

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow #28

December 14, 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 Cleveland, Ohio in the Quicken Loans Arna.

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight as we head into Seasons Beatings in just two weeks! We have two title matches, plus all of your favorite superstars on tap tonight!

Ace: Dynasty gets to once again put those Shoot Kings in their place and show why they are the best champions in all of UTA history!

Blackfront: Also tonight, we- Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor

Let the bodies hit the... FLOOOOOOOOORRRRRR!!!!!!

Bodies by Drowning Pool comes over the sound system and the fans rise from their seats as UTA owner, James Wingate walks out from the back. On the big screen we get a video package behind him of his in ring days as he makes his way down the ramp, microphone in hand.

Blackfront: The boss is here!

Ace: He's here to give Kevin Hawk a promotion for that great ending to the last Wrestleshow! Blackfront: I highly doubt that. He promised Kevin Hawk he would fire him if anything went wrong.

Ace: What went wrong?

Blackfront: What went wrong?! Kevin Hawk abused his power and not only gave the match to Dynasty, but had Madman Szalinski and The Spectre arrested!

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Ace: So he put them where they belong? Still, nothing wrong.

Blackfront: We'll see about that in just a few moments Tommy.

James walks up the steps and across the edge of the apron before entering the ring as his music fades.

Blackfront: The boss rarely appears and every time it is a treat.

Ace: A treat? Hardly!

Blackfront: Talking like that and you'll end up in the unemployment line like Kevin Hawk is about to.

Ace: He wont fire Kevin Hawk. I can guarantee it.

Blackfront: Why's that?

Ace: Dynasty wont let him!

Blackfront: I'm sure Dynasty is on his radar as well.

James raises his hand to quiet the fans before raising the microphone to his mouth.

Wingate: Welcome everybody to... WRESTLESHOOOOWWW!!!! The fans scream and cheer.

Wingate: Kevin Hawk.... get out here! The fans cheer even more.

Blackfront: Kevin Hawk being called out by the boss. When was the last time this was good Tommy?

Ace: Just wait! I have it on good authority that James Wingate is going to praise Kevin then claim his allegiance to Dynasty also!

Blackfront: His father would roll over in his grave!

Kevin Hawk nervously steps out from the back as the fans begin to boo. He starts down the ramp as James waits patiently.

Blackfront: It doesn't look like Kevin is in any hurry to get to the ring.

Ace: He wants the moment to be perfect!

Blackfront: You are delusional Tommy.

Kevin walks up the stairs and across the apron before getting in the ring. He adjust his tie before walking

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over and extending his hand to the boss, who just stares back at him.

Blackfront: It's too late to try and play nice.

Kevin pulls his hand back, and his face tells that he is even more nervous than before as James Wingate raises the microphone to his mouth.

Wingate: Kevin. I told you two weeks ago that if one thing happened that wasn't right, you would face the consequences. What do you have to say for yourself?

Taking the microphone that had been handed to him once he got into the ring, Kevin Hawk raises it up.

Hawk: You're... welcome.

James Wingate looks taken back.

Wingate: Welcome? Welcome for what?!

Ace: For doing what you don't have the guts to do! For having that sadistic freak, and that masked madman arrested! They are a danger and deserve to be in jail!

The fans boo loudly. James pauses, trying to comprehend Kevin's logic.

Wingate: I'm not even going to dignify that with a response. Kevin.... YOU'RE FI...

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play.

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

Blackfront: What is Dynasty doing here?!

Ace: The right thing!

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

Blackfront: James Wingate does not look amused as Dynasty continues to the ring

Dynasty walks toward the ring, James Wingate just looks at them. Kevin Hawk's face has a huge smile on it as the fans boo.

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Blackfront: This could be an explosive situation.

Ace: James Wingate better choose what he does next very carefully! They climb the apron, before entering in behind Kevin.

Blackfront: Dynasty here to support Kevin Hawk.

Hawk: You were saying?

James looks at Dynasty then back at Kevin Hawk.

Wingate: I don't care that these five are here behind you Kevin, because if they have an issue, we can solve it also. Kevin.... YOU'RE... FIIIRREEEDDD!!!

The fans cheer. Kevin Hawk's face is nothing but surprise. Perfection steps toward the boss, but

Sean Jackson holds him back. Dynasty all scream and yell at James who just looks at them.

Wingate: What? You all want to be fired too? Do something! DO SOMETHING!

James looks as if he is ready for Dynasty to attack him. KVT consoles Kevin Hawk as Jackson continues to hold Perfection back. La Flama Blanca yells at James.

Wingate: What Blanca? You want to be fired too? Huh? You think because you and Perfection have the tag team titles and defend them tonight, I wont? TRY ME!

Ace: He can't talk to the champions that way!

Blackfront: He can do any damn thing he wants to!

Wingate: You and Perfection want to do something to me. I can see it. Son... I've put my foot up the asses of guys way more threatening than you.

La Flama Blanca and Perfection can be seen even more upset.

Wingate: You two... Tonight... if any of Dynasty interferes in your match... YOU'RE... FIRREEEDD!!!

The fans cheer as La Flama Blanca and Perfection are taken back.

Blackfront: If Dynasty interferes in the main event tonight, Perfection and La Flama Blanca are fired too!

Wingate: I have something for each of you actually.

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Blackfront: I don't think Dynasty expected that coming out they would feel the wrath of James Wingate as well.

Wingate: Tonight, Kathryn Vermont Thomas... KVT turns and mouths Who Me? toward the boss.

Wingate: Your match against Turk... is now.. NO DISQUALIFICATIONS! The fans go crazy. KVT is taken back a bit.

Blackfront: With the violence Turk has been bringing, a no DQ match could be deadly!

KVT screams and stomps her feet. Sean Jackson turns to James and tries to appeal the decision. Wingate: Sean... You know what... your punishment is already coming in two weeks, when you step into that electrified structure with the Hall of Fame Spectre. May God have mercy on your soul...

Sean yells at the boss as the fans cheer. CBR pats him on the shoulder and tells him that everything is going to be OK.

Wingate: You think everything's going to be OK CBR? Huh? Well, how about at Seasons Beatings... your match with Chris Hopper is for your Internet Championship?

The fans get on their feet and scream as CBR starts yelling and stomping around.

Ace: What?! No!

Blackfront: CBR thought he wouldn't have to defend his title again until after the new year!

Wingate: Oh, and Claude? If you get disqualified for any reason.... You will lose the title! All of Dynasty begins to scream. The fans go crazy.

Wingate: Good luck.

Bodies begins to play again as James Wingate walks over to the ropes and begins to exit the ring, leaving Dynasty and Kevin Hawk upset.

Blackfront: The boss has spoken! Dynasty will pay just as Kevin Hawk did!

Ace: This is crap!

Tommy looks up and sees James Wingate standing in front of him.

Ace: Umm... Boss. How are you doing? Tommy stand sup and puts his hand out. Wingate: Sit down you slimy piece of crap. The fans cheer.

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Wingate: So you're pro-Dynasty huh? You thought Kevin Hawk was right did you?

Ace: Oh, no sir. I didn-

Wingate: Shut up!

Ace: I- Uh-

Wingate: You don't like The Shoot Kings, do you?

Ace: I never sa- Wingate: SHUT UP! Ace: yes sir.

Wingate: Seasons Beatings weekend... on Victory... YOU WILL BE IN ACTION!

The fans go crazy.

Ace: But, I'm not a wrestler!

Wingate: Your opponent... THATCHER... REEEEEXX!!!

Ace: No! Please! Sir! PLEASE!

Blackfront: Folks, the boss has spoken. My partner Tommy Ace will make his in ring debut in two weeks on Victory! It's going to be great!

We fade as James begins to make his way to the back with Dynasty still in the ring and Tommy Ace speechless for the first time in his career.

Tickets

A crowd has gathered around the entranceway in the back of Quicken Loans Arena. Forget LeBron, Ohio, it's Wrestle UTA that's in town. Fans jockey one another for positioning closer to their favorite superstars. Currently stepping out of their luxury town car Will Haynes, the American Thrill Ride, and his friend, sometimes manager Coleslaw Jenkins are engaged in a conversation.

The Thrill is wearing khaki colored jeans, brown boots, and a black thermal. His dogtags hanging over them, with a fresh watch on his wrist. Slaw wears jeans, red and white Air Force Ones, and a red leather jacket - like he's MJ.

Haynes: Yo, good look with that front row ticket hook it up.

Jenkins: Pays to have friends in high places, bruh. Ain't no thing.

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Haynes: Yeah man, them things were going on Stub Hub for a pretty penny.

Jenkins: Well we just gotta go get them off my boy.

Will stops in the middle of his walk, slightly surprised. The Gruesome Twosome don't know many people in the UTA. He kind of likes it that way.

Haynes: Yeah and who, may I ask, is your boy?

The two men enter the building and begin their walk down the hallway.

Jenkins: Ya know, my boy. My man. He got a killer hook up on that last stuff we picked up.

Will looks intrigued. That stuff hit hard, lots of crystals. He playfully slaps his friend on the chest.

Haynes: Look at you making friends.

It's now they reach the door. It's a door to a locker room. The sign on the front reads, "SHHHH! STAY OUT!" Another line looks hastily added, in a smaller and much sloppier script "Unless you're a girl, and you're easy." Haynes is a little confused.

Coleslaw knocks on the door. It opens.

Dean: Password?

Coleslaw thinks to himself before answering.

Jenkins: Password.

Bobby Dean steps aside and the Gruesome Twosome steps inside. Mikey Unlikely is the only other person in the room.

Haynes: What is this? Haynes is confused.

Unlikely: You didn't tell him anything?

He glares at Coleslaw.

Jenkins: Hey, I said I would get him here.

Mikey shakes his head and we cut back to ringside.

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Making Friends

Backstage, we see Kush, walking down a hallway with an ice pack on her eye. Her manager and best friend Awesome Ava bounces up next to her, with a soda cup in one hand and a bucket of popcorn in the other.

Awesome Ava: Oh man, this is AWESOME! We get to watch the show for FREE, and we get the best seats in the house!

To emphasize the point, CBR walks by nonchalantly. Awesome Ava makes a show of checking out his butt.

Awesome Ava: Mmmm, the things I could do to THAT tush! Are YOU having fun, Becky?

Kush glances over at Ava with a slight frown. She removes the ice pack, showing off the shiner she got from her match at Victory with Zhalia Fears. Ava goes wide-eyed for a second.

Awesome Ava: Ooooooh, right. Hm. Well, maybe you'll feel better if you introduce me to some of your wrestler friends?

Kush: Well, ah... I don't reeeeeeealy know that many other, ah... other wrestlers yet?

Awesome Ava: Well, let's fix that! I dare you to make friends with the next wrestler we see!

Kush: But, ah... I wouldn't know how to, ah... how to-

Awesome Ava: Relax, I'll get you started. Hey, THAT guy looks like he works here!

Awesome Ava points towards a wall, where we see Madman Szalinski leaning against it, looking to be very stressed out as he flicks a cigarette back and forth in between his fingers. There's a look in Kush's eyes that says she's intimidated, but Ava is ignoring that.

Awesome Ava: Go on, introduce yourself!

Kush: But what, ah... what do I say?

Awesome Ava: C'mere, I have an idea...

Awesome Ava leans over and whispers something in Kush's ear. Kush nods a few times, bites her lip, and dutifully walks over to Madman, who is still deep in angry-places and doesn't really look like he's in any mood to talk. Kush gently clears her throat and starts hugging her arms.

Madman looks over.

Madman: ...yes?

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Kush: Um, ah... I was wondering, are you, ah... are you a wrestler? Madman rolls his eyes. He's really not in the mood for stupid questions.

Madman: No, I'm a damn senator.

Kush glances back at Ava, who's making the "go on" motion with her arms. She turns back to Madman.

Kush: So, ah... (Kush puts her pinched fingers next to her lips) Are you a COOL senator?

Madman picks up on the hand motion Kush is doing. A small smile creeps across one side of his mouth.

Madman: So I take it you're a lobbyist?

Kush: OH! No, I'm a wrestler! Well, ah... actually, I'm a botanist? But I'm wrestling to, ah, raise money for-

Madman puts his hands up, palming the cigarette (suspiciously with no filter) in his hand.

Madman Szalinski: Hey, hey, hey....the censors aren't gonna relax THAT much. Come on, let's go have this conversation elsewhere. I think I know what you're getting at...

Madman gestures with his head to nod off towards another direction. Kush nods and smiles, and the duo begin walking away. As they round the corner, Awesome Ava is crossing her arms and grinning - then realizes what it is the duo are off to do. Her eyes go wide.

Awesome Ava: HEY BECKY! WAIT FOR ME!

Ava joins the group, and the trio walk off. Before the scene fades, we hear Madman say "So I need some advice. I want to smash Eddy's testicles with a rubber mallet...."

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: Intergender action will kick off tonight's Wrestleshow, live here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

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.

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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.

Blackfront: Unlikely gathering quit a fan base since his arrival here Tommy.

Ace: He's not Dynasty, so I don't care.

Love in an Elevator by Aerosmith plays as the fans start booing.

Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks to the ring and ignoring the fans as she's walking down.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio quickly becoming one of the most hated women in the UTA. I think it's her ego that will get the best of her.

Ace: Any woman who's last name isn't Vermont-Thomas is just a waste of roster space Jason.

Blackfront: I love how unbiased you are Tommy.

Ace: Thank you.

Blackfront: I was being sarcastic.

Marie mouths off that she is the hottest Women's Wrestler here in UTA and that nobody can't deny is as she flips her hair.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Marie gets on the apron and gets in the ring, but she stops and leans out and saying that the fans won't get to see her goods.

Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie spins around and walks to the ropes and leans on them with her hair back as she listens to her theme music.

Announcer: Marie Van Claudio!!!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing.

Blackfront: I spoke with Mikey before this match and he's excited to be facing someone from a prestigious

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wrestling family. Although she is a female, Mikey told me he wants the fans to see he'll take on anyone.

Marie checks her nails before looking up to see her opponent.

Ace: From what I hear, Marie will take on anyone also.

Blackfront: Tommy! The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Wrestleshow is brought to over seventy countries on Pure Sports Entertainment, the fastest growing sports network on cable TV.

