended by medical staff.

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

To the sound of a heartbeat pounding away To the rhythm of the awful rusty machines We toss and turn but

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don't sleep

Each breath we take makes us thieves Like causes without rebels

Just talk but promise nothing else

Frank Washington emerges from behind the smoke with his back turned and his arms outstretched wide. He slowly turns around revealing a smirk on his face as he points to

himself several times before raising his arm pointing high.

We crawl on our knees for you Under a sky no longer blue We sweat all day long for you

But we sow seeds to see us through

'cause sometimes dreams just don't come true We wait to reap what we are due

He lowers his arm and makes his way down the entrance ramp in a slow methodical fashion absorbing the atmosphere of the raucous crowd packing the arena tonight. Announcer: Making his way to the ring, now residing in San Jose, California weighing two hundred and thirty-three pounds... He is the Revolutionary Turncoat.... Frank Washingtooonnn!!!!!!

Blackfront: Frank Washington almost won the championship title at the pay per view after winning the pre-show battle royal.

Stan: I'm still upset I didn't see any of The Jokers Wild clash, I am curious to see what would happen if they had a match together.

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

White needles buried in the red The engine roars and then it gives But never dies

'cause we don't live We just survive

On the scraps that you throw away

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

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Darian Dumont's theme begins to play through the system.

Announcer: His opponent... From Miami, Florida. Standing at six foot six and weighing in two hundred and fifty pounds.... "DARINNNGG" DARIAAAAAAANNNN DUMOOOONNNNTTT!!

He steps out from the back and begins to head down the ramp.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont has been on a roll since entering the UTA.

Stan: Yea he has. He has surprising wins over several of the superstars in the locker room.

Blackfront: As a former trapeze artist, Darian Dumont is athletic, but he has no formal training.

Stan: The man is running pure luck, but everyone's luck runs out sometime.

Darian Dumont enters the ring, throwing his arms out and doing a quarter spin as his music fades away.

Blackfront: We are about to get things underway here as the bell sounds, signaling the start of this match.

Both men begin to circle before moving forward and locking up. Washington brings Dumont in to a side headlock to gain control.

Blackfront: Side headlock by Frank Washington.

Stan: Washington is highly skilled compared to Darian Dumont. I would expect him to control this entire match.

Dumont stomps the foot of Washington, causing him to let go. He rolls around behind Frank's back and slides his arms up into a full nelson.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont able to counter, now holding Frank Washington.

Stan: Any kid on a schoolyard playground can use a full nelson to hold someone else. Washington drops to one knee, and pulls Dumont over his back and slams him to the mat. Blackfront: The power of Frank Washington.

Stan: This is the guy who was so close to becoming the UTA Champion at the pay per view, it's scary. This is why right here.

Frank Washington scoots up and grabs Darian Dumont's head, lifting him into a sitting position and applying a sleeper hold.

Blackfront: Frank Washington showing off his technical expertise.

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Darian Dumont tries to fight the hold. Using his legs, he begins to push back on the mat. Stan: Darian attempting to get out of this sleeper, but Frank Washington has it perfectly applied.

While pushing back, Dumont is able to force Washington up to a standing position. Frank continues to apply pressure as Darian struggles to get free. Finally, he clasp his hands together and begins to send an elbow back into the gut of Frank Washington.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont trying to break free... and he does!

Dumont finally causes Washington to release the hold. He jets toward the ropes, using them to launch him for a return.

Blackfront: Washington ducks.

Darian leaps over him, sliding down behind Frank while grabbing his legs. Dumont pulls and Frank tries to keep his balance, but is unable to as he rolls backward and slides, shoulders down to the mat.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont with a sunset flip into a pin.

Stan: This could be an upset right here.

The referee slides into place and begins to count but Frank Washington is able to kick out at one and a half.

Blackfront: Not enough to keep Washington down, but enough to show him that Darian Dumont is serious here tonight.

Stan: That he is. This almost feels like a new Triple D.

Washington leans on one knee and rubs the back of his neck as he stares at Dumont and smiles.

Blackfront: Frank Washington acknowledging Darian Dumont's pin attempt.

Stan: Hey, Washington can tell when someone is putting forth an effort like that. Dumont runs toward Washington as he begins to get up. Frank quickly uses his arm to catch Darian, and toss him over to the mat. Dumont quickly turns and rushes Frank again, who meets him with another hip toss.

Blackfront: Continually attack and try to find a weakness is Darian Dumont's strategy right now.

Stan: It may very well work.

Dumont goes again, Frank leans to the side, ready to catch him. However, all his catches is a kick to the underarm by Darian Dumont.

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Blackfront: Darian Dumont smartening up to Frank Washington there.

Stan: I think he had that planned all along Jason. Maybe he knows more than he lets on. Washington holds his side in pain turning toward Darian Dumont who leaps up with a very sloppy drop kick to the ribs.

Blackfront: That wasn't pretty but it connected.

Stan: I tell you, this kid has heart.

Frank Washington stumbles back into the corner, still holding his side. Dumont runs and leaps in the air.

Blackfront: Spla... NO!

Frank leaps forward catching Darian Dumont in the air, does a slight turn and slams him hard to the mat.

Blackfront: Spinebuster!

Stan: Boy, that had to hurt. Frank Washington is built like a brick house.

Dumont rolls in pain as Frank Washington pushes to his feet from his knees. Frank heads over and lifts Dumont by the head, placing it under his arm and dragging him back.

Blackfront: Washington has Dumont up.

Stan: I think it's about time he finishes this.

Frank uses his left hand to hook the trunks of Dumont. He looks out to the crowd and yells as they cheer before lifting Dumont up and over, then dropping him down.

Blackfront: Frank Washington with a suplex.

Stan: He got all of Dumont there. This one's over.

Frank turns and crawls over to Darian Dumont, covering him.

Blackfront: This one's over.

Stan: Wait, I don't think it is. Frank didn't pull Dumont from the ropes.

Darian throws a foot up on the rope and the referee stops the count, pointing at it.

Blackfront: Frank Washington can't believe it.

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Stan: I really can't either. Darian Dumont is nothing but heart.

Frank pulls Dumont up and pushes him into the corner post with his forearm across Dumont's neck.

Blackfront: Frank Washington showing a bit of aggravation at the situation. Stan: I'm sure he thought this would be a simple walk in the park against Darian Dumont.

Frank lets up and grabs the top ropes on each side of the corner. Dumont gasp for air as Washington uses the top rope for leverage and begins thrusting his shoulder into the midsection of Dumont.

Blackfront: Those hard shoulders into the gut of Darian Dumont have to be taking something out of him with each one.

Washington steps back a few steps, revs up and runs toward Darian Dumont once more. This time, Dumont slides out of the way and Frank Washington leaps shoulder first into the corner post.

Blackfront: He moved! He moved!

Stan: Darian Dumont somehow got out of the way!

Frank Washington screams in pain as Dumont slides under, rolling him backwards with a schoolboy.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont going for win.

