

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #26

November 23, 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 Napoli, Italy at the PalaEldo! Blackfront: Tonight is going to be huge as Conrad Teller took his opportunity to be GM for the Night and ran with it when booking tonight's show.

Ace: Huge? There's no way this show can top Dynasty's just two weeks ago Jason. Now THAT was huge.

Blackfront: There are so many ma-

Now it's On by Tech Nine begins to play, interrupting the two.

Conrad Teller steps out through the curtain to a resounding cheer from the crowd. Sporting an official UTA Conrad Teller t-shirt, a Wrestleshow baseball cap and his typical prison issue pants, Con throws one arm in the air while motioning towards the Wildfire Championship strapped around his waist with the other.

Ace: Well if it isn't our guest GM for the night, Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Why do I get the feeling you aren't exactly happy about that, Tommy?

As Teller makes his way down the runway he tares off his hat and throws it out in the stands to one lucky fan.

Announcer: Hailing from Long Island, New York!

Con removes the Wildfire Championship from around his waist and slides it into the ring, following right after it by rolling in under the bottom rope.

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Announcer: Standing at 5'10" and weighing in at 248 pounds...

Conrad hops up onto the turnbuckle, climbing to the second rope before holding his hands, and title, high above his head.

Announcer: COOONRAD, TEELLLLLLEER!

Ace: For a guest GM he isn't acting very managerial here, Jason.

Conrad's music cuts and as it is, he's handed a microphone from someone at ringside. Blackfront: Teller isn't just here in a GM capacity though, Tommy. He also has a match tonight. Ace: Please, don't remind us. That's probably what Conrad's here to do.

The crowd settles down and Con finally begins.

Conrad Teller: How we doing Napoli!?! And the crowd riles right back up.

Teller: I've been really excited all week long for this show, LIVE, from right here in the PalaEldo Arena!

Conrad gets another cheap pop and he obviously enjoys it.

Teller: So it really does make me very happy to welcome all you great Italian fans to the United Toughness Alliance's Wrestleshow!

The fans go wild over the fact that UTA was finally here.

Teller: I'm your guest General Manager for the evening, Conrad Teller, and I like to think I have a great night planned out for you guys. We'll have mixed gender action... The fans cheer.

Teller: ...Tag Team Action... The cheers raise in volume.

Teller: ...Uncle Rocky versus Santa Claus... The cheers raise in volume again.

Teller: ...a 7 man ladder match... a cage match...

The crowd is so loud now you'd think they couldn't get any louder.

Teller: ...and an I quit match between Perfection and Sean Jackson of the Dynasty! But they do.

Teller: First though, I'd like to thank James Wingate for having the confidence in me to turn control of Wrestleshow over to me this weekend. I know he had his reasons but it's still quiet the honor.

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A 'Thank You Win-Gate' chant sparks up out of nowhere but dies down just as quickly.

Teller: With that said, I put together tonights card as a challenge. A challenge to the Dynasty and their claims of greatness. A challenge to some mid-card faces to break out into the upper midcard, main event scene.

A 'Let's Go Tell-er' chant rolls through the crowd like a wave.

Teller: Even a challenge to myself, in a match against the currently undefeated, 6-0 superstar the Second Coming!

2C gets a decent pop, just at the mention of her name.

Teller: So I hope you all enjoy yourselves tonight, and make sure you buy Seasons Beatings on PPV and follow us on Pure Sports Entertainment every other week for Wrestleshow!

The crowd goes wild.

Teller: Now, enough talking. I've got a match against the Second Coming, and that match happens, RIGHT NOW!

The fans go wild with cheers as Conrad tares off his t-shirt and throws it into the crowd. Leaning back against the ropes Con motions towards the runway, welcoming 2C down for their match.

The air raid siren sounds off as Apex Predator by OTEP starts up. The lights dim, and a single spotlight shines on the entryway.

After several seconds of anticipation, The Second Coming walks through the curtain and stops just after entry. Her entire head is obscured by the hood of her sweatshirt, and her gaze is focused down.

Blackfront: Non title match here that started from a challenge issues on Twitter

Ace: Everything always starts with something said on Twitter.

She takes several cleansing breaths, as if she's psyching herself up for the evening's match.

Announcer: Hailing from New York, New York!

2C walks the aisle in the very center, consciously oblivious to the cheering fans on either side of her. The black hoodie, black pants, black boots and black face mask nearly obscure her completely, though her confidence - filled walk implies that her nondescript appearance was not to be taken lightly.

Announcer: Standing at five feet nine inches, and weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds... There was no pageantry or fuss as the Second Coming steps through the ropes. She paces the perimeter a step away

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from the ropes like a caged animal, flexing her tape - covered hands and wrists as the lights start to come up.

Announcer: THE... SECOOOOOND... COMING!

As the fans cheer 2C's name, she unzips the hoodie and waits.

Blackfront: Second Coming won the VCW Championship from Dick Fury at Wrestleshow from Mexico a few weeks back, allowing her the opportunity to turn the title in for a shot at either the

Wildfire or Internet Championship. However, if she wins tonight, I would say she is positioned with her record to get a shot without having to turn it in.

The music dies down and the Second Coming waits for the bell to ring.

Blackfront: These two preparing to kick this match off here in a few moments.

Ace: Conrad has a hundred pounds on her. How The Second Coming plans on winning this, I have no clue. The guy is a beast and she is just a scrawny bi-

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Ace: What? I was going to say Scrawny woman.

Blackfront: I wish they'd listen to my suggestion and give me Jennifer Williams to work with.

Ace: You'd miss me Jason, you know it.

Blackfront: Not at all.

Ace: Lies.

As the bell sounds, both competitors lean in and shakes hands.

Blackfront: great show of sportsmanship here folks between these two highly competitive athletes.

Ace: Athletes? One is an ex convict and the other is a woman. How dare they be compared to athletes.

Blackfront: Why don't you get in the ring with either of them then and show us what an athlete is then Tommy?

Ace: I never said I was an athlete. I just said these two weren't. That's all.

Blackfront: Here we go. Conrad Teller quickly moves in to grab The Second Coming. Second Coming ducks

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under his arms.

The Second Coming takes off in a sprint behind Conrad, hitting the ropes and returning as Teller turns.

Blackfront: Second Coming on the return, baseball slide underneath the legs of Conrad Teller.

Ace: She sure likes going between people's legs, doesn't she?

Blackfront: Second Coming to her feet behind Conrad, quick standing drop kick to the back of Teller!

Conrad Teller is sent stumbling forward, and into the ropes. As he shakes it off and turns back around, Conrad comes forward toward Second Coming with a punch. She leans down and comes up grabbing under his arm while throwing her body weight into the move, and swiftly tossing him over to the canvas.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with one of those quick thinking take downs she is known for.

Ace: Oh, I thought she was known for kicking men in places she shouldn't kick.

Blackfront: The Second Coming quickly continuing her assault. She leaps to the middle rope as Conrad Teller is getting to his feet.

Teller wobbles as he gets up, not seeing The Second Coming jumping.

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

As they hit the mat, The Second Coming is sent sliding away from Conrad but quickly leaps up and across to cover Conrad.

Blackfront: Quick pin attempt by The Second Coming. Kickout at one.

The Second Coming doesn't dwell as she quickly gets back up. She runs to the corner turnbuckle as Conrad Teller begins to get up himself.

Blackfront: The Second Coming climbing the turnbuckle.

Conrad is up and stumbles toward the corner as The Second Coming stands on top, turning to face him.

Blackfront: The Second Coming leaps, she catches Conrad by the neck with his legs... hurricarrana!

The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: Second Coming may have this one won folks!

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

Blackfront: Conrad Teller taking a breather outside of the ring, trying to reevaluate the situation. Ace: That's what you have to do. This may be his only chance to slow down The Second Coming.... or not.

The Second Coming runs toward the ropes and leaps into another baseball slide, this time under the bottom rope in Conrad' direction.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller moves.

Conrad catches the legs of The Second Coming and yanks her hard under the bottom rope, letting go and sending Second Coming back first into the floor on the outside.

Blackfront: Quick thinking by Conrad Teller. This may be what he needs.

Ace: This is now Conrad Teller's match. He has The Second Coming outside of the ring and is a brawling specialist.

Teller shakes off the stars he had been seeing, and bends down pulling The Second Coming up by her head.

Blackfront: Hard whip by Conrad Teller, sending The Second Coming into the steel steps. Second Coming lays on the floor near the steps holding her shoulder as Conrad Teller walks over, bends down and pulls her to her feet.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller pulling Second Coming toward the barricade.

Conrad lifts The Second Coming up, picking her up and tossing her down, stomach first on top of the barricade. She slides down to the floor holding her mid section.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller picking The Second Coming up again, taking her over to and rolling her into the ring.

As Teller gets to his feet after following into the ring, he picks The Second Coming up once again.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if The Second Coming can come back from the damage done already.

Ace: Good.

Blackfront: The Second Coming sent toward the turnbuckle, Teller follows closely...

Second Coming grabs the top ropes as she reaches the corner and pushes up, allowing Conrad Teller to

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crash hard into the turnbuckle with his shoulder as Second Coming lands on her feet. Blackfront: The Second Coming somehow is able to muster the strength to move! Conrad Teller may be hurt now!

Teller holds his shoulder as he backs out of corner and turns around. Second Coming runs to the side, leaps to the second rope and leaps across with a foot to the face of Conrad Teller. The crowd goes crazy as Tell goes to a knee.

Blackfront: It's like she's gotten a second wind! The Second Coming building momentum once again!

She gets up in front of the kneeling Conrad Teller, leaps and spins.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick to the face of Conrad Teller!

Teller is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. The Second Coming quickly moves over and grabs the top ropes to hold herself up as she begins to bring her foot up, kicking him repeatedly in the ribs.

Blackfront: Second Coming on a roll. Now focusing on the ribs of Conrad Teller.

Ace: It's bad enough Eve took a rib from Adam. Now Second Coming is trying to take out Conrad's!

She steps back and looks at Conrad before taking off. The moment that The Second Coming hits the ropes right next to him, she comes off, grabbing his head in the process and shooting forward, leaping up.

Blackfront: The Second Coming with a big bull dog out of the corner! The big man is down! The Second Coming quickly rolls Conrad over and covers him as the referee drops to begin his count.

Blackfront: Second Coming may have it here! if she pins the Wildfire Champion she solidifies her spot amongst the greats in the UTA!

Ace: This can't be life!

The referee's hand raises up for a third time. As it comes down, Conrad Teller is able to get his shoulder up.

Blackfront: Just two! A split second later and The Second Coming would have took this one

home.

Second Coming gets to her knees and then her feet as Conrad Teller rolls over, getting to his hands and knees. The Second Coming heads toward Conrad as he begins to get up. Going into a slightly defensive position Conrad is taken aback as Second Coming helps him to his feet.

Blackfront: Second Coming showing respect for the champion here as we continue.

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Ace: Stupid if you ask me. You want to beat this guy, do it! Help him up and all you are doing is setting yourself up to lose. Just like a woman, never thinking it through.

Once Conrad is up, he and The Second Coming share a moment of respect as they stand ready. They nod at each other and continue.

Blackfront: This match continues and amazingly has been a pretty equal match up.

Ace: What's that say about Conrad Teller?

Blackfront: That he welcomes a challenge, no matter what the sex of his opponent is.

Ace: Yeah... That's it....

Blackfront: The two tie up. Conrad Teller takes control. He pushes The Second Coming back and into the ropes.

Blackfront: Using the ropes, Second Coming sent across the ring. On the return now. Teller bends down and catches her, lifting up.

Blackfront: Second Coming sent up and over. She falls, hitting the canvas back first.

Blackfront: Teller now toward the ropes. Off of them himself... Quick elbow drop to the chest of The Second Coming.

Ace: Could that be considered an HR violation?

Blackfront: Teller to his feet, another quick elbow drop.

As he begins to get up, Conrad pulls The Second Coming up with him. He wraps an arm around her neck and grabs her pants before lifting her up vertically.

Blackfront: Teller going for a suplex...

She kicks her feet, and with momentum, swings back down, bringing Conrad with her into a big DDT.

Blackfront: REVERSED INTO A DDT! THE SECOND COMING TURNS CONRAD OVER!

The referee drops as The Second Coming quickly covers Conrad.

Blackfront: This one could be over!

His hand comes down a third time and then Conrad gets his shoulder up, but it's too late as the bell begins

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to sound.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller wasn't able to come to quick enough after that DDT!! The Second Coming has just pinned the Wildfire Champion!!!

Ace: You've got to be kidding me! First Dick Fury, now she beats Teller?! Ridiculous! Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... THE SECOND COMMMMINNNGGG!!!! She gets to her feet and raises her arms as Conrad rolls over and sits up holding his head. He looks up at the victorious Second Coming. She looks back at him and reaches down. Taking her

hand, Conrad stands up. The two exchange words of respect before he takes her hand and holds it up high.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller showing his respect folks. That is a big move by the Wildfire Champion who could have lost his title tonight if this had been a title match.

Ace: You lose to a woman you might as well be stripped of your title!

Blackfront: A competitor is a competitor here in the UTA Tommy. Your backwoods thinking is just ridiculous.

Ace: No, the fact she is allowed to compete with men is ridiculous Jason!

As The Second Coming's music plays, Conrad leaves her to celebrate as we go to commercial break.

Brought to You By

Duped

Backstage, Mr Wingate is busy shuffling through paperwork when suddenly Spectre bursts through the door without knocking. He storms towards Wingate's desk, taking the UTA owner off guard.

Spectre: Think I am a liar, am I?

Spectre yells, slamming a piece of paper down on Wingate's desk.

Spectre: Take a look at that! That proves to you that the FCC fined me for my last video where I said a "couple" of curse words!

Wingate, still a bit annoyed, looks at Spectre, but remains calm and professional, knowing he's dealing with a loose cannon.

Wingate: Spectre, you and I haven't really talked since you re-signed to UTA. And I am sure you've been trying to avoid me because of the...uh... "incident" that happened several years ago...

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The comment actually makes Spectre a bit uncomfortable, and annoyed at the same time that Wingate brought up something that, no pun intended, was dead and buried a long time ago. Spectre:
It...was...an...accident.

Wingate places his hand on Spectre's shoulder.

Wingate: I know, Spectre, I know. I've watched the tape hundreds of times. I know you're telling the truth. I forgave you a long time ago.

Spectre nods his head.

Wingate: Now...let's take a look at this letter the FCC sent you, shall we?

Wingate looks over the paper, his eyes indicating Wingate is reading the document. After a few seconds, Wingate actually chuckles, slightly shaking his head. Spectre does not find the matter amusing.

Spectre: Something funny, Wingate?

Wingate takes in a deep breath, and closes his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose with his thumb and index finger, before exhaling. He looks up at Spectre, making sure he is paying attention. He says nothing, which only aggravates Spectre.

Spectre: Well? What the hell are you going to do about it? The FLIPPING FCC fined me, and yet they don't bat an eye over Madman Szalinski's profanity laced video blog! This is a witch hunt, Wingate! This is an unjust lynching by those bastards! And if you're not going to do anything about, then maybe I'll just take my business elsewhere!

Wingate rolls his eyes at Spectre's ridiculous threat and holds his hand up, motioning Spectre to hold on just a minute. Wingate opens his file drawer behind his desk and begins thumbing through a bunch of papers. He finally comes across the paper he is searching for and turns around in his chair.

Wingate: I want to show you something, Spectre.

Wingate places the letter Spectre had on his desk, facing Spectre. Wingate taps the letter with his hand.

Wingate: This... is your letter, right?

Spectre: Yeah? So?

Wingate smirks. He then places a second letter to the right of Spectre's letter.

Spectre: This...is one of several letters I have received from the FCC in the past. Notice the difference? The one GLARING difference?

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Spectre can't help but notice, and points it out immediately.

Spectre: Well, yeah. Your letter has a golden seal on it. Wingate picks up his letter and holds it in front of Spectre's face.

Wingate: Not only is it on there, Spectre. The seal is embedded into the document. And... Wingate holds up his letter in the light and at an angle.

Wingate: ...if you look closely you can see a watermark with the official seal of the FCC on this paper.

Wingate places his letter down and holds Spectre's letter up.

Wingate: YOUR letter doesn't have a golden seal.

Spectre already realizes what's going on. He knows he's been duped.

Spectre: And there's no watermark either, is there?

Wingate: Of course not! Your letter is basically worthless... a piece of garbage! Somebody played you, Spectre. And, unfortunately for you, you fell for it.

Spectre slowly takes back his letter from Wingate. He is seething mad inside, trying not to burst out in an outrage right there in Wingate's office. Spectre's head is slightly lowered, and his eyes are looking towards the floor, and he begins to slowly back out of Wingate's office.

Wingate: You okay, Spectre? Who could have sent that letter to you? Spectre nods his head, still looking at the ground.

Spectre: I have a pretty good idea who it was.

Wingate: What are you going to do?

Spectre: Well, first, I owe someone an apology.

Wingate: And then?

Spectre opens the door to Wingate's office, not responding to Wingate, and starts to walk out the door.

Wingate: Spectre?!

Spectre stops, and looks at Wingate. A sinister smile emerges on his face.

Spectre: Get you a headliner for Season's Beatings, of course.

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Spectre closes the door, leaving Wingate perplexed. Suddenly, he remembers one last reminder for Spectre.

Wingate: Yeah, well don't forget you still can't say certain words on this show, Spectre! Do you hear me? Spectre?!

A Few Words With J Stevenson

J Stevenson finds himself mentally preparing for his tag team match up this evening. He's sitting on the floor of his locker room, Indian style. He's dressed in his ring attire: a pair of black wrestling trunks with white trim, black boots, and a black Wrestle UTA t-shirt. He keeps it simple these days, especially on the road.

There's a knock at the door, but it's open. In steps UTA interviewer Jennifer Williams. She's got a camera crew with her. Stevenson opens his eyes to her entering.

Stevenson: Jennifer, I didn't realize we had something scheduled.

Williams: Didn't have anything in the books, I just thought I would see if I get your take on your matchup tonight.

Stevenson rises, and steps in front of the camera. He squints with the light in his eyes and motions for them to step into the room. He closes the door behind them and sits on the couch, with the camera crew and Jennifer positioned away from him.

