

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #11

April 20, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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

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

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the first ever broadcast of Wrestleshow, live on High Octane Television. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're in Denver Colorado. It's Easter Sunday and we have a jam packed house.

Blackfront: This may be the most excited crowd ever as they are here to make history with us.

Ace: Do you smell that Jason?

Blackfront: Smell what?

Ace: It smells like April twentieth here in the Pepsi Center.

Blackfront: I don't get it.

Ace: It's.. well.. you know what's legal here.. oh, never mind.

Blackfront: Folks, tonight will be a night to remember. We have several major debuts, as well as a confrontation where the owner of the UTA, James Wingate, will be in the ring with the champion, Abdul bin Hussain, as well as Sean Jackson and Madman Szalinski. He has promised that by the end of the night, the title picture will change and we will know for certain who the number one contender is and where we are going into the future as the UTA evolves yet again.

Ace: He's said many times that he doesn't like being in front of the camera, so when Mr. Wingate comes out here like this, you know he means business.

Blackfront: He sure does, but Tommy it's time to get things going. Are you ready?

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Ace: I'm more ready than I've ever been! The camera pans to the top of the stage.

La Flama Blanca vs. Tobia Devereux

Hysteria by Muse starts to play as the crowd starts to rumble. From behind the curtains come Tobias Devereux, De Cajun Sensation, like you didn't know!

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

Tobias Devereux tips his hat towards the crowd despite the mixed reaction before sprinting towards the ring and sliding under the bottom rope. He slides all the way to the center of the ring and looks around at the crowd before popping up to his feet. He goes from corner to corner to taunt at the fans and jaw jack at a few in the front rows.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and eighty five pounds... TOBIAS... DEVEREUXXXXXX!!!

He eventually gets into his corner and takes of his trench and fedora sitting both in the corner. He stretches out a bit while he awaits the bell.

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans. When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Blackfront: Interesting opening match here as both men are set to debut.

Ace: La Flama Blanca has a definite disadvantage size wise, but if he can keep the speed high paced, he may be able to get around Tobias' mat skills.

Both men move toward the middle of the ring as the bell sounds to start the match. Blackfront: Here we go. Tobias Devereux quickly moves in to grab La Flama Blanca. Blanca ducks under his arms.

La Flama Blanca takes off in a sprint behind Tobias, hitting the ropes and returning as Devereux turns.

Blackfront: Blanca on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Tobias Devereux.

Ace: There's that speed I was talking about.

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Blackfront: Blanca to his feet behind Tobias, quick standing drop kick to the back of Devereux!

Tobias Devereux is sent stumbling forward, dropping to his knees and landing in a way in which his arms and neck fall over the middle rope. La Flama Blanca runs and leads up, grabbing the ropes and swinging his feet around, through the middle and top rope, catching Tobias in the face.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hits his target and Tobias Devereux is down.

Ace: This is why I love the UTA Jason, so many different styles of wrestlers. La Flama Blanca's lucha libre background ensures we will see things like that, that you normally wouldn't see in American wrestling.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca quickly continuing his assault. He leaps to the middle rope as Tobias Devereux is getting to his feet.

Devereux wobbles as he gets up, not seeing La Flama Blanca jumping.

Blackfront: Moonsault to a cross body block by the masked man!

As they hit the mat, La Flama Blanca is sent sliding away from Tobias but quickly leaps up and across to cover Tobias.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by La Flama Blanca. Kickout at one.

Ace: Tobias Devereux may be stunned, but you just can't put away the Cajun Sensation that easy.

La Flama Blanca doesn't dwell as he quickly gets back up. He runs to the corner turnbuckle as Tobias Devereux begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: I'm not sure if going for a high risk move this early is a wise decision.

Tobias is up and stumbles toward the corner as La Flama Blanc stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca leaps, he catches Tobias by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana!

The crowd goes crazy.

Ace: I didn't see that coming but it sure paid off.

Blackfront: Yes it did. I believe Tobias Devereux needs to somehow slow La Flama Blanca down if he wants to turn things around.

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Tobias rolls to the side of the ring and slides to the floor. He holds himself up by the edge of the mat while holding his neck.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to re-evalute the situation.

Ace: That's what you have to do. This may be his only chance to slow down La Flama Blanca.... or not.

La Flama Blanca runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Tobias' direction.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux moves.

Tobias catches the legs of La Flama Blanca and yanks him hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending Blanca back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Tobias Devereux. This may be what he needs. Devereux shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling La Flama Blanca up by his head.

Blackfront: Devereux rolls Blanca back into the ring.

He grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron of the mat before re-entering the ring.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux pulling La Flama Blanca to his feet. Hard chop to the chest of Blanca, followed by another. La Flama Blanca reeling.

Tobias Devereux brings a boot up to the stomach of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: Kick to the midsection of La Flama Blanca. Quickly, Tobias wraps him up. Belly to belly suplex!

La Flama Blanca flies across the ring, hitting the mat hard.

Ace: That will slow anyone down.

Devereux gets to his feet, walking of to where La Flama Blanca is sitting up, holding his back. Tobias lifts the left arm of La Flama Blanca , using it to pull him to his feet.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux holding La Flama Blanca by that arm, presses him into the ropes. Using the arm, hard Irish Whip across the ring. La Flama Blanca on the return.. drop toe hold by Tobias Devereux.

Devereux rolls over, positioning himself on top of La Flama Blanca, who is face down, wrapping his left arm around the neck of Blanca using his right to grab the extended left arm of Blanca.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux applying pressure to the neck of La Flama Blanca while trying to hyperextend

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that arm.

Ace: This is what he has to do. Slow the pace down, focus on certain areas of the body, and were your opponent down.

Devereux scoots his knees up, helping prop him and La Flama Blanca up. he begins to stand, continuing to hold La Flama Blanca as he rises. Once to his feet, Tobias Devereux drops the left arm of La Flama Blanca, and pulls him out of the headlock, positioning Blanca's head between his legs.

Blackfront: Tobias Devereux now to his feet, with La Flama Banca positioned with him. Tobias wraps his arms around the waste of La Flama Blanca, lifting him up and over his head. As Blanca goes up and over, his legs come back around the sides of Tobias Devereux who moves his arms inside of Blanca's. He brings La Flama Blanca forward and down, falling to the mat with him and driving his head hat into it. The crowd gasp collectively.

Blackfront: Devereux Devastation Mach Two point Zero!

Ace: Wow. La Flama Blanca has to be hurt.

Blackfront: Such a destructive move out of nowhere.

Tobias crawls forward and covers La Flama Blanca as the referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: That's all she wrote as Tobias Devereux gets the three. The referee begins to call for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... TOBIAS.... DEVEREUUUUXXXXXX!!!!