Ace: Is that our plug quota yet?

Blackfront: Here we go. Marie Van Claudio and Mikey Unlikely lock up in the center of the ring. Mikey uses his size advantage to push Marie backwards and into the ropes. As he holds her there, she puts her arms up. The referee warns Mikey who lets go and steps back.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely taking control early on in this match up over powering Marie Van Claudio.

Ace: Of course he does. He's a man and she's a woman.

Blackfront: When it comes to the talent on the UTA roster, it doesn't matter what gender you are. We have some of the best athletes in all of sports.

Marie and Mikey lock up yet again in the center of the ring.

Blackfront: Unlikely taking control once again as he puts Marie Van Claudio in a side headlock. Mikey pulls his arm in tighter, applying extra pressure around her neck.

Blackfront: Unlikely with that headlock firmly into position, continuing to hold Claudio stationary. Marie takes her foot, moves it forward, and brings it back between Mikey's feet. She wraps her arms around his waist and attempts to pick him up, by lifting up and back.

Blackfront: Claudio fighting back, trying to overcome Mikey Unlikely.

She is unable to get him up. However, his grip begins to loosen. As it does, she is able to pull her head free, and come back with an elbow into his face.

Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio able to get free. She quickly grabs Unlikely... side Russian leg sweep takes Unlikely down!

Marie rolls over and pushes up as does Mikey.

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Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio charges Mikey Unlikely. Unlikely catches her... arm drag.

As Marie's rump hits the canvas the fans pop. Mikey quickly rolls over and gets to a ready stance.

Blackfront: Claudio over and up. Charges Unlikely again... he catches her.. lifts... SPINEBUSTER!

Ace: Just as I heard.

Blackfront: What's that?

Ace: Marie Van Claudio always on her back.

Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy. That's disgusting.

Ace: No it isn't Jason. In fact, it's one of the most beautiful things you can do as a consenting adult.

Blackfront: This is neither the time nor the place to talk like that!

Mikey pushes to his feet as Marie Van Claudio lies on the canvas, holding her back in agony. Blackfront: Unlikely positioning himself, ready to strike once Claudio gets to her feet. She begins to move. This one could be over soon.

Ace: I guess those rumors are true as well.

Blackfront: What rumors?

Ace: That Mikey Unlikely finishes as quickly as he starts.

Blackfront: TOMMY! I can't work under these conditions!

Ace: No one's keeping you here Jason. Why don't you go to the back and send Dick out. He knows where I'm coming from.

As Marie stands up, Mikey runs toward the ropes. He leaps up, springboarding off with his forearm extended.

Blackfront: ONE HIT WO-

Marie ducks. As she does, she brings her knee up and throws her hands behind Unlikely to help push his momentum into her knee more.

Blackfront: CLAUDIO COUNTERS!

As Mikey is bent over, Marie throws his arm over her neck and lifts his leg. She lifts with all of her might,

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snapping Mikey over to the canvas and bridging into a pin.

Blackfront: CRADLE SUPLEX BY CLAUDIO! SHE HAS THE PIN!

Ace: How embarrassing for Unlikely! The referee drops and begins his count.

Blackfront: Unlikely able to kick out at two!

The fans clap and cheer as Mikey is able to get free.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely possibly underestimating his opponent tonight.

Ace: I think we need to have Marie checked for performance enhancing drugs!

Blackfront: Now Tommy, you know that the UTA has a very strict wellness policy.

Ace: Yea. Explain that to Madman Szalinski. That guy is high as a kite ninety percent of the time he is on television.

Blackfront: Vicious rumors like that do no one any good Tommy.

Ace: Yea... rumors.

Marie rolls over and gets to her feet as Mikey begins to get up as well, a little slower than he has up to this point.

Blackfront: This match continues.

Marie walks over and grabs Mikey's arm, helping him up.

Blackfront: Unlikely to his feet. Claudio with the whi- No! Reversed by Mikey Unlikely. Marie is sent toward the corner. Mikey runs behind her.

As Marie enters the corner, she grabs the top ropes and pushes her body up and over Mikey's head as his momentum sends him past her. Mikey hits the turnbuckle full force with his chest as Marie's feet come down to the canvas.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely right into that corner there. Can Marie Van Claudio capitalize? Mikey stumbles around, turning toward Marie who is waiting.

Blackfront: Marie runs.. leaps up with a high knee catching Mikey Unlikely!

As she hits with force, Mikey is shot back into the corner again, but his quick thinking allows him to grab her

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as she connects. Mikey steps out of the corner and leaps up and forward, slamming all of his weight down on top of Marie Van Claudio. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely able to turn a bad situation around, but it may be too late.

He rolls off of Marie and lays on the canvas in pain as she is as well. The referee stands over both of them and begins to count.

Blackfront: One of these two need to make it to their feet before the referee can count to ten or this one is over!

As the referee continues to count, both opponents begin to move, rolling to their sides.

Blackfront: Who is going to make it up first?

Ace: Whomever does has the advantage going forward. They both reach their feet in time. The fans cheer.

Blackfront: Both up! We will continue!

Mikey nods at Marie, almost a sign of respect and him being impressed with her so far.

Blackfront: Marie runs at Mikey... He catches her and lifts again...

This time when he lifts her up, Marie throws her legs up, pushing on his shoulders to get some air. Her legs wrap around his neck, and she leans back.

Blackfront: Van Claudio counters... hurricar- NO! Unlikely doesn't budge!

He uses her momentum to grab up under her arms and toss her down, hard to the canvas.

Blackfront: Powerbomb by Mikey Unlikely!

The fans clap and cheer as Mikey drops to one knee, catching his breath. Marie holds her back in pain from hitting the canvas yet again. Mikey leans forward and grabs her arm, pulling it back. As he does, he throws his left leg over her neck and yanks back.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely locking in Marie's arm. Can she hold out or will she need to tap? Ace: No matter who you are, a move like this applied long enough can do permanent damage to your shoulder. It's best to just tap out now and live to lift with your arm another day.

Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely pulling hard. Marie Van Claudio has to give up.

She yells in pain and finally begins to tap his leg as the bell begins to sound. Mikey lets go.

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Announcer: The winner of this match via submission.... MIKEY... UNLIKELLLLLYYYY!!!! Blackfront: Marie Van Claudio brought a lot tonight, but was unable to get free once Mikey locked in that arm bar submission. Mikey Unlikely continues his impressive run here in the UTA.

Forgiven But Not Forgotten

As the scene cuts back from commercial 'Earlier Tonight' fades in on the bottom left corner of the screen. The camera pans the backstage area to Kathryn Vermont Thomas standing outside of an unmarked locker room. She knocks on the door, obviously frustrated.

KVT: Come on Bobby, open the damn door! I can hear you breathing!

The door remains firmly shut, and Kathryn's frustration begins to build, and build. Her knocks begin to show her frustration as she puts more effort into each strike against the wood. Soon, the door is rattling on the hinges.

KVT: Listen, I'm not here to hit you or kick you in the balls or anything, I just need to talk.

The door slowly opens, a suspicious Bobby Dean peeks out the crack of the door. He sees KVT standing there, her hip cocked out at an angle, her arms crossed over her chest. She may not be there to beat him up, but the scowl on her face seems to tell a different story. With a reluctant sigh, she lowers her arms to her sides, and stands straight.

KVT: Look, I'm not exactly sure how to say this, so I'll just go ahead and spit it out. I just wanted to apologise for a couple of weeks ago. You were only trying to do the right thing and it's not like you had any malicious, ulterior motive, did you?

Bobby shakes his head, either he's a little confused as to why KVT was actually being somewhat, nice and sincere, or he really didn't have a clue as to what incident KVT was referring to a couple of weeks back.

KVT: So, officially, I apologise.

Bobby smiles, opening the door fully and stepping out to stand closer to KVT, who takes a cautious step back, her eyebrows raised.

KVT: What do ya say, truce?

She offers her hand for a handshake but quickly snatches it back, a question in her eye.

KVT: Wait, do I really want to shake that hand of yours?

Bobby Dean simply steps forward and wraps his beefy arms around KVT, pulling her in tight for a hug. Kathryn looks shocked, and immediately reaches up to push Bobby away.

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Dean: Friends don't shake hands, they hug!

Reluctantly, Bobby Dean is forced to release the Queen of the UTA. He looks sheepish, but KVT doesn't appear to be too angry, more annoyed as she looks Bobby Dean in the eye.

KVT: Listen, I'm willing to put our past, "digressions" behind us, but let's get one thing straight, NO hugs. Got it?

Bobby nods his head quickly and fervently. Kathryn simply smiles a tight, grim smile, and walks away. As she retreats further away from Bobby, he takes a second to rearrange his package. Dean: Oh my gosh, I think she made me have an accident!

As KVT turns the corner at the end of the hallway she bumps straight into her Dynasty stablemate; CBR. Claude puts his arms out stopping the two falling from the sudden collision and tilts his head to the side. Not scheduled to compete tonight, Claude is in a pair of Jeans and black shirt.

CBR: Was that Dean? What the hell was that about? KVT lifts her index finger and taps his nose.

KVT: Keep your friends close and your enemies closer Rainer. The poor dupe will never see it coming now.

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Visual Aids

The huge video screen hung above the wrestler's entrance sprang to life and the UTA crowd was met with Turk's smiling face. Fresh stitches above his left eye from his encounter with David Hightower at Victory.

The crowd jeered immediately as they saw him. The smile only grew wider as they began to chant... Crowd: COW-ARD! COW-ARD! COW-ARD!

Turk: Ah yes, the ever-judgemental UTA universe. Over the past few weeks you've grown to really love to hate me. I'm glad. This makes me smile. It makes me feel good that you've embraced that hatred and you're letting it out.

The camera frame widens and Bill Daley, Turk's manager and doctor, one of the few in UTA to oppose Turk's direction came into view. Bill was on the floor of a very small room bound and gagged. He struggled against his restraints.

Turk: You all know Bill. Say 'Hi', Bill. Turk gave a wave for him.

Turk: Bill saw this coming. He's a good doctor. He saw the train headed for a crash and he tried to stop it. Didn't you, Bill?

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Bill struggled and tried to yell at Turk

Turk: Yes, you certainly did. You see, I had to put together a visual representation of what I see here in UTA. Bill wouldn't allow me to do that, so...well here he is now.

The frame widened and into view appeared a young woman, gagged, clearly crying, mascara smeared down her cheeks, standing on a chair with a noose firmly placed around her neck. There was an audible gasp from the crowd.

Turk: Shocking? Isn't it?

Turk walked to her and lightly kicked the chair beneath her, causing the girl to scream against her gag, and more tears to flow. When she realized the chair was still firmly beneath her she broke down more, sobbing.

Turk: You see, UTA universe, what we have here is the UTA...

Turk kicks the chair again, and the young woman shrieks behind her gag.

Turk: Up there, tied to the rafter is the money and fame, and this young lady? She represents the roster. The money and fame will kill you without the UTA. And if I take away the money and fame, what's the point of being in the UTA. Maybe to change a lightbulb, or reach that cereal box that got shoved to the back of the cabinet? But, not much more.

Bill screamed through his gag.

Turk: Shut up, Bill.

Turk walked circles around the girl perched on the chair.

Turk: Where do I factor in, you ask? I'm the force that takes it all away. The force that kicks that chair away and allows the money and fame to snap your little necks.

The girl weeps and Turk consoles her.

Turk: It's okay, sweetheart, all this is over soon. He turns his attention back to the camera.

Turk: Doozer, Hightower, The Second Coming, KVT, Bobby Dean, Bill - all of them can't save you. They can't save themselves. The darkness has arrived in UTA and soon it will either consume you, and you'll remove that noose and be free, or the entire promotion will come crashing down around you and you'll be left to swing by what you think you've accomplished. Your deepest darkest fears and flaws are tucked away somewhere within you. KVT has them - and I'm going to expose them soon. Doozer and his bright colors and perfect good guy persona contains them too, and he'll meet an end fitting for someone of his ilk.

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Turk continues to lap the chair, his voice low and rumbling.

Turk: This is no longer about wins and losses, titles or accolades. It's about destroying everything UTA holds dear. If I take that away, I win. That's how I win. I burn it all down around you, and you're left weeping, before your neck snaps and ends it all.

With that Turk kicks the chair from under the girl.

In one brief moment Bill screams and every bit of air was sucked out of the arena as the crowd gasped. As the screen goes black.

...

...

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...

The video returns to reveal Bill crying uncontrollably and Turk laughing maniacally. The girl is on the floor, still bound with the noose around her neck. A look of shock and bewilderment across her face.

It's revealed the noose wasn't anchored to the rafters after all. Turk's face fills the frame again.

Turk: Everything is never how it appears, UTA. Just remember - Turk doesn't miss. The screen cuts to black.

Divine Generosity

Soon after the video ends, the familiar sound of Pomp and Circumstance begins to play, signifying the coming of everyone's favorite Gentleman, Jack. Boos begin to ring through the areana, but he struts onto the entrance ramp with his usual bombastic flair, though tonight, he is dressed to the nines, a neatly-tailored plaid suit with a cane for that extra bit of style. Remaning seemingly ignorant to the feelings of the audience, Jack makes his way up and into the ring, a microphone seen in his free hand along the way.

Once in the ring, Jack takes a moment to allow the audience to take in his dashing form, a very assured smirk present on his face. Soon enough, he raises the microphone to his hand and begins to speak.

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Gentleman Jack: Salutations, my adoring fans. And yes... I understand why you boo. That last match was deplorable. A man striking a woman... what utter classlessness! I'd boo too, were I in your less-than impressive shoes.

The audience's jeers only get louder, but Jack chooses to remain blissfully ignorant of the real cause of them.

Jack: But, worry not! For I, in my divine generosity, am here to grace you with my presence. For while I may not be scheduled to wrestle, we all know that Wrestleshow is not complete without yours truly.

He begins to pace around the ring, at a leisured pace, as he tries to find his words.

Jack: And it just so happens that I have my own reason for coming to you all. You see... it is hard work being a Gentleman. Picking the right outfit to appear your most dashing, having to tie your own bowties, dealing with the commoners... It's all very stressful.

He begins to wave his hand about, listing all the 'duties' that came with his life, as if they were the worst things in the world.