Williams: Thank you. So J, we haven't heard much from you on UTA TV since you signed with us. Care to shed some light on that.

Stevenson is a bit taken back by the question. He briefly composes himself before answering.

Stevenson: The older I get in my career I find one thing to be true, Jennifer. Actions speak louder than words.

Williams: That's a rather old adage, J.

Stevenson: But it remains true, does it not. What speaks louder to you, Jennifer? A tweet from Mike Unlikely about my breath, or me going out and crushing his face tonight? What has the stronger message?

Jennifer is a little taken back at the imagery but nods her head.

Williams: Are you saying that Mike Unlikely is going to get crushed tonight? All week it's seemed that you don't really get along with your tag team partner, Nigma.

Stevenson: Interesting direction for this interview, Jennifer. I applaud you. But I also caution you on exploring motivation that might be beyond your scope. Nigma, truth be told wanted to help me. It seemed rather

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interesting, but fact of the matter he spoke out of turn. He tried to turn me into a mental case.

I am not crazy, Jennifer. I don't have PTSD. I've been through a trauma, sure. Show me someone who hasn't.

What Nigma gets tonight is only a portion of what he should have gotten last week, mark those words.

Stevenson pauses for a second and then continues.

Stevenson: As for Unlikely, tonight he shall reap what he sows as well. I don't take kindly to childish insults. I thought we were above that by now.

Williams: What about Chris Hopper? He took to Twitter about you this week as well. Stevenson: Hopper can get his as well, Jennifer. There is plenty to go around. Now if you'll excuse me, it's show time.

Stevenson stands and heads out of the locker room to make his way out for the match.

Checkin' on the Check

The scene cuts backstage, to what is obviously a locker room. We see Mikey Unlikely, slowly bobbing his head as he sits on a wooden bench, pulling his black and green kickpads, over his boots. Already dressed for action, he begins to stand, just as there is a knock at the door. The door opens and in walks fellow UTA Superstar, "Too Cool" Chris Hopper, also decked out in his ring gear.

Hopper: Hey Mikey, Just stopped by to see if your ready?

Mikey ignores Chris, still bobbing his head gently, he grabs his bag off the floor, and throws it in a nearby locker.

Hopper: Listen man, I know these are some strange guys we're dealing with tonight, but we have a job to do tonight...so let's get to it alright!

Mikey again acts as if he doesn't hear his tag team partner. Finally looking close, Hopper sees skin colored earbuds hanging from his ears. Frustrated he walks over and grabs the cord, and yanks the headphones out of Mikey's ears.

Mikey: All I wanna do is a zoom zoom zoom and a boom boom, JUST SHAKE YOUR RUMP! Mikey stops, smiles at Chris. Chris just shakes his head in amusement.

Mikey: Hey man! Good to see ya, what's up?

Chris puts his finger close to Mikey's chest, pointing at him.

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Hopper: Are you ready for this match?

Mikey: Please! I'm always ready! Have you seen me lately!? I'm on a roll, baby! Mikey raises both hands in the air, to emphasise the point

Hopper: A roll is great. They happen here and there and we ride them to the top. But they can come to an end. I learned that from Gentleman Jack after I won a couple of matches in a row. We have to keep our eye on the ball in this one especially with that Nigma guy, who seems like quite the character.

Mikey: Yea, your not kidding about that. Dude, looks like the boogeyman, talks like Dr. Phil. Looks pretty good in the ring too. Took out the guy he's teaming with tonight, just last week. To be honest he gives me the heebie jeebies, but physically, I think we can take 'em.

Chris nods in agreement at Mikey's assessment

Hopper: We cannot afford to underestimate them, these guys can be a little unique, but they're tough too. I have to admit I am looking forward to putting these "old" fists to use against both of them...and it will be nice having some back up in there too.

Mikey: Yea I feel you on that!

The King of Cool holds up his hands

Hopper: You know, we haven't taken time to really discuss it, but Dynasty is possibly a factor tonight as well. After Victory, and that back and forth I had with some of those Dynasty kids, they may be around too.

Mikey: Dynasty has been on me, since my debut. It's getting really old, really fast... For sure, we need to keep our heads on a swivel. I got your back tonight, and I am going to trust you got mine...

'Too Cool' nods

Hopper: I know and they have been persistently irritating to me recently. Trying to threaten a poor control room tech. For crying out loud, be adults already.

Mikey stretches a little and shadow boxes as he reminds Chris...

Mikey: It's the way they operate. Comin' down on those smaller and vulnerable, makes you shake your head, then you remember we're in a position to do something about it.

Mikey turns and throws a combination lock, on his locker.

Mikey: Let's go out there tonight, and take care of Nigma and Jay Stevenson. Then we can worry about the plague of UTA.

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Hopper: Damn right...maybe tonight we can give them an example of why they need to stay away from our matches, and keep to themselves.

Mikey: Word!

Too Cool, and Mikey bump fists, and head out of the locker room, towards the ring...

Not a Happy Camper

With Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens walking backstage, they are stopped by a microphone in the face, courtesy of Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers: Sean, a quick comment if you can.

Jackson: What do you want Sawyers?

Sawyers: Tonight, you face your Dynasty brother Per... Sean brings his hand up, stopping Jamie in mid sentence.

Jackson: Hold up, right there Jamie. I can tell by the sound in your voice that you're all tingly over the fact that two Dynasty members are forced to wrestle each other. Well shut your mouth, open your ears and pay close attention.

Sean turns his attention towards the camera, and towards the real target of his anger.

Jackson: Conrad Teller, we tried to warn you. Just like James Wingate a few months ago, we tried to warn you. Matter of fact, we even gave you some visual aids in case you were too stupid to understand what we were saying.

Jamie Sawyer rolls his eyes. But fortunately for him, Sean didn't notice.

Jackson: But yet, here we are anyway. Well Teller, since you decided to do things the hard way....

Sean's eyes narrow, he's completely pissed off.

Jackson: And put Perfection and myself into a match against one another. We'll just have to remember to deal with you the hard way.

Sean raises his hand.

Jackson: I know that you've spent plenty of time in jail, and might not be up on your math. So I'll try to do this in a manner that even YOU can understand. The last time I checked, there were five of us...

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Sean fans out his five fingers. Jackson: And only one of you. Marshall holds up a finger.

Jackson: So the way it looks to me, you might want to grow eyes in the back of your head. Because you just never know when a knee might get drilled through it.

With that, Sean and Marshall simply walk away, leaving Jamie standing there on his own.

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: Interesting match here as Mikey will team with Chris Hopper tonight to take on a man whom he shared a segment with last Wrestleshow, Nigma, and J Stevenson.

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 five foot eleven, and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds... MIKEY.... UNLIKELLLLLYYYYY!!!!

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.

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.

Announcer: His partner... Hailing from Paoli, Indiana... He stands at six foot nine and weighs in tonight at two hundred and eighty nine pounds.... CHRIS... HOPPPPEEERRR!!!!

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 move forward on the road to redemption here after capturing a joint win just two weeks ago along side of the UTA Champion.

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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 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 now, from parts unknown. Standing five foot eight and weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds.... NIIGGMMMAAAAA

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 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.

Blackfront: Nigma is an interesting character here in the UTA, and much like his name suggest, a enigma of sorts.

Ace: There's nothing about this guy that can't be answered by just saying he is some nut that Wingate picked up and gave a contract.

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

Suddenly Cochise hits the PA system. The fans rise to their feet as The Human Highlight Reel himself makes his way down the ramp.

Announcer: His tag team partner... making his way down to the ring hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... J STEVENNSOON

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 big tag match here in just a few moments!

Ace: Why is it big? It's nothing but four random people put together, who have no problems with each other and honestly just wasting a spot for real matches. This shows you right here that Dynasty knows how to keep the excitement going, while Conrad Teller when given power shows he is just a bumbling fool who couldn't book a good match for even a crappy Atlantic City based regional promotion.

Blackfront: There's no need for that Tommy.

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Ace: It's true. Really, what do any of these men get out of facing each other tonight? Blackfront: They get to showcase their skills for all of the audience in attendance and the millions watching at home on Pure Sports Entertainment!

Ace: No one's watching Jason! Look into the stands, everyone is heading to the bathroom and to get food!

Blackfront: No their not! I apologize fans for the lack of respect from my partner tonight.

Ace: Don't apologize for me. Apologize that you're too much of a company man to see the truth! As the two banter, the two teams decide who will be starting in the match.

Blackfront: It looks like Mikey Unlikely and J Stevenson will be kicking this tag team match off here tonight.

As the bell rings, J Stevenson and Mikey Unlikely lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand before J Stevenson raises Mikey's arms upward before kicking him in the knee, dropping him to his knees.

Blackfront: Kick by J Stevenson after the power struggle.

Ace: Right in the knee too. That is not a place you want to have attacked at the start of a match. Your knees go out and you are disabled. Simple as that. If you can't move you can't win.

J Stevenson steps back a lays a swift kick up against the head of Mikey Unlikely, the shot ringing out. Unlikely goes limp and falls to the canvas.

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

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as J Stevenson makes his way over to Mikey Unlikely and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Stevenson pulls Mikey to a seated position and then grabs him around the head, draping an arm across the throat.

Blackfront: Rear Headlock here by J Stevenson.

Stevenson wrenches the hold and raises his free hand, bringing it down across the head of Mikey Unlikely as he releases. Unlikely falls to the canvas, grabbing his head. Chris Hopper can be seen trying to rally his partner from the apron.

Blackfront: Quick punch there by J Stevenson, and from the looks of Mikey Unlikely, a stiff one too.

J Stevenson then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Mikey Unlikely.

Blackfront: Elbow drop by Stevenson!

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J Stevenson gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the chest of Mikey.

Blackfront: And another!

Ace: Stevenson is still struggling to make his name here in the UTA, hoping he can do so tonight by putting Unlikely and Hopper out.

J Stevenson then scrambles over to Unlikely and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the canvas to make the count.

Blackfront: Quick pin here...No! Kick out there by Mikey Unlikely.

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

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

Unlikely turns and keeps the hold, Irish whipping J Stevenson into the ropes instead. J Stevenson hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Unlikely, knocking him to the canvas.

Blackfront: Rolling Lariat by J Stevenson! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Ace: The Human Highlight Reel living up to that name tonight!

Stevenson heads to the ropes and throws his arms out to the fans who send him a heavily mixed reaction.

Blackfront: J Stevenson wasting time here.

Ace: How could listening to the fans tell you how great you are ever be a waste of time Jason? Meanwhile Mikey Unlikely slowly gets to his feet and as J Stevenson turns around Mikey charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with the offense now.

The punches work J Stevenson into the corner, and Mikey switches to stomps, stomping J Stevenson in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Blackfront: J Stevenson caught in that corner now, Mikey Unlikely stomping away at the gut. Mikey reaches over and tags his tag team partner, who enters the ring.

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Blackfront: The tag is made as Mikey Unlikely delivers another boot to the mid section of J Stevenson.

Mikey heads to the ropes to exit the ring, as Chris Hopper takes over.

Blackfront: Hopper now with some heavy knife edge chops to the chest of J Stevenson who desperately needs to make a tag.

Ace: At this point, I'd say making a tag is very unl...

Blackfront: I swear Tommy, you say it and I will personally make sure it is unlikely... that you will walk out of here on your own!

Ace: Ooohhh... big threats.

Blackfront: No, it's a promise.

In the ring, Stevenson moves to a seated position in the corner now. Using the ropes he begins to get up as Chris Hopper moves in and hooks his arm. With force, Hopper pulls back and tosses J Stevenson over and to the canvas.

Blackfront: Hip toss out of the corner by Chris Hopper who is not here to play tonight it seems. J Stevenson lets out a yelp as he arches up, holding his back. Stevenson rolls over and still tries to get up but is met with a right from Hopper before Chris throws him into the ropes where Stevenson grabs the top and holds himself up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper following up with a boot to the gut of J Stevenson. he grabs his arm... whip across the ring.

As Stevenson hits the other side, he grabs the top rope to stop himself, and drops to the canvas, rolling out of the ring.

Blackfront: J Stevenson trying to gather himself now by getting out of the ring.

Chris Hopper begins to head across the ring as Nigma quickly enters in. He charges Chris from behind.

Blackfront: Nigma coming to the aid of his partner now.

Nigma runs and leaps up, coming across the upper back of Chris Hopper with a forearm as he comes down. Chris is jarred forward a little bit, but turns around to see Nigma. He steps toward him as Nigma steps backward.

Blackfront: Nigma has the attention of Hopper as J Stevenson slides back in behind him.

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Ace: I've got to say, not too bad of team work here, distracting Chris Hopper.

Nigma drops to the canvas, and slides out of the ring, under the ropes backward. As Chris Hopper turns J Stevenson runs at him and leaps up.

Blackfront: Drop kick by J Stevenson catches Chris Hopper!

Chris stumbles back before hitting the ropes. However, as he hits he comes off with momentum and plows over Stevenson with a huge clothesline. The fans cheer for The King of Cool who

looks around to make sure Nigma isn't on the prowl.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper taken by surprise by Stevenson but turns it around and has regained control in this tag team match up.

Chris bends down and pulls J Stevenson to his feet by the back of his head. he drags him over to the ropes and tags in Mikey Unlikely.

Blackfront: Unlikely back in the ring now as J Stevenson in a position in which he has to make a tag and soon.

Ace: Or it could just be an easy night for Nigma. Let that idiot do all the work and take all of the damage.

Blackfront: From what I've seen, that is the furthest from how Nigma operates. I can guarantee he wants to get into the ring.

Hopper sends a couple fist into J Stevenson's mid section in the corner as Mikey Unlikely enters. Mikey yells at Chris who turns around and tells him to come on. Mikey runs to the center of the ring, turns and jets toward the corner. Chris bends down a little bit and lifts a running Unlikely up, assisting him to get a bit of air.

Blackfront: Hopper assist with a huge splash to J Stevenson!

Chris heads outside of the ring as Mikey Unlikely backs up. J Stevenson slouches in the corner, out of it after the splash.

Blackfront: Folks, I'm not sure how much more J Stevenson can take, but I will tell you this. I have not seen a man be able to take so much punishment as Stevenson has tonight and stay in it this long.

Mikey grabs Stevenson's arm and yanks back.

Blackfront: Unlikely with the wh- NO! J Stevenson reverses. Unlikely sent across the ring. Now on the return. Stevenson ducks Unlikely's arm...

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He leaps up and forward with his arm extended. His hand comes down across the outreached palm of Nigma before he falls to the canvas and rolls out the ring.

Blackfront: The tag is made!

Nigma grabs the top ropes and uses them to leap up and over the top rope into the ring. Mikey Unlikely turns and sees Nigma now in the ring, moving ever so slowly, closer to Unlikely.

Blackfront: Nigma is cautious. Almost stalking Mikey Unlikely whom just two weeks ago he had reached out to. There is no telling where this one is going to go folks.

Ace: Someone needs to attack someone, and quick!

Chris Hopper slams his foot on the apron, trying get Mikey pumped, but Unlikely almost in a trance like state, just glares back toward Nigma.

Blackfront: Hopper doesn't know what to think about his partner, and quite frankly I do not either at this point.

Nigma walks around Mikey, observing him as Unlikely's head turns, his eyes not leaving Nigma.

Ace: It's almost like Nigma is has Mikey under observation before a therapy session.

Mikey begins to step backward toward his corner. Chris Hopper can't believe it as he yells at Mikey. Finally, as Mikey is in range, Hopper reaches over and tags his shoulder.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper tagging himself in as he wants to win this match. I have no words for what we just witnessed folks.

Ace: I do - stupid. Just plain stupid.

Mikey's eyes do not leave Nigma as he backs to the ropes and exits as his partner enters. Blackfront: Chris Hopper in the ring now. he charges Nigma. Nigma under a clothesline attempt. Both men turn, Hopper with a boot to the gut of Nigma early on.

Ace: Chris Hopper isn't here to play games like Mikey Unlikely is Jason.

Blackfront: I don't know if it's so much games, but a mutual curiosity between he and Nigma. Ace: Oh, there's games alright. The mind games that Nigma is playing with various superstars here in the UTA.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper now wraps his massive arms around the waist of Nigma and lifts him into a big bear hug.

Ace: One place I would not like to be, in the grasp of a man Chris Hopper's size.

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Hopper squeezes as Nigma's body is constricted more. He lets out a painful yelp, his arms and legs hanging backward. Chris just squeezes again.

Blackfront: Hopper applying more pressure now. He could potentially make Nigma submit if he keeps him in this hold.

Nigma clinches his fist and begins to bring both hands forward, finally using what little strength he has left to slam his fist into each side of Chris Hopper's head, forcing him to let go. Nigma falls to one knee on the canvas as Chris Hopper holds the sides of his head and stumbles backward a little bit.

Blackfront: Nigma free, he needs to capitalize on this situation now.

Ace: He needs to just get out of there Jason. Live to fight another day.

Nigma stands up and runs backward, hitting the ropes. As he comes off he darts back toward Chris Hopper who has now regained his composure. Chris bends down to catch him, but Nigma uses this to his advantage as he returns with a rising knee, pressing down on the back of Chris' head to connect him with more force. Chris pops up and back after the smash, but just stumbles, not falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: Nigma now tasked with getting the big man off of his feet, can he do it?

Nigma runs to the ropes on the side. As he hits, J Stevenson reaches over and slaps his back. Nigma immediately turns around and looks at him, questioning what he is doing.

Blackfront: J Stevenson tagging himself in.

Ace: Nigma does all the work, he gets all of the glory. It's perfect!

J Stevenson climbs the turnbuckle from the outside as Nigma just exits to the edge of the apron, upset at the forced tag.

Blackfront: The Human Highlight Reel looking to end this one now!

Chris Hopper, still seemingly out of it turns. As he does, J Stevenson leaps off of the top rope.

Blackfront: Stevenson leaps...

Chris looks up and sees him. As J Stevenson flies down, Hopper twist and leaps up, grabbing his head and dropping to the canvas. The fans go nuts.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER OUT OF NOWHERE! ICE BREAKER OUT OF NOWHERE!

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Chris Hopper turns J Stevenson over and covers him. As he does, the referee drops to count. Nigma just hopes to the floor outside of the ring, and begins toward the back.

Blackfront: Stevenson sealed his own fate folks trying to take credit after Nigma had this match won and it cost him.

