

# WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

July 13, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

## WrestleShow

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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 "Pre-recorded" appears at the bottom of your screen.

We pan over the sold out crowd in the Alliant Energy Center in Madison, Wisconsin. As the camera moves over the screaming fans, we get shots of various signs in the crowd.

One Joker is Wild

You're F\*cking Out!

A Log Can Habben

I Met My Wife on CBR.net

#DestroyAllKlondike

The camera continues to scan the audience before moving down and landing on our faithful commentators.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another exciting edition of Sunday Night Wrestleshow right here on High Octane Television! I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always is the one and only Tommy Ace.

Ace: That's right. We're here again for another huge show Jason and I am excited!

Blackfront: There's a lot to be excited about Tommy. After tonight we will know who will face each other at the next Wrestleshow in the final round of the Ring King tournament as well as be one step closer to finding out who will enter the tournament in the wild card round!

Ace: On top of that, we have yet another week of brand new superstars debuting right here tonight.

Blackfront: It's the promotion all superstars want to work for and all of the dirt sheets call number one.. this is the United Toughness Alliance and tonight may be bigger than any prior.

Ace: I can't wait!

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: Then lets get the party started and kick off this giant night of sports entertainment!

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We pan to the top of the stage and the fans continue to go crazy. Suddenly, It's On by Tech Nine begins to play. Conrad Teller steps out from the back and raises his arms.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first, from Riverhead, New York...

As Conrad begins down the ramp, he pulls off his white t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd.

Announcer: Standing at five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and forty- eight pounds... CONRAD... TELLLEEEERRRR...

Conrad continues to the ring.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller making his UTA in ring debut after we saw him last week as a lumberjack in the Log Habben match.

Ace: I've been watching him. Although he looks intimidating, and his past is more than just a bit sketchy, Conrad Teller is someone to watch out for. He's got a lot of talent.

Conrad enters the ring, walking to his corner and saying a silent prayer to himself.

Blackfront: Speaking of the lumberjack match, we saw Conrad in that match take down the man he will be facing tonight, Drew Stevenson, with a clothesline.

Ace: I can tell you one thing, Drew has not forgotten, and he will let Conrad know it here in just a few moments.

The sudden engulfing of a massive bright spotlight shines down onto the entry area, the fans try looking through it but it is far too bright to see through it with the naked eye. Suddenly, the public address sound system comes on playing Hail to the King by Avenged Sevenfold as the stage is still engulfed in the massive light.

Announcer: And his opponent... Hailing from right here in Kansas City, Missouri....

The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: These fans haven't forgotten Drew Stevenson, and are excited to have him back.

After a few seconds, the spotlight begins fading away and the arena lights return to life as there stands Drew Stevenson with his hands on his hips just looking out nodding as the fans scream for him.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

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

Drew begins walking down the aisle.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson getting a hell of a reception for his UTA in ring return.

Ace: We've been seeing a lot of guys return recently and it's been great. But being the realist that I am, how long will Drew really stick around now that his buddy has once again left as quickly as he arrived?

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson is Drew Stevenson, Tommy. Whether his Jokers

Wild stable mates are here or not, he will continue to come out here and give one hundred percent as he always does.

Ace: Yea, but for how long?

Drew Stevenson rolls into the ring from under the bottom rope immediately getting back to his feet just pacing the ring simply awaiting for the bell to ring thus getting this match underway.

Ace: I'm not knocking Stevenson as a performer at all, just saying look at his track record.

Blackfront: His track record is undefeated in singles competition with one no contest. It's as simple as that Tommy. The fans are glad to have him back, why can't you be?

Ace: If Drew Stevenson is still here a year from now, I'll take back everything I said. Until then, I stand by my comments.

Blackfront: That's just unfair. Stevenson is a great talent and fan favorite. I just don't understand your bitterness sometimes.

Ace: Maybe your mom didn't breast feed me enough when I was a baby.

Blackfront: Well, that's just.. that.. I.. wow Tommy, really?

The bell rings to start the match.

Blackfront: This should be an interesting match up here as Drew Stevenson is known for being one of the best technical wrestlers in the world while Conrad Teller is a man who can fight, and fight well.

Ace: I'm not one to spread rumors or talk about anyone else's business...

Blackfront: Oh that's laughable.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: ... but Conrad Teller is an ex convict. Look at him. While he was in, he fought, and he fought hard. I have to say, without a shadow of a doubt, there is no way Drew Stevenson will be able to out wrestle this

Blackfront: Well, we are about to find out as they lock up. Stevenson taking control early, pushing Conrad Teller back and into the ropes.

Using the ropes for momentum, Drew pulls Conrad's left arm into a whip.

Blackfront: Whip... no reversed. Drew Stevenson sent across the ring.

As Drew hits the ropes and returns, Conrad runs.

Blackfront: Teller with a high knee that connects!

Drew is sent over his knee and hits the mat.

Ace: Ha! Told you Jason. This is about to get prison style dirty up in here.

Blackfront: You do know Conrad Teller has paid his debt to society and is a changed man, right?

Teller pulls Drew up by his head. As Drew rises, he reaches out, grabbing Conrad's legs and yanking back, taking him off of his feet.

Blackfront: Stevenson able to counter, putting Teller on his back and slowing down his offense.

Conrad quickly rolls over and pushes his way back to his feet.

Ace: Yea, he sure slowed him down.

Blackfront: Both men with a nod to each other as they circle and lock up once again.

Immediately Stevenson gains the upper hand once more, putting Conrad Teller into a side head lock.

Blackfront: Stevenson showing that experience of his once again.

Drew Stevenson wrenches on Conrad before he moves him toward the ropes yet again.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Stevenson, no.. REVERSAL AGAIN! Drew Stevenson on the return ducks a clothesline.

Stevenson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring now. As he returns Conrad Teller falls to his back and lifts Stevenson up into the air, sending him down to the mat.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: Conrad Teller showing how quick he is to make a decision and it paid off, using his leg strength to send Stevenson to the mat.

Both men roll over and get to their feet. Stevenson steps toward Conrad Teller, who grabs Stevenson's arm and sends him into the nearby corner.

Blackfront: Stevenson in the corner now.

Ace: Conrad is bringing it tonight Jason. He may be new, he may not be as experienced, But he will be the one to knock Drew Stevenson off!

Teller makes his way to the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: Teller grabbing the head of Drew Stevenson... snapmare, taking Stevenson over to the mat.

Conrad then follows up by grabbing Stevenson around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

Blackfront: Reverse chin lock by Conrad Teller. Wonderful placement here by Teller, with Stevenson stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Conrad Teller wrenches back on Stevenson' head, Stevenson wincing from the pain. The ref gets down and checks on Stevenson, who shakes his head No. Stevenson then slowly begins to get to his feet, one foot at a time and elbows Conrad Teller in the gut twice, before whipping Teller into the ropes.

Blackfront: Stevenson out of the hold, sending Teller into the ropes.

As Conrad returns, he kicks Stevenson in the gut, causing him to bend over. Teller then hooks his arms DDTing him to the mat.

Blackfront: Impressive DDT by Conrad Teller.

Ace: Out of nowhere. Where's Drew Stevenson's superior in ring ability now Jason?

Conrad then covers Stevenson, going for the pin. The referee drops down to go for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a quick pin, this thing could be over! No! Kickout at two by Drew Stevenson.

He gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down, lifting Stevenson's legs and placing him in a Boston crab.

Blackfront: Submission move here by Conrad Teller, but Drew Stevenson is too close to the ropes!

Stevenson reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He begins to count. Teller finally breaks the hold. Conrad quickly drags Stevenson by the leg and goes for

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

another pin in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Another pin by Conrad Teller... and yet another kickout by Drew Stevenson.

Ace: I think the referee is prejudice against felons and is counting slow.

Frustrated Conrad Teller pushes down Stevenson's raised shoulder and goes for

another pin, yelling at the ref.

Blackfront: Yet another and a kickout at one. Frustration building in Conrad Teller.

Conrad Teller gets up begins to ask the referee why he is counting slowly. Behind him Drew pushes up and waits. As Conrad turns around, Drew comes forward, raising his arm directly up, catching Teller in the jaw.

Blackfront: Massive uppercut by Drew Stevenson! Conrad Teller should pay more attention to the man in the ring than the referee. That could have cost him his momentum.

Ace: That was orchestrate by Stevenson and the zebra! I know it! Where's Rumor Man Stan when you need him to dig to the bottom of things? Or El Gringo Loco for that matter!

Stevenson shakes his head to get the combwebs out and then goes to Conrad Teller, pulling him to his feet. Drew then lifts his left arm, measures up and punches Conrad Teller above the heart.

Blackfront: Heart punch by Drew Stevenson. A dangerous move, if done properly it could stop the heart.

Ace: Look! Someone call the cops! Drew Stevenson just attempted to murder Conrad!

Teller stumbles away from Stevenson to the other side of the ring. Drew follows him, then tosses Conrad into the ropes. As Conrad returns Stevenson charges him and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block.

Blackfront: Running shoulder block by Stevenson. Drew now with momentum.

Drew quickly leaps over, mounting Conrad, and begins punching him.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson giving Conrad Teller a taste of his own medicine with those vicious mounted punches!

Ace: What did he do? Did he take a day course in beginner's MMA? Those shots look sloppy!

Blackfront: Sloppy? Those are some of the most calculated fist in the industry.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Conrad tries to block the punches. Using his right arm, he moves it up and under the throat of Drew and pushes back. The fans, who can not make up their mind who to support scream for both.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller fighting back now.

He continues to push Drew back, bringing his left fist around and clocking Stevenson in the side of the head. Drew's upper body moves up and he falls over to the mat.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller able to get Drew Stevenson off of him.

Ace: Yes! Yes! Get him Conrad! Shank him!

Blackfront: Shank? Seriously Tommy, is it going to be one of those type of nights?

Ace: Yes.

Conrad rolls over on top of Drew, mounting him, and begins to return the favor with a series of rights and lefts.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller now showing those skills. These two men are giving it their all tonight!

Teller stops, and begins to stand up over Stevenson. Once up, he reaches down

and grabs Drew by his head, pulling him up to his feet.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson pulled to his feet. Forearm shot to the face by Conrad Teller, another!

Drew stumbles back, his arms flailing as he tries to keep his balance.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller runs... CLOTHESLINE! The same massive clothesline that took Drew Stevenson down in that lumberjack match just two weeks ago!

Ace: Take his head off!

Conrad leaps over Drew and runs to the ropes. As he bounces off, using them for momentum and approaches Stevenson, leaping up with his leg extended.

Blackfront: Big leg drop by Conrad Teller!

Ace: Pin him! Pin him! Pin him!

Blackfront: Conrad over and into a pin.. he hooks the leg of Drew Stevenson!

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

The referee quickly slides into position and raises his hand to begin the count. The fans count along with him.

Blackfront: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! DREW STEVENSON KICKS OUT!

Ace: HOW?!

Conrad's eyes grow huge as he is now on his knees near Drew.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson taking this young man to school tonight right here on Wrestleshow!

Ace: If being on your back is a major, then yes, Drew Stevenson is taking him to school.

Conrad gets to his feet and looks down at Drew, his hands on his hips.

Blackfront: I think Conrad Teller is amazed at the passion that keeps Drew Stevenson kicking.

Drew begins to push his way up. Conrad quickly heads toward him, grabbing his head as he is halfway up. Suddenly, Drew throws his arms up and out, breaking Conrad's away. He quickly side steps, and slides his right arm up and under Conrad's, before leaping up with Conrad in tow, and sitting out.

Blackfront: FINAL CONFLICT OUT OF NOWHERE!

Ace: Ah come on!

Blackfront: Did you see Conrad's head hit the mat?

Drew rolls over and covers Conrad as the referee hits the mat yet again and begins to count.

Blackfront: Drew Stevenson gets the three! Conrad Teller kicks out a second too late!

The bell begins to ring.

Ace: Total crap Jason!

Blackfront: Crap? Conrad Teller showed why he is here in the UTA. He has a lot to learn, but tonight was a quick crash course.

Announcer: The winner of this match by way of pin fall... going to the Wild Card match at the next..

Wrestleshooooowww.... Drew.... STEEEVVVEEENNNSSSSOOONNN!!!