Jack: Now, don't get me wrong, my friends, this is my torch to bear, and I do it gladly. But I have thought and pondered and pondered and thought, and I have come to a conclusion!

He points the index finger of his free hand upwards, declaratively

Jack: I need a manservant! Someone to help me deal with my day-to-day duties, whatever they may be. Preparing my tea, handling my outfits, making my bed... the usual, of course.

The crowd isn't sure how to react to this announcement, but they incline to keep booing just because Jack is a entitled fop. Jack, as per usual, continues unphazed.

Jack: Of course, I'm sure you all are wondering... 'Oh, Jack, you dashing beast! Why are you sharing this information with us?'

Well, this is where my most magnificent munificence comes into play. I came out here tonight to

announce this, because I am opening applications to anyone here, if they are interested in being my manservant. After all, where better than Cleveland, Ohio to find cheap, unskilled labor? Ah ha ha ha!

The crowd boos intensely now not appreciating the jab at their fair city. Jack strokes his mustache with a dastardly twinkle in his eye. He was a little aware of the boos, at this point, but he hardly cared.

Jack: Ah, but I kid. Nonetheless, I am quite serious about my kind offer. While I intend to look into any and all who desire the honor of this glorious position, I give first come, first serve to all of my beloved fans! You're

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welcome, by the way.

He grins widely enough to see the twinkle on his well-managed teeth. Despite his words, the crowd responds less than favorably,

Jack: My, that last match must really gotten your goat, hmm? Ah well, no matter. While I would be happy to continue regaling you all with tales of my excellence, among other things, I am aware the show must go on. But, allow me to reiterate: I am looking for a manservant to assist me in my gentlemanly duties. Any are free to contact me if you are interested. In the coming weeks, I will be searching long and hard for that right person to fit, so look forward to that, ladies and gentleman. Ta-ta for now!

As calm, collected, and classy as he strolled, Jack then strolls back out of the ring, giving another haughty wave before heading backstage.

Small Talk

Fade in from black on Kathryn Vermont Thomas's face, upside down, her eyes are closed, she counts silently, controlling her breathing. As the camera zooms out it is revealed she is in a wide legged, back bend position clearly stretching for her match; giving the viewers a perfect cleavage view...

Perfection: Add a little weight to that, champ!

He tosses the UTA Tag Team Championship belt on her waist lightly as he walks into Dynasty's locker room, KVT doesn't budge though.

KVT: Asshole!

Perfection: Technically we can say that now. So, you're facing that whack-job Turk tonight. I have no worries that you can beat him. But....

KVT: No.

Perfection: If he goes off the handle, just in case...

KVT: No.

Perfection: Okay, okay. Whatever you want.

Kathryn stands up straight, catching the belt in her hands and she turns to face Perfection and gives him the belt back.

KVT: I've got it all under control. What about you? Think the Shoot Queens will actually bring their A-Game and.... I can't even finish that sentence.

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Both Perfection and Kathryn burst into laughter.

Perfection: Eduardo and I aren't sweating a thing. Business as normal against rank-amateurs. Dynasty will stand as the UTA Tag Team Champions for another night in a row.

KVT: And we will reign supreme for another show. Which I'm sure means we'll be tag team champs going into 2015 too.

Perfection: Multi-tier champions once I get my hands on Yoshii again at Season Beatings. Soon enough the UTA Championship will be around my waist again, back in Dynasty's possession exactly where it's always belonged!

He looks at the tag team championship.

Perfection: Just like these tag belts, it's as good as OURS once we make our move! Tonight though, we need to focus on retaining these. This is the last big show before the pay per view. We need a show of force.

Kathryn smirks nodding in agreement and starts to resume her stretching. KVT: I need to get back to stretching, our show of force starts with Turk. Perfection: Go do your thing, I have stuff to take care of.

KVT smiles as Perfection opens the door to handle other business, he looks back as so does the camera, KVT fully bent over.

Perfection: That ass though...

KVT: A little bird told me it's what you asked Santa for Christmas. She winks at him and he walks out the door.

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 hundred and eighty five pounds.... NIIGGMMMAAAAA

The Screens behind him light up with various clips of experiments and fear images of spiders, clowns,

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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.

The snappy drum solo from Clap Your Hands by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Uncle Rocky dances on to the stage, whimsically clapping along with the beat for a few bars. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Robot Pete leaps out from behind the curtain, and immediately shoots sparklers from his antenna! This is answered by by a kaleidoscope of colorful pyros that spit huge clouds of rainbow confetti all over the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: Robot Pete making his singles debut tonight as he takes on Nigma.

Ace: This is stupid.

He high-fives Uncle Rocky, and the two start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle, amidst a chorus of BOOs. Robot Pete pulls a banana out of his chest compartment and tries to give it to a child in the audience, but a concerned parent quickly pulls the child away.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Orgeon...

As the duo gets ringside, Robot Pete and Uncle Rocky give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Robot Pete rolls into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet six inches, and weighing in at 310 pounds...

Robot Pete gets down on one knee. The video monitor in his face depicts a snare drum playing a drum roll...

Announcer: Robot... PETE!

Pete raises his arms and shoots more confetti out of his hands and head! He dances around in a circle, arms outstretched, then puts his claws to his face and does a happy little pee-pee dance. Blackfront: you have to winder if Uncle Rocky will be a factor in this match.

Ace: Of course he will. Wingate should ban these idiots from being ringside during their matches! As the music fades out, Pete keeps dancing whimsically, waiting for the match to begin.

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Blackfront: Here we go folks!

Ace: This shouldn't be a match. Nigma should just get to the root of Pete's problems and find out why this moron wears a robot suit all of the time.

The bell rings to signal the start of the match.

Blackfront: This match is underway.

Nigma tilts his head to the side, looking at Pete as Robot Pete waves at him and yells HELLO FRIEND!

Blackfront: Nigma takes off, charging Robot Pete.

He leaps with a shoulder block, but as he hits Pete, Nigma's body is sent twisting around as he falls backward to the canvas. Robot Pete is moved back just a bit but doesn't fall.

Blackfront: Nigma unable to take Robot Pete off of his feet.

Nigma begins to push up to his feet as Robot Pete heads over to him.

Blackfront: Nigma needs to take this match a different way if he plans on pulling off a victory. As Nigma is halfway up, Robot Pete grabs his arm and pulls him up.

Blackfront: Robot Pete sends Nigma across the ring. Off of the ropes. Nigma on the return now. Robot Pete with a big boot... Nigma leaps! DROPKICK TO ROBOT PETE'S OTHER LEG!

As he connects, Robot Pete falls back and hits the canvas.

Blackfront: Nigma able to get Pete off of his feet. he needs to capitalize and end this one quick.

Ace: The longer it goes on, the better of a chance Robot Pete has. Nigma gets to his feet and runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Nigma off of the ropes again. On the return.. He leaps... KNEE DROP INTO ROBOT PETE'S CHEST!

As Nigma comes down, his knee smashes into Robot Pete's chest. However, Nigma is jolted up from the connection and falls back to the canvas, grabbing his knee in pain.

Ace: Hey idiot! he's wearing body armor!

Robot Pete's heart speaker had taken the brunt of knee drop and now appears to be cracked. Robot Pete rolls over and pushes up to his knee. Uncle Rocky yells from outside of the ring. Pete looks over at his good

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friend, who points at his chest.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky informing Robot Pete that his speaker is broken.

Robot Pete looks down and horror comes over his screen before going into rage.

Blackfront: Robot Pete is mad folks!

Ace: That can't be cheap to fix.

Nigma begins to get up, wincing as he puts pressure on his knee.

Blackfront: Nigma getting to his feet.

Robot Pete throws his arms out and a puff of smoke comes out of his heart speaker as a very distorted version of dubstep trickles out. Robot Pete looks down and sadness comes across his screen.

Blackfront: It appeared that Robot Pete was going to go for Beastmode... but with a broken speaker, he is thrown off. Nigma is up. Runs at Robot Pete...

Robot Pete looks up and sees him. He turns to the side and slams his robot hands into the back of Nigma who stumbles forward, turning and falling back into the ropes. At this very instant Robot Pete gets in between Nigma and the referee, pointing at his chest, to show the referee that his speaker is broken. Uncle Rocky quickly leaps up to the apron and ties Nigma's arms up in the ropes, before leaping back to the floor and ducking down out of site.

Blackfront: Robot Pete turns from the referee. Nigma has nowhere to go!

Ace: Well, it was nice knowing you Nigma.

Nigma kicks his feet trying to get free. Robot Pete starts to run in place, circling his hands as if trying to build up momentum. Finally he takes off.

Blackfront: Robot Pete runs at Nigma still in those ropes desperately trying to get free.

At the last possible second, Nigma gets an arm free and rolls out of the way as Robot Pete throws a leg up. It goes through the ropes. With one arm still tied up, Nigma uses his free hand to push the ropes off of his arm getting free.

Blackfront: Nigma is free. Robot Pete seems to be stuck between the ropes now.

Uncle Rocky pushes up on Pete's foot, trying to free him as Nigma shoots across the ring. As he returns, he

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leaps up to Robot Pete's back, grabbing onto his head, and wrapping his legs around Pete's waist.

Blackfront: Rocky helps Pete get his leg free.

Robot Pete stumbles back as Nigma twist and pulls at his robot helmet.

Blackfront: Nigma trying to remove that helmet from Robot Pete.

Ace: Good! Expose that idiot!

Robot Pete turns away from the referee and opens his chest compartment. He reaches in and pulls out a mallet.

Blackfront: Hey! You can't use that!

Pete continues to move around away from the referee who tries to get a good look at what he's doing. Pete takes the mallet and swings it wildly up and back, trying to hit Nigma.

Blackfront: Robot Pete trying to knock Nigma off with that heavy rubber mallet.

Uncle Rocky leaps to the apron, getting the referee's attention, who heads over to tell him to get down. Finally, Robot Pete catches Nigma in the face with the mallet. Nigma lets go and falls to the canvas.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky distracting the referee, Pete turns... he swings that mallet again.. it connects!

Nigma is shocked as the mallet hits his mask, sending him back first to the canvas out cold. Pete quickly puts the mallet back in his chest compartment and covers him. Rocky leaps off of the apron and the referee turns to see the pin.

Blackfront: The referee dropping for the count.. one.. two.. THREE! The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... ROBOT.. PEEEEETTTEEE!!!!

Blackfront: Robot Pete winning his debut singles match, but not without the help of Uncle Rocky and that mallet.

Ace: Now come on Jason. In all fairness, Nigma did break Pete's speaker.

Blackfront: And hurt his leg in the process!

Uncle Rocky joins his good friend in the ring who is still sad over his speaker. We fade out as Uncle Rocky ensures him that they'll get a new one.

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Announcer

Two Weeks

As the scene switches to the backstage area, Sean Jackson is seated on an equipment box that is flush against the wall. Looking towards the ceiling, he begins to speak.

Jackson: In two weeks Spectre, in two weeks....

He lowers his head until his eyes are focused solely on the camera in front of him, nothing else even registers.

Jackson: After six months of playing games with you, I finally get to put you out of my misery. I finally get to do all of the things that I've wanted to do since last year. To throw caution to the wind in order to see just how dangerous I can be.

He hops down from the box and begins to make his way slowly down the hallway.

Jackson: You know Spectre, I've always wondered just how far I could push the envelope. Just how far I could go before Wingate put me the breaks. But then, it dawned on me. After turning a blind eye at Black Horizon and during the five on five elimination tag...

His voice is dripping with defiance, not caring who is within earshot. He's a card carrying member of Dynasty and it's time he began to act the part.

Jackson: After letting you get away with just about everything here...

Sean shakes his head from side to side as he comes to a stop. A slight smile begins to form.

Jackson: He isn't going to do a damned thing to me.

The thought of having no boundaries, of inflicting unimaginable damage to Spectre, begins to erase six months of frustration.

Jackson: It means I can do whatever I want. Picture it Spectre, you locked in an electrified steel cage with no means of escape, and with a man who wants to end your career.

The smile gets larger as he stares off into the distance, his imagination getting the better of him. Different scenarios playing out in his head.

Jackson: With a man who has spent his free time thinking of ways to hurt you in that cage. Well Spectre, I know exactly how I'm going to do it. I know exactly how I'm going to bring your 2014 to an end.

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He isn't human, it's as if he's taking pleasure in the thoughts racing through his mind. Jackson: I can just see it now. The screams of a tortured soul erupting from your lips, the bubbling of your eyes right before they pop out of your skull.

Thoughts of the Green Mile comes to mind.

Jackson: Your skin turning a bright red as smoke begins to filter from every orifice on your body. The hairs starting to shrivel on your arms, your legs, your head.

The thought causes him to shudder.

Jackson: You claimed that what happened in Wichita Falls tickled. Well Spectre, I can promise that what happens at Seasons Beatings won't tickle. As a matter of fact, I can assure you that it will be the most excruciating pain that you've ever felt...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flashlight version of the taser from Taser International. He then presses a button causing an electrical discharge.

Jackson: Because unlike those cops, I will want to bring you as much discomfort as humanly possible. Matter of fact Spectre, imagine this being permanently attached to your body, with the power button on.

As he goes to step away, he stops and faces back towards the camera.

Jackson: On second thought, don't imagine it Spectre. I want to see the look on your face when the plan comes to fruition. I'll see you in two weeks Spectre, that is IF you survive that long.

Sean then steps away as the scene fades to black.

Tickets II

The camera is focused on a door. The door from earlier, the one that read ""SHHHH! STAY OUT!" Suddenly the door opens. It's Bobby Dean who steps out first. His match is up soon but his smile stretches from ear to ear, he's laughing.

Out next is Coleslaw Jenkins, who is laughing as well. Followed by Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes, both of which - you guessed it - are laughing.

Mikey is the first one to stop and speak.

Unlikely: Yo, guess that takes care of that!

Dean: I can't wait to do that again! But, now, if you'll excuse me.

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Before Bobby can go Will puts a hand on his rather large chest. The American Thrill Ride looks down at his hand, up at Bobby Dean, and then back down to his hand.

Haynes: Do me a favor?

The group waits. Dean tilts his head to the side a bit, a look of curiosity plastered on his face.

Haynes: WIN.