Ace: Look at Nigma just leaving his partner!

Blackfront: Partners for one night, and with the forced tag, i think that partnership ended. The bell begins to sound after the three count.

Announcer: The winners of this match via pin fall.... Mikey unlikely and Chris.... HOPPPEEERR!!!!

Blackfront: Huge tag win here tonight for Mikey Unlikely and Chris Hopper right here on Wrestleshow.

Brought to You By

Returning a Favor

The scene opens up to a crowded concessions stand and shopzone booth as fans move in and out of the area quickly. Their intent to get their new gear and food before the next match. Among these people is a certain young woman in a Madman blue hoodie who seems to be picking out various items and placing them in a duffel bag. She slings it over her shoulder and pays the stand employees and grabs one of the sharpie's telling them she'll bring it back before pushing her way through the crowd.

There were some fans that recognize her off the bat and said hello and wishes her good luck; however she manages to stay under the radar thanks to the hoodie covering her hair and keeping her head down. She walks through the curtain and down the steps passing by the various fans lining the center before she stops on the floor. She then makes her way through the fans and she stops in front of a couple sitting there.

ZF: Hi there Greg.

The young couple looks up at her and immediately Greg smiles back.

Greg: Amanda, this is the woman that gave me the tickets for tonight.

The young blonde shoots daggers into the eyes of Zhalia but forces a smile.

Amanda: Nice to meet you.

ZF: I have like literally a minute here so...

She slings the duffel bag across her shoulder, rotates it on her neck so it is in front of her as she unzips it.

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ZF: I hope you two like loot!

Zhalia pulls out two blue hoodies like her own and hands them over. She then pulls out a few crystal cases labeled UTA: The Music Vol 1 and 2. And finally a blue mask and a white mask that she hands to the two.

ZF: I could get you guys more but this will have to do. Autographs will have to wait but at least you can have mine.

She pulls out a sharpie and signs the cases and hoodie's.

Greg: Wow.

Amanda: This is nice of you.

ZF: Your boyfriend here helped me out at the shop. Now that his boss has been fired and he is getting promoted tomorrow, so I know he could afford this himself but hey... my treat.

Greg: Right. Th... wait. How did you know Henry was fired?

ZF: No worries.

She dumps the bag into the lap of Amanda as several shirts fall out and then holds up the UTA Championship replica belt and quickly signs it.

ZF: This is in honor of my hopefully earned title shot tonight.

She turns and starts out of the aisle but then decides to turn back to the two.

ZF: Actually, you can have the duffelbag to carry this stuff. There is also a reservation for you two to Il Transatlantico, per your request Greg, I picked that up for you.

She winks at the man and leans down and hugs them both.

ZF: Got to go! Amanda, you are a lucky gal.

She smiles and starts heading back up the steps while the two shout back at her.

Greg: Good luck tonight! Amanda: Kick some ass! Greg: Amanda!

Amanda: What?

Zhalia chuckles as she ascends the steps and removes her Madman Hoodie. She stops near the top and looks down to her right as a young girl is smiling up at her. Zhalia hands her the hoodie and pats her on the

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head.

ZF: Merry early Christmas.

She smiles at the young girl before she heads on through and presumably back to the locker rooms.

Cat's Out Of The Bag

The camera catches up to Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens walking backstage. With the UTA tag title hanging over his shoulder, Sean has a huge smile on his face.

Jackson: Marshall, you're a freaking genius. The way you doctored up that fake FCC document, pure genius.

As they continue to walk down the hallway, Marshall can't help but to toot his own horn.

Marshall: Well, it wasn't my best work but honestly, when you're dealing with Spectre, it doesn't have to be. I'm sorry that I ever doubted you.

Jackson: I told you it would work. All you have to do is just keep the faith, but what made it that much better is when I got to call Spectre a coward for not showing up at Wrestleshow 25.

They share a laugh.

Marshall: I bet Spectre lost his mind when he heard that. Sean shrugs.

Jackson: He has to have one, before he can lose it Marshall. Besides, only a real idiot would have fallen for a fake fine from the FCC. I wonder if he'll spend some monopoly money if we mail it to him?

They share another laugh as they approach the Dynasty's dressing room.

Marshall: Well, I can always conjur up a fake contract for him. Maybe something fr....

Jackson: Wait, I got it Marshall. Spectre is so stupid, I bet if we make a fake termination letter from Wingate, he'll pack up and leave with his tail tucked between his legs.

Marshall thinks about it for a moment. Then shakes his head.

Marshall: As fun as it would be to see Spectre basically fire himself, I don't think Mr. Wingate would appreciate it.

Sean opens the door.

Jackson: Party pooper.

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The door closes behind them as they step into the dressing room.

The camera then pans over to a nearby corner with the left side of Spectre's body peering around the corner with a big toothy grin. The crowd in the arena can be heard in unison saying, "Oh!" Blackfront: Uh oh! Looks like the cat's out of the bag. Spectre now knows for sure Sean Jackson was behind the fake FCC fine.

Ace: I better go warn Dynasty!

Blackfront: You'll do no such thing. You'll sit right here and do color commentary. Spectre slowly comes out from the corner and approaches the camera, but looking in the direction Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens went.

Spectre: Well...well...WELL!!!!

Spectre smirks and thinks for a moment, rubbing his chin with his thumb and forefinger. He then turns away and heads back down the hall from which he came.

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. Here Comes Santa Claus by Bing Crosby overtakes the sound system. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere.

Ace: Did it just get colder in here?

Blackfront: That and the music signals one thing Tommy, here comes Santa Claus!

Ace: Ugh! It's not even Thanksgiving yet and we're already being subjected to Christmas? Is this Wal-mart or something?

A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reins and stands up in the sleigh.

Ace: Oh man, I hope Mrs. Santa punishes those on the naughty list personally this year, because I've been a bad, bad boy!

He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Announcer: Coming out first... from the North Pole... Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at an alleged six hundred pounds....

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh

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and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder.

Announcer: SANTAAA... CLLUAAAASSSSS!!!

He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

Blackfront: You've got to wonder is anything inside his sack will come into play anytime Santa brings it to the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty HO..... HO..... HO! at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus kisses him on the cheek before taking her place outside of the ring.

The snappy drum solo from Clap Your Hands by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Robot Pete dances onto the stage, his whimsical little robo-hands clapping along with the beat for a few bars. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Uncle Rocky leaps out from behind the curtain! Colorful pyros go off in the ceiling and rain rainbow confetti onto the entrance ramp. Uncle Rocky does a few doofy dance moves while the crowd BOOs the Bombastic Brawler.

Blackfront: Come on Tommy! Clap your hands!

Ace: No.

Rocky & Pete start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle. As the duo approach the ring, clapping their hands to the beat, Rocky dances and smiles at the booing crowd, pausing to wag a shameful finger at an especially belligerent member of the audience.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

Once they reach ringside, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Rocky rolls into the ring and jumps to his feet.

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Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch, and weighing in at 240 pounds... Uncle Rocky crouches down, waiting to hear his name...

Announcer: UNNNCCLLEE.... ROOCCCKKKYYYYY!!!!

Uncle Rocky LEAPS into the air, arms outstretched, to a chorus of BOOs. Rocky cups his hand to his ear, pretending that the crowd is actually cheering for him, which only seems to make them boo louder.

Blackfront: It is nice to see Robot Pete back along side of uncle Rocky after a little over a month ago, he fell victim to a dastardly attack at the hands of Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Ace: Dastardly? She poured water on a robot suit that this guy wears. The worst thing she did was make him have to take.. THE SUIT off. Jeez.

As Uncle Rocky's music fades, he dances over to his corner and waits for the match to begin. Blackfront: The internet has been buzzing all week about this match folks as the fans have spoken. They wanted Uncle Rocky versus Santa Claus and tonight, thanks to Conrad Teller you got it! It's Christmas in November.

Ace: More like it's the stupidest thing I could ever imagine. Blackfront: You don't imagine yourself ever then, do you? Ace: What's that supposed to mean?

Blackfront: Never mind.

Uncle Rocky and Santa Claus meet in the center of the ring. Rocky throws on a huge smile and brings his hand down before waving it up and across as he says Hello Friend! to Santa. Santa grabs his belt and lets out a bellowing HO! HO! HO! in response. The fans go crazy as the bell sounds to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: The bell has sounded and we're about to witness something that many believe will be a magical affair.

Ace: I'll tell you what a magical affair is. Me and Mrs. Claus.

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Both men raises their hands up and wiggle their fingers as they get ready to lock up.

Blackfront: And the action starts now!

As they move in, instead of locking up, Uncle Rocky comes forward with an a quick poke to the eyes of Santa Claus. A loud boo echoes throughout the arena.

Blackfront: Was that really needed?

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As Santa grabs his eyes and stumbles back, the referee yells at Uncle Rocky who insist it was an accident. He goes over and checks on Santa who has his face in his hands.

Blackfront: You can't play that off as if you didn't mean to do that Rocky! That was blatantly on purpose!

Ace: Come on Jason! Accidents happen!

Santa moves his hands down and nods, telling Uncle Rocky he's OK. Uncle Rocky smiles and says Good before rotating his right shoulder around and coming up with a side European uppercut, catching Santa under his chin. The boos continue as Santa stumbles back, flailing his arms.

Blackfront: See! Pretends to be concerned and just uses it to make his move!

Ace: This is a fight Jason, not a play date!

Uncle Rocky stomps over and grabs the back of Santa's head as he has now turned around in his stumbling. Using both hands, Rocky pushes down and begins to grade Santa's eyes across the top rope.

Blackfront: Do something ref!

The referee yells at uncle Rocky, warning him as he lets Santa go. Claus grabs his eyes again and stumbles forward, turning in the process and backing into the ropes, using them to hold himself up as he checks his eyes.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky seemingly trying to blind Old Saint Nick early in this match.

Ace: Old Saint Nick? Come on Jason! It's some mental patient in a Santa suit! Between robots and Christmas characters, I wonder how we are ever taken seriously?!

Uncle Rocky jets toward Santa Claus, dropping to the canvas and sliding under his legs to the outside of the ring. he quickly turns and reaches in, grabbing the ankles of Santa and yanking back with all of his might. Santa begins to tumble forward and down, crashing into the canvas like a tree in the wilderness.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky in full control as he climbs back to the apron.

Rocky uses the ropes to pull himself up to the edge of the apron. Inside the ring, Santa rolls over to his back, trying to decipher the situation. Rocky, holding onto the top rope, leans down before using the ropes to pull himself up and over. Utilizing the momentum from the ropes, Rocky flies over the top and comes crashing down across the body of Santa Claus.

Blackfront: Body splash from outside of the ring by Uncle Rocky!

He quickly pops over, throwing an arm over Santa's chest. The referee drops down and raises his hand to

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begin the count.

Blackfront: This one could be over already folks!

Ace: Do it Rocky! KILL CHRISTMAS! End the make believe insanity!

As the referee raises his hand a third and final time, Santa is able to throw his leg over the nearby bottom rope stopping the count.

Blackfront: Close call by Santa Claus.

Uncle Rocky looks up at his leg, and gets to his knees. He grabs Santa's leg and yanks it off of the rope before covering him again.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky wanting to get this one over as the referee begins to count once more. This time, Santa quickly throws his leg back over the bottom rope stopping the count. Uncle Rocky gets back to his knees and hits the canvas in anger before standing up.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky is heated as he brings a stomp down onto the leg of Santa Claus. As he stomps, Uncle Rocky works the leg on the bottom rope. The referee quickly intervenes, pushing him back and telling him he has to let Santa get back up.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky wanting to stay on Santa, has to oblige or chance being disqualified as Santa Claus attempts to regain composure here in this match.

Santa rolls over and begins to climb on his elbows away. Outside of the ring, Mrs. Claus slaps the apron, yelling for her husband to get up.

Blackfront: Mrs. Claus trying to rally Santa.

Ace: She can rally me any day.

Robot Pete can be seen making his way over to the side of the ring she is on. Inside the ring, Uncle Rocky pushes past the referee and begins to stomp Santa Claus as he attempts to get off of the canvas.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky refusing to give Santa a break here in this contest.

Ace: Why would he? He's in it to win it!

Rocky continues to stomp around Santa's body as Robot Pete taps Mrs. Claus on the shoulders outside of the ring. She turns and steps back, startled. He opens the door up on his chest compartment and pulls out a rose, before offering it to her.

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Blackfront: It looks like Robot Pete is trying to woo Mrs. Claus.

Ace: Hey jerk! That's my lady!

Blackfront: You know damn well it's neither of your lady.

Santa looks up and sees Mrs. Claus stepping back again as Rocky's metallic friend extends the rose further. His cheeks begin to glow a fiery red as his eyes seems to turn to a tunnel vision that if it could pierce through Robot Pete's metal it would.

Blackfront: Uh oh. Santa Claus see's what is happening outside of the ring now, and he is not very jolly anymore!

Santa begins to push up. Uncle Rocky brings his foot down across Mr. Kingle's back, but it does no good. Claus just pushes through the pain and gets to one knee.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky now bringing swift kicks to the side of Santa's ribs, but he isn't having any of it!

Santa pushes all the way up and turns toward Rocky. He throws his right finger out into the face of The Good Friend and begins to shake it no. Uncle Rocky, taken back a bit, steps back as

Santa pulls his hand back, creates a fist, and comes forward with all of his holiday might. Blackfront: Big right hand to the side of Uncle Rocky's head! Another! Another! Santa Claus on the assault!

He grabs Uncle Rocky's arm, and yanks back.

Blackfront: Rocky sent across the ring. Off of the ropes. Santa comes forward... BIG BOOT TO THE FACE!

Uncle Rocky flies to his back and from the force of the kick, slides across the canvas under Santa's foot. Claus turns his attention back to the outside and stomps toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Santa Claus to the rescue of his wife now.

Santa makes his way to the ropes and steps through to the apron. Robot Pete turns his attention up and his monitor turns to a face of computerized horror as Santa leaps from the apron.

Blackfront: DOUBLE AXE HANDLE TO THE HEAD OF ROBOT PETE!

As Santa comes down, his clenched fist slam into the top of Pete's head, his feet landing on the floor. Robot Pete's monitor flash before generating the word ERROR followed by him stumbling back and falling to a seated position outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Santa saves the day!

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Mrs. Claus quickly wraps her hands around her husband, hugging him with delight. Inside the ring, Uncle Rocky has made his way to his feet. Claus points for Mrs. Claus to get to a safe place and sends her on her way. As he turns to face the ring, Uncle Rocky runs toward the ropes. He leaps as he approaches, jetting through them.

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE!!! WAIT!!!! SANTA MOVES! SANTA MOVES!

Rocky slams face first into the ground, his body rolling over with the force of the leap and being stopped only by the nearby guard rail. The fans are on their feet and begin chanting for Santa. Claus: HO! HO! HO!

Blackfront: Santa now pulling Uncle Rocky to his feet before rolling him back into the ring.

Uncle Rocky's body is in the ring, with his head and neck sticking under the bottom rope and over the edge of the apron. Santa takes a few steps back and comes forward, bringing his elbow down across the forehead of Rocky.

Blackfront: Elbow to the head of Uncle Rocky.

Ace: Maybe it'll knock some sense into him.

As Uncle Rocky rolls around holding his head, Santa slides back into the ring.

Blackfront: Santa Claus back in the ring now. He lifts the left leg of Uncle Rocky... elbow drop into his inner thigh!

Rocky holds his leg and rolls around as Santa Claus gets back to his feet. After a few moments, he lifts Rocky back up as well.

Blackfront: Santa pulling Rocky to his feet now. This one could be over in a matter of moments! Santa lifts Rocky up high over his head.

Blackfront: Military Press by Santa. Such power!

He turns around, showing his strength as he holds Uncle Rocky up. Finally, Santa toss Rocky down, back first to the canvas.

Claus: HO! HO! HO!

Outside of the ring, we see Robot Pete's screen rebooting.

Blackfront: It looks like Robot Pete is rebooting... and is.. powered by Windows 95?

Ace: That explains a lot.

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Inside the ring Santa lifts Uncle Rocky once again. This time he puts his head between his legs and hooks under both arms.

Blackfront: It looks like Santa is about to go for the Sleigh Ride!!!!

Suddenly a crowd uproar begins. The camera pans out and we see Dan Benson step out on the stage. Santa's eyes catch him and he drops Rocky back to the canvas. He steps over him and heads toward the ropes, yelling for Benson to come down.

Blackfront: Santa distracted by Dan Benson who's at the top of the stage!

Ace: Good way to lose focus on your match.

Uncle Rocky begins crawling away from Santa and toward the ropes. Outside of the ring, we see Robot Pete almost fully rebooted, with a few programs loading on his screen such as ICQ messenger.

Blackfront: Benson just staying at the top of the stage, provoking Santa.

Finally Robot Pete's robot program loads and his normal screen returns. He shakes his head and begins over to where Uncle Rocky is crawling. Mrs. Claus is pleading for her husband to get back to the match. The referee is keeping his attention on Santa and Benson, making sure nothing inappropriate starts.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky is on the edge of the canvas now talking to Robot Pete. Santa, turn around!

Claus steps back and motions for Dan to come on down, but Benson just smiles. Behind him Robot Pete opens his compartment door and pulls out a banana.

Blackfront: This is no time for a healthy snack Robot Pete!

He hands it to Uncle Rocky who begins to get up, concealing the banana close to him. The referee turns and sees Robot Pete near the ring. He runs over and starts to warn Pete to stay back. As he does, Uncle Rocky makes his way over to Santa. Santa turns as Rocky peels the banana.

Blackfront: UNCLE ROCKY JABBING THAT BANANA INTO THE EYES OF SANTA CLAUS!

Ace: He's just sharing his snack, that's all.

Santa holds his eyes, stumbling around. Uncle Rocky runs, hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up.

Blackfront: DROP KICK TAKES SANTA DOWN!

Santa hits the canvas hard, banana covering his face and staining the canvas. Uncle Rocky quickly gets up and runs to the turnbuckle, climbing it. The referee turns back to the action as Rocky leaps from the top

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turnbuckle with a frog splash.

Blackfront: TUMMY ZUMMY CONNECTS! TUMMY ZUMMY CONNECTS!

Uncle Rocky quickly pins Santa, hooking his leg. The referee drops and begins his count, his hand hitting the canvas for a third time. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky taking advantage of the situation and pulling off the in here!

