

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #25

November 9, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

WrestleShow

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

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

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

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Leeds, England in the First Direct Arena..

Blackfront: Tonight Dynasty has control thanks to a carefully placed stipulation in Perfection's contract.

Ace: It's great! I love it!

Blackfront: You would. On tap tonight we have-

The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween as the crowd erupts in boos and jeers.

Blackfront: Oh come on.

Ace: Show Perfection some respect Jason!

Perfection stands at the top of the stage full suit and tie, dapper and glorious, truly looking like he is running the show tonight, even is sporting a handkerchief in his suit coat pocket. He begins to walk down the ramp as the crowd is slowly building up a chant of Imperfect! Imperfect! Imperfect!. The chant stops Perfection right in his tracks pointing at the people near to him to shut their mouths amongst other threats.

Ace: What disrespect! That man fought his heart out last Wrestleshow and not a single drop of gratitude!

Blackfront: It's not like they aren't saying the truth.

The chant grows and grows almost drowning out Perfection's own entrance music. He finally enters the ring

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a microphone being passed on to him as the music fades out, the chant however doesn't.

Crowd: Imperfect! Imperfect! Imperfect!

He stands there just absorbing it nodding his head.

Ace: Let the champ speak!

Blackfront: Former champ you mean.

Ace: No! He's still champion in my eyes!

Perfection: Welcome to Wrestleshow Twenty-five! Proudly presented on behalf of Dynasty! The crowd is building and building, the heat is intense, "Imperfect! Imperfect!"

Perfection: Are you done? The crowd flares up louder

Crowd: IMPERFECT! IMPERFECT! IMPERFECT!

Perfection paces the ring for a few moments before bringing the microphone to his lips.

Perfection: Last Wrestleshow! The crowd begins to simmer down.

Perfection: Last Wrestleshow...in this very ring, yours truly was giving a lesson in humility.

Ace: What?!

Blackfront: I'm sorry, did he just say that?

Perfection: It's true. Last Wrestleshow I came into this ring confident, proud, and not fearful of my opponent, Yoshii. I came into this ring expecting the win, expecting to pin him with ease. I came into this ring not as a champion and I left just the same.

The crowd has now went silent, not knowing how to take in what they are hearing pour out of Perfection's mouth.

Perfection: So, where does that leave us? Claude successfully, flawlessly, unequivocally defended his title. Sean and Kathryn successfully and dominantly won the UTA tag team titles, and I...well...I still have my rematch clause.

The smile creeps over the lips of Perfection as the crowd starts back up with the hissing and booing.

Perfection: A lesson of humility, Ungratefuls! The fact that a simpleton could somehow out wrestle the BEST

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damn wrestler in this company not only makes me question my own inaccuracy but I accept my defeat in honor.

Ace: Honor?! Why?! No! Don't give any honor to that Jap trash who stole your title!

Blackfront: Hey! Watch it with the slurs, we just got this TV deal.

Ace: It's cable, no one cares.

Perfection: Accepting defeat and acknowledging it is important. How can you ever claim to have the IDEOLOGY of Perfection if you ignore flaws? You can't...I CAN'T. And so, tonight, I openly admit...Yoshii pinned me one...two....three.

Perfection begins to mockingly clap with the microphone in hand.

Blackfront: At least he's being honest. I can't believe I actually said that.

Perfection: I lost! I lost the match, I lost my perfect record, I lost MY title. However, one of those things are able to be taken back!

Ace: Tonight! Say tonight, he's the GM he can book it whatever way he wishes tonight!

Perfection: But that night isn't tonight.

Ace: Awh, come on!

A partial boo from the crowd? Interesting.

Perfection: You don't deserve such an epic match, here in the UK! And roll the jeering

Perfection: Now, for those of you snickering in the back at my loss, let me remind you. This IS a professional sport! The Yankee's don't win every game to become World Champions, the Patriots don't win every Sunday to become Champions, and I DON'T WIN EVERY TIME, JUST TO ENTERTAIN THE LIKES OF YOU!!!!

The crowd roars in their Imperfect chant again.

Perfection: Irony! Irony that the likes of you...you Ungratefals, would call ME that! Imperfect. Like any of you or them backstage know what Perfection truly is...what I AM. I don't have the title, fine, but I have control of this show and the means and power to do it again....and again...and again!

Ace: Damn right he does!

Blackfront: For a moment there I thought we were getting a different side of him. Nope. Still a jerk.

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Perfection: MY title, the one that sits around that fat heaping waste WILL come back home, don't underestimate my intentions like I did my opponent. Don't think for one second you are safe, Yoshii! In fact, if it wasn't for the Shoot Kings, Dynasty would STILL have the UTA Championship....I would still be champion! So who do I blame....who do I punish?

Blackfront: Punish?

Perfection: Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex?....You'd think they'd appreciate the fact that we gave them a chance for the Wildfire Championship, not even a thank you. So, because of their interference with my business at Wrestleshow, because they are a constant thorn in my side....

Blackfront: Oh no....

Perfection: We'll just change that match.

Ace: Yes!!!!

Perfection: To a Canadian Lumberjack match. The crowd pops, everyone loves violence.

Ace: I knew he'd be a better GM than James Wingate!

Blackfront: I hope you like your job, may not have it after that comment.

The speakers cue back Perfection's music and again the crowd sparks up with their Imperfect chant.

Blackfront: Well folks, Perfection pulling the GM card.. Tonight Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex in a.. Canadian Lumberjack Match. For you who do not know what that is, it is where the lumberjacks have leather straps to use.

Ace: That is entertainment Jason!

Blackfront: No it isn't Tommy. Plus, we're here in England. Making it a Canadian lumberjack match is just as much disrespectful to the fans as it is to the men in the match.

Ace: No it's not. It's a tribute to Canada's own CBR!

Blackfront: This night will be one to remember. With Dynasty being in charge, I'm worried that memory will be tainted by stuff as tasteless as this.

Ace: Tasteless? That is a word that isn't even in Dynasty's vocabulary!

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Blackfront: Well, the action starts right after commercial break. We'll be right back here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

We fade into commercial break.

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Is This Your Idea of a Joke?!

The camera turns to backstage where James Wingate is seen pouring himself a cup of coffee.

David Hightower comes limping into the picture carrying his cane of beer bottles.

Hightower: Wingate!!! We need to talk!

David says as Whiskey comes trotting into the picture beside him. Wingate looks at David and takes a deep breath.

Wingate: Mr. Hightower I have way too much on my plate right now the way it is. If you're upset over the match you're booked in that's completely out of my hands!

David looks at James Wingate with a stern look.

Hightower: Match I'm booked in? Boy that's the last thing I'm pissed about! Wingate sighs just knowing he's in for a long night.

Wingate: Then pray tell what the issue is.

David reaches into his back pocket and pulls out an envelope.

Hightower: Is this yer idea of a sick joke?!

Wingate takes the envelope and opens it up reading the paper inside.

Wingate: Oh I guess I should have seen this coming... This is all the advertisers. It was either the company takes a huge blow or you and Hopper pay it off.

David looks at James leaning on his cane.

Hightower: Me and Hopper go out there and beat the ever lovin tar outta eachother to the delight of the fans and the thanks I get is this horse manure shoveled onto my doorstep? Do I look like I can pay this off?! I live in a trailer in West Memphis Arkansas!

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Wingate let's out a groan shaking his head.

Wingate: Mr. Hightower I don't have time to deal with this... In fact I don't even have my office right now... So if you...

Suddenly James Wingate pauses thinking for a second.

Wingate: Actually you know The Dynasty are the ones in charge tonight... Technically this problem is now their's!

David let's out a groan.

Hightower: Are ya God dang kiddin me?! The Dynasty?!

Wingate: Yes sir! They are the ones running the show tonight! If you wish to speak to them then you can go find them in my office.

David clenches his fist shaking his head before he grabs the envelope out of his hand. and starts hobbling down the hall with Whiskey following him.

Hightower: God dang fine me... Do I look like a bank to you?! Fu*BLEEP* Bull sh*BLEEP*!!!

SMASH!!!

Suddenly David nails the soda machine he was walking by with a thundrous right hook so hard sodas start to spill out of the machine. Hightower and Whiskey keep on walking down the hall and out of the picture leaving James Wingate absolutely stupified.

The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

The lights go out as Scarecrow From Ministry starts up as the strobe lights starts to flickers in the arena as Nigma walks out in his Scarecrow costume, He stops at the ramp and looks out as he lifts his noose from his neck and mock hangs himself as starts to stumble down to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from parts unknown. Standing five foot eight and weighing in at one hunderd and eighty five pounds.... NIIGMMMAAAAA

The Screens behind him light up with various clips of experiments and fear images of spiders, clowns, heights, darkness, and other various things. Nigma's name comes on the screen as it cuts to his face staring

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at the crowd. He stops half way and removes his hat as he looks out to the crowd and continues to the ring, He stops at the steps and walks up as he stops and wipes his feet on the canvas before he enters.

The lights return as he enters the ring and walks around with a slow pace and is ready for the match to begin.

As the two get lost in conversation, suddenly Cochise hits the PA system.

Blackfront: J Stevenson assaulting FKA on the last Wrestleshow, showing us a side of him that we had not seen.

The fans rise to their feet as The Human Highlight Reel himself makes his way down the ramp. Announcer: Making his way down to the ring hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...J STEVENNSOOON

He slides into the ring on his chest and pops to his feet. He hits each turnbuckle before awaiting on the bell to sound.

Blackfront: We're about to kick off this opening match between these two exciting superstars. As the bell sounds, both men circle.

Blackfront: Here we go, elbow to collar lock up. Nigma taking control with a side headlock.

Ace: That's as exciting as a Madman video blog right there.

Stevenson grasp his hands together and sends an elbow into the side of Nigma.

Blackfront: Nigma with multiple elbows into the side, lets go of his hold.

Stevenson grabs the back of Nigma's head, and yanks him backwards and down to the mat. Blackfront: Nigma sent to the mat by J Stevenson. Stevenson now off of the ropes, leaps up... and misses the leg drop as Nigma rolls out of the way.

Nigma rolls over and uses the ropes to get to one knee. J Stevenson begins to get up and Nigma uses this as his chance as he jumps up and runs at him.

Blackfront: Nigma with running knee... J Stevenson drops and catches him with a hip toss. Nigma quickly rolls over and runs at Stevenson who hits another hip toss.

Blackfront: Nigma trying to gain momentum and stopped by J Stevenson.

They both roll over and push up yet again. This time as Nigma runs at J Stevenson, he bends down, and grabs Stevenson's legs. Continuing to run, Nigma lifts him up before swinging J down to the canvas with

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authority.

Blackfront: It could be over. Nigma with a surprise display of power!

Nigma drops to his knees as J Stevenson holds his head which had bounced off of the canvas with the hit.

Blackfront: Nigma getting to his feet.

Nigma heads over and bends down to grab J Stevenson, who quickly rolls him into an inside cradle. The referee drops and begins counting.

Blackfront: It was almost over, but Nigma able to break free.

Ace: I bet he wont make that mistake again.

Nigma quickly scoots back on the canvas toward the ropes, draping his arms over them as J Stevenson gets to his feet and rushes forward but is stopped by the referee.

Blackfront: Nigma buying time by staying in the ropes.

Ace: Some exciting superstar we have here. Having to use the ropes to save himself. Nigma begins to stand.

Blackfront: Nigma to his feet. If he wants to win, he'll try and end this one quickly.

Stevenson runs at Nigma, who moves out of the way, and swings around to help push him up and over the top rope, crashing to the ground.

Blackfront: Stevenson sent crashing to the outside. This may be what Nigma needs to turn things around.

Nigma rest in the ring while outside, J Stevenson holds his head.

Blackfront: Nigma wisely trying to regain composure, but at the same time he's giving Stevenson a chance to rest as well.

Ace: Yea, hitting the floor on the outside and almost being knocked out sure is rest Jason. Stevenson begins to move as the referee begins counting. Using the edge of the apron, he begins to pull himself up.

Blackfront: J Stevenson starting to move around, trying to get back into the ring.

As he begins to climb back in under the bottom rope, Nigma swings around kicking him in the face. Stevenson swings around and grabs his face. The referee points at Nigma who puts his hands up as to say

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he didn't do anything.

Ace: See, now there is using your head and working smart. Keep J Stevenson outside of the ring and he'll get counted out.

Stevenson shakes off the kick to the face grabs the ropes, pulling himself up to the apron. Nigma runs at him. Holding onto the ropes, J Stevenson leans back, causing Nigma to miss. He quickly climbs in between the middle rope.

Blackfront: Stevenson back in the ring and unhappy as he turns Nigma around. J Stevenson quickly brings a big right to the side of the head of Nigma.

Ace: Oh my!

Stevenson steps toward Nigma, who comes forward with an eye rake. Stevenson grabs his eyes and stumbles backward as Nigma uses this opportunity to come forward, grab his neck and leaps.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker by Nigma!

Ace: Ok, I'm getting into Nigma now. Blind your opponent than put them out. I love it.