Conrad pushes up to his feet, holding the back of his head as Drew Stevenson has his hand raised by the referee. Stevenson turns and sees Conrad up. Both men look into each other's eyes. After a moment, Drew

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

sticks his hand out. Conrad thinks briefly before extending his.

Blackfront: Show of respect and good sportsmanship by these two individuals as they set the tone for tonight's Wrestleshow... We'll be back after this quick commercial break.

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The Short, Yet Long, Awaited Return

We are backstage in Perfection's locker room, fresh off his suspension he sits with UTA's columnist Ryan Harris out of focus. The camera is set on Jennifer Williams,

UTA's backstage interviewer, she stands facing us as Perfection seems to be finishing a one on one with Harris.

Williams: Live backstage right now trying to see if I can get a few words with returning wrestler, Perfection.

She steps a little off to the side as the camera focuses now on Harris and Perfection, we can catch the final moments of the one on one.

Harris: Some would say that you have no right to demand a shot at the title, what do you say to those people.

Perfection: I say they have no right wasting oxygen on brain cells clearly not working.

Harris: Alright, Perfection, thanks for your time.

Harris stands up and now Jennifer Williams moves in for the kill, camera coming close as she sits where Ryan Harris has left. Perfection looks at her half rolling his eyes and then half checking out the bare legs she crosses in a skirt.

Williams: Perfection, it has been over a month since you've appeared on Wrestleshow or in the UTA. During that time Mr. Wingate sent you down to our development league Valor Championship Wrestling, for a lack of better term, reeducation. How does it feel to be back and not only that be in a Wild Card match for Ring King?

Perfection smirks a little folding his arms

Perfection: First of all, Jennifer, I'd say that is a lack of a better term. I was sent to VCW not because I need to be reeducated but because someone upstairs doesn't see raw talent when it's handed to him! Because someone upstairs thinks I need to earn my way to a title shot. Funny isn't it?

Jennifer now looks at Perfection a little confused

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Williams: What's funny?

Perfection: That in one show, James Ranger has given me a contention match for the Internet Championship of VCW while your boss tries every trick up his sleeve to jack me

around! One week I carry CBR in VCW in a tag team match the next week I'm headlining Anarchy- which will be live for purchase on Pay Per View.

Williams nods in agreement as Perfection points at her microphone, she again gives him a confused stare as he now reaches towards her microphone.

Perfection: Do you mind?

Williams shakes her head, why deny the master to do his work. She hands the microphone over to Perfection who stands from his chair, the camera focusing on him and him alone]

Perfection: Ungratefults! I....HAVE RETURNED! While Wingate sits tight and happy in his office there is one thing that irks him the most- the fact he HAD to add me to the live card! If it were up to him he'd have left me in a dark match with Tobias Devereux and

I.M Hate trying to screw me! Too bad for him Scotty Adams proved he can't handle it. Too bad for these idiot UTA fans here tonight when I beat their little hero La Flama Blanca to a pulp!

Now we hear the boos from the audience watching in the arena echo through the halls to Perfection's locker room

Perfection: Look around you dimwits, tomorrow night at Anarchy I face UTA's first champion, Dr. Emo. The original...the man who started the legacy that is tarnished by Madman Szalinski and held the title that belongs around this perfect, defined, and tanned waist!

Blackfront: It's this attitude that got you to where you were Perfection.

Perfection: Tomorrow night I'll beat him just like in a few moments I will be walking out to that ring for the first time in a month and guess what? I'll beat La Flama Blanca...I'll move on in this tournament not JUST because I'm better....

Blackfront: That's debateable.

Perfection: Not just cause I'm sexier, more talented, more marketable, more everything than La Flama Blanca but because I want to unravel Wingate's hopes of keeping me in the low cards and abusing this god given talent!

Blackfront: Between Perfection and Sean Jackson, the UTA is full of conspiracy theorist right now.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Perfection: And After I win, and win, and win....after I keep my undefeated record alive and move on to my shot at Szalinski and taking MY title, maybe...just maybe, James Wingate and you UTA idiots will understand what a true, proven champion looks like!

Blackfront: Just what we need, a self absorbed champion.

Perfection: The VCW it's FANS...understand what a PROVEN champion looks like! They, James Ranger, and the rest want and crave real talent! Unlike you Ungratefuls that eat whatever spoonful of mush Wingate shoves in your mouths! Now, if you'll excuse

me....I have a match to win.

He tosses the microphone behind him not even looking and it lands perfectly on Jennifer Williams hands as he now leaves the locker room and out of scene.

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A Lucky Surprise

Jamie Sawyers is standing by as the view pans out to see him standing along side Yoshii and Jed Dye. Sawyers brings the microphone up to his mouth.

Sawyers: Hello UTA fans, I'm here with Mr. Jed Dye and the Japanese monster, Yoshii...fellas, tonight, Yoshii takes on an undefeated CBR in the second semi-final Ring King Tournament matches tonight. Now Yoshii, you've met CBR in the ring multiple times before, and obviously given his undefeated record you have come up short each of those three times to be exact. What do you plan to do differently tonight?

Yoshii goes to speak and is aruptedly cut off by Jed.

Dye: Let me stop you right there, Jamie. Let's get something straight. We aren't going to do ANYTHING different tonight. Those three matches before this, let's just say CBR is one of the luckiest men on this fine planet we call Earth. If luck wasn't on his dang side so much, then maybe you wouldn't have to ask such embarassing questions.

Sawyers: Um, okay. So luck is what has him at a perfect record and now holding the Internet Championship which was previously his.

Sawyers motions in Yoshii's direction.

Dye: Fact.

Sawyers: Right. Yoshii do you have anything to say for yourself?

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Yoshii smiles.

Yoshii: Yoshii ready. Yoshii fight C.B.R..

Sawyers: We're glad you're ready. In fact, we have a special guest here who would like to wish you luck.

Appearing on the screen next to Sawyers is none other than Bucky Badger, the University of Wisconsin mascot. The Madison crowd instantly pops.

Sawyers: That's right folks, Bucky Badger is in the house!

Yoshii is exstatic to see the cool cartoon looking Badger mascot! He's a sucker for fun happy things. Jed rolls his eyes.

Bucky extends his hand out and shakes Yoshii's hand, he looks straight at him and gives him a big old thumbs up for good luck.

Dye: Yes, yes, yes, luck, luck, luck. We don't need luck you, and we surely don't need it from a silly mascot. How childish is this? Sawyers did you do this?

Sawyers: What? No.

Dye straightens his tie. Irritated.

Dye: Let's go Yoshii, we got to get ready.

Dye goes to walk off but notices his pal isn't following. Yoshii is hesitating as he doesn't what to offend his friend but he doesn't want to leave the fun loving cool looking, Bucky. Bucky holds his paw up to halt Yoshii. Bucky throws his hand up to give someone

a signal.

Dye: What's going on?

A bunch of Wisconsin students rush into the picture surrounding Yoshii. One is holding a boom box on his shoulder with Zooniversity's "Teach Me How To Bucky" pumping out the speakers. Everyone starts doing the 'Dougie' including the 500 plus pound Yoshii. What a blast. Yoshii dances away with Bucky Badger and the students.

Jed has had enough.

Dye: Oh god...when you're done making of fool of yourself meet me in the back, Yoshii...

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Jed shakes his head as he walks off.

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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 FLAAAMA BLAAAAANCAAAAA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to get a second chance here in the Ring King tournament as he goes one on one against Perfection.

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.

Ace: This was supposed to be Blanca versus Scotty Addams, but we all know what happened there.

Blackfront: There you go again, being negative Tommy about things you have no idea about.

Ace: Either way, all of the props in the world to that masked weirdo. At least he represents the UTA with pride.

Jason just sighs audibly. As Blanca's music fades, 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 the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites. Perfection enters the ring.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

? 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 to await the start of the match.

Blackfront: Perfection returns to the UTA after several weeks of being sent back to VCW.

Ace: What a return. The only reason he gets to have his match televised tonight is because of Sco...

Blackfront: Just stop it Tommy. It doesn't matter the circumstances leading to this match, or Perfection facing La Flama Blanca instead of someone else. What matters is one of these two men will get another shot at advancing in the Ring King tournament.

Ace: At least we know it's going to be a great match. Perfection will finally get the recognition he deserves!

As the bell sounds, La Flama Blanca charges Perfection, trying to tackle him immediately to the mat.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hot out of the gate looking to end this quick and regain his much needed momentum, however Perfection is ready for him and hammers down on the back of his head with a double axe handle.

He hits another and then grabs him by the head, slamming him head first into the nearest turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Perfection gives La Flama Blanca a face full of turnbuckle.

Ace: Blanca came into this thing ready to go, but so was Perfection, and now Blanca finds himself in a bad position here.

La Flama Blanca's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as he turns Perfection tackles him into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of La Flama Blanca, Perfection shoulders him in the gut multiple times.

Blackfront: Perfection coming back strong with his first televised UTA match in over a month.

Ace: La Flama Blanca is in the last place you wanna be; trapped in a corner with nowhere to go. Especially when the man who has trapped you is someone who is trying to prove he belongs... even though we all know he doesn't.

Perfection attempts to whip La Flama Blanca into the opposite turnbuckle, but Blanca holds onto the top

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

rope, halting all movement. Seeing his opening Blanca kicks Perfection in the gut, the force of the blow bending him over at the waist. Blanca then grabs Perfection by the head and reaches up with his off hand, landing a calculated strike to the face of Perfection, sending him straight to the mat on his back.

Blackfront: Quick thinking hand stroke by La Flama Blanca, taking Perfection down.

Ace: I don't like the masked freak, but you gotta hand it to him. He's quick.

Blackfront: You don't like mny people Tommy.

Ace: I do, they just usually charge forty-five dollars for a dance.

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Perfection quickly gets up, but just as quickly La Flama Blanca grabs him by the

hair, tossing him clear out of the ring through the top and middle ropes. Perfection comes crashing hard outside, as the fans nearby go crazy.

Blackfront: Perfection sent outside of the ring by La Flama Blanca. As we saw on thre last Wrestleshow, it was Yoshii being outside of the ring and the events to follow that caused Blanca to lose.

Ace: It was his stupidity and desire to not follow the rules. I don't feel bad for him and don't think he should be given another chance tonight.

Blackfront: That is harsh Tommy. It was a moment he just let his body take over, not thinking of a blindfold.

Ace: No, he cheated, got caught, and that was that!

Perfection crawls over to the barricade, shaking his head to clean the cobwebs out. He gets to one knee and waits there for a moment, trying to recollect himself.

Blackfront: Perfection trying to collect himself here, but he better hurry, La Flama Blanca is a man on a mission.

By the time Perfection gets to his feet and rests up against the barricade to catch his breath, La Flama Blanca is out of the ring and on him. He punches him once in the back of the head and then lifts Perfection and drops him down on the barricade.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using the ring equipment as a weapon here.

Ace: Get back fans this may get ugly. Well, uglier. Right now it's bad enough Blanca has to wear a mask to hide it.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

The referee starts up the count.

Blackfront: The referee starting up the count now, both competitors have only ten seconds to get back into the ring, or we'll have a the dreaded 'double DQ.'

Ace: What a shame that would be, Jason. Two losers who couldn't hack it in the main tournament wouldn't get to advance.

Blackfront: Neither of thee men are losers Tommy. Perfection didn't even get a chance to be in the tournament either!

Perfection rolls around on the floor, and immediately La Flama Blanca is on him again. He kicks Perfection once in the back of the head and then brings him to his feet, only to toss him face first into the ring steps.

Blackfront: Into the ring steps now for Perfection.

Ace: What did the ring steps ever do to anybody?!

Blackfront: This is a La Flama Blanca as I have never seen before Tommy. He really wants to do whatever it takes to win this match.

La Flama Blanca grabs the back of Perfection's head once again, directing him to the barricade before slamming his opponent's head into it.

Blackfront: Getting dangerously close to the ten count, Tommy.

Ace: These men are after one another's throats, not a win, Jason!

La Flama Blanca slides into the ring and then slides out again to start over the 10 count. He heads over to Perfection, who's climbing up the barricade again in attempt to stand. Blanca kicks him in the gut and then rolls him into the ring.

Blackfront: Both men back into the ring now.

Ace: Why did he bother sliding out if he was just gonna toss him in a second or two after? This guy's mask is cutting off the oxygen to his brain and causing him to become more stupid as each day passes.