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... UNCLE... ROOOCCCKKKYYY!!!!

The fans begin to boo heavily as Rocky gets to his feet. Santa, holds his stomach and begins to get up as well. Quickly Rocky, slides off of the ring and begins to celebrate with his metallic pal. Blackfront: Uncle Rocky stole a win from Santa with assistance by both Robot Pete and Dan Benson!

Mrs. Claus gets into the ring and helps her husband up. She tries to wipe the banana out of his eyes. he looks around, but Uncle Rocky is already gone. Santa shoots his eyes back to the top of the ramp and looks at Dan Benson, smiling with glee as we fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

Working the Plan

Wrestleshow returns from a commercial break to fade in to Jamie Sawyers standing next to a focused Turk. Bill Daley stands nearby with a satisfied look on his face.

Sawyers: Welcome back to Wrestleshow, folks. I am joined by none other than the man most see as a walking conundrum, Turk.

Turk looks down at Sawyers

Sawyers: Turk you're about to go out and face down six UTA superstars in a shot for a UTA title in a ladder match. After last Wrestleshow, you seemed pretty....scattered...

Turk: (interrupting) I was working the plan, Sawyers. Two weeks ago UTA got a taste of what Turk is at Victory, when I beat Lipton down and took his boots. Tonight, if one of these hacks are worthy, I'll take something off them too if I can.

Sawyers: (Sawyers looks down and sees Turk is, in fact, wearing Tommy Lipton's boots) There's been some seriously different sides of you that we've all already seen in such a short period of time in UTA. Can you tell us and your fans exactly what's been going through your head?

Turk: Wins. Winning, and decimating every single person the UTA, Dynasty, or anyone else that gets a shot

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at booking one of these shows places in front of me. It started with Lipton. Tonight, six more line up against me, and tonight six more will fall. This match is a brawl - there's no pins, no submissions. It's about destroying every one of them so I can climb that ladder (Turk points at the ceiling) and get the shot I deserved when I signed that contract about a month ago. (not breaking his stare upward)

Sawyers: If you win tonight...

Turk: (interrupting) WHEN...I win tonight...

Sawyers: Fine - when, you win tonight what title might you most want a shot at; the Wildfire or the Internet title?

Turk: (grins and finally turns his stare back to Sawyers before looking directly into the camera) The UTA Championship. Because that's what this is - it's an audition for that big title. That fat bastard may have it now, but the path leads through either the Internet or Wildfire championship. That's the history, that's how that bloated beast got there: Internet, now UTA Champ. Either one is a stepping stone closer to you, Yoshii. You can hide with some feud with Dynasty, you can run, but everyone sees one clear thing - you're facing a woman tonight who isn't half your size, and you STILL haven't put that strap on the line. Jed - translate this for your slant-eyed pal - I'm coming for you.

Sawyers: Turk, this is a very different persona we saw at last Wrestleshow when you spoke with Jennifer Williams, and even more different than that one we saw at Victory just days ago. You appear to be....yourself.

Bill Daley quickly steps into the frame and cuts Turk off before he can speak.

Bill: Turk needs to focus on the match tonight, he doesn't need to be talking about Yoshii, the UTA championship, last week, two months ago, whenever. We're going to end this now.

Sawyers watches Daley usher Turk away, then turns back to the camera

Sawyers: (confused) I guess we'll go back to ringside.

A Gentleman's Convalescence

The screen suddenly cuts to a familiar place, at least those who are familiar with the Mustachioed Marvel, Gentleman Jack. We see the sight of the aforementioned Jack sitting on his couch, as he was wont to do. However, the Gentlemanly One was clearly worse for wear. Despite being sharply dressed, the bruises and welts along his face, and the neck brace he is wearing show his true condition.

Jack: Salutations, UTA! This is yours truly, Gentleman Jack, temporarily taking over the show for just a few brief moments, if you do not mind.

He roughly coughs for a few moments. The beating he had taken thanks to the Truth had been a vicious

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one.

Jack: You'll have to excuse me... Due to certain events which I am sure you are all familiar with by now, I am unable to compete tonight. In fact, this message was recorded several days ago, after my physicians informed me that I was not medically cleared to compete. ...Yes, yes. I know you are all weeping with regret.

Though the message was pre-taped, he actually waits a few moments to allow the audience the chance to let their tears fall in solemn remembrance of the fallen gentleman. Once he feels enough time has passed, he continues to speak, his voice as confident as usual, though lacking its usual power and boom.

Jack: Believe me, I was shocked as well. I was prepared to be there tonight, ready to sock it to those disreputable Truth fellows. Why, I would have begged for a 3 on 1 handicap match with those cads just based off the very principle of it all!

Of course, that was a total lie. He was no moron, but it made him seem more courageous and heroic, and it's not as if anyone could call him out on it.

Jack: Why, to triple-team a man whilst he is unprepared? It is the very height of impropriety, and I won't stand for it!

As best as he can, he makes a fist and pounds it into his other hand. While he would be careful, he had no intentions of taking the beating they gave him lying down. He'd just do it in his own manner. For now, though, he wanted to focus on the more germane issue: himself.

Jack: Worry not, my friends! For though I may not be able to be there to compete, I do plan to make my way backstage. I will have to have words with one Conrad Teller.

His face took on a cold sneer. While he had his obvious issues with The Truth, he had his suspicions about his opponent to be and wanted to confront him when he had the chance. Jack: If my hunch is right, then I will have just as much issue with him as I do the Truth.

He stares coldly into the camera before shrugging his shoulders, though not without wincing. Jack: But regardless! Despite my aching back, bruised features, sprained ankle, and various other ailments, unless I am struck with further misfortune, I should be up and at 'em by the time the next Wrestleshow comes. It just goes to show you: You can't keep a good gentleman down! Ta ta!

He waves to the camera, before another coughing fit overtakes him and the video cuts to black

Numbers Game

The camera cuts backstage where Conrad Teller is seen talking with Jennifer Williams.

Ace: Oh, will he just go home already!?!

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Blackfront: You're just jealous you aren't running the show, Ace.

We can't hear what Conrad and Jennifer are saying but it doesn't much matter, the both of them go quiet as KVT and La Flama Blanca stroll up on them.

Ace: Niice! This is about to get good, Jason.

Jennifer springs from her chair and disappears down the hall the second she lays eyes on Blanca and KVT. Conrad does not; opting instead to remain seated.

La Flama Blanca: Look what we have here...

Blanca steps in on Teller; eyes glued to the Wildfire Championship strapped around Con's waist.

Blanca: ...it's my Wildfire Championship.

Blanca smirks and KVT backs him up with a sinister laugh.

Kathryn Vermont Thomas: I think you're right, Blanca. It is! We should probably go put it in the Dynasty locker room before we lose it again.

Conrad jumps to his feet so fast his chair flies out from underneath him and slams against the wall. Joke or not, Conrad finds nothing funny about the threat. His hands balled into fists, Teller steps in on the Dynasty to where he and La Flama Blanca are nearly nose to nose now. KVT moves in on Conrad to remind him he's outnumbered and it seems to work, Teller restraining himself.

KVT: Go ahead, Con. Make a move.

Blanca: Please! Please make a move! A voice suddenly comes from off camera.

???: Two on one's hardly fair. Need a hand, Conrad?

The camera pans back to reveal the Second Coming approaching from down the hall.

Teller: No.

Con holds a hand out to stop 2C from advancing any further. Blanca and KVT meanwhile shaking their heads from side to side.

Teller: KVT and La Flama Blanca were just leaving.

KVT smirks, grabbing Blanca by the shoulder and pulling him away.

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KVT: Sure we were. For now...

Blanca yells back at Conrad as he leaves.

Blanca: You can't run from me forever, Con!

Teller: Ain't nobody running, Blanca.

LFB and KVT storm off as the Second Coming closes in on Teller.

The Second Coming: You've got a target on your back tonight, Con.

Conrad motions towards his Wildfire Championship and smirks.

Teller: I've got a target on me every night.

2C: Difference is, tonight, so do I. The shot cuts back to Blackfront and Ace.

Ace: Damnit, Second Coming! You big party pooper!

Blackfront: Don't let them fool you, Tommy. If Blanca and KVT wanted to attack they would have attacked, Second Coming or no Second Coming. Fact is, they both have big matches coming up later on tonight. They can't afford to go into them at any less than 100 percent.

Ace: It doesn't matter. Con will get what he's got coming to him. You mark my words.

We fade into another commercial break.

Brought to You By

As we return from commercial all seven participants stand in the ring near the ropes, staring at each other, awaiting the bell. The camera pans around showing a variety of ladders set up around the ramp and ring, and laying next to the barrier.

Blackfront: Big ladder match is next. One of these seven individuals will walk out with a future title shot at either the Wildfire or Internet Championship!

As the bell sounds, no one moves.

Blackfront: Who will be the first person to make a move?

Graham Clauson steps toward the middle, telling everyone else to bring it.

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Blackfront: It looks like Graham Clauson will kick things off here, and Turk obliges as he comes out of the gate, delivering heavy right hands to the head of Clauson.

Graham ducks as Turk swings again.

Blackfront: Clauson now giving Turk his own series of right. Turk shoves Graham, who flies back into David Hightower.

Blackfront: Clauson into Hightower as Dan Benson slides behind Turk... quick Side Russian Leg Sweep!

Ace: This is going to be anarchy Jason.

David Hightower spins Graham Clauson around and brings a big fist up under his chin. As Clauson spins back around he stumbles forward and into the grasp of Dan Benson.

Blackfront: Benson lifts... belly to belly suplex on Graham Clauson! Dan Benson came to win tonight!

Clauson rolls to the edge of the apron, then drops to the floor. Inside of the ring, Kid Inertia II and Lew Smith exchange punches. David Hightower sees them near the ropes and runs. They turn just in time to see Hightower throw both arms out.

Blackfront: Kid Inertia and Lew Smith sent over the top rope via clothesline from David Hightower!

Ace: Drop them on their heads!

David leans over the top rope, yelling at the two men he just dropped as Zhalia Fears comes behind him and grabs his leg.

Blackfront: Fears is lifting... Hightower is sent over the top rope!

Ace: If this was a battle royal maybe that'd matter. But what she just did was put one of the most dangerous men in this match outside of the ring, with those ladders.

Zhalia holds her hands up, excited for dumping David over the top rope. As she turns, she sees a now standing Turk who shoots forward with a kick to her stomach. The crowd all boos as he grabs her head and with force sends her across the ring, and flipping over before hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Oh come on! There is no need to be that rough with a woman!

Ace: She's in this match, participating with men. Why should she be shown any type of favoritism?

Dan Benson runs, hitting the ropes and returns. Turk turns and throws his arm out, catching Benson.

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Blackfront: Dan Benson taken down with a hard hitting clothesline from Turk! Benson rolls to the edge of the apron and lays, holding his head.

Ace: Turk's cleared the ring! Now if he only had a ladder!

Outside of the ring, Graham Clauson has made his way to his feet and over to a shorter ladder laying by the barricade. Lew Smith and Kid Inertia both begin to get to their hands and feet, as David Hightower lays, holding his head.

Blackfront: Oh come on now! Turk is pulling Zhalia Fears to her feet by her hair! Show some dignity!

He shoves Zhalia's head between his legs.

Blackfront: What is he going to do now?! Don't do it Turk! Don't do it!

Ace: DO IT! DO IT!

Graham slides the ladder into the ring and rolls back in himself. Turk lifts Zhalia up, her legs going over his shoulders in a huge power bomb position.

Blackfront: PLEASE! NO!

Ace: Toss her out of the ring and into the crowd!

Turk pushes up and begins to bring Fears down, but she tightens her legs and rolls with the movement, sending Turk over with a hurricarranna. The fans go crazy as Turk slams into the canvas with a loud thud.

Blackfront: REVERSAL! REVERSAL! ZHALIA FEARS TAKES DOWN TURK!

She gets to her hands and knees, and looks up seeing Graham Clauson setting the obviously too short ladder up under the briefcase.

Blackfront: Clauson setting that ladder up. Fears sees him..

She pops up and jolts toward the ladder. Zhalia leaps, throwing both legs out, which catch the rungs on the ladder, closing it and slamming the metal utility hard into Graham. The fans go crazy again.

Blackfront: DENIED BY FEARS! DENIED BY FEARS!

Ace: Oh come on!

Graham lays on the canvas under the ladder in pain as Zhalia rolls over and pushes back up. Outside, David Hightower is now up. He runs at Lew Smith and Kid Inertia who are still fighting it out. Both men turn, bend

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down and lift him, using his momentum to send him up and over, crashing down on top of the commentator's table. Jason and Tommy leap back just in time as the

table collapses completely.

Blackfront: MY LORD! David Hightower has just been sent through our table!

Ace: BUT WE DON'T SPEAK SPANISH!

In the ring, Zhalia runs back, bouncing off of the ropes.

Blackfront: Fears on the return...

She leaps up and over the top rope as Kid Inertia and Lew Smith both turn and step forward. Blackfront: ZHALIA FEARS LANDS ON TOP OF INERTIA AND SMITH! ALL THREE ARE DOWN! WHAT A HIGH RISK MANEUVER!

Dan Benson rolls off of the edge of the apron and looks at the carnage before bending down and digging under the ring. Inside, Graham Clauson pushes the ladder off of him and begins to get back up.

Blackfront: This match was destined to be big, and so far it has not disappointed folks! Graham stands, picking the ladder up, realizing it's too short to reach the top. As he drags it to a corner to set up, Dan Benson pulls a larger ladder out from under the ring. He props it up on the edge of the apron, but before he can slide it in, Zhalia Fears grabs his shoulder turning him around.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson setting that shorter ladder up against the the corner post. Outside of the ring, fears hitting Dan Benson right hard rights. Benson seems to not want to fight back. Ace: Who cares if it's a woman Dan? You're already on Santa's naughty list! Just take her out! Benson: Benson blocks a right, quick knee to the mid section of Zhalia Fears.

He throws his arm around her neck, and grabs the side of her shorts.

Blackfront: Benson lifts Fears over...

He drops back, slamming her back across the tilted ladder.

Blackfront: Fears dropped on that ladder!

Zhalia's face is nothing but pain and agony as she slams into the ladder, which bends as she hits.

Ace: Well, that just ruined the chances of using that ladder.

Clauson, who has made his way outside of the ring, slides another large ladder in under the bottom ropes.

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Seeing this, Dan Benson quickly slides back in himself just before Graham does. Blackfront: A race to see who can set this ladder up first.

Ace: I sure hope they replace our table before the next match, and my coffee too!

Kid Inertia begins to move first, followed by Lew Smith as both men begin to get back to their feet. Inside of the ring, Turk is pushing his way up.

Blackfront: Dan Benson and Graham Clauson exchanging punches now, both men wanting to win the title contract hanging above the ring in that briefcase.

Ace: Graham doesn't even need the contract! He's already the number one contender for the Wildfire Championship!

Turk grabs the ladder and begins to set it up as Graham sends Dan Benson into the ropes.

Blackfront: Benson on the return, arm drag by Clauson! Dan rolls over and pops back up.

Blackfront: Benson charges Graham again, another arm drag!

Lew Smith and Kid Inertia slide into the ring as Turk finalizes the ladder in place. Dan rolls over yet again and pops up running at graham.

Blackfront: Clauson catches Dan Benson yet again... belly to belly suplex!

Benson hits the canvas and rolls to the edge of the apron and then outside. As Graham turns his attention back, he sees Turk beginning to climb.

Blackfront: Turk heading for the contract!

Ace: Wouldn't that be something? Turk with only one match under his belt, winning a guaranteed title shot?!

Graham takes a step toward the ladder, grabbing a rung.

Blackfront: Clauson climbing now as well.

Lew and Kid Inertia plot together. They run over and turn facing the crowd, both reaching up and grabbing the legs of Graham Clauson.

Blackfront: Kid Inertia and Lew Smith working together now!

From outside of the ring, David Hightower slides a ladder in under the ropes. Just as he does, this is when Kid Inertia and Lew Smith decide to lift Graham's legs and bring him down with a double power bomb. It just

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so happens there is now a shiny fresh ladder laying on the canvas in his

direct path.

Blackfront: GRAHAM CLAUSON SENT DOWN ON TOP OF THAT LADDER!

Ace: THAT HURT JUST WATCHING!

Lew and Kid Inertia can't believe what just happened as they had not planned on the ladder being in place. As they are distracted by the horrific pain Graham is in, David Hightower comes up behind them. he throws his arms around both of their necks quickly, and drops back.

Blackfront: DUAL INVERTED DDT BY DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Ace: Yea, but it may be too little too late! Look at Turk!

Blackfront: Turk has reached the top rung! He is reaching!

David looks up and quickly grabs the side of the ladder. He begins to push with all of his might.

Blackfront: MY LORD!

Turk tries to keep his balance but it does no good as the ladder falls sideways. Turk flies off of the top of the ladder and comes down, crotch first, across the top rope. His eyes bulge out of his head almost before he slides to the left and falls to the floor in pain.

Blackfront: David Hightower is the last man standing!

He rolls Graham off of the ladder he slid in and begins to set it up. The ladder once occupied by Turk, lays on it side, still open, the bottom of the feet exposed.

Blackfront: David Hightower has that ladder set up! He's going to climb it!

Zhalia Fears slides into the ring under the bottom rope. She quickly runs over and begins to yank the fallen ladder over. Finally, she gets it up and sitting right next to the one being climbed by David Hightower.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears now climbing the ladder next to David Hightower's.

Ace: Well that's stupid, it isn't even under the briefcase! Both Lew Smith and Kid inertia II start to get to their feet.

Blackfront: Fears punching David Hightower, trying to knock him off of the ladder!

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David holds on tight and reaches back. He grabs Zhalia by the face, and pushes her head back. It hits a rung as he now yanks backward. Zhalia Fears flies forward off of the ladder and lands hard to the canvas near the feet of Lew Smith and Kid inertia who are fighting over who's going to climb the ladder.

Blackfront: Fears sent violently back to the canvas as David Hightower continues to climb. We may have our winner here!

Lew notices how close David is and points. Kid Inertia II quickly turns and leaps to the ladder, beginning to climb the opposite of David Hightower.

Blackfront: It may be too late, but Kid Inertia trying to stop Hightower from winning this one. Lew knocks the ladder lock up on one side, and runs around knocking the other up, causing the ladder to no longer be stable.