Stan: He may have it!

The referee counts, but Washington is able to kick out.

Blackfront: Kick out at two and three quarters. Darian Dumont nearly had it there.

Stan: I underestimated him going into this.

Blackfront: As did Frank Washington.

Both men rush to their feet. Dumont runs at Washington, who bens and catches him, dropping him up and over. As Frank falls to his knees and grabs the shoulder that had hit the post, Darian Dumont's back catches the same post.

Blackfront: Backbody drop by Frank Washington.

Stan: Dumont can't be enjoying life right now.

Darian drops to the mat, holding his back as Frank Washington gets up and turns toward him.

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Blackfront: Washington yanking Dumont up by the head.

Frank grabs Darian's head under his arm, and using his other arm he hooks the leg of Dumont before lifting up and floating him over with a Fisherman Buster.

Blackfront: He hit the G.O.A.T!

Stan: Greatest of All Time!

Frank flips over and jumps forward, covering Darian Dumont again. As the referee drops and counts, the fans count along.

Blackfront: Frank Washington gets it!

Stan: It was over once he hit the G.O.A.T but man, did Dumont put up a fight.

Blackfront: He sure did.

The referee calls for the bell after hitting the three to signal the match being over. Announcer: Your winner, in thirteen minutes and nineteen seconds... FRANK... WASHINNNNGGGTTOOONNNN!!!!

Blackfront: Big win for The Jokers Wild tonight.

Stan: Big win for Frank Washington Jason.

Blackfront: Sure was, but also a good showing by Darian Dumont.

Stan: Definitely. Dumont is one of those guys you just know will fully break out one day and be at the top of the company. He just needs a bit more experience.

Blackfront: Well, Frank Washington took him to school tonight and gave him a bit more than he had when he came into this match.

Stan: Yea he did.

HATE THY GOD

At the backstage interview area, Jamie Sawyers is standing there with a microphone in his hands and a big load of hair gel shining in the bright lights.

Sawyers: Please welcome my guest at this time, he is the son of former DREAM Champion, Travis Williams, Ian Michaels aka IM Hate!

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Ian walks into the shot, as he stands next to Jamie, unable to take his eyes off the flammable mess in Jamie's hair!

Sawyers: Welcome to UTA Ian!

Hate: How many bottles of gel did you use tonight?

Ian goes to touch the stiff mess, but Jamie moves quickly.

Sawyers: If we can just focus on the questions I have Ian, we can end this fast. Ian looks at the stagehands off to the side of them.

Hate: Anyone of you three have a lighter? I want to see if we can recreate the Michael Jackson Pepsi commercial!

Sawyers: STOP! Now, Ian, why did you sign a contract to United Toughness Alliance? Hate: Let's be honest Jamie, I was given an offer and the money was more than enough for me to pleasantly sign my name on the line. Besides, where else would I be? AWF? Sawyers: What is AWF?

Hate: Exactly!

Sawyers: Your father won the DREAM Championship within his first month or two of joining DREAM. Does he have shoes like that to fill, make it harder on you?

Hate: What my father has done is perfect for him. I am not my father, and I lack the split personality thing as well.

He pauses for a moment before continuing.

Hate: He has three personalities, so does that mean it actually took him three times the amount of time to become champion?

Ian waits for a second as if waiting to see if Jamie actually answers his rhetorical question. Hate: Point is Jamie, anyone holding the UTA Championship at this moment is only carrying my property. It may not be today and may not be next week... But soon, Hate will be the only thing Golden in UTA!

Sawyers: You heard it from IM Hate himself guys, he wants the title, and his road to the gold starts tonight!

Ian rubs his hands together and stares into the camera as we fade.

LOG HABBEN

We are taken outside someplace in downtown Oklahoma City where Log Habben stands with a group of

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fans on the street. He signs autographs as the shot moves in. Log hands a fan his autograph and looks into the camera

Habben: Why am I not scheduled to compete tonight? He shakes his head, lips closed tightly.

Habben: It's because there are bigger things ahead for old Log in the works. Yeah, next week I'm going to be given a chance to make my mark.

He smiles

Habben: Hell, let everyone fight tonight just two weeks after a grueling pay per view. I'll gladly take the time to rest. Even better, I'll gladly stand out here with the people.

The group of fans cheer around Log, not because he is a fan favorite but because he is fighting the cold to be out there with them.

Habben: But in two weeks, I'll be back in that ring. I'll be fully charged and ready to bring a fight.

He raises his fist.

Habben: I hope you boys are ready for me... I hope you are ready for... Log.. Habben.

Log looks into the camera with a confident smirk and the fans around him continue to cheer, some patting his shoulder as he takes in the excitement from those who are excited to be around him. You can tell, this is what he enjoys almost as much as bringing a fight

Huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....

"Shock N Rolla..."

"Here 2 Show Ya..."

"Cocked Back... And.. Loaded!" "Chance Von Crank"

His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy and his half self emerge from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a CVC Sucks! chant breaks out throughout the crowd.

Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous Aw Ski Ski after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished.

Johnny Legend trots out from the back and down to Crank signaling for him to stop. Chance looks at Legend and stops, but obviously not enjoying having to.

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Blackfront: Johnny Legend toning down Chance Von Crank could be good for him.

Stan: Will he be able to listen to legend though?

Blackfront: If he wants a job here he will need to.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... From Harlan County, Kentucky. Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and sixty two pounds... Being accompanied by Johnny Legend...

Stan: I never would have thought we'd see Legend here in the UTA since he has retired from active competition.

Announcer: He is.... CHANCE... VON... CRAAAANNKKK!!!!

He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "Trailer Park Prodigy" shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle, climbs up holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and Screw You CVC! chants. Johnny Legend stands next to him in the ring, arms crossed, just watching the reaction from the crowd.

Blackfront: Legend is all business here tonight.

Stan: You have to think though, Johnny Legend is a controversial character as well. To see him stay toned down would be odd to me.

Blackfront: Well, he's being paid to keep Crank in check. Money will make a man do what is needed to keep it rolling in.

Dirty Angel by Voodoo Johnson begins to play

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from Fort Worth, Texas

Blackfront: Al Envy wants to end this feud with Chance Von Crank tonight and prove he has what it takes to be one of the top guys here in the UTA.

Envy steps out from the back. He stands at the top of the stage for a moment looking down at Crank in the ring before continuing.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty eight pounds... He is... ALLLLL... ENNNNNVVVYYYYYYYY!!!!

Al Envy stares at both Legend and Crank as he makes his way down the ramp toward the ring.

Stan: If I was Al Envy I would keep in mind there are two men to keep a watch out for if Johnny decides to

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get involved.

Blackfront: I don't think he will Stan, unless it's to get Chance to not do something he shouldn't.

Al Envy walks up the stairs and across the apron before stepping into the ring. Blackfront: These two men had a hell of a match a few weeks ago, I would expect the same tonight.

