

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #27

December 7, 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 montage of the year before.

Chance Von Crank.... Shawn FX...

Wulfric...

Roscoe Shame... Frank Dylan James... Elvis McDonald...

Esteban Awesome...

Just some of the superstars no longer with us that make appearances in the video. We move to 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 Wichita Falls at the Kay Yeager Coliseum!

Blackfront: Tonight is going to be huge as it has been more than one year since the UTA returned. And what a year it has been!

Ace: You're telling me! This time last year I was unemployed!

Blackfront: I wonder why...

Ace: Oh hush Jason.

Blackfront: Tonight folks, we have an incredible line up for you as....

The speakers begin to blast Perfect Gentleman by Helloween as the crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain in a full suit he begins his strut down the

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ramp.

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

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

Ace: This is the way you kick off a one year anniversary! With the greatest Champion UTA has ever had and will have again after Seasons Beatings!

Blackfront: You and him are both delusional.

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. Perfection adjusts his suit before entering through the top and middle rope.

And I'm talking with my eyes and I walk in different styles I'm a genuine man

Perfection grabs the top rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

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

He walks away from that side of the ring and walks towards the ring crewman who hands him a microphone through the ropes. The crowd is beginning to start up their "Imperfect" chant as he stands there.

Perfection: Yes, I get it, I lost. I'm Imperfect...some would even say adequate...ya-da...ya- da...ya-da. Now if you hicks here in Texas would shut up, that would be nice!

Blackfront: That's why the fans don't like him, his constant insulting of these good paying folks is unacceptable!

Perfection begins the pace the ring in a short pattern.

Perfection: UTA...tonight...celebrates one year in the business and although I have had my disagreements with management and James Wingate, one has to hand it to the man...he's built something spectacular.

We cut to a camera shot of a fan holding a sign that says "Happy One Year, UTA!". They hold it proudly.

Ace: I think we all can agree with that statement, the boss surely has built something special with the UTA.

Blackfront: That is fo' sho, my friend!

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Ace: Please, never again.

Perfection: He's built an empire. Dissolving and absorbing VCW. Outgrowing HOTv and finding a new home with a larger market share on Pure Sports Entertainment. There are only so many men you can hold in that regard- ones that can conquer an industry. Chad Merritt, Dan Ryan, Eric Dane....and now James Wingate.

Perfection is handed a half filled champagne glass by the ring crew which he holds out towards the backstage area and takes down the entire glass in one go. He passes it back between the ropes to them.

Blackfront: And to that we toast. So many legends in our business and throughout the game. I believe we can hold this company and James Wingate to those standards.

Ace: Hold us there?! We excel them!

Perfection: He's made feats none could imagine. Growing this company bigger and larger than those bums at H-O-W!

The crowd boos at the mention of HOW.

Perfection: By trumping the ever fading jOlt!

The boo's are even louder to the mention of those jack-wagons.

Perfection: Most start-ups would be dead by now because of bad management, self-serving talent, and poor marketing. The luxury of working for this company is sometimes taken for granted by many amongst us and true appreciation of the real hard work put in sometimes overlooked. Tonight we thank those individuals.

The crowd begins to clap for the work put in by the staff, Wingate, and everyone.

Perfection: I congratulate James Wingate for being a genius. He's made some of the smartest and wisest business decisions of any CEO in our sport and because of that no other company has been able to top what we here in the UTA have done!

The crowd explodes in cheers and clapping, every one of them loyal to the UTA and proud over it's accomplishments through the year.

Perfection: But do you know why we REALLY beat those other promotions in ratings show after show, Ungratefals?

Blackfront: Why do I have a feeling this is going to flip?

Ace: Quiet! He's talking!

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Perfection: Because they don't have a champion or wrestling superstar like Sean Jackson!

Ace: God bless, Sean Jackson!

Perfection: That's right, Ungratefals! UTA was in a rough spot before Sean Jackson won the UTA Championship off that I-S-I-L wanna be Abdul bin Hussain. Wingate is lucky Jackson pulled this place from the depths as high as he has!

Blackfront: Sometimes I wish Perfection would have stayed suspended in VCW and had the same fate as Tommy Lipton and Sebastian Blackthorne.

Ace: You have some deep jealousy of that man.

Perfection: It was also then that UTA launched to the next step of its evolution to success by bringing in a star like YOURS TRULY and with Claude Baptiste Ranier winning the Internet Title! It was the start of a booming company, carried on the backs of the hardest workers!

The crowd begins the boo's as Perfection lets it go for a while. The crowd is fired up now, they are roaring, now he decides to continue, right before the height of their hate.

Perfection: Then some dog molesting adolescent by the name of Madman Szalinski won the UTA Championship title by way of some purple haired LOSER and laid in a hospital bed for months! An unremarkable moment in the first year of UTA.

And now the crowd peaks in their booing.

Perfection: While Madman laid useless to the company, MEN like Sean Jackson and I fought in UTA's first Chamber Match! EARNING our way to the UTA Championship! Instead of being handed it by Wingate.

Ace: That's right! They took on three other men and each other to get to the Ring King finals, what did Madman do?!

Perfection: Men like me made history by becoming the FIRST Ring King of UTA and then after being the FIRST UTA star to compete and DECISIVELY win the UTA Championship in a sixty minute Iron Man Match against Man-child Szalinski- and I did so with a fractured arm! A match that will be remembered as one of the most uncompetitive, one-sided match-ups in UTA History- by way of ME!

The crowd begins to holler at Perfection, he moves towards the ropes like he is going to engage the front row. He instead waves them off and turns his back ignoring them and continues on.

Perfection: Sean Jackson and the First Lady of UTA Kathryn Vermont Thomas would become UTA's FIRST Tag Team Champions, solidifying them in the UTA history books!

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Blackfront: Another highlight match in Wingate's UTA legacy, a six team tag team match.

Ace: And who came out on top!?!

Blackfront: ...Dynasty.

Ace: That's right!

Perfection: Claude? He has a title reign that is almost as long as this company's existence! Talk about having a good year for a certain group.

Blackfront: This has turned from a nod to James Wingate to a worshiping of Dynasty. Someone just shut his mic off already.

Perfection: La Flama Blanca became the FIRST man to put a legit defeat on the UTA Hall of Fame wrestler, The Spectre! Proving his level of ability among the greats....among DYNASTY! One year of legacy! One year of WINNERS!

Ace: The top talent in the industry today! UTA has had a great year because of Dynasty! Blackfront: You're seriously sick in the head. There are many stars that have added to the success of UTA.

Ace: I'm not here to argue, I'm here to acknowledge facts! Fact, Dyansty is why this has been the best year in UTA!

Blackfront: You know what? Fine.

Ace: We have a consensus!

Perfection: Winners that have written the entire history of UTA's first year of existence! That have ruled and conquered the TV market- and we'll continue that tradition of being winners, of making history! It'll continue here tonight when we beat the daylights out of the Shoot Kings, Chris Hopper, and that ring-rat Ariel!

The crowd cheers at the mention of the Shoot Kings and company, they begin a Shoot King's chant. Perfection drops his arms and let's out a large sigh. The camera cuts to an entire arena shot showing fans with Shoot Kings signs all on their feet and chanting. The camera cuts back to Perfection who lifts the microphone back to his lips.

Blackfront: These fans here tonight hoping that the Shoot Kings take the Tag Team Titles from Dynasty in the Main Event of the evening.

Ace: Yeah? And I hope I win the lottery, both ain't happening, pal!

Perfection: But that's not all! No. History doesn't stop tonight! Since the current UTA title PLACEHOLDER

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does absolutely NOTHING around here, I will take the responsibility as the TRUE leader of this company to sell our match at the pay-per-view!

Blackfront: Oh what a piece of sh...

Ace: Watch it! Don't get fined like the Spectre did, ha!

Perfection: I have another piece of history to add before this year ends. Being the FIRST UTA superstar to become a TWO TIME UTA Champion! I have to rewrite the wrong that was made when the belt was placed around that idiots waist! I stand here in front of you Ungratefults to tell you that Dynasty is walking out with that belt at Seasons Beatings!

The crowd begins to boo again they start up the "Imperfect" chant.