Blackfront: Would you knock it off?!

La Flama Blanca climbs in after him. As he begins to pull Perfection to his feet, Perfection comes up with a hard hitting low blow.

Blackfront: Well that'll stop anyone.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: And that's why Perfection is the smarter of the two. The referee didn't even see it!

As La Flama Blanca stands in pain and still shock, Perfection stomps his foot.

Blackfront: That's dangerous! That sort of thing can shatter a toe! And then what? How are you going walk with a shattered toe?

Ace: Maybe dangerous for the elderly, like you Jason

Blanca wobbles out past the center of the ring and up against a set of ropes, with Perfection in pursuit. La Flama Blanca leans with his chest up against the ropes sucking wind and wincing from the pain. Perfection turns Blanca around and punches him with a right haymaker to the face.

Blackfront: Hard right from Perfection who seems to be back in this.

The blow knocks Blanca to his knees as he loses hold of the ropes. He begins to try and get back up, hitting Perfection in the gut as he comes up. However, Perfection is hardly phased as he sends La Flama Blanca back to his knees with an elbow to the forehead.

Blackfront: Blanca with not much left in the tank.

Ace: Did you ever stop to think for a moment that perhaps it not that Blanca is tired, but that Perfection has abs of steel?

Blackfront: No. . . I didn't, Ace.

Perfection pulls La Flama Blanca up, grabbing his arm.

Blackfront: Irish whi.. no! Reversal. Perfection sent across the ring.

As Perfection returns, La Flama Blanca bends over for a back body drop, but Perfection jumps over whilst hooking Blanca around the waist pulling downward, bringing La Flama Blanca down to the mat with a pin.

Blackfront: We've got a sunsent flip into a pin! This could be over! No! Kickout by La Flama Blanca!

Ace: Oh come on!

Blackfront: Perfection wasting no time as he gets to his feet, pulling La Flama Blanca up with him.

La Flama Blanca pushes Perfection back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca creating distance. Perfection runs at him.. Blanca drops to the mat!

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Perfection leaps over La Flama Blanca. As he continues and hits the ropes, Perfection returns.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca back to his feet... drop kick!

The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with a second wind, now relying on the quickness and agility he is known for instead of trying to brawl with a man like Perfection.

La Flama Blanca quickly gets up. As Perfection rolls over and pushes himself up, La Flama Blanca runs past him, leaping to the second rope and using it to shoot himself back.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca off of the ropes.... jab to the throat by Perfection!

Blanca lands on his feet, immediatly grabbing his throat and stumbling a few

steps forward. The referee gets in Perfection's face and gives him a slight warning but Perfection ignores him and instead follows Blanca. He the grabs Blanca by the arm and falling backwards brings him down to the mat.

Blackfront: Perfection trying to dislocate La Flama Blanca's shoulder..

La Flama Blanca rolls on the mat, grabbing his shoulder, then tries to get to his feet and stumbles, still clutching his left arm. La Flama Blanca crawls to the corner, favoring his arm, and the referee bends down to check on him.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is hurt, and Perfection is coming after him.

Perfection climbs to his feet and finds a fallen La Flama Blanca up near the ropes. Perfection continues to work Blanca's arm, grabbing his left arm and then bending it over the top rope. The referee counts quickly for Perfection to break the hold.

Blackfront: Perfection now focusing on that hurt shoulder and arm of La Flama Blanca.

Perfection breaks the hold but not before wrenching the arm back on the top rope. Blana holds the arm in pain as Perfection grabs it again, violently pulling him to the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Perfection hooks Blanca's arm behind his back in a hammerlock.

With his other hand, Perfection grabs Blanca for a scoop slam, slamming him down and sandwiching his own arm between his body and the mat.

Blackfront: Hammerlock body slam by Perfection.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: And look at Blanca, the coward! He's trying to get away!

Blanca tries to get away from Perfection by rolling out of the ring, but quickly Perfection is on him.

Blackfront: Perfection outside of the ring now, stomps Blanca's injured arm.

Ace: He's just returning the favor for La Flama Blanca earlier.

The referee begins to count again as Perfection lifts La Flama Blanca to his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection grabs that arm.... hard whip into.. OUR TABLE! Watch out!

La Flama Blanca is sent toward the commentator's table, but instead of hitting it, he leaps up to the table as Perfection runs behind him. La Flama Blanca jumps backward with an elbow catching Perfection directly in the face. The fans pop like crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca once again able to stop the assault!

He quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind him, Perfection uses the table to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As Blanca begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. La Flama Blanca sees him and waits.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

Blanca shoots forward, throwing his leg up.

Blackfront: SUPERKIC...

Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing La Flama Blanca under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling La Flama Blanca over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold La Flama Blanca down as the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

La Flama Blanca kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the

third time and the bell begins to sound. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Perfection pulling off a surprise victory here tonight securing his spot in the upcoming Wild Card match. Boy, that's got to really tear La Flama Blanca's spirits down. he wanted to advance so badly.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Ace: Well, want in one hand and sh...

Blackfront: TOMMY!

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

Perfection's music begins to play and he leaps to his feet celebrating. La Flama Blanca just rolls over and sits up, ahnging his head.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca brought it tonight, but it just wasn't enough. You have to feel bad for the guy.

Ace: No you don't Jason. He just isn't the better man, ever.

Blackfront: Now that's not true at all Tommy.

Perfection continues to gloat, shouting how he is the best in the UTA as we fade away from ring side.

?

What is the Truth?

The scene opens inside of a conference room, somewhere in the backstage area of the coliseum. The room is designed to look like it's for interrogations due to the large 60's looking lamp on the desk. In front of the desk is a chair with what appears to be a

headless teddy bear.

Yes, it is Xander's teddy.

As the camera pans in tighter, you can clearly see teddy's torn off head in between it's legs, the face remaining just the way you would expect it to.

As the camera continues to focus on teddy, the door swings open and in steps the masked El Gringo Loco as well as Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens, and the evil jezebeth Vanessa. El Gringo Loco is dressed in military camo, Sean Jackson is wearing his black logo shirt and jeans, while Marshall is wearing a suit and Vanessa is wearing a white blouse and red skirt, with red heels. Once the camera shifts to the quartet walking in, El Gringo Loco is rubbing his hands together, fully anticipating the interrogation about to take place.

EGL: "Senor Owens, get the water bucket ready."

As Marshall moves towards another part of the room, the camera shifts back to see that teddy's head has moved ever so slightly, to where his eyes are now fixated on the quartet of \*interrogators\*.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

EGL: "Sean, make sure that teddy's paws are tied behind his back."

Sean moves into position, behind teddy and immediately ties teddy's paws behind his back. As this is happening, El Gringo Loco starts putting on a pair of black gloves.

EGL: "Okay tedro, we can do this the easy way, or we can do this the hard way. We know that you had something to do with Spectre's klondisquadore screw job of Sean

Jackson. So if you talk amigo, I promise that you won't have to endure the hours and hours of torture we have planned."

There is nothing from Teddy.

EGL: "So amigo, you choose to do things the hard way. Let me show you what happens when you choose the hard way."

El Gringo Loco looks to Marshall, who has now made his way towards the door.

EGL: "Bring him in."

As Marshall opens the door, two masked men walk in, carrying one of the M&M characters. It is the red M&M, and there is no struggle as it is placed on a mat, on the floor, in front of teddy. As this is happening, a smile forms on the face of EGL who is now facing teddy.

EGL: "You may not be afraid and willing to talk YET, but you will teddy. Oh yes, you WILL talk. As you can see, I have the red W&W..."

EGL is interrupted as Vanessa steps up and whispers something in his ear.

EGL: "That's what I said, Eminem."

A look of frustration forms on her face as once again, she leans in and whispers into his ear.

EGL: "I said the M&M candy. Who's the interrogator here? that's right, I am. So just sit back and watch as I crack this skittle wannabe."

Vanessa rolls her eyes as she purposely steps back to let El Gringo Loco work his magic. Meanwhile, the two masked men have now placed a towel over the so called

\*face\* of the red M&M and Marshall hands the water bucket to EGL who has now positioned himself in between teddy and the red M&M.

EGL: "Last chance teddy, who enabled Spectre to pull off that heinous klondiksquadore screw job?"

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

With no response from teddy, EGL now begins to pour water from the bucket, and onto the red M&M. For those not familiar, it is the water boarding technique perfected at Gitmo. As EGL continues to pour, there is no response from teddy. A move that causes the man known as El Gringo Loco to cock his head to one side, the universal sign of confusion.

EGL: "So, you are no stranger to the art of torture...."

Lost on everyone in the room is the fact that teddy has a detached head, and it is in between his legs. Yes, I believe that would put him right up there with the tactics of known torture. Besides, if anyone is being tortured, it is the red M&M.

EGL: "Maybe THIS will change your mind."

El Gringo Loco snaps his fingers and the red M&M is drug from the room by the two masked men and once the door is opened, tossed out of the room. EGL then takes a syringe out of his pocket and begins to walk towards teddy. While doing so, EGL twists the lamp to where the concentrated light is now shining directly on teddy.

EGL: "Oh this? this is a truth serum. Once injected into your hairy little arm, you will spill ALL the truth."

About that time, Xander happens to be walking by and sees teddy sitting in the chair. His arms tied behind his back. Completely upset, Xander walks in and snatches teddy from the chair.

X: "Whoa, whoa, wait a second here...."

X marches in all military style and steps near Teddy and winks at the bear as he looks at El Gringo Loco, then to Sean, and Vanessa and then glares at Marshal Owens.

X: "I thought the accused should have representation of these so called charges? I mean I would think this is still America isn't it? or have we moved to Vietnam?"

X snickers and places a reassuring hand on Teddy and whispers something to the bear as he looks at El Gringo Loco.

EGL: "Amigo Xander, teddy is an enemy combatant, a colaborator against Sean Jackson. It has been rumored that teddy was eating a klondike bar along with red M&M, and a kit kat bar. Right now, we have agents looking for the kit kat bar in question."

El Gringo Loco looks back at Sean Jackson, who at this time is staring a hole straight through Xander.

EGL: "Just like I discovered the NSA spy ring, just like I discovered the secret military base called Area 51. I WILL discover what teddy knows about Spectre and this klondike conspiracy. So take heed there Xander, with the way you are defending teddy. One would think that you too, had something to do with Spectre and

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

this klondike travesty."

Owens: "So put the bear down and let us continue with the interrogation of this enemy combatant."

EGL still holding onto the syringe, eyes the bear.

EGL: "Now then, as I've stated before teddy. We can do this the easy way...."

He holds up the syringe towards teddy.

EGL: "Or, we can do this the hard way...."

EGL points back towards where the red M&M was water boarded just moments before.

EGL: "Your choice"

Jackson: "I say we waterboard him. He is an enemy to the state, he is obviously a fan of the frauds who continue to follow Spectre and Madman Szalinski...."

X looks at Sean and his jaw drops as he starts to pace and mutter to himself as he stops and looks at Sean and giggles. He walks to El Gringo Loco and smiles as he places a hand on the masked man and looks him dead in the eye.

X: "You both are going to bring the full Monty upon yourself if you consider the words you speak of. You might have something in your mind and being delusional is something I'm no stranger too, but to consider.. To fathom the idea....."

X stops mid sentence and grabs Teddy as he get's a wicked grin.

X: "Sean you're losing it.. What evidence do you have to back this claim? And when per say did you... Yes Teddy I know, I'm trying.... Yes I know they are as the false prophet said they shall be... Yes they don't understand you...."

X grabs Sean by the collar and attempts to lift him and looks up a bit and snickers.

X: "Oh pardon me... I think I wrinkled your shirt.. So sorry of me. hehehe"

Completely breaking the fourth wall, Sean looks at the camera and smiles. As the scene quickly fades, a sound of an altercation occurs. However, as soon as the scene comes back, the conference room now looks like the scene in the courtroom of a Few Good Men. Cardboard cutouts make up the jury and El Gringo Loco is dressed in a military class A uniform. Marshall Owens sits on the bench, acting as the judge.

Sitting off on opposite sides of the room is Sean Jackson and Xander Hayes. Both look worse for wear as it

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

is painfully, painfully obvious that the altercation definitely got physical.

Owens: "Mr. Loco, you can call your first witness?"