The referee looks down at Nigma and motions to his face not to let him see another eye rake. Nigma ignores the referee and pushes up to his knees.

Blackfront: Nigma looking to put J Stevenson away now.

Stevenson begins to get up, and Nigma heads over grabbing him. However, Stevenson reaches forward, grabbing Nigma's legs and yanking back, sending him back first to the canvas. Standing over him he holds his legs up. He takes a step in and begins to turn Nigma over.

Blackfront: J Stevenson trying to put Nigma into a submission hold. However, Nigma is able to easily grab the bottom rope.

J Stevenson lets go as Nigma uses the ropes to pull himself up. He steps forward as Stevenson comes toward him.

Blackfront: Nigma ducks J Stevenson's arm.

Both men turn and suddenly, Nigma comes forward, grabbing Stevenson's head and plants a DDT out of nowhere.

Blackfront: DDT by Nigma!

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Ace: That was a picture perfect DDT.

Nigma rolls J Stevenson over and covers him. The referee drops and begins to count. As he does, Nigma places his legs up on the ropes for leverage. However, unlike at Victory with Uncle

Rocky, the referee sees and stops the count warning Nigma.

Blackfront: Nigma caught trying to cheat to win. You have to imagine the referees watched the tapes of Uncle Rocky on Victory and know to watch for stuff like that.

Ace: If he wasn't an amateur zebra he wouldn't have to watch for mistakes he's made.

Nigma slaps the canvas before letting go and getting to his feet, pulling J Stevenson up with him. However, as he begins to come up, Stevenson grabs the arm of Nigma and forces him to the mat. Blackfront: Armbar by J Stevenson.

J reaches around with his free arm and latches onto the chin of Nigma. Blackfront: Submission maneuver... Nigma may need to tap! He may need to tap! Ace: Stevenson is a submission expert. He can lock one on you at any time.

Nigma is able to get his free arm over. He begins to pull at J Stevenson's fingers. Finally, Stevenson's grip is loosened. Nigma rolls backward, over Stevenson, pulling the arm which at one time held his, behind Stevenson.

Blackfront: Nigma with that lock on J Stevenson's arm now.

Nigma begins to stand up, pulling Stevenson with him. As they stand, Nigma tightens his grip. However, Stevenson rolls to the side and reverses.

Blackfront: J Stevenson now in control yet again.

Ace: Good back and forward here.

J Stevenson pushes Nigma, letting go at the same time. Nigma stumbles forward before catching himself. He turns.

Blackfront: Boot to the midsection Nigma! J Stevenson going for The Highlight Reel! J Stevenson grabs the neck of Nigma, however, Nigma rolls out and to the side.

Blackfront: Nigma reverses into a side Russian leg sweep!

Nigma quickly rolls over and begins to get up, J Stevenson in hand. He shoves Stevenson's head between his leg. Nigma wraps his arms around Stevenson's mid section. He leaps forward over J Stevenson, flipping

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him as he goes, and driving his head into the canvas.

Blackfront: FACE YOUR FEARS! FACE YOUR FEARS!

Ace: What a great front flip pile driver!

Nigma quickly covers J Stevenson as the referee drops down to begin his count.

Blackfront: Nigma with the cover... and there's the three! The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... NIIIIIGGGMMMMMAAAA!!!! Blackfront: Nigma with the win, but J Stevenson didn't go down easy folks. Ace: I wont lie, that was a pretty good match there.

Nigma stands, the referee raising his arm in victory.

Brought to You By

Rock Solid

Wrestleshow returns from a commercial break and we're brought live backstage. We see new UTA signee Turk at the catering table. His work boots laced together and slung over his shoulder. Turk piles another handful of shrimp onto a too-small paper plate as he's approached by UTA interviewer Jennifer Williams

Williams: Turk! Your match on Victory went really well. Tommy Lipton wasn't really much of a fight for you. You looked rock solid. Lipton certainly didn't. What do you think so far of UTA? Turk: (mouth full of shrimp looks surprisingly at Williams and the camera) HI! Uh...yeah, can I get more cocktail sauce?

Williams: (confused) wha...what? No..I'm...

Turk: (half-eaten shrimp falling from his mouth) Wait! What? You have to have cocktail sauce with shrimp, sweetie.

Williams: (clearly frazzled) No..you don't understand. I'm actually a...

Turk: (eyes wide and then his face flashes to understanding) OH! You're one of those girls. Look, I totally understand. I didn't mean to offend. You're lesbionic.

Turk looks directly into the camera

Turk: You don't even like to mention....co-. Turk turns his attention back to Jennifer

Turk: Sweetie, can I have more shrimp sauce?

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Williams: No, Turk. I'm not lesbian.

Turk: Perfect! So, can you get me more COCK-tail sauce?

Williams: (sighs, frustrated) Turk, I see you have new boots.

Turk: (looks down) yeah - they don't have COCK-tail sauce in them though. Turk winks at the camera

Turk: They did, however used to have Tommy Lipton in them. I figured he wouldn't need them anymore after Victory.

Turk shovels another handful of shrimp into his mouth. Jennifer tries to ignore him as he stands uncomfortably close

Turk: So, Jennifer, you do like cock.....tail sauce? Jennifer tosses her hands in the air and walks away.

Turk: WAIT! So you prefer.....pie?

Only Turk is left within the frame and he's calling to Jennifer now

Turk: So...like...what do you call a male chicken? I mean, besides rooster?

Haynes' Response to Abdul bin Hussain's Attack

We head to the back.

Haynes: Husain, I understand. Believe me I do.

Will Haynes stands in front of a Wrestle UTA backdrop. He's backstage at the show. He hasn't been cleared yet from Hussain's attack on him in Mexico.

Haynes: You wanted to come back and make a splash. Wanted your impact to be felt immediately. You wanted to come after someone you KNEW your comeback would register on. That's why you chose me.

Haynes pokes a thumb into his chest. He's wearing a Wrestleshow t shirt. This one commentating the show in Mexico. It's been listed for a pretty penny on E Bay in recent weeks. Maybe Haynes will sell it.

He's been getting into the memorabilia game recently.

Haynes: But at least next time you Saudi piece of shit do it to my face. You wanna be treated better. You don't want people playing cards about your race and your religion than maybe YOU should look into treating AMERICANS with a little more respect. I'm not asking you to roll out the red carpet. No far from it. All I'm

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asking is that if you wanna attack me you do it TO MY FACE.

He takes a step closer to the camera seemingly getting a little angry. He closes his eyes resting briefly.

Haynes: Sorry this headache keeps coming back. The doctors wanted to send me back to the States to recoup but I decided to screw that noise. They don't decide anything about me. Never have. Never well. I NEEDED to be here tonight. NEEDED to make sure you heard my words, Hussain.

Made sure you understood that I will have my revenge. In this life. Or the next. Haynes smiles.

Haynes: Are you not entertained?? We head back to ringside.

A Message For Conrad Teller

We are in James Wingate's office, Perfection is sitting behind the desk. Next to him on his left stands Marshall Owens but on both sides of the desk near the front are CBR and Sean Jackson with Kathryn Vermont Thomas sitting on top of the desk with her legs crossed and La Flama Blanca sits in one of the chairs that is in front of the desk, turned so he is facing the same direction as everyone else. Perfection is reading some paperwork and Marshall is pointing at several lines with a pen. KVT and Jackson have their titles on their shoulders, CBR hosts his internet title proud.

Perfection: Take a look around this room, what do you see UTA?

CBR: Champions.

Perfection: That's right! The best, the elite group of champions who have one too many runts trying to sabotage our efforts.

KVT: Do you fools think it was so easy to beat six men for our tag team belts?!

Kathryn waves her hand and turns away from the camera disgusted.

CBR: Or single handedly...without anyone helping...

Jackson begins to laugh as a smile comes across CBR's mouth, they both look at each other as CBR nods and turns back to the camera.

CBR: DEFEAT...the Spectre? The man who says the only way you'd beat him is in your dreams?

Well, dreams do come true don't they.

LFB: Cave dwelling beat nut.

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Jackson smiles and pats CBR on the back

Perfection: Preach it brother. That's what the Good Reverend would say.

Jackson: And you better realize Spectre, that as long as Dynasty is around there isn't room for anyone else. No one in the UTA can top us, all we're missing is the UTA Championship, which we will get back.

Perfection begins to light a cigar and lean back in James Wingate's chair kicking his Armani dress shoes up on it.

Perfection: Oh but that's not all. We need the Wildfire Championship as well. We want it all! So, think about that Conrad. Think about that when you decide to book the next Wrestleshow. When Dynasty comes for your title, do you really want to be on our bad side? Do you want the title TAKEN from you, or rather, you try and defend it? In fact, look at how grateful and generous we were to you this show.

Jackson shrugs.

Jackson: We didn't put you in a situation like, oh, Madman.

LFB raises his finger.

LFB: Or the big, bad, "I used to be someone", Chris Hopper.

KVT nods

KVT: Or even those two homosexuals, Thatcher Rex and Graham Clauson. Perfection puffs on the stogie a few times and releases a cloud of smoke.

Perfection: Nope, a little cake walk over Gentleman Jack. And you're welcome. Don't cross us, Conrad. Don't go down the path the Shoot Kings have and be on the other end of a boot.

Perfection nods over to the presently smiling LFB.

Perfection: Choices, Conrad. Don't make enemies in THEIR home. CBR smirks leaning towards the camera.

CBR: And for the rest of you, just watch your backs.

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...

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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... The United Toughness Alliance Wildfire Champion... CONRAD... TELLLEEERRRR...

Conrad continues to the ring.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller looking to get a win over someone who will be a tough opponenet. Conrad enters the ring, walking to his corner and saying a silent prayer to himself. We head back to the corridor where Gentleman Jack is making his way toward the curtains for his return home to England. Although he is disliked, the fans pop at the sight of their own Gentleman Jack.

Wingate: Gentleman Jack back home here in England as he is set to face Conrad Teller!

Ace: Remember what happened last time we had a hometown reunion? Wingate: Except no one day La Flama Blanca doing something so dastardly! Jack cracks his knuckles as he walks. Suddenly, Jack stops.

Jack: How can I help you blokes?

The camera pans out to see Brother Judas and Brother Simon standing in front of Jack. Brother Judas turns his head to the side, staring at Jack.

Jack: I must apologize, but I have a match to get to. If you both would be so kind and allow me to continue on my way.

The Good Reverend steps in from behind the followers. He just smiles before stepping aside. Gentleman Jack smiles and tries to continue. However, the followers refuse to move.

Jack: I do not have time for this. If you want to go to fisticuffs, we can. But there is a time and place for tha-

Brother Judas throws his arm out, his hand wrapping around the throat of Gentleman Jack. The Good Reverend moves close to the two, getting into Gentleman Jack's face.

Reverend: Brother Jack, you call yourself a gentleman, but lets be honest. Remove the farce. Remove the lies, and all you have left is a man who refuses to embrace HIM. A man who is no better than Brother Jeremiah. Instead of hiding behind a mask, you hide behind the persona of being greater than all who you oppose.

The Good Reverend looks disgusted.

Reverend: There is no man greater than HIM. Especially not you Brother Jack. As said in the good book.. false prophets will fall to HIS judgment, and we are the bringers of that justice.

The Good Reverend steps back as Brother Judas lifts Gentleman Jack right as the feed cuts out.

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Wingate: My lord! Someone get back there! gentleman Jack is set to go next!

Brought to You By

As we return, Conrad Teller is still in the ring alone. The referee and he talk.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller is frustrated folks. He was supposed to face Gentleman Jack, but as you saw before the commercial, it seems as if The Truth may have had different plans.

Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar begins to play over the PA System. The fans get on their feet and cheer for the Hometown guy. Conrad teller smiles and claps, obviously happy.

Blackfront: It looks like Gentleman Jack will be able to make- The lights and music suddenly shut off.

Blackfront: What's this?

As Marilyn Manson's Man That You Fear begins to play, a single spotlight his the stage. The fans begin to boo heavily as The Good Reverend, microphone in hand, followed by brother Simon and Brother Judas step out. They walk to the edge of the stage and stop. The Good Reverend soaks in the jeers as the lights come up and the music fades.

Blackfront: This is not what the fans paid to see! They want to see England's own Gentleman Jack in action.

Ace: I dunno Jason, let's listen to what The Good Reverend has to say.

Blackfront: You don't know? Don't tell me you are buying into this nonsense!

The Good Reverend raises the microphone to his mouth and stares down toward the ring where Conrad Teller is yelling at him to leave.

Reverend: Brother Conrad, why are you so upset?

Blackfront: Why is he upset? You had your followers do something to his opponent! Reverend: Do not feel sorry for Brother Jack. No, celebrate! It's a time to celebrate here in his home country!

The fans boo more.

Blackfront: Celebrate what?!

Ace: Give him a moment to explain will you?

Reverend: Celebrate that when faced by the ultimate judgment, he took it like a real man!

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Celebrate that although he is unconscious, when he awakes he will have survived HIS wraith and have found a new appreciation for life!