Perfection: But tonight....will prove that Dynasty is united in one cause...to have and hold every single title this company can purchase! To have our weight in GOLD- gold that will be reclaimed at Seasons Beatings!

CROWD: Imperfect! Imperfect!

Perfection: So Happy One Year Anniversary UTA and James Wingate because when the entire legacy of this company is revisited the only name people will remember is DYNASTY!

Perfection drops the mic as his music hits again. He walks to the ropes and exits out hopping off the apron and walking close the barricade talking to a fan with a Shoot Kings sign. Perfection rips out of out his hands and tears it half tossing it on the floor. James begins his walk back towards the ramp.

They hatin

Contest Before the Contest

They see me rollin

Patrolling they trying to catch me ridin dirty

The Second Coming looks over to see Bobby Dean, in his little motorized cart, approaching, rather slowly, a large boombox wedged in the front basket of the cart, leading the way. She takes a big breath and exhales, as the frustration begins to set in.

Bobby Dean: (Singing) Trying to catch me ridin dirty!

He pulls his cart up along side 2C, turning the boombox off, and with a flip of a switch or two, the front wheels of his cart raise up an inch, then lower at the same time as the back wheels raise up. The hydraulics have the cart rocking and rolling, but soon Bobby Dean is flailing about, trying to turn off the hydraulics

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without spewing!

Bobby stumbles from the cart, and looks back at it as if it was possessed, like Christine.

Bobby Dean: Did you see that thing? Sheesh, next time you should come sit on my lap, the cart will take care of the rest. Eh?

His eyebrows arch up suggestively, but 2C ignores him as she continues to roll her shoulders and warm up for their upcoming bout.

Bobby Dean: What are you doing? The Second Coming: Warming up. Bobby Dean: Why?

2C: So I'm ready to kick your butt.

Bobby Dean: Why would you want to do that?

2C: We've got a match, you idiot.

Bobby Dean: I know that, idiot.

Bobby stammers before repeating her own insult back, which only causes 2C to roll her eyes. Bobby Dean: What I'm wondering is, why you're warming up for a match. I'm not wrestling you. The Second Coming stops and looks at him, a mixture of intrigue and annoyance expressed on her masked face. Then again, she's wearing a mask, it could be a mixture of arousal and constipation instead.

2C: What are you talking about?

Bobby Dean: Well, I have no intention on wrestling you. You see, I'm not very good at it. I figured we'd compete in something that I think we'd both be very good at!

2C: I'm not going to see who eats the most hot dogs Bobby.

He's about to say something, but her comment registers and his eyes light up, like a lightbulb just got turned on over his head.

Bobby Dean: You know, that'd actually be a great idea! Suddenly he begins to frown.

Bobby Dean: But you're right, it wouldn't be fair. I think you've got an unfair advantage with phallic shaped objects in your mouth, than me...

2C: Did you seriously just say what I think you said?

Bobby looks confused, as if he was unsure of how she could take offense to that, because in his opinion he

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just paid her a huge compliment.

Bobby Dean: What'd I say? 2C looked defeated.

2C: Never mind, Bobby. I'll remind you in the ring, with a fist to the face.

Bobby Dean: Yeah, I've been getting that a lot, here lately. I don't get it. But any way, we're getting side tracked. We'll talk about you're sucking abilities some other time, now, I want to issue you a challenge.

2C: No.

Bobby Dean: Come on, you'll love it!

2C: No.

Bobby Dean ignoring her rejection, walks over to his cart and very dramatically turns his Boombox on. The luscious voice of Meghan Trainor begins to play, as she sings about how she's All About That Bass.

Bobby Dean: David Hightower LOVES this song!

The Second Coming looks at Bobby Dean as if he had just lost his mind, but it seems to be like a car wreck to her, because she can't take her eyes off the unfolding scene. Bobby Dean, grabs his trunks and pulls them into the crack of his ass, and begins to move.

2C: What. Are. You. Doing!?

Bobby Dean, with his backside to her, jiggles and claps his butt cheeks together to the beat of the song a few more seconds before dropping low, and dry humping the ground, the whole time his cheeks roll back and forth, up and down, side to side, like a large body of water. He looks over his shoulder and answers.

Bobby Dean: TWERKING!!!!

The Second Coming, gags a little, trying to prevent herself from throwing up, before she storms off towards the curtain, leaving a still twerking Bobby Dean in her wake. With her gone, Bobby stops and looks around, having been oblivious to her sudden departure.

Bobby Dean: Did I win?

Brought to You By

As we move ringside, Bobby Dean is already in the ring. He stands in the middle of the ring, posing for all of the women in the audience.

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Blackfront: Bobby Dean trying to rekindle his glory days as he poses in the ring.

Ace: He stole a match from CBR and now he thinks he is the cat's meow.

Blackfront: Well, a win over CBR is a big thing. If he can take home a victory tonight over the undefeated Second Coming, many believe Bobby Dean will be aligned perfectly for a title shot. Ace: Dean as champion? He has about as much chance as Madman Szalinski has beating La Flama Blanca.

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: The Second Coming, undefeated through CW and the UTA. The woman who took the VCW Championship from Dick Fury. She has a guaranteed title shot in the future. Many are saying, she could be the first female UTA Champion since Hall of Famer Aki Sesame.

Ace: There's no way. Everyone knows that Kathryn Vermont Thomas will be the one who does that.

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

Announcer: THE... SECOOOOND... COMING!

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

Blackfront: Here we go folks as Wrestleshow kicks off now.

The bell sounds. As it does Bobby Dean shoots a smile at The Second Coming who rolls her eyes.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean looking forward to getting his hands on The Second Coming.

Ace: Bobby Dean looks forward to anytime he can touch a woman.

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Blackfront: Alright, here we go. Second Coming attempting to lock up with Dean who immediately tosses her back and to the ground.

Ace: This guy is like is like two hundred and fifty pounds heavier than she is. Winning streak or not, I think this is the end of the road for her.

Blackfront: Not just a winning streak Tommy. She is undefeated.

Ace: What? Seven matches? Who cares?

Second Coming rolls over and gets to her feet. She runs at Dean who just shoves a shoulder out and knocks her back down. He begins to laugh.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean unable to be moved by Second Coming who should rethink her plan of attack.

Ace: Yea, it's called just go to the back. I think Dean is an idiot. But you can't argue the facts. He's bigger than her. Plus, I mean, she is a woman.

Blackfront: that has no bearing over Second Coming's athletic ability.

Ace: Yea. if staying on the canvas is athletic ability, she is a gold medalist.

Second Coming rolls over and gets back to her feet. She walks up to Dean and the two stare at each other.

Blackfront: Intense stare between the two now as they get ready to go again.

Bobby reaches out with both hands and tries to grab at her breast. Second Coming swats his hands away and then comes across hard with a huge right hand.

Blackfront: Second Coming not one to be objectified. Instead of a slap she is rocking Bobby Dean with rights. Dean is reeling.

Bobby stumbles back a bit. Second Coming looks back before running toward the ropes. As she hits them, she charges Bobby who catches himself. Seeing her coming toward, he bends down, catches her, and in a fluid motion, scoops her up and comes over, driving all of his weight on top of her.

Blackfront: SCOOP POWER SLAM BY BOBBY DEAN!

Ace: He just killed her Jason!

Bobby gets up to his knees and looks down at Second Coming who is just laying on the canvas. His eyes

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grow large as he quickly goes down and tries putting his mouth on her through her mask, while placing his hands on her chest.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean.. trying to give Second Coming mouth to mouth?

He rubs on her chest for a moment before Second Coming throws her head up with force, butting him into his.

Ace: He wanted a cheap feel and it cost him.

Bobby Dean holds his forehead as he gets back to his knees, then begins to get up. Second Coming rolls to the side of the apron and looks disgusted. She grabs the ropes and uses them to start pulling her self up.

Blackfront: Second Coming still feeling the effects of that power slam, but trying to get away from Bobby Dean's inappropriate actions.

Second Coming walks from the ropes. Bobby Dean makes a thrusting motion toward her. Still disgusted, Second Coming points a finger at him. Dean is taken about. She verbalizes No! toward her opponent and shakes her finger at him.