Blackfront: Strong opening by La Flama Blanca, but Tobias Devereux's strength and technical expertise was just too much for him tonight.

Ace: He did a great job though and impressed me as well as the fans here. it just wasn't La Flama Blanca's night.

Tobias Devereux celebrates in the ring.

Put Something in the Air

Backstage, the camera is stationary facing a single door. Smoke can be seen pouring out from underneath the door. Coughing is soon heard, with one male coughing much louder than the others. Approaching the door is Ariel Shadows and Peach.

Ariel: Oh my God, you are kidding me...

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Peach: BARK!

Ariel knocks on the door.

Ariel: Baby, we're live...

More coughing is heard, along with shuffling. Madman can be heard yelling through the door.

Madman: Just a minute...

Ariel puts her hands on her hips while Peach sits on her hind parts.

Ariel: I know it's legal here now, but I'm pretty sure you'll still get into trouble for this. Now get out here!

Madman: All right! I'm coming!

A few final coughs are heard. When the door is opened, smoke flies into the hallway.

Peach: BARK! BARK!

Peach backs away from the cloud. Madman and two UTA stagehands step out, with Szalinski handing over a malfunctioning fog machine to one of them.

Madman: Sorry, guys, I think she's broke for good.

Stagehand: Thanks anyway.

Ariel shakes her head, as Madman fist-daps both stagehands. As they walk away, Madman yells back.

Madman: Hey...you gonna keep that, because I think I can use it for... Ariel pulls Madman away by the arm.

Ariel: You don't need it...now come on!

Madman pulls himself back into the camera's scene, lifting up his hand to mimic holding a joint.

Madman: LEGALIZE IT!

Ariel: NOW MADMAN!

Madman is visibly dragged away by the back of the mask, as Peach barks on in the background. Their voices are heard echoing afterwards.

Ariel: You are championship material now, you can't be giving the board heart attacks like that! Yet alone

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ME!

Madman: Of all days to give me guff, you HAVE to be all conservative and what-not TODAY? What else you gonna celebrate, Hitler's birthday?

Peach: BARK...

The scene fades to black after Peach's bark into the first commercial break of the night.

Elvis McDonald vs. Perfection

As we return from commercial, the camera is sits on the stage.

? EVERYBODY WAS KUNG FU FIGHTING!!!!?

The iconic disco track hits the speakers, and Elvis McDonald steps out from the back to a great applause. He wears his typical dark blue mechanics garb and wields his adjustable wrench in his right hand. Elvis literally disco dances all the way down the entrance ramp, perhaps the only time tonight he'll appear to enjoy himself at all, and the audience loves every minute of it.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds... Hailing from Atlanta, Georgia...

He slides into the ring, and immediately his demeanor turns cold.

Announcer: He is... ELVIS... MCDONALLLLLLDDDDDD!!!!

His music starts to dim. He enters his corner and bounces on his feet. Waiting. Patient. Blackfront: Elvis McDonald getting a good reception here in Denver for his UTA debut. The sounds system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween. Announcer: His opponent. hailing from Los Angeles, California...

The crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... PERFECTIOOONNNNN!!!

? There is no doubt about it I'm one of kind, baby

I am le d'Artagnan de coeur As you may see, candy?

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up

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the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites. Perfection enters the ring.

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am, I am, yes I am (perfect)?

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Perfection coming off of a win on the last Wrestleshow, looks to extend it to two and zero here tonight as he faces Elvis McDonald.

Ace: These two had powerful words against each other the last two weeks. Tonight, it's time to put up or shut up.

As the bell sounds they move toward each other.

Blackfront: Similar in size, these two vary greatly in style. Elvis McDonald is a martial arts expert while Perfection is a ring technician.

Elvis McDonald moves into a defensive martial arts stance as Perfection watches on, smirking at him. he points at McDonald and looks to the fans, mouthing Come on, this is a joke.

Blackfront: I'm unsure if Perfection can take Elvis McDonald seriously, but he probably should.

Ace: His name may be goofy, and his wardrobe nothing to call home about, but Elvis McDonald is a skilled martial artist.

Perfection laughs at Elvis McDonald before rushing him.

Blackfront: Perfection on the attack, rushing Elvis McDonald with an extended arm. McDonald slips past Perfection's clothesline attempt, rolling under his arm, reaching up and grabbing it as he ducks, using his body weight to flip Perfection over and down to the mat. Elvis jumps back into a defensive position as Perfection, on one knee, looks up at him a bit more seriously than before.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald catching Perfection off guard.

Ace: I think Perfection realizes McDonald isn't here to play.

Perfection stands back up, and cracks his neck as he puts his hands up, semi-closed and moves in toward

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Elvis McDonald.

Blackfront: Perfection with a right, deflected by McDonald who swiftly clicks the side of Perfection's leg. Another. Now two quick strikes to the head of Perfection.

Elvis McDonald steps back and comes forward with a flat kick to the chest of Perfection causing him to stumble back and into the ropes. Still in a martial arts defense position, McDonald moves forward toward him.

Ace: Elvis does know this is professional wrestling, right? He's treating this more like mixed martial arts.

Blackfront: As long as those aren't close handed hits, I believe this is legal.

Elvis comes in with two more swift kicks into the upper leg of perfection who is backed into the ropes. He spins around and gives perfection's temple an elbow, before spinning back the other way and coming forward with a raised knee into the midsection of Perfection, pulling the back of his head toward his chest as he does.

Blackfront: The referee trying to get McDonald to back away from Perfection who is in the ropes.

Elvis takes one step toward Perfection, who moves his upper body over the middle rope but under the top, to show he is in the ropes. The referee puts his hands up, walking toward Elvis and backing him off.

Blackfront: Perfection now fully re-evaluating the match.

Ace: That smirk he had is gone now that he realizes Elvis McDonald is serious. Perfection moves back fully into the ring as the referee continues to hold McDonald back. Perfection moves in and reaches around the referee, slapping him upside the head. McDonalds tries tog et around the referee who quickly asserts himself in the middle and in control.

Blackfront: Perfection messing with the head of Elvis McDonald, possibly attempting to get him to get himself disqualified.

McDonald takes a few steps back, takes a deep breath and moves back into a defensive position as the referee moves out of the way.

Blackfront: It looks like we're getting this match back on track now. Perfection seems to be more in tune with the style of Elvis McDonald as sizes him up.

Perfection moves in. Elvis takes a swing toward him with his right arm. Perfection ducks it. McDonald then swings with his left, with Perfection ducking again. Perfection, still ducked down, rushes forward, slamming his shoulder into the stomach of Elvis McDonald and pushing him hard back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Perfection now with McDonald in the ropes. Holding the ropes for leverage, Perfection pulling his shoulder hard into Elvis McDonald's midsection.