EGL: "Thank you El Presidente."

Vanessa who had been sitting close by, leans in and whispers something in his ear.

EGL: "That's what I said, \*your honor\*. Sheesh. For my first witness, I call Sean Jackson."

With a serious look on his face, Sean makes his way to the witness stand, where he sits down and stares directly at teddy.

EGL: "Sean, do you swear to tell the...."

Jackson: "Yep"

EGL: "Hey, that's good enough for me."

Vanessa rolls her eyes.

EGL: "Now then, Mr. Jackson. Where you screwed out of the heavyweight title at Black Horizon?"

Sean nods.

Jackson: "Yes I was."

EGL: "And were you screwed out of it by The Spectre over a klondike bar?"

Jackson: "Yes, I was."

Sean points at teddy.

Jackson: "And Winnie the Pooh over there had something to do with it. I just know it. Look at his beety little eyes, look at his...his..."

Everyone looks at Jackson, then to teddy. Not lost on anyone is the fact that teddy doesn't have a head, it's been detached. Something that Sean finally catches onto as well.

Jackson: "Dude is so guilty, he lost his head over it. Just look at him, sitting over there, all torn up over his own lies. As far as I'm concerned, unless he confesses to everything he knows, he's just as big a fraud as Spectre and Madman Szalinski."

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Marshall Owens and Vanessa begin to clap.

EGL: "That's good enough for me. As far as I'm concerned, teddy is as good as gui...."

Just as El Gringo Loco is about to declare teddy guilty, Xander shoots up from his chair.

X: "Now hold on a second there!!! I WANT THE TRUTH!"

X then turns to Jackson and smiles..

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Upset, Sean shoots back.

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Jackson: "YOU CAN'T HANDLE THE TRUTH"

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About that time, a skinny black man with dreds shoves the door open. He then pokes his head in and opens his mouth just enough for everyone to see one tooth in his mouth.

man: "You can't handle the tooth"

?

Right at that time, the door comes back on him, knocking him down and out. For anyone unfamiliar, think Carl "The Tooth" Williams on In Living Color.

?

Jackson: "You want the truth, okay, I'll give you the truth. The truth is that Spectre screwed me out of the UTA title for a klondike bar. The truth is that teddy has been seen eating a klondike bar, so therefore, teddy has a responsibility for Spectre screwing me out of the title. The fact is that I have a responsibility greater than you can possibly fathom.

While I was UTA champion, Wrestle UTA was the number one company in the world..."

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Sean holds up his index finger.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

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Jackson: "Number one. But ever since Szalinski has had the belt, UTA has slipped to number three..."

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Sean now holds up three fingers.

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Jackson: "Number three. While you weep for Szalinski, you have that luxury, I don't. While my presence in Wrestle UTA maybe grotesque and incomprehensible to you, it keeps the company in the top tier."

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Jackson shoots the look back at Xander.

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Jackson: "Who is going to do it? you Xander? you teddy? No, I didn't think so. That damn bear can't even keep his head screwed on straight, much less keep this company anywhere close to the top. But I tell you what, if you can prove that bear innocent, then go ahead and do so. Matter of fact, he can have the damn chair."

?

In a huff, Sean vacates the chair and makes his way to his seat, leaving the witness chair empty.

X snickers and looks at Owens.. Owen sighs as he nods reluctantly.

X: "Thank you big cheese.. Now Teddy Please for this trial can you please sate where you were!"

X nods and listens to the bear as the group watches as X smiles.

X: "I see, yes I know that you were with me in Valor.. Yes I know that we were in another state.... Yes I know that.. But please tell the court the truth....."

X listens again as he give Sean a stare of death. X nods as he smiles

X: "I think that would do very well your honor. I think this trial should be judged as a mistrial for lack of evidence.. My Client and Manager was with me on said day and time. For we had a match against Mike Harrison.. All in favor say aye! AYE!!!! all opposed say nae!"

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

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All of a sudden, Jim Carey pokes his head inside the mock court room and yells out....

Carey: "I object your honor, on the grounds that it's damaging to Sean Jackson's case."

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Then, as quickly as he stepped in, he just as quickly steps out.

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Jackson: "This is garbage. We're supposed to believe the word of a bear that doesn't talk? Do something El Gringo Loco.

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EGL: "Your honor, I object on the grounds that the questions were argumentative and misleading."

?

Before Marshall Owens can say a word, Judge Judy steps into the mock court room and quickly starts staring daggers into him.

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Judge Judy: "And just who do you think you are Marshall Owens? How dare you think that you can even play a mock judge, much less a real one. Get the hell off of that bench and sit your self down next to your \*client\*"

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As Marshall quickly moves off of the bench, the camera focuses back on Judge Judy who all of a sudden is wearing the judicial robe. Hey, she wasn't wearing that before.

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Judge Judy: "You may continue Xander."

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As El Gringo Loco is about to repeat his objection, Judge Judy points at him.

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## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Judge Judy: "Shut up"

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El Gringo Loco's mouth closes just as fast as it opens as Xander continues. X then bows to Judge Judy and snickers as he makes a face at Owens and El Gringo Loco..

X: "I'd like to bring my star witness the one Mike Harrison! if it pleases the court?"

X grabs Teddy and places him in the chairs next to where X is standing as Y comes in dressed as Mike Harrison with a blonde wig just barely covering the black dreads as Y sit's at the booth.

X: "Do you swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you Teddy?"

Y nods as he sighs looking upset.

Y: "Yes I do...."

X nods as he laughs.

X: "Now Yer Mike can you please tell the court where you were on the date in question?"

Y sighs as he slowly speaks like a English man but with a horrid accent

Y: "I was in um..."

he scratches his head and thinks a moment, then X leads him on..

X: "You were at Thursday night Rage in New?"

Y: "right New York how could I forget?"

X: "And what were you doing?"

Y thinks a bit as he smiles

Y: "I was having a match with you. for the Wildfire Championship, and Teddy was there duct taped to the belt. and after I beat you, you took Teddy to the back."

X nods.

X: "El Green back crazy Your witness."

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

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Before El Gringo Loco can respond, Sean screams out of place, and directly into the direction of Marshall Owens.

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Jackson: "You're kidding me, right? That whole line of questioning was leading wasn't it? I mean, first off he's allowed to question a teddy bear, with no head, who only HE can understand. And now he's allowed to lead his other witness?"

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Judge Judy: "You're out of order Mr. Jackson."

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Jackson: "I'm out of order? just who in the hell do you think you are? You come in here, completely uninvited, and just plant yourself like you own the damn place."

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EGL: "Senor Jackson, I don't think...."

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Jackson: "You have nothing to do with this...."

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Then it dawns on him. The whole damn thing.

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Jackson: "Wait, I know what the hell this is. This is freaking garbage, this is a freaking conspiracy if I've ever seen one."

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Sean looks at El Gringo Loco.

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## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Jackson: "You were right, this is a conspiracy. It's bigger than the Kennedy Assassination. It's even bigger than which Twix is better, the left or the right. Well, I'm not going to put up with it any longer."

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Sean points at teddy.

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Jackson: "This isn't over you Winnie the Pooh wannabe. This isn't over by a long shot. And I'll see you in the ring Xander. You can count on that."

?

As Sean storms out of the room, the door swings open, taking Carl \*The Tooth\* Williams out a second time. As he goes down, he takes Jim Carey down with him. As Sean storms down the hallway, Jim Carey gets to his knees and begins screaming....

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Carey: "I'm on my knees, in a \$1500 suit!!!"

?

El Gringo Loco: (looking at Marshall) "Hey, a Twix sounds pretty good right now."

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As Marshall nods, Judge Judy kicks her feet up and surprisingly, takes out a klondike bar and begins chowing down.

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Judge Judy: (between bites) "Thanks Spectre."

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Marshall and EGL: "HEY!!!!"

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Fade back to the announcers.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

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Sometimes You Do Get What You Wish For

We return ringside where Shawn FX is standing in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Blackfront: Shawn FX, who has a match with Chance Von Crank at Black Horizon, is making his first appearance since the mishap at the last Wrestleshow which caused the destruction of the Wheel of Chance.

Ace: Who let this guy in?

Blackfront: Can you not be positive for one moment Tommy?

Shawn raises the microphone up to his mouth.

FX: I'm going to make this short and sweet... I want you to come out here and face me right here, right now, like a man Crank!

The crowd cheers as Shawn waits.

FX: I know you're back there! Get out here!

Blackfront: Shawn FX is still upset about being slammed head first into that wheel, and rightfully so.

Shawn grows impatient.

FX: Chance... you want to be the top dog, but you're too afraid to face me?

Suddenly, the camera catches Chance Von Crank leaping over the barrier behind Shawn FX from the crowd.

FX: GET OUT HERE!

He knocks over the time keeper, and takes their chair before sliding into the ring behind Shawn FX. FX's eyes get wide, knowing someone is behind him. As he turns around, Crank brings the chair up and swings with all of his might, hitting Shawn in the top of the head, sending him to the mat.

Blackfront: Oh come on! What is that?

Ace: What? He came out like Shawn wanted.

The fans begin to boo, which seems to light a fire under Chance, causing him to repeatedly slam the chair into the fallen Shawn FX.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Blackfront: This is uncalled for! Someone needs to do something.

Crank continues to hit Shawn FX with the chair. He tries to crawl away but can't

as the Shock 'N' Rolla, not in a playful mood, assaults him with the steel. Suddenly, from the back we see the newest signee, Chris Hopper, running. Still in regular jeans and a button down shirt, Hopper hits the ring under the ropes. Chance Von Crank quickly drops down and rolls out of the ring.

Blackfront: IT'S NINETEEN TIME WORLD CHAMPION CHRIS HOPPER!

Ace: What's he doing here?!

Blackfront: He's come to the aid of Shawn FX! This man is a legend and here he is in an UTA ring!

Chris Hopper begins yelling at chance what we can only make out as calling him a Coward as Crank starts slamming the chair on the ground outside of the ring, walking around and toward the ramp. Hopper watches him before heading over and checking on Shawn, screaming for someone to come help.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper is here! Chris Hopper is here!

Chance Von Crank backs up the ramp, yelling at Hopper something we can't hear as Chris continues to tend to Shawn FX, but also never taking his eyes off of Chance Von Crank

Blackfront: This is not over by a long shot as Chris Hopper has just put himself right in the middle of one of the largest feuds in UTA history.

The chorus to TNT by AC/DC ought to begin playing, signaling that Chris Hopper has in fact arrived... even if not under the best of circumstances.

?

THRILLThoughts

Backstage the cameras have caught up with Coleslaw Jenkins and Will "the THRILL" Haynes. Haynes' match with Log Habben is up next. The two are walking

down a hallway heading towards the Go Area.

Slaw: Aiight homie, ya got this. No retreat. No regrets.

the THRILL is a little thrown by Slaw's words.

Will: The hell you just say?

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Slaw: Nevermind, just ice this dude. Then we can hit the town n' celebrate.

THRILL shakes his head. Seems a little confused.

Will: You tryin' to be a poet or somethin', dude?

Slaw: No I was just -

the THRILL cuts him off.

Will: Ain't no time to explain yourself. Gotta tell these people my thoughts.

the THRILL looks into the camera.

Will: Here it is, plain n' simple, no doubt about it. THRILL THOUGHT ONE: A log CAN'T happen anywhere. Trees n' such are needed to produce a log. Last I checked this fight ain't in the woods, it's in the ring. No trees around? I think I'm good. THRILL THOUGHT TWO: Someone out there will probably fuckin' address that a stage light, a beam, anything could be considered a Log. Thrill ain't playin' that game. THRILL THOUGHT THREE: I'm beatin' ya Log. That simple. That easy. Here's me...

the THRILL raises his hand to eye level.

Will: ...then there's people like you.

the THRILL drops his hand as low as it can go. Let's call it midthigh-ish.

Will: THRILL THOUGHT FOUR: Since you're slow that means I'm better than you. THRILL THOUGHT FIVE: Why do people still go see shitty movies like Tammy? THRILL THOUGHT SIX: Log, do you jerk off to Tammy? Seems like something you would do. She's gross. You're gross. THRILL THOUGHT SEVEN: Do you have a sponsorship with a beer? Cause if not you NEED to do that.

The two men reach the Go area and Thrill is up next.