Blackfront: Second Coming telling Bobby Dean off.

Ace: How can she turn down advances of someone like Beautiful Bobby Dean?

Blackfront: Easily.

Second Coming wags her finger at him some more, yelling about he is better than that and to show her and the whole world he isn't some joke. She points out to the fans. Bobby's face follows, looking out. For a moment, the old Beautiful Bobby Dean can be seen in his face. He shakes his head as it appears a tear begins to show in the corner of his eye.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean agrees. He is better than that. He wants to show the world!

Ace: That what? Jenny Craig doesn't work? He already did. Bobby Dean backs away and motions for her to come forward.

Blackfront: Second Coming moves forward, going for another attempt at a tie up.

Ace: Because that worked so well the first time.

As they lock up, Bobby Dean pushes her backward and into the ropes. He pulls backward and sends her across the ring.

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Blackfront: Second Coming on the return again. Dean bends to catch her... Second Coming leaps over, grabbing his waist... Sunset fli... NO! Bobby Dean doesn't budge.

Second Coming, still holding onto Bobby Dean, arches behind him. He grabs her hand, and turns around quickly pulling her arm out before he grabs her head and drops to the canvas.

Blackfront: DEAN COUNTERS INTO A REVERSE DDT!

Ace: An actual technical move?! By Bobby Dean?!

Blackfront: First a scoop power slam then a reverse DDT. it's almost as if The Second Coming has lit a fire under Bobby Dean. But at what cost to her?

Bobby Dean gets up. he looks to the ropes, then to Second Coming.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean takes off toward the ropes!

As he runs, he slows down. Once he hits the ropes, he gets a slight boost of momentum before slowing again from a run, to a jog. As he approaches Second Coming, Bobby stops completely, bending over and putting his hands on his hips.

Ace: there's the Bobby Dean I know.

Bobby takes a deep breath and turns, running again.,

Blackfront: Bobby Dean trying again! Off of the ropes.... He leaps... SECOND COMING ROLLS AWAY FROM THE LEG DROP!!!

Dean's leg hits the canvas hard as Second Coming rolls to the ropes, throwing her arm up to grab the middle and pulling her self up. Bobby Dean's face is one of pain.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean pushed himself and made a valid attempt, but unable to land the leg drop.

Ace: Probably for the best for The Second Coming.

Blackfront: Second Coming comes forward... swift kick to the ribs of Bobby Dean.

Ace: That was padded by his stomach.

Blackfront: Oh come on tommy. Bobby is really trying tonight.

She comes back and brings her foot across his chest this time, sending Bobby to the canvas fully.

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Blackfront: Second Coming climbing the turnbuckle.

Ace: Always a dangerous place to be.

Blackfront: That's why they call it a high risk maneuver. As she reaches the top, she turns toward Bobby.

Blackfront: Second Coming leaps...

She throws her arms out and flips over in the air as the cameras flash, hitting her mark.

Blackfront: SWANTOM BOMB CONNECTS!

Second Coming rolls over and scoot son the canvas over to Bobby's head. She grabs it and stands, trying to lift him with her.

Blackfront: Second Coming trying to lift Bobby Dean up for what I believe will be The Holy Experience...

Ace: Too much to handle there Jason.

She can't get him up, dropping him back to the canvas. Second Coming grabs him again and lifts. Dean starts to come up a bit.

Blackfront: Lifting again... Second Coming just needs to get him to... She does! Bobby Dean is on his knees, and she pulls back applying pressure! Bobby Dean is locked into The Holy Experience!

However, he refuses to tap out. Second Coming, unable to hold his weight up and more, drops him with her own reverse DDT.

Blackfront: Second Coming plants Bobby Dean.. She goes for the cover...

The referee drops and begins to count. As his hand hits for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: She's done it! Second Coming is now eight and zero! Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... THE SECOND.... COOOOMMMIIINNNGGG!!!

Her music starts to plays as the referee helps her up and raises her hand in victory. Bobby Dean holds his head and looks up. Second Coming looks down at him and extends her hand.

Blackfront: Second Coming offering her hand to Bobby Dean. He disgusted her early, but turned it around and has earned her respect!

Bobby grabs her hand and pushes up as much as he can, knowing his dead weight is too much for her. Once up, Bobby stands with his hands on his hips before extending his hand. Second Coming shakes it.

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Blackfront: Respect between two superstars, that folks is what the UTA is all about.

Ace: I think I am going to be sick.

Diplomatic Visit

The scene fades up to the locker room area. Standing at a generic locker space is "Too Cool" Chris Hopper, wearing his ring gear and seemingly getting ready for the important match later this evening. He has a look of true focus on his face as he pops his neck from side to side. He looks

in the mirror and in that reflection, we see Graham Clauson standing behind him. Chris raises an eyebrow and turns around to address one of his teammates for the epic main event clash.

Hopper: Graham.

Graham: Chris.

It isn't that the "King of Cool" is annoyed by Clauson walking up behind him. Chris looks curious as to what is on the kid's mind.

Hopper: Well? Can I help you with something?

Graham: Okay... Look, we have had our differences in opinion, but that's not the full point on why I'm here.

Hopper: Why are you over here? I'm sure you have your own space to get ready for later. Graham: I do, I do. I just wanted to kind of clear the air and make sure we have a unified front, or sorts.

Chris turns away from him, grabs his bag and puts it into the locker space he is using. Then he turns around and nods at Graham, which tells the young man he can go ahead with what he desires to speak about.

Graham: No matter how much of a punk I think you're kid is, he and I are rather alike in the fact we both are second generation competitors. I have to look past that stupidity, and focus on making sure that Dynasty doesn't get the upper hand tonight.

Hopper: Your considerations toward my son aside, I agree that this battle has to be fought. So, I can't disagree with that part of what you are saying.

Graham seems relieved that Hopper didn't blow a gasket about what he stated regarding Hopper's son, and he continues.

Graham: Good. I realize that you feel that you are stuck in this fight, but I see it as a great thing for all of us because our futures here are on the line. It's either we do the right thing and stop this madness, or we end up gone. I would hope that you aren't the kind of guy who ignore something that big staring you in the face...

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Hopper: I've never backed down from a fight in my life. No, it wasn't my intent to get involved in this Shoot Kings/Dynasty issue...but now that I am, I'm going to make sure that I hold up my end of the fight. Besides, I think CBR needs a lesson taught to him after some of the stuff he has been pulling lately.

Another deep breath of relief from Clauson.

Graham: So, we're on the same page?

Hopper: I would think so. I wouldn't be much of a teammate if I left my partners to be hung out to dry.

Graham extends his hand out, keeping his eyes locked at Hopper's eyes. Hopper looks down, seeing the extended hand. Hopper looks back up, and responds by shaking Graham's hand. At that point, both men are locked at eye-to-eye.

Hopper: Later tonight, then?

Graham: Yup.

Hopper: And Graham...

Graham: Yes?

Hopper: Never question my loyalty or ability again. Ok?

Graham nods and Chris releases the hand shake. Clauson exits as Hopper continues to look on.

Hopper: This is really going to be fun.

Chris turns and walks off camera as the scene fades out to black.

Relegated to the Back

Jennifer Williams catches The Spectre sitting on top of some UTA production trucks in the dark corners of the backstage arena. He is staring straight ahead, lost in thought, with a crazed look in his eye. Jennifer Williams, ever the aggressive journalist, approaches The Spectre despite the

potential danger of confronting a freak in the dark.

Williams: Spectre, it seems as though UTA officials inadvertently left one of its biggest superstars in UTA history off the anniversary show. Care to comment on why you believe they left you off perhaps one of UTA's biggest shows since its return.

Spectre withdraws from his gaze, and cuts a cold look at Jennifer.

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Spectre: You know, I could go and blame Dynasty for this oversight, but that would be just too damn easy. I could go and claim that UTA brass just don't see any more value in me, and that my name is no longer has drawing power. After all, those little jabs and condescending comments have already started. I could be resolved in the fact that, because I lost to a flipping Mexican jumping bean on the last Wrestleshow, that the suits no longer see me as an unstoppable monster. After all, it's all about the money, not being entertaining.