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He steps back and comes forward with a right hand to the side of Elvis McDonald's head followed by another. As the referee heads toward them to break it up, perfection grabs the face of Elvis McDonald and rakes down across his eyes.

Blackfront: The referee warning Perfection after that vicious eye rake.

Ace: Martial artist or not, you have fingers attempting to gouge your eyes out, it does not feel good.

Perfection throws his hands up and backs away, signaling to the referee he isn't going to do it again. As the referee backs away, Perfection comes forward, grabs the head of Elvis McDonald and drops him down with a DDT.

Blackfront: Elvis McDonald with no time to recover, now on the receiving end of a DDT.

Ace: McDonald is a dangerous man. Perfection knows he has to be ultra aggressive if he plans to win this one.

Perfection quickly rolls Elvis over and covers him. As the referee drops to count,

perfection places his legs on the bottom rope for leverage causing the fans to boo loudly. The referee sees it and gets up pointing.

Blackfront: Caught by the referee, Perfection attempted to secure a victory by not so legal ways.

Ace: Sometimes you have to do what it takes to get the upper hand.

Blackfront: But at what cost? Things like that and eye rakes could cause Perfection this match.

Elvis McDonald pushes up to his elbows as Perfection gets to his feet. He steps over McDonald's back and squats down, sitting on it. He places his hands underneath the chin of Elvis McDonald, locking his fingers, and leaning back.

Blackfront: Chinlock by Perfection.

The camera zooms in on Elvis McDonald's face, obviously in pain as Perfection leans back, applying more pressure.

Ace: This is exactly what you have to do with a man like McDonald. Be aggressive and applies holds that put a toll on your opponent's body.

Perfection pulls back hard again before releasing the hold. He waits for a few moments before sliding his arms underneath of Elvis'. He steps back and lifts, almost pulling McDonald up with him. As Elvis gets to his feet, Perfection tightens his hold, locking his fingers behind the head of Elvis McDonald.

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Blackfront: Full Nelson applied by Perfection.

Ace: Classic lock there applied, well, with perfection.

Perfection leans back and lifts up, side stepping as he slams Elvis McDonald down.

Blackfront: Full Nelson into a slam.

Perfection quickly steps over the chest of Elvis McDonald, yelling at him as he leans down and slaps Elvis McDonald across the face before standing back up, stepping over McDonald and raising his arms high in the sky.

Blackfront: Perfection gloating. How about being a professional?

The referee yells at Perfection again, who ignores him, stepping to the side and over, yanking Elvis McDonald up by his head.

Blackfront: McDonald back on his feet. Perfection directs him toward the ropes, and sends him over the top, crashingg to the outside!

Ace: Perfection definitely in control right now.

Perfection steps between the ropes to the apron, leaping to the floor.

Blackfront: The action now outside of the ring as Elvis McDonald needs to find a way to come back if he wants to take home a victory in his debut.

Perfection pulls McDonald back to his feet and grabs his left arm.

Blackfront: Perfection with a whi... no, reversed. Perfection whipped hard into the barrier out here as the the referee begins to count.

Elvis, sweat coming down his face, looks out to the crowd before heading over to where Perfection is propped up, back first, against the barrier.

Blackfront: Knife edge chop to the chest of Perfection by Elvis McDonald, another. Elvis McDonald now with multiple elbow strikes.

He steps back and comes forward with a spearhead strike to the chest of Perfection.

Blackfront: Spearhead strike to the solarplexes of Perfection.

Perfection drops to his knees holding his chest.

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Ace: I don't think either of these guys realize the referee is counting them out. Someone needs to get back into the ring befo...

The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Before they are counted out like that?

Ace: Exactly.

Elvis McDonald puts his hands on his hips and looks around trying to figure out what is going on.

Announcer: Due to a double count out, this match ends in a no contest.

Elvis takes a deep breath, looking disappointed as Perfection stays down, holding his chest.

Blackfront: You have to a count of ten before the match ends. Tonight, these men fell to that.

Ace: Yeah, but what a competitive match showcasing both men.

Blackfront: You can't take anything away from either man, you're right. Tonight just wasn't the night for an uncontested winner to walk out.

Still disappointed, Elvis McDonald walks around the barrier and begins to head up the ramp, slapping the hands of the fans as he does. Perfection begins to get up, looking around and trying to figure out what has happened. The fans start to boo him heavily. Blackfront: The fans are against Perfection here in Denver tonight.

Perfection: Oh shut the hell up. More booing

Perfection: I've been to a lot of places but I never been to a city that let's people pay for tickets with E....B.....T. That's 'Government Cheese' for all the simpletons from Boulder in the crowd. But what do you expect from the 'Mile High City' and their lazy....'Ungrateful'....useless....potheads?

Even more booing

Perfection: You really think this matters? That Elvis McDonald matters...or even you matter? All that matters...

The crowd continues to get loud.

Perfection: ...all that matters is that I have come to resurrect this ship. That I have come to give you fans a real product, something you aren't even worthy of seeing. Look at me, my body, my hair, my looks, compared to...[He points to some guy in the front row].....that waste of space!

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A fan throws a beer that almost hits him

Perfection: You hate me cause you don't understand! Rather, it's not that you don't understand, it's that you can never be at THIS level of..... Perfection! I don't blame you...love to hate, hate to love- it's all the same to me little lemmings.

A You Suck chant breaks out.

Perfection: You 'Ungratefals' will realize...sooner or later, like it or not...Perfection will be your champion. And when I am, you will respect me!

He drops the microphone and we fade into a commercial break.

Messing with Sasq... err, with Pot Heads

We return from commercial.

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

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

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

[BOOS]

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

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

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

[The Mental Rapist]

Through the crimson mist, a ring of fire can now be seen as the fans can see two people rising up from the floor. The arena erupts into boos and slight cheers as the two people are quickly recognized as Sean Jackson and the evil jezebeth Vanessa. Jackson is motionless while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Once both have risen like a phoenix from its ashes, they step

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out of the ring of fire with Sean sporting a smile complete confidence carved all over his face, while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

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

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

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

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

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

[Cheap pop]

Jackson: No wonder you guys wanted marijuana legalized so bad. If I had to live in this dump, I would want it altered as well.

[The cheap pop is replaced by boos. Loud boos.]

Jackson: Once I landed at the airport, and got a look at the indigenous people who lived

here. It all made sense...

[He immediately begins to point at people in the seats close to the ring side area.]

Jackson: I mean look at this guy....

[The camera focuses on some fat guy, looks to be in his mid 20's, with his stomach hanging from under his shirt. He has a beer in one hand and a couple of hot dogs in the other. He is with a couple of guys who are dressed in the same manner.]

Jackson: Who's obviously a fan of Madman Szalinski. Probably has a poster of the Madman hitting the wacky weed while playing Warcraft in his mother's basement. [More boos.]