The trio begins to walk down the ramp. The Good Reverend begins to speak as they do. Reverend: As for you Brother Conrad... You must face judgment yourself for your sins. Yes, you paid your dues to man and served your time... but you have not faced HIS judgment yet.

Conrad steps back and gets ready for the group, yelling for them to bring it.

Reverend: HIS judgment is the ultimate. HIS justice swift and forever.

Brother Judas and Brother Simon stay on the floor as The Good Reverend walks up the steps and across the apron.

Reverend: Brother Conrad... you are a sinner. Tonight, I shall bring down upon you HIS justice... I shall cleanse your soul!

He begins to step into the ring.

Blackfront: It looks like The Good Reverend wants to face Conrad Teller! He walks toward Conrad who is ready for anything.

Reverend: You carry that championship title, but you are no champion. No Brother Conrad, you are nothing more than a convict. A sinner almost as bad as each and every one of these people here in England.

The fans boo.

Reverend: It's time for your judgment Brother Teller, and when it is over, I shall rip from you your only reason for continuing... the Wildfire Championship.

Conrad nods as he continues to throw words of anger at The Good Reverend.

Blackfront: WAIT! We're going to have a Wildfire Championship match right here? Conrad Teller not backing down from the challenge!

Ace: The Truth will be joining Dynasty in the hall of champions?! I LOVE IT!

The Good Reverend walks to the edge of the ring and tosses the microphone down. Announcer: This match... is scheduled for one fall.. and is for the Wildfire Championship.... The fans go crazy.

Announcer: The chal-lenger..... Representing The Truth... THE... GOOD... REVEREEEEENNNDDDD!!!

Blackfront: Anything can happen in the UTA folks, and this right here proves it!

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The bell sounds, and Conrad quickly rushes the Good Reverend.

Blackfront: Tell out the gate, rocking The Good Reverend with lefts and rights, showing him just how much he appreciates The Reverend going into business for himself.

The Good Reverend is sent stumbling back as Conrad continues to deliver the lefts and right. He is pushed into the ropes.

Blackfront: Teller grabs the arm of The Reverend. He's sent across the ring and into the ropes. Teller runs... He leaps!

Conrad leaps right into The Good Reverend with a press. As they hit the canvas, Conrad begins to continue his assault of lefts and rights. Suddenly Brother Judas and Brother Simon both move toward the ring, reaching up and grabbing them to help pull themselves to the apron.

Blackfront: Oh and here they come.

The fans boo as they enter the ring. Conrad dismounts The Good Reverend and stands up, turning around. He begs them to bring it before just taking off himself.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller taking charge! Rights to the huge Brother Simon, now to Brother Judas! Our Wildfire Champion on fire himself!

He begins to hit brother Simon with rights again. Simon is took off his footing and stumbles back and into the ropes, his momentum sending him over the top rope to the floor. The fans go crazy. Blackfront: Brother Judas rushes Conrad Teller!

Teller quickly pulls the ropes down, and Brother Judas goes over, joining Brother Simon on the floor. The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: He's cleared the ring!

Behind Conrad, The Good Reverend stands up. He steps over to the corner and grabs the top rope before leaning backward, his body arched over in the most creepiest of ways. Conrad turns around and is taken back by the site as The Good Reverend begins to walk upside down on his hands and feet.

Blackfront: What a sight as The Good Reverend approaches Conrad with that spider walk!

Ace: CREEPY!

He flips over to his hands and knees, smiling at Conrad who doesn't know what to think.

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Blackfront: Teller takes off!

As he does, The Good Reverend jolts up and throws his arm out, taking Teller down with a clothesline. He stands up and looks down at Conrad before he begins to stomp him.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend assaulting Conrad Teller!

He runs back toward the ropes, hitting them. As he runs forward, The Good Reverend leaps up and comes down with a body splash.

Blackfront: The Good Reverend pins Conrad Teller! he's going to do it!

The referee slides into place and begins to count as The Good Reverend hooks the leg of the Wildfire Champion.

Blackfront: TELLER GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

The Good Reverend gets to his knees then pushes to his feet. At that moment, Brother Simon and Brother Judas slide back into the ring. As they get to their feet, they begin stomping Conrad and the referee begins to call for the bell.

Blackfront: It was never about the title folks. This is nothing but a beat down!

The referee gets in between them, showing testicular fortitude as he pushes the two back, and away from Conrad teller. But the damage is already done.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification... and STILL... WILDFIRE CHAMPION... CONRAD TELLER!

Blackfront: he is still champion, but at what cost?

The Good Reverend throws his arms out and looks to the sky, laughing as the followers stand beside him. Conrad Teller lays on the canvas, hurt. The Man That You Fear begins to play again. Blackfront: Despicable. That's the only way I can describe what just happened.

Ace: Amazing is how I describe it!

The camera gets one more shot of The Truth before we head to the back.

You Deal With This!

We are in James Wingate's office, Perfection is sitting behind the desk. The other Dynasty members are standing around on their phones with the large screen TV on showing live coverage of Wrestleshow. A knock

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is heard before Bryan Wingate, head of security, walks in, shutting the door behind him.

B. Wingate: Bosses, David Hightower is here to see you.

Perfection: Who?

KVT: David Hightower, the man who pulled a piece of glass out of his foot.

LFB: He might be a mouth breather but I like his style. Wish he would have... permanently taken out "The King of Stool".

Perfection looks back at Bryan.

Perfection: What does he want?

B. Wingate: He said Mr. Wingate sent him.

Jackson: Send him in then.

Perfection rolls his eyes dropping his pen as Bryan Wingate peaks past the threshold and signals Hightower to enter the office. David limps in with Whiskey trotting by his side.

Perfection: David! Nice to see you, how's your foot holding up? Personally, I want to apologize that you have to wrestle with such an injury, but, the show must go on. What can we do for you?

Perfection is enjoying playing boss far too much for his own good. Whiskey growls a little at his direction.

Hightower: Easy boy!

David says petting the dog on his head.

Hightower: I'm goin to cut to the chase here. You seen the match me and Hopper had last Wrestleshow! Apparently some FCC or whoever decided to shove a stick of dynamite up ole David Hightower's ass after the knock down drag out of a match I just had!

David pulls out the envelope from his back pocket and hands it to Perfection.

Hightower: Wingate told me it's yer problem now!

Perfection holds the envelop up behind him as Marshall Owens walks over and retrieves it from him opening it up.

CBR: Our problem? How is this our problem? No one told you to get in that ring. Owens whispers into

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Perfection's ear.

Perfection: Jesus Christ...fifty-five thousand?!

KVT: For pulling glass out of your foot?!

Hightower: It was a big piece of glass! What was I supposed to do huh? Just walk around with the god dang thing in my foot?!

Perfection shakes his head and sets the paperwork down. Perfection: Listen, Dynasty is willing to pay these fines for you. Marshall leans in again to whisper something into his ear.

Perfection: In fact, we'll pay double.

CBR: Double?!

Perfection: But we're going to want something in return. David stands there pondering for a few seconds.

Hightower: Well I got some Burger King coupons in my truck if that's what ya want! Those go a long way!

Perfection: No, we need a favor. Not right now of course, but in the future. Or you can walk out of this office with nothing.

Hightower: Favor huh? Very interestin offer ya got there... Just to let ya know I ain't doin no sexual favors fer yer ass!

Jackson: Believe me when I say this, no one wants to sleep with you.

Perfection: Enough. Yes or no? Perfection glares at David Hightower.

Hightower: Tell ya what boy... Ya got yerself a deal...

David extends his hand to Perfection to shake it. Perfection shakes his hand and then looks past Hightower and at Bryan Wingate.

Perfection: Bryan if you would please show Mr. Hightower out. We have lots of work to do as you can imagine.

David suddenly tightens his grip still shaking Perfection's hand.

Hightower: But let me warn ya boy... Ya screw ole David Hightower over and all it takes me is 1 word and I'll be the least of yer worries!

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David says looking down at Whiskey standing guard. Perfection pulls his hand back as Wingate steps in motioning towards the door. David turns around and walks out before shooting Perfection one last look.

Hightower: Just remember who yer dealin with! C'mon Whiskey! Let's go!

David says as he hobbles out with Whiskey following behind him. KVT turns to Perfection and lets out a laugh.

KVT: Oh please! My Chihuahuas have more bite than his bark!

Do Not Adjust Your Screen v/o: Testing, testing. One, two, three.

The fans looked around at each other, unsure of where the voice was coming from, but they cheered, all the same.

As the lights dimmed, their noise level increased; and when the video wall lit up, they got even louder with their cheers.

The Second Coming was on the wall, hooded sweatshirt unzipped and un... hooded(?), with a T- shirt advertising the old tag team Vox Nihili.

Look it up.

Her facemask was painted in the style of a Glasgow smile, and wisps of hair that escaped the tight braid behind her head framed her face. If she wasn't wearing the creepy mask, she'd probably be called 'adorable.'

2C: Don't adjust your monitors, and Dynasty, don't bother trying the production truck. This is a direct feed from the States, and nobody back there is gonna be able to cut it off.

2C: Count it down, 150 seconds.

2C: Two weeks ago, I went out there on my Wrestleshow debut, kicked the piss outta Dick Fury, and walked away with this.

The fans cheered as she referenced the Wrestleshow 24 showdown, and even louded as she raised the VCW World Championship belt into view.

2C: And that leaves me with a choice. With this championship belt, I have a guaranteed shot at any UTA Championship, except the big one.

2C: Do I aim for the honorable Conrad Teller and the Wildfire Championship, or do I aim a stake at the heart of Dynasty against CBR and the Internet Title?

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She laughed.

2C: Or, while it isn't specifically mentioned, I'm sure if I found a partner, Jimmy Dubya would let me trade this in for a crack at the tags.

2C: The problem, as always, is the choice.

2C: Two weeks from now, I'm going to get the opportunity to take on Conrad Teller in a non - title match. No belts, nothing at stake but ego and athleticism.

2C: That's the way it should be.

2C: After that, I'll make my decision. After that, if I can't beat Conrad Teller in a non-title match, why would I risk my banked shot against him?

2C: On the other hand, if I beat Conrad Teller in a non- title match, I think I'd've earned a title shot without having to cash this one in.

She slung the championship belt over her shoulder, and it hung there like she was well - versed in the act.

2C: Much will be decided in the next few weeks, pals 'n gals. Step one for me was taking this belt from Dick Fury, and the next step will be a shot at a UTA Championship.

2C: So, let the speculation commence. Will it be Conrad Teller and I taking each other on in a spirited fight without limits, until one of us is able to overcome the other, or do I call out the Crown Jewel of Dynasty and end CBR's epic reign of less than six months?

2C: Conrad Teller is the most anonymous of celebrity athletes: he does his job quickly and efficiently and it's a crime that he doesn't get more press. But if push comes to shove, business is business - and I'm going to beat him.

2C: Dynasty currently hold the keys to the kingdom, even though their King took a sixty miles-per- hour teabagging the same night that I put my name on the map. But they're still holding onto the top three in the Power Rankings and it's probably a matter of inevitability before that's expanded to the top five.

2C: And yet, just like I told my opponent last night... the only thing they have to fear... She turned serious.

2C: Is me.

2C: We just passed the fourteen minute mark, Dynasty. Get ready to have the torch taken from you like your favorite toy at the sandbox.

2C: Tick tock.

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Static. The video wall went dark. And everybody applauded.

2020 by SOL, rings out through the arena, the lights turn a dark green, just as the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely appears from behind the curtain. He is wearing his wrestling gear, including a entrance jacket with the hood over his head.

Blackfront: This could be a huge victory for Mikey Unlikely tonight if he can get past the man who took Chris Hopper to the limit jsut two weeks ago.

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

Announcer: Hailing from 'The Louie, Ohio'.

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

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

Mikey hops down and removes the jacket, hands it to the ring crew, and starts warming up in his corner. He stretches against the ropes, waiting for the match to begin.

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play over the loudspeakers and David Hightower casually walks out with his dog Whiskey trotting along beside him. He begins to hobble down the ramp.

Announcer: Now on his way to the ring. From West Memphis, Arkansas. Standing at six foot and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... DAVID.... HIIIGGHHHTTOOOOWWWERRRR!!

He continues toward the ring where Mikey awaits.

Blackfront: David Hightower hobbling on that hurt foot of his. You have to think that he shouldn't be competing tonight.

Ace: It's not like he's smart enough to know he is in pain. What's more important is to point out that this big idiot now owes Dynasty a favor.

Blackfront: That he does, and I'd hate to be the one they decide to cash that favor in on. Hightower walks up the steps as Whiskey watches from outside, before entering the ring. Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely coming into this inexperienced, but with more professional training and matches under his belt than the brawler David Hightower.

Ace: Well, Hightower has proven he is in fact more dangerous in the long run. Especially with Whiskey, a

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former Boardwalk Wrestling champion by his side.

Blackfront: Tommy.. you know Whiskey being a champion was just a joke right?

Ace: I'm surprised Madman hasn't rallied to give Peach a tittle match. Hell, she'd be a better champion than he was!

Blackfront: That's uncalled for.

Both men get ready as the bell sounds to start the match.