Make no mistake, I didn't come back to UTA to try and remain relevant, as some young upstarts would claim. I came back because I WANTED to come back, not because I NEEDED to come back. My relevancy in UTA is forever cemented in this place. Fact being, I MADE this place, and kept this place alive! Fact being, and you know this is the God's honest truth, I came back EVERY time UTA re-opened its doors after repeated closure! SIX TIMES, Jennifer! And this time around makes SEVEN! So, I was obviously important to SOMEONE in the higher ups if they repeatedly asked me to come back!

So yeah, you'd think if I am STILL that important to UTA, they would have seen fit to book me in a match against someone? Hell, I would have been happy with a one-of match against The Southern Rebel Ron Hall if that was all UTA could come up with!

You know, there have been one or two of these younger superstars in UTA who have had the gaul to say that when I came back to UTA, nobody knew who the hell I was!

Really?

It's a sad thing that more records were not preserved by Eddie Peterson or Jason Blackfront back when he was in charge. Maybe then, I would get more of the respect that I deserve instead of a bunch of disrespectful A-holes who mock me despite the fact I was the FIRST EVER inductee into the UTA Hall of Fame.

Maybe the reason WHY some people never heard of me is because I was always successful where I went and thus I STAYED where I was. Maybe I also stayed where I was, was because of my LOYALTIES to the place that helped make me a continued household name. I was never forced into "fed jumping" because I sucked , or was placed into a situation where I had to join multiple feds at once just to make ends meet.

I've been in FIVE wrestling organizations in nearly NINETEEN years, Jennifer! FIVE! And for people to brag they've been in ten, twenty, thirty feds over the course of their careers, and an obvious lie.

Williams: Thirty?

Spectre: Yeah, thirty is a stretch but who's counting. For those people to brag they've been in that many promotions, tells me they don't last very long in those places... at least not when you compare to the total seven to eight years I spent in UTA, or even close to seven years elsewhere. I've always resolved to be signed to only ONE organization at a time, because THAT organization deserves my complete and total attention.

So, yeah, I am a little bit miffed I wasn't a part of this anniversary show card. But maybe, just maybe, I'll hang

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around long enough for the UTA suits to come up with a last minute solution to this obvious oversight. Or maybe, just maybe, I'll insert myself into a match just for gits and shiggles. There are a couple of upstarts who have been running their mouth lately. Maybe I'll just introduce my fists to their face.

If all I am relegated to do on this show is backstage segments while others are actually involved in matches, so be it! But what show would be complete without something...something just a bit more "exciting" for the fans from me?

Hehehehehehehehehehe....

Big surprise.

Foreshadowing

David Hightower looks upset.

Hightower: What'chu mean, ain't no beer here?

He's standing over a small, slightly chubby, slightly balding man in a white apron and a nametag that identified him as a member of the catering staff.

Caterer: I--I'm sorry, Mr. Hightower! We have strict rules that Mr. Wingate takes very seriously, no alcohol is to be served until at least the halfway mark in the show to encourage you athletes to perform at your highest level possible.

At his feet, Whiskey growled.

Hightower: Well I ain't wrestlin' tonight, boy - so I want me a God dang beer! Besides I already polished off 2 six packs earlier!

The caterer's eyes drift over Hightower's shoulder, with a 'Help me!' look written all over them. David didn't follow his gaze, but he did react to the tap on his upper arm.

Second Coming: David, put him down.

The Second Coming was behind David Hightower, with her hair braided behind her head, a facemask with a 'Predator' face silkscreened on it, a black eye and a bruise on her right cheek. She was still dressed after her opening match with Bobby Dean, except for her black hooded sweatshirt.

Hightower: Why? I want a beer. And this dumb sumbitch is tryin to play games with me!

2C: I've got beer for you, come with me.

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Immediately, Hightower put the caterer down. He follows the Second Coming to a table on the far side of the catering area, and they sit down on opposite sides.

Hightower: So where's the beer?

2C: There isn't any, I lied to you to get you to follow me.

David Hightower starts to stand up, but he stops when the Second Coming tosses an envelope in front of him. It's a standard letter envelope, though it looks very full.

Hightower: What's this?

2C: A business proposal. You said you were offering yourself as a mercenary, did you mean it?

Hightower: Of course I did! If I say I'm doin somethin I God dang well do it!

2C: Good. I hope we can work together. Let me know if you have any questions or concerns. The Second Coming stood up and left the room. David Hightower shielded the envelope with his body as much as he could as he looked inside. There was a wad of crisp new \$100 bills and a letter.

Hightower: Holy crap!

David says running his fingers through all the money in the envelope.

Hightower: Well god dang Whiskey! Looks like we're goin to be eatin lobster tonight!

Whiskey whined at his feet. David pocketed the money before anyone could notice it, and began to read the letter.

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

Blackfront: This could be a huge victory for Mikey Unlikely tonight if he can be Uncle Rocky. But

you have to wonder, will Robot pete play a factor?

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'.

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

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

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

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.

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

Announcer: UNNNCCLLLEE.... 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: Uncle Rocky on a roll since coming to the UTA Tommy. He had a great career on the independent scene in Atlantic City, and now he is positioning himself to be one of the top, if not the top stars in the UTA in two thousand and fifteen.

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Ace: I've seen better.

As Uncle Rocky's music fades, he dances over to his corner and waits for the match to begin. Blackfront: This should be a really good match up between two competitive superstars as we continue on tonight, on Pure Sports Entertainment.

The bell sounds and they begin to circle.

Blackfront: Collar to elbow tie up by the two as we are officially underway. Uncle Rocky takes control as he puts Mikey into a side headlock. Unlikely pushes him off. Uncle Rocky sent into the ropes. On the return.

Uncle Rocky ducks under Mikey's arms, and rolls behind him, grabbing him around the waist.

Blackfront: Rocky lifts... Belly to back suple---- Mikey Unlikely lands on his feet! He quickly bounces back to the ropes and comes forward, leaping up.

Blackfront: Unlikely with a bull do--- NO! Uncle Rocky catches him... leaps forward... SIDEWALK SLAM!

The fans cheer and the back and forward from both men. Rocky sits up and smiles, looking around.

Blackfront: Impressive series there.

Both men roll over and push themselves up. Outside of the ring, Robot Pete has a Let's Go Rocky screen on his monitor.

Blackfront: Both men up and circling again. Here they go, another tie up! Both men trying to gain control....

Uncle Rocky brings a knee up and turns to the side, catching Mikey Unlikely in the gut. He throws his arm up under Mikey's and uses his mometum to toss Mikey over.

Blackfront: Hip toss by Rocky and into an arm bar!

Ace: Did we have a wrestling seminar before tonight? First Bobby Dean actually performing moves, now Uncle Rocky showing off a technical side?

Mikey grabs Uncle Rocky's hand, and rolls over and up, placing his head under Rocky's arm, lifting him up as he stands.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely up, he has Uncle Rocky up in the air... he drops back, sending Uncle Rocky to the canvas.

The fans cheer and clap. A Mikey chant breaks out. Mikey quickly gets to his feet. As he does, Uncle Rocky, slowly begins to get up.

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Blackfront: Both men getting up... Mikey runs and leaps to the ropes, springboard off... FOREARM TO THE FACE OF UNCLE ROCKY!

As Uncle Rocky hits the canvas on his back, Mikey rolls through and pops up. He excitedly throws his arms up and the fans cheer. Robot Pete looks at Mikey and his screen changes to Boo! Mikey just waves him off as behind, uncle Rocky starts to get to his feet.

Blackfront: Mikey making the rookie mistake of paying attention to Robot Pete.

Ace: I tell you, that idiot in that robot suit needs to be banned from ringside.

Blackfront: Unlikely turns around.. uncle Rocky leaps... standing drop kick connects!

Uncle Rocky gets back up, quickly running over and grabbing Mikey Unlikely by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Blackfront: Rocky pulling Unlikely up.

As Mikey stands, Rocky lets go and pulls his arm back.

Blackfront: Chop to the chest of Mikey Unlikely by Uncle Rocky. He follows with another hard hitting chop. He grabs the arm of Mikey Unlikely and pulls him in with another knee to the midsection.