Stan: Me too. Envy and Crank work well in the ring together and it helps create an entertaining mix.

As the bell sounds, Al Envy puts his hand out to shake Cranks. Johnny Legend, now on the outside of the ring, hits the apron in support for Crank.

Blackfront: Good gesture of sportsmanship by Al Envy.

Chance pushes Envy's hand away and then pushes Al in the chest. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in Crank's face. The crowd buzzes in excitement.

Blackfront: Come on Chance, can't you just be civil for two seconds?

Stan: Well, this is a wrestling match Jason. Why should he not be aggressive from the get go?

Blackfront: He doesn't have to be a jerk though.

cVc pushes Envy again, but this time Envy retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends cVc immediately to the mat. The fans go crazy

Blackfront: Al Envy is as tired of Chance Von Crank's cockiness as everyone else is. Stan: He may be cocky, but look at his record over Envy to date. Chance has a reason to be.

Blackfront: That may be so, but Al Envy is looking to change that here tonight.

Crank quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Envy then motions for Chance to come at him. Crank complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Envy quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Chance Von Crank backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank sent off of his feet again. He needs to try and take Envy in another way as Al is the stronger of the two.

Stan: Crank is a master of the mind game, just give him time and he'll play with Al's head.

Chance Von Crank then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Envy, the blow causing Envy to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. cVc raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Envy's head. Johnny Legend claps from outside of the

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ring.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank now in control.

Stan: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank working the back Al Envy.

Stan: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Crank grabs his arm and Irish whips Al Envy into the ropes. As he returns, cVc drops to the mat, Envy jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Envy then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Crank square in the head.

Blackfront: Big boot from Al Envy, and Chance Von Crank is down!

Stan: The fans are loving it as support for Al Envy can be heard throughout the crowd.

Blackfront: This is definitely an anti-Chance Von Crank crowd tonight.

Envy raises his arms as cVc gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Crank and Envy lock up in the center of the ring again. Al Envy quickly rolls behind Crank with a rear lock.

Blackfront: Envy with that bear like grip on Chance Von Crank.

Stan: Johnny Legend yelling from outside of the ring, trying to coach Chance out of this. Blackfront: Legend does seem to be fully vested in being apart of this team. This could be an interesting factor as time goes on.

Crank makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He pushes back, putting Envy into the ropes. Crank moves forward, breaking out of the hold. As he turns around, Al Envy runs at him. Chance Von Crank quickly spins around with an elbow catching Envy in the face and sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Counter by Crank, sending Envy to the mat with that elbow smash. Stan: You have to admit that Chance Von Crank has an arsenal in his tool box and can handle almost any situation, such as that one right there.

.He runs his hands through his hair as he makes his way to Envy, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank going to work now.

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Crank Irish whips Envy into the ropes. As he returns, cVc hooks Envy's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Blackfront: Hip Toss by The Trailer Park Prodigy! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Al Envy right to the mat.

The Shock 'N' Rolla taunts the crowd and is rewarded with a chorus of boos. Crank pretends to ejaculate once more before dragging Envy, face down, toward the ropes. Blackfront: Johnny Legend yelling at Chance from the outside. Crank needs to realize he can't be vulgar.

Stan: It's going to take him some time to adjust Jason.

Crank takes Envy's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Envy, standing across the shoulder blades. Crank grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Al.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank using the ropes to choke Al Envy! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and Crank is mercilessly choking him!

Stan: See, he is still the Chance Von Crank we all know.

Frank Knox quickly makes the count. Chance Von Crank breaks the hold at four. Frank Knox warns Crank yet again with a finger in his face. Behind them, Johnny Legend moves in grabbing Envy's head and pulling down, continuing to choke him.

Blackfront: Well, I was wrong. Johnny Legend still could care less about the rules.

Stan: He's here to keep Crank from being vulgar, not from staying out of the way.

Blackfront: This is just as unfair as Chance's previous helper.

Al Envy is let go, and flops bat to the mat. As he lays there, he holds his throat. Envy swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Blackfront: Envy is struggling to swallow after being choked by both Chance and Johnny Legend. There's no place for that kind of stuff in the UTA.

Chance Von Crank climbs up the corner post and raises his arms. Al Envy slowly gets to his feet as Crank gets down and turns to face down toward him.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank more interested in inflating his own ego than wrestling in this match.

Crank jumps down to the mat.

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Stan: Well, he isn't one to steer away from his ego, we all know this.

After a few moments, after Al Envy is able to get back to his feet, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Blackfront: Starting back from square one, Al Envy needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Stan: Well he already has everything going against him. Chance Von Crank takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Stan: I'm just not sure if tonight i the night Al Envy beats Chance Von Crank.

Al Envy takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Crank off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Chance returns, meeting the arm of Al Envy.

Blackfront: Envy with the clothesline! He may be turning this around.

Stan: He needs to stay on Crank though. You can't let someone like Chance Von Crank even have a moment to rest.

Crank quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Crank goes for the shoulder block but Envy out powers him, the blow causing Chance Von Crank to fall to the mat instead.

Blackfront: Al Envy with the shoulder block. Errr... well Chance Von Crank with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Stan: Al Envy is stacked. He just needs to use that power and keep control here. Chance Von Crank gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Al Envy. Envy catches Crank, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the mat.

Blackfront: Huge military press there by Envy.

Stan: I may have been wrong. This may be the night of Envy.

Blackfront: He did say earlier that no one would envy Crank after he is done with him tonight.

Envy stomps Crank a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. Knox hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Chance Von Crank kicks out and that one was hardly close.

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Stan: He needs to try and not get into a position that he can be pinned like that if Crank expects to get the upper hand. All it takes is the referee's hand hitting the mat three times. Al Envy checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Blackfront: Al Envy can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Al reaches down, grabbing a hand full of mullet, listing Chance Von Crank to his feet with it. Envy then grabs Crank's left arm, raises it over his own head and pins it there before reaching back and punching him right over the heart. Blackfront: Heart punch from Al Envy!

Stan: That will do a toll on your body there Jason.

Crank brings his shoulders forward and bends slightly as he makes his way into the corner. Al Envy follows, hitting Crank in the face with a left, then another left, followed by a right, each blow rocking Chance Von Crank in the corner.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank just can't recover.

Johnny Legend watches on from outside as Al Envy grabs Crank's arm and pulls him hard into a short-arm clothesline.

Blackfront: What a clothesline from Al Envy!

Stan: He tried to take his head off with that one.

Al Envy looks out on the crowd for a brief moment before bending down to pick Crank up. He places Chance on the top rope, in the seated position. Al Envy then goes to climb up after, but Crank punches him in the face, forcing him to step back down.

Blackfront: Well we've got a high risk maneuver here. . . Or at least I think that's what Envy has planned.

Stan: Chance Von Crank is fighting back. He needs to before Envy catches him with something big.