Blackfront: Lew Smith using this opportunity to try and take out both David Hightower and Kid Inertia!

Ace: Two for the price of one!

Smith grabs the sides of the ladder and with all of his might slams them together, causing both men climbing to readjust themselves while holding on for dear life as the ladder stands straight up.

Blackfront: The ladder begins to fall!

As it does, it starts to twist. David Hightower is spun around and shot off of the ladder. He flies through the air and hits the top of the near by corner post with force. Kid Inertia II, now riding the top of the ladder down, leaps off.

Blackfront: INERTIA ESCAPES! MISSILE DROPKICK! HE CONNECTS WITH LEW SMITH!

As his feet hit Smith, Lew is shot backward, back first into the side of the other ladder, before falling face first to the canvas. Kid Inertia II pushes his way up and looks around. He pulls the other ladder to position is under the briefcase and starts to climb.

Blackfront: Kid Inertia looking to get that briefcase... WAIT! GRAHAM CLAUSON IS UP AND CLIMBING BEHIND HIM!

Ace: Not that idiot!

Graham grabs Kid Inertia's foot and beings to yank. Finally he pulls Inertia down. Blackfront: Kid Inertia falls to the canvas! Clauson is climbing! He is on his way to secure a second title shot!

Ace: Look! TURK IS BACK IN THE RING!

Blackfront: Turk climbing the other side of the ladder, but it may be too late! Graham is reaching! He's almost

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got it!

Turk reaches the top and slams a right into the side of Graham's head. Graham follows with one of his own.

Blackfront: Both men exchanging punches here. Either one could walk out with the brief- DAVID HIGHTOWER IS UP! He's climbing behind Turk!

Turk hits Graham once again, and Clauson is sent flying down. He crashes hard onto Dan Benson who had just gotten back into play.

Blackfront: CLAUSON AND BENSON ARE DOWN! TURK IS REACHING!

David Hightower grabs Turk's foot. He looks down and tries to kick the face of David with his other foot, but Hightower uses this lack of stability to yank Turk one more time. Turk loses his balance and flies off of the ladder. David watches him fall to the canvas before starting back up the ladder.

Blackfront: Hightower is climbing! He's almost there!

Ace: Maybe Dynasty's favor will be having David hand over the contract?! GE IT DAVID! GET IT!

Blackfront: He's reaching... He's reaching!

Zhalia Fears quickly comes back into play and begins up the ladder. Blackfront: Zhalia Fears now heading up the ladder, will she make it in time?! Ace: Women are always late! No way!

David reaches for all of his might, grabbing the briefcase as Zhalia reaches the top. He yanks...

... and the briefcase comes down.

Blackfront: DAVID HIGHTOWER HAS DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

Zhalia's face fills with disappointment as she stares across at David Hightower holding the briefcase. He looks at her, and swings it down, smashing her in the top of the head, sending Fears flying down and landing on top of Lew Smith. David holds it high again and yells in victory. Announcer: The winner of this match, and holder of a guaranteed title shot.... DAVID...

HIIIIIGGGHHHTTOOOOWWWERRR!!!

Blackfront: What a match folks! Chaos! Anarchy! This had it all and in the end, David Hightower continues his journey up the literal ladder here... in the UTA!

Moral Regrets

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Jed Dye is angrily walking amongst the backstage hallways. Eyes squinted, determined to find what or whoever he is looking for.

Dye: Where the heck are you now, Yoshii?! YOSHII?!?! Jed seems to have lost his friend yet once again.

He walks by open door after open door. He walks right past the door labeled Commissioner and just inside the room is the massive sumo. Jed stops, takes a step back. Yoshii seems to be pleading a case to the Conrad Teller and Commissioner Hawk.

Jed: THERE YOU ARE! How many time are you going to ditch me tonight, man? First you have a dinner date with Hopper and now you are sneaking around with these two clowns!

Yoshii looks at Jed, then back to the other two. He's uncomfortable...something's going on. Hawk: Pleasure to see you too Mr. Dye. It's a shame you and Yoshii have worked so hard to become champion just to see it end this way.

Jed gets a confused look on his face?

Jed: What are you talking about? Yoshii, what is going on here??? Yoshii hangs his head in failure.

Teller: Your buddy has decided he does NOT want to face a woman tonight. He wants nothing to do with competing against KVT.

Jed sighs and shakes his head.

Jed: Figures...but my question is WHAT does that have to do with OUR UTA Championship?

Teller: Haha

Hawk: You see, since Mr. Teller here has complete booking over tonights show, everyone is to take part in their respectful matches. Even Dynasty has to suffer from Mr. Teller's booking decisions. You think Sean Jackson and Perfection want to face each other?

Jed: Yeah, but them two nimrods beating the snot out of each other is best for all of us. Does no harm to anyone. If anything, it's better for them since they're dumber than dumber already.

Teller: Now YOU are missing the point, JED. As much as I respect Yoshii here, you just RUB me the wrong way.

Teller starts walking towards Jed Dye. Hawk steps in.

Hawk: Look, here's the deal. We gave Yoshii the option of competing against KVT like he's supposed to, or he can respect his own morals and not face her and forfeit his UTA Championship...some people just can't

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fight their inner battles as well as others.

Jed is panicking.

Jed: Yoshii, no way! You can't do this! Not to me, NOT TO US! Gentleman there HAS to be some other way.

Yoshii: Yoshii sorry. Yoshii no want to hurt female. Yoshii nice guy. Jed stomps his foot. So childish.

Jed: Come on Yosh! We've worked so hard for this. You can't give up on US!

Hawk: I'm sorry you guys. I wish there was another way we could work this out...

An awkward silent moment goes by...just then, you'd think a light bulb went off over Jed's head...he stood motionless...thinking...pondering....

Yes....yesss.....he has an idea...will they buy it though?

Jed: I have an idea. But, only...only if you guys are okay with it...

Yoshii looks at Jed, confused. What possibly could happen to make this alright?

Jed turns beat red. Red'er than an apple...nerves...worrysome.....the ULTIMATE sacrifice...

Jed: I'll do it.....

Hawk and Teller's eyes stiffen.

Jed: I'll take on KVT.....I'll enter the ring....I'll fight in honor of my friend.....I'll defend our great name....as long as we don't have to give up our title...

Yoshii stands in silence.....shocked....as does Hawk and Teller...

Yoshii: Jed no have to fight. Jed may get hurt.

Jed: Sometimes Yoshii, you just need to do the right thing. I'm doing that right now. I am willing to make the sacrifice of my great body and wisdom. I'm willing to step into the battlefield. Nothing would make me feel better than knowing I go out defending the ultimate honor...and that's our gold...our UTA Championship gold...

Hawk and Teller look at each other.

Teller: Works for me...

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Hawk: I'll let it go. That is...as long as you're okay with it too, Yoshii.

Yoshii looks down at Jed Dye, who has sense dropped to both knees, begging his friend, his buddy...to let him take on the WOMAN known as KVT....to show his commitment to being legendary....Yoshii ponders....

Yoshii: Yoshii think.....

Jed looks up, eyes widening like a Puss in Boots sad cat face...

Yoshii:Yoshii okay. Jed fight Dynasty girl.

Jed launches to his feet and engulfs the mammoth in a tight embrace.

Jed: Thank you for letting me honor you and our title. I won't let you down good buddy!

Yoshii and Jed leave the the office as the door shuts. Yoshii walks away first leading the way as Jed is behind him and stops suddenly.....

Jed (to himself): She's just a girl.....right?.....oh, what have I done!

Apologies In Order/A Meeting of the Minds

The scene cuts to the backstage catering area. Madman Szalinski has Peach the Puppy seated on top of one of the UTA storage bins feeding Peach some nachos.

Madman: Girl, I gotta stop feeding you whatever you want. Otherwise, Bobby Dean might start licking his chops and think you're a Sausage.

In the background, The Spectre can be seen slowly approaching Madman and Peach. When he reaches Madman, there is a brief moment of uneasy silence between the two. Finally. Spectre speaks up.

Spectre: Madman

Peach: ...whine...

Madman says nothing while Spectre reaches over and pets Peach on the head and scratches underneath her chin.

Spectre: Looks like you took care of Abdul over at Victory.

Madman: There something I can help you with, or do you want some nachos too?

Spectre slightly laughs and shakes his head, knowing the relationship between he and Madman has been a

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bit strained to say the least.

Spectre: No nachos, thank you. Ummm... look, Madman. You and I haven't exactly been exactly buddy buddy since I came back to the UTA. And I unnecessarily placed you in a position I did not know you weren't ready for. Plus, I recently was very vocal in the fact that you went on a verbal tirade and said fifty curse words that went seemingly unnoticed by the FCC. I thought they were targeting me and fining me, yet allowing you to get away with what you said in your video.

But... But i was wrong. I took my anger out on the wrong person. As it turned out, that whole FCC fine was a fake- a flipping fraud! Someone else set me up, and made sure to not only make me believe I was systematically being targeted, but also made sure I didn't make the trip overseas.

So I just want to apologize for anything I may have said in anger to you.

Madman slowly slinks up from his seat, setting the nachos down beside him. Peach immediately begins to eat at what's left of the nachos.

Madman: Hey, man...don't sweat it. I feel bad too, because you're right about a lot of stuff when it comes to how we're being treated.

Madman puts his hand out.

Madman: We shoulda done this proper a long time ago. I'm glad to meet you, man. Spectre extends his hand, and the two "mad men" shake hands.

Spectre: Pleasure to meet you as well.

There is a brief pause, before Spectre continues.

Spectre: By the way, it turns out, the origin of that FCC letter and subsequently keeping me away from England, was done by Sean Jackson. But I'm sure that's no surprise to you by now.

Madman: Nothing is anymore, man. Well, maybe LFB...that was kind of a surprise.

Spectre: Well, maybe I can take care of a bit of that problem known as El Chupacabra later tonight. But there's another reason why I came to see you. How would you like to help me with my Sean Jackson problem, and get back at Dynasty at the same time?

Madman: What, some half-assed dim-wit plan that's going to potentially backfire in our faces in a hilarious manner? OF COURSE! I'm game!

Madman: Look, for real though, let's put a boot in their ass. What you got?

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Spectre: Hehehehehehe.... That, Madman... is why I am here. Trust me... you're gonna love this!

Peach: BARK!

Brought to You By

Ella Henderson's Ghost, begins to play.

I keep, going to the river to pray

The house lights dim slightly and the spotlights on the entrance ramp intensify. Announcer: Ladies & Gentleman, hailing from the Upper East Side Of Manhattan. Cause I need, something that can wash all the pain

Kathryn Vermont Thomas steps out onto the stage, posed with her hands on her hips, she examines the crowd.

Announcer: Standing at, why does it matter and weighing in at, 'You never ask a woman her weight'

But at most, I'm sleeping all these demons away

She takes literally no mind to the reaction the crowd are giving her. Announcer: Please welcome to the ring, The First Lady Of The UTA But your ghost, the ghost of you it keeps me awake

As the beat kicks in, her eyes dart forward, her chin raised, she starts down the ramp. Treating the ramp like a high fashion catwalk, she stomps those boards with the same swag as the models at fashion week.

Announcer: MISS.... KATHRYN... VELMONT... THOMMMMAAASSSSS!!!!

KVT reaches the ring and climbs the steps. She wipes her feet with the same respect her father did. She steps to the center of the apron and places one foot on the bottom rope and uses as extra bounce as she jumps into the box splits and slides under the bottom rope. She gives a bend and snap to her feet, she poses for the hard cam for a moment then takes to her corner.

Bushido begins to play over the sound system.

Blackfront: Jed Dye taking the place of Yoshii tonight so not to have him stripped of the title. To my knowledge, Jed Dye has no in ring experience.

Ace: It's going to be a Grade A Dynasty slaughter! I LOVE IT!

Announcer: Coming to the ring now... Hailing from Scranton, Pennsylvania...

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Ace: HAHAAHAAH! Scranton!

Jed Dye steps out on the stage wearing a track suit.

Ace: What is this idiot wearing?!

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at one hundred and eighty eight pounds... Jed Dye nervously begins down the aisle.

Ace: Yoshii didn't even come with him! He sent Jed Dye out to his death alone!

Announcer: Manager of the stars.... associate of champions... the one... the only.... JEEEDDD
DDDDYYYYEEEE!!!

Blackfront: Jed Dye looks as nervous as a cat outside during a thunder storm.

Ace: He's wearing his glasses. How can he compete in glasses?

Blackfront: Maybe he's hoping KVT wont hit a man in glasses?

Ace: She will! That's the best part about this!

Jed Dye slowly makes his way up the steps and across the apron, looking in while KVT laughs. Blackfront: Even Kathryn can't believe this. The things people will do for their clients. I don't see Marshall Owens stepping in for Sean Jackson.

Ace: He doesn't need to. Jackson will destroy anyone himself.

Jed Dye steps into the ring and jumps up and down with excitement as his music fades. Jed Dye unzips the top to his track suit revealing a skinny body with a not so appealing muscle shirt under neath.

Ace: This idiot! I love it!

He pulls his glasses off and hands them and the track suit top to the referee who takes it over and hands it to a hand through the rope.

Blackfront: Jed Dye making his in ring debut of sorts tonight live here on Wrestleshow. Jed Dye squints toward KVT, trying to see her. She just laughs more.

Blackfront: It appears Jed Dye is blind with out his glasses.

Ace: This is classic!

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As the bell sounds, Jed Dye quickly jumps back to the ropes holding onto the top and shaking in fear. Thomas just looks at him in amazement.

Blackfront: Jed Dye realizing what is about to happens, seems to maybe have changed his mind.

Ace: Good thing his pants are dark.

KVT tries to rush him, but the referee has her stand back.

Blackfront: The referee trying to get Jed Dye to leave the ropes.

Finally he does. Jed Dye squints and starts to head toward KVT, holding his hands out and feeling the air. KVT continues to laugh as he stumbles toward her.

Blackfront: Thomas unsure how to proceed.

She steps aside and he passes her. Suddenly, KVT brings a swift kick to the back of his legs. He yells in pain and hops forward, turning around. KVT then runs at him and leaps up with a forearm to his face.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas on the attack now. Jed Dye stumbles backward and into the ropes.

Blackfront: KVT forward. Grabs the arm of Jed Dye. Jed now sent running and hard into the corner.

As he hits with force, he sloppily slouches down into a sitting position. KVT looks around and then runs toward him.

Blackfront: Thomas on the move... she leaps!

As she does she grabs the middle ropes and legs her legs do around Jed Dye, bouncing with force.

Blackfront: Broncobuster in the corner by the first lady of the UTA!

Kathryn steps back off of Jed Dye who's head just bends down. She runs to the middle of the ring, turns and darts off against him again.

Blackfront: KVT on the return again.. jumps.. double elg drop kick to the face of Jed Dye! As KVT rolls over, she pops to her feet and poses for the fans.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas showing off now. Usually I'd warn against that, but in this case all it's doing is letting jed Dye come to long enough to get more.

She turns and heads back over. Grabbing Jed Dye's head, she begins to pull him up. Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas pulling Jed Dye to his feet. She now pushes him back in the corner.

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KVT climbs up beside him on the ropes. Getting her balance, KVT leaps up and in one motion, throws her legs around Jed Dye's neck and comes down, sending him over her and hard against the canvas, in which he slides to a halt.

Blackfront: Hurricarrana by the smaller, more skilled KVT.

Ace: Size doesn't matter Jason. Just ask your wife!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas mocks Jed Dye as he lies on the canvas before heading over and pulling him back up.

Blackfront: KVT pulling Jed Dye back to his feet. How much more does she intend to put him through?

Ace: I could watch this all night!

KVT grabs Jed Dye's neck and bends him backward.

KVT: YOU'RE DONE!

While holding his head, she leaps up and twist her leg over his chest, bringing him down with a split leg inverted bulldog.

Blackfront: THE CRUCIFIXION! THE CRUCIFIXION! THIS IS OVER!

She holds her leg on top of Jed Dye to keep him down in a pin as the referee slides into position to count.

Blackfront: And this one is ov- WAIT! Ariel can be seen coming out of the crowd.

Blackfront: It's Madman Szalinski's wife Ariel!

Ace: SECURITY! SECURITY!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas forgets the pin and gets to her feet. Ariel quickly slides into the ring. She runs at KVT, but KVT ducks.

Blackfront: Ariel misses KVT.

Jed Dye rolls over in pain and begins to get up as Ariel passes him hitting the ropes again. Squinting he looks up and sees Ariel.

Blackfront: JED DYE COMING UP AND FORWARD AT ARIEL! HE CAN'T SEE WHO IT IS!

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Jed Dye takes a wild swing at Ariel, who in her instinct blocks it by knocking his arm away and leaps up with a spinning heel kick. Jed Dye is shot backward and down to the canvas as the referee starts frantically calling for the bell. Ariel looks down at him and apologizes. As she turns her attention back to KVT, Thomas has already dropped down to the canvas and slide backwards out of the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification.... JEDDDD DYEEE!!!

Ariel runs her hand through her hair and stomps her feet. KVT points and laughs at her from outside of the ring as Ariel turns abck to jed Dye, checking on him and apologizing more.

Blackfront: KVT didn't get the win here, but she did what a lot of people have wanted to, and got her hands on Jed Dye.

Ace: Can you believe Ariel? What an idiot just like her husband!

Blackfront: She didn't mean to kick Jed Dye, he just couldn't see her.

Ariel gets up and runs toward the ropes. KVT quickly waves bye and hops the barrier, exiting through the crowd. Ariel stomps her feet in anger once again.

Blackfront: These two will meet in two weeks in that huge five on five match right here on Wrestleshow folks. I can assure you, Ariel will make Kathryn Velmont Thomas pay!

Ace: For what? Ariel's medical bills? Fat chance! Ariel goes back to checking on Jed Dye as we fade.

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Everyone Can Be Beaten

The Italian arena in Napoli is pumped up for the remainder of tonight's show. The crowd, a sea of football shirts, polo shirts and finely made Italian clothing rises in a chant only Europeans would understand, far more melodically and less repetitive than their American counterparts.

Blackfront: Wow, what a match we just saw!

Ace: You've seen nothing yet! LFB is going to rip Spectre apart and then the two greatest UTA champions of all time are going to put on a clinic!