Will: THRILL THOUGHT EIGHT: This is it, Log. My in ring debut and I'm gonna beat ya. Thrill is gonna show that it doesn't matter where he may go, he's one a' the best once he gets there.

He waves. Match is next.

?

We return to the top of the stage. Log Habben steps out as Got Up This Morning

by Sage Francis begins to play.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... Hailing from Mt. Washington, New Hampshire

Log unbuttons his shirts and smiles, charmingly, then casually spits on the ground and throws his shirt on top, standing only in a wife beater.

Announcer: Standing at Six Foot Two and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen Pounds

Log sprints to the ring recklessly, stopping outside the ring.

Announcer: He is..... Looooooooog Habben

Log, showing stunning athleticism box jumps onto the side of the ring, then stumbles doing the simple entrance between the ropes.

Blackfront: Habben coming off of a huge win last Wrestleshow in a lumberjack match chosen by the Wheel of Chance.

Ace: That was a big way to open a show. Now, this week lets see if he can earn his spot back into the Ring King tournament.

Blackfront: Tonight's Wild Card qualifying matches mean a lot to everyone involved. If Log can secure his spot, this could really be big for his career.

Log lays upon the turnbuckles, in a mocking manner in the corner. After a few moments, when his theme sounds end, he goes to jump off and prepare for the match, but falls, tumbling to the mat as the camera quickly swoops to the top of the stage again.

Blackfront: Log Habben ready to kick this match off against the newcomer, Will 'The Thrill' Haynes.

The arena goes dark as High Ball Stepper by Jack White comes over the PA. The song jams along as white smoke fills the entrance way. The piano solo starts leaving the crowd waiting, after it's finished and the song returns to it's rock roots out of the back steps Will 'The Thrill' Haynes.

Announcer: Making his way now, from Athens, Georgia... He stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty pounds...

The song continues to build and jam as Thrill makes his way down the ramp and to the ring.

Announcer: He is... WILL... THE THRILL... HAYYNNNNEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring.

Blackfront: Will Haynes making his in ring UTA debut tonight, with the chance to earn a spot in the Wild Card

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

match on the next Wrestleshow. Winning this match will put him just two away from a chance to main event the Ring King pay per view.

Ace: Oh good. Lets give someone who hasn't proved themselves a chance to be champion.

Blackfront: Tommy, how can you say that? Anyone entered into the Wild Card round will still need to prove themselves. I was talking to Rumor Man Stan before the show, and he said tonight the Wild Card match stipulation for the next show will be announced.

Ace: So?

Blackfront: So? If the rumors are true.. any man who wins that match will more than have proved themselves. It's as simple as that.

Log stumbles to the center of the ring, yelling bligerntly at Will Haynes who just looks at him.

Blackfront: Log Habben seems to be in a similar state to when he met Abdul Ahad right here on Wrestleshow.

Ace: Oh great, just what we need, a drunken fool.

As the bell sounds Log stumbles over to Hayes who is just watching him.

Blackfront: The Thrill not sure what to make of this.

Ace: Someone get Log some coffee.

Log takes his pointer finger, waving it in Will's face before shoving it hard into his chest, causing him to stumble a couple of steps back. Haynes' face completely turns to a look of disgust.

Blackfront: The Thrill doesn't seem to enjoy Log's current state.

Log stumbles around in a circle, wildly pointing out to the crowd as Will Haynes just stares in amazement that he was allowed to come to the ring.

Blackfront: This is going nowhere fast.

Ace: Much like Log's career if he doesn't get some help.

Log stomps around, continuing his circle, until he is facing Will Haynes once more. This time, The Thrill jets forward, leaping up and turning, grabbing Logs head and dropping to the mat in a cutter.

Blackfront: The Kush! Will 'The Thrill' Haynes not in a playing mood!

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

He rolls Log over and covers him as the referee drops and counts.

Blackfront: This one is over. Quite sad really to see Log in this condition. He needs help bad.

The bell sounds and Will Haynes gets up, obviously unhappy with the entire situation. He yells at the referee that he shouldn't be in matches with drunkards.

Announcer: Your winner, and advancing to the Wild Card match at the next Wrestleshow.... WILL... THE THRILLLLLL..... HAYYYNNNNNEESSS!!!!

Blackfront: Will Haynes picks up a debut victory and secures a spot into the Wild Card match on the next Wrestleshow, but is this how anyone really wants to do it?

Ace: A win is a win Jason.

Haynes yells at Log who is still down as he storms off toward the ropes and exits the ring.

?

The Impression

J Stevenson is backstage. UTA took care of him for his in ring debut. Now a day all that seemed to mean was that he got his own dressing room. He's sitting on a wooden

bench unloading his bag into his locker.

He takes his wrestling boots out first. Black boots, about mid calf high. He licks his thumb and rubs the corner of the toes. He scoffs. He'll need to give them a polish before his match. He begins to speak. He has limited intention of actually addressing the camera.

His words are what's important.

Stevenson: Ya know when I made my CHZ debut I was nervous. I was only 20 years old. I didn't know if I could cut it.

He takes his wrestling trunks out and hangs them on a hanger with a pair of clothespins. Black shorts with white trim. It's the basic style he first adopted in 2003.

Stevenson: This isn't the CHZ. And it certainly isn't the same as it was.

He's careful not to tread too far with the nostalgia.

Stevenson: I worked my ass off. I didn't stick my hand out. I didn't whine. I didn't ask WHAT ABOUT ME. I

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

impressed IN THE RING. Where it counts. Where it matters.

He takes out the t-shirt he'll wear tonight. It's black. In white impact lettering it reads, "Team Stevenson." These things go for a couple of bucks on E-bay.

Stevenson: Tonight for the live crowd, after the television show has ended, I'll impress again. In the ring. I'll make it count tonight. You wanted all the eyes on us, Chance. You got it. Tonight, after all this years everyone will see one thing - after all this time, the Highlight Reel can impress.

?

Backstage with cVc

We switch to where Jamie Sawyers is standing by with Chance Von Crank, who is pacing.

Sawyers: Chance, we just heard from your opponent who you will face tonight for the live crowd after Wrestleshow ends, what are your thoughts?

He puts the microphone up to cVc, who stops pacing and slowly turns into it. He looks into the camera with a look of seriousness we hardly see from cVc.

Crank: Am I supposed to be impressed by some jack off who comes into the

UTA, and thinks he's hot stuff because he gets the opportunity to be pinned by the Shock 'N' Rolla in front of a live crowd?

He looks over at Jamie who is unsure how to answer. he pulls the microphone in and begins to talk.

Sawyers: Well, I..

Crank interrupts him.

Crank: It was rhetorical. You see, I don't care about this guy at all. After tonight, it won't even matter. What does matter is that no good, piece of crap Chris Hopper putting his damn nose where it doesn't belong.

He points at the camera and with a straight gaze, glares into the camera.

Crank: Hopper... you made a big mistake tonight. one you will regret more than anything ever in your career.

Jamie pulls the microphone back.

Sawyers: Well, he is a nineteen time World Champion and a long time veteran on the industry Chance.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

cVc looks at Jamie and snarls.

Crank: Then he should have known better!

Chance shoves Jamie Sawyers down and screams, before turning and grabbing the monitor hanging behind them and pulling until it comes off of the wall and crashes to the floor. He turns to the camera and moves in close to it.

Crank: This aint over Hopper. FX got his and you WILL get yours!

Suddenly, Chance Von Crank grabs the camera and we witness first hand what happens when a \$10,000 piece of equipment gets thrown to the floor before going to commercial break.

?

The lights go out as the giant screen lights up with a headless Teddy bear fills the screen as the neon green lights start to flash around the arena. then Dance of the Crazy Pill by X starts to play. Out walks X wearing his big baggy black cargo pants and a Chicago Cubs jersey that is black and green in color. He's holding a headless Teddy bear with green glow sticks sticking out the bears neck. He then starts to talk to the bear as he nods and makes his way to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now.. From Chicago, Illinois... Standing at five foot nine and weighing in at one hundred and eighty-nine pounds... He is... XANDER... HAYYYEESSSS!!!!

Blackfront: Xander Hayes still finding his stride here in the UTA, a win over the former UTA Champion tonight to move into the Wild Card match on the next Wrestleshow could create a superstar over night.

Ace: Can you imagine a neon green colored hair freak who talks to headless bears as the UTA Champion Jason? It's bad enough The Spectre has held the title on several occasions, and he is only half the freak this guy is.

As he slides under the bottom rope he places Teddy in the corner and pulls out the glow sticks as he starts to put on a show for the fans. He then stops and walks to

where Teddy is and sit's down and waits for the match to start, talking to Teddy.

Blackfront: Choice of hair color has nothing to do with your in ring ability. This young man has a bright future.

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.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring next... from Dallas, Texas....

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

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...

Can you feel it coming? In the air, tonight?

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....

Announcer: He stands at six foot two... and weighs in at two hundred and twenty pounds....

[The Mental Rapist]

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

Announcer: The former United Toughness Alliance Champion.... SEAN... JAAAACKKKSSOOONNN!!!!

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

A slight smile forms on his face. Lord only knows what's floating around in that screwed up head of his, especially with the Vietnamese darkling at his side. After soaking up the reaction for a few moments, he motions that it's finally time to make their way to the ring.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson fighting his way back to the UTA Championship. He needs this win tonight to advance.

Ace: It'll be interesting to see if The Spectre is a factor. Can you imagine if The Spectre not only cost Sean Jackson the UTA Championship, but also his chance to regain it?

They begin the slow walk down to the ring as the crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark Vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. Vanessa wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit showing off her well toned legs and cleavage while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the NWA logo on the front, blood pouring from the bottom. He is also wearing black trunks with gold colored material

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

and outlined in blood red you see "Mental" and on the opposite leg you see "Rapist".

Blackfront: If you're Xander Hayes, what is going through your mind going into a match against this man?

Ace: You're wondering if you packed a spare pair of underwear, that's what.

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, returning the light to the arena.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Sean Jackson lock up.

Ace: I wouldn't want to be Xander Hayes right now.

Blackfront: Jackson taking control early, he whips Xander Hayes into the ropes.

As Xander Hayes returns, he slides underneath the legs of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: Hayes slides.

He gets up as Jackson turns around.

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

Xander Hayes 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 Hayes.

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

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

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

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

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

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 Xander Hayes.

Ace: That made my chest hurt just watching!

Blackfront: Jackson now using that foot across the throat of Xander Hayes 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 Xander Hayes and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

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

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

Blackfront: Xander Hayes with a kick into the face of Sean Jackson!

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

Blackfront: That may not be enough to give Hayes 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. Xander Hayes uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Jackson rushes Xander Hayes.

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: Xander Hayes thinks he has tossed Sean Jackson out of the ring.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: Turn around Hayes!

Xander Hayes 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.

Xander Hayes just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Sean Jackson rolls over covering him.

Blackfront: Hayes able to somehow kick out at two.

Ace: Just stay down Xander and this will be all over quick.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson getting up, Xander Hayes in hand.

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

Blackfront: Sean Jackson whips Xander Hayes into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Xander Hayes MOVES! Xander Hayes MOVES!

Sean Jackson crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Xander Hayes 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 Xander Hayes. What is he doing?

Blackfront: A worn out and batted Xander Hayes climbing the turnbuckle.

Sean stumbles around toward Hayes who jumps.

Blackfront: Xander jumps and connects.. drop kick from the top rope!

The fans pop loudly.

Ace: Did you se the air he got!

Hayes quickly gets up and runs over to Jackson.

Blackfront: Xander Hayes wants to capitalize now and he may be able to do it!

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

He quickly grabs Sean's head and yanks him up halfway. He reaches over and grabs Sean's arm.

Blackfront: He's going to go for the Rolling X! XANDER HAYES IS ABOUT TO BEAT THE FORMER UTA CHAMPION!

Ace: This is going to make him right here tonight!

Jackson fights back, yanking his arms free. He grabs Xander and lifts him up and over. Hayes hits the mat hard.

Blackfornt: Did you see that reversal?!

Xander is bounced into a sitting position. He reaches around and grabs his back

as his face tells the story of pain. Sean Jackson looks behind him and runs.

Blackfront: Jackson off fo the ropes.. here it comes... GAME CALLED DUE TO DARKNESS!