Blackfront: As the bell sounds beginning the match, Mikey wastes no time trying to take Hightower's legs out from under him. Mikey delivers some stiff kicks to the right leg of Hightower, much similar to how he approached facing Blackbeard just two weeks ago.

David winces as he tries to keep his balance, putting pressure on his foot.

Blackfront: Hightower shoves Unlikely to the canvas.

Mikey pops up and starts to charge toward David Hightower. Hightower lifts up his left foot which sent Mikey straight down to the canvas in pain. He stumbles forward after, his injured foot bothering him.

Ace: David's foot isn't doing him any favors. Hightower reaches down to grab Mikey.

Blackfront: Mikey with a quick jab to the face of David Hightower. David stumbles back as the hit was were he had stitches.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely using David's poor health to his advantage.

Ace: That's right, come to the dark side Unlikely.

Mikey is able to get to one knee and keeps on delivering punches to Hightower as the bigger man tries to block them.

Blackfront: Hightower gets one knee before Mikey gets to both feet. Mikey now back to the strikes and kicks that he is known for.

Mikey delivers some stiff kicks to the chest and back of Hightower, as Hightower attempts to stand up, Mikey delivers a stiff kick to his right knee which sends the big man down to the canvas again on one knee.

Blackfront: Unlikely showing two shows ina row size doesn't matter.

Ace: The last guy was an idiot who thought he was a pirate, and this week his opponent is a shell of himself.

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Unlikely is doing nothing special. In fact it's quite unlikely that he'll win this one.

Blackfront: You do that this week and I'll knock you out myself Tommy.

Ace: Try it. I dare you.

Mikey then attempts to lock in the Texas Cloverleaf on Hightower. Hightower tries to wriggle free, but Mikey releases the hold and delivers some more elbows to Hightower, which has the big man reeling and trying to block the elbows.

Blackfront: Mikey is attempting to go for the Texas Cloverleaf one more time!

Mikey attempts to roll Hightower over for the Texas Cloverleaf but the lack of strength Mikey has won't allow him to get the big guy over. Mikey lets go and motions to the crowd for his finisher. Hightower starts to gain his senses and he begins to get back to his feet as Mikey starts to get the crowd behind him.

Ace: Hurt or not, there's no way Mikey unlikely can end this one yet.

Blackfront: Oh shut up for a moment and listen to this crowd! Mikey is making his way on the apron to attempt this dangerous but very effective maneuver. He is up...

As Hightower makes his way to his feet, Mikey turns around to see that he is up. Mikey smirks and then attempts his 'One hit wonder' finisher as Hightower is turning around. When Hightower sees that Mikey is on the top rope, Hightower quickly lifts up his foot again and connects with a boot to Mikey's face. He then falls to the canvas himself, holding his foot. outside of the ring, Whiskey barks in concern.

Blackfront: David Hightower needed to take some time off to heal, but against doctor's orders here he is and he is paying for it tonight.

Mikey slowly moves his head and grabs his left jaw as he is trying to come to. Hightower gets to his feet, obviously slowed from the pain in his foot.

Blackfront: David Hightower lifting Mikey Unlikely to his feet. Unlikey sent into the ropes. on the return.

Hightower runs at Mikey in a clothesline attempt, Mikey ducks. Hightower off the ropes and attempts another clothesline, which Mikey ducks again. As Hightower hits the ropes and attempts a clothesline a third time, Mikey connects with his 'Spinning Records' finisher, which only causes Hightower to stagger backwards back into the ropes.

Blackfront: Spinning Records not enough to put David Hightower down!

Mikey quickly make his way over to Hightower who has retreated to a corner to catch his breath. Mikey goes back to the right knee that he worked on earlier and kicks it out from under Hightower. Blackfront: This kid

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has a lot of heart in him. He just won't quit as he keeps working on that right knee of Hightower.

Mikey keeps working on the knee of Hightower. Hightower shoves Mikey away from him, but Mikey connects with his 'Spinning Records' finisher again. The fans cheer as the heel of Mikey's boot connects with the temple of Hightower. As Hightower fell face first on the canvas, grabbing his head. Blood begins to appear as his stitches are busted open.

Ace: Hightower is getting good at bleeding Jason.

Blackfront: Folks, David is hurt. Just two weeks ago he went through one of the most violent and brutal matches in recent history that is still effecting him today. The referee counting him down.

Hightower slowly starts to stir and Mikey takes notice of this. Hightower looks around to see where he is and slowly make his way to the ropes.

Blackfront: At six, now seven. If Hightower can't get up in time, Mikey Unlikely will take this one home.

Mikey lets his frustration get the better of him and as Hightower starts to pull himself up using the ropes, Mikey begins to send more elbows and fists to Hightower. Hightower lets go of the ropes and tries to block the shots once more as the ref starts a five count for Mikey to get out of the ropes and off of Hightower.

Blackfront: Unlikely frustrated and rightfully so. He backs off as the referee hits four.

Mikey quickly gets up off of Hightower and the fans start chanting Mikey's name. Mikey goes to the ropes that are directly across from Hightower and signals that this was the end of the match. Blackfront: Is this kid going to attempt the 'One hit wonder' again?

Ace: It's unlikely that he will connect.

Blackfront: Damn it Tommy...

As Mikey gestures to the fans once more, Hightower finally makes his way up on his feet. Hightower is wobbly as Mikey attempt to go for his 'One hit wonder' finisher once again... Blackfront: He did it! He connected with the 'One hit wonder'! Here is the cover...

The referee drops and begins to count. This time his hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... MIKEEEEEY... UNLIKEEEEEELLLLLLYYYYY!

The referee holds Mikey's hand up as the ring side doctor slides into the ring, rushing over to David Hightower to check on him.

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Blackfront: After his last match, we have beefed up our medical staff who is now checking on Hightower who is bleeding.

David yells at the doctor, obviously mad, as if the match had been cut shorter than it's supposed to be. He pushes to his feet and through the doctor. Unlikely holds his arms high in the air. As he turns, David comes forward with a devastating right hook. Mike Unlikely falls to the canvas.

Blackfront: David Hightower hitting that knock out right hook he calls five am the next morning after the bell.

He yells at the unconscious Mikey unlikely before hobbling over to the ropes and exiting to the apron.

Blackfront: David Hightower unhappy with how the match ended, now heading to the back with Whiskey. The normally loving fans boo him to show their support for Mikey who has been knocked out cold.

As David gets to the top of the stage, we get a visual of the blood coming from his stitches and he raises his hand in his own personal victory as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

I Feel Like We're Being Watched

We come back from commercial to see Marshall Owens standing next to his newest client, La Flama Blanca. The two sleaze balls are all smiles. The picture of them comes up on the "Tough Tron" and the crowd inside the arena boo the two men loudly.

La Flama Blanca: I can't wait to see The Truth rip that stoner trailer trash a new one. Madman seems to love taking beatings, so I made sure I got him what he wants.

Marshall Owens: Everyone is going to get what's coming to them. You gave your friend a easy one.

They both laugh.

La Flama Blanca: I might have to be at ringside during that match. Make sure everything goes as planned. We don't need "The Shoot Queens" evening the odds. Szalinski will get what's coming to him.

Marshall Owens: Rex and Clauson shouldn't be a problem. We always find a way to "ensure" Dynasty comes out on top.

La Flama Blanca: Need to keep him in tip top shape. I want to get Szalinski at the top of his game. He's seemed rusty since he came back from his coma. Need to work off that rust.

Marshall Owens: The Truth was a solid choice. I think Madman will get the point.

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La Flama Blanca: I'm just looking out for my "friend".

Blanca looks like he gets a chill. He turns around and looks at his surroundings. something seems off.

Marshall Owens: What's wrong?

La Flama Blanca: I feel like we're being watched.

The two men look around and don't see anything out of the ordinary.

Marshall Owens: Let's go... the rest of the group is expecting us.

Blanca pats Owens on the shoulder as they leave sight. The camera pans to the right to show Madman Szalinski pop around the corner. The fans in the arena cheer the former champion as he

heads the same way as Flama Blanca and Owens.

The Package

We open to an everyday UTA Locker room. Non-descript lockers, with non-descript seating. It appears as no one is around, that is until Mikey Unlikely walks through the door.

Wearing his green and black trunks, and covered in sweat after just competing against David Hightower. Mikey returns to his locker room, only to find one unmarked small cardboard box sitting on top of his locker.

Mikey looks at the box quizzing, walks over, and pulls it off the top of the locker. When he moves it, glass can be heard inside clanging together. Mikey set's the box down on the wooden bench seating.

He stops to study the box, slowly he pulls his keys from his dufflebag. Sitting down he uses one to slowly cut the tape on the box. He opens it, and looks inside. Mikey's eyes go wide, and he trips backwards falling over, while trying to stand up.

Unlikely: What the hell...

Mikey turns, and walks out of the locker room, never taking his eyes off the box... The camera returns to the box, looking inside we see a 6 pack of West Sixth Brewing Company IPA. And a small note that usually come attached to flowers or gifts. The note reads...

"Sorry you had to go through that. - N" Fade out.

Sneak Attack!

The cameras catch up to CBR and KVT as they walk through the back halls, casually chit chatting, or

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probably plotting their master plan for UTA domination, more likely. Along the way, they come across a very large cardboard box, with holes punched along the top of the box, as if they were air holes. CBR and KVT take a look at one another before walking towards the box. CBR: What is this?

KVT: What's in the box! What's in the box!? Classic movie reference.

KVT: It's big enough to hold a whale!

CBR steps forwards and gives the box a nudge with his boot, causing whatever was in the box to giggle, like a school girl. CBR looks back at Kathryn, and then nudges the box again, with a bit more force. Whatever is in the box, continues to giggle.

KVT: I've got a bad feeling about this, I mean, if this was a horror movie, some guy with a chainsaw would pop out and kill us both.

CBR: Chainsaw wielding psychopaths don't giggle like that though.

KVT and CBR share a look, but the two end up nodding in agreement.

CBR: But you're right, I'm thinking it's best if we let it be.

So, the two walk past the box and down the hall. But after a few steps, they stop and turn back around, only to see the box is slowly sliding along after them. Noticing the two have stopped, the box immediately stops.

CBR: What is that sound?

KVT: It sounds like heavy breathing...

Sure enough, whatever was in that box, was breathing quite heavily, as if they had just finished running a marathon. But KVT and CBR take a few more steps down the hall, keeping their heads turned, watching as the box continues to slide after them.

KVT: This is ridiculous! Come on, let's just open the stupid thing. CBR and KVT walk back towards the box, clearly annoyed.

???: SNEAK ATTACK! NOW!

A very large obese man bursts out of the box, like a stripper out of a cake, half naked and covered in sweat.

KVT: Bobby!?

Newly signed "Beautiful" Bobby Dean swings wildly, trying to surprise punch CBR, but with him screaming

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"sneak attack" seconds before, CBR casually steps aside. Bobby Dean overextends on his missed punch and ends up with his feet tangled within the box, sprawling to the floor with a deep resounding thud. An amused and slightly intrigued CBR and KVT walk forward, standing over the prone body of Bobby Dean, who is huffing and puffing as if crawling along the floor was such a trial for him. Actually, it probably was.

KVT: Bobby? What happened to you? How did you even get here? I thought all airlines had weight restrictions.

Bobby Dean struggles to answer the First Lady of The UTA, still trying to catch his breath.

BBD: ... Swam.

KVT rolls her eyes at him, crossing her arms across her chest in annoyance turning to CBR as he looks between KVT and Bobby Dean, finally settling his withering gaze on the fat man sprawled out on the floor at his feet.

CBR: Are you [CENSORED] kidding me?

KVT: I'd like to say this was a practical joke but the sad pathetic truth is, it probably isn't.

KVT turns her attention back to Bobby Dean, she goes to crouch to speak to him directly but the awful smell emanating from him causes her to stay standing straight.

KVT: You may be ten times the size you once were but not even a fraction of the man you once were remains. As your waistline grew, your respect, sensibility and not to mention talent dwindled. It shriveled up and dried out, much like your dick always was.

CBR and KVT walk away, leaving an embarrassed Bobby Dean lying in their wake.

BBD: Next time. I need. A. Box. With wheels. Ugh.

Our view changes to once again follow KVT and CBR who are still laughing at Bobby Dean's stupidity. They turn the corner, running into Chris Hopper who is on his way to the ring. CBR and Hopper look at each other.

CBR: Chris... how you doin' buddy? Hopper just looks at him.

Hopper: I'm not your buddy... champ. CBR smiles.

CBR: That's right Chris... You are in the presence of champions. Of winners. You are in the presence of what you will always aspire to be, but never will reach.

CBR steps in as Chris Hopper clinches his fist.

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CBR: You want to hit me, don't you? Well do it... Do it! Come on! I dare you!

CBR steps back and points at his chin, closing his eyes. Hopper looks as if he is considering fulfilling CBR's wishes. KVT grabs CBR's arm.

KVT: Lets go, he's not going to do it. He doesn't have it in him. She laughs as CBR opens his eyes.

CBR: Thought so.