Blackfront: Something tells me Tommy, that Perfection and Jackson might not be having quite the epic match you're expecting!

Just then, the lights fade down and the opening riff of Seek and Destroy by Metallica hits the PA system. A single red strobe light shines down at the entrance as from the back slowly walks out the Internet Champion,

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Claude Baptiste Ranier.

Wearing an Avenge Sevenfold t-shirt, black and grey coloured, his blonde hair tied back behind his head, pair of black ray-bans across his face and blue jeans, the Internet Title resting over his shoulder, his right hand holding it in place.

Ace: Here he is! The other greatest man on the roster!

Blackfront: CBR isn't scheduled to be on tonight, he must have flown in late after the Victory tapings.

Ace: It doesn't matter how he did it! He's here!

Ranier looks to his left across the fans as he slowly makes his way down the ramp. He turns to his right, raising the Internet Title to a fan with a Yoshii t-shirt, mouthing 'I beat him for this'.

Claude gets to the ring, climbing the ring steps and slowly entering the squared circle. He walks purposefully to the corner, taking a mic from outside, a smile etched across his face as the music dies down.

CBR: What, you didn't think you were going to have a Wrestleshow without The Canadian Star?

Slowly, a Bobby Dean chant starts to rise as 'you got Dean'd...you got Dean'd' repeats itself against the usual flow of European chanting. Claude pauses, looking over the fans, shaking his head slowly.

CBR: I got what? The chant repeats.

CBR: Sorry, I don't speak Spanish.

A light boo rises from the crowd. Realising he's not garnering the heat he likes as much, Ranier grins lightly out at the fans.

CBR: Isn't it hot in here?

Ranier wipes his brow with his forehand and slowly lifts his Avenge Sevenfold t-shirt off, some of the female fans whistling, but dying down soon as it becomes apparent he is wearing another t-shirt underneath. A football jersey to be exact. A Juventus FC strip to be quite specific.

The fans erupt into boos, going crazy at the Canadian Star, who simply smiles at his handiwork, Juventus being top of Serie A in Italian football.

CBR: That's better.

The black and white strip sits upon his frame, opened at the collar, as CBR takes the Internet Title back over his shoulder and continues.

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CBR: Much like the team who's top I'm wearing right now, and much unlike all of you, Dynasty are winners. Tonight will be proof, once again. Each of us have been hand picked from the universe of professional wrestling, from the elite, to come together in a perfect ensemble of talent and ability. This week on Victory, this week was a fluke. I guarantee you will never see anything like that happen to the Canadian Star, ever again.

Ranier walks slowly to the corner, taking his title off his shoulder and hanging it over the top rope as he leans forward on the rope beside it, onto his forearm, other hand still holding the mic in place.

CBR: You know, I've been in the UTA now for nine months. For nine months, I've fought my way up from the bottom. On December 1st, I will have held that belt...

He gestures sideways to the title.

CBR: ...for six months. The longest reign of any champion in the UTA and I would hazard a guess in the wrestling world. One by one, challengers have come and tried to take what's mine, and they have failed.

Claude stands back up, walking slowly to the centre of the ring.

CBR: Spectre...Yoshii...Benson...none of your heroes have been able to take that belt from me and the men I've beaten form a litany of pretenders to the thrones of the elite. Hell, I've beaten your precious UTA Champion three times...THREE times. There is NO way he deserves that belt and it's only a matter of time before Perfection takes back Dynasty property.

Ranier turns back towards his title and slowly walks to the corner.

CBR: In fact, no one on that roster can compete with The Dynasty. Furthermore, NO ONE in the back, not man, woman, child, giant, freak, midget...not even god himself, could beat CBR at his best and from here on out I will ALWAYS be at my best. I am the wrestling elite, I am the once in a generation federation subjugation, I am that god to you all and I am unbeatable!

Claude takes the title from the top rope and lifts it in his hand, the grin gone from his face as he walks slowly around the ring, holding it up to all sections of the fans.

CBR: Who will be Internet Champion on December 1st 2014? C...B...R. Who will be Internet Champion on February 5th 2015? C...B...R. Who will be Internet Champ on 1st December 2018? C...B...R!! No one in the back can beat me, no one in the business can stop me, if you think you can I invite you to try because I WILL break you, I WILL end your career.

CBR places the title back over his shoulder.

CBR: There is no other constant in this business than The Canadian Star, the epitome of prowess and the king of the mat. No one can stop me, no one can slow me, no one...

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Suddenly Ranier is cut off. Static....

Lights out...

V/o...

MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF COOL!!!

The fans erupt in cheers as TNT by AC/DC hits the PA system. Chris Hopper steps out from the back, dressed in his ring trunks with a Too Cool t-shirt covering his torso.

Blackfront: That's who will stand up to you CBR! That's who!

Ace: What's he doing here? He should be leaving the arena after his jobbers match!!

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, the King of Cool is here! What a fight he was involved in earlier, what a competitor.

Hopper slowly makes his way towards the ring, fans slapping his arms, but his focus purely trained on CBR, who stands in the ring, backing slightly off. He gets to the ring and jumps onto the apron, stepping over the ropes, his eyes never leaving Ranier's. Chris Hopper steps forward, not stopping as Claude holds the Internet Belt in his right hand, the mic in his left, down by his side, standing his ground.

The King of Cool steps forward and right...RIGHT into Ranier's face.

Blackfront: The arena is about to explode!

One of the few men who can physically look down on CBR, Hopper stares a hole through Ranier, his nose almost pressing against Claude's forehead, the slow, methodical breaths escaping his lips as the fans pop again!

Claude mouths something at Hopper, lifting the Internet Title and shouting off mic at him. He raises the mic to his lips...

But The King of Cool slaps it right out of Claude's hand and onto the mat, standing straight, still, a statue against CBR's frenetic energy.

The camera zooms in on the two, face to face, neither blinking, neither backing off, the fans loving it and growing in noise...'fight...fight...FIGHT...FIGHT!!'

Seconds pass, in what seems like a never ending moment until CBR finally slowly backs off to a chorus of boos and whistles.

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Chris Hopper stares at him still, as Ranier backs toward the corner, slowly. The King of Cool carefully bends down, taking the mic from the mat and slowly rising back up. He lifts the mic to his mouth.

Hopper: No one Claude? What about me?!

The fans pop again as Chris pauses...

Hopper: Night after night...week after week...myself, the guys in the back, the fans... we listen to all the garbage coming out of your mouth. Show after show, Dynasty thinks they can run roughshod over the UTA, disrespecting everything this business stands for...disrespecting the hall of fame...disrespecting the hours of effort the guys in the back give this sport, and disrespecting these people.

He points around the arena. Ranier steps forward, snatching for the mic, but Hopper throws an open palm into his chest shoving him back violently.

Hopper: Back off kid, I'm not finished! Week after week, you come out here and spout off your supposed greatness with your mouth. Week after week, you make claims, statements. Sure, you back it up in the ring, and I must admit it happens a lot, but let's get something straight here Claudio...

He moves in closer to CBR

Hopper: There are times when your mouth writes checks your body can't cash. And you are NOT unbeatable. Nobody is.

The fans once again get pumped up at the possible altercation between these two.

Hopper: You have had your shoulders pinned to that mat before. Spectre? He beat you.

Chris gives a slight chuckle before continuing.

Hopper: Hell, he beat you TWICE!

Fans cheer at that mention.

Hopper: How about La Flama Blanca? Indeed he has beaten you as well. You know who he has NEVER beaten?

He nods as CBR is obviously getting annoyed at this.

Hopper: ME! That's who!

Hopper gets right down in the face of CBR, mic still up on his lips, as Ranier stands his ground, gripping the title firmly.

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Hopper: And make no mistake Claude...I...can...beat you. You're looking at a former nineteen time World Champion. You're looking at a multiple time hall of famer. You're looking at a man who for 20 years...

Hopper pauses as Ranier shouts smack back off mic. Chris steps forward again, once more face to face.

Hopper: You really think you are cute, don't you? You don't know what it is like to walk in my boots, son. I have been in this business for twenty years giving my blood sweat and tears making a name for myself and building a legacy. This isn't some punk with a winnings streak or some kid fresh up from the minor leagues you are dealing with....I'm the real deal. And if you are the man you claim to be, then you will roll the dice and take a real challenge for that strap you got there.

Hopper lowers the mic, CBR stepping forwards further to him, the two chest to chest. Ranier lifts the Internet Title slowly, narrowing his eyes, the smack talk gone, just focus. Just intensity. Both men, face to face...almost eye to eye bar a few inches in size.

Blackfront: This is what the UTA is all about...right here!

Ace: No! Someone get Hopper out of the ring. He has no place being in there with a great!

A few moments pass and a selection of referees run down to the ring, sliding under the ropes and getting between the two men. The refs tell Hopper to back off and he does, slowly, not wanting to risk injury to one of the officials. Claude smiles slowly, the edges of his lips tuning upwards. A ref grabs Ranier's arm, but he flings him off and walks towards the ropes to leave. Hopper sends a glare towards Claude and bends over to check on the official.

The boos from the fans ring out suddenly, loudly, rising...as Chris Hopper crumples down onto the mat, holding his crotch. Behind him, the Canadian Star, on one knee, has driven his arm between the King of Cool's legs in a violent low blow. Ranier shouts down at Hopper, his title on the mat. Refs surround him, but Claude shoves one off and threatens others with a fist. They back off...

Ranier leaves the ring, grabbing a steel chair from ringside as the fans continue to boo.

Ace: Yes! This is what you get for messing with Dynasty! Yes!

CBR slides back into the ring, walking slowly around the downed Hopper, still holding between his legs. Ranier places his boot on Chris' ankle, looking at the fans, a grin over his face...and brings the steel chair violently down over Hopper's leg.

Blackfront: No! That's the leg Chris Hopper injured in that epic war against David Hightower a few weeks ago!

Once again, Claude brings the chair down over the leg, and a third time, the sound echoing across the arena.

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He looks at the chair, mangled from the force of he blows, and throws it to the side, once again venturing outside the ring. Ranier looks under the ring, searching for something as Chris Hopper holds his leg. Finally, Claude grabs a sledgehammer, inspecting it with a sick smile and slides back under the ropes. He slowly walks around Hopper, pressing the toe of his shoe against his face, pushing gently.

Ranier walks further around, lightly pressing his boot into the side of Hopper's face as he slides back and away, trying to get to his feet. Using the ropes, Hopper finally gets to one knee as Ranier walks slowly, methodically around him, the fans booing intensely. Without warning, CBR lunges forward, cracking the hard face of the hammer into Hopper's, sending him to the mat a crumpled heap.

Claude stands over The King of Cool, looking down, his feet either side of Hopper's chest. Ranier looks over the fans, the smile growing and he lifts one hand to his neck, gently making a gesture in a telling statement of intent.

Blackfront: No! It's common knowledge that Chris Hopper has had a history of neck injuries!

Don't do this CBR!

Ace: Yes! Do it Claude! End his career!

The sick smile on Claude's face is replaced by a look of determination, peppered with rage. He lifts the sledgehammer in his hands, shouting down at Hopper 'My Time!' Violently, Claude brings the head of the sledgehammer down against Chris Hopper's neck. He lifts it again slowly...

Before he can bring the hammer down a second time, refs and superstars rush out from the back, assaulting the ring. Ranier drops the sledgehammer and slides out to the side as generic tag team #3 stand, fists cocked ready to fight if he tries to get back in.

Claude backs off up the ramp, taking the Internet Title from under the ring ropes and wrapping it around his waist. He holds a mic in and and lifts it to his lips.

CBR: Real deal Chris? All I see is a washed up old man who used to mean something to somebody and can't accept the fact that in fact, the legacy he dreams about...is meaningless.

Ranier drops the mic, turning his back on the ring as a medical team run past him, officials tending to Hopper in the ring.

A Convict and A Gentleman

An impatient knocking is heard on the door of the temporary office of one Conrad Teller, GM for the night.

Teller: Come on in!

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Gentleman Jack enters in, an expression of discontent anger clear on his features. Most of the injuries seen in the previous taped video were gone, though he still lacked that certain spring in his step as he walked in.

Jack: I can't believe they allowed the likes of you to book the show, even if just for one night. The inmate is literally running the asylum now, and it's sickening.

He crosses his arms, huffing, before getting on with his primary point, not giving Teller a moment to answer.

Jack: But, nevermind that. You, sir, are a scoundrel and a scalliwag! He emphatically points at Teller, clearly frustrated and displeased.

Teller: I don't mean to be rude, Jack, but I'm very busy right now and I have no idea what you're talking about.

Jack: Don't think your little machination went past me, good sir! I'm far too smart for that!

Teller: My what? Con looks confused

Teller: My imagination?

Jack: It doesn't take a gentleman to put two and two together,, you know. Right as I am scheduled to face you, I am hounded by those... those... monstrous brutes!? True, our match was not to be for your Wildfire Championship, but I think you were frightened by me.

Teller: Wait a minute; are you trying to imply I had something to do with the Truth attacking you last Wrestleshow?

At this, Jack's anger relaxes down into his more typical state of conceited arrogance. Even while ranting at a foe, he would take the chance to put himself over.

Jack: After all, I am the finest technical wizard in the entire United Toughness Alliance, and I am the only undefeated wrestler left. I have sent reverberations throughout the entire locker room, and you did not want to be the next person to lose to yours truly.

Con scoffs.

Teller: Seriously?

Jack: When I would beat you, the only logical conclusion would be for us to face each other anew, but with that title of yours on the line. You'd do anything to keep that bit of gold on your shoulders. So, if we put the pieces together, there is only one possible conclusion.

He raises a finger declaratively, the same way a teacher might raise a finger when making a point.

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Jack: You convinced that group of inbred zealots to try and put me out of commission so that I wouldn't be a threat to you. And frankly, good sir, I find that even more abhorrent than the attack

itself. Sure, I have my issues with the Truth, but you... you would not even face me like a man! That is simply shameful.

Teller: Listen, Jack, I don't know where you got this wild idea but it couldn't be further from the truth. Blanca challenged me to a match for my Wildfire title and later that day the match was set. Second Coming challenged me to a singles match on twitter and that match opened tonight's show. Hell, last week in Leeds, after he attacked you backstage, the Good Reverend challenged me to a match for my Wildfire Title and the while you were being attended to I accepted that match on the spot!

Conrad brushes aside his jacket to reveal the Wildfire Championship, strapped around his waist.

Teller: I don't back down from challenges, I meet them head on.

Looking unsure for the first time that night, Jack takes a step back and stammers.

Jack: Well...

Teller: Furthermore, that match last week with the Good Reverend ended in DQ, when the Truth decided to disregard the rules and 'get them some', attacking me three on one. So tell me, does that sound like people I'd be in cahoots with?

Jack: I-I suppose not...

Teller: I wanted a sportsmanly match with you last week Jack, just like you.

Clearly getting frustrated with Teller's explanation, Jack shakes his head, and interrupts. Jack: Fine! Whatever! I... admittedly wasn't aware of the events that transpired after I was knocked out. I simply wanted to express my displeasure with you face-to-face, as a true gentleman does.

Teller: And I respect that Jack, but I had nothing to do with it.

Jack: ...Hmph. Good day, sir!

Hurriedly, he bows his head before turning and leaving, not wanting much more to do with Conrad Teller.

Blackfront: Welcome back folks next up we have The Spectre versus La Flama Blanca!

Ace: Yes it will be a great match for La Flama!

Blackfront: What about The Spectre?

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Ace: Who?

Blackfront: Well to answer your question, here he come The Spectre!

The lights go out and an eerie purple glow fills the arena and lights the walkway down the entrance ramp to the ring. An ominous fog also lines the entire ramp down to the ringside area.

Memphisto by Depeche Mode blares over the speakers, and out steps UTA Hall of Famer, The Sadistic Nut, The Purple Haired Freak.... SPECTRE! Accompanying him to the ring is his pet hyena Johnny.

Spectre is wearing black pants and boots, a chain link belt, and purple fingerless gloves and black elbow pads with a hole on the interior elbow portion. He wears a purple U-neck tank top shirt with the words "TOTAL DEVASTATION" written in neon green on the front. On the back are the words "I'M WATCHING YOU" on the back with two large yellow-glowing eyes.

Announcer: Introducing first, from the Deepest Corners Of Your Mind.

Spectre has short, spiked hair, and a wild deranged look in his eyes as he slowly makes his way to the ring and the echoes of Spectre's laughter accompany the music piped into the arena.

Announcer: Weighing in at 299 pounds, UTA Hall Of Famer...THEEE.... SPPPPEEEECCTTTTRRRREEEEE!

Spectre leaves Johnny near the base of the ramp, acting as a guard dog, while Spectre approaches the ring apron, grabs the top rope and steps up on to the apron. He then steps over the top rope and enters the ring. Spectre slowly cracks his neck without using his hands and then

pops his knuckles, all the while maintaining focus, and ready for the match to begin.

Blackfront: He looks ready for this match!

Ace: Has he even wrestled?

Blackfront: Why do I even bother? And his opposition is this man.

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

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a big smile on his face. Flaunting his new Dynasty apparel.

Ace: Look at how this man has come of age here in The UTA

Blackfront: What he sold his soul to the devil.

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He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Announcer: Standing at five feet eleven inches and weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY... HE IS LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. The puts his arms in the air.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Blackfront: See!

He walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

He is not giving the fans any attention.

Ace: He still is one of the greatest wrestlers ever to grace the squared circle.

Blackfront: And same with The Spectre!

Ace: Now this match is interesting for both men will be in a steel cage.

Blackfront: It's going to be pure devastation for both these men tonight.

The steel cage slowly descends as both men watch each other and starts to circle one another. As the cage settles into place La Flama Blanca checks the steel on a side while The Spectre watches.

Blackfront: Both men go into the center and tie up. Spectre with the size advantage whips La Flama Blanca into the ropes as La Flama crashes with his back into the cage and cringes.

Ace: Oh just pure luck by Who ever that guy is.

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La Flama Blanca staggers back when Spectre hit's with a big Clotheline!

Ace: Oh nooo!

Blackfront: What a clothesline, now Spectre has LFB into a Sleeper hold!!

Spectre then takes LFB to the cage and starts to rub his head against the steel cage. LFB then lifts his heel into the Spectres groin, causing the big man to let go.