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Jackson: Come on now, you know you losers love Szalinski. You know that you love the fact that he smokes pot and is just as lazy and brain dead as the rest of you.

[The boos get louder.]

Jackson: Hey, don't boo me. If anything, why don't you boo yourselves? Matter of fact, why don't each and every one of you tell your hero why you failed him?

[As the boos continue, Sean begins to smile. This was exactly the response that he was counting on.]

Jackson: Why don't you explain to the Madman why you would much rather smoke pot, than to come to the arena and watch him stink up the joint?

[He begins to pace, bringing more people into his venom laced path.]

Jackson: Or that YOU people only came here because you're too lazy to have real jobs. The only reason why YOU people came here is because YOU have a guy like Szalinski, who doesn't have an ounce of talent anywhere in his body...

[Sean stops pacing and looks directly at the camera.]

Jackson: But, you somehow feel that your miserable lives can somehow be lived through HIM. That it's really YOU saying the things that he says and that it's really YOU doing the things that he does....

[Some cheer while other continue their boos. It's easy to tell who's screwed up on pot and who isn't.]

Jackson: Even though NONE OF YOU know the difference between a wrist watch and a wrist lock.

[Hey, the arena is filled with wrestling marks. Of course they know the difference. But this isn't Sean going after the fans per se, it's him sending a direct message to Szalinski himself.]

Jackson: But you know what? I blame that confusion on the Madman. I blame Szalinski because he's the one who has made you the brain dead idiots that you are.

[The boos continue. Hey, we're going for a record here.]

Jackson: Don't believe me? Hey, no problem. I'll prove it to you right now. Do any of you know what today is?

[The entire arena responds....] IT'S FOUR TWENTY!!!!!!

[The arena is filled with cheers.]

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Jackson: Very good. And what holiday falls on four twenty?

[Again, the entire arena responds. Except there are two answers given.]

Majority: POT!!!!!!!

Minority: Easter!!!!

[A smile forms on Sean's face. Now he gets to REALLY have fun with the fans in the arena.]

Jackson: Wait, you gave two answers. Which is it? [The arena again erupts with the answer.] Majority: POT!!!!

Minority: Easter!!!! Majority: POT!!!! Minority: Easter!!!!

[As the back and forth chants continue, Sean now has the ammo he was looking for. He now intends on disrupting the entire arena.]

Jackson: You see what I mean Szalinski? You brain dead idiots are so easy. Only a group of Twinkie fisting pot heads would think that four twenty was a real holiday for pot....

Majority: POT!!!!

Minority: Easter!!!!

Jackson: Just like a Twinkie fisting Napoleon complex weakling like you would think that you stood a snowballs chance in hell of becoming the UTA world champion.

Majority: POT!!!!

Minority: Easter!!!!

Jackson: You know, I've made a living off of destroying mentally challenged people like you. Just like I've made a living off of destroying paper champions like Dr. Emo and Abdul bin Hussain.

[There is a small chant starting for Dr. Emo, which continues in voices and in volume.]

Jackson: Oh NOW you start cheering for him.... [The chants get louder.]

Jackson: You know, you people are pathetic. Where were the chants when he was at home, laid up due to injury?

[Boos]

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Jackson: Yep, you people really believe in that out of sight, out of mind saying, don't you?

[The boos get louder.]

Jackson: Again, don't boo me for YOUR character flaws. I'm not the one who put the pot in your grubby little fingers, and I sure wasn't the one who made you kill brain cells. You people did that crap on your own. But at least I know this much....

[Sean Jackson walks to the ring ropes and leans on the top.]

Jackson: As soon as Wrestleshow is over, I get to leave this God forsaken place and head back to Dallas. I won't have to worry about any of my perfect brain cells dying due to second hand contact highs. But the most important thing is that by the time this show is over....

[The camera pans in tight on Sean Jackson.]

Jackson: James Wingate, Wrestle UTA, and HOTv will know EXACTLY who the face of this company is.

We head to another commercial break.

Lyra Starchild vs. Darian Dumont

As we return from commerical, the arena is cast into darkness which is abruptly ended by a bright flash; the sound of a massive explosion sends the people rocking in their seats, as the music rises a thick fog flows from the entrance.

Announcer: Making her way first to the ring, hailing from Planet Vallyria, Stellar System Vega. She stands at five foot nine and weighs in at one hunderd and fifty pounds... She is.... LYRA....
STARRRRRRCCHHHIILLLLDDDD!!!!

From out of the fog materializes The Starchild as she dashes towards the ring, taking no time to look at the audience; while an array of psychedelic imagery flashes across the screen, she launches from the ground to the apron and then flips over the top rope, coming to land near center, where she stands waiting for the competition to begin.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild making her UTA debut.

Ace: Does she really think she's from another planet Jason? How many crazies do we need here?

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

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

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

Blackfront: Darian Dumont still wearing that protective mask over his face.

Ace: He has to be disfigured after receiving a chain to the face courtesy of Frank Dylan James.

As Dumont reaches the ring we see the apron moving on the ring. He stops in his tracks as Frank Dylan James crawls from out under the ring.

Blackfront: IT'S FRANK DYLAN JAMES! IT'S FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

Ace: Has he been under there all night?

James gets to his feet and lunges forward with his arm out, almost taking the head of Darian Dumont off in the process.

Blackfront: James extracting revenge after Darian Dumont cost him the Internet Championship!

Ace: Yes, but wasn't that Darian Dumont's way of getting back to him for destroying his face?

Blackfront: It's a vicious cycle.

James violently yanks Darian Dumont to his feet and sends him flying into the steel steps. Dumont's entire body flips over the steps as the referee and Lyra Starchild watch from inside of the ring.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild unsure what to make of this.

Frank Dylan James yells before stomping over and grabbing the ankle of Darian Dumont, pulling him away from the steps before bending down and pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Frank Dylan James rolls Darian Dumont into the ring.

Ace: Is he done with him?

Blackfront: It's almost as if he is delivering Darian Dumont to Lyra Starchild on a silver platter.

The referee checks on Darian Dumont as he uses the ropes to start getting to his feet.

Frank Dylan James gives an evil grin as he walks backwards up the ramp.

Blackfront: I don't see how the referee can allow this match to happen. Darian Dumont needs to be checked out by medical staff.

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Dumont gets to his feet and shakes his head to the referee to get the match going.

Blackfront: Darian Dumont wants to continue.

Ace: Not a smart move, but noble.

The referee calls for the bell to start the match.

Blackfront: Here we go.

Darian Dumont steps away from the ropes and drops to one knee. Lyra Starchild looks down at him, complaining to the referee.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild unhappy that her debut match is against someone who can not even stay standing up.

The referee checks with Darian Dumont before calling for the bell. He confers with the time keeper outside of the ring.