Envy goes for another hold, but again Crank punches him. This one sufficient enough to knock Envy back a few steps. It's a big enough of an opening for Crank to get to bring his feet up to the top rope and jump off.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank trying to comeback.

He jumps over Envy, but hooks his head as he flips over him, bringing him down to the mat with him. The crowd pops with such veracity at the big move that the referee actually jumps.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from the top rope by Chance Von Crank! I think both guys are hurt after that one.

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The referee begins to count. Johnny Legend frantically slaps the edge of the apron on the outside, screaming for Crank to get up.

Stan: Johnny Legend is in panic mode outside of the ring.

Blackfront: One of these men need to get to their feet before the count of ten. At four, Envy and Crank both start to slowly get to their feet.

Blackfront: We have movement.

Chance Von Crank now following suit. Frank Know continues to count. Finally, they both reach their feet at about nine.

Blackfront: Both men are up after that near double count out.

Each man stares at the other from across the ring as they both hold themselves up with the ropes. The crowd's noise level is getting intense as they know this match is about to explode. After a few moments, Chance Von Crank slowly raises both hands, middle fingers in the air. Out side of the ring, Legend yells for him to focus on the match.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank needs to focus. I bet Johnny Legend has a good talk with him after this match on his antics.

Stan: His antics? Didn't Legend choke Al Envy as well just a little while ago?

Envy whips his head to the right, looking out to the crowd, and then the left. They both take off toward each other.

Blackfront: Al Envy leapfrogs Crank!

As Chance Von Crank hits the ropes, on the opposite side, Al Envy drops down and slides.

Blackfront: BASEBALL SLIDE CONNECTING WITH THE FACE OF JOHNNY LEGEND!

Stan: Legend shouldn't have been so close to the ring!

Crank stops almost in his tracks, his hands grabbing his head in disbelief at what he just saw. Johnny Legend hits the floor hard, grabbing his head.

Blackfront: The crowd is going crazy.

Stan: I think they are going to blow the roof off of the arena!

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Envy heads toward Crank. Both men begin exchanging heavy fist in the middle of the ring. Envy throws his arm out and steps forward.

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank ducks the clothesline attempt by Al Envy.

Both men quickly turn. As they do, Crank steps in wrapping one arm around Al Envy's neck and holding his other arm out.

Stan: Here it comes!

Chance Von Crank leans forward before leaping back. Al Envy's face crashes into the mat courtesy of a Swinging Reverse STO.

Blackfront: GodBooked out of nowhere! GodBooked out of nowhere! Crank rolls Al Envy over, covering him as Frank Knox drops into position. Stan: He's got him! He's got him!

Right as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank gets the three!

Stan: Al Envy just couldn't do it. he tried, he did good, but it just wasn't good enough. Knox quickly gets up and begins signaling to the outside of the ring. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Crank is still yet to lose against Al Envy

Stan: That has to sting Al Envy a bit as he desperately wants to be the man.

Al Envy sits up, just looking at the referee. Chance Von Crank is on his feet now, runs to the corner turnbuckle. He climbs to the top and begins to make a motion with his hands around his waist as if there is a title belt there.

Announcer: Your winner, in eighteen minutes and twenty one seconds... CHHHANNNCEEEEE VON CRRRANNNNNKKKK!!!!

Blackfront: Chance Von Crank signaling he has championship aspirations.

On the outside of the ring, Johnny Legend is back up and clapping between holding his head as we fade from ringside.

THE CHAMPION SPEAKS

As we head to the back, Dr. EMO stands in front of a UTA banner. His UTA Championship title hangs over his shoulder and he looks into the camera.

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EMO: That moment,

He begins with the smile growing bigger.

EMO: Holding that title high and letting those USA chants sink in,

Closing his eyes he visualized the moment before reopening his eyes and continuing.

EMO: Finally I can say I've had my big moment in professional wrestling. An even bigger smile, if it was possible, appeared on the face of EMO.

EMO: All night I got my ass kicked. I overcame Kirk Irving, I overcame an overzealous Scotty Addams, and finally to top things off I ended my night becoming an American Hero?

He chuckled.

EMO: When I thought of winning the title. I never thought 'American Hero' would end up coming with that, but I'll take it!

He gave a thumbs up to the camera with his free hand.

EMO: The whole match hearing those USA chants and getting cheered on. I couldn't possibly give up to Abdul.

What was left of the smile though vanished. No longer thinking about his moment of triumph but thinking about the 'what ifs'.

EMO: As far as I'm concerned if I had tapped out and lost this match. He let out a sigh just at the thought of it.

EMO: I may as well not even shown up tonight. Not only would I have failed in my attempt to get that moment I had been searching for. In the end I would have also failed the fifteen thousand people that were cheering me on.

He ran his free hand through this hair.

EMO: The fact still remains, as much as I got my ass kicked and believe me I don't think I could've made it through another match.

He shrugged.

EMO: If we want to play the 'what if' game. What if he didn't release the hold? He starts to nod his head.

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EMO: I probably tap out and who the hell knows what is going to happen. He pauses.

EMO: This isn't 'what if' though. This is reality and I'm the UTA Champion. EMO smiles for the camera.

EMO: I went through three other wrestlers to win this title. I put my body on the line all night. Competed in two matches that basically went the limit and then beat Abdul with help from the fans.

EMO laughed to himself.

EMO: He couldn't take the USA chants anymore and it gave me the chance to lay him out with the Uberkick and get the pin.

He nods as we can hear fans in the background begin a loud USA! chant.

EMO: I guess it is only fair though that this week he gets a rematch. Both of us by the time we got to that match were physically drained at that point and both of us were going on adrenaline.

Again EMO shrugged at the camera laughing.

EMO: I don't even understand how I was even able to walk out of that ring. The fact remains. No matter what is being said on Twitter. No matter how you feel personally. Love me or Hate me I don't give a damn.

He pats the title.

EMO: And if there are still any doubters that I can be a World Champion and handle being the top dog. I'm going to answer those tonight against Abdul bin Hussain.

EMO smiles for the camera and holds up the peace sign.

EMO: See you out there tonight Abdul.

BY THE LIGHT OF ALLAH

We switch to another backstage shot. This time Abdul bin Hussain stands in front of an Iraqi flag. He raises his arms to the sky as he stares up before bending his head down and looking into the camera.

Hussain: Doctor EMO, tonight... I have the power of the only true God, the almighty Allah, running through me.

His fist clench and he lets it overcome him before continuing.

Hussain: I speak the messages of Mohammed, as I speak to the infidels of this country, and the infidels of this promotion. You shall be striked down for worshipping false Gods. He uses his hands as he speaks with

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passion.

Hussain: Doctor EMO is a false champion as well, and the infidels follow. Just like pathetic Americans.

He places his hands on his hips and shakes his head.

Hussain: When I beat EMO tonight, and win the championship title for Allah, will you then worship me? It is pathetic as you jump from one deity to another, never truly forming an opinion for yourself.

He shakes his head.