Blackfront: What a low blow.

Ace: Pure brilliance by LFB.

Blackfront: That just bought some time. LFB now is climbing the cage.

Ace: So he's going to leave before the match has started? NICE ONE! Go LFB.

Blackfront: Wait LFB has stops and has jumped and hit Spectre with a clotheline of his own. Both men are down as LFB gets up first as he hits a Standing Moonsault onto The Spectre. Ace: YES!

Blackfront: Spectre gets up now, as a fire has been set. Spectre is now looking at LFB with hate. LFB is now trying to chop the big man to no avail.

Ace: Come on LFB!

Blackfront: Sprectre rushes LFB and grabs the smaller and lifts him into the air.

Ace: What the?!?

Blackfront: LFB has been launched into the air head first into the corner where the posts meet the cage!

Ace: Well at least LFB has gotten to use some flyer miles.

Spectre has now grabbed LFB and is setting LFB into the corner with a tree of woe.

Ace: No someone call security, this can't happen to a member of Dynasty.

Blackfront: The Spectre is now kicking the living daylight out of LFB as the crowd is starting to count.

Ace: I didn't know these Italians could count to ten!

LFB slowly lifts up and grabs The Spectre into a headlock. Spectre backs away freeing LFB

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Blackfront: And LFB has done the impossible with a bulldog off the top turnbuckle..

Ace: LFB is now picking The Spectre up and setting him into the corner.

Blackfront: LFB is now running to the opposite corner and he's returning.

Ace: High knee to The Spectre's head! Now he's doing more than a few standing high knees to The Spectre.

LFB now has climbed the ropes and hit a springboard high kick to Spectre as the big man has fallen down.

Blackfront: LFB is now in control as he starts to climb the cage slowly getting to the top.

Ace: What is the man doing?

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!

Ace: LFB has just launched himself from the top of the cage as The Spectre has gotten up and hit a massive flying body press! Both men are down and out.

Blackfront: The crowd has gone nuts here.

Ace: LFB has shown once again why he's the showman he is.. The referee checks on both men.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca took just as much of that as Spectre did as both men, tired, are beginning to stir.

Ace: I love how they wont stay down! This si the match of the night Jason! Spectre begins to move first.

Blackfront: Although the receiver of that body press, Spectre showing his durability as he begins to get up first.

Spectre lifts La Flama Blanca up with him as he stands.

Blackfront: He comes forward with a thunderous chop across the chest La Flama Blanca. La Flama grabs his chest and stumbles around, facing away from The Spectre.

Blackfront: Spectre back and off the ropes, bull dog! He plants La Flama Blanca into the canvas, face first.

The fans cheer as Spectre gets to his feet. La Flama Blanca rolls around holding his head. Blackfront: The hall of famer back to his feet. He now stomps away at the head of La Flama Blanca.

Ace: Oh come on! He was just on top of the world!

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The Spectre continues to stomp before dropping to his knees above La Flama. He grabs his head and picks him up, wrapping his arms around the neck of Blanca.

Blackfront: The Spectre now applying a sleeper hold to Blanca. If he can render him unconscious , The Spectre can easily climb over the cage take this one home.

La Flama flails his arms, trying to break free, but just allows Spectre to get a better grip. Blackfront: The Spectre has a good size advantage over the Dynasty member. He is using that brute strength to try and put him out.

Blanca is able to get his fingers up and into the eyes of Spectre who briefly legs go.

Blackfront: La Flama trying to get away.

Spectre shakes it off and headbutts La Flama in the back of the head. Instead of re-applying the sleeper hold, Spectre holds La Flama with one arm and uses his free one to rip at the strings on his mask.

Blackfront: The Spectre ripping away at that mask, trying to pull it off of Blanca.

Ace: That's the ultimate humiliation to any masked wrestler, having their mask removed in a match. Don't let him do it!

Blanca begins to kick, still throwing his arms about. Finally he pulls away from Spectre and crawls forward, his mask untied but still on.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca able to get away from Spectre, but he needs a lot more to get into this thing. Spectre pushes to his feet and stomps over, bringing a foot down to the back of the head of La Flama Blanca.

Blackfront: The Spectre lifting Blanca to his feet. He turns La Flama around and grabs his arm.

Blackfront: Spectre whips Blanca into the ropes.

As La Flama approaches the ropes, he leaps up and grabs onto the cage. His feet fly around for a second before catching the second rope allowing him to try and climb up.

Blackfront: Blanca trying to make a quick escape.

Ace: Climb La Flama, climb!

Spectre runs over and grabs the feet of La Flama Blanca and yanks him back. La Flama flies from the side of the cage backwards, and slams hard into the mat.

Blackfront: It was a good attempt, but a failed one. Spectre quickly back to his feet, goes back to work,

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stomping away at La Flama's side.

La Flama turns over to his stomach, reach out as if trying to reach for Ariel on the outside of the ring. Spectre just smiles as he walks above him.

Blackfront: The Spectre now stomping the outstretched fingers of La Flama Blanca!

Ace: If he can't use his hands he can't climb! Stop that!

Blackfront: Good strategy by The Spectre.

The fans continue to get louder with their cheers as Spectre lifts La Flama back to his feet.

Blackfront: Blanca whipped hard into the corner by The Spectre.

The Spectre walks over and grabs the top ropes, using them for leverage as he raises his leg up, putting his foot into the throat of La Flama.

Blackfront: The Spectre choking Blanca. This is perfectly legal in this type of match.

Ace: Perfectly legal, and perfectly brutal. Please, stop!

Spectre pulls his foot down and steps back. La Flama is only held up by the way he is leaning on the turnbuckle. Spectre heads back a few feet, and turns back to Blanca. He runs and lifts his leg as he crashes into La Flama.

Blackfront: The Spectre still dishing out the punishment to La Flama Blanca.

The Spectre grabs the middle ropes and uses them to add force as he slams his shoulder into La Flama's stomach, following with a second. As he steps back, Blanca falls forward and to the mat, holding his mid section.

Blackfront: I'm not sure if La Flama Blanca is going to be able to get back to his feet after the assault from The Spectre.

Spectre taps La Flama with his foot. Once he sees that he is down, Spectre turns back to the cage and reaches up, grabbing it.

Blackfront: The Spectre now climbing the side of the cage. I think this one may be over.

Ace: La Flama isn't getting up. There's just no way. This is terrible!

The fans are on their feet, screaming for The Spectre who continues to climb. Blanca slowly crawls a few

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inches before turning over to his back and looking up.

Blackfront: La Flama moving, but not at any pace to stop The Spectre now.

Blanca sees and sits up. He adjust his mask as he gets to his feet, slowly stumbling toward the ropes.

Ace: Come on La Flama! You need to pull yourself together!

Blanca throws an arm up and grabs the cage. He starts to climb, obviously not at a healthy pace at all.

Blackfront: The Spectre three-fourths of the way up that cage. He is home free.

Ace: I don't know Jason, La Flama is now gaining on him.

Blanca climbs a bit and reaches, unable to grab Spectre. he climbs a bit more before stopping and reaching again. This time he touches Spectre's boot.

Blackfront: The Spectre now sees that La Flama Blanca is right below him.

Spectre pulls the foot up and puts it into the cage opening before continuing to climb.

Blackfront: Blanca reaching deep inside of him and continues to climb.

La Flama continues up. He reaches and is able to grab The Spectre's lowest boot.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has ahold of The Spectre's foot!

He begins to try to pull, but is still weak from the attack and having to climb. Spectre tries to continue up but can't.

Blackfront: The Spectre trying to kick Blanca down.

La Flama, with one last burst of energy, pulls Spectre's foot and uses it to get him self up a bit more. He grabs the shin of The Spectre and holds on. Spectre's feet come off of the cage and he tries to hold on with his arms.

Blackfront: The Spectre trying to hold on but his weight and La Flama Blanca's is just too much! Both men fall backward from the side of the cage to the mat below. As they hit hard, the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca somehow able to stop The Spectre from advancing but at what cost?

Ace: La Flama is hurt Jason. That fall did him no favors.

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Both men lay on the mat, breathing hard. Ariel is distraught outside.

Ace: This is horrible.

Blanca rolls to the side of the ring near the ropes as The Spectre begins to push himself up. Blackfront: La Flama Blanca using the ropes to pull himself to his feet as The Spectre begins to get to his.

La Flama leans on the ropes, trying to gather himself as The Spectre gets to his feet.

Blackfront: The Spectre on his feet. He runs at Blanca...

La Flama sees Spectre coming, and drops down, pulling the top rope down as well as Spectre leaps slamming face first into the cage. .

Blackfront: THE SPECTRE'S HEAD MEETS THE CAGE!

ACE: YES!

Spectre ricochets off of the cage and flops down to the mat, flailing around holding his head in pain. his legs kick and we can see crimson coming off onto the canvas.

Blackfront: The Spectre is bleeding after his forehead met that metal.

La Flama rolls over and gets to his feet. He runs toward Spectre who has now rolled over to his back, blood running down his forehead.

Blackfront: Blanca leaps up, elbow drop right to the already busted open forehead of The Spectre!

Spectre flops around even more, grabbing his head and rolling to his stomach, kicking his feet still.

Ace: What a move as La Flama used that elbow to work that spot of Spectre's forehead. La Flama quickly rolls over and gets to his feet.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has hit that point where your body no longer feels pain. He is on his feet and full of energy!

Spectre pushes to his hands and knees as La Flama Blanca runs past him and hits the ropes. As he returns he jumps, throwing his feet out, catching the champion in his face.

Blackfront: Two feet to the face of The Spectre!

Ace: Get out of the ring La Flama! Now is your chance! Blanca rolls over and gets up.

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Blackfront: The Spectre not staying down, trying to get back to his feet.

Ace: The Spectre is just one tough man and hard to keep down.

As Spectre begins to get up, La Flama runs forward and grabs the neck of The Spectre, leaping.

Blackfront: Swinging neck breaker!

Ace: La Flama continues to build himself up to potentially being able to win this match!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca getting to his feet.

Ace: He might have this!

Blackfront: Blanca climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: That's how you do it, get to the top rope and then climb the cage. Why try to fight climbing from the bottom?

La Flama reaches the top, but instead of continuing, he turns around to face the ring.

Blackfront: What is La Flama doing?

Ace: This is crazy! Just keep climbing! You already saw what happened last time you jumped off! The Spectre begins to get up, blood still flowing. As he gets to his feet, La Flama Blanca leaps off of the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: He jumps!

Blanca's legs wrap around the head of Spectre.

Blackfront: Going for a hurricarranna...

As La Flama leans back, Spectre doesn't flip over. Instead he pulls back, fighting against it, and lifting La Flama Blanca up before coming forward and bringing him down, hard.

Blackfront: NO! The Spectre turns it into a powerbomb!

Ace: La Flama Blanca just screwed himself! NO! PLEASE NO!

Blanca lays, arms and legs out as Spectre rolls over and slowly begins to get up. The fans go crazy.

Ace: If the Spectre wins tonight we should riot!

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Blackfront: The Spectre now getting to his feet and looking at the cage.

The Spectre heads over and reaches up, grabbing the cage. Before he begins to pull himself up he looks back and sees La Flama Blanca trying to get up.

Blackfront: Spectre dropping down and heading back to La Flama Blanca. He has to make sure he is completely out before trying to win this one folks.

Spectre lifts Blanca up. He grabs his tights and pulls him up. With momentum, La Flama Blanca goes over The Spectre's head. His legs fly backward and The Spectre grabs him under his chin. Blackfront: The Spectre is about to hit the- WAIT!

La Flama Blanca swings his legs out and drops his body down, pulling The Spectre down with him.

Blackfront: Some sort of modified inverted neckbreaker out of The Spectre's own finisher! HOW?!

Ace: Because he is amazing! Just like all of Dynasty!

La Flama Blanca rolls over and sees that The Spectre is down. He pushes himself up and looks to the cage before he runs over and leaps up, grabbing on.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is climbing! The Spectre is down! Half way up, La Flama Blanca looks back to see The Spectre getting up.

Blackfront: Spectre getting up but it may be too late!

Ace: CLIMB! CLIMB! YOU GOT THIS!

The Spectre gets to his feet and starts over to the cage.

Blackfront: it may be too late as The Spectre begins to climb yet again! The Spectre follows. La Flama Blanca is up top.

Blackfront: Spectre reaches... he.. he.. HE GRABS HIS FOOT!

Ace: NO!

La Flama Blanca begins to kick, catching Spectre in the face. The Hall of Famer flies back down to the canvas and the fans get on their feet with boos.

Blackfront: LA FLAMA BLANCA IS AT THE TOP AND THE SPECTRE IS DOWN! HE'S DOWN!

La Flama Blanca throws his leg over the top.

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Blackfront: He's done it! He's done it!

The Spectre gets back to his feet, but it's too late. La Flama Blanca begins his descent down, leaping at five feet to the floor. The bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: LA FLAMA BLANCA HAS DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

Ace: I TOLD YOU! DYNASTY IS THE BEST!

Announcer: The winner of this match... LA FLAAAAAMMMAAA BLLLLAAANNNCCAAAA!!! The Spectre just stands, blood running down his forehead as La Flama Blanca looks into the cage, their eyes meet. Blanca just smirks... then the lights go off.

Blackfront: WAIT! WHAT'S THIS?!

Ace: Oh no!

A sadistic laugh can be heard through out the arena as the lights come back on. The Spectre is nowhere to be found as La Flama Blanca looks around, waiting for him.

Blackfront: The Spectre is gone! He is no longer in the cage! WHERE IS HE?!

La Flama Blanca quickly makes his way around the ring and begins backing up the ramp as his music plays and the cage begins to rise.

Blackfront: Folks, La Flama Blanca may have won the match, but The Spectre still showing he is the king of the mind games.. We'll be right back.

Brought to You By

Business is Now Open

The scene turns to Jamie Sawyers backstage outside of David Hightower's locker room.

Sawyers: I am backstage outside of David Hightower's locker room! I am going to try and get a word with him after his big win tonight!

Jamie Sawyers knocks on the door and immediately Whiskey can be heard barking on the other side. After a few seconds the door swings open and David Hightower stands there drinking a bottle of beer.

Hightower: Oh... It's you...

Sawyers sighs before raising his microphone.

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Sawyers: Got a few seconds David?

Hightower: Make it fast Sawyers! I'm fixin to hit up the nearest bar I can find!

Sawyers: Alright David... First congratulations on your big win tonight! You have a guaranteed shot at either the Internet or the Wildfire championship! The question is which belt are you going to go after?

David takes a drink of his beer pondering the question for a few seconds.

Hightower: Ya know what's funny Sawyers? I didn't come to the UTA fer the fame, money, or any glory of any kind! Hell I didn't even think about the championships. I'm just a self taught guy who lives in a trailer out in West Memphis Arkansas! I mean god dang! The closest thing to trainin

I do is workin in my old man's junkyard!

Sawyers shakes his head as David takes another drink from his beer.

Sawyers: So again David which one will it be? Hightower finishes off his bottle of beer.

Hightower: Whiskey!!! Beer!!!

A bark is heard from inside the locker room and Whiskey peers his head out with a bottle of beer in his mouth. David takes the bottle from the dog petting him on the head and pops the cap off. He then gives the empty bottle to Whiskey who takes it in his mouth and goes back in the room. Hightower: Hah! See that? Taught the dog a new trick! But anywho to answer yer question... Ya know I can't really answer that question right now. Especially after seein Conrad Teller get his ass kicked by that Second Comin guy...

Sawyers lets out a chuckle.

Sawyers: David you do know The Second Coming is a woman right? David throws his arms up splashing beer all over Sawyers.

Hightower: God dangit! Not again!

Sawyers: Sorry David... I would have told you sooner in all honesty... David shakes his head.

Hightower: Seriously how in the hell was I supposed to know that?! Fer cryin on a god dang cactus she looks as if she works at a mechanic shop!

Sawyers: It's ok David...

Hightower takes a long drink from his bottle of beer.

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Hightower: Anywho I'm goin to sleep on it fer a bit... See how things play out at Season's Beatin and take it from there! Fer now I'm goin to head home and eat me some of them there Marie Calendar's pot pies!

Sawyers let's out a chuckle shaking his head.

Hightower: Any other god dang questions?

Sawyers: Actually David people have also been wondering why you sucker punched Mikey Unlikely last Wrestleshow?

David looks at Sawyers with a blank look.

Hightower: Really? People have been wonderin that?!

Sawyers: Yes David! We want to know! Hightower lets out an amusing laugh.

Hightower: Ummmm okay... How about because I was pissed and I felt like it! Sawyers stands there with a baffled look.

Sawyers: Wait... That's it? That's your explanation? David shrugs his shoulders.

Hightower: Yer god dang right it is! What do ya want me to go into some sorta long drawn out explanation?

Sawyers: Well don't you think that was kind of cowardly on your part? Hightower rips the microphone out of Sawyers' hands.

Hightower: Listen here and this goes fer the entire UTA! I never said I was on anyone's side! As far as I'm concerned I don't give a crap who I knock out! Whether be Perfection, Chris Hopper, Mikey Unlikely, Santa Clause, Mother Theresa, Or even The Pope himself! Whoever crosses my path is goin fer a dirt nap as far as I'm concerned!

Hightower stands there nodding his head for a few seconds.

Hightower: In matter of fact I was doin some thinkin... From here on out ya can call me David Hightower Mercenary Fer Hire!

Sawyers stands there stunned.

Sawyers: Wait are you saying...

Hightower: Yer god dang right I'm sayin what ya think I'm sayin! It's simple UTA! Ya got someone who needs a boot in their ass? Then look no further than to hire good ole David Hightower! All ya need to do is pay me and point me to the ass that needs kicked!

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Sawyers looks at David absolutely astonished by what he's hearing.

Hightower: As far as payment go I accept cash, checks, beer, Slim Jims, and even dog treats because Whiskey loves god dang treats! From here on out consider David Hightower Mercenary Fer Hire open fer business! Now if ya excuse me... I'm goin to the nearest bar I can find and then

I'm goin back home fer a bit! I got a couch to sit on, a TV to watch, and a pair of nuts to scratch! C'MON WHISKEY!!!

David says dropping the microphone leaving Jamie Sawyers at a loss for words as him and Whiskey step out of the picture.

When Will It Sink In? Ace: So what's next?