As they begin walking past Chris Hopper, CBR slams his shoulder into Hoppers. Chris turn and grabs him. He pushes CBR up against the wall in anger as KVT doesn't know what to do.

Hopper: Look... I've had just about as much of you and your buddies as I can handle. You're lucky I have a match to get to. I'm going to give you this warning now. You don't want to bite off more than you can chew.

He lets CBR go and continues on his way. CBR stands against the wall in shock as KVT checks on him.

CBR: What's his problem?

We head into another commercial break.

Brought to You By

As we return ringside, a Christmas tree is set up outside of the ring with presents underneath. Inside, the special referee Santa Clause is toting his bag of goodies.

Rock Me Amadeus by Falco beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Blackfront: Christmas gift triple threat is next!

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.

Blackfront: Benson attacked Santa recently. You have to wonder with Santa being the special referee, what is going through his mind.

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" 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. He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

Blackfront: Benson now waits for opponents.

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #25

The lights go out suddenly as the beginning strums of TNT by AC/DC start to blare over the loudspeakers. The crowd erupts with a huge face pop as the screen lights up with images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. The music plays for a bit and then burst into the chorus.

Ace: These fans are going crazy!

Blackfront: They love the king!

Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The

music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T- shirt that says "Nose Bleed Pie!" on the front and "Too Cool" Chris Hopper on the back.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper looking for redemption after losing to David Hightower two weeks ago. He reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun. Hopper enters the ring and works the crowd from each turnbuckle by hoisting his arms over his head, then he walks over and shakes the announcers hand.

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.

Out steps Yoshii, the UTA title belt on his shoulder. 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, new UTA Champion looking to be in great spirits tonight.

Ace: Enjoy the title now. At Seasons Beatings Perfection is going to be taking it back! As Yoshii prepares in the ring his music fades. Santa looks at the three men in the ring. Claus: HO! HO! HO!

He digs into his bag, pulling a rectangular gift from it and hands it to Chris Hopper who just looks at the box as Santa reaches back in.

Blackfront: Santa handing out gifts that can be used during the match.

Ace: I hope he has something for me!

Blackfront: I'm sure you are on the naughty list Tommy.

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Ace: Why?!

Blackfront: Really? You have to ask?

Santa now pulls out a small square box and hands it to Yoshii before digging back in his bag.

Blackfront: Dan Benson waiting for his present now.

Santa comes out with nothing and shrugs. Dan Benson stomps a bit before Santa tells him that he's kidding and goes back into the bag pulling out a small rectangle box and handing it to Benson.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: The superstars now unwrapping the gifts that they can use tonight in this match up. There will be no disqualification, everything is legal.

Yoshii is the first to unwrap his present, holding up a pair of brass knuckles. Jed Dye celebrates outside, but Yoshii looks confused. Chris Hopper opens his box and pulls out... a submarine sandwich. He holds the sandwich in his hand and looks at Santa, shaking his head.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

Chris looks over and Yoshii and makes the signal to trade. Yoshii looks at the sandwich then at Jed Dye who is yelling at the top of his lungs for Yoshii not to do it.

But he does.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper trading Yoshii a sub sandwich for a pair of brass knuckles he can use in this match as Dan Benson seems to be having trouble unwrapping his gift.

Dan Benson finally gets it open and pulls out a.... Cup and Ball toy.

Benson begins to stomp, scream and yell at Santa.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

Blackfront: Well it looks like Dan Benson gets the short end of the stick going into this.

Ace: Yea! But how much fun is cup and a ball? I love it! Well, that's until the string snaps and the game is broken.

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Yoshii goes over to the corner of the ring and sits down with his sandwich. Jed Dye blows a gasket outside of the ring, yelling at him.

Blackfront: It looks like the champion is putting his gift to use early on.

Ace: Yea folks, this is our champion right here.

Hopper just shakes his head at Yoshii before turning to Dan Benson.

Blackfront: It looks like Dan Benson and Chris Hopper will start the festivities off here.

Chris starts toward Benson who backs up. He puts the brass knuckles on his hand and raises his fist back. Benson fiddles with the cup and ball toy. As Hopper steps close enough, Dan throws his arm out and pushes the button on the side of the cup. The ball shoots out of the top, popping Chris directly in the eyes.

Blackfront: Dan Benson able to find a use for his toy!

Chris grabs his eyes as Dan throws the toy down and runs forward and begins slamming rights and lefts into the side of Chris Hopper's head.

Blackfront: Here we go! Benson with those rights and lefts to a temporarily blinded Chris

Hopper.

The brass knuckles slide off of Hopper's hand and falls to the canvas. Jed Dye jumps up and down, telling Yoshii to get the knucks, but he continues to enjoy his sandwich.

Blackfront: Benson is going for the brass knuckles!

Hopper comes forward with a boot to the face of Benson, sending him to the canvas. Jed Dye slides into the ring.

Blackfront: Jed Dye in the ring!

He reaches down and pulls the sandwich from Yoshii. Meat and lettuce goes all over the place as he throws it over the top rope and yells at Yoshii to get back into the match. The champion looks sad, but begins to get to his feet as Jed Dye heads back to the apron.

Blackfront: Jed Dye getting Yoshii to pay attention to the match.

Ace: I hope he gets a stomach ache from that sandwich. Yoshii looks on as Chris Hopper pulls Dan Benson to his feet.

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Blackfront: Hopper holding Benson as Yoshii throws a couple of big fist into his ribs. Both men grab Benson together and lift, falling back.

Blackfront: Yoshii and Chris Hopper teaming up to take Benson on.

Ace: Just a temporary alliance.

Blackfront: I don't know Tommy, Chris has a lot of respect for the champion.

Benson turns over and begins to crawl toward the ropes. Chris quickly grabs his leg and pulls him back. Dan turns over and with his free leg kicks up, catching Benson in the face.

Blackfront: Dan Benson not out of this yet as he gets to his feet. Hopper charges him... Benson comes forward... **SWINGING NECK BREAKER BY DAN BENSON!**

The crowd boos as Benson get sto his feet and turns his attention to Yoshii. Hopper holds his neck and rolls to the side of the ring, resting.

Blackfront: Benson striking now with a series of rights. Yoshii taken back a bit, comes forward with a heavy chop across the chest of Dan Benson.

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

Ace: Another forearm to the back of Dan Benson.

Yoshii turns him around and grabs his arm, using it to whip Dan Benson across the ring. Blackfront: Dan Benson on the return, Yoshii waiting... **NO! Dan Benson catches him.. SWINGING NECKBREAKER TO THE UTA CHAMPION!!!!** He's taken both opponents down with the same move!

Ace: That may have been Dan Benson's chance to win this one.

Blackfront: Benson quickly covering Yoshii, looking to put him away and go home early tonight. Santa drops for the count, but before he can hit two, Yoshii almost throws Benson off of him as he pushes up.

Blackfront: Kick out by Yoshii!

Dan Benson rolls over and gets up, frustrated.

Blackfront: Dan Benson now stomping away at the chest of Yoshii, working around him before he can get up.

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

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Blackfront: Dan Benson now pulling Yoshii up by his head. As Yoshii raises, he pushes Benson backward.

Blackfront: Dan Benson pushed backward.

Yoshii throws his arms out and runs forward screaming Bonzai! as he crashes into Benson with his massive body, bringing his arms down and slapping Benson's sides.

Blackfront: Dan Benson just ran over by Yoshii like a freight train!

Ace: Maybe I should jot down the license plate on that truck for when Dan Benson gets up? Blackfront: Yoshii stepping back.. he runs and leaps... BIG LEG DROP! Right across the chest of Dan Benson!

Yoshii rolls over and off of Dan Benson before getting back to his feet slowly. Dan Benson breathes heavy as he holds his chest.

Blackfront: Each breath that Dan Benson takes now has to hurt. There is no way he isn't damaged on the inside.

Yoshii walks forward, stepping onto Dan Benson's chest and standing for a moment before stepping off.

Ace: That's just cruel.

Blackfront: Yoshii doing possibly even more damage to Dan Benson by standing on his chest there.

Yoshii bends down and grabs the arm of Dan Benson, pulling him across to the corner of the ring.

Blackfront: It looks like Yoshii is looking to end this now.

Jed Dye cheers Yoshii on from outside as he begins to climb the ropes. As he reaches the second, holding onto the top for balance, Yoshii bounces.

Blackfront: Yoshii leaps.. YOSHII BOMB!!!! Yoshii... hits his mark.

Blackfront: YOSHII CONNECTS! YOSHII CONNECTS!

The camera moves around giving the full visual of Yoshii sitting on Dan Benson. Santa begins to warn Yoshii that he needs to get up as Dan Benson's leg had been flung with the force of the land, onto the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Yoshii getting to his feet, using the ropes. I think Dan Benson is hurt. Six hundred pounds... I just can't fathom.

Jed Dye leaps up and down, yelling for Yoshii to finish the match.

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Blackfront: Yoshii now pulling Dan Benson to the center of the ring by his leg. Benson is laid out as Yoshii looks around. Chris Hopper begins to get to his feet. Blackfront: Yoshii runs to the ropes.

Ace: If you can call that running, I call it jogging.

Yoshii comes off of the ropes and leaps up. However, as he comes down with the big body splash, Dan Benson rolls out of the way, causing Yoshii to crash into the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii went for a big finish with that body splash but Dan Benson was able to move.

Ace: I don't know how he's able to breath, much less move!

Benson rolls up to one knee. He holds his chest in pain as he stares at Yoshii on the mat. Hopper turns Benson around and brings a foot up into his midsection. He turns and leaps up, throwing his hands around the top of Dan's head and falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: THE ICEBREAKER! THE ICE BREAKER!

Chris sees the brass knuckles on the canvas. He looks at them and looks at Yoshii who is starting to get up. Suddenly he kicks the knuckles under the ropes and to the floor. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Hopper refusing to use the only legitimate weapon given in this match!

Ace: That was stupid.

Yoshii walks over to Hopper. They exchange words and Chris points down at Dan. Yoshii follows his finger then looks back up and points down himself.

Blackfront: Neither man wanting to pin Benson. They want the other to! What a great showing of respect!

Ace: Just stupid.

Santa walks up puts his hands on the shoulders of both men and talks to them. They look at each other and nod. Going to each side of Benson, both Chris Hopper and Yoshii drop to their knees and cover him. Santa quickly drops and begins to count a quick three before the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Well.. Santa's real gift was giving these two superstars both a decisive win over Dan Benson, the man who attacked him just two weeks ago!

Announcer: The winners of this match... CHRIS... HOPPEEEERRR... ANNNDDD.... YOSSHHHHIIII!!!

Hopper and Yoshii get to their feet, smile and shake hands out of respect. Jed Dye looks disgusted outside of the ring and Dan Benson begins to stir.

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Blackfront: Chris Hopper and Yoshii with the win as they start to leave the ring. Dan Benson is alone with Santa.

Ace: Well, we already know he's on the naughty list.

Benson rolls over and begins to push up as Santa waits. As he gets half way up, Santa moves forward, and throws his head between his legs. He raises both arms and lifts Benson up before coming down, planting him into the canvas.

Blackfront: THE SLEIGH RIDE! THE SLEIGH RIDE ON BENSON!

Here Comes Santa Claus begins to play over the sound system as Santa gets to his feet.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

Santa walks over to the corner and lifts his bag. The fans cheer as he digs through it before pulling out wrapped gifts and throwing them from the ring out into the crowd.

Blackfront: Dan Benson made the first move, but tonight it looks like Santa has had the last laugh. We'll be back right after this commercial break.

Brought to You By

You're Welcome

We cut to the backstage area where a fight has broken out. The UTA backdrop sits behind the men. It looks as though two men in masks are in the middle of a battle. UTA Security comes into the picture, with Head of Security Bryan Wingate in the front of the group.

B. Wingate: Break em' up! Break 'em up!

Security and UTA officials try to peel La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski apart. The two keep swinging at each other even after officials have gotten in the middle of them. Madman tries to kick at Flama Blanca at a distance.

Szalinski: Get the hell off me!

The two men want to settle this now, no more waiting.

Blanca: Keep talking you joke! You got to deal with The Truth! And you're welcome!

LFB does a move out of the Matrix, barely dodging a flying trash can. Szalinski picks up a crate from the same area, shoving it out. Security starts moving back, but still forms a wall.

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Szalinski: YOU'RE DONE! Do you get that? I'm going to end you!

Blanca: I can't wait for The Truth to beat the s**t out of your stoner ass!

Szalinski throws the crate, then charges into the crowd to again get at LFB. LFB ducks as the wooden crate shatters against the concrete wall, looking back at the splinters after Madman is pulled back by more security guards. Wingate finally steps up, yelling with his hands out between each man.

B. Wingate: Alright! Get these two out of here!

Blanca gets the final word. The camera zooms in on Blanca being held back by UTA staff. Blanca: I'll be front row tonight, Madman! I want to see you bleed up close! GET OFF ME BEAT NUT!

LFB struggles with officials as he and Szalinski are brought back towards their respective locker rooms. Bryan Wingate stands with a member of UTA staff. He turns to look at the young man.

