

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 33

April 20, 2015 | 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.

Blackfront: Another exciting weekend in the UTA Universe.

Ace: Another great Victory last night and tonight, an action packed show to say the least. Blackfront: The Second Coming returns to action against Joshua Jones, this is going to be a much talked about match.

Ace: In one of the more lopsided matches I've seen, Chris Hopper takes on Leyenda De Ocho. The next graphic appears on your screen. Uncle Rocky and Nirvana fill your TV sets.

Blackfront: Here's one I'm looking forward too... Uncle Rocky and Nirvana.

Ace: That looks to be a war in the making. After that we will see Kush take on Mikey Unlikely. Blackfront: It seems as though Bechdel Kush has had Mikey's number in his time in the UTA. Ace: Mikey needs to walk out of Wrestleshow with the "W".

The final graphic transitions in. Ron Hall and Perfection, the Main Event.

Ace: This is the match that's for all the marbles, Jason.

Blackfront: Indeed... If Ron Hall wins, he ensures that Perfection losses the UTA title and will not be in the All Or Nothing Match.

Ace: Ron Hall can shock the world... I doubt it. Perfection is the UTA champion for a reason, he's that damn good.

Blackfront: I'm excited, Tommy. We're... Blackfront is cut off by familiar music.

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I Wanted to Get Under Your Skin

Down by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

Blackfront: The Luchador on his way to the ring... He must be happy about being cleared by doctors earlier this week.

Ace: You know it, Jason. He deserves his shot at the Legacy Title.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his Dynasty apparel, his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt and putting his cast high into the air.

Ace: Take a good look at our next UTA Legacy Champion...

Blackfront rolls his eyes. La Flama Blanca gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. The Cruiserweight loves it.

Blackfront: A lot of speculation about La Flama Blanca and his injury, can't blame people.

Ace: He's just smarter than most people I guess.

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Ace: Get that guy out of the arena!

Blackfront: That guy did nothing to The Luchador!

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero. The Cruiserweight steps into the ring soon following with his other leg. He puts his arms in the air as the fans chant.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Blackfront: The fans won't let Blanca forget about how he joined Dynasty.

Ace: Don't listen to these jag bags... The combined IQ in this arena isn't over Seventy-Five.

Blanca calls for a microphone. He walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers.

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Fans: You're not injured! You're not injured!

He is not giving the fans any attention as he holds the microphone up to his mouth.

La Flama Blanca: You beat nuts know I was injured. You read the dirt sheets... You're on Twitter and the online forums. Show the future Legacy Champion some respect.

Fans: Booo!

The Luchador walks around the ring, he talks over the crowd.

La Flama Blanca: Now that I have been cleared by Doctor's to resume wrestling activities... I'm doing what I've wanted to do for weeks... Gentleman Jack get your overrated Vaudville ass out here!

The Luchador stands inside the ring and waits. He walks towards the closest ring ropes and leans against them, checking his imaginary watch.

Ace: Is Gentleman Jack even here tonight?

Blackfront: I haven't seen him in a few weeks.

La Flama Blanca: You can't dodge me anymore, Jack. You can't hide. I don't know if you are here or not. I didn't know when you became champion you got to take a vacation around this

dump.

Blanca holds his left hand with the cast up at a Forty-Five degree angle. He turns to face the crowd to his left.

La Flama Blanca: Gentleman Jack, no more playing around. Don't be a coward like all the other bell ends I've called out in my time here in the UTA. Stop trying all you can to keep that title around your waist...

Blanca chooses his next words carefully. He looks down at the ground and raises his head back up. He looks around at the thousands surrounding him. Everyone looking at the man in the middle of the ring.

La Flama Blanca: You're too smart for that though, Jack. You have been taught well in life. You're going to hang onto that belt for as long as you can. I don't blame you... It's only a matter of time before the Legacy title is on the mantle of La Flama Blanca.

Fans: Boo!

La Flama Blanca: Gentleman Jack, come out here and be a fighting cham-

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Suddenly, La Flama Blanca is cut off mid sentence by unexpected, albeit familiar lyrics voiced over the sound system.

~When you walked, through the door~

~It was clear to me.~

Blackfront: That's not Gentleman Jack...

~You're the one they adore~

~Who they came to see.~

Ace: Is that... Doozer?!