Rocky grabs the back of Mikey Unlikely's head and takes him over to the corner.

Blackfront: Unlikely's head meets the top turnbuckle. Rocky sends it in once again.

He pulls Mikey's head up again, but this time, Mikey grabs the the top ropes to stop Rocky from sending his head into the turnbuckle again. He grabs Rocky's head and slams it into the corner. Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely able to counter.

Unlikely turns Rocky around and pushes him hard into the corner.

Blackfront: Mikey holds onto the ropes as he brings his boot up into the midsection of Uncle Rocky. Another, and another.

Ace: Unlikely trying to come back now, but I'm unsure if he'll be able to Jason.

Mikey climbs the ropes around Uncle Rocky, balancing on the second. He begins to bring his right fist down into the forehead of Uncle Rocky. The fans count along with him.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely with those big rights to the head of Uncle Rocky.

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He grabs the shoulders of Uncle Rocky, and pushes up, throwing his legs around Uncle Rocky's neck. Mikey leans back for a hurricarrana, but is stopped when Rocky throws his hands up, grabbing Mikey by the back and drops forward.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky able to turn an attempted hurricarrana into a powerbomb from the corner!

Ace: That'll slow him down!

Uncle Rocky rolls over and sits up. He grabs his head and checks it before getting up. Blackfront: Uncle Rocky grabbing the leg of Mikey unlikely and turning him around. he lifts the leg... smashing it into the canvas.

Ace: That's Mikey's surgically repair knee as well Jason. That can't feel good.

Blackfront: He lifts... slams it into the canvas again.

Uncle Rocky lifts Mikey's leg one more time, but this time, Mikey turns over to his back and places his free leg up on Rocky's chest. he pulls his legs down and pushes back, sending Rocky up and back.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely able to get Uncle Rocky off of him, but it may be too late as that knee could be really hurt.

Mikey holds his knee as uncle Rocky holds his back from it hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Great match from these two.

Ace: It's alright I guess.

Mikey turns over and begins to try and push himself up, but his knee buckles, sending him forward and closer to the edge of the ring. Uncle Rocky sits up and gives a nod to Robot Pete. At that moment he begins to hold his back and flop around on the canvas like a fish out of water.

Blackfront: What is uncle Rocky doing?!

The referee turns and rushes over to check on Rocky. As he does, Mikey grabs the bottom rope and leans over it to hold himself up a bit. As Uncle Rocky continues to flop around, Robot pete heads over and grabs the back of Mikey's head, pulling his throat down and choking him on the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Oh come on! Do something ref! Ace: He is! he's checking on Uncle Rocky! Blackfront: Who is obviously faking it.

Robot Pete lets go and Mikey flops off the ropes and onto his back holding his throat. When Uncle Rocky

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sees that Robot Pete is done, he instantly kips up to his feet and tells the referee he is OK.

Blackfront: You're going to let him get away with that? You can't be that dense ref!

Ace: They do make a good team.

Blackfront: Rocky pulling Mikey Unlikely up to his feet yet again. He hooks his head and grabs his tights, lifting.

Blackfront: Unlikely lifted... reverse suplex onto the top rope! The Gipleplex by Uncle Rocky!

As Mikey's abdomen hits the top rope, he bounces up and over, crashing back first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Rocky rushes the corner, climbing the turn buckle. He turns and balances himself.

Blackfront: Rocky leaps... TUMMY ZUMMY CONNECTS!

Uncle Rocky connects fully. he quickly leaps up and forward, covering Mikey Unlikely. the referee drops and begins his count. As his hand hits for a third time, the bell begins to sound.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky getting a big time win tonight over Mikey Unlikely.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... UNCLE..... ROOCCCKKKYYYYY!!!!!!

Robot Pete gets into the ring and begins to jump up and down with Uncle Rocky before they grab each other in a big time good hug between good friends and we get replays of some of the match.

Short and Not So Sweet

The camera comes to life with Jennifer Williams standing in front of the Wrestle UTA banner. As she raises the mic to her lips, Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens step into view.

Williams: Sean, later on this evening, you and your Dynasty team mates will be stepping into the ring with the Shoo...

Jennifer is cut off as Sean grabs her hand, and moves it forcibly in front of his own. As he does so, he makes sure to stare deep and coldly into her eyes.

Jackson: First off Jennifer, what will happen later on tonight to the Shoot Kings and their team is irrelevant. Right now I want to discuss the Spectre. Is that alright with you?

As Jennifer opens her mouth to answer, Sean again cuts her off.

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Jackson: I thought so.

Sean turns to face the camera.

Jackson: Spectre, you made the biggest mistake of your life at Wrestleshow 26. When you jabbed me repeatedly with that cattle prod, shooting electricity into my body, you made my

resolve to destroy you, just that much greater.

Sean's eyes are cold and calculating. His brain working overtime. Jackson: Do you know what I've been doing over the past two weeks? An evil smile forms.

Jackson: I've been planning your demise. The smile gets bigger.

Jackson: I've been planning your destruction.

His hatred for Spectre runs deep. It has done nothing but create a dark haze that now hangs over UTA.

Jackson: Hell Spectre, I've been planning your eradication. You see, your time is quickly running out. While you can think of nothing more than gimmick matches, I think of how to make them more dangerous. Well Spectre, come Seasons Beatings, I'm not going to be satisfied with just beating you. No, I'm going beyond that. Simply beating you will no longer be acceptable. By the time Seasons Beatings are over, people are going to wonder if you'll even be available for 2015. Sean then turns his attention back to Jennifer Williams.

Jackson: Now then, about the Shoot Kings, Ariel and Chris Hopper tonight. They have talked a good game, haven't they? hell, they've been talking since Ring King. But the difference between them and us is crystal clear...

Sean reaches back and Marshall hands over his UTA tag team belt.

Jackson: We have championship pedigree, and they don't.

As Sean slings the belt over his shoulder, he walks away leaving Jennifer to stand there with Marshall Owens.

Marshall: Short and sweet my dear, short and sweet. Just like Dynasty will make short order of those very jokes that you wanted to discuss. Now then, if you'll excuse me, we have business to attend to.

With that, Marshall also walks in the direction of Sean Jackson as the scene fades.

History of a Show in UTA

VO: One year has gone past with the UTA, 1 year of the inmates running around and yet I've been around for

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a while watching and learning.

The image fades up, Nigma sitting in a chair near a desk as he turns and looks around and opens his hands as a projector is seen near the chair where Nigma is sitting.

Nigma: One Year and I missed out on a few months to be truly apart of this event. It's sad that I really didn't make as big of impact with the other employees. But I hope to show a few things and talk about a select few of people here.

Nigma presses play as the image fades up on Wrestleshow #15 the start of the Ring King Tournament and the projector shows images of various matches of that night the first match is Log Habben vs Abdul Ahad. Log Drinking his Beer while Abdul get's visibly upset. The image changes as Abdul is leaving the ring after Log Habben had a bit of an accident.

Nigma: Now see here, I thought at least one of these men would of stayed, I would of enjoyed helping him and his personal demons but alas he has gone.

Nigma left that open as the projector continues. Next we see Abdul Bin Hussain vs Tobias in the second match for the Ring King. with a great fought battle between the two men and watching as Tobias wins the match and has beaten The Butcher.

Nigma: Ahh a match with Abdul Bin Hussain and his praying didn;t really help matters as he lost to the french quarter man. Abdul has failed and Tobias has moved forward in the Ring King. Sad day indeed but yet where is Tobias? Hmmm Perhaps the same thing could happen again tonight? The projector continues to play. We now see Dan Benson vs Elvis Macdonald. Elvis coming out to Kung Fu fighting while Dan made his debut another hard fought match with Dan getting the victory.

Nigma: now this wasn't the outcome we all expected for Dan was the first.. But that's neither here nor there really. I just thought Dan would of been Better but as the first I guess he was.