B. Wingate: Keep an eye on both of them. I don't trust either of them right now. The young man nods his head and the two head off from sight.

You Should Have Seen It, Coming in The Air Tonight v/o: Leeds, England. Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

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.

Boos begin to fill the arena as a crimson mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp. Without warning, crimson colored lights explode throughout the arena. A video explodes on the screen as you can see the letters slowly fade in, until it forms "The Mental Rapist".

Behind the letters, clips of Sean Jackson in the ring come to life on the video wall above the entrance way. Soon an all too familiar theme begins.

In The Air Tonight by Phil Collins.

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

Through the mist, the fans can see Sean Jackson and Vanessa stepping out onto the stage. Coming to a stop, Sean looks out into the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop. Sean stands there as a smile adorns his face, completely happy with a Dynasty ran show while Vanessa runs her hands down the curves of her body and to her hips.

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

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He looks out at the fans for a few seconds before motioning to his Vietnamese second that it's time to head to the ring.

As they begin the slow walk to the ring, crimson spot lights glisten off of Vanessa's dark vietnamese skin and cast a pale reflection on Jackson. She is wearing a low cut blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a three piece Armani suit.

He stops a few times to taunt the fans before finally reaching the ring where upon entering, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. After taunting the fans for a few more moments, much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, Sean hops down as the lights return to the arena, where she hands him a mic.

Jackson: Spectre....

Just the mention of his name creates a thunderous pop

Jackson: So you took yourself off of the Wrestleshow 25 card, just to shut up Marshall Owens. Sean continues to smile as he shakes his head from side to side, totally not believing the Spectre. Jackson: Riiiiightttt.....

Now Sean begins to pace back and forth, all the while, Vanessa follows his movement with her eyes. What better way to celebrate a Dynasty controlled Wrestleshow, than to torment the Spectre?

Jackson: No Spectre, I believe that you removed yourself from Wrestleshow 25 because some high ranking friends of yours, tipped you off on Dynasty's plans here tonight.

He begins to clap.

Jackson: Bravo Spectre, bravo. It takes a lot of guts to turn tail and run, especially in the face of adversity. Doesn't it?

For the moment, Sean stops pacing and faces the fans.

Jackson: Yes ladies and gentlemen, your hero, the Spectre. The man that you chose to cheer, the man that you all aspire to be, turned tail and ran when he learned that Dynasty was going to be in charge of the show tonight.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: But of course, that's to be expected from a coward, isn't it?

More boos as the fans don't take kindly to Spectre, their hero, being called a coward. Jackson: Hey, don't boo me because your hero turned out to be a coward. I tried to tell you people, but no, you didn't want to

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listen. You wanted to believe your lying eyes, you wanted to believe the words that came out of his mouth. But, the only problem was that you all had short

termed memories when it came to Spectre. Sean goes back to pacing.

Jackson: Right after Black Horizon, Spectre told you ALL that he didn't come back for you. But then afterwards, stated that he came back to save Wrestle UTA from me...

All the while, the smile never wavers from his face. The master of twisting the situation has been given more material to work with.

Jackson: So please Spectre, why don't you tell these good people of Leeds why you REALLY balked at performing for them?

The smile gets even bigger.

Jackson: Oh wait, and admit that you aren't wrestling because you're afraid? No, you would never do that, would you? No, you would much rather sneak up on someone like a coward, because you aren't anywhere close to the man you were back in the day....

Now a smile forms on Vanessa's face. She too is enjoying the character assassination of the Spectre.

Jackson: But we've known that for quite some time now, haven't we Vanessa?

He turns momentarily to face her. As she nods in approval, he returns his attention towards the fans.

Jackson: Your actions at Black Horizon, your cowardice at the Chamber, and now your refusal to wrestle here, just because Dynasty would have been choosing your opponent.

He raises his free hand to his chin, rubbing it several times as he continues.

Jackson: Well Vanessa and I know exactly why you scratched yourself from Wrestleshow 25. Sean then abruptly changes his attention and storms to the other side of the ring, pointing up towards the ceiling.

Jackson: You scratched yourself from Wrestleshow 25 because you KNEW that Dynasty would have put the two of us in this very ring, surrounded on all sides by a steel cage....

The fans erupt into cheers, only because they would simply love that idea. He then goes back to the original side of the ring, pointing where the cage door would be.

Jackson: Totally enclosed. An even bigger pop.

Jackson: Meaning that you wouldn't have the normal avenue of escape, or that Mr. Wingate wouldn't be able

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to protect you. But yet...

Now he points in all directions, directing the attention to the fans in attendance.

Jackson: You want all these people to believe that you aren't going to wrestle here tonight because you wanted to appease Marshall and to give me a break because I couldn't....

He gives finger quotes.

Jackson: Handle myself.

He stops the finger quotes and gives a chuckle.

Jackson: Please Spectre, why insult these good people like that? You know damn good and well that you removed yourself from the show tonight because you wouldn't have the inside track and total advantage over me.

Still speaking, Sean moves forward and leans on the top rope. You can tell he's having fun at Spectre's expense.

Jackson: You knew that Dynasty wouldn't give you that advantage, that Dynasty would stipulate automatic suspensions to anyone who tried to help in screwing me over. That your free movements at Black Horizon and The Chamber would be squashed by the stroke of a pen...

Laughter. Sean Jackson's laughter.

Jackson: And THAT is the reason you chickened out tonight. But of course, in typical Spectre fashion, you will find some way to make a splash tonight. Maybe you'll cut a promo from a cave in Arkansas. Or maybe something from a grocery store outside of Kilgore....

The look changes to something serious, very serious.

Jackson: Or maybe, just maybe, you're hiding behind a camera, waiting to attack me once my back is turned. That does seem to be when you're at your best, right Spectre?

Boos.

But as usual, Sean doesn't seem to care. He's zeroed in on Spectre and that's all that counts. Jackson: You made a reference towards Seasons Beatings, that the world will truly come to an end...

A very serious look.

Jackson: Well, you couldn't have been more right. Because Spectre, at Seasons Beatings, I plan on giving

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myself the greatest gift of them all. At Seasons Beatings, I'm going to give myself the present I was cheated out of last year, in that company we no longer speak of.

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: Where that third rate hack owner screwed me out of ending you permanently. But at Seasons Beatings Spectre, there won't be any cheating me, there won't be any screwing me out of the revenge I so richly deserve. Unlike that other company, I won't be by myself, having to contend with Dante, Louis Friend, your partner Devin, and even TS Jeremiah Woods.

The smile returns.

Jackson: No, I'll have backup in the real UTA Champion Perfection. In the Internet Champion CBR. In my tag team partner KVT, and in the man who finally woke up, shed himself from the fraud that is Madman Szalinski, and will soon become the Wildfire Champion in spite of James Wingate...

The smile gets bigger.

Jackson: That being La Flama Blanca, the newest member of Dynasty. Sean shrugs his shoulders.

Jackson: You see La Flama Blanca, that's how it works when you come into Dynasty. People stand up and take notice of you, once you take that leap of faith. I mean before you joined Dynasty, even your so called friends didn't take notice of you. When you were attacked by the Truth, none of those *friends* came to help you.

Again, Sean shrugs.

Jackson: Why? Why La Flama Blanca? When Madman needed help, you were always there. When Ariel was attacked, you didn't bother to worry about your own life and limb, you ran out and jumped into the fray like you were defending a friend...

The smile once again, disappears.

Jackson: But you weren't defending a friend, were you? No La Flama Blanca, you weren't. You were defending a man who sold you out to Thatcher Rex and Graham Clauson. You defended a man who sold you out to the Spectre, because let's face it, Spectre didn't hand Madman the UTA championship at Black Horizon for nothing....

Inhale.exhale

Jackson: But yet, after you finally wake up and accepted your true Dynasty friends, NOW Spectre wants to acknowledge you. NOW Spectre wants to mention your name in front of the masses, if only to run you down, to blindly cheer for Madman Szalinski to beat you down.

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Sean over emphasizes as he points towards the back.

Jackson: Even James Wingate, the man who never truly appreciated you, wants to question your skills to be the Wildfire Champion. I wonder why La Flama Blanca? could it be because you put down his pet, the Madman himself?

He begins to nod.

Jackson: That's it, isn't it Wingate? You want to discriminate against LFB because he dared to want to be out from under Madman's shadow, to not be under some mutt named Peach...

Loudest boos of the night. Hey, everyone loves Peach.

Jackson: Because he dared to be bigger than your other pet Spectre, you want to call him an ingrate. All that you've done for him? please tell us again, what all have you done for La Flama Blanca?

Sean begins to motion with his hands, asking Wingate to tell everyone what UTA has done for LFB. But since it's a rhetorical question....

Jackson: Come on now, you didn't give La Flama Blanca a shot at the Wildfire Championship out of the goodness of your heart. You gave it to him because he had the audacity to demand it. You gave it to him because you honestly think that if he loses to Teller, that we would throw him out like a piece of garbage. That we would treat him like Madman Szalinski and Wrestle UTA would... Sean shakes his head no.

Jackson: Not hardly. We're better than that, hell, La Flama Blanca is better than that. So James Wingate, no matter what you think, LFB will always have a home in Dynasty, ALWAYS. And not that screwed up home that you had him in before, playing second fiddle to a Pirate, to a Convict, or even a robot who got beat by a glass of water....

Sean is going overboard, and just doesn't care. He's driving a point home and doesn't care who gets caught up in the collateral damage. Tonight is Dynasty's night. Hell, every night is going to be Dynasty's night.

Jackson: You even had him playing second fiddle to a dog named Peach. Answer me this Wingate, what did you ever do for La Flama Blanca before he turned on Madman? did he have his opportunity to become bigger than say....

Sean taps his chin Jackson: Oh, I don't know... Still tapping.

Jackson: Spectre? Still tapping.

Jackson: Or maybe Madman?

His face snaps to a surprised look, an epiphany even. Something he said that brought a whole new set of

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train tracks through that mind of his.

Jackson: Wait a minute, while I'm on the subject of Madman. Answer me this Szalinski. While you were ranting on La Flama Blanca in your video blog, did you even ONCE ask yourself why? Oh yes, Sean goes back to pacing. All the while, ready to drive the stake deeper into the heart of Madman Szalinski.

Jackson: No, of course you didn't. You didn't care enough about the man to even ask WHY he joined Dynasty. No, you railed on him because he dared to be something more than your little play toy. Your backup whenever you bit off more than you could chew. When you were forming the Shoot Kings Szalinski, did you once even think about asking him to join?

Once again, Sean shakes his head.

Jackson: Heck no you didn't. Because in your eyes, La Flama Blanca was nothing. Not even worthy of riding your coat tails, not even worthy of carrying your gym bag. But in Dynastay, he now has the golden opportunity to bring even more gold into the group...in spite of James Wingate AND you.

Sean goes to drop the mic, but stops himself. He can't help but get in that one last little dig. Jackson: Oh and by the way, thanks for the screw up there boy blunder. Dynasty appreciates the oversight.

With that, Sean tosses the mic as he and Vanessa exit the ring.

An Introduction

The scene opens to the backstage area. Random crew walk around frantically trying to keep the show rolling. Amidst the turmoil, sits Mikey Unlikely.

Still visually upset, He sits on a storage box for sound equipment. His seat, right next to the water cooler. He pulls a cup from the dispenser that is attached. Slowly filling it with cool water, he takes a sip.

Suddenly a shadow appears over Mikey, He turns confused, and looks up.... Nigma appears next to Mikey as he places a hand on the man's shoulder.

Nigma: Hello Mikey. It seems you've been hiding something, something big and it hurts you. I want you to know....

Nigma stops and thinks a moment before he continues.

Nigma: I was the one who left you that gift.. A reminder that you're past is a part of your future.

Mikey's mouth hangs open for a moment as he regains his bearings. A look of realization crosses his face, and he finishes the cup of water in his hand.

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Mikey: ...How did you know?... (Mikey Squints at the man in the mask)... Who are you?

Nigma smiles under his mask.

Nigma: I am Nigma, the psychiatric of The UTA. James has hired me to help his employees. I think you've seen my work Mikey. I know more than you would think.

Nigma laughs as he studies Mikey.

Nigma: I can help you...

Nigma's hand disappears beneath his coat, and comes out with a black business card. He hands it to Mikey, who studies it,

Nigma: Consider It.

Nigma walks away, leaving Mikey looking at the card. Fade out.

The lights go completely black as a shotgun blast is heard. Pyrotechnic plumes fire from the stage diagonally up and outwards, prompting lights of orange and white to illuminate the arena as Hey Girl! Why Not Party Like a Bitch!? by Fear, and Loathing in Las Vegas begins to play. Shortly after the music starts, Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex step out from the entryway to the stage, Graham's vest and hat now bearing Shoot Kings logos on them, while Thatcher is wearing a Shoot Kings T-Shirt. Thatcher walks straight to the beginning of the rampway, looking around towards the crowd. Graham walks up from behind, stepping in front of Thatcher and dropping down to one knee.