Bobby looks unsure at Will, and suddenly begins to laugh. Not just a chuckle, not just a bark of laughter, but rather an outrageous, over the top laugh that leaves tears rolling down his cheeks. Will looks confused as Bobby continues to laugh. And with that Bobby walks down the hall, looking over his shoulder at Will while laughing, as if he had just heard the most hilarious joke of his life. Which, in a way, it was. Bobby, win!?

Once Bobby is out of sight, Haynes wipes his hand on his pants.

Jenkins: Alright, man. Time for us to make some tracks. Mr. Unlikely, thanks. Slaw pulls out the two tickets, thanking Mikey for the hook up.

Unlikely: Call me Mikey.

Jenkins: You got it chief.

Haynes sticks out a hand, Mikey shakes it. Haynes: Good look on these tickets. I appreciate it. Unlikely: Hey, do me a favor?

Mikey making reference to Haynes request of Bobby Dean earlier.

Haynes: Yeah?

Unlikely: Have some...fun.

Haynes smiles and walks down the hall.

Brought to You By

Strange Bedfellows

Backstage, the Second Coming stands in a corner without doors: keeping an eye on both hallways. She's dressed in her ring gear, sans hoodie, sans boots.

Deep, cleansing breath. Yoga sun salutation. Stretching before a match is the best way to avoid injury.

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She winces as she leans down for a lunge: avoiding Turk and his handler, or at least keeping them in front of her. It's less than an hour before her first 'official' championship match in the UTA; the first time she's semi-main eventing a Wrestleshow.

Be calm. Be centered. Focus on your objective.

Almost simultaneously, 2C bends over with her hands flat on the floor and pushes off into a headstand next to the wall, using the discarded sweatshirt as a cushion; and a weak sounding 'BEEP BEEP' echoed.

"Coming through, no threat here!"

'Beautiful' Bobby Dean.

He appears slowly, riding his rascal with a bucket of chicken in the front basket.

He looks slowly to the right first, then to the left - and sees the Second Coming, upside down against the wall.

BBD: Kinky... You know the things I could...

He stops. Maybe he remembers what happened the last time they crossed paths. Maybe he sees the bruises that Turk left on her and still feels the ones he has.

For once, Bobby Dean holds his tongue.

BBD: Never mind. Good luck sweet tits.

He turns the Rascal and starts to move away, as 2C pushes off and lands on her feet.

2C: Bobby.

Bobby stops, but doesn't turn around. The Second Coming walks up to him and stands in front of the Rascal, studying his bruises.

2C: Turk really did a number on you too, huh?

Bobby simply looks at her, as if the obvious bruising should answer her question.

BBD: Meh, it pays the bills, it's part of the job, right?

2C: A shitty part.

They stand in silence for a moment, neither of them knowing what the appropriate thing to say would be.

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2C: Your boy Doozer's gonna tear Turk a new one at Seasons Beatings for us too, right? Bobby looks at her as if she's absolutely insane.

BBD: Are you serious? Turk doesn't stand a chance against Doozer, not even on Doozer's worst of days. If he can't get the job done, let's just hope he distracts him long enough for me to wobble my fat behind out of the way.

The Second Coming laughs at this, and after a moment, Bobby joins her, potentially not realizing the joke. Finally, the Second Coming offers her hand.

2C: You're a decent guy when you're not bein' a creep, Bobby. After a moment, he shakes her hand.

BBD: Thanks, you too. Hey, listen - since we're friends now, can I ask you a favor? I've got this rash -

Before he can pull his tights aside, the Second Coming puts up her hands in surrender.

2C: Let's... not, okay?

BBD: Not what?

2C: Just... no.

She shakes her head, laughing silently to herself as she returns to her corner to prepare for Conrad Teller. Bobby sits in his Rascal for a few more seconds, but shrugs it off and moves on.

Mad

James Wingate sits at his desk, shuffling papers. A pair of knocks is heard before it opens. Wingate looks up.

Wingate: Can I help you?

Madman Szalinski stands in front of Wingate, staring at the floor sheepishly. He whispers a question through his plain black mask.

Madman: Sir, may I speak freely?

Wingate: Sure.

Wingate looks back down at the notes on his desk. Madman suddenly rips them from the desk, along with whatever else is in his way as he slides them onto the floor. Madman then slams both palms down onto the desk to get James' attention again., the buckles on his black leather jacket banging off the desk as well.

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Madman: YO!

Wingate calmly pushes his chair back from the desk and stands up.

Wingate: There something I can help you with?

Madman: No. There's not. I just came here to tell you something, James.

Removing his hands from the desk, Madman re-adjusts his jacket and continues, as Wingate looks on.

Madman: When you contacted me last Christmas, and you started trying to get me to come here, I didn't want to do it. Not because of anything you did, or anything about the UTA. I didn't want to do it because I knew that sooner or later, I'd be standing right here in this exact position where I'm standing now!

Madman points down at his feet.

Madman: I knew I'd be alone, facing enemies from every corner. I knew I'd get screwed out of what little success I achieved. I knew there would be backstabbing and secret evil alliances... Madman looks at James.

Madman: I just want you to know, I'm not mad at you. It ain't your fault. What's happened to me is just business. It's THIS business. It's wrestling. I know it wasn't your intention for me to be used as a pawn in everybody else's game...a pawn in the UTA...

Madman goes quiet.

Madman: I AM THE UTA, JAMES!

Even the cameraman jumps back a bit, along with James. Madman's rant immediately shifts from a semi-calm one into an outright outburst.

Madman: I'M YOUR DRAW! Sean Jackson and his plastic title belt he brought here with him did nothing for your bottom line! Perfection's little vacation in the minor leagues didn't do anything for this company! Spectre coming back and doing informercials? Nothing! Booby Dean's Krispy Kreme ass? Yeah, I bet Lee Best really regrets losing that high-caliber workhorse! You think David Hightower's going to do anything for the UTA like I have, James? HUH? Your little network people can sit there and tell me to tone it down, but half the roster's got nude photos leaked all over the Internet?

Madman slams his fist into his chest. At the speed of his tirade, it is amazing he is still speaking clearly.

Madman: ME, JAMES! I'm the one who puts asses in seats at the end of the night! I'm the one who has taken everything you've given him and put it right back into the UTA! And since the day I signed here in January, I have done nothing but what you've asked me to do! I've put everything I have into this company! I

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almost died in your ring, and I fought to get back in it and keep going!

And what have I gotten in return? Madman shakes his head.

Madman: You've used me, James. The UTA has used me. Spectre used me. Dynasty has used me. The UTA Championship was a bargaining chip between Spectre and Sean Jackson, and I got put in the middle of it. Dynasty forms, and no less than three times have they interfered with my matches...Jesus Christ, I got kicked in the face by a guy I've let borrow my car! Drunk! And hey, if your commissioner was one of them...I just have to ask: are you?

A very uncomfortable silence follows.

Madman: I mean, you have sat back and watched as I've pretty much been screwed this entire year. Are you one of Dynasty too, James?

Wingate: I think after earlier, I am clearly not.

The daggers being stared between the former UTA Champion and his boss do little to change the tense atmosphere. Madman is first to break the ice by stepping back from the desk and putting his arms out to his sides.

Madman: Okay....

Madman puts his arms down, shrugging.

Madman: At Wrestleshow #31, my contract is up. This can go one of two ways. Either it can go the way it always goes...which is, I just leave feeling bitter and someone else settles the problem for you here after I'm gone...or...

Madman reaches back for the doorknob.

Madman: We can attempt to solve this issue MY way.

The door is flung open. Madman pulls a cigarette from his front jacket pocket, and a lighter from his jeans pocket.

Madman: Your call, sir.

Madman puts the cigarette in his mouth as he exits the room, closing the office door behind him. James is left with the mess of Madman's aftermath as the scene fades to black.

Ella Henderson's Ghost, begins to play.

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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... THOMMMAAASSSSS!!!!

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.

The drums of You Only Live Once by Suicide Silence erupt through darkness as spotlights highlight one of the most unhinged men in professional wrestling - Turk.

Announcer: Hailing from Chicago, Illinois...

Back to the crowd, his leg begins pounding time into the stage with the growing drum line of the music, until the quick crescendo as he leaps into the air turning the face the jeers that follow him everywhere.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three... and weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds... Turk begins down the ramp toward the ring.

Announcer: The Psycho.... TURRRRRKKKKKK!!!!!!

Turk reaches the ring. In one fluid motion, he leaps to the apron, grabbing the ropes as his feet plant on the edge of the ring. A series of pyrotechnics shoot from all four corners of the ring, catching Tommy Lipton by surprise.

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Blackfront: This match made no disqualifications earlier as if it wasn't dangerous enough.

Ace: All it means is now KVT has more ways she can destroy Turk!

Blackfront: Folks, we do not condone the actions of Turk against women. Usually when we have an inter gender match, our male superstars are respectful enough to have a competitive match and do their best not to strike our female superstars with fist, or be overly violent. Turk on the other hand, he is despicable.

Ace: He's a violent, dangerous man, and he doesn't care if you're a man or a woman. He is a psycho. I can guarantee though, if he hurts KVT he will have all of Dynasty to deal with.

Blackfront: That's probably the only guarantee you've ever given that I can agree on. As the music begins to fade out, Turk stomps around the ring.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas is one of the most skilled women in the UTA. Scratch that, most skilled superstars in the UTA. But tonight, can she handle Turk? I fear for her safety, I really do.

Ace: My only fear is what will she leave left of Turk for Doozer to take care of in two weeks! As the bell sounds, Turk just smirks at KVT, laughing a little bit as she is in a fighting stance, ready for him.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas ready to go. Ace: She's always ready!

Blackfront: KVT takes off at Turk... She leaps with a forearm connecting!

Turk stumbles back a couple steps, he then shoots forward and throws his arm out.

Blackfront: CLOTHESLI- NO! KVT DUCKS! Runs.. off the ropes. Turk turns as KVT returns.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas slides under the legs of Turk. Pops up behind him. As he turns to face her, KVT spins around and throws a leg back.

Blackfront: Spinning heel kick connects! Turk bends over after the kick to the gut.

Blackfront: KVt off the ropes again... rising knee smash to the face of Turk!

Although the fans usually boo Dynasty, KVT gets a huge pop from thr crowd as Turk bends backward, and waves his arms trying to keep his balance. KVt twist around and grabs his head. She leaps up and splits her legs, coming down in an inverted split leg bulldog.

Blackfront: THE CRUCIFIXION! THE CRUCIFIXION!

Ace: I TOLD YOU!

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She holds her leg over as the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: KICK OUT AT TWO!

The fans boo. KVT quickly gets to her feet and runs at the ropes again. As she returns, Turk begins to get up. He reaches forward and grabs her legs as she approaches, lifting as he stands,

yanking her off of her feet. KVT's back hits the canvas as Turk holds her legs.

Blackfront: Turk has Kathryn Vermont Thomas now.. He's spinning! Helicopter spin by Turk!

Turk releases KVT and she flies across the ring. As she hits the canvas, her body rolls out and to the floor with momentum. Turk lets out a huge roar.

Blackfront: Folks, KVT is in a bad place now as Turk heads to the ropes.

Ace: Just a temporary set back.

As Turk hops to the floor, KVT is nowhere to be found.

Blackfront: Where did she go?

Turk looks around, unable to find her. He raises the apron and looks under. As he does, KVT can be seen coming out from under the ring on the other side, chair in hand.

Blackfront: Thomas from under the ring, and she has a chair!

Turk stands up, dropping the apron as KVT runs around the ring, chair in hand. He turns and sees her right as she swings the chair up and over, cracking him dead in the skull. Turk falls back and to the floor as KVT raises the chair up and brings it down across him.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas giving Turk a taste of his own medicine tonight.

Ace: I love it! Give him a Dynasty sized whipping!

She slams the chair onto Turk one more time before dropping it. KVT looks around at the crowd who is still cheering for her. A little shocked, she waves it off before bending down and grabbing Turk's head as he is trying to get up.

Blackfront: KVT helping to get Turk up, now rolling him into the ring.

Turk obviously pushes off the floor to get into the ring as KVT pushes him to get him fully in.

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Blackfront: KVT now climbing to the apron.

She heads over to the turnbuckle, and begins to climb it from outside.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas going up top as Turk begins to get to his feet.

Ace: She's going to fly like an eagle!

Blackfront: High risk. It could pay off with high rewards.

Turk stands full and stumbles as he turns. KVT leaps off the top rope. Turk throws his hand up, grabbing her throat as she flies down. He lifts up.

Blackfront: CHOKE SLAM BY TURK!

Ace: No!

The fans boos as Turk breaths hard int he ring. KVT holds her throat in pain as she lays on the canvas.

Blackfront: Taking that high risk, did not pay off, and now it may be over for Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

She turns over and begins to crawl across the ring as Turk waits, his fist balled up.

Blackfront: Oh my God, No! Turk is going to knock Kathryn Vermont Thomas out!

Ace: You see! You see! This is the type of stuff that James Wingate condones! he set this match up as a No DQ match! He wanted Turk to do this!

The fans get on their feet as they see Doozer burst out of the back.

Blackfront: DOOZER IS HERE! DOOZER IS HERE!

Turk turns and steps toward the ropes as Doozer gets ringside. He jumps up on the apron and begins to yell at Turk.

Blackfront: Doozer may have just saved KVT from being punched right in the eyes!

Ace: I hate to admit it, but great timing by Doozer!

Turk yells for Doozer to get in the ring as The Dooze stands on the apron. KVT looks up to see Turk's back turned. She quickly goes into action.

Blackfront: KVT WITH A SCHOOL GIRL! SCHOOL GIRL ROLL UP!

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The referee drops and counts. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Kathryn Vermont Thomas has done it!

She quickly lets go and rolls out of the ring as Turk looks around, unsure what just happened. Doozer enters the ring and runs. As Turk gets up, Doozer throws his arm out.

Blackfront: Turk ducks the clothesline by Doozer.

They both turn and Turk comes forward with that big right hand, right into the face of Doozer who flies to the canvas.

Blackfront: KNOCKOUT PUNCH BY TURK! KNOCKOUT PUNCH BY TURK!

Ace: Doozer keeps interfering in Turk's business this is what he gets! Blackfront: A moment ago, you were praising Doozer for saving KVT! Ace: No I wasn't.