Jackson lifts his leg, and puts his knee hard into the back of Xander Hayes' head. Hayes' body flops over and he is out. Jackson quickly turns him over and covers. Vanessa yells from the outside as the referee drops and makes the count.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson does it! Sean Jackson is one step closer to regaining the UTA Championship!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... SEAN... JACKSOOONNNN!!!!

Blackfront: Xander Hayes showed he had heart, but heart doesn't win matches.

Ace: Sean Jackson is a beast and dofr Xander to do as well as he did, even I ahve to say hats off.

Blackfront: Wow, that's nice Tommy. Have you had a change of heart yourself from how you've been all night?

Ace: No. Hats off so he can put it on and cover that stupid looking hair.

Blackfront: Oh boy.

Sean Jackson celebrates as we go into commercial break.

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## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

### A Small Reminder

The scene opens up with the camera following a gold-filtered cigarette tumbling to the cold grey concrete floor below, a pair of Alexander McQueen Peep Toe Filigree skull heels comes into view, one of which stands on the cigarette stub in an attempt to

extinguish it. The camera pans up revealing the legs and derrière of a slender, well sculpted woman. A black pencil skirt hugs her legs as she walks. She has an attitude and air about her. A few of the UTA crew whisper and mumble as she passes, almost as if in shock.

The camera continues to pan upwards as it follows the mystery lady, her long ebony locks pinned over her shoulder in a loose side pony flicks from side to side as she walks. The whole time the camera follows her, it reminds behind her, not once showing her face. Looking from side to side, she appears to be lost. She stops the next member of crew that she sees by simply grabbing their arm.

???: "I'm sorry, but could you tell me where I..."

She begins softly, her upperclass Manhattan accent fills the air.

Runner: "Oh my god, aren't you..."

The spotty teenage runner interrupts her.

???: "Yes, and you should know you should not interrupt me"

She squeezes his arm slightly out of annoyance but quickly lets go.

???: "Now could you tell me where I could find a one Tobias Devereux's locker room?"

The teenager, who understood the question but is still confused by it, points to a

door onto the other side of the hallway.

Runner: "But uh- he's out at the ring, his match is right now."

The teenager explains, his facial expression changes as the woman responds.

???: "Perfect."

She scoffs at him, turning in the direction of the door. The woman takes a deep breathe and knocks gently. After a short while and no answer, she tries the handle of the door but alas it is locked. Frustrated she sighs and pulls a couple of bobby pins from her hair and crouches down. She glances down each way of the hallway, still keeping her face concealed from the camera. She bends the pins out and uses them in an

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

attempt to pick the lock, frustrated and about to give up, the lock clicks open. The woman stands and opens the door, only ajar at first and peeks her head around to double check if anybody is inside. Confident the coast is clear she enters Tobias' locker room.

She saunters over to a table in the corner of the room where Tobias' bag is sat. She opens it up and has a nosey look inside. Nothing of interest to hear as her attention shifts to her own bag that is over her shoulder. She reaches inside and pulls out a single black rose with a scarlet ribbon tied round the stem, followed by a small black leather box. She lays the rose on the table and places the box next to it.

She opens the box to reveal a diamond ring, the central and surrounding diamonds are accented by sapphires beneath a platinum web and the ring is clearly worth more than the average person earns in a year and lastly, a worn piece of parchment paper which reads "Mon cher, Laisser les bons temps rouler, Pour toujours et à jamais" in elegant and decorative writing.

After arranging the items so delicately on the table, her attention shifts back to Tobias' bag where she proceeds to throw it across the room, sending the contents flying.

? ??? : "Oops"

She laughs sarcastically innocent before leaving. Meanwhile, the match is over and a dazed and exasperated Tobias is wearily returning to his locker room. As he approaches the door, he sees the figure of the woman stood at the end of the corridor, her face still partially concealed from the camera by the black rimmed Oliver Goldsmith sunglasses. She gives a sly smirk and an apathetic wave.

Devereux: "No..."

Tobias is taken back by the figure and not quite believing his dazed demeanor, he rubs his eyes but as his vision clears and he looks to the end of the corridor once again, the figure is gone. He rushes to his locker room door and slides it open. Looking inside he sees the box and rose. Without seeing the writing he already knows what it is. He knows who it had to have been he seen at the end of the hall. Yet why would she be here, how could she be here?

Devereux: "No...no...no"

Tobias just slowly falls forward onto his knees, he sits there in the doorway of his locker room just shaking his head slowly back and forth staring at the ground.

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Rock Me Amadeus by Falco begins to play over the main speakers. On the

screen, It's only Natural scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first... Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota...

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Announcer: He stands at six foot and two inches.. weighing in tonight at two hundred and forty three pounds...

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads World Class in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan.

Announcer: He is.... DAAANNNN.... BENSooooooooonnnn!!!

He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Announcer: His opponent... hailing from Medina, Saudia Arabia...

He makes his way down the ramp, never once looking at the fans around him; he stares straight up at the ceiling, speaking softly to himself in Arabic.

Announcer: He stands at six foot three, and weighs in at two hunderd and forty five pounds... ABDUL... AHAAAADDDDD!!!!

Once at ringside, he finally looks down, scanning the arena once before he climbs into the ring. He makes his way over to his corner without fanfare, preparing for his match.

Blackfront: Both of these men have undefeated records. Both of these men are fighting for a spot in the final round of the Ring King tournament. Who will be the one who moves forward and whom will have their dreams destroyed? We're about to find out now!

As the bell sounds, Dan Benson and Abdul Ahad lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. Dan Benson raises Abdul's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Ahad drops to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by Dan Benson after the power struggle.

Dan Benson steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Abdul Ahad. Ahad goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

Blackfront: WHAT A KICK BY Dan Benson! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Ace: That'll make your ears ring.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Dan Benson makes his way over to Abdul Ahad and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Dan pulls Ahad to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear Headlock here by Dan Benson.

Dan wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Abdul Ahad as he releases the hold. Abdul falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Ace: That's more like it... quick punch there by Dan Benson, and from the looks of Abdul Ahad, a stiff one too.

Dan Benson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Dan!

Ace: He has to stay on him if he plans on winning this match.

Dan Benson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Abdul Ahad.

Blackfront: And another!

Dan Benson then scrambles over to Abdul Ahad and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by Abdul Ahad.

Dan Benson gets to his feet and stomps Abdul Ahad several times before bringing him to his feet. Ahad rises with a punch to the face of Dan Benson, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Dan Benson then grabs Abdul Ahad by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Blackfront: Irish whip here by Dan--No! Reversal.

Dan Benson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Ahad, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by Dan Benson! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: I'm impressed.

Benson walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Abdul.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: Dan Benson needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Meanwhile Abdul Ahad slowly gets to his feet and as Dan Benson turns around. Ahad charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with the offense now.

Ace: Was it worth gloating Dan?

The punches work Dan Benson into the corner, and Abdul Ahad switches to stomps, stomping Dan Benson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson caught in that corner now, Abdul Ahad stomping away at the gut.

Ace: Hassain using the power that Allah gave him.

Blackfront: Well... I guess. I'm not one to knock another man's religious beliefs.

Abdul Ahad then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Dan Benson. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad choking Dan Benson now!

Ace: That big boot of his is cutting off the airflow. Benson could pass out.

The referee counts in the corner causing Abdul Ahad to bring his foot down. Dan Benson falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Abdul Ahad's face warning him about the choke.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to advance.

Ahad makes his way over to the fallen Dan Benson and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Abdul then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad trying to end this one now and head into the Black Horizon main event with momentum.

Abdul Ahad gets up stands over Dan Benson, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Ahad laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Dan's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad stomping the fingers of Dan Benson now. That's a damn good way to break a finger!

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: It's a damn good way to establish his dominance in this match.

Dan Benson wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Benson tries to crawl again and again Abdul Ahad raises up a boot and brings it down on Dan's digits.

Blackfront: And another stomp to the fingers of Dan Benson--Abdul Ahad is actually enjoying Dan's punishment.

Ace: This is every day life for Abdul, torturing Americans.

Blackfront: Now Tommy, is that called for?

Abdul Ahad laughs once more before grabbing Dan Benson around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Ahad grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip by Abdul Ahad... off goes Dan.

Benson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Abdul Ahad stands with an arm extended. Dan Benson collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Blackfront: Clothesline by Abdul Ahad!

Ace: He has full control of this match.

Abdul then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Dan over onto his stomach. He straddles Dan's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Dan Benson.

Ace: I don't know how Dan is going to get out of this one.

Ahad wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Dan's face, asking him if would like to submit. Dan Benson cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: Dan Benson in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Blackfront: I'll give it to him, he just wont give up.

The crowd buzzes as Abdul Ahad keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Dan Benson in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with Benson, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Ace: Dan there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

Dan Benson reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Abdul's head grabbing his face and putting his fingers into Abdul's eyes.

Ace: He's trying to remove Abdul's eyes!

Dan Benson lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Abdul Ahad cries out as Dan digs into his eyes. Finally, Abdul lets go. Abdul Ahad releases the hold and stands up, holding his eyes in pain.

Ace: He could be partially blinded now.

Abdul Ahad stomps his way over to Dan Benson, who has once again crawled

onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Ahad stomps him in the small of the back and Dan Benson cries out, going limp.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad letting out a little aggression on Dan Benson now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Abdul Ahad stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Dan Benson lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Ahad tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Dan by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Blackfront: Abdul brings Dan to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Ahad kicks Dan in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Dan's head to the mat.

Blackfront: DDT! DDT by Abdul Ahad after the kick to the gut!

Abdul Ahad then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking his leg and pulling Dan into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Blackfront: Pin now by Abdul Ahad after that DDT! NO!

Ace: That was a close one Jason, but he still couldn't put Dan Benson away who is giving him one hell of a fight while he can.

The crowd dies down as Abdul Ahad turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Dan Benson slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Dan trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Ahad makes his way over to Dan, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Abdul reaches him and Dan Benson rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by Dan Benson, right to the throat of Abdul Ahad. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Blackfront: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Ahad reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Dan Benson makes his way out of the corner and grabs Abdul by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad stuck in the corner now. . .

Ace: Its time for some retribution.

Dan Benson faces Abdul Ahad and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Benson then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Ahad.

Ace: Knife edge chop by Dan Benson! Did you hear that one?!

Blackfront: Ahad's chest is glowing.

Dan Benson leans back and chops Abdul Ahad once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Ace: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Nature Boy.

Dan Benson chops him a third and final time. Dan Benson steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Ahad.

Blackfront: What a kick by Dan Benson! My God what a shot!

Abdul Ahad stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Benson makes his way to the corner.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad is dead in the ring after that one--but what is Dan  
doing now?

Ace: Probably taking a risk he should know better than to do.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Benson turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. He perches there, waiting as Ahad slowly tries to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Dan Benson not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Abdul Ahad gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing. As he turns toward the corner, Dan Benson jumps off the middle rope and catches Ahad in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Blackfront: He pulled it off! This one could already be over folks! Dan Benson can already sense the final round.

Ace: I stand corrected. Dan Benson with a hard hitting move there that may give him the win.

Ahad rolls on the mat grabbing his abdomen. Benson gets to his feet and raises his arms.

Blackfront: That paid off big for Dan Benson who makes his way over to the fallen Abdul Ahad and brings him to his feet.

Ace: Benson could be going for a move he calls The Shocker, and if that's the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Blackfront: Yes, that patented cutter.

Dan Benson hooks Abdul Ahad by the head under the arm and then takes his arm and flips it over his head before grabbing Abdul Ahad by the tights and lifting him.

Blackfront: No, going for a larger suplex here instead, which may very well be even more devastating

Dan Benson lifts Abdul Ahad up and over into the air, but Abdul Ahad falls back down and lands on his feet. He then pushes Dan Benson who goes belly first into the ropes. As he comes back, Abdul Ahad hooks him around the waist and using his legs lifts him up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Blackfront: German suplex by Abdul Ahad!

Dan Benson lies on his side on the mat, grabbing his lower back. Ahad is a few feet away from him sitting up and looking dazed. The referee looks around and starts up the count.