Hussain: I shall not waste any more time, as you refuse to listen as you have done for hundreds of years as my people have spoken the truth. All that must be known is that tonight... I will not fail again.

He moves in.

Hussain: I will win, and I will praise Allah. Enjoy the last few minutes of being a champion EMO... enjoy them as much as I shall enjoy... humbling you.

He raises his arms again and looks back up to sing the praises of Allah once more as we move back ringside.

ONE STEP TO FALL!

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

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

Scotty Addams starts down the ramp.

Blackfront: Frank Washington has already been successful tonight. Can Scotty Addams

continue the trend and put The Jokers Wild at two for two tonight?

Stan: Well, I've seen Ian Michaels Hate before Jason, and he isn't someone to be taken lightly. Scotty Addams has a task ahead of him.

Sliding onto the apron, Scotty stands facing the entrance and looking around to all of the fans with a smile before he throws his arms up above his head, crossing them at the wrist to form his 'A' without the dash in the middle.

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

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

The lights lower as a white glow fills the entrance area. Soft music starts to pour from the sound system, as the big screen flashes 'HATE' across it rapidly as Seether's Weak plays. 'No more love to purchase

I've invested in myself You know nothing about me Keep opinions to yourself No more complications
Everything's just swell

No more obligations There's nothing more to tell Oooo-oooo-ooo

I just want to be alone'

As the music instantly slams as a hard hitting tune the bald headed kid of hatred walks out with a sleeveless pleather white trench coat on and a pair of shades on.

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

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

Blackfront: This young man is looking for a big win tonight.

Stan: He's looking to put a dent into The Jokers Wild by taking away another victory. He tosses off the shades and removes his trench coat handing off at ringside as the music fades and the lights resume.

Blackfront: This should be a good match up as both men have similiar styles.

Stan: Yes, but Hate has a bit of a size advantage over Addams.

Blackfront: I don't think that will come into play as much as one would assume. As the bell sounds, both men begin to circle each other in the ring.

Blackfront: The bell has rung and we're about to see what Scotty Addams has to offer Ian Michaels Hate.

Stan: I think the bigger question is what does Hate have to offer tonight. Scotty Addams has proven himself already that he can hold his own in an UTA ring.

IM Hate makes the first move, rushing Scotty Addams. Addams sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes. Hate quickly turns and follows with speed.

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Blackfront: There's that fast pace movement Scotty is known for.

Addams slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as IM Hate arrives, using Hate's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor.

Stan: Did you see that?

Blackfront: My goodness what a counter.

Stan: That is Scotty Adams. He's as quick on his feet as he is with split decisions. Scotty Addams steps out to the apron. As IM Hate begins to stand, he turns to see Addams leap off toward him with a double axe handle. Hate side steps and brings a big right up that catches Addams in the mid section.

Blackfront: IM Hate able to react before behind caught by Scotty Addams.

Stan: Not too bad, lets see what this guy can do.

Hate quickly steps forward and with one swift move, leaps to the apron, grabbing the top rope. Addams, still holding his midsection, turns and Hate leaps backward.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

Stan: This is how you kick start a match right here!

Ian crashes through Scotty Addams, both men hitting the floor as the referee counts on the inside. The fans rumble at the high risk move.

Blackfront: Ian should slow the pace down a bit. You can't just start off with spots like that or it could bite you in the butt quickly.

Stan: He wont need to slow anything down if he can get Scotty Addams into the ring and cover him now.

IM Hate pushes himself to his feet. You can see on his face that he may have landed slightly wrong and is pushing through the pain as he bends over and lifts Scotty Addams to his feet.

Blackfront: Hate now rolling Addams into the ring under the bottom rope. Ian walks up the steps and begins to climb the corner post from the outside.

Stan: Looks like he is going to fly again. This man doesn't care about his own safety as he looks to put Scotty Addams away quick.

Addams holds his head as he rolls over. IM Hate leaps from the top turnbuckle with a huge knee drop that

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misses as Scotty rolls out of the way. The fans go crazy as Hate grabs his knee in pain.

Blackfont: I told you, you have to slow the pace down. Taking risk is doing just that, taking risk. There is a good chance, as Hate just found out, that it will not pay off.

Stan: More quick thinking by Scotty Addams keeps him going for a little bit longer. Addams crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. IM Hate, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Scotty Addams runs over and leaps up, bringing his right foot over and catching Hate in the side of the head with his foot. The crowd pops huge.

Blackfont: Scotty Addams gaining some momentum as this Oklahoma crowd backs him.

Addams doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of IM Hate. Lifting it, he drives that knee hard into the canvas. Hate lets out a cry of pain as Addams holds on, lifts, and smashes it again.

Stan: That is a smart move by Scotty Addams, work the knee of IM Hate to where he can not stand. Once you have disabled your opponent, you can easily take the win.

Blackfont: I agree fully. Scotty Addams is methodically securing his opportunity to win right now.

Addams lets go of Hate's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as IM Hate tries to scoot away.

Blackfont: Addams now lifting IM Hate to his feet.

Hate shows that his knee is hurt as he is pulled up, unable to put much pressure on it as Scotty Addams pulls him backward toward the corner.

Blackfont: Scotty Addams in full control, may be looking to go ahead and end this one now, as Hate had tried to do early on.

Stan: IM Hate is hurt, but he is not out yet Jason. He needs to do something if he wants to stay in this.

Addams climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Hate by the head. he leaps off, twisting around in an attempt to DDT Hate. However, IM Hate shoves him, sending Addams flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Hate drops down to his good knee. Blackfont: IM hate able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control?

Stan: Well, Addams is down and hate isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak.

Addams rolls over and gets to his knees as IM Hate gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Addams, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Addams. Hate instantly is back down, holding his knee as Addams is laid out.

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Stan: If Hate can push through the pain long enough to cover Scotty Addams, this one is over.

Blackfront: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Scotty Addams did that much damage to their leg.

Stan: Ian Michaels is no normal man Jason.

Hate uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks down at Addams before stumbling forward and coming down with an elbow that connects to the forehead of Scotty.

Blackfront: Elbow drop as IM Hate continues to punish Addams here.

Hate gets to his knees and leans forward, bringing his arm up and delivering another elbow to the face of Addams. Scotty grabs his head as IM Hate pushes his way to his feet, still unable to put much pressure on his knee, but more than he had been able to.

Blackfront: Hate once again in full control, continuing his assault on Scotty Addams as he brings down a series of boots to Addams' head.

Stan: An impressive debut here so far by Ian Michaels Hate.

Blackfront: I agree. He is showing the toughness well known in his family as this second generation superstar controls this match.

Hate bends down, grabs Addams by the head and lifts him halfway up. He situates himself near, hooking under Scotty's rib cage and lifting him into a powerbomb position. Blackfront: Hate has Addams up.

Stan: oh, this one is over right here.