Turk stands over Doozer and looks around for Kathryn Vermont Thomas who is backing up the ramp now.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... KATHRYN... VELMONT... THOMMMAAASSS!!!

Blackfront: KVT may have gotten the win, but in the end it's one more battle lost by Doozer in the war to do the right thing by Turk.

We fade.

Just A Favor

We shoot backstage where the concessions and merchandise stands are bustling with business. Fans getting their food and drink, while also grabbing early Christmas gifts featuring their favorite UTA superstars. The lines are moving swiftly but as we come to focus on the concessions stand a bit of a cheer erupts in the arena. Zhalia Fears is busy handing out trays of nachos and cups of beer to the paying fans. She continues to serve them for a few moments in order to get them back to their seats for the next match.

Attendant: Thank you so much!

A young woman bursts past the line and slips back through behind the counter with Zhalia. Attendant: I may get fired after tonight but I really needed to take that call. My sister's due any moment and they were certain that that was it.

ZF: No worries. I am off tonight if you need the help, Cassie. Just give the word. I can drive you over to the hospital if you need a ride.

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Cassie: No no, I could never ask you to do that! ZF: Just saying. I don't mind offering up a favor. Cassie: I'm good now. Thank you though.

Zhalia hands a pack of skittles to a young boy as his mother pays for the treat.

ZF: Alright then. Talk to Rich over there with the Security badge if you need assistance again. He'll come find me. As long as it isn't during The Second Coming's match. Gotta be in the stands to watch that affair!

Cassie: Deal. And thank you again!

ZF: No problem dear. Enjoy the rest of your night!

Zhalia slips past the swing-gate and walks past the fans toward the backstage area.

Doing You A Favor

We skip to backstage, where a calm and collected CBR stands, wearing blue jeans and a black shirt, opened at the collar, a slight grin on his face and the Internet Title slung over his shoulder, his arm arched upwards to hold the gold in place.

Hair loose and framing his face, Claude holds a mic in his other hand, glancing to the side to make sure he's alone, before looking back to the camera.

CBR: So, victory at Victory and another notch in the Canadian Star's belt! He taps the Internet Title ironically, lips curling further upwards.

CBR: Jack, you were good competition last night, but just fell short. And you know, if I were you and looking for someone to blame, I'd look no further than Chris Hopper.

Claude nods his head slowly, blinking once as the pause maintains, before continuing.

CBR: You see, Chris came out with no regard for you, no regard for us having a 'fair' match. Blinded by ego and vanity, he refused you your fair shot, your opportunity to take me on one on one. Dynasty was never TRULY going to get involved.

The camera pans out a bit as Ranier moves his gaze away from the camera, letting his hand leave the belt and go into his pocket as he slowly walks to the side of the darkened room.

CBR: I mean, come on. It was Victory. Why would class A competitors like Perfection, Sean Jackson and KvT be there? Hell, La Flama Blanca was only there remotely, and that was ONLY to build the inevitable Dynasty victory tonight. No, Dynasty were never going to get involved and all I really wanted Jack, all I really wanted was to test myself against one of the UTA's top up and comers.

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Claude slowly turns to walk the opposite direction, shrugging his shoulders.

CBR: But I guess Chris Hopper had other ideas, didn't he? Coming down to ringside to get involved in a main event, YOUR main event Jack. No, I wouldn't stand for that - but then, who am I to judge?

Ranier grins, stopping his slow stride and taking his hand out of his pocket, slowly lifting the Internet Title into the air.

CBR: Oh, that's right, I'm the man who at Season's Beatings will have held THIS title for 210 days. Seven months. I will be the man who put down Yoshii three times, Dan Benson, Spectre, the man who retired Max Burke and Esteban Awesome, who sent Bobby Dean home in his debut match not to return for almost a year.

He lets the title fall lightly back onto his shoulder.

CBR: And what, exactly, has Chris done? He came to the UTA with much pomp and circumstance, promising a legend.

CBR lifts his head into the air, eyes looking upwards and raising the mic.

CBR: Welcome o the UTA a 19 time world champion, who has beaten everyone there is to beat, coming to make his name on the greatest stage of them all and probably getting paid three times as much as true competitors like Gentleman Jack...

His eyes return to the camera, shaking his head.

CBR: Not quite gone to plan though, has it Hopper? Limping through your debut, unable to beat Will Haynes then losing just about every other contest, INCLUDING a match against the man you so unfairly screwed last night. And now...now you think you have the right to step into the ring with me? With the longest reigning champion in the modern UTA?

Claude scoffs, his eyes looking at the ground.

CBR: Well, at Season's Beatings Chris, you get your wish. I'm tired of you trying to make a name for yourself off the hard workers of this company, trying to make a name for yourself off the coat tails of Dynasty.

He returns to the camea, stepping forward, the grin leaving to a serious, focused expression. CBR: In two weeks Chris, in two weeks I do Dynasty, I do Jack and the UTA, the fans and your own family who have to watch you embarrass yourself every week a damn favour...I put you on

the shelf...permanently.

Claude shoves the camera away from his face and the scene fades.

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Brought to You By

The screen turns to static and suddenly it turns into a scene inside of a restaurant with a logo saying "Big Bob's Barbecue". Standing in front of the camera is a heavy set guy wearing a cowboy hat.

Big Bob: Yeehaw! Come on in to Big Bob's Barbecue! We sell the finest barbecue in all of Texas!

The camera backs up revealing the table with plates of various barbecue platters ranging from brisket to ribs.

Big Bob: From ribs, to brisket, to the best beans and corn bread money can buy! Big Bob's Barbecue has been doing barbecue for the last 40 years! All of our meats are smoked on site every day!

Big Bob reaches down and grabs a chicken leg.

Big Bob: Just look at perfect color on this chicken leg! Only thing to make it better are our sides! From Macaroni and cheese like your mom would make, to our cole slaw brought down from generation to generation!

Big Bob takes a bite out of the chicken wing.

Big Bob: Mmm Mmm Good! Cooked perfectly every time! So come to Big Bob's Barbecue! Everyone is welcome except for gays! We have the right to not serve you if you are gay because it's against our beliefs! So sorry but you aren't welcome here if you are queer!

Suddenly David Hightower runs into the picture and nails Big Bob with a right hook so hard his cowboy hat goes flying in the air. Big Bob stumbles around and falls through the entire table of barbecue platters in a heap. David nods his head before looking at the camera.

Hightower: Are ya sick and tired of listenin to jackasses like Big Bob here?! Well call David Hightower! Ass Kicker fer hire! Remember the number is 1 900 Whoopass! That's 1 900 W O O P A S S!

A groan is heard as Big Bob lays holding his jaw.

Big Bob: Ohhhh... My jaw....

Hightower: Oh get over it ya baby! Don't like what happened? Pay me and I'll return the favor! David says before looking around!

Hightower: Remember! I don't care who ya are, what the reason is, or who the buyer is! What matters in the end is payment! Pay me and point me to the ass to kick and consider it a deal! David looks around.

Hightower: Hey waitress! Get me a plate of barbecue and a beer! Whoopin someone's ass has gotten me hungry!

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Front Row

As the crew readies the ring for Abdul bin Hussain's upcoming match there is quite a bit of commotion in the crowd. The cameras capture the action first hand on the big screen.

Will Haynes and Coleslaw Jenkins are walking through the concourse and out into the crowd. Haynes: Well you're a man of your word, homie. Don't know how you did it, but you hooked it up. Front row.

Haynes and Slaw are dressed the same as their previous appearance on the show. Slaw struts with his chest puffed out, smiling ear to ear.

Jenkins: Ain't no thing, chicken wing.

Around the Gruesome Twosome the crowd is popping, Pictures, Tweets, some Facebook posts, even a few Instagrams are being posted. Friends are gonna be jealous of this moment.

The two men make their way to the front row. Find their seats. The fans to their left and their right are excited. Haynes shares popcorn with a leggy blonde next to him as her boyfriend rolls his eyes.

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

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: Will Haynes in the front row as Bobby Dean is set to take on this man, the former UTA

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Champion... Abdul bin Hussain.

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, negatively.

Blackfront: You're one to talk.

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, staring out at Will Haynes who just waves at him.

The camera moves back up to the top of the stage. The screens light up, showing an in shape and simply beautiful Bobby Dean on them. Joe Esposito's You're the Best Around begins to play throughout the sound system. From the curtains, we see it. Bobby Dean rides out of the back and onto the stage in an electric scooter fitted with a basket that holds his snack foods.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now. From Houston, Texas...

Bobby picks up a piece of pizza from the basket, taking a bite out of it, before sitting it down on top of a bucket of fried chicken.

Announcer: He stands at six foot tall and weighs in at three hundred and eighty pounds....

Ace: Look at this fat idiot.

Blackfront: Why are everyone idiots to you?

Announcer: BEAUTIFUL..... BOBBY.... DEEEEEAAANNNNNN!!!!!!

Bobby begins down the ramp on his scooter as ABH just stares at him, disgusted at what he is seeing. Bobby Dean parks his cart near the steps as his music continues to play. Bobby Stands up and begins to dismount his cart. He almost stumbles as he does, but is able to catch his balance.

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Ace: What a disgrace.

Bobby starts up the steps and stops, breathing heavy before continuing. As he reaches the apron, he struts across the edge of the ring, holding onto the rope so not to fall. The Beautiful one grabs the top rope with both hands and leans back, still holding on. He does a little shake for all of the ladies, who would rather not see it, in the building before entering the ring.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean in the ring, and ready to kick this match off with the former UTA Champion.

Dean grabs the bottom of his way too small shirt, and begins pulling it off. The fans, as well as ABH, and even the referee all scream No!. Bobby stops and looks around as he wonders what the big deal is.

Blackfront: Alright, the bell sounds to start this match as Will Haynes watches on front ring side.

Ace: The referee needs to watch him and make sure he doesn't get involved.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain looking to lock up with bobby Dean to get things started.

ABH holds his hands up, his fingers open as he moves in. Bobby Dean does the same and steps forward. As they grab each other's hands, ABH pulls away and immediately begins wiping his hand on his trunks.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain disgusted at whatever Dean had on his hands.

Ace: It could of been.... anything.

Hussain turns around and comes forward, booting Bobby Dean in the gut.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain with a boot to the gut. He now runs.. off of the ropes... he leaps... The camera turns around to give us a view of the Pray to Allah from behind.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH IN LESS THAN A MINUTE OF THIS MATCH! WOW!

Ace: What is wrong with the guys in the truck. Why are you showing that? Come on!

However, Bobby Dean quickly throws his arms up, catching underneath of Abdul bin Hussain and lifts up and down.

Blackfront: NO! BOBBY DEAN ABLE TO COUNTER!

Ace: He knows how to counter?

Outside, in the front row, Will Haynes stands up and starts waving a mini US flag. Rafiq snarls at him.

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Blackfront: Will Haynes with mind games as inside the ring, Abdul bin Hussain begins to get back to his feet, as does Bobby Dean.

Bobby begins to get up again. ABH makes it way to his feet first. As Bobby is halfway up, Hussain runs and leaps again.

Blackfront: HE HITS IT THIS TIME! PRAY TO ALLAH! PRAY TO ALLAH!

Bobby Dean's face is planted into the canvas. Will Haynes quickly leaps the barrier and pushes past Rafiq, running toward the ring.

Blackfront: WILL HAYNES! WILL HAYNES!

Abdul bin Hussain, rolls over, sees him, and quickly slides to the edge of the ring and rolls out.

Blackfront: Abdul bin Hussain and Will Haynes exchanging punches outside of the ring!

Ace: Disqualify Bobby Dean ref!

Abdul bin Hussain brings a knee up into the gut of Will Haynes before grabbing his head and directing him around.

Blackfront: Haynes head sent into the top of that barrier! These two are exchanging punches outside of the ring!

The referee continues his count on Abdul bin Hussain as Bobby Dean begins to stir in the ring.

Ace: Why doesn't he disqualify Dean?

Blackfront: Why would he? Abdul bin Hussain is the one who left the ring to attack Will Haynes. Haynes had not interfered.

Ace: He would have!

Bobby Dean is able to push his way to his feet as the referee hits ten and calls for the bell. Blackfront: WHAT?! BOBBY DEAN SCORES A VICTORY OVER THE FORMER UTA CHAMPION!

Announcer: The winner of this match via count out... BOBBY... DEEEAAANNN!!

Bobby Dean starts to jump up and down in the ring out of excitement as ABh and Will Haynes continue their fight. Dean then heads toward the ropes.

Blackfront: I can't believe it. Bobby Dean has a win over the Internet Champion and the former UTA

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Champion now.

Ace: What is this fool doing?

Bobby exits to the apron and stands on it. Will Haynes quickly leaps out of the way as Bobby Dean... JUMPS off of the apron. Abdul bin Hussain's eyes grow in horror as Bobby comes down. Blackfront: BOBBY DEAN OFF OF THE APRON! BIG AXE HANDLE TO ABDUL BIN HUSSAIN!

The fans are on their feet as both men hit the floor. Will Haynes quickly runs over and starts to check on Bobby who landed awkwardly.

Ace: Can you believe we just saw that?

Blackfront: Not at all, but he may be hurt. Abdul bin Hussain may be hurt. That's a whole lot of bobby that just came down. Folks, while we get help down here, we'll be right back, here, on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Brought to You By

Good Night, Mad Prince

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play on the speakers as the crowd immediately goes crazy with boos. As the opening riffs begins to play all of Dynasty begins to walk down the ramp lead by Sean Jackson. They all sport t-shirts that read "NO RESPECT!" in gold lettering on the front. Dynasty begins to harass fans as they stop on the ramp at various points.

Ace: I tried to buy one of those shirts, sold out!

Blackfront: How did they sell out before anyone even got in the arena?

Ace: Beats me!

Dynasty begins to enter the ring, all but KVT who walks up the stairs. Perfection and CBR hold the ropes open for her to enter as Jackson motions for the microphone. LFB stands in front of the ropes getting the crowd heated.

Jackson: You know, as I stand out here, along with the greatest collection of athletes this world has ever seen. I can't help but think about the great lengths that Spectre has gone to, just to bring about his own demise.

The crowd begins to boo as Sean merely rolls his eyes. As if he cares about what anyone outside of Dynasty thinks.