Nigma watches as both Xander Hayes and Ron Barker are in the ring and Xander with a headless Teddy bear in his hands. the match starts up with two different styles of wrestling. Nigma: Now we are on Xander Hayes vs Ron Barker The creepy uncle of the wrestling world and Barker. now that match was very one sided and I have to give Xander some credit because he won, but he kept on fighting no matter what. He made his mark on his debut in the UTA and yet both these men are gone? Man what a shame another one I'd like to have a session with. the fun to be had..

We see Xander getting his arm raised as the images changes to Sean Jackson vs Yoshii. Yoshii yelling and crushing Sean with a splash then a leg drop. Watching Sean Jackson lose to Yoshii as Nigma laughs.

Nigma: Sean Jackson lost the great Sean Jackson lost to Yoshii a former champion and a up and comer that became the Champion, funny how these things happen, Sean spouting against some conspiracy and Yoshii being the typical Yoshii. A great match indeed, perhaps a thought of the future for the UTA in the works?

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Next we see the old La Flama Blanca vs IM Hate both men in the main event for the night. The match starts With IM Hate going for the eyes and La Flama trying to be the true sportsman he was. Ace makes a comment

Ace: Blanca goes down quicker than a Mexican prostitute on Cinco de Mayo. Nigma laughs at the comment as IM Hate racks La Flamas eyes across the ropes.

Nigma: Now see how IM Hate has taught La Flama the ways of being a true wrestler heh, This match perhaps was a turning point for La Flama to the man he currently is? Then CRB and Abdul Ahad comes out respectively. Abdul then attacking CRB while La Flama and IM hate continue to brawl in the ring.

We now see Yoshii come into the ring and getting hit in the head with a bat by Dan Benson Nigma: Now all hell has broken loose with Yoshii, and Dan Benson coming out also and made a hell of a match. While La Flama won the match in the end and again it seems someone is now gone? Perhaps IM Hate is La Flama blanca now? Hmm think about the way the match was handled and now the change in La Flama? Perhaps.

Nigma smirks under his mask as he starts to nod.

Nigma: UTA this is the stand out show for me, when it cemented my presence here, and I knew I had to come and bring my prescription to fix the inmates. I don't want to be the IM Hate, the Elvis Macdonalds of this place and I'm here for the long haul. I hope you enjoyed my perspective on the history of The UTA in one show.

Nigma is now leaning back in the chair as the projector turns to snow and it fades to black.

The Shoot King Method

Inside the Shoot Kings locker room, all but Graham are collected. Madman is adjusting his mask before moving to adjusting his knee pads. Thatcher is in his wrestling gear, but also has boxing pads on his hands that Ariel is punching at. The group stays silent, minus the sounds of the pads being hit by Ariel. Ariel is now in ring gear herself, wearing a pink singlet with matching knee pads and boots/kickpads, a Shoot Kings t-shirt underneath the singlet. Peach is laying on a dog bed that is beside Ariel's gear bag.

The silence is eventually broken as the door is opened by Graham, which prompts everyone to stop and look towards him. Peach breaks her little nap, looking up and yawning. Madman stands up, speaking as he does so.

Madman: What's up, Furby?

Graham looks down for a moment, but then looks at his fellow stablemates.

Graham: We're good.

Madman, Ariel and Thatcher seem to let out a collective sigh. Thatcher begins to pull the pads off of his

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hands, tossing them towards Ariel's bag.

Madman: Royalty united. King of Cool, Shoot Kings...good deal, man. Good deal...

Thatcher lets out a short chuckle, pointing towards Madman.

Thatcher: Although you fell for the 80's PSA gag?

Madman shoots a glance at Thatcher.

Madman: You're not letting that go, are you?

Thatcher smiles wryly. Peach immediately hops up and walks up to Thatcher.

Peach: BARK!

Ariel begins to speak as Peach seems to be trying to give Thatcher a "warning" bark of sorts. He leans down, pets Peach for a brief moment, then returns back to standing.

Ariel: Never. I still can't believe you fell for it...

Madman suddenly snaps his fingers out of nowhere.

Madman: That's it. Initiation test. Tonight. Chris Hopper's gonna prove he's got what it takes to be one of us.

Madman bends down and pulls a baggie out of his pants. Without unfolding the bag he holds it up, still clenched in his hand.

Madman: I'm gonna get him high...

...after a small moment of silence and Madman sporting a big toothy grin, the entire room deadpans him.

Ariel: Are you insane?!

Madman looks at Ariel funny, then to the rest of the group who maintain their deadpan disbelief.

Graham merely shakes his head, while Thatcher is unmoved.

Thatcher: Only you, bro. Only you.

Brought to You By

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards

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the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

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

As Call to Pray by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

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

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

Blackfront: Can you imagine if Hussain wins tonight?

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

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

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

Ace: Yes, negativly.

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

Blackfront: That Iraqi flag is not helping matters any.

Ace: No, it isn't.

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: Nigma with a big roadblock ahead of him as he takes on the former UTA Champion here tonight on this special edition of Wrestleshow on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Ace: Everything is on the line here tonight Jason. If Nigma loses, well, I just can't even imagine. Abdul bin Hussain drops to his knees in front of Nigma, throws his arms to the side and stares to the sky, praying to the almighty Allah.

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

Ace: I'm not one to judge a man on his religion, but this is a wrestling match. Lets get it started. Nigma throws his right hand down in the direction of Abdul bin Hussain and looks out to the fans, yelling Ah, come on! Hussain bends his head down from his skyward stare and raises to his feet, arms still out. Never taking his eyes off of the infidel.

Blackfront: Intensity from Nigma.

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

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

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Ace: Nigma needs to fight back.

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

Blackfront: Both men trading intense rights and lefts.

Ace: It's a flurry of fist Jason!

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

Blackfront: Double dropkick!

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

Blackfront: The fans are behind Nigma tonight which is a change from his normal reception as this has quickly become an USA versus Iraq match.

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

Blackfront: Both men off the ropes.

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

Blackfront: Off the ropes again. Nigma drops to the mat.

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

Blackfront: Nigma with the drop kick that connects.

Ace: These fans are on their feet for Nigma.

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

Blackfront: Spinning neckbreaker by Nigma!

Nigma quickly returns to his feet. He uses his hands to cup his mouth and lets out a yell to the crowd who returns with loud cheers. As he turns, Abdul bin Hussain is on his knees. Nigma grabs his left arm, steps in

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and spins around, then leans in and rolls back, pinning Hussain's shoulders. Blackfront: Oklahoma Roll!

Ace: You don't see that every day.

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

Blackfront: Hussain looking to get free.

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

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

Hussain holds his hands on his hips. Rafiq and his sister Nazirah come over, trying to check on him. Hussain pulls away, turning toward his sister and pointing down at the ground for her to look. Blackfront: That's just disgusting. How can you treat a human like that?

Ace: He's frustrated.

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

Blackfront: Nigma cleared the top rope.

Ace: He can fly like an eagle!

Nigma crashes down and Abdul crumbles to the floor. Hussain, rolls up and over off of him from the momentum of the crash, landing near the barrier, holding his midsection and kicking his feet. Blackfront: He is a risk taker, but the risk paid off.

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

Blackfront: Nigma needs to get back in the ring.

Nigma looks at Abdul, then takes off in a sprint toward him. Hussain, on his hands and knees, looks to his left to see Nigma coming. He springs up from a crawling position, and catches Nigma, grabbing the top of his head and dropping down so that Nigma's jaw connects with the top of his head.

Blackfront: Jawbreaker by Abdul bin Hussain!

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

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

Blackfront: If Abdul gets in the ring before the count is over and Nigma does not, he will take this one home.

Abdul stands up. He walks over to the ring, and rolls in under the bottom rope. Outside, Nigma begins to shake off the effects of his jaw meeting the top of his opponent's head.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain now rolling back to the outside.

Ace: This can't be good for Nigma.

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

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

Ace: That was amazing.

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

Blackfront: Nigma pulling Abdul bin Hussain to his feet and dragging him back to the barrier. He tosses Nigma back over before crossing over again himself.

Ace: Hussain in control and the fans are loving it.

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

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

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

Blackfront: Nigma weakening those knees of Abdul bin Hussain.

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

Blackfront: I'm unsure he is looking to pin Hussain as he lifts his legs. Nigma steps in, crossing Abdul's legs and twisting over into a sharpshooter. Blackfront: Submission maneuver.