Blackfront: Both men dazed here . . . it appears that German suplex was an act of desperation by Abdul Ahad. He's feeling the fatigue come upon him now

One. . . Dan Benson continues to hold his back, as Abdul Ahad looks around. Two. . . Ahad turns over onto his knees and crawls toward the ropes, grabbing the bottom rope. Three. . . Abdul grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, as Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet. Four. . . Abdul Ahad pulls himself to his feet and turns

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

toward Dan Benson, who is now on his feet. Dan Benson quickly kicks Abdul Ahad in the gut causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: Dan Benson with the kick to the gut of Abdul Ahad after struggling to get up.

Dan Benson then turns Abdul Ahad around and hooks him around the chin. Benson promptly falls forward to the mat, Ahad hitting the mat with him.

Blackfront: Reverse DDT by Dan Benson! This match has been back and forth,

back and forth ladies and gentlemen.

Ace: I'm on the edge of my seat. It could be anyone's match.

Dan Benson falls on top of Abdul and stays there, the referee sliding to the mat for the count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin now by Dan... to tired too hook the leg. . . one. . . two... kick out! Abdul Ahad kicks out of the near pin fall.

Ace: You can really get the feel that this is an important match for both of these men. Both exchanging blows, neither letting up, now this is a match Jason... this is a match!

Dan Benson slowly gets to his feet as the fan excitement dies down. Benson looks to the crowd almost in disgust and then lowers at the waist and raises Ahad up to the seated position.

Blackfront: Dan Benson getting creative here. . . Where's he going?

Dan takes off for the ropes Abdul Ahad is facing and he turns as he hits, the bounce sending him back toward Ahad. Benson reaches Abdul and raises up a knee, connecting and making a sickening sound as Ahad falls backward toward the mat.

Blackfront: What a sound! What a sound ladies and gentlemen! Dan Benson just took Abdul Ahad out with a charged knee to the skull

Abdul Ahad lies on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily.

Ace: And Abdul Ahad is up the creek without a paddle! He's not moving!

Blackfront: How much longer can this go on?

Dan drops down and covers Abdul Ahad yet again.

Blackfront: Another pin attempt here.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: There's no way Ahad can kick out after that vicious blow to the head.

As the referee counts, Abdul does in fact kick out right before three.

Blackfront: I don't know how he did it, but Abdul Ahad found the strength to kick out.

Ace: Amazing Jason, just amazing. I thought for sure this was over!

Dan Benson gets up and begins yelling at the referee.

Blackfront: Benson just knew he had it.

Ace: Yelling at the referee isn't going to help the situation Dan.

He pushes the referee back and turns around. His eyes grow wide as Abdul Ahad comes up from a kneeling position with an arm extended, bringing it across Dan's already bothered throat, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Abdul Ahad now! And Dan is down!

Ace: That was out of nowhere! How did he find the strength?!

Abdul Ahad then turns and covers Dan Benson, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. The referee drops to the mat and goes for the count.

Blackfront: Abdul Ahad with the pin... we could have a winner here... kick out! Dan Benson kicks out!

Ace: Neither man can put the other out!

Abdul Ahad gets up on his knees and checks with the referee, who shakes his head and shows two fingers. Ahad snarls at the result and then gets to his feet, grabbing Dan Benson by the head and bringing him up as well.

Blackfront: Both me up now after yet another near pin fall.

Abdul Ahad keeps his left hand on Dan's head and reaches back with his right,

bringing it forward, clocking Dan Benson in the jaw. The blow knocks Dan Benson back, and Dan returns with a right of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging hard rights now!

Ace: This is a main event caliber match here.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: It sure is Tommy.

Abdul Ahad ups the pace, throwing two left jabs and gaining the upper hand. Ahad grabs Dan Benson by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson into the ropes now. Ahad off of the opposite ropes...

Both men on the return, neither moves... and they slam into each other head first. Both are jolted back and twist around before falling out to the mat.

Blackfront: The force from the hit put both men on their backs!

The referee checks them both and begins to count.

Blackfront: If one of these men are able to get up before the other, we will have a winner!

Both men begin to stir as the referee continues his count.

Blackfront: Both men coming to, it's either's for the taking.

Ace: What a back and forward match, and now this?!

The referee hits 8 as both start to push up.

Blackfront: It's going to be a close call...

? 9...

Blackfront: Both men almost up...

..and then they both fall to the mat again as the referee calls 10. The bell sounds and the crowd is shocked, there is no winner.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! BOTH MEN ARE OUT!

Ace: What the hell does this mean? Who will go on?

Blackfront: I have... I don't.. wow...

The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: I am so confused. You can't have an end like this when so much is on the line.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: It appears the referee is talking to the announcer. Maybe we'll have our answer soon.

They continue to talk as the men in the ring finally start to come to. We get a shot of the officials around the bell table, one is nodding as he listens into his ear piece.

Blackfront: This is insane.

Both men, finally up, head to the ropes and await a decision.

Announcer: Due to a double count out... we have declared that there is no winner of this match!

The crowd doesn't know how to take the news.

Announcer: BOTH men will move on to the final round of the Ring King tournament!

The crowd pops like crazy. Both Dan Benson and Abdul Ahad turn and look at each other, with an intense glare.

Blackfront: These two will meet again as they move to the final round to face the winner of the main event which is coming up next. But for now, we have to head to a commercial break. We'll be right back!

We get a close up shot of the stare before fading to commercial.

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The Truth Will Set You Free

In the middle of the ring is an open steel folding chair. To the left is a small table and on top of that is a machine that looks like a lie detector. A middle-aged gentleman is

sitting next to the machine prepping it.

In the middle of the ring, is none other than El Gringo Loco. Behind him, to his right is The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson and Vanessa. Both look rather indignant and irritated. Vanessa is tapping her foot and scrunching her mouth. Sean can hardly contain himself.

ELG: Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, we will expose your hero...your Hall of Fame Legend... for the liar, cheat and fraud that he is. Tonight, we will get to the bottom of the whole Black Horizon debacle... and prove to ALL of you, that The Spectre does not care about you. Tonight, we will prove that Spectre... KNOWINGLY, WILLFULLY, and BLATANTLY got involved in a match he had no right getting physically involved. And we will prove, CONCLUSIVELY, that Spectre received a bribe in the form of, not just one, not two, not FOUR, ...but in excess of 16,000 Klondike bars!!!!

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

He points to the crowd around the arena .

ELG: ...And he tried to get rid of the evidence by handing out those same Klondike to each and every one of you to eat! That in itself is a crime! YOUR HERO, the one you have cheered for, and welcomed back to the UTA with open arms... is a CRIMINAL!!

Crowd: Booooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

\*Sean Jackson and Vanessa nod their head and clap in agreement. \*

Blackfront: I think calling Spectre criminal is going a bit far.

Ace: Come on, Blackfront! A bribe is a bribe is a bribe! Spectre is guilty! And El Gringo Loco is going to expose Spectre tonight!

\*in ring \*

ELG: So, Spectre! Let's not put this off any longer! Get out here now and face your accusers!

\*ELG, Sean Jackson, and Vanessa all step towards the ropes closest to the entrance ramp, waiting on Spectre. Nothing. Finally, Sean Jackson grabs the microphone out of ELG's hand. \*

Jackson: Come on, Spectre! The truth will set you free...FREE from a UTA contract!

\*For a few seconds there is still no sign of Spectre. Suddenly...

The lights go out and "Memphisto" by Depeche Mode begins to play. An eerie purple glow lights the top of the ramps and entire path to the ring. Spectre steps out from behind the curtain to a rousing and raucous ovation. He places his hands on hips and nods his head with a huge grin on his face then heads down toward the ring.\*

Ace: Now if that isn't the face of a criminal, I don't know what is.

Blackfront: For crying out loud, Tommy, he ALWAYS has that grin on his face!

Ace: Which is why I don't trust him as far as I can throw him. But after tonight, I

won't have to worry about him. And even better, Sean Jackson will be finally be rid of that major thorn in his side who can't seem to let go of the past.

Blackfront: Nothing has been determined or proven yet, Tommy. I wouldn't start celebrating yet.

\*Spectre enters the ring, glaring at all four individuals in the ring, then climbs the corner turnbuckle, raising

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

both fists in the air, bringing another loud applause from those in the arena. Finally, Spectre steps down and gets nose to nose with Sean Jackson. \*

Ace: Lookie, here, Blackfront! This might explode right here!

\*Spectre and Sean Jackson both try to stare each other down. The camera slowly closes in on both men's eyes. Neither man blinks and neither man shows any signs of hesitancy, doubt, or fear. Finally, Sean Jackson backs up and points to the empty steel chair.

Spectre doesn't move and continues to stare. Again Sean points to the chair, only with more force. Spectre smiles condescendingly and backpedals into the chair and sits down. Spectre, as if he knows the drill, raises his right arm for the administrator, all the while never taking his eyes off of Sean Jackson.

The administrator places a blood pressure strap around Spectre's bicep, and pulse monitors on Spectre's fingers. As the administrator is finishing up, Spectre reached into his pocket with his left hand and pulls out a piece of paper. He hands it to the administrator, who is perplexed at the paper.

Jackson: What the hell is that, Spectre?

\*Spectre picks up the microphone on the little table, and smiles. \*

Spectre: I thought a few..."warm up" questions... would help this segment be a bit more...hmmmmm.... entertaining.

Administrator: Sir, you cannot answer your own prepared questions.

\*Spectre grabs the man's tie and yanks on it. \*

Spectre: HEY! Chicken sh[BEEEEP]! I am having to come out here and answer stupid questions created by some fat ass that doesn't know where he is a white guy or a Hispanic guy. So you are going to ask THESE questions first, or I won't answer ANY questions at all.

\*The administrator looks at EGL and Sean Jackson who have a quick private meeting before separating. \*

Jackson: Fine, Spectre. Go ahead. Answer YOUR questions. But stop wasting our time.

\*The administrator sits down in his chair and turns the machine on. \*

Administrator: OK, Mister Spectre. Just relax. Please answer all questions with a simple YES or NO. Do you understand?

Spectre: Yes.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Administrator: First question... Is your real name, The Spectre?

Spectre: Yes.

Ace: Well that's a lie.

\*Sean Jackson and EGL are already paying attention, waiting for Spectre's first lie to be revealed. \*

Sean: It's a lie! It's a lie! His real name is TS Jeremiah Woods! That was brought out and revealed last year! Mister Administrator, tell these people Spectre is already lying!

Administrator: I'm sorry, but Mister Spectre is telling the truth.

\*Sean Jackson's jaw drops. Spectre smiles and picks up the microphone again. \*

Spectre: Ummm, Sean. I hate to break this to you... BRO... but TS Jeremiah Woods was just a gimmick. Surely you don't think my real name is REALLY TS Jeremiah Woods. Hehehehehehe...

Blackfront: TS Jeremiah Woods was a persona Spectre played in another promotion in 2013.

\*Sean clinches his fist and contorts his mouth, already about to explode. \*

Administrator: Next question. Do you believe Sean Jackson is the biggest dick in the world?

Spectre: No.

Jackson: BULLSH[CENSORED]!!! That is a lie! Everyone knows you can't stand me.

Administrator: There is no deception in Spectre's response.

Jackson: WHAT?!?!?!?!?!?

Spectre: (smiling at Jackson condescendingly) Go ahead, Mister Administrator. Ask your next question.

Administrator: Do you believe VANESSA is the biggest dick in the world?

Spectre: (smiling) YES.!

Crowd: Hahahahahahahaha....

Ace: Spectre is making a mockery of this test!

Administrator: Spectre's response is truthful.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Blackfront: And he's passed with flying colors!

Jackson: Enough of this! Administrator. Ask Spectre OUR questions.

Ace: Oh, this is going to be good!

Administrator: Very well. Mister Spectre. Please answer the following questions. The results of these group of questions will determined as a whole instead of individual questions. First question... did you come back to UTA for the fans?

Spectre: I never said I-

Administrator: please answer just YES or NO.

Spectre: No.

Crowd: Awwwww!

Ace: See I knew it. Spectre is selfish and self-centered.

Spectre: And YES!

Crowd: YEEEEAAHH!!!!

Administrator: Mister Spectre, please dont try to confuse the test results.

Jackson: Stop playing mind games, Spectre. You're under oath here!

Spectre: Oath? Did I ever place my hands on a Bible? Is there a judge here? No! Now...will you PLEASE go over there with your skank and let me answer these questions?!!!

Crowd: OHHHHH!!!