Ace: Disrespectful. Totally disrespectful. They should show Sean Jackson the proper respect by not

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interrupting him.

Blackfront: Respect is earned Tommy, and right now, Sean Jackson hasn't earned anyone's respect.

Jackson: That by his own choosing, picked the instrument of his destruction at Seasons Beatings. The very instrument, that I can legally use in whatever fashion that I see fit and believe me people, that means anything goes. That means I can do whatever I please when it comes to burying the Spectre.

Perfection, CBR, and La Flama Blanca all take a side of the ring that faces the audience pointing and yelling at them. KVT stands behind Jackson and massages his shoulders. Jackson turns towards the jumbotron.

Jackson: And believe me people, in an electric shock therapy match, the sky is the limit when it comes to delivering shock therapy. Can you imagine what a cattle prod can do when delivered in the wrong place?

Blackfront: Wait a minute, that's going a bit far, isn't it?

Ace: Come on now, Spectre brought this on himself.

Jackson: Make no mistake about it people, Spectre brought this beating on himself. He just couldn't leave well enough alone, he just had to come back to Wrestle UTA in order to save it from me. Well Spectre, not only will you fail to save UTA, you won't even be able to save yourself. Blackfront: Please tell me you aren't condoning this type of behavior? Not even you can give this a free pass.

Ace: Again, Spectre brought this on himself. He's the one who attacked Sean and Perfection, then asked for this weird match at Seasons Beatings.

They do their jobs at the ropes as Jackson talks and get the front row to begin leaning over the rails to yell at Dynasty. Jackson however continues unphased and looking at the jumbotron and

the ramp way.

Jackson: Which leads us to the ultimate burial of the biggest joke in professional wrestling. As far as I'm concerned, Spectre picked up a loaded gun and he placed it to his head. He then mustered up what little talent he had in those short stubby little fingers, and he pulled the trigger. Well pay real close attention people because tonight, you get a free preview of how his demise will be celebrated. Punch it up jackwads.

The camera goes towards the screen which begins to play a video. We cut to the video package that is playing. A black limo is pulling into a graveyard and stops. The rear doors open as Jackson, La Flama Blanca, CBR, and KVT all exit. All of them are dressed in funeral attire black suits and black ties. KVT donning a black veil and long black dress. They begin to walk into the grass area as we see Perfection standing there in a priest outfit, Bible in hand. An open empty casket next to him ready to be lowered and a large picture of The Spectre framed as a remembrance piece.

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Perfection: Welcome. This morning we celebrate. In fact, few will find sorrow in the loss of the Spectre. Most though will find joy. However the almighty, Dynasty, has plucked the Spectre from this green earth- so today we lay to rest the career of the Spectre. A career that died ten years too late and whose ghost will be put to rest at Seasons Beatings.

Blackfront: Oh you have to be kidding me!

Ace: These guys are geniuses!

Perfection: Let us first start with a prayer. If you will please bow your heads.

The entire group lowers their heads and folds their hands. A long shot present by the cameras. Perfection: Almighty and gracious Wrestling God's, thank you for allowing the us here today to have amazing careers and providing for the weak that surround us in UTA. We stand here in tribute to a man who thought you gave him talent, yet didn't realize that you poured all your self- image into a select few known as Dynasty.

Perfection points the Bible to the sky his eyes remain closed and his free hand over his heart. Perfection: The good word says, give a man a match and he can have a hundred matches. But! Teach a man to wrestle and he can have a meaningful career. How very true about Spectre- he never embraced the latter. So Wrestling Gods, please let his sad career be laid to rest and not come back after Seasons Beatings. Amen.

Everyone repeats amen after Perfection as they all raise their heads.

Perfection: To reflect on the Spectre's first loss here in the UTA, I open the floor to La Flama Blanca.

Perfection extends his hand out towards LFB as the camera cuts to him.

LFB: Thank you, thank you... Well, what can be said about this mouth breathing, piece of backwoods hill-billy trash... The Spectre was a guy with purple hair, who s--t in a cave. I'd say I'm sorry to see him go but that would be a lie. You made me famous, Spectre...

The Luchador grabs at his back and pulls out what appears to be a t-shirt. He holds it up to reveal the new La Flama Blanca I Beat The Spectre shirt. He drapes it inside the casket and gives the sign of the cross.

Perfection: Truer words never spoken. I'd like to now give an opportunity to the man who successfully and CLEANLY defended his title against the Spectre, C-B-R.

Perfection points the Bible at CBR. The camera now cuts over to CBR.

CBR: Thank you James, I...

Ranier stops for a moment, looking down at the ground, then back up. He blinks his eyes twice and takes a deep breath.

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CBR: I...sorry, I'm so emotional right now.

Claude takes a small light purple handkerchief out of his jacket pocket and mock dabs his eyes with it. Composing himself, he continues.

CBR: I just want to say...wait, what were we talking about again? He looks inquisitively around the faces of his stablemates.

CBR: Ah, yes, Spectre. May his career move to a better place, where it may pretend to be relevant once again at the expense of true talent and hard working professional wrestlers. May he step once more into the shadows of mediocrity, faced with the challenges only five dollar purple hair dye can bring.

Perfection nods and pulls the Bible to his chest.

Perfection: Mmmhmm. If only Spectre's was around to hear upon these words. Now, to the man who exorcised the UTA of Spectre come Seasons Beatings, Sean Jackson.

The camera cuts to Sean Jackson tight and close.

Jackson: Why did you make me do it Spectre?

Perfection walks over to Jackson facing him and places his hand on his shoulder.

Jackson: I'll keep it together, I promise.

Sean takes a deep breath, slowly letting it out. He then looks down at his right knee.

Jackson: Why did you make me blast out the back of your skull? Why did you force me to leave you a quivering mass of mush that even ebola wouldn't touch?

Perfection: It's not your fault. It's what he wanted, Sean.

Perfection walks away from Sean and back to his place in front next to the casket. He then looks over at KVT.

Perfection: Kathryn, if you would.

KVT walks up to the casket closing the top of it shut and begins to hysterically fake cry as it's lowered.

KVT: You tried, you tried and failed. This time, just stay dead. Don't embarrass yourself any further. Good night, mad prince, may flights of devils wing you to your rest.

The casket is now lowered and the crying stops immediately. KVT walks back to the group strutting and

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vicious as Perfection turns towards the grave.

Perfection: His tombstone reads, "Spectre a man that returned to the UTA and no one but Sean Jackson cared." Wow. That sums up everything about this man. Friends, soon the memory of the Spectre will be all that remains. A memory of Sean Jackson's pure talent against what was the Spectre. I thank you all for joining us here.

Perfection begins to walk back towards the rest of the group.

LFB: Adiós pedazo de basura.

The camera cuts back to the ring as the crowd is booing loudly and Dynasty is standing there having a laugh about it.

Blackfront: That was probably the most disrespectful thing I have seen here in the UTA!

Ace: Who cares. Spectre didn't re-sign his contract so good riddance! We cut to a ring close up of Sean Jackson.

Jackson: On December 29th Spectre, THAT will be your future. You think that you're not going to be a part of this company because of no contract?

He shakes his head while pointing a finger towards the camera.

Jackson: No you delusional little bastard, you won't be a part of this company because I'm going to bury you. I'm going to take your own little gimmick match, and I'm going to destroy you with it. Sean gives the throat cutting signal with his thumb.

Jackson: Just remember Spectre, you asked for this.

The Perfect Gift

Backstage, we see that David Hightower has set up what looks like a rickety lemonade stand, except the front of it has a sign that says "ASS KICKINGS FOR SALE". Business appears to be slow at the moment, so Hightower is leaning back in his folding chair, drinking a beer with one hand and idly scratching Whiskey behind the ear with his other hand. After a few moments, a shadow is cast over the stand...

David Hightower: Can I help you boys?

Uncle Rocky: HELLO FRIEND!

Robot Pete: We are here to ask a question about your important and lucrative public service!

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David takes one look at Robot Pete and lets out a long sigh.

David Hightower: Make it quick, I'm in the middle of an important... Uhhhhh... Meetin!

Robot Pete looks down at Whiskey, who seems to be very much enjoying his ear-scratches. He shrugs and looks at Uncle Rocky.

Robot Pete: Very well! It seems that with the holiday season fast approaching, we are in need of a practical and inexpensive gift to give our GOOD FRIENDS!

Uncle Rocky: And since we saw in your commercials that you offer your vital services for VERY low prices, we figured we'd ask...

The duo look at one another, then back at David Hightower. In unison they ask:

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: DO YOU SELL GIFT CERTIFICATES?

The question catches Hightower off guard (for a number of reasons). He scratches his head and looks around behind his stand awkwardly.

David Hightower: Gift Certificates?! What in the god dang hell do I look like to ya? Walmart?! No I don't have gift certificates ya god dang nut jobs!

Uncle Rocky: Oh, that is too bad!

Robot Pete: Indeed! Where am I going to spend ALL this money now?

Suddenly, a bunch of \$20 bills begin to spit out of a slot in Robot Pete's chest compartment. They flutter onto the stand, where David Hightower can get a look at them. His eyes go wide, and then he turns to Uncle Rocky.

David Hightower: Whoa! Hold up there cowboy now yer speakin my language! Perhaps we can work somethin out afterall! All I need is some sort of paper... Does this here fancy... ATM Machine lookin thing have any paper on him?

Uncle Rocky: He sure does! Robot Pete, jettison your L4 paper tray!

Robot Pete: JETTISONING PAPER TRAY!

About 12 slips of paper pop out of Robot Pete's backside all at once. Uncle Rocky gathers it up and hands it to David Hightower.

Uncle Rocky: How's that work?

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David takes the paper, clearly baffled.

David Hightower: Well butter my butt and call me a biscuit! It'll do. Gimmie a sec.

Hightower whips out a marker and writes "THIS CERTIFAKIT GOOD FER 1 ASS WHOOPING, SIGNED DAVID HIGHTOWER" on all 12 pieces of paper. He then staples them together and hands them to Uncle Rocky with one hand, while collecting up the money with his other hand.

Robot Pete: Hooray! GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY!

David Hightower: Pleasure doin business with the both of ya. Now clear outta here ya weirdos!

Robot Pete: CLEARING OUT! ROBOT PETE AWAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYY!

Uncle Rocky: See you next time friend!

As the duo wander away, David Hightower watches them go, shaking his head.

David Hightower: Fruit-loops... But hey they pay well! Ain't that right Whiskey!

Hightower resumes scratching Whiskey's ear and drinking his beer as the scene fades out.

Sick and Damn Tired

Earlier this evening...

Jennifer Williams is standing by with The Spectre who looks none too pleased. He has a sour and surly look on his face.

Williams: Spectre, I am curious as to why you are here tonight, seeing as you were not scheduled on tonight's program.

Spectre: Jennifer, I am going to tell it like it is, like I see it. As good as the Shoot Kings are, quite frankly I just don't have the confidence that they will be able to get the job done and rid UTA of the scum that is Dynasty. I am sick and damn tired of Dynasty being complete and total douchebags! I am sick and damn tired of those assholes running out of control in the UTA, and tonight I WILL put a stop to it!

Williams: Arent you conerned about possibly a five on one affair? Do you want to risk everything so close to Season's Beatings?

Spectre: I could care less. I just want Dynasty gone! They sicken me! They disgust me! They give stables a bad name, and leave a bad black mark on stables as a whole! It's not that Dynasty is better! Dynasty is just a bunch of dickheads, and I can't stand people who ACT like dickheads simply because they CAN act like

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dickheads! They need to be taken out back and beat within an inch of their life as far as I am concerned! And one way or another, that WILL happen eventually... tonight or six months from now!

Spectre abruptly ends the interview and storms away down the hall leaving Jennifer to look confused.

Grading the Second Coming

We cut backstage as we see the teacher Harry Eastman in a elbow-padded suit making his way backstage with a blackbriefcase in hand.

Some security staff walk towards Eastman, who waves them away with annoyance and a flash of his pass.

Unseen Camerman: Excuse me Harry....

Teacher: That's MISTER EASTMAN to you!

Harry Eastman takes a seat in front of a monitor and crosses his legs.

Cameraman: Can you tell us why you are here tonight when you're not on the card? Teacher glances up at the camera.

Eastman: You know, when teachers tell students "There's no such thing as a dumb question"? Well guess what? IT'S A LIE! And you've just proved it by asking the dumbest possible question anyone could ask!

Harry slaps a British newspaper on a desk next to the monitor.

Eastman: 'Not on the card', you say? Well that much is true. I've wiped out two members of this federation already, I'm undefeated in my entire career and yet according to the UTA management, that doesn't even earn me any TV time! So I'm here to take a look at the supposed cream of this pathetic little crop and see what in this obese, corrupt joke of a nation it takes to get prime time coverage. Most importantly, I'm here to watch this...

Eastman makes a very exaggerated 'quote' gesture with his fingers'

....Second Coming' character and figure out why a female reject from the 'Hunger Games' gets so much hype. I mean, we all know Americans are shallow, but is it really as easy as flashing the flesh and smiling to get thrown all over the front of the UTA website?! It makes me sick!

Teacher leans back.

Now get lost! I'm going to grade this next match.....

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

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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 getting her chance to capture the Wildfire Championship here tonight on Wrestleshow!

Ace: There's a lot of people backstage hoping she doesn't win tonight. Not from her skill, but her attitude just stinks!

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.

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

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

As Conrad begins down the ramp, he pulls off his white t-shirt and tosses it into the crowd. Announcer: Standing at five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and forty-eight pounds... The United Toughness Alliance Wildfire Champion... CONRAD... TELLLEEERRRRR...

Conrad continues to the ring.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller looking to secure a win tonight as we head into Seasons Beatings. Conrad enters the ring, walking to his corner and saying a silent prayer to himself.

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

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Ace: The last time they faced, she was just lucky. Tonight, her luck has ran out.

Blackfront: I will say, whenever there is gold on the line, it brings out the best in all involved. 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: I'm getting so sick of these "signs of respect." Just go out there and do what you are supposed to. Win the match.

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

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The crowd goes crazy.

Blackfront: Second Coming may have this one won folks!

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.

Blackfront: The same thing happened a little over a month ago, and he was unable to capitalize then.

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.

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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 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.