Announcer: Darian Dumont has been ruled not to be able to continue. As a result, the winner of this match....
LYRA... STARCHILDDDD!!!!

Lyra shakes her head in disapproval.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild unhappy with the outcome of the match.

Ace: It wasn't even a match, Frank Dylan James made sure of that.

Darian Dumont drops to the mat and rolls out. The referee follows, helping him to his feet. They begin toward the back. Lyra Starchild walks to the ropes, holding the top and looking out to the crowd before exiting the ring.

Blackfront: Well, coming up nex....

Lyra Starchild burst into a full run toward Darian Dumont. She pushes past the referee and slams a forearm into the back of Darian Dumont's head. As he falls to the floor, Lyra begins to stomp him.

Blackfront: Lyra Starchild taking her frustrating out on an injured Darian Dumont. Ace: Somewhere in the back, Frank Dylan James has to be enjoying this even more. The referee tries to pull Lyra away, but she continues to stomp. Seth Payne and Kevin

Hawk, both dressed in suits, head out from the back. Kevin tries to calm Lyra down. Seth Payne grabs her around her waist, pulling her away from Dumont as the referee drops to check on him.

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Blackfront: We seem to have things under control.

Lyra pulls away from Payne and begins to head up toward the stage.

Blackfront: The damage is done.

Ace: At least she starts out in her UTA career with a win.

Blackfront: But it will always have an asterisk beside it.

Livewire/Shop Zone

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

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

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

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

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

Davis: Livewire is fun, it's exciting.

We now fade to Jennifer Williams sitting.

Williams: You'll get exclusive interviews, news, and segments not seen anywhere else. Next up is Tommy Ace.

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

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

Wingate: Livewire is what the professional wrestling world is missing. Yes, Wrestleshow and other programs

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like it are the spotlight of our industry. But with a show like Livewire, the experience is taken one step further.

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

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

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

We get move to an area where there is a ton of merchandise lined up. The camera pans over it with a 1-800 number in tow as 'Rumor Man' Stan Davis' voice goes over the shot. Stan: The UTA Shop Zone has all of the stuff you need as an UTA fan. From T-Shirts to action figures and more. Order online today for ten percent off or by dialing the one eight hundred number below. Free shipping on all orders over fifty dollars.

The camera pans over the merchandise before we head to commerical break.

Log Habben vs. Travis Ryan

As we return from commerical, both men are already in the ring.

Blackfront: Next up, the number one contender for the Internet Championship, Log Habben, takes on newcomer, Travis Ryan.

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

Ace: What is Log thinking here attempting to brawl with the big man?

Blackfront: Log is a fighter but now Travis Ryan is using the middle rope to choke him.

Ace: The referee begins his count warning Travis Ryan. He holds it until four! Travis Ryan releases his hold on Habben.

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

Ace: Log is softening up the big man with those sharp licks.

Travis blocks a kick then grabs a hold of Habben neck. He pushes himself out of the corner and turns Log into the corner. Travis Ryan lowers his shoulder and begins driving it into the midsection of Habben over and

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over.

Blackfront: What a counter!

Ace: Travis Ryan is using his power to his complete advantage early in this one. Travis Ryan pulls Log from the corner and hooks an arm over his head. He lifts him straight up into the air. Habben begins fighting back in mid air. He swings forward driving Travis Ryan's head into the mat with a huge counter DDT.

Blackfront: Travis Ryan just drove his skull through the mat with that violent display. Habben gets back to his feet and immediately targets the knees of Travis Ryan. He hits on knee as Log continues his kicking onslaught. Travis Ryan falls forward into the arms of Habben who hits a DDT and goes for the cover.

Blackfront: Quick kick out by Travis Ryan! Habben is attempting to keep the fight on the mat.

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

Ace: Reach for the ropes Log!

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Habben slides back in the ring.

Log gets to his feet and is turned upside down from a huge clothesline from Travis Ryan.

Blackfront: Boom! He was turned inside out.

Ace: Travis Ryan is not happy about the broken nose.

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

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

Ace: One! Two!

Blackfront: Kick Out! Habben is still alive.

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

Ace: Habben came for a fight.

Log grabs the arm of Travis Ryan, pulling him to his feet. he goes to whip Ryan, but Travis over powers him, and sends him flying into the ropes. Log Habben hits the ropes hard enough to go over the top and crash to the ground outside.

Blackfront: Log has landed on the outside here and is still down. Travis Ryan is coming after him and he is yet to move after that whip over the top rope.

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

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

Ace: It's at five!

The referee continues his count as Habben catches his breath in the corner. Travis Ryan gets to a knee and shakes his head. The referee count hits eight before it registers to Travis Ryan. He slides in the ring then back out as Habben makes a mad dash for him. Ace: Habben approach has been so calculated thus far in this match. Travis Ryan continues using his size advantage at any possible opportunity.

Ryan walks up the steps and attempts to enter as Habben makes a dash for him again. Travis Ryan shoulder blocks him through the ropes then climbs on through. He kicks Habben in the gut causing him to bend. Travis Ryan taunts the crowd as he pulls Log in for a powerbomb. He lifts Log high into the air

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slamming him back down to earth with a wicked bounce.

Blackfront: What force! That power bomb was brutal.

Ace: Travis Ryan hooks a leg!

Blackfront: ONE!

Ace: TWO!!!!!!!!!!

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

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

Blackfront: What a jaw breaker!

Ace: He has Travis Ryan flat on his back again!

Blackfront: Log Habben going for another pin.

Ace: One! Two!

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

Log runs towards Travis Ryan but gets clobbered for doing so. Travis Ryan begins throwing wild fists at Habben stopping him dead in his tracks.

Ace: He is keeping Habben off of him while catching his second wind.

Blackfront: Travis Ryan gets the upper hand and whips Habben into the ropes! He hits the side ropes meeting Log in the middle of the ring! WOW!

Ace: Lights Out!

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

Ace: Travis Ryan frustration could cost him this match if he doesn't watch it.

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Blackfront: He is completely frustrated with the resilience of Log Habben.

Log gets back to his feet and ducks a clothesline while pulling the ropes down. Travis Ryan misses him completely and tumbles over the ropes and out of the ring. Habben releases the ropes and catches his breath. Meanwhile on the outside Travis Ryan is full of frustration. Log runs toward the ropes and leaps through the middle with a suicide dive. Travis Ryan catches him out of the air. He takes off running toward the ring post full speed carrying Habben in his arms. Travis smashes Log between himself and the metal ring post.

Blackfront: Log just got smashed.

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

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

Ace: DDT OFF THE STEPS! Travis Ryan IS DOWN! REPEAT Travis Ryan IS DOWN!

Blackfront: Habben got some major air with that one.

Ace: Habben has lost it! He is on top of Travis Ryan on the outside hammering him in the face.