Blackfront: The Shoot Kings facing each other tonight, but coming out together to show that Dynasty can not put a crack in their team.

Graham points towards the stage with only one hand forming the shape of a gun, but then lifts up to sprint towards the ring, dropping the arm as the sprint goes into full speed. Thatcher follows, but at normal walking speed.

Announcer: Introducing a combined weight of four-hundred and sixty-four pounds...

Graham slides underneath the bottom rope, swinging his body around to stand up immediately upon slowing down. Graham runs towards the ropes, bouncing off and slowing down to the center of the ring.

Announcer: Representing the Shoot Kings, Thatcher Rex and Graham Clauson!

Thatcher has made his way to the ring, stepping up to the apron from the ring steps and sliding into the ring. Graham runs towards a turnbuckle, hopping up. Thatcher hops onto an opposing turnbuckle, throwing his arms out wide, roaring out as Graham looks around and pointing towards the fans before both jumping down.

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Blackfront: It'll be interesting to see how these two handle this situation.

Graham slings his vest off and to the outside of the ring. Thatcher has since taken off his T-Shirt and thrown it into the crowd, Graham doing the same thing with his hat. They both go to their respective corners, appearing ready for battle.

Announcer: Introducing... the lumberjacks for this match...

There is no music as J Stevenson, Will Haynes, Reaper, and Tobias Devereux begin from the back, leather strap in hand.

Blackfront: Perfection opting to send just four men out, but with those leather straps four is four too many.

Ace: They're gonna whip the Shoot Kings like they are red headed step children!

The Shoot Kings talk in the ring as the four men come find their places ringside. Once they get situated the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Wildfire Championship shot on the line as Thatcher Rex and Graham Clauson get ready to lock up.

They walk up to each other and shake hands.

Blackfront: They lock up!

Instantly they break the lock and both leap back and to the canvas, flailing around like fish.

Ace: Oh come on! Take this serious!

Blackfront: I can assure you, these two want a title shot, but they also want to let Dynasty know they aren't pawns in some game.

Both men get up, laughing. After a few moments, they lock up again.

Blackfront: Another lock up. Rex starting to over power Clauson.

Suddenly they both break and step back, instantly going into a game of Rock, Paper, Scissors. The fans laugh.

Ace: This is not what Perfection wanted!

Blackfront: Exactly.

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Graham wins best two out of three. Thatcher looks disappointed.

Blackfront: Here we go folks! Graham Clauson charges Thatcher Rex right a big right hand! Another! Rex is reeling!

Graham grabs Thatcher's head and with his free hand comes down with another big fist. Blackfront: Graham Clauson now taking Thatcher Rex to the corner... he slams his head into the top turnbuckle!

Rex's head bounces off the turnbuckle and Graham Clauson grabs him by the head again, ramming it into the top turnbuckle for the second time.

Blackfront: And again Thatcher Rex goes face first into the top turnbuckle, courtesy of Graham Clauson.

Thatcher Rex comes up out of the corner along the ropes, his left hand grabbing the top rope. Thatcher shakes his head and makes his way to the next corner, with Graham Clauson in pursuit. Thatcher Rex reaches the corner and Graham Clauson grabs him by the shoulder, forcing him into the corner before he starts throwing rights and lefts to the face of Thatcher Rex.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson working Thatcher Rex in the corner! I think the fun and games are over!

Ace: Good.

Thatcher gets rocked by another left, then a right and then Graham Clauson really reaches back and plants another stinging right to the face of Thatcher Rex.

Blackfront: Hard right by Graham Clauson!

Thatcher staggers out into the center of the ring, Graham Clauson watching him. Thatcher reaches the center of the ring before his knees give out and he falls face first to the mat. Blackfront: And down goes Rex! Down goes Rex!

Graham Clauson drops to the canvas, covering Thatcher Rex and hooking the leg, pulling upward to pin Thatcher's upper back to the mat. The referee slides to the canvas.

Blackfront: We've got a pin. . . kick out--

Ace: he let him kick out!

Graham Clauson gets to his feet and grabs Thatcher Rex by the hair. He takes a tug and Thatcher Rex quickly gets to his feet. Graham Clauson then grabs Thatcher Rex and goes to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Irish whip--no. . .

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Thatcher Rex reverses the Irish whip, tossing Graham Clauson into the ropes instead.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson into the ropes. . .

Graham Clauson hits the ropes and returns toward the center of the ring, where Thatcher Brown turns and raises up and elbow, bringing it across the head of Graham Clauson. Graham Clauson hits the mat on his back and sells the elbow for a moment, reaching up and checking his head for blood.

Blackfront: Hard elbow by Thatcher Rex, and Graham Clauson is down!

Thatcher Rex takes off for the ropes and comes back before he jumps up in the air and raises the very same elbow and brings it down across the chest of Graham Clauson. Graham Clauson sells the elbow drop and Thatcher Rex gets up and salutes the crowd.

Blackfront: The fans are into this 100% tonight! These two men may be partners, but they swore

to give it their all, and they are.

Ace: About time.

Graham Clauson slowly gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex reaches him before he does, grabbing him by the head and helping him up to his feet anyway. Thatcher Rex keeps his hold on Graham Clauson with his left arm and reaches back with a right that he brings forward and plants across the kisser of Graham Clauson, knocking him straight to the mat.

Blackfront: Hard Right by Thatcher!

Graham Clauson shakes his head on the mat, selling the right and slowly gets to his feet, Thatcher Rex standing over him with a raised fist. Graham Clauson gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex throws a left jab, then another, each jab connecting with Graham Clauson, and then Thatcher Rex follows it up with a stiff right arm that he brings forward across the upper chest of Graham Clauson, knocking him to the mat.

Blackfront: Lariat by Thatcher Rex.

Thatcher Rex then drops to the canvas and goes for the pin. He hooks the leg of Graham Clauson as the referee slides to the mat to make the official count.

Blackfront: We've got a pin-- . . . kick out!

Ace: Seriously.. he just let him!

Thatcher Rex gets to his feet and stomps Graham Clauson once in the chest before dropping back down to the mat and grabbing Graham Clauson by the arm and bending it backwards behind Graham Clauson's back,

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the wrist bent.

Blackfront: Hammerlock by Thatcher Rex.

Graham Clauson's face twist into a grimace as Thatcher Rex wrenches the hold. The referee circles around the two, leaning slightly over at the waist and asking Graham Clauson if he would like to submit. Graham Clauson shakes his head and cries out once in pain as Thatcher wrenches the arm particularly hard.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson in a bad place now.

Graham Clauson tucks his legs underneath him and starts to get up to the standing position, and the fans start to cheer. Graham Clauson reaches his feet and throws a wild elbow behind him, the elbow connecting with Thatcher Rex's head.

Blackfront: Elbow by Graham Clauson! Trying to get out of this one folks. . .

Thatcher Rex sells the elbow but keeps the hold on Graham Clauson. Graham Clauson goes for another elbow but Thatcher Rex ducks his head before using his legs to lift Graham Clauson up and over his head, sending him to the canvas behind him.

Blackfront: Hammerlock German Suplex!

Graham Clauson holds his back from the hammerlock German Suplex on the canvas as Thatcher Rex gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Back and forward action here. This could be the show stealing match. Graham Clauson slowly gets to his feet as Thatcher Rex makes his way over to him. Blackfront: Rex letting his partner get fully up.

Ace: Boring!

Thatcher checks on Clauson who lets him know that he's OK. They shake hands before beginning to circle again.

Blackfront: Great sportsmanship from the teammates. They lock up... Clauson takes control as he sends Thatcher into the ropes.

As Thatcher hits, Tobias Devereux swings the leather strap up, slapping him in the back between the ropes. Rex takes two steps and falls to a knee, holding his back while letting out a painful yell. Blackfront: Oh come on!

Graham runs over and checks on his partner. He looks out to Devereux and yells at him. From the opposite side, Reaper slides into the ring, as he rushes the two, Thatcher sees him and leaps forward, catching him with a clothesline before falling back to his knee. Graham turns around to see what happened. Tobias uses

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this as his chance to leap on the apron and swing the strap into the ring, which catches Graham in the back of the head.

Blackfront: Dynasty must have paid these men to do this! Will Haynes and J Stevenson slide into the ring.

Blackfront: Oh, here we go. This is not fair!

Graham and Thatcher both stand, turning back to back, ready for the onslaught. Haynes comes

at Rex while Stevenson charges Clauson. Will Haynes swings the strap at Thatcher Rex, who throws his arm up. The strap goes around and he pulls Will Haynes into a clothesline. Clauson comes forward with a big elbow to the head of J Stevenson.

Blackfront: This may be a lost cause.

Ace: Just being in The Shoot Kings is a lost cause when you have enemies like Dynasty!

They quickly turn to each other and begin playing Rock, Paper, Scissors again. Rex gets the first win.

Blackfront: The team resorting back to games. Graham Clauson wins the second game. One more time they go, this time both select rock. they shake it off and do it one more time.

Clauson gets the win. Thatcher shakes his head in disappointment and quickly lays on the mat. Graham Clauson covers him and the referee drops to count. The Lumberjacks begin to get up as the referee's hand hits a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... and NEWnumber one contender for the Wildfire Championship..... GRAHAM... CLAUSON!!!!!!

They both quickly get up and get ready again. Stevenson runs to Rex and is taken over by an arm drag. Graham Clauson catches Reaper in mid run, sending him over with a back body drop. The Shoot Kings look at each other and rush the ropes. As they bounce off, they charge Devereux and Haynes. They both leap.

Blackfront: Double dropkick by The Shoot Kings!

Ace: This is ridiculous!

J Stevenson rushes both men as they get up. Both send boots into his mid section, and together plant him with a DDT. They roll over to their feet and prep again, but all four lumberjacks are down. The team shakes hands and hug before pointing their fingers out in a shooting motion.

Ace: This backfired!

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Blackfront: Yes it did and I for one am glad!

The Shoot Kings celebrate as we go to commercial.

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We head back ringside.

Blackfront: So how you finding sunny Leeds Tommy?

Ace: Funny that we were sitting in Mexico a few weeks back and now..... The arena goes black.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star

Spangled Banner"

Blackfront: Eh?

The big screen started to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath filled the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As Call to Pray by Seether began to blare loudly through the arena, it was eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupted in hatred all at once. The fans began booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans was deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picked out people in the crowd. As they realized there on the screen they held the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtain at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Ace: What is he doing back in the UTA?

Blackfront: I thought that last show was just a one off.

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

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

Blackfront: No, this can't be happening. He can't be here.

Ace: He'll be lynched if it is him; being one of the most hated men not only in this country but this industry too.

He stands in the middle of the ring, and raises the flag before passing it to Nazirah.

Ace: What a surprise? The people booing Abdul Bin Hussain?

Blackfront: I notice the hint of sarcasm in your voice, but other than him being from Iraq they've got nothing against him, because he is a great athlete.....Except he's a disrespectful and from Iraq.

Nazirah leans over the ropes and grabs a microphone off of one of the ring crew. She returns to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working. She passes it to Rafiq. He looks around the ring awaiting the people to be quiet so he can talk. He looks at ring announcer who has a look of disdain on his shocked face.

The boos slowly quiet down after a while. Abdul can't believe the reaction that he is getting. Rafiq brings the microphone up.

Rafiq: We should have expected this reception from you..... The boos erupt again.

Laughing Abdul walks around the ring, soaking up the response from the crowd.

Rafiq: Just because my student is the pride of our nation of Iraq you people think it is good to boo him? He is a good honourable man unlike your politicians here in the UK.

The boos are louder than ever.

Rafiq: Oh how original of you. You sit there on your obese asses booing the greatest prospect this company.....NO!!! This Country has ever seen. You disrespect him? You disrespect the Iraqi people? You disrespect the Arab nation? What is it with you people? Are you so scared of people that are different from yourselves? Are you so afraid of change? Is that why you couldn't let Scotland have its freedom? Well let me point it out to you. Abdul Bin Hussain is the real thing.

Rafiq is smiling. He looks around and motions to Abdul who is just standing still in one of the corners menacingly.

Rafiq: This man is the whole package. And that is why he is back here in the UTA. He laughs as he walks around the ring.

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Rafiq: Why would Abdul come out at this show? Why would he come back to the UTA after people from the Arab Nations like him were accused of an act of terrorism? You forget one thing, he is from Basra, and he has had to survive in a war zone, brought on by your War mongering country by that half-witted excuse for a Prime Minister of the time, Tony Blair?

The crowd boos even louder.

Rafiq: If he could fight his way around a war torn Basra, he can hold his own in this company.....Why do I keep saying that? It is another reason why this country is holding people like Abdul Bin Hussain down. It is an outrage. It is disgusting, and you should all be ashamed of being a part of what some say is one of the most civilized country in the world.

The crowds cheer.

Rafiq: Why do you cheer? Are you so naive? Are you so stupid? Look at this guy.

He points at a man in the crowd. He is your typical British man, t-shirt, baseball cap, beer belly and all the rest of it.