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, it hits the canvas. The bell begins to sound. The fans go crazy.

Blackfront: She's done it! She's done it! The Second Coming is the new Wildfire Champion!

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEW... UTA WILDFIRE CHAMPION... THE... SECOND... COOOMMMIIINNNGGGG!!!!!!

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She is handed the title. At first she pulls it close but then raises it above her head.

Blackfront: The new Wildfire Champion folks, undefeated now at nine and zero!

Ace: You can't count VCW wins.

Blackfront: You damn sure can Tommy!

We get a few replays from the match before going back live where The Second Coming holds the title up at the top of the stage as Conrad Teller stands disappointed in the ring. He starts to exit as the lights shut off.

Blackfront: Oh no! Not this again!

Ace: We saw this last night on Victory when The Truth attacked Gentleman Jack!

The lights come back up and we see Conrad Teller laying on the floor outside at The Good Reverend's feet. Brother Simon and Brother Judas stand near the ropes, looking down.

Blackfront: Conrad Teller falling victim yet again to The Truth!

Brother Simon and Brother Judas exit to the apron before leaping to the floor. They lift Conrad up, handing him over to The Good Reverend who leans him backward, before swinging around with a a reverse swinging STO.

Blackfront: HIS Love on the floor outside! MY GOD!

The Good Reverend throws his arms out and turns around, facing opposite of Teller as Brother Judas grabs Teller's arm. The Good Reverend begins up the ramp as Brother Simon follows. Brother Judas pulls Conrad Teller along the floor as he follows the other two and we fade.

Brought to You By

This is Going to Be Good

We come back from commercial with The Shoot Kings, Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex exiting their dressing room making their way to the ring. The fans inside the arena go wild with cheers as The Shoot Kings appear on the big screen.

Blackfront: The Shoot Kings have their work cut out for them as they take on Dynasty for the UTA Tag Team titles.

Ace: The Kings look ready, a lot of talk between the groups this week.

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Clauson pats his Tag Team partner on the shoulder as Rex turns to face Clauson. Blackfront: Tonight, another chapter in the rivalry between Dynasty and The Shoot Kings. Thatcher Rex nods and turns his head forward. Rex fixes the tap on his hands as the two men get closer to the camera.

Ace: This is going to be good.

Clauson laughs as cameras now show the UTA Universe the current UTA Tag Team champions, Dynasty. The crowd immediately boos upon seeing Dynasty come on screen.

Ace: The champs!

Perfection and La Flama Blanca walk side by side discussing a plan for the upcoming match. Blackfront: The Tag Team champs, Perfection and La Flama Blanca, Dynasty. They look to continue their winning ways in the Main Event.

Ace: The champs have been on top of their games in recent memory. Do they keep the titles?! We will find out in just minutes!

Blackfront: Do we see an upset here in the Quicken Loans Arena?

Ace: Dynasty is too good, Jason. Dynasty equals ratings.

La Flama Blanca and Perfection continue walking towards the camera. Blackfront: The Shoot Kings... Dynasty... for the UTA Tag Team titles, next! The Luchador taps on his UTA Tag Team title as the champions go off screen.

The Chosen one

Doozer frantically pushed the door open and was relieved he had finally found the right room. He had searched nearly all of the Quicken Loans Arena hallways searching for where Turk had transmitted his vile display.

He was met with Bill Daley still tied and on the floor. Bill had slid close to the young girl, who was clearly traumatized. She lay next to Bill, still sobbing. Bill's eyes went wide when he saw who it was. He grunted his thankfulness as Doozer moved to them and removed their gags.

Young Woman: Th-thank you! Thank you s-so, so much...

Bill: Doozer, you're the only one who can stop him. You're the only one to stop this course he's on. Where is he?

Doozer: No clue. Lost track of him after his match with Kat. Bill: He's crazy. I mean, I know crazy, and he's-he's... Young Woman: ..t-t-twisted!

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Bill and Doozer looked at her, both realizing this all had to be stopped. It was one thing to attack talent, but her. She was just a random intern who most likely applied to UTA for a college credit somewhere.

Bill: He's further gone than ever. His history in LoC and uW were no indicators of where he's going now! He never even exhibited this behavior while he traveled with Asylum, and they had no rules!

Doozer stared unsympathetically, with crossed arms, toward Bill.

Doozer: You caused this, ya know. You brought that sick bastard here. And you turned him loose.

Fire sparkled behind the honorary Hall of Famer's baby blue eyes.

Bill: (interrupting) No! I tried to control him!

Bill's defensive tone quickly turned into that of a plea.

Bill: I tried. I medicated him. I saw him as the perfect wrestler. When he was medicated he was that smart ass, pathetic asshole we all saw on Wrestleshow 25 - stupid and skirting FCC rules trying to work in the word 'cock' as many times as he could with Jennifer Williams!

Doozer carefully took a knee next to the young woman and untied her while listening to Bill go on...

Bill: He's too intelligent. Far more intelligent than we ever experienced during therapy sessions. He's evolved from some dumb sick brute in LoC to this monster that he is now. This isn't my fault!

He manipulated me! I lost control as soon as that spot aired!

Still half paying attention to the pleading man, Doozer propped himself up under the woman's right arm and helped her to her feet. The fire behind his eyes vanished for her as quickly as it arrived for Bill. The stern tone he used while reprimanding the man softened to such a degree that one might not even believe it was Doozer's voice.

Doozer: You okay, there?

She winced in pain at the thought of her current condition and all that just took place, then shook her head "no."

Doozer: Yeah, I know...

He slowly extended his free arm around the young girl's left side and around her back. She flinched instinctively, but almost instantly calmed within his strong embrace.

Doozer: Nothing to worry about now. The Dooze will take care of ya. How 'bout ya let me get ya some help,

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that sound alright?

She smiled a painfully fake smile, then nodded 'yes.' Doozer smiled back at her and began to lead her out of the room.

Bill: WAIT! You can't leave me here! What if he comes back!?!

Doozer snapped his head back down toward Bill, the man pleading to be released. The fire returned.

Doozer: If he wanted to hurt you, he would have by now.

He turned back toward the door, took another step with the girl in stride, then looked back again at Bill.

Doozer: A word of advice, though. He knows The Second Coming paid Hightower. And he knows you knew Hightower was after him. So, I suggest you tread lightly when he does show his ugly mug again. Because unless there's another unfortunate victim like my new friend here laying down beside you... well... put it like this, I can't be your superman.

Doozer returned his focus back to the door, his arm still around the woman's back, and continued to lead her out. Bill screamed his protests at Doozer as they walked away.

Bill: NO, WAIT! PLEASE! HE'LL DESTROY US ALL! YOU'RE THE ONLY THAT CAN HANDLE HIM, DOOZER! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME HERE! PLEASE!

Doozer paused. He twisted his neck just enough so his chin nearly touched his right shoulder... just enough so he could stare straight into Bill's eyes. The Dooze didn't mutter a sound. He didn't move a muscle. He just gazed deep into Bill's eyes like they were a gateway to something more revealing.

Then, he stopped.

His attention was back on the girl. As they made their way out of sight, you could hear Dooze continue to calm her.

Doozer: Would ya like a drink or something? I think they have a hot chocolate machine somewhere back here. You like that stuff?

A quaint voice makes its debut.

Girl: N-no. Not really.

Apparently Doozer was under the impression that any and all recently traumatized individuals' go-to beverage was hot chocolate.

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Doozer: Uh-ummm... okay, that's cool...

A moments silence.

Doozer: I got Bud Lights?

A shorter pause.

Girl: Okay.

Dooze let out a light-hearted chuckle.

Doozer: Thatta girl.

The arena goes dark, and on the big screen, the famous shot of the mushroom cloud destroying Hiroshima plays, silent, as a man's voice speaks.

"I see you have ignored me. Ignored the warnings I have previously issued from the kindness of my heart."

The scene on the big screen goes to a man, standing in a dark room, his back to the camera with a small light from a corner illuminating him. His boots, long tights, and shirt are white, as is the back of his mask.

"You have been told to ignore me, reject me, Dynasty, at your peril. But, because I am a benevolent and generous man, I will offer you yet another admonition."

"Heed my call to deliverance, or suffer your end at my wrath."

The view on the screen splits in half. On one side, is a group of people shaking hands with someone the screen isn't showing, smiles on their faces and relief seemingly flowing from their eyes. On the other half, people standing in the midst of a nuclear blast, slowly melting away from the radiation.

"Who am I? For now, you need know only one thing." "Before you were, I AM."

The screen goes dark, as does the arena momentarily, before the lights come back up, allowing the match to begin.

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

Ace: Not these guys again...

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Thatcher walks straight to the beginning of the rampway, looking around towards the crowd. Graham walks up from behind, stepping in front of Thatcher and dropping down to one knee. Blackfront: He comes the challengers... The Shoot Kings.

Ace: Rex and Clauson are going to suffer defeat by Dynasty's hands once again.

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

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

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

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

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

Blackfront: One big match between Dynasty and The Shoot Kings.

Ace: UTA needs more Tag Teams. Tired of The Shoot Kings. They should be called "Madman and his Buddies".

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

Blackfront: This match for the UTA Tag Team titles is our Main Event of the night.

Ace: Quiet, Jason! Dynasty is coming out now!

Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play. Dynasty is on their way to the ring. As the opening riffs begin Perfection and La Flama Blanca walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down towards the ring. The fans don't waste any time with the boos.

Blackfront: Here come the UTA Tag Team champions.

Ace: Those belts sure do look good around the waists of La Flama Blanca and Perfection, Dynasty!

La Flama Blanca walks close to the barriers talking smack to the fans near by and purposely ripping any

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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.

La Flama Blanca slides into the ring as Perfection walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope before they both take their positions around the ring.

Announcer: Weighing in at a combined Four Hundred-Forty pounds...

Both members take their places on opposite turnbuckles taunting the crowd below that answers back with boos and jeers.

Announcer: DYYNAASSSTTTY!!!!

They both jump down and meet in the middle to discuss a few things as the referee shakes them down for any weapons.

Ace: Can't wait for this one!

La Flama Blanca nods a few times and decides to take position on the outside of the ring, as Perfection stays on the inside prepared to start their tag team bout.

Blackfront: Two teams who just plain don't like each other.

Ace: Definitely no love lost between Dynasty and The Shoot Kings.

Blackfront: Last Wrestleshow we saw Dynasty defeat The Shoot Kings, Ariel and Chris Hopper to retain the UTA Tag Team titles.

Ace: An all time great match. I'm sure tonight will be a classic as well.

The arena goes dark, and on the big screen, the famous shot of the mushroom cloud destroying Hiroshima plays, silent, as a man's voice speaks.

Voice: I see you have ignored me. Ignored the warnings I have previously issued from the kindness of my heart.

The scene on the big screen goes to a man, standing in a dark room, his back to the camera with a small light from a corner illuminating him. His boots, long tights, and shirt are white, as is the back of his mask.

Voice: You have been told to ignore me, reject me, Dynasty, at your peril. But, because I am a benevolent and generous man, I will offer you yet another admonition."

Voice: Heed my call to deliverance, or suffer your end at my wrath.

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The view on the screen splits in half. On one side, is a group of people shaking hands with someone the screen isn't showing, smiles on their faces and relief seemingly flowing from their eyes. On the other half, people standing in the midst of a nuclear blast, slowly melting away from the radiation.

Voice: Who am I? For now, you need know only one thing.

Voice: Before you were, I AM.

The screen goes dark, as does the arena momentarily, before the lights come back up, allowing the match to begin.

Blackfront: That was weird.

Ace: Who was that, and what did they mean? Blackfront: I guess we will find out when the time comes. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Starting this match off is Perfection and Thatcher Rex. The two meet at the center of the ring.

Both men lock up in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Rex gets the advantage and switches to Perfection's back tightening his grip around his opponents waist. Perfection tries to pull Thatcher's hands apart.

Ace: Thatcher going for a German Suplex but Perfection is blocking it.

Perfection lands a left elbow that rattles Rex. He gets separation and hits the ropes, bouncing off and hitting a nasty Clothesline on Rex.

Blackfront: Perfection with a Picture Perfect Clothesline, now in control. Stomping at Thatcher Rex's lower back.

Ace: Rex is crawling back to his corner.

Perfection pulls Thatcher Rex by the leg and spins him to lay on his back. Perfection grabs Thatcher's other leg and looks over at Graham Clauson.

Ace: Mind games being played by Dynasty.

Perfection lands a stiff boot to the groin of Thatcher Rex. The ref warns Perfection as Rex rolls on the mat holding himself.

Ace: Perfection going after Thatcher Rex.

Perfection pulls Rex up to his feet and Irish Whips him into Dynasty's corner. Perfection runs and hits a Splash on Thatcher Rex in the corner and almost sails over Rex and the ropes. Perfection gets back to his

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feet and goes to town on Thatcher Rex with lefts and rights. He now chokes Thatcher with his right hand against the ropes.

Blackfront: Referee Juan Velazquez starting his Five Count.

Ace: Perfection is smart he took that the distance.

Perfection tags in La Flama Blanca. Blanca leaps over the top rope and now goes to work on Thatcher Rex.

Blackfront: The Luchador now in the match for Dynasty.

La Flama Blanca lands several hard right jabs to Thatcher's temple. Blanca goes for a Spinning Heel Kick but Rex ducks the move.

Ace: Rex avoids the kick!

Thatcher Rex lands a knee to Blanca's mid section and quickly adds another. He pushes The Cruiserweight into the ropes and sends him off to the races. La Flama Blanca does a Handstand and bounces off the ropes landing back to catch Rex with a Back Elbow.

Blackfront: What an incredible move by La Flama Blanca!

Ace: That's why he's one of the best!

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Blackfront: Thatcher Rex now on the floor. He was sent through the ropes after that amazing Elbow by La Flama Blanca.

Graham Clauson drops to ringside and goes to his friend. Blanca sees opportunity and hits the

ropes. Clauson catches Blanca out of the corner of his eye and moves The Shoot Kings out of the way.

Blackfront: Blanca hits the brakes.

La Flama Blanca swings his feet through the top and middle rope and flies back into the ring. The fans start a small cheer.

Referee: Four!

Ace: The Shoot Kings better regroup quick before they get counted out.