IM Hate turns toward the corner and rushes forward releasing Addams. Instead of crashing into the turnbuckle, Scotty is able to somehow throw his legs back, and grabbing the top ropes, landing his feet on the second ropes. Hate drops down to his knee, unable to stand on it anymore.

Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Scotty Addams saved himself!

Stan: Bad timing for Ian Michaels' legs to go out. He just wasn't able to throw him with full force.

Hate pushes through, getting to his feet yet again as Scotty Addams leaps with his legs

out. As they wrap around IM Hate's neck, Hate appears to try to turn it into a powerbomb, but Scotty Addams throws his body back, twisting it into a Hurricanrana that sends IM Hate crashing to the mat.

The fans go crazy as they cheer Scotty Addams.

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Blackfront: Counter into a Hurricanranna!

Stan: Amazing!

Scotty Addams rolls over and gets up, quickly lifting a barely conscious IM Hate up. He steps behind Hate, placing his head between Hate's arm. Addams then lifts Hate onto his shoulder. He turns around and pulls IM hate upside down facing the crowd before leaping up and bringing him down into a psycho driver.

Blackfront: PLATINUM DRIVER! PLATINUM DRIVER!

Stan: That has to be it!

Scotty Addams leaps up and across, covering IM hate as the referee drops and slides into place. The fans count as his hand hits the mat.

Blackfront: Scotty Addams does it! Addams defeats Hate!

Stan: IM Hate was very impressive tonight in his debut but injuring that knee really hindered any hope of coming through.

Blackfront: I agree. A lot of talent in that young man, but he just couldn't do it tonight against Scotty Addams.

Announcer: Your winner... in eighteen minutes and three seconds... SCOTTYYYY....
ADDAAAAAMMMMSSS!!!!

Scotty Addams celebrates as we get a few replays of some of the matches' big spots before leaving ringside.

THE FALL OUT

We head backstage to the office of Kevin Hawk where Seth Payne joins the commissioner. Both men are visually still upset about their encounter earlier with Brez. Hawk: Can you believe this Seth?

Payne: It's ridiculous.

Hawk: It's anarchy. First The Jokers Wild want to claim I'm screwing people over and tarnishing the legacy, now Brez?

Payne: What a waste of time taking him under my wing. Seth Payne holds his head.

Payne: He's done.

Hawk nods with his eyes open widely.

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Hawk: Oh yea, he's done alright. So are those Jokers!

Payne: Are you firing them? Kevin Hawk smiles.

Hawk: Even better...

He reaches under his desk and pulls out a new championship title. The camera zooms in on it.

Hawk: We'll break them up with this.

Seth Payne looks at the title.

Hawk: On the next WRESTLESHOW, Scotty Addams and Frank Washington will wrestle, with the winner becoming the new... UTA Internet Champion.

Seth Payne smiles and nods.

Payne: Oh, that's good.

The man who accompanied Yoshii to the ring earlier, Jed Dye, steps into frame.

Dye: We've come from far away and have done as you have asked by taking out Brez. I believe that Yoshii deserves payment for doing this task for you.

Payne and Hawk look at each other and smile together as if they both are thinking the same thing.

Hawk: You know what Jed, you're right. We will make it.. a triple threat match!

Payne: If they don't kill each other, Yoshii will destroy them both! I love it. Kevin Hawk throws a finger up as if he had an idea.

Hawk: Frank Dylan James.

Payne: What?

Hawk: Yes. A fatal four way for the Internet Championship. James is perfect to ensure that after the match is over, no one will be left standing!

Seth Payne rubs the title belt.

Payne: Brilliant.

Hawk: It's settled then. Addams, Washington, Yoshii, James for the Internet Championship... No

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disqualification.

Seth Payne's eyes open wide.

Payne: Takes me back to the days of the hardcore championship.

He proudly admires himself, thinking of his run as hardcore champion as the two men begin to laugh and we leave the scene.

THE REAL NEWA CHAMPION

The NeWA championship fills our screen. A symbol of history, respect, and everything we love about this business. The camera backs up and we see the title around the waste of someone.

This man is familiar, as he has been the face of the National [e]Wrestling Alliance. This man is Sean Jackson.

He stands with his arms crossed, a cold look on his face as the camera fully pans out. Jackson: Batee thinks he can screw me, the World Heavyweight Champion, as well as the fans.

He does not move, no emotion shows.

Jackson: It doesn't matter who he calls his champion now, because there is only one...

real NeWA Heavyweight Champion...

Jackson unhooks the title and holds it in his hands, staring at it briefly before putting it over his shoulder.

Jackson: And now I am here... in the United Toughness Alliance. Jackson adjust the title.

Jackson: Next WRESTLESHOW, I arrive to show why the legacy of the NeWA will never be the same without... the real, NeWA Heavyweight...

He looks into the camera deeper.

Jackson: Champion.

The words The Mental Rapist is Coming come across the screen in blood red lettering as we fade out.

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

"USA! USA! USA!"

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

Blackfront: Can you imagine if Hussain wins tonight?

Stan: We may have a riot on our hands Jason.

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

Blackfront: I will say, Hussain knows how to work the crowd.

Stan: Yes, negatively.

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

Blackfront: That Iraqi flag is not helping matters any.

Stan: No, it isn't.

Nazirah exits the ring as the Hussain prepares for the match to begin.

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

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

Dr. EMO steps out from the back, UTA Championship around his waist. He begins to make his way toward the ring.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO looking to retain his championship against the man who took him to the limit just two weeks ago.

Stan: He has to win tonight. Not just for himself or the fans, but for America.

Blackfront: There is so much on the line here tonight.

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Dr. EMO walks, slowly, up the steps and across the apron before entering in the ring. He pulls the title off of his waste and holds it high to the crowd who goes crazy. Hussain gives a look to the fans that is full of hatred.

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

Stan: He dislikes the fact that Doctor EMO is the champion.

Blackfront: He has an opportunity to capture it here tonight on WRESTLESHOW. The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell. Dr. EMO and Abdul bin Hussain circle one another around the ring as the fans begin to stomp their feet.

Blackfront: Although these two men are typically high flyers, they didn't get to showcase their skills at the pay per view. I think tonight, now that they are one hundred percent, we should see some exciting action.

Stan: Everything is on the line here tonight Jason. If Doctor EMO loses, well, I just can't even imagine.

Abdul bin Hussain drops to his knees in front of Dr. EMO, throws his arms to the side and stares to the sky, praying to the almighty Allah.

Blackfront: I will say, Hussain is a religious man and sticks to his convictions.

Stan: I'm not one to judge a man on his religion, but this is a wrestling match. Lets get it started.

Dr. EMO throws his right hand down in the direction of Abdul bin Hussain and looks out to the fans, yelling Ah, come on! Hussain bends his head down from his skyward stare and raises to his feet, arms still out. Never taking his eyes off of the infidel.

Blackfront: Intensity from the challenger.

Arms still out, Hussain closes his fist. They begin to shake as Hussain brings his arms in, elbows almost touching the sides of his rib cage. He then leads off with right fist to the chin of Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: Hussain following up with another right to the face of the champion.