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

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

the ring.

Ace: Log is picking his spots here. He has got the big guy reeling.

Blackfront: He's back to his feet now. This has to be there Log Habben's best match since coming into the United Toughness Alliance. This is pay per view worthy.

Travis Ryan charges Log who goes for a drop kick but misses. Travis Ryan picks up Habben and whips him in the corner. He walks over and open hand chops him across the chest. He chops him again and then again.

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The red marks begin to show as when chops the fourth and fifth time.

Blackfront: Those are some nasty back hand chops!

Ace: They are already starting to bruise.

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

Ace: Great reversal! Travis Ryan is in it to win it.

Blackfront: He has had an answer for everything Log has thrown at him here tonight. Log stumbles to his feet as Travis Ryan hits the ropes. He comes in at Log who hits the mat flat suddenly. Travis Ryan jumps over him so not to trip. Habben leaps back to his feet and drop kicks Travis Ryan as he comes back off the ropes. Travis Ryan is taken off his feet completely as Log goes in for pin.

Blackfront: The referee counts... One. Two... THREE! Log Habben has done it.

Ace: What a match.

Blackfront: Log Habben just gave one hell of a performance.

He stands, holding his midsection as the referee holds Log's free hand in the air. Blackfront: You don't have to like him, but you should respect Log Habben after that match.

Race to the Top of Mt. Yoshii

The camera fades in backstage in the lockerroom area, where Max Burke is seen sitting on a bench positioning his elbow pads. Tightening the straps, he gives the first one on his right arm a slap to check its solidity, followed by a second just to make sure. Burke leans down and tightens the laces on his boots as a shadow suddenly cuts off his light. Burke looks up to see the imposing figure of Claude Baptiste Ranier, leaning against a set of lockers, in his purple and white ring gear, arms crossed and looking down at Burke.

Burke: Um, can I help you?

Ranier shakes his head and uses one hand to sweep the blonde hair back from his face.

CBR: Doubt it.

Burke sits up, leaning back against the cool metal and studies Claude inquisitively.

Burke: Then...why are you here?

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Ranier sniggers as Burke leans down to collect the second elbow pad. Claude extends his boot and shuffles the pad out of Burke's reach. Max gives him a paused look, then leans further forward to retrieve it. Again, Ranier shuffles it away with his boot. Burke slowly gets to his feet and faces CBR, getting close to his face.

Burke: Look, I don't know what your problem is man, but...

CBR: You think it's funny?

Burke: Do I think what's funny?

Burke steps a little closer to Ranier, folding his own arms, his impressive physique imposing on CBR's space.

CBR: Do you think it's funny, taking my spotlight like this? I beat Yoshii one on one last week, then you go to the boss and clearly whine your way into my match. If I beat Yoshii on my own, why would I need a second rate amateur like you to help me do it again?

Burke's lips curl up into a grin as he chuckles a little.

Burke: I see, I see. You're afraid I'm gonna steal your heat huh? Afraid I'm gonna outdo you and show the world that I should be the next in line for the Internet Champ shot?

Come on Claude...there's enough toys in the pen to share.

Ranier stands up off of the lockers and stares down Burke, his arms by his sides.

CBR: Look, if you're trying to prove something, don't. Or at least go do it with Dumont, Starchild or another one of those new jobbers around here. I already beat you, I already beat Yoshii...no reason why I can't just beat you both at the same time!

Burke also leans forward, arms by his side and looks dan CBR's frame, before returning his stare and rolling his eyes.

Burke: That match...where you...beat...me. That, was a fluke. Everyone knows it. Next time we square off, the result will be a hell of a lot different. I'm the rising star in this business. I'm the man who pretty much retired Wulfric. I was born to wrestle, bred to win, and trust me, that Internet title will be round a Canadian waist soon enough; just not yours!

Ranier lifts his hand, taking the purple tinted shades off of his face and leaning in to stare straight into Burke's eyes. Wth his finger, he starts to prod Burke's chest as he speaks...

CBR: You...are two and one...the one being me. I am four an 0, the 0 being the sum of your potential in this place. You might be getting treated as a potential star, like every other wannabe in this circus and flash in the

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pan whom comes and goes, but I...am the real deal. All I know 'Pro Wrestling's Pedigree' is that if you get in my way tonight, if you think about stealing my thunder, if you so much as look at me with those little green eyes of yours...I WILL show you why I am that once in a generation federation subjugation. In fact, do yourself a favour tonight and take the night off...it's all you're good for anyway.

Burke grabs CBR's finger from his chest, twisting it and turning his wrist into a lock, pushing the Canadian Star back against the door in a powerful shove.

Burke: Big words for a small man...let's see if you can back it up in the ring blondie! Ranier frowns at Burke, kicking the elbow pad away from him once again before leaving. The camera pans round to show Max Burke shaking his head before we go to commercial break.

Yoshii vs CBR & Max Burke

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese

Bushido plays over the sound system.

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

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

Out steps Yoshii as he walks and stands next to Jed Dye, focused on the ring. Jed rubs

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

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

Seek and Destroy by Metallica hits the PA system as the Canadian flag appears on the main video screen. Red lights fill the arena and from the back, CBR comes into view. Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Montreal, Canada... Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

Wearing his trademark purple and white robe, with purple tinted shades, he makes his way down to the ring, arms raised to the fans in a 'look at me' pose.

Announcer: He is... The Canadian Star... C..B..RRRRRRRRR

He flings the robe off and takes the steps to the apron, slowly getting into the ring. Once inside, CBR raises his arms, flexing to show off his physique. He takes off his shades and stretches his rut arm, preparing.

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Blackfront: CBR's physique is amazing.

Ace: He has the body of a champion, it's only time until he has the belt to go with it. In the ring, CBR sizes Yoshii up as the champion stands, unmoving, confident.

Blackfront: Although CBR is a big man, Yoshii is a beast.

Ace: I've seen CBR train, he is by far one of the strongest men in the UTA today. If anyone can get Yoshii off of his feet, he can.

The arena quiets down as the house lights drop out and a chilling blue light filters through the crowd. The soft opening guitars of Limp Bizkit's 'Behind Blue Eyes' begin to ring out as 'Pro Wrestling's Pedigree' Max Burke steps out on to the stage.

Announcer: His partner... He is hailing from Dorchester, New Brunswick..

Standing clad in black tights with 'BURKE' written across the back and tall black shiny boots and knee pads, he raises his arms in the air with an angry look on his face. He wears his leather jacket with a hood covering his head. He lets out a small smile as the crowd boos and then starts to slowly walk down the ramp as the lyrics kick in.

? No one knows what it's like To be the bad man

To be the sad man Behind blue eyes ?

Announcer: Standing at six foot tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

The crowd continues to boo as Max slowly walks passed them. He turns to them and raises his hand in a threatening back hand manner and then chuckles to himself when a few of the fans jump back in fear.