Ace: Nigma wanting to make Hussain tap to add insult to injury!

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

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

Blackfront: Oh, come on!

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

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

Ace: NO! Jason, the referee is distracted!

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

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

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

Blackfront: Now get back and end this!

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

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

Blackfront: Hussain moves.

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

Blackfront: Neckbreaker from Hussain!

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

Abdul leans back on his knees, throws his arms out and looks up to the heavens of Allah. The fans can't stand it and they verbally show their frustration.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain praising Allah as the entire arena continues to yell.

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Hussain drops down and crawls backwards, rolling to the outside of the ring. He checks on Rafiq, who is now back on his feet.

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

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

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

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

Ace: I'm not complaining.

Hussain walks up the steps and stands on the edge of the apron watching Nigma as he heads toward the ropes. Nigma leans over the ropes, yelling for Hussain to get in the ring.

Blackfront: Nigma wanting Hussain to bring himself back into the ring and fight. Abdul bin Hussain slides back into the ring as Nigma leaps back.

Blackfront: Hussain to his feet, this match continues! Nigma comes forward with a right. Hussain ducks...

He slides his arms up under Nigma's arm, and grabs his head dropping down with a half nelson slam.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain takes Nigma down. Will he be able to capitalize now?

Abdul gets to his feet. He shakes his leg, showing it is still in pain. As Nigma begins to get up, Hussain runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Abdul off of the ropes. Nigma getting to his feet... Abdul leaps... PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH!

As Nigma's face hits the canvas, Abdul rolls over and holds his leg in pain.

Blackfront: If he makes the cover, this one is over.

Ace: No! Not on our anniversary show! This is not the way it should happen. Abdul rolls Nigma over and covers him. The referee drops and goes for the count. Blackfront: He's done it! Abdul bin Hussain has pinned Nigma!

The bell begins to sound. Abdul rolls over on his back and breaths heavy.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... ABDUL... BIN... HUSSSAAAIIINNN!!!! All of the fans boo

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as Rafiq yells for them to shut up.

Blackfront: The fans may not like it, but Abdul bin Hussain is the winner tonight on what could be his way back to becoming UTA Champion.

Ace: I'm going to be sick.

A Messege

The show cuts to the backstage where we see James Wingate behind his desk working on some form of paperwork. What it could be we can only speculate but really it isnt any of our business anyway. There is a faint knock on the door and it appears that Wingate does not hear it as he does not acknowledge the sound.

This brings on a second, much more vigorous, knock to which Wingate lifts his head from whatever paperwork he is doing.

Wingate: Come in.

We hear the turning of the door knob followed by a door opening then shutting. A man walks in the room dressed in full Fed-Ex attire. He walks up to the desk and stands right in front of an arm chair. In his hands he holds a manilla envelope.

Wingate: What can I do for you? I'm slightly busy.

Man: I came to deliver this to you Mr Wingate. I'm sorry to bother you.

Wingate: Could you not have just dropped it at the front desk?

Man: Once again I am sorry, but the sender left strict instructions that I must deliver it to your hands only.

Wingate's usual scowl turns even more to a frown.

Wingate: Very well, give it here.

Man: Alright, I just need you to sign for verification of delivery Mr Wingate.

The man hands over the manilla envelope as well as a clipboard. Wingate grabs it from his hand and uses a stamp for his signature. He quickly hands the clipboard back to the man.

Wingate: If there is nothing else please show yourself the door.

The man nods at Wingate and makes his exit as Wingate begins to tear open the envelope. Inside is nothing more than a small flash drive with a keytag that says "Play Me IMMEDIATELY". Wingate plugs the flash

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drive into the USB drive on his computer and a video begins to play immediately, as per the instructions.

On the computer screen is a room very vaguely lit. All that can be made out is a chair in the middle of the room. A man comes and sits down, dressed in all black, his face covered in shadow. He turns his head side to side.

Man: Are we ready?

The voice is disguised as well, and he obviously gets the go ahead as he begins to speak.

Man: James Wingate Junior, I'm betting you are wondering just what this is all about, aren't you?

You never were the brightest after all. You see James, you actually know me very well, better than you might expect. And yes, I know you all too well also. But just who am I? Well James, for right now, names do not matter. All you need to know is I am a former employee of the UTA, albeit a very disgruntled one. Why so disgruntled you may ask?

Well it is very simple. When I heard the UTA was returning, honestly I scoffed at the idea. Then when I heard that it was the best it has ever been, I was intrigued to say the least. I wanted to see for myself how this era was any different from any previous one. And for all the hype put forward I must say I was very disappointed. For this crap show to be compared to the legacy myself and other former employees formed is a joke all in itself. You have a joke of a champion, some sumo who can barely speak never mind light a ring on fire the way I have in the past. That right there in itself shows how sad this UTA run really is. The belt has been handed around more in this run than your own mother James.

Aww but one thing that REALLY caught my attention is the fact Spectre has come back after all this time. The man who for the longest time was the face of the UTA finally crawled out of whatever crevice he was hiding in to give it one more go. Bravo James, that may be the only thing you have done right. Sadly that even doesn't rectify all the wrongs in this current company. What else do we have here? A masked man who can't keep his heart ticking properly, some idiot by the name of Sean Jackson, a man who claims to be the best wrestler in the history of the business who if you ask me couldn't wrestle his way out of a wet paper bag if both his life and the future of this company depended on it. Is there any originality left today? I guess not or else you wouldn't have all these cookie cutter losers running around being paid top dollar to suck profoundly. But now, what are we to do to right this situation? How can we fix this?

The man pauses for a moment as if he is actually thinking of an answer.

Man: Well I know for sure those two clowns Seth Payne and Kevin Hawk aren't gonna save you any face value as they are complete morons. But they must be good at something since you seem to keep employing them where as nobody else will. I guess that leaves me only one thing left to do and that's correct it myself. That's right James you might see the return of possibly the single greatest wrestler ever to grace your ring. I say possibly because I want to see what you have to offer me in return. Why should I save your company from epic failure and possible another embarrassing closure? What's in it for me James?

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The man breaks into a deep almost disturbing laugh.

Man: Yes James, I'll be seeing you soon, maybe REALLY soon. I just hope you take this seriously and don't brush me off as some idle threat, or things could go from bad to terribly worse. The ball is in your court James, and time is ticking. Don't waste a second cuz it could be very.....costly.

The footage comes to an end. James pulls the flash drive out and tosses it on his desk. He rubs his temples a bit, then returns to his paperwork.

Turk the Jerk

Verbal by Amon Tobin hits, and Bechdel Kush enters the arena to a warm reaction from the crowd. She's smiling and waving with one hand, while holding a microphone with the other. On her way to the ring, she stops to give high-fives to a couple members of the audience.

When she gets to ringside, she winces a little, and wraps an arm around her ribs. She still manages to roll herself into the ring and get to her feet. As the music dies down, she raises the microphone to her mouth.

Kush: Howdy, Wichita!

This gets a POP from the crowd. Becky smiles and continues. Kush: So, ah... Hooooow many of you watched Victory last night? Another POP from the crowd.

Kush: OK, so, ah... You probably saw, ah... Maaaaaaybe you saw what happened during my match with Turk?

This gets a round of BOOs from the crowd. Bechdel closes her eyes and nods, twitching her hands down a little.

Kush: Yeah, ah... I kinda feel the same way, y'know? I mean... I only get, ah... Sooooo many opportunities to show the UTA Universe what I can do, right? Aaaaaaand, well... That was, ah... That didn't happen.

Bechdel pauses and twirls her hair with her free hand before continuing.

Kush: A-ny-waaaaaays, the reason I, ah... The reason I freaked out was, ah... Well... Y'know how the UTA is, like, full of crazy people, right?

This gets a laugh from the crowd. Bechdel twitches her arms again and looks down.

Kush: No, no, no, I mean, like, REALLY crazy. Medically crazy, y'know? Half the roster's been in mental institutions. I mean, even our, ah... Even our staff psychologist is a sociopath wearing a mask and a noose! HOW CRAZY IS THAT?!