Rafiq: If he is your typical Englander then this place is really gone down the drain. He's probably come here with his prostitute of a girlfriend who was pregnant by the time she was barely sixteen. Am I right? He should be ashamed at how he's let himself go. But looking at him, he doesn't look out of place with the rest of you bunch of chavy.....

He looks directly down the camera lens.

Rafiq: ENGLISH!!!!!!!

Rafiq passes the microphone to Abdul. Abdul walks to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working; He looks around the arena awaiting the people to be quiet so he can talk.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain better have more to say this week.

Ace: Yeah, just one word last show.

Abdul: How can anyone take you serious in this island of yours? This little island of yours has caused so much trouble over the years. A kingdom of sorts split up into a country that fornicates with farm yard animals, a country of wild men who toss cabers.....What is a damn caber? And of course you people.

A chant of "Abdul Sucks" goes around the arena.

Abdul sadistically smiles as he walks around the ring for a few seconds before smiling.

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Ace: He forgot Northern Island.

Abdul: So people are wondering why I would come back. A former UTA World Champion who had his belt taken from him unjustly. I have returned to this pathetic excuse of a wrestling promotion and that punk that got in my way last week was just a statement. A statement of what is to come for the UTA.

Abdul smirks.

Abdul: You see, this is typical of you pathetic English you think you're the guardians of the rest of the world along with the United States of Mediocre. But no, the rest of the world is beginning to work it out what you are all about. Can you hear that?

He holds his left hand up to his left ear.

Abdul: Can you hear it? It is the rest of the world waking up to the hypocrisy of the English people. You think you are better than everybody and that anyone that will not accept it will be trampled under your mighty feet. We will not stand for it anymore. We will not let you dominate us anymore. But you English are not worthy to be spoken about. Your American masters are what I hate more than you.

A sly smile crosses his face for a second as the boos try to drown him out.

Abdul: Abdul is going to go into UTA as the underdogs I know as you will hold us down. With all of you American's against little old me it will be a challenge, but a challenge Abdul will relish. It will be an interesting experience and I hope to bring some of you around to my way of thinking.

He shakes his head and scratches his beard. He touches the scars on his upper torso.

Abdul: You see this all started on a somewhat normal day in my hometown of Basra, Iraq. January 25th 1999 to be exact, a young man of 17 with his young wife and baby boy were sat in their house eating dinner. It was a peaceful and lovely scene which was destroyed when a US Warplane dropped one of its missiles into the civilian area where this family was. Eleven people died that day and fifty nine people were injured. Amongst the dead were the young man's wife and child."

He cocks his head to the side, and then tilts it backwards before looking at the camera.

Abdul: The man crawled out of the rubble and had a choice to make. He could have gone along the revenge way, he had the right to but he didn't as he was the better man. He became what you see before you, me. Yes me. I could have gone down that route but I didn't I became the wrestler

you see here.

He looks angrily into the camera.

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Abdul: And with UTA when I was last here I tried to get the respect that I deserve and what did I get? I got people calling me camel jockey, towel head or porch monkey, people insulting my sister because she wears a burqa, I got insulted at the airport. I will make you respect me.

He walks over to his sister and nods.

Abdul: I see that I have returned at the right time. UTA is at its lowest ebb and in need of someone to save it.

He looks into the camera and smiles.

Abdul: Haynes was but a mere way to get myself back into the limelight that you American's crave. Look at your disgusting addiction to reality television. What is next fad for you pathetic excuses for human beings?

He walks around the ring.

Abdul: You think that places like Iraq and the other Arab Nations that we are barbaric for our actions don't you? Well we are, but we are upfront about it.....

He pauses trying to remember something.

Abdul: Unlike you. You used that ploy when you accused my people of flying planes into your twin towers. A lie put together by your CIA and government; using that as an excuse to invade my homeland. We will show you soon what happens to those that shame us. You will.

He smiles as he looks out at the crowd.

Abdul: You see destruction is always required before rebirth and now that I am free in the UTA I can do what I do best. It is not just William Haynes that has to worry about Abdul's wrath. This roster is full of pathetic infidels that are stealing air from my lungs. Look at Yoshii.....

The crowd cheer.

Abdul: You cheer for him? You cheer for that pretender? He is not going to be a great champion like I was.

He smiles into the camera.

Abdul: I am giving notice to all those sitting in the locker room that the easy life is over. He cocks his head to the side and listens.

Abdul: For there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger. And I am Mohammed's messenger to you.

His mouth curls up.

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Abdul: I will put on a showcase performance that will convert the audience. He turns and looks deep in the camera.

Abdul: Allah Akbar!

He throws the microphone to the mat and rolls out of the ring. As he walks up the ramp way he seems to be surprised that he's getting a few chants of "Abdul"

Blackfront: Ladies, gentlemen and those that have yet to decide, mark this time, remember where you were when you switch on your laptops, get onto your face book, twitter or whatever social network you are on and say that you saw when Abdul bin Hussain finally came off his medication and told a few people how it is.

Ace: I know; how can he insult America?

Blackfront: I know right. Will Abdul be scolded for this or will the management fold to his will?

Yea... Sorry

We head to the back where Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex are standing. James Wingate approaches them from out of the shot.

Wingate: You two, took adversity and over came it tonight. Good work.

Clauson: I don't like having a win over my brother here, but we are UTA Superstars and if we're booked, we will go out there and do what we are good at.

Rex: It's OK brother, just make sure you give me a serious shot at that title when you get it.

Clauson: No doubt.

Perfection stomps into the scene.

Perfection: You two! What was that?

Clauson: What was what? That was some chickens(CENSORED) stuff you tried to pull.

Perfection: Oh yea? Was it?

Rex: Yea.

Perfection's lips get tight and he nods.

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Clauson: But thank you for the title shot.

He and Rex smile, slapping hands. Perfection smiles.

Perfection: Yea.... sorry... but, I have absolutely no power to give you a title shot. He laughs.

Perfection: You think I'd give you a chance to go for one of Dynasty's future titles? You must be out of your mind.

Graham charges Perfection, but Thatcher holds him back.

Rex: it's not worth it man! James puts his finger in the air. Wingate: But I have that power. Perfection: What?!

Wingate: Graham, you earned your shot and you will get it.

Perfection: This is crap Wingate! He points at The Shoot Kings.

Perfection: Something I can do though... you both are banned from ring side in the main event. If you even leave your locker room, then Madman loses automatically!

Rex: Are you kidding me?

Perfection: Do I look like a member of The Shoot Kings? I'm not a joker like you two. The Shoot Kings and Perfection stand face to face as we go ring side.

As the hi-hats count off four to start off Dr. Wily Part One, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Behind him Ariel carries Peach.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski walking into what has to be a no win situation.

Ace: Every match he walks into is a no win situation.

Madman begins to make his way down the aisle. He slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing. He stops by a larger fan who has a wild Mohawk, mutton chops and a Madman t- shirt. He shakes the guys hand come sin for a hug before turning back toward the ring. The fan leaps up and down, yelling in glee.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up as he does.

Announcer: Weighing in at one hundred eighty-seven pounds... Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!!

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Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Blackfront: Madman some how must find a way to survive!

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and remains there for a few seconds. Ariel stands near her husband and Peach barks. He stands up, kisses Ariel on the cheek and pets Peach's head before they exit the ring, to leave him as he prepares for the match.

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

Blackfront: Those two men are scary Tommy. They are not the Truth.. tonight they are executioners.

Ace: I hope so! An UTA without Madman Szalinski would be glorious!

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

Announcer: Making their way to the ring now... being accompanied by The Good Reverend.... Brother Simon... Brother Judas..... THEEE.... TRRUUUTTTTHHHH!!!!

Blackfront: We're in for maybe the match of Madman's life, literally.

The Good Reverend turns to his followers and begins to speak to them. They listen to his directions as Madman waits.

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

As the opening riffs begin Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring. Behind them, CBR and KVT come out and start down. Finally, Perfection steps in and takes in the boos before continuing down himself.

Blackfront: Now what's this? Why is Dynasty out here?

Ace: It's their show! They can be anywhere they want!

Jackson walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely ripping any signs from their hands that are anti-Dynasty. As they do that Blanca walks straight down the ramp pointing and yelling at the camera, most if not all is inaudible do to the music and booing in the arena.

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Blackfront: This is baloney!

Dynasty splits around The Truth, taking spots outside of the ring. The Good Reverend continues to talk to his followers.

Blackfront: This is not fair at all! The Shoot Kings are banned from ringside.

Ace: Ariel and that mangy mutt should be too!

Being close enough to here, Peach begins to bark at Tommy. We notice Brother Judas look over toward her. A look on his face we have not seen before, a minor look of fear as he sees Peach. The Good Reverend turns his head back toward him, getting Judas to focus.

Blackfront: Some last minute words from The Good Reverend as we are about to get underway. They nod and turn toward the ring. Both men pull up to the apron, then step over the ropes into the ring.

Blackfront: These men are... big. Very big. Madman is.. I don't even know folks. The bell sounds to begin the match.

Blackfront: This match is under way, or should I say massacre?

Madman Szalinski looks at Brother Simon, then at Brother Judas. he looks out to Dynasty outside of the ring, his eyes catching La Flama Blanca. Madman begins to yell at him. Suddenly The Truth charges him.

Blackfront: Madman in trouble here as this one is underway.

Szalinski ducks the reach of both men and runs. As he bounces off of the ropes, The Truth turns toward him.

Blackfront: Madman leaps! CROSS BODY BLO- HE'S CAUGHT!

Both men hold Madman high. They toss him high up and step forward. Szalinski comes down and slams into the canvas hard.

Blackfront: He must have flew 10 feet in the air!

Ace: I love it!

Madman holds his body in pain as The Truth turns back to him. Brother Judas bends down and grabs him by the throat, picking him up with one hand. Judas lifts Madman with ease. His feet kick.

Blackfront: I can't watch this.

Ace: I need popcorn!

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Judas throws madman like a rag doll five feet across the ring and into the corner post. He completely crumbles to the canvas.

Blackfront: This is not for the weak of heart.

La Flama Blanca runs around to the side of the ring that Madman is on.

Blackfront: What is La Flama Blanca doing?

Perfection seems to want to know as well as he points at Blanca and yells for CBR to stop him.

Blackfront: Blanca reaches in... he pulls madman Szalinski out of the ring!

La Flama Blanca begins punching a semi concious Madman int he head. The referee starts to call for the bell.

Ace: Come on Blanca! You just handed him the win.

Perfection yells as CBR and Sean Jackson get over, and pull La Flama Blanca back.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.... MADMAN... SZALISNKIIIIII!!!

La Flama Blanca kicks toward madman who begins to get up. Ariel sits Peach down and runs, leaping up on Sean Jackson's back. Jackson lets go of La Flama Blanca who pulls away from CBR.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca continuing his attack on Madman Szalinski outside of the ring. The Truth look around at what is going on, unsure what to do. The Good Reverend walks around and starts to yell at perfection about this not being the plan. Madman gets a punch in on La Flama Blanca. The two begin rolling around punching each other. CBR tries to pull Ariel off of Sean Jackson as KVT runs around to assist.

The Truth step out to the apron, and leap down to the floor and just begin heading to the back as it is not their fight. The fans start to go crazy as The Shoot Kings burst out from the back.

Following them... Chris Hopper.

Blackfront: Here comes the calvary!

KVT yanks Ariel off of Sean Jackson as the three men come around the ring. As Jackson turns, Graham Clauson runs over him with a big clothesline. Thatcher Rex grabs Perfection by the head, turning him around and throwing him into nearby steel steps.

Blackfront: It's anarchy out here!

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Chris Hopper comes forward catching CBR with a right that rocks him back. On the floor, Madman has locked in a rear naked choke on La Flama Blanca. Peach is barking at everyone as officials begin running down the ramp followed by James Wingate, who has a microphone.

Wingate: Stop it! Stop it now! ALL of you!

The men, and women, all continue to tussle as security gets in between, breaking them up. Road agents run from the back to assist.

Wingate: That's it! I am done with this! Stop them!

Madman is forced to let La Flama Blanca go as they are split apart. Wingate stops at the bottom of the ramp, watching the two groups be pulled apart.

Wingate: You want to fight?! YOU WANT TO FIGHT?! OK!

Blackfront: What?!

They seem to calm down a bit and turn most of their attention to Wingate.

Wingate: Next Wrestleshow Conrad Teller gets to book the show. That's set in stone. You had your chance to play tonight, but it's over. So on our November thirtieth, Thanksgiving edition... our anniversary show... Dynasty will take on The Shoot kings with Ariel... AND.. Chris Hopper in a five on five elimination match!

The fans go absolutely crazy.

Blackfront: HUGE NEWS!

Ace: A chance for Dynasty to finally end these idiots once and for all. Perfection yells that this isn't fair as security continues to hold the mod back. Wingate: Get them apart damn it! This is not how you act as professionals!

Blackfront: Wells folks you heard it here... the UTA Anniversary show on November thirtieth... five on five...

Ace: What a match!

Blackfront: But we are out of time for tonight. Hopefully order can be restored tonight. We'll see you in two weeks folks.

The camera zooms in on everyone still fighting as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.