Announcer: He is.... MAAAXXXX.... BUUURRRKKKEEE!!!!

He walks up the steel steps and stops for a moment, staring straight up at the sky. He lifts his arm and points to the sky, his ode to his Uncle Ben, and then very quietly slips into the ring between the top and second rope.

? But my dreams they aren't as empty As my conscience seems to be

I have hours, only lonely My love is vengeance That's never free ?

He jumps up on the top rope and squats up there for a moment, before lowering the hood off of his head. He jumps back down into the ring to a chorus of a few more boos.

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Blackfront: The fans not showing much love to Burke.

Max slips off his hooded jacket and hands that over to the referee before leaning up against the ropes and waiting for the bell.

Blackfront: CBR looks to be telling Max Burke that he will start the match.

Ace: It's only fair, as CBR does have a win over the Internet Champion. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go.

CBR steps up to Yoshii mouthing something inaudible to him before coming forward with a right hand.

Blackfront: The Canadian Superstar striking first with a series of rights. Yoshii taken back a bit, comes forward with a heavy chop across the chest of CBR.

CBR grabs his chest and stumbles back turning away from Yoshii. Blackfront: Yoshii now with that huge forearm across the back of CBR. CBR falls to one knee, but stands right back.

Blackfront: Another forearm to the back of CBR.

Yoshii turns him around and grabs his arm, using it to whip CBR across the ring. Blackfront: CBR on the return, Yoshii waiting... NO! CBR catches him.. SWINGING NECKBREAKER TO THE INTERNET CHAMPION!

Ace: That shook the whole ring! I think I felt the aftershocks out here!

Blackfront: That is what I am talking about there Tommy. CBR may be the man who can go toe to toe with Yoshii here.

CBR rolls over and gets up, letting out a loud yell of power. He walks over and tells Max Burke to "beat that" before slapping his chest. Burke looks at CBR before entering the ring.

Blackfront: Tag by CBR, bringing Max Burke into the ring. Max heads over to Yoshii.

Blackfront: Burke now stomping away at the chest of Yoshii, working around him.

Ace: Those are heavy stomps there Jason.

Jed Dye watches from outside of the ring, slapping the edge while yelling for Yoshii to get up.

Blackfront: Max now pulling Yoshii up by his head.

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Ace: That alone is a big order. As Yoshii gets up, he is dazed.

Blackfront: Boot to the midsection of Yoshii by Max Burke! He moves in and grabs Yoshii in a scoop, lifting.

Blackfront: Max Burke trying to bodyslam Yoshii!

Ace: There's no way Jason. His partner tonight tried that on the last Wrestleshow when he faced Yoshii and failed.

Max struggles as Yoshii moves up a bit.

Blackfront: I think if he can do this, he may very well impress CBR. Burke continues to lift, he gets Yoshii up a bit farther.

Blackfront: He's going to do it! He's going to do what CBR could not!

Ace: No way. Absolutly no way!

But it's just not enough as the big man breaks away and comes across the back of Max Burke with a forearm smash. He goes to one knee.

Blackfront: Max Burke, much like CBR two weeks ago, unable to lift Yoshii.

Ace: Well, he gave it a valient effort. Did you see CBR's face? He couldn't believe that Burke got Yoshii up fatehr than him.

Yoshii scoots in behind Max, standing directly behind him. He takes his hands and places them down onto the shoulders of Max Burke, locking his fingers in the creases and squeezing as he presses down.

Blackfront: Yoshii putting all of his weight into the shoulders of Burke much like he did on the last show.

The referee warns Yoshii to let go and he complies. Max falls to his chest and grabs the back of his neck as he rolls on the mat and to his back.

Blackfront: Yoshii stepping back.. he runs and leaps... BIG LEG DROP!

Ace: He moved Jason! He moved!

Max quickly crawls forward and leaps up tagging the extended hand of CBR who quickly gets back into the ring and runs toward the big man.

Blackfront: Rising knee to the back of Yoshii's head.

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As Yoshii hits the mat, CBR runs toward the ropes. On the return, he leaps up and comes down with a headbutt, hitting his target.

Blackfront: That's called using your head right there.

Ace: Gave me a headache watching it,

Max Burke begins to stomp on the outside and yell for CBR to re-tag him in. CBR gets up and looks at him.

Blackfront: Burke really wants in. Reluctantly, CBR tags Max Burke. Ace: Lets see why he wanted in so bad.

Max Burke walks across the apron and climbs the corner post from the outside.

Blackfront: What is he doing?

CBR looks at Burke with curiosity as Max stands tall. He balances himself then leaps through the air, coming down hard with his own headbutt.

Blackfront: These guys... trying to show each other up.

Ace: I will say that was a bit impressive.

CBR nods in approval and gives Max Burke a "golf" clap. Burke gets to his feet and signals for CBR to help him.

Blackfront: CBR and Max Burke working together to lift Yoshii to his feet as Jed Dye watches in horror on the outside.

They look at each other and lift. Yoshii goes up and over, crashing down to the mat.

Blackfront: Double Suplex!

They stand and look at each other before both dropping to cover Yoshii. The referee looks at each of them before hitting the mat and beginning to count.

Blackfront: That's three. CBR and Max Burke have done it.

Ace: Interesting match up indeed Jason.

The two Canadians hold each other's hand up high in celebration as Jed Dye checks on the Internet Champion.

We head to an advertisement for HOTv before going into an extended commercial.

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The Meeting

As we return from commercial, James Wingate is in the ring, microphone in hand, along with Madman Szalinski and Ariel as Sean Jackson and Vanessa are on the apron entering the ring.

Blackfront: Welcome back to Wrestleshow on High Octane Television. Jackson's music fades out and the lights return to normal.

Blackfront: Rumors have been running rampant for the last two weeks on how James Wingate will address the UTA Championship picture.

Ace: Noticeably, only two of the three men involved are in the ring Jason.

Blackfront: That's right. Abdul bin Hussain is not here.

The camera moves closer to the group of people in the ring as Mr. Wingate shakes the hand of Madman Szalinski and then Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Both men showing respect to the boss.

James raises the microphone up and waits for the crowd to quiet down.

Wingate: Seventy days.... Abdul bin Hussain has been the UTA Champion for seventy days as of today.

The fans begin to boo as James looks around.

Wingate: But, if you'll notice, he is not here tonight.

Blackfront: Probably not a good move by the champion.

Wingate: I was going to come out here and commend all three of you on your performance the last few months. You have truly helped the UTA grab the top spot in professional wrestling once again.

Ariel holds her husbands arm, rubbing it with a smile on her face as he nods.

Wingate: Mister Hussain. You chose not to be here tonight. I want it on record that this was his decision and that the office has not been given a reason why.