Stan: Doctor EMO needs to fight back.

Dr. EMO throws an arm up to block Abdul's next punch, and returns back with his own, followed by more. Both men then begin exchanging fist. With each punch landed by the champion, the crowd pops with excitement.

Blackfront: Both men trading intense rights and lefts.

Stan: It's a flurry of fist Jason!

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At the same time, both men move forward. Abdul bin Hussain attempts a clothesline, and Dr. EMO ducks under. Both men take a couple steps forward and turn. As they face each other, both leap with a standing dropkick.

Blackfront: Double dropkick!

Stan: If either could have had the idea themselves, and would have connected, that could have been a match changer. But as it is, they are keeping it even.

Blackfront: Gold is on the line, and these men are trying to one up each other to a point they are reading each other too well.

As they both push up, the two men look each other up and down, before jetting toward opposite ropes.

Blackfront: Both men off the ropes.

They return. Hussain ducks down as Dr. EMO leap frogs over him. Both continue to the ropes again.

Blackfront: Off the ropes again. Dr. EMO drops to the mat.

Abdul bin Hussain leaps over him, slowing down and stopping in a few steps. As he turns, EMO pushes himself up and leaps with another drop kick, this time connecting. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: EMO with the drop kick that connects.

Stan: These fans are on their feet for the champion.

Hussain rolls over and begins to push himself up as EMO gets to his. EMO comes forward and grabs the neck of a bent over Hussain, twisting and falling.

Blackfront: Spinning neckbreaker by the UTA Champion, Doctor EMO!

Stan: The fans here in Oklahoma City are loving it.

Dr. EMO quickly returns to his feet. He uses his hands to cup his mouth and lets out a yell to the crowd who returns with loud cheers. As he turns, Abdul bin Hussain is on his knees. Dr. EMO grabs his left arm, steps in and spins around, then leans in and rolls back, pinning Hussain's shoulders.

Blackfront: Oklahoma Roll!

Stan: You don't see that every day.

The referee drops and begins to count. Abdul bin Hussain struggles.

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Blackfront: The champion looking to retain.

Stan: Nope.

Hussain is able to kick out at two. As he breaks away from Dr. EMO, Abdul slides out of the ring to the floor. EMO rolls over and up to his knees, watching his opponent standing outside.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain re-evaluating his attack plan.

Stan: Doctor EMO wants to walk out still holding the gold. Hussain needs to bring his 'A' game.

Hussain holds his hands on his hips. Rafiq and his sister Nazirah come over, trying to check on him. Hussain pulls away, turning toward his sister and pointing down at the ground for her to look.

Blackfront: That's just disgusting. How can you treat a human like that?

Stan: He's frustrated.

Inside the ring, Dr. EMO is up. He looks to the outside where Rafiq is now physically walking Nazirah over to the time keeper's area to sit down. Hussain yells something inaudible to them then turns back toward the ring. As he does, his eyes widen at the sight of Dr. EMO soaring over the top rope.

Blackfront: EMO cleared the top rope.

Stan: He can fly like an eagle!

EMO crashes down and Abdul crumbles to the floor. The champion, rolls up and over off of him from the momentum of the crash, landing near the barrier, holding his midsection and kicking his feet.

Blackfront: He is a risk taker, but the risk paid off.

Stan: That's our champion.

Dr. EMO grabs the top of the barrier and uses it to begin pulling himself up. Abdul bin Hussain crawls toward the ramp. EMO looks over, still disoriented, but alert.

Blackfront: The champion needs to get back in the ring.

Stan: Why? He keeps his title if they are counted out. Abdul needs to make his way back in if he wants to still have a chance to walk out tonight, as the champion.

Dr. EMO looks at Abdul, then takes off in a sprint toward him. Hussain, on his hands and knees, looks to his left to see Dr. EMO coming. He springs up from a crawling position, and catches Dr. EMO, grabbing the top

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of his head and dropping down so that EMO's jaw connects with the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

Stan: You've got to be willing to do anything.

Dr. EMO holds his jaw and stumbles backward. Abdul bin Hussain kneels down. From inside the ring, the referee continues his count. Rafiq yells for Hussain to get into the ring.

Blackfront: If Abdul gets in the ring before the count is over and Doctor EMO does not, we will have a new champion.

Abdul stands up. He walks over to the ring, and rolls in under the bottom rope. Outside, Dr. EMO begins to shake off the effects of his jaw meeting the top of his opponent's head. Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now rolling back to the outside.

Stan: This can't be good for Doctor EMO.

Hussain yells and runs toward Dr. EMO. EMO bends down, catches him, and lifts. Abdul crashes down across chairs behind the barrier as fans quickly jump out of the way.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain sent over that barricade and into the crowd.

Stan: That was amazing.

The fans are cheering and screaming. Some are trying to touch Dr. EMO as he crosses over the barrier and heads toward Hussain.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet and dragging him back to the barrier.

He tosses the challenger back over before crossing over again himself.

Stan: The champion in control and the fans are loving it.

Dr. EMO rolls Abdul bin Hussain into the ring before sliding in himself.

Blackfront: EMO may be looking to finish this match here while Hussain is still feeling the effects of being thrown into those chairs.

Dr. EMO brings down a boot to the knee of Hussain, followed by another.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO weakening those knees of Abdul bin Hussain.

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Stan: He's smart. He knows he can't just pin Hussain now without making sure he won't be able to kick out.

Blackfront: I'm unsure he is looking to pin Hussain as he lifts his legs.

Dr. EMO steps in, crossing Abdul's legs and twisting over into a sharpshooter.

Blackfront: Submission maneuver.

Stan: Doctor EMO wanting to make Hussain tap to add insult to injury!

Blackfront: He applies pressure. Hussain desperately reaching for the ropes, but he just can't get there!

Rafiq quickly grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron, yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Oh, come on!

The referee quickly rushes over and begins yelling at Rafiq to get down. Behind him, Abdul bin Hussain begins to tap out.

Blackfront: EMO HAS DONE IT! EMO HAS DONE IT! HUSSAIN TAPS OUT!

Stan: NO! Jason, the referee is distracted!

The fans begin booing at an incredible level. The referee goes to turn around but Rafiq grabs his shoulder to stop him. EMO leans back, retching the legs of Hussain who continues to tap.

Blackfront: Doctor EMO is retaining his championship right now. All we need is the referee to turn around.

EMO lets Hussain go and gets up, turning to see what the issue is. He quickly runs over and begins yelling for the referee to pay attention. Rafiq puts his finger in EMO's face, interrupting him. The champion cocks back and hits Hussain's manager, sending him crashing to the outside. The fans pop.

Blackfront: Now get back and end this champ!

Stan: The damage is done, he just needs to make the pin.

Dr. EMO turns and heads back over to Hussain who is laying on his stomach. As the champion stands over Hussain, he reaches down. However, Abdul quickly crawls on his elbows behind the champion.