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The crowd laughs again. Bechdel looks like she's trying not to laugh, but a few seconds later gives in with an uneasy smirk.

Kush: Okay, okay, maybe it's a little funny, but ah... A-ny-waaaaaays, the point, I think? Is that we really don't stop to, ah... To think about how mixing all these different kinds of crazy together might be, ah... Unsafe, I guess? Well, yeah, it's wrestling, so of course it's going to be a little unsafe, but, ah... Um...

Becky kind of trails off for a second. She's now pulling at her hair rather than twirling it. The crowd, for what it's worth, is by-and-large being very patient with her.

Kush: Sorry! Um... I guess my point? Is, ah... we sign waivers to be here? Y'know? But, ah... Ryan Dunston didn't get that opportunity. He didn't, ah... he didn't sign on to be trapped inside a JERK like Turk! Aaaaaand I, ah... I felt bad for him, is all.

There's some polite clapping and laughter, which is soon drowned out by a chant of "TURK'S A JERK! TURK'S A JERK!" Bechdel grins and nods her head.

Kush: Okay, THAT we can agree on! Soooo, ah... So that's what I was sorry about. But, ah... I'm not sorry for bouncing Turk's head off the canvas, and WHY SHOULD I BE?!

This gets a HUGE pop from the crowd! Bechdel now smiles with her teeth and has stopped pulling her hair.

Kush: A-ny-waaaaaays, I feel like I, ah... I didn't really get a chance, because well... I never really know what to think when, ah... When I'm in the ring with someone like Ryan-slash-Turk. The point is, I'm NOT afraid of, ah... Of people bigger than I am, nope! And... And I can't wait to show you that, the next time I get a match! In fact, if I wasn't so scared of hurting Ryan, I'd challenge Turk to a-

Bechdel is abruptly cut off by the drums of You Only Live Once by Suicide Silence. Bechdel reflexively drops her microphone and stares at the entrance ramp, with an unsure look on her face. Her hand absently starts twirling her hair again.

A few seconds later, Turk emerges, with a chair in one hand, and an evil scowl on his face. Bechdel squints, pulls her glasses out of her hoodie pocket, and seeing that it is indeed Turk (and no sign of Ryan Dunston), she puts her glasses back, gets into a fighting stance, and screams "BRING IT ON JERKFACE!"

Turk laughs, and makes a move towards the ring.

Blackfront: Turk has been under a lot of scrutiny for his actions toward women as of late.

Ace: They know the dangers of getting in the ring!

Blackfront: But Turk takes it too far Tommy!

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As he continues down the ramp, Doozer runs out of the back. The fans get on their feet as The Dooze makes a bee line down the ramp wearing a Say No to Violence Against Women shirt.

Female protestors in the front row hold up anti Turk signs as Doozer comes forward with a forearm across the back of Turk, knocking him down.

Bechdel doesn't know what to do as she drops the microphone and backs out of the ring. Doozer picks Turk up, and drags him further down, rolling him in.

Blackfront: Doozer not taking too kindly to Turk's actions here as he most certainly has saved Bechdel from the monster, Turk.

Doozer slides into the ring, grabbing the mic on the canvas as he rolls ovr and begins hitting Turk in the head with it. With each hit, the microphone delivers a loud pop throughout the fans.

Kneeling over Turk, Doozer pulls the mic up to his mouth.

Doozer: You like hitting women do you?

He brings the mic down into Turk's head again.

Doozer: You can't just have a competitive match? You have to try and hurt people smaller than you?

He slams it into his head again.

Doozer: How about picking on someone your own size?

Doozer stands up, pulling Turk up with him. He hooks both arms under Turks, and lifts him up vertically before coming down into a Lifting implant double underhook DDT. The fans go crazy. Blackfront: THE ABUSER! THE ABUSER!

Doozer grabs the mic again and rushes over, kneeling next to Turk once more.

Doozer: I'm done seeing you go too far. Seasons Beatings weekend... I'm going to show you what it's like being on the recieving end of an unfair beating.. count on it!

He slams the mic into Turk's head one last time as the fans get on their feet and cheer for their hero.

Blackfront: Doozer will be making his UTA in ring debut the weekend of Seasons Beatings! My God! The DREAM Hall of Famer is in the UTA officially!

Doozer rolls out of the ring and makes his way to Bechdel, giving her some words of wisdom and comfort as we fade.

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Always in a Giving Mood

During wrestling events there are two areas that tend to be busy throughout the night but usually only between matches. That would be the concessions and merchandise booths. That same point holds true tonight as a long line stretches back while lucky fans get their chow and fluids before heading back to their seats.

Standing in line is a young girl who seems rather antsy. Constantly she is touching the back of the person in front of her wearing cargo shorts and a black hoodie sweatshirt featuring The Noid, an old reference to the Dominos pizza mascot. This eventually results in her stepping out of line, still holding her mother's hand, and she tugs on the sleeve. The person turns around and smiles down at her through the tightly closed hood.

Little Girl: Hi.

Shy but sure of herself the young girl smiles back up at her. Her mother remains focused on the line and menu ahead not even noticing her daughter talking with a stranger.

Woman: Hi there little one.

Little Girl: Are you playing tonight?

Woman: Playing?

Little Girl: Mommy tells me you playing down there like we do at school.

Woman: Oh.

She squats down as the person in front of the line is taking her sweet time ordering a truckload. She lets a few of her red strands in her hair fall across her face.

Fears: I am not wrestling tonight dear. I just wanted to be here in person down in the frontrow to watch the Second Coming earlier.

Little Girl: My older brother said that she is a he.

Fears: Oh really?

Little Girl: He heard it from a friend.

Fears: Boys lie. Trust me dear, she is a woman. We know. She would still kick your brother's booty though!

The young girl's eyes lit up. To her it sounded like a bad word to say.

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Fears: Are you here alone with your Mommy or is your brother here?

Little Girl: Just mommy. He got a F on report card. He being punished at home.

Fears: I see.

Zhalia looks up at the counter behind her and see's that the woman has finally finished her order and now being loaded up. That left one man and her next after. She turns back to the little girl. Fears: You want to make your brother feel bad about not being here?

She nods her head. Zhalia stands back up and taps the woman behind her on her shoulder. When she doesn't respond the little girl tugs her mother's hand to get her attention.

Mother: Just a few more minutes Sally.

Fears: Hi there. Sally here was telling me that it is just the two of you tonight. She looks down at her daughter who smiles brightly up at her.

Mother: Um. I'm sorry. She should know better to talk to people she doesn't know-

Fears: No worries, Mrs. She recognized me even with this hoodie tied tightly. Some how. Probably the shoes or pants.

The mother does a double take and let out a gasp.

Mother: Oh you're that wrestler Zha- She quickly interrupts.

Fears: Yeah that be me. So listen, I have two front row tickets with me. I usually buy one or two extra so that I do not have anybody sitting next to me. Just works out better that way. I no longer need them though so-

She fishes out the two tickets in her pocket and held them up to Sally's mother.

Fears: Go ahead and take these. Sally here will get front row view for the rest of the show just over behind the commentary booth with Ace and Blackfront.

Mother: We can't accept these!

Fears: Sure you can.

She waves over to the security at the door and shouts out his name.

Fears: George!

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He turns and looks at her while Zhalia holds her tickets up and points to the two. He returns with a thumbs up. She then places them in Sally's mother's hand, and closes her fingers for her.

Fears: George over there will see you to your new seats. No worries!

Finally her turn Zhalia twists around to the counter and orders two nacho crates and a large soda. Once provided to her and paid for she turns back to the mother.

Fears: Give Sally here a night she will not soon forget. Zhalia then squats down again and turns to the young girl.

Fears: And Sally I want you to tweet me, @ZhaliaFears, later -- with approval of course of your mother here, and let me know what you thought of Wrestleshow. Okay?

Sally: I will!

Fears: Great! Enjoy the rest of the show! Be sure to get on camera so you can rub it in your brothers face at home!

Zhalia then accepts the girl's hug, doing her best to avoid her nachos getting crushed before she walks away from the counter and heads towards the corridors leading backstage.

Mother: She's a nice person, Sally. Now what do you want to eat?

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