Ace: Big mistake champion.

Wingate: I'm not an egotistical evil boss. Am I madman? Madman Szalinski shakes his head no.

Wingate: Sean, your thoughts?

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Sean Jackson steps into the outreached mic.

Jackson: You sir, are what Brad Batee wants to pretend he is but never will be. Vanessa nods in approval.

Wingate: Thank you both. You see, I am here solely for the fans. I have no hidden agendas and am out to quote, unquote, screw... anyone. Especially not my champion who has reigned for seventy days as of today.

He pauses.

Wingate: But I have to say, when the boss calls a meeting, you probably want to be there.

Blackfront: That's right.

Wingate: With that being said, it is with a heavy heart that I hereby strip Abdul bin

Hussain of the UTA Championship title.

Blackfront: What?!

The fans scramble with joy. Madman and Jackson both look shocked. James waits for the noise to die down.

Wingate: Since this is our debut show on High Octane Television, and since we now officially do not have a champion...

Blackfront: He isn't is he?

Ace: I think he is Jason!

Wingate: I will cut this meeting short because tonight, here in this very ring, in front of these amazing fans here in Denver and the millions watching at home.... Madman Szalinski.. you will face Sean Jackson for the vacant, United Toughness Championship! The roof almost explodes off as the fans all leave their seats and begin yelling.

Blackfront: We're going to have a title match!

Ace: We're getting a new champion Jason!

Blackfront: I never saw this coming and it looks like Madman and Sean Jackson didn't either. They are shocked.

James holds his hand up to try and quiet down everyone. As they do he continues. Wingate: To show I am fair, Abdul bin Hussain will face the winner of tonight's match, for the United Toughness Alliance Championship on the next edition of Wrestleshow on High Octane Television.

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The crowd goes berserk again.

Wingate: With the special guest referee being... the unfortunate man not to walk out champion tonight.

Blackfront: The deck is stacked. My God, this truly is a new era for the UTA! With that being said, I want you two to have a great match.

He extends his hand shaking Madman's again followed by Sean Jackson before heading to the ropes. Madman Szalinski and Sean Jackson are still in pure shock.

Blackfront: Mr. Wingate is making his way to the back as the ladies are exiting the ring. We are about to have a championship match right now.

Sean Jackson vs. Madman Szalinski

Both men head to opposite corners. Shocked, but getting mentally ready for a match they did not expect. A match with so much on the line. After Vanessa and Ariel are outside of the ring, the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski was screwed on the last Wrestleshow by Abdul bin Hussain, but with him out of the picture this week, could the masked man be our new champion?

Ace: I can't even process this Jason!

Blackfront: Both men lock up. Jackson taking control early, he whips Madman Szalinski into the ropes.

As Madman Szalinski returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Szalinski slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

Blackfont: Szalinski leaps, grabbing the head of Sean Jackson.

Madman Szalinski attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Jackson just shoves him off and down to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Ace: Sean Jackson didn't get where he is today by being easily taken down.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now stomping away at Szalinski.

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He bends down and grabs Madman Szalinski, pulling violently to his feet. Vanessa watches on from the outside in approval.

Blackfront: Jackson directing Szalinski to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Madman Szalinski's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Jackson turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Madman Szalinski.

The referee starts counting.

Ace: Sean Jackson wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove. Blackfront: Jackson releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Madman Szalinski.

Ace: Szalinski's chest is glowing.

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat of Madman Szalinski to choke him again.

Ace: He's resourceful.

Blackfront: Jackson releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop. Sean Jackson grabs the left arm of Madman Szalinski and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Blackfront: Irish whip across the ring, Jackson follows Szalinski.

Madman Szalinski leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

The fans cheer as Jackson hits the mat. Madman Szalinski lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Szalinski the advantage he needs to come back.

Ace: Maybe not, but he is wisely resting, conserving what energy he has left.

Jackson shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Madman Szalinski uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Madman Szalinski.

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He bends down and lifts Sean Jackson up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Jackson was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

Ace: Turn around Szalinski!

Blackfront: Reminisce of the last match these two had.

Madman Szalinski turns as Sean Jackson uses the top rope to pull down and push himself up. For a split second he stands on the top rope before leaping off.

Blackfront: Clothesline from the outside of the ropes!

Ace: That was amazing.

Madman Szalinski just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Sean Jackson rolls over covering him.

Blackfront: Szalinski able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: He's a former champion, he just doesn't give up that easy.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, Madman Szalinski in hand.

Ace: You've got to think that right now Sean is not happy and Madman Szalinski is going to feel that here.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips Madman Szalinski into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Madman Szalinski MOVES! Madman Szalinski MOVES!

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Madman Szalinski holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Ace: He needs to be paying attention to Madman Szalinski. What is he doing? Blackfront: A worn out and batted Madman Szalinski climbing the turnbuckle. Sean pushes the referee away and takes a step forward and Madman leaps.

Blackfront: MADMAN SZALINSKI FROM THE TOP ROPE! HE HAS IT! HE WILL BE OUR NEW CHAMPION!

Sean Jackson reaches up, grabbing Madman in his arms. He lifts and turns, slamming Madman hard to the canvas as Ariel watches in horror on the outside.

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Blackfront: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

Sean Jackson rolls his back onto the chest of Madman Szalinski, using an arm to lift Madman's leg. the referee drops and begins to count.

Blackfront: THREE! THREE! THREE! SEAN JACKSON IS THE NEW UTA CHAMPION!

Ace: HISTORY HAS BEEN MADE!

The referee immediately begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: We don't have a title belt for Sean Jackson to hold tonight, but he IS the new UTA Champion.

The women hit the ring. Vanessa to Sean Jackson and Ariel to her husband. Sean Jackson slowly gets to his feet. The referee raises his arm as Vanessa hands him his NeWA World Heavyweight Championship.

Blackfront: I guess the NeWA title will have to do until Abdul bin Hussain relinquishes the title.

Ariel helps Madman up, who is obviously in bad shape. Sean Jackson turns to him. Both men look at each other.

Blackfront: These men are warriors and tonight they gave it their all.

Sean Jackson holds the NeWA Championship over his shoulder and extends his hand to Madman.

Blackfront: As evil as this man is, he has respect for Madman Szalinski.

Madman winces as he reaches out and shakes Sean's hand. The fans scream, approving of the sportsman ship as Madman and Ariel turn to leave, allowing Sean Jackson his moment.

Blackfront: Folks, that's all the time we have for tonight. But make sure in two weeks to join us live here on High Octane Television as Sean Jackson defends his new championship against Abdul bin Hussain with Madman Szalinski as the special guest referee. I am Jason Blackfront..

Ace: And I am Tommy Ace...

Blackfront: We will see you next time!

We zoom in on the new champion still celebrating on the turnbuckle as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.