Blackfront: Hussain moves.

As Dr. EMO turns around, Abdul bin Hussain gets to his knees and reaches back. He pushes up, grabbing the head of Dr. EMO, and twisting and falling.

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Blackfront: Neckbreaker from Hussain!

Stan: Where was he able to pull that out from?!

Abdul leans back on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the heavens of Allah.

The fans can't stand it and they verbally show their frustration.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah as the entire arena continues to yell. Hussain drops down and crawls backwards, rolling to the outside of the ring. He checks on Rafiq, who is now back on his feet.

Stan: If he wants to win, he should be inside of the ring, not outside.

Blackfront: Hussain taking a breather, but I agree. he should be taking advantage of the situation.

Abdul is seen testing his leg strength, making sure permanent damage wasn't done by the sharpshooter before turning back and heading toward the ring where Dr. EMO is starting to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Taking that time outside of the ring, may have just cost Abdul bin Hussain this match.

Stan: I'm not complaining.

Hussain walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the apron watching Dr. EMO as he heads toward the ropes. EMO leans over the ropes, yelling for Hussain to get in the ring. Blackfront: The champion wanting Hussain to bring himself back into the ring and fight. Hussain gets a wild look in his eye before running across the apron. He leaps high into the sky, with his legs out, catching Dr. EMO's head and coming down with a FameAsser.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH FROM THE RING APRON! MY GOD!

EMO comes down, his throat across the top rope, as Abdul bin Hussain lets go, hits the side of the ring, before falling to the ground himself. Dr. EMO pops up, his feet leaving the mat, as he flies backward and crashes down to the mat from force of the rope.

Stan: I have never seen anything so insane attempted!

Blackfront: My Lord, me either.

Rafiq quickly runs over to check on Hussain, helping him up. Abdul rest for a moment on the corner of the ring before rolling in.

Blackfront: All he has to do is cover Doctor EMO and he becomes the champion, right here, right now!

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Stan: The fans, listen to the fans!

The heat is insane as Abdul bin Hussain crawls toward Dr. EMO.

Blackfront: I think he's going for it...

Stan: We may have a new champion...

Hussain drapes his arm over the chest of Dr. EMO and the referee drops down. the fans booing somehow gets even louder as the referee counts. Dr. EMO does not kick out as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time.

It's over.

Blackfront: WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

Stan: Abdul bin Hussain is the new champion! I did not expect to see this!

Blackfront: I don't think anyone did Stan!

The fans continue to lose it as Abdul his helped up by Rafiq and handed the title. Announcer: The winner of the match, and NEEEEEWUNITED TOUGHNESS ALLIANCE CHAMPION.... ABDUAAALLLL BIN HUSSAAAAAAIIINN!!!

Blackfront: These are dark days in the UTA.

Stan: Indeed they are.

Right as Hussain was handed the UTA Heavyweight Championship, the public address sound system came to life playing Hail to the King by Avenged Sevenfold as from out from behind the curtain steps Drew Stevenson who is dressed in a black suit and has the Emerald Championship draped over his left shoulder.

Blackfront: What is Drew Stevenson doing here?

Stan: Hussain just wont the title and he already has people on him.

With a microphone already in hand, he paces the ramp to a thunderous ovation from this capacity crowd as his theme shuts off and he brings the microphone up to his lips to begin speaking.

Stevenson: First off let me congratulate you on becoming the second ever UTA Heavyweight Champion, you'll do the strap proud.

The fans don't cheer Stevenson giving props to Hussain, but the fact he is out there. Stevenson: Now I'm

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pretty sure that you're standing there and not very happy at the fact that I am interrupting your celebration but some things just need to be said.

Pausing, he situates the Emerald Championship up onto his shoulder.

Stevenson: This business used to be founded on respect, morals and tradition - things that are now a lost art. When I came to the UTA, I was under the assumption that wrestling logic was still embraced and well, I found out differently, as did Scotty Addams and Frank Washington. We came out here and we busted our asses, we gave this company nothing short of five star performances each and every show and it was almost like it wasn't fully appreciated.

The fans cheer as Hussain watches closely from the ring. Dr. EMO has now rolled to the edge of the apron where he lays.

Stevenson: That's fine though because not everybody understands what we are about, not everybody understands that we are about preserving wrestling, not killing it and so they jumped on this little assumption that we were cancer to the business when in all actuality?

Pausing again, he points to the ring.

Stevenson: It is guys like Emo, Crank, and all the others who stand there in front of a rolling camera and bury their opponent six feet under. It is the guys who refuse to hone their craft, who refuse to become knowledgeable on the business that they supposedly love and it is a disgrace that these so-called promoters enter the business that I love, that Scotty and Frank loves and they have no grasp on actual wrestling knowledge and thus the business becomes sour and loses more and more hope with each passing week.

Reaching up with his right hand, he runs it along the top of his head.

Stevenson: Now I don't know how you will do as the UTA Champion man, you might give it the credibility that it so desperately needs and for the UTA's sake - I truly hope that you do man because I can tell you flat out that I'm not coming for it...

Blackfront: Not going for it?

Stan: Is he out of his mind?

Shaking his head, he slaps the platinum faceplate of his Emerald Championship.

Stevenson: ... When that travesty happened and I realized that wrestling logic was seemingly dead? I brought in the belt that truly represents wrestling, that truly represents what the business is all about and it isn't the UTA Heavyweight Championship that became heavily tarnished and tainted with its first ever champion.

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The fans now have a mixed reaction, as they accepted EMO as champion over Hussain. Stevenson: Hussain, man, you are the top guy in the UTA's eyes now, you represent what the UTA is all about - I just hope that you do the right thing and be a WRESTLING champion instead of one clouded by controversy and questioning if you ever truly deserved it to begin with.

Stan: Can you believe this? He's congratulating Abdul bin Hussain and wishing him luck.

Blackfront: I have to say, Drew Stevenson shows respect to every man, no matter their back ground.

Stevenson: Just look at what happened earlier. Brez, a man who saw the corruption as well... attacked by someone who most undoubtedly was sent by the system. It's disgusting.

The fans are still mixed, but cheers are still ringing throughout.

Stevenson: He may be gone now, but his message will be carried on through us as we are still here. Wingate, Hawk... there is nothing you do to discourage The Jokers. Nothing.

Finishing, he lowers the microphone and heads back through the curtains to give Hussain his moment to celebrate his championship victory.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson confirms that The Jokers Wild are here to stay and will be fighting the fight against corruption.

Stan: But how can they, when Drew doesn't even want to erase what has happened here tonight?

Blackfront: I don't know Stan, I just don't know.

Abdul bin Hussain now has the title around his waist as he kneels on his knees, arms out and eyes up. Rafiq stands on one side of him, his sister on the other. They praise Allah as the camera zooms in. The fans, still upset at the new champion, continue to loudly boo as

the copyright comes across the screen and we fade to black.