\*Sean Jackson steps closer to Spectre almost wanting to punch a hole in Spectre, but he steps back allowing the test to continue. \*

Administrator: Did you come back to UTA solely to cost Sean Jackson his UTA Title?

Spectre: Solely?

Administrator: Yes, sir.

Spectre: (pausing) No.

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Ace: More lies from the peanut gallery.

Blackfront: Will you shut up? Hell, if you did this much play by play during actual matches I would be out of a job. Sean Jackson doesn't appear pleased at Spectre's responses, and I think he is getting antsy at wanting to know if Spectre is telling the truth or not.

\*Sean Jackson is slowly approaching behind Spectre towards the table.

Administrator: Did you come back solely to save the UTA from Sean Jackson?

Spectre: Hmmm... There's that word again, ..."solely." Well, since you phrased your question THAT way....uh, NO!

Administrator: Did you receive any monetary payment for your return to UTA?

Spectre: (turning to Sean) Really, Sean? These are the best questions your lackey, El Gringo Loco could come up with?

Administrator: Please answer the question, sir.

Spectre: NO! No, I did not. I'm not greedy for money... (leans over in his chair, looking around Sean and at Vanessa)... like some certain offspring of a Vietcong HO we all know and despise!

\*Vanessa goes apeshit approaching Spectre, forcing Sean to hold her back. Spectre smiles and gives Vanessa a little wink and blows her a kiss, then sits back in his chair. \*

Administrator: Did you receive any form of compensation in return for your participation in the UTA Championship Match at Black Horizon that affected the outcome?

Spectre: Well, duh! Everyone already knows that! YES!

\*Sean Jackson again glares at Spectre ready to attack him. \*

Spectre: (singing) What would you do-OO-oo, for a Klondike Bar?

Jackson: (breaking in) AHA! I KNEW IT! Now ask him the last question. ASK HIM!

Administrator: Very well. Mister Spectre, for this compensation you received. Did this compensation come from Jason Blackfront, or any other UTA official, high- ranking or other wise?

\*Spectre looks at Jason Blackfront, pausing. \*

Ace: The jig is up, Blackfront. You're busted! Everyone knows you have a hard- on for Spectre!

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Blackfront: I did no such thing... and you're gross, Tommy!

Spectre: (apparently disgusted by the question) No... no, it did not.

\*Suddenly, Sean Jackson attacks Spectre from behind, leaping and driving a high knee to the back of Spectre's skull. His arm, still attached to the blood pressure strap and machine, knocks the machine over. The Administrator is accidentally knocked to the ground. Spectre seems woozy and is flat on his face. \*

Ace: Sean has had enough of Spectre's lies and is taking matters into his own hands!

Blackfront: We don't know if Spectre lied or not! The results were never read.

Ace: You're name was brought up, Blackfront! Of course Spectre is lying! He covered for you, and now you are trying to cover for him!

Blackfront: Sean directing traffic, is ordering El Gringo Loco to pick Spectre up. Spectre brought to his knees and Sean is berating Spectre. Vanessa now stepping in, takes a wild swing and slaps Spectre across the face, leaving a huge red mark across the side of Spectre's face. Sean taking that chair, folds it up, and drives the chair into Spectre's gut!

Ace: Spectre getting his comeuppance for costing Sean the UTA Championship!

Blackfront: Sean adding insult to injury with a slap of his own, and now takes the paper with the test results... and is trying to shove those results down Spectre's throat.

\*Spectre tries to fight back, and in his frustration, Sean Jackson rips up the results of the test. The administrator is trying to get to his feet and bails to the outside, looking on. \*

Blackfront: Sean now telling El Gringo Loco to stand Spectre up. Sean now picking that heavy piece of machinery up on his shoulder and pointing at Spectre! No, Sean, don't do it! You could severely injure Spectre, destroy his career!

Ace: And all is well in UTA land! I think Sean is trying to make it so that this is the LAST we ever see of Spectre!

Blackfront: Spectre barely able to stand as Sean shouts obscenities at him. Sean now running full steam hurls that machine at Spectre!!

\*Spectre ducks at the last moment, causing the machine to miss its intended target, but come crashing down on the innocent administrator, knocking him out, and causing a major laceration on his head. Sean looks down in horror with his hands on his head, as Spectre rolls out of the ring. \*

Blackfront: Oh, my God! We need EMTs out here NOW! That lie detector administrator was just accidentally

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

ambushed and assaulted by his own machine!

\*Sean Jackson, Vanessa and El Gringo Loco are all consumed by the carnage lying in front of the ring, they do not notice Spectre has slinked his way up to the top of the entrance ramp. As the EMTs begin to work on the poor, helpless administrator, Spectre begins to laugh into his microphone.\*

Spectre: Hehehehehehe... Well, Sean, here we are again, and another golden opportunity, screwed up by YOU. You sought out the truth and had the truth in the palm of your hands. Instead you chose to rip those papers up, destroy the machine, and incapacitate the administrator to the point, that he likely won't remember a SINGLE THING about tonight test! So, you're no further along with the truth than you were before this night began. You may have won this little ...fracas TONIGHT...

\*Spectre starts to leave, but stops and continues to speak. \*

Spectre: But....since you been (sarcastically) "such a good sport about all this"...

I will leave you with this bit of info. I DID receive those lovely Klondike bars as compensation. But it wasn't from Blackfront, or Tommy Ace, or any high ranking UTA "SUIT" ...or anyone currently employed by UTA.

\*Sean Jackson is a bit perplexed and confused. \*

Ace: What the heck is Spectre talking about? Are these just more mind games? Everyone in the ring is confused.

Spectre: OH, and before I forget, Sean. Hehehehehe... It's that time again for.....PRODUCT PLACEMENT!!!

Crowd: Yeah!!!!!!

Ace: Oh, lord, what now?

Spectre: (smiling) Hehehehehehe.... This goes out to that wonderful tramp in the ring.

\*Spectre reaches though the curtain and pulls out..... \*

Blackfront & Ace: ALPO DOG FOOD??!?!?

Spectre: Doesn't your dog deserve ALPO? A great dog deserves..... ALPO!!!

Hehehehehehehehehehe....

\*Spectre blows the three people in the ring a kiss and disappears behind the curtain as Sean, Vanessa, and El Gringo Loco head up the ramp after him. \*

## WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17

Blackfront: Well this war between Spectre and Sean Jackson just got turned up a few notches. Sean struck the first physical blow here in the UTA. And lord help us all or for any who might be in their path along the way. This is only the beginning!

We head into commercial break.

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Yoshii wants to beat CBR... not only to make it to the final round next week, but to finally, once and for all.. beat, CBR.

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

Ace: You have to wonder, when will enough be enough for him? He just can't win.

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.

Blackfront: CBR's physique is amazing.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Ace: Look at the Internet Championship around his waist. Yoshii does not seem to like seeing him wear it.

Blackfront: Would you?

In the ring, CBR sizes Yoshii up as the champion stands, unmoving, confident.

Blackfront: CBR defeated Yoshii in his last UTA match to become the Internet Champion as well as the first man to body slam the five hundred plus pounder. Can he do the same tonight?

Ace: Of course he can! CBR is the epitome of amazing!

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 FORMER 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.

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

Ace: Those are heavy stomps there Jason.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

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

Blackfront: CBR now pulling Yoshii up by his head.

Ace: That alone is a big order.

As Yoshii gets up, he is dazed.

Blackfront: Boot to the midsection of Yoshii by CBR!

He moves in and grabs Yoshii in a scoop, lifting.

Blackfront: CBR trying to bodyslam Yoshii again!!

Yoshii begins to fight, hitting CBR repeatedly in the head until he sits him down. This time Yoshii grabs CBR and starts to lift.

Blackfront: WAIT!!! YOSHII IS GOING TO TRY AND... NO.. HE IS GOING TO BODYSLAM CBR!!!!

Yoshii lifts CBR, and slams him to the mat. The entire crowd erupts. Jed Dye begins to slap the edge of the mat and scream from the outside as Yoshii takes this time to run to the ropes. As he returns, he leaps up, and with the grace we saw from Conrad Teller earlier in the night, he lands a picture perfect leg drop. The fans are on their feet, every last one of them.

Blackfront: The energy in the air is amazing! Yoshii has every one of these fans

behind him!

Ace: I think Jed Dye is going to have a heart attack from all of the excitement.

Yoshii rolls over and begins to get up. It takes him a bit long because of his pure size, but it's OK, as CBR is out.

Blackfront: Yoshii is finally getting the upper hand on CB. After so many matches. After losing the Internet Championship, the big, loveable guy is doing it!

CBR rolls over, holding his chest. As he does, Yoshii moves to his head, grabbing him by his long hair, and begins to pull him to his feet.

Blackfront: CBR up... Yoshii with a big whip to the corner.

CBR hits the turnbuckle hard, Yoshii runs at him and leaps.

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

Blackfront: BIG SPLASH!

Ace: That can not feel good!

As Yoshii moves backward, CBR falls, twisting in the motion and lands on his back when he hits the mat. Yoshii looks out to the crowd who has a very loud Yoshii chant going.

Blackfront: these people love Yoshii. Jed Dye may be questionable, but Yoshii is someone the fans can get behind. Especially facing a self centered, egotistical jerk like CBR.

Ace: Wait, what is this idiot doing now?

Yoshii, over by the turnbuckle now, begins to climb it.

Blackfront: Yoshii, almost six hundred pounds of man, is CLIMBING THE TURNBUCKLE!

He gets to the second rope where he always does his Bonzai drop and pauses... before looking out and taking the power of the fans energy to climb up higher...

Blackfront: MY LORD! HE IS GOING UP TOP!

Ace: GET THAT FOOL DOWN!

Jed Dye frantically runs around the ring yelling No, but it's too late.. Somehow, some way.. Yoshii has made it to the top turnbuckle. Even more amazing, somehow, someway... he begins to stand up, keeping his balance.

Blackfront: I have never see.... HOLY HELL!!!!

ACE: WHAT THE FU....

Yoshii clinches his fist, bends his knees a bit and leaps backward as he trows his legs out and yells BONZAI! The roof may as well have came off from the reaction.

As he lands, and he does.. hitting his mark of CBR's chest.. it happens...

All four ring post buckle and fly out, and the ring crashes under his weight violently to the floor.

Blackfront: CBR has to be dead!

Ace: Did that really happen or did I get into the wrong brownies backstage?

The fans now go into a Holy Shit! chant. Yoshii is jolted to the side, off of CBR who holds his chest and is

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

kicking in pain. The referee has been tossed to the side of the ring and had fell out as it crashed.

Blackfront: What carnage. What devastation. Never before have I witness something of this magnitude.

Ace: I'm not even playing, someone needs to check CBR, I think he may be dying!

Blackfront: There is no way this can continue! None what so ever!

Ace: Does this mean we have a fatale four way on the next show?

Blackfront: I don't know what this means other than the future of CBR may be in more doubt than that of Madman Szalinski.

The referee uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. he motions to the time keeper to sound the bell, which he does.

Blackfront: The referee is calling this one, it's over. There's no way to continue.

Ace: How did that baboon do that? What made him think that was even remotely a good idea?

Blackfront: History has just been made folks!

Medical staff begin running down from the back, it's all out chaos as they hit the ring checking on CBR. Jed Dye quickly enters and begins scolding Yoshii who has yet to move either.

Announcer: The referee has ended this match as we can not continue.

The camera pans across, showing the faces of shocked fans before resting on the many bodies in the ring attending to the competitors.

Blackfront: Folks, I can only imagine we will see a four way match in two weeks if these two men can participate, but after that, I'm unsure if either, especially CBR, will ever be able to wrestle again.

Ace: I swear, after tonight we all will be getting investigated. This is Death Row Wrestling all over again.

The camera zooms in on an official throwing the X sign up toward the back as he kneels down next to CBR.

Blackfront: Chaos. Carnage. Devastation. All three of these words describe what we have just witnessed here on High Octane Television.

Ace: Attempted murder you mean! What an idiot!

Blackfront: But for now, I'm Jason Blackfront along with Tommy Ace... this is Wrestleshow and we will be

## **WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #17**

back in two weeks right here on High Octane Television...

We continue to watch the fall out as a stretcher is wheeled from the back and the copyright screen comes up. We fade to black....

But before it is totally done... we move into a preview for next week's show....