Clauson smacks Rex on the chest a few times before Thatcher gets back into the ring. He makes a quick tag

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to Clauson.

Blackfront: All four men have now see time inside the ring.

Ace: Clauson and La Flama Blanca squaring off.

Both men circle each other. Blanca goes for a sweep but Clauson spins out. Blanca shoots in again and ducks under the Big Boot by Clauson. Blanca stops on a dime and hits an Arm Drag Takedown on the incoming Clauson.

Ace: Two Takedowns by Blanca.

Blackfront: Blanca with a Dropkick. He hits another. He goes for another and misses!

Ace: Clauson knew there was going to be a third.

Clauson moved out of the way and leans against the ropes. He flips a switch and goes after La Flama Blanca.

Ace: Clauson landing some hard knees to the ribs of La Flama Blanca.

Blanca appears to be in pain and heads to the ropes. Clauson turns Blanca around and lands a hard Knife Edge Chop.

Fans: Wooooo!

Clauson and Rex both look around the arena before Graham lands another stiff Chop.

Fans: Wooooo!

Clauson grabs Blanca's wrist and turn it over. While holding the Wristlock, Clauson smashes an elbow down on Blanca's arm. Blanca in pain is still in a Clauson Wristlock, He tucks and rolls and is able to turn the maneuver around on his opponent.

Blackfront: Blanca with the nice move. Clauson in pain. Clauson working Blanca now. Graham Clauson sticks an elbow between him and Blanca to break The Luchador's hold. He quickly wraps Blanca up in a Headlock as he slams La Flama Blanca to the mat. La Flama Blanca Headscissors Clauson's back to the mat and gets a quick count.

Ace: Clauson with the kickout.

Graham Clauson snaps back up and is taken down to the ground with a Headlock take down. Clauson comes back with a Headscissor of his own but Blanca quickly kicks out and jumps to his feet.

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Blackfront: Going showing of agility by La Flama Blanca and Graham Clauson.

Clauson comes at Blanca with a Forearm to his chest, pushing The Cruiserweight back into the ropes.

Blackfront: Clauson with the Irish Whip...

La Flama Blanca bounces off the ropes and rolls over the ducking Graham Clauson and his momentum keeps him going towards Thatcher Rex.

Ace: Superman Punch from La Flama Blanca! Rex is down! Blanca walks backwards a few steps and turns around.

Blackfront: Graham Clauson with the Small Package!

Ace: No!

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT! The fans let out a groan.

Blackfront: We almost had new UTA Tag Team champions!

Blanca quick to get to his feet gets into a fist fight with Graham Clauson. Blanca takes Clauson by the wrist and tries an Irish Whip which is reversed.

Blackfront: Clauson with the reversal, Blanca now with the reversal.

Blanca sends Clauson across the ring and hits the mat grabbing his knee. Referee Velaquez checks on The Luchador. Perfection lands a swift kick to Clauson's back which causes Graham to throw a punch at Perfection. The former UTA Champion ducks and grabs Clauson by the back of the head dropping to the floor and slamming Clauson throat first on the top rope.

Blackfront: Dynasty playing dirty.

Ace: Referee Velaquez didn't see anything.

Blanca suddenly feels better and gets to his feet. Perfection stands back in Dynasty's corner. Blanca walks to Clauson slowly. He brings Clauson to a vertical base and lands a hard right that sends Graham Clauson back to the mat.

Blackfront: Dynasty just toying with The Kings.

Ace: We will have new Kings tonight, Jason.

La Flama Blanca tags Perfection back into the match. He pulls Clauson up and holds him for Perfection.

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Blackfront: Perfection sizing up Clauson.

Perfection puts his hands together like a picture frame and charges with a hard boot to Clauson's core. Blanca puts his arms in the air and goes to the outside.

Blackfront: Perfection is still fresh.

Thatcher Rex has come to and stands outside the ring, leaning against the apron with his hand on the middle rope. Perfection grabs Clauson by the head and lands a Bulldog.

Blackfront: Perfection goes for the pin!

Perfection hooks the leg. Rex makes his way into the ring.

Blackfront: Rex breaks up the pin! The Shoot Kings are still in this!

Referee Velaquez yells at Rex to get out of the ring. La Flama Blanca enters the ring and is cut off by Velaquez. The Referee pushes Blanca back into his corner. Blanca isn't happy as he puts one leg through the ropes and back out into his corner.

Blackfront: Clauson and Perfection now... Perfection with the Hiptoss.

Graham Clauson gets back to his feet. Clauson ducks under a Clothesline attempt from Perfection and hits a Snap Neckbreaker.

Blackfront: Neckbreaker by Clauson!

Both men lay in the ring as the ref starts his Ten Count.

Referee: One!

The fans are on their feet as both men are down for the count. Both Rex and Blanca try to be cheerleaders for their teams to rally their Tag Team partners.

Blackfront: These fans are getting louder and louder, Tommy!

Ace: They are loving what they are seeing, Jason!

Referee: Six!

Perfection begins crawling to his corner to try to make a tag. The fans are showing their love for The Shoot Kings.

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Blackfront: Thatcher Rex wants in this match!

Both men make the tag bringing La Flama Blanca and Thatcher Rex back into the ring. Both men trade rights with Blanca getting the upper hand with a knee to Rex's side. Blanca pushes Rex towards the ropes and hits the ropes across the ring. Blanca comes back at Rex and is swung around in a monstrous slam!

Blackfront: Rex with the cover! Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!! Ace: Blanca won't give up.

Blackfront: Rex can't believe it.

Thatcher Rex brings himself and La Flama Blanca up to a vertical position. Blanca is able to land a few punches of Rex but is halted after a big Headbutt by Thatcher. Blanca turns away from Rex giving up his back. Rex wraps his arms around Blanca.

Blackfront: Blanca is trying to break free.

Blanca swings his head forward and then back to bring space between the two. Blanca grabs Rex by the back of the head.

Ace: THE STRIKEOUT!

Blackfront: Blanca hit El Ponche, the Asai DDT! The cover! Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

The fans begin to cheer.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome! Blackfront: How did Thatcher Rex kick out of that. Ace: No one kicks out from The Strikeout.

Blanca not satisfied goes for a second pin attempt.

Referee: One! Two! Kickout!

Blackfront: Blanca goes for another pin attempt.

Referee: One! Kickout!

Blanca mounts Thatcher Rex and lands several furious rights and lefts. He stands up and begins yelling at the crowd. The fans boo immediately. Many fans give The Luchador the middle finger. Blackfront: The fans letting Dynasty and especially, La Flama Blanca know how they feel.

Ace: Who cares how they feel?!

La Flama Blanca tags Perfection back into the match. Perfection stands by Rex with his hands raised as

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Thatcher still lay on the mat. Perfection kicks at Thatcher Rex. He mocks Rex.

Blackfront: Class act.

Ace: You being funny, Jason?

Perfection hits the ropes and comes back at Thatcher Rex with a Big Leg Drop that hits nothing but mat.

Blackfront: Rex moved out of harms way!

Ace: Come on Perfection!

Perfection grabs at his lower half after missing the Leg Drop. Thatcher Rex rolls over and lays on his stomach not far from his corner and Graham Clauson.

Blackfront: Clauson wants back in this match!

Rex tries to drag himself over to his corner. Perfection now sits on his knees. He sees that his opponent is close to making a tag.

Ace: Smart move by Perfection.

Perfection rushes Clauson landing a Forearm that forces Clauson into the ring. Perfection backs away as Referee Velaquez yells at Clauson to leave the ring. With the referee's back turned La Flama Blanca slithers into the ring.

Blackfront: Watch out for La Flama Blanca!

Blanca goes for a Springboard Diving Knee on Thatcher Rex and hits his mark.

Blackfront: Thatcher is seeing stars!

Perfection sees his spot and hits Rex with a Backstabber Backbreaker. Blanca rolls to his corner and lays on the mat.

Blackfront: The Referee finally back in this match. So much carnage!

Ace: Two teams who want the gold, Jason!

Blackfront: Perfection with the cover!

Ace: Dynasty is going to win! Referee: One! Two! THREEEEEEE!!! The bell starts to ring.

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Announcer: The winners of this match, and STILL... UTA... TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS..... PERFECTION... LA FLAMA BLANCA..... DYYYYNNNAAASSSTTTYYYY!!!

Blackfront: Dynasty does it folks, they are STILL the UTA Tag Team Champions!

Suddenly, the lights go out and Memphisto by Depeche Mode begins to play over the speakers. An eerie purple glow fills the arena and the crowd cheers with excitement.

Blackfront: Oh, my God! Spectre said he was going to put a stop to Dynasty tonight, and looks like he is going to make good on his word!

Ace: What the hell is that Purple Haired Freak doing out here, Jason? He needs to mind his own damn business!

Blackfront: I think Spectre is sick and damn tired of Dynasty running around like they own the UTA, and is finally putting his foot down!

At the top of the entrance ramp, Spectre glares down towards the ring with the most and sadistic look on his face.

Ace: That guy is absolutely nuts! Somebody stop him!!

Blackfront: Spectre now making his way down to the ring-

From out of nowhere, Sean Jackson suddenly appears behind Spectre with a steel chair.

Ace: YES!!!!

Blackfront: Oh, no! Sean Jackson from behind with a steel chair! TTTHHHHHHHWWAAAAACCCCK!!!

Crowd: OHHHHHHHHHH!

Blackfront: Good lord! You could hear that chair smack echo through the entire arena!

Ace: That means Spectre felt the full brunt of that hit! Hahahaha, I love it!

At the top of the ramp, Spectre is leaning over in pain. Sean Jackson, too, has a rather vile and sadistic look on his face. He approaches Spectre with the chair over his head ready to strike Spectre with the chair across his back a second time, but Spectre shoulder tackles Sean to the ground. The two combatants start rolling around on the top of the ramp, punching and hitting each other.

Blackfront: Looks like Sean and Spectre aren't going to wait until Season's Beatings to fight! This is going down tonight!

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Ace: It's going to be knock down drag out fight!

Spectre and Sean Jackson continue to pummel each other.

Blackfront: Hey, where is security?

Ace: Do you really think Wingate's rent-a-cops or over the hill road agents REALLY want to try and intervene in this fight? They'll become part of the problem, not the solution, Blackfront!

Spectre and Sean Jackson eventually make their way to their feet, trying to gain an advantage over one another. Spectre starts to overpower Sean, when Sean reaches up and pokes Spectre in the eyes.

Blackfront: Oh, and a cheap move by Sean!

Ace: Sometimes you gotta do what you gotta do, Blackfront.

Spectre releases Sean Jackson and, temporarily blinded, swings wildly at the air. Spectre stumbles around heading toward the right edge of the ramp.

Blackfront: Spectre better watch out! He's close to falling over off the ramp.

Ace: Let him! I'm sick of that freak!

From the side, Sean Jackson gets into a 3-point stance. Suddenly, he lets out a scream and takes off running full speed toward Spectre. He crashes into Spectre, knocking Spectre off the ramp and into the electrical circuit boards controlling the lights and pyro in the arena.

BBBBBZZZZZZZZPPPP!!!! POW! POW! CRRHZZZRRPZZCCHHKKKPPPBBBBBZZZ!!!

Spectre's body starts to shake as smoke and sparks continue to fly. The lights in the arena go out except for the spotlights up in the rafters pointing down at the harrowing scene.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!!!! SPECTRE JUST FELL INTO THE POWER GRID! I THINK SEAN JUST KILLED SPECTRE!!!!

Sean at first has a look of shock on his face, but then he begins to laugh, with almost a look of relief on his face. Several UTA officials and EMTs rush out from the back to check on the welfare of Spectre.

Blackfront: Look at how heartless and callous Sean is! He's actually laughing and enjoying himself!

Ace: I think Sean realizes he just got rid of a major pain in Dynasty's ass! Hey...maybe Dynasty can start celebrating early! I hope I get an invitation!

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The officials all have concerned looks on their faces as the EMTs are carefully checking on Spectre. Sean keeps looking down and Spectre, and smiling. He turns to the crowd and starts yelling at them.

Sean: Do you see your hero? Your Hall of Famer? He's DONE! I've finally gotten rid of that freak! You'll NEVER see him in the UTA again!

Sean looks back at Spectre, with his hands on his hips and a proud, smug look on his face. Suddenly, Spectre opens his eyes with a deranged look, glaring straight at Sean. Sean looks shocked and terrified and can't believe his eyes.

Crowd: YEAHHHHHH!!!

Ace: Oh, my God! He's alive? Spectre's inhuman!

Blackfront: Sean's eyes are about to pop right out of his skull!

Spectre tries to climb out of the mess, but the EMTs try to hold him back, only to get punched by Spectre.

Blackfront: OH! These EMTs are feeling the brunt out of Spectre's wrath! There's no way they are going to be able to hold Spectre back now!

Spectre is almost free of the mess. Sean, appearing scared to death, starts to take a few steps back.

Ace: Get out of there, Sean! Spectre's gonna to kill you!!!

Spectre gets to his feet and immediately starts stalking Sean. Spectre starts climbing on to the ramp as Sean bails through the entrance curtain, and in the back. The camera follows Spectre into the back. Sean can be seen running away, stumbling and falling over various things.

Innocent backstage employees accidentally cross Sean's path, and he grabs hold of them and throws them into Spectre's path. Spectre has none of it and punches them in the face.

Sean: WHAT ARE YOU, YOU FREAK?!

In the background, Sean can be seen reaching a limo driver near his vehicle. Sean punches the driver and takes his keys. As Sean gets into the limo, Spectre starts running towards the limousine. As the limo starts up, Spectre jumps up on top of the limo, spread across the back window but hanging on by the moon roof. Sean peels out with Spectre hanging on. As the limo rounds the corner, Spectre is thrown from the limo and lands into a large pile of garbage. Sean doesn't stop and continues to drive out of the arena and out of the area totally, trying to put distance between himself and Spectre.

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The camera pans over to Spectre in the pile of trash. He sits up, seething mad, breathing through his teeth, looking at Sean's tail lights fade in the distance.

Ace: Dear God! If what we just saw didn't stop Spectre, then how in the hell is Sean EVER going to hope to defeat Spectre in the Shock Therapy Match at Season's Beatings?!

The copyright comes across the screen and we fade to black.