Blackfront: I think we're supposed to be going backstage to speak to Jennifer.

Jennifer Williams is stood holding a UTA microphone as the camera goes to a backstage area. A Season's Beatings Banner is behind her.

Jennifer: Hello? Is this working? Am I live?

She looks quite vacant before realising she is live on television.

Jennifer: Hello UTA Fans, sorry to take you away from the action at ringside but I've got a guest who is not short of a few words. He wants to keep us up to date with his actions plus what the future holds for him especially as the former UTA Champion has always got devious plans.

She turns around and looks off camera.

Jennifer: I have with me at the moment accompanied by his sister Nazirah and his associate Rafiq none other than former UTA Champion Abdul bin Hussain!

Nazirah is stood at the back of the group in her burqa carrying the Iraqi flag. Rafiq, Abdul's obese associate is stood to the left of her slurping on a big ice filled Monster; Standing proud as punch at the front of the group is none other than Abdul bin Hussain.

Jennifer: Hi guys.

Abdul gives her a disdainful look up and down.

Jennifer: Ohhhhh, so you asked for this time Abdul. But why do you want to speak back here and not in the ring?

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Abdul: Have you seen it out there in the ring; with those fans all chanting their disrespectful chants. I need this time to get things off my chest. But first I have something to say about you. Jennifer: Yes?

Abdul: Why do you think you have the right to speak to me harlot?

Jennifer: What?

Abdul: Look at you. You should dress like a good Muslim woman and not some prostitute that is hanging out with her friends at a bar.

Abdul gives her a look of disdain. Rafiq slurps on the drink.

Jennifer: What?

Abdul leans in towards her before grabbing the microphone off of her. He motions for her to get out of shot.

Abdul: Get your stripper cleavage out of my shot. We do not need your breasts in shot. They should be covered up like a good woman should be. Now get back to your kitchen. Now where was I? Oh yeah, this is Abdul bin Hussain's time.

He turns and looks into the camera.

Abdul: Last Victory was supposed to be my great and triumphant return to action in a UTA ring but alas a spanner was thrown into the proverbial works. First I had my concentration broken when I found all sorts of Americana dumped into my dressing room. Why would you do that? Do you not know who I am? William Haynes, my American infidel, how disrespectful of you. Do you think that it bothered me? Well maybe for a second. And then we took all of those flags, buntings and banners out the back and burnt them.

Rafiq slurps again.

Abdul: You see that is how Madman Szalinski managed to scrap a win over me. I inhaled way too much smoke from burning the American flag that I was not one hundred per cent fit going into the main event.

Abdul nods.

Abdul: So if you want to take that then I have lost all respect for you. Oh, wait; I have no respect for you.

Abdul shrugs his shoulders.

Abdul: I forgive you for failing as a person. But things are different now we have got the upstart, William Haynes trying to piggy back his career off of mine. This infidel that thinks he is all that and a packet of chips. He thinks because he tries to get under my skin it will elevate his failing attempt at greatness.....

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Rafiq slurps.

Abdul:I have given you the benefit of doubt even though you are an infidel that you do not know any better. Do you know who I am? Do you know what I am capable of?

Rafiq slurps.

Abdul: Abdul bin Hussain is the greatest wrestler that the UTA has ever seen. I beat Doctor Emo to claim the UTA World Heavyweight Championship belt from around his waist. Where has he gone? He's not been seen in the UTA since I humiliated him.

He shrugs his shoulders before nodding at the camera.

Abdul: William, you can try and get under my skin but I will not lower myself to your level. Do think I should? Do you think I should fill your locker room with all kind of Iraqi material? Oh wait, you have not got enough swing in the wrestling industry yet to claim your own dressing room so I will have to scratch that idea.

Nazirah nods.

Abdul: Oh and I have got another thing to announce whilst I am here. I could do this three ways. One is I could get out in the ring and after my I have waited until the infidels out there have quieted down their disrespectful chants, announce it, two is I could just do it now but I am going with the third way. And I will do that in the ring next Wrestleshow!

Abdul pauses straightening his t-shirt. Abdul throws the microphone down and they leave, except for Rafiq. He looks directly into the camera and holds up his Monster drink and takes another slurp from it before leaving.

Ace: What?

Blackfront: He is OUR former Champion! We fade to commercial.

Brought to You By

Two Weeks

The screen goes to black. A child's laughter can be heard coming through the speakers before through the darkness we can make out three silhouettes. A familiar southern drawl can be heard from the figure in front.

Reverend: Did you think that we were gone the way of so many other? Oh no... For you see, HIS truth must be spread non stop. HIS love, spoken about to the women and the children across the United States.

A smirk can be seen from his face, half hidden by dark.

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Reverend: The Italians.. you see, they are a heathen type of people. Boos ring out in the background.

Reverend: Even HE can not save you from the damage already done. It is only a matter of time until HE strikes each and every one of you down with HIS justice and judgment.

He laughs.

Reverend: Gentleman Jack... Conrad Teller... you both have had a taste of HIS vengeance, and yet you still speak against HIM. Why? Why must you forsake HIS word?

Brother Simon steps forward.

Simon: In two weeks... we shall finish delivering HIS judgment down upon you. But it is not out of hate. No, it is out of love. HIS love!

The Good Reverend steps back up again.

Reverend: Do not fear the reaper gentlemen.... fear only what you have chosen to do with your lives...

Simon: Do not fear us, for we are only the messengers of HIM. We fade back to black, with more laughter of children.

Blackfront: Yet another creepy message from The Truth. it seems they will return at the Anniversary show in just two weeks.

Ace: Conrad Teller and Gentleman Jack have been put on notice.

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

As the opening riffs begin Sean Jackson and Perfection walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring.

Blackfront: These two being forced into this! Quit match tonight as Conrad Teller stands in the ring ready to be the special referee.

Ace: This is bull to the highest degree!

Sean 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 Perfection 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.

Perfection slides into the ring as Sean Jackson walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope before they both take their positions around the ring.

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Both members take their places on opposite turnbuckles taunting the crowd below that answers back with boos and jeers. They both jump down and meet in the middle to discuss a few things as the referee shakes them down for any weapons.

Blackfront: We saw The Shoot Kings put in a similiar situation just two weeks ago and ended up having one hell of a match. Will Dynasty do the same?

Ace: Why should they have to? This is unfair!

Blackfront: And that wasn't?

Both men begin smack talking toward Conrad Teller who just smiles before signaling for the bell. Blackfront: Well this one is about to begi- Both men rushing Conrad Teller! That's the referee of the match tonight! You can't do that!

Ace: Yes they can and they are!

Sean and Perfection both begin giving him rights and lefts, rocking Conrad backward. They both grab his arms and sends him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller into the ropes.. one the return..

They both grab him and lift up, before falling back to the canvas, smashing his face. The fans boo.

Blackfront: Double team maneuver there on the referee! This is not what Conrad had in mind when he signed this match!

Sean Jackson pulls Conrad up with him as he stands. He puts his head between his legs and lifts Teller up. While he is doing this, Perfection has made his way over to the turnbuckle, climbing.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson holding Teller up in that power bomb like hold... Perfection leaps! CLOTHESLINE OFF OF JACKSON! TELLER IS DOWN!

Ace: THIS IS GREAT! GIVE THAT IDIOT WHAT HE DESERVES!

Jackson helps Perfection up and they both raise their arms as the fans boo heavily.

Blackfront: Well, wait.... what's that? (a few seconds pause)... OK, then. Um, folks, I...I am being told that, there is some sort of uh,commotion going on in the back with Madman Szalinski. Let's take you back there now.

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The scene cuts to backstage where UTA Head of Security Bryan Wingate, and another security office are banging on a door which reads "Controls Room". They are trying to get the door open but to no avail. They keep looking through the small window in the door, and turning the knob, and throwing their weight against the door.

Bryan Wingate: Come on, Madman! Open up! You have no business being in there. That room is for authorized personnel only!

The camera looks through the little window, and Madman Szalinski can be seen dancing around the room, and singing "Tubthumping" by Chumbawumba.

I get knocked down But I get up again

You're never gonna keep me down I get knocked down

But I get up again

You're never gonna keep me down

Ace: OK, Madman has officially lost it. Get that idiot out of there.

Bryan Wingate: Madman, this is your last warning! Open up or we'll break it down!

Madman Szalinski turns to them and smiles. He dances over to the main controls, places both hands on the edge of the table top board, facing his back to the door...and begins twerking.

Ace: What the hell?! Just...NO! Stop! Turn the camera off. That's disgusting! I don't want to see that man twerking! Or ANY man for that matter!

Madman looks over his shoulder at Bryan Wingate who looks like he's ready to vomit. When he is sure Bryan is looking at him, Madman hovers his hand over a large red button on the control board.

Bryan Wingate: Don't you do it, Madman! Don't you do it!

Madman suddenly stops acting out, and looks solemn. With his head down he frowns and nods his head and walks over to the door.

Bryan Wingate: That's right, Madman. Just open the door, and this will all be over. We can even go out and have some ice cream afterwards.

Madman: Really?! Wow, you'd do that? But what I REALLY want is some Klondike bars, Will you buy me some Klondike bars?

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Bryan Wingate: Uhhhh..... sure Madman. I can do that.

Ace: On his meager salary?

Madman is at the door and places his hand on the doorknob, with Bryan Wingate ready to open the door when suddenly Madman starts laughing and banging on the door.

Madman: LET ME OUT! PLEASE LET ME OUT! I'VE BEEN TRAPPED AND CAN'T GET OUT!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

Madman backs up and goes back over to the controls board.

Madman: Don't cry for me, next door neighbor.

Bryan: This isn't funny, Madman! Open up now!

Suddenly Peach rounds the corner, and starts growling and barking and snapping at security.

Peach: BARK! BARK! BARK! BARK! GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!

The security team runs away in fear while Peach stands guard at the door. Madman pushes the big red button.

Madman: I get knocked down

But I get up again

You're never gonna keep me down I get knocked down

But I get up again

You're never gonna keep me down

The scene cuts back to the main arena, and the cage high above the ring starts to slowly lower again.

Ace: What the hell did Madman just do? The cage is coming back down!

Blackfront: And I don't think Sean Jackson and Perfection are even aware of it.

Suddenly, The Spectre walks out from behind the curtain and begins to slowly makes his way down to the ramp with Johnny the hyena, chain-free, following Spectre at his side. He has the look of a complete lunatic on his face- wild eyed, arched eyebrows, and a big toothy grin.

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Ace: Oh, no! What's that freak doing coming down to ringside? Where is security?

Blackfront: Still running away from Peach!

The two in the ring look at each other then toward the stage, their eyes large.

Blackfront: He did it! I can't believe it! Perfection and Sean Jackson don't know what to think! Both men back up a bit.

Blackfront: The cage is still coming down and Spectre has now made his way to the ringside area!

Ace: Get out of there, Perfection! Grab up Sean, and get out of there!

Spectre has to duck his head just a bit to miss the cage still coming down. He looks into the nearest camera, and makes a quick motion with his thumb across his throat.

Spectre: Cut it, Madman!

The cage suddenly stops in position at about 5-and-a-half feet.

Ace: I knew it! Madman and Spectre are in cahoots!

With Sean still lying face down on the mat, and Perfection on his knees near the ropes, Spectre reaches in and pulls Perfection out of the ring by his leg. Perfection falls to the floor, but Spectre picks Perfection up by his hair and punches Perfection square in the face, much to the delight of the crowd.

Ace: No no! That's a perfectly chiseled face!

Blackfront: Well that one punch knocked Perfection silly. Spectre now picking Perfection up by his hair and to his feet, Irish Whips Perfection across the way.

CLANG!

Crowd: OHHHHH!!!! YEAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my! Perfection hit the bottom of the cage hard, snapping his neck back. Perfection is out cold on the floor!

Ace: Good God! Spectre nearly decapitated Perfection using the cage! This nut is out to do damage! Where's the rest of Dynasty?

Spectre goes over to an unconscious Perfection and drags him closer to the ring. He then makes a motion with both his hands and points down with both his index fingers. The cage once again lowers towards the

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ground.

Ace: He can't do that!

Blackfront: He just did. Spectre now slinking into the ring and behind Sean Jackson. This crowd is going nuts!

Ace: Why isn't Conrad Teller doing anything about this?

Spectre looks at Conrad Teller with that sadistic grin on his face. Conrad Teller holds both hands up and backs off, sliding out of the ring.

Blackfront: Looks like Conrad wants no part of this. He's going to let Spectre do whatever he wants.

Ace: He's a referee! He should force Spectre to the back!

Blackfront: The only thing Conrad is responsible for is asking if either Sean or Perfection want to quit. Otherwise, there are no rules. Spectre being at ringside and getting involved is perfectly legal. I mean, why would he help?! They attacked him!

Ace: Sean doesn't realize what has happened! Turn around Sean!

Blackfront: Spectre raising an open hand high over his head, and now he's.... reaching into his pants??

Ace: He better not whip out Mister Happy!

Spectre pulls out a piece of what looks like a black metal pipe about 18 inches long, and holds it high over his head.

Ace: Watch out, Sean! Spectre's got a pipe!

Spectre brings the piece of metal close to his cheek and rubs his face against the metal. He then looks at one end which has to small barbs protruding. A small blue spark begins to dance in between the barbs, bringing another cheer of approval from the crowd.

Blackfront: That's no pipe! That's a cattle prod!

The rest of Dynasty race down from the back and attempt to get close to the cage, but Johnny the hyena is barking and snapping at them, keeping them at bay.

Ace: Get in there, guys!

Sean now looking up and sees the cage down. He looks confused. He hears the crowd and sees Perfection

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lying on the ground outside. He slowly turns around behind him and his The Spectre standing a few feet with him. He sees the cattle prod and begins to beg off, but this only makes Spectre cackle. He pulls out a microphone and begins to speak.

Spectre: Hehehehehehe.... look at you, Sean! You're pathetic! You talk all tough and arrogant and keep bringing up the same crap over and over to try and degrade me and slander me. And And yet, you will stoop to any level to avoid facing me! Yeah, I KNOW it was YOU that created that FAKE FCC letter and fake fine to prevent me from making the trip over to England! NOW, you've made things personal! And NOW, I will show YOU just how personal things have become between us!

Spectre drops the microphone and jams the cattle prod into Sean Jackson's side.

Sean: YIIIIIIIIII!!!!!!

Crowd: Yeah!!!!!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my! Spectre just jammed that cattle prod in Sean's side. Sean's getting a jolt of electricity coursing through his body!

Ace: And look at Conrad Teller! He's actually smiling at what Spectre did!

Sean is writhing in pain as Spectre stands up and picks up the microphone again. He kneels down in front of Sean and grabs him by his hair and starts yelling in his face.

Spectre: You know, Sean, people think we are both crazy because of our intense hatred for one another. They say we need therapy! Well, guess what, Sean? They're right! We BOTH need therapy! But YOU, Sean, need a special type of therapy- SHOCK THERAPY!

Crowd: Yeah!!!

Ace: Oh, very funny, Spectre!

Spectre: Look around you, Sean! I want you to get this thought engrained into your head, imprinted on to your skull! Get used to seeing a steel cage and electricity in your future... Ace: What's he talking about?

Spectre: Because for the first time in nearly TEN YEARS.... Spectre looks around at the crowd,

Spectre:... at SEASON'S BEATINGS...

Crowd: YEAH!!!

Spectre: ...I will be dusting off a Spectre Signature Match!!!

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Ace: Oh, no! He wouldn't dare!

Spectre: It will be The Spectre versus The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.... in a SHOCK THERAPY MATCH.....INSIDE AN ELECTRIFIED CAGE!!!!!!

Crowd: YEAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my god!!! I can't believe it! We haven't seen a Shock Therapy Match in almost a decade!! And it will all go down at Season's Beatings!

Spectre lets go of Sean's head and jams the cattle prod into Sean again.

Blackfront: And there's another shot by Spectre. The rest of Dynasty, who had ran down the aisle, on the outside going ballistic as Sean falls to the outside trying to escape.

Spectre rolls out of the ring on the opposite side, pulls out a table and sets it up.

Ace: What's that freak got planned now?

Spectre takes the long way around, bypassing Conrad Teller, and stalks Sean.

Blackfront: Sean begging for help from his Dynasty buddies, who can't do anything!

Sean sees Spectre behind him, and seeing the table blocking his path starts to climb the cage.

Ace: Good thinking, Sean. Spectre's not known for being a climber. Sean needs to get out of Spectre's reach and he'll be fine.

Dynasty screaming and pointing at Spectre, who just laughs and threatens them with the cattle prod.

Blackfront: Sean now near the top of the cage, looking down at Spectre and screaming obscenities. Sean egging Spectre on, and this crowd wants Spectre to climb the cage. Spectre smiling that sick, sadistic smile, looking at the cattle prod... places the prod against the fence and turns the cattle prod on!

Sean: Y!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sean instinctively let's go of the cage and falls straight down, crashing through the table.

Ace: N000000000000000000000000!!!!!!1

Crowd: YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAH!!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my god! Sean just crashed through the table! Dynasty can't believe it! The crowd has gone

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absolutely bonkers!

Ace: And that sick freak is loving every minute of it!

Spectre reaches down and picks up the crumpled mass of Sean Jackson and tosses him into the ring. He then goes over to Perfection, still unconscious. Carrying Perfection over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, he places Perfection on the edge of the ring apron and begins to slap Perfection in the face to try and wake him. With Perfection stirring, Spectre rolls Perfection in the ring right next to Sean.

Ace: What's that freak doing?

Blackfront: I don't know, but Conrad just rolled back into the ring, and is actually laughing at this whole scene.

Spectre tosses the cattle prod up to Conrad who just smiles bigger. As Spectre disappears under the ring, Perfection rolls over and pushes up. his eyes grow large and he begins to back up on his knees begging Conrad not to.

Blackfront: He's not going to.. no... he is!

Conrad jabs the cattle prod into Perfection jolting him. he flops down beside Sean Jackson on the canvas as the fans cheer. Conrad stands up holding the cattle prod high in the middle of the cage standing over the two as the copyright comes up.

Blackfront: Dynasty can not believe this. I can not believe this. What will Perfection and Sean Jackson have to say? We'll find out in two weeks right here on Wrestleshow!

La Flama Blanca, kathryn Velmont Thomas, and CBR stand watching in horror as we fade to black.