Right on queue, The Dooze emerges from the gorilla position with a mic in his right hand and a huge smile across his face. The crowd's cheers are almost deafening!

Ace: It is Doozer! What in the world is he doing?!?

Blackfront: Biting off more than he can chew, if you ask me!

The DREAM Wrestling Hall of Famer is wearing his trademark Superman t-shirt and backwards Boston Red Sox cap. He comes to a stop at the top of the ramp, staring down La Flama Blanca from afar. Blanca begins to bring his mic up to his mouth, but halts as Doozer throws his free hand up in a very stop-right-there manner.

Doozer: Eh-eh!

The crowd explodes again and starts into a chant.

Fans: DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.

Ace: The fans really getting behind Doozer right now!

Blackfront: That's because they're idiots!

La Flama Blanca charges into the ropes in front of him, grabbing on with one hand while leaning over and pointing furiously toward Doozer with the other. Even without the microphone, he can be heard screaming obscenities.

Doozer: I think everyone's heard just about enough from you today, Blanca. Isn't that right, fine folks of Knoxville, Tennessee?!?

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The cheap pop sends the crowd into a frenzy, showing their full approval. Doozer tilts his head back and raises both arms as if to soak in the cheers like sunlight.

Doozer: Ahhhh, you all are great! I just don't know how someone could turn their back on that, right there.

La Flama Blanca: I'll let you have that one, just know that. I don't like when people interrupt me. Honestly, I don't know what these mouth breathers even see in you. You're a joke. You... are clown shoes.

The fans boo the words of La Flama Blanca. Doozer puts hands on his hips and looks up into the sky. The fans await Doozer's comeback.

Doozer: I can tell all this fan support is going to strike a nerve deep down, Blanca... secretly wishing they didn't hate you, but having to put on that front. It's gotta be tough. SO... I'm going to make this quick.

The Dooze looks down for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then twists his head as if to crack his neck. He lifts his head back up, now with a much more serious look on his face as he stares down La Flama Blanca in the ring.

Doozer: Fact is, since that little twitter spat we had... I haven't been able to stop thinking about you, Blanca.

La Flama Blanca quickly brings his mic back up.

La Flama Blanca: You talked a big game after beating Sean Jackson... I wanted to get under your skin... and it's clear my mission was accomplished.

Doozer: I think... No, WE all think you need to shut the hell up!. The crowd roars!

Blackfront: Isn't he supposed to be a role model for the kids? That was pretty rude and that language!

Doozer: See, it's bothered me. You have talent, Blanca. Talent a lot of people in this industry simply do not have. Yet, you went all Anakin on the UTA and joined up with Emperor Perfection.

The fans let everyone know just what they think about that move with a smattering of BOOS.

Doozer: I thought, after I got your attention on twitter, that I could talk a little sense into you. Maybe strike a chord and get you to realize, despite your mounting victories and success, just what you've lost.

La Flama Blanca raises both arms as if to ask back, "what are you talking about, lost?" The Dooze holds up the pointer finger on his free hand.

Doozer: Knoxville, Tennessee.

AN EVEN BIGGER, CHEAP POP!

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The Dooze's smile stretches from ear to ear.

Doozer: That never gets old.

Blackfront: Oh, will he just get over himself already?!?

Ace: I'd say Doozer is hardly as self-centered as that man standing in the ring!

La Flama Blanca: Emperor Perfection... really funny... did Mikey NotLikely give you that one? The fans boo loudly, Doozer is not amused.

La Flama Blanca: Well I'm going to speak now... I haven't lost anyone Dooze. If anyone is to blame here, it is the fans... they turned on me. I never turned on them. My loyal fans, who have stuck by me, I do this for them. Not be a fake. Not be a cheap way to hit a certain demographic we are losing. Be myself instead a puppet like... you.

Fans: DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.

Doozer waits for the cheers to die back down before bringing the mic back to his face.

Doozer: But, in my years of experience, I have seen plenty of... you, Blanca. And I know that actions speak louder than words.

The crowd explodes in anticipation of where this might be going. LFB shoots out his free hand and motions for Doozer to join him in the ring.

La Flama Blanca: You've come out here and said a bunch of words and together they make no sense to me. The fans... they're hypocrites. They can boo me all they want but they tune in to see what I'm going to do next and you know it.

A mix of boos and cheers fill the arena. The Luchador continues.

La Flama Blanca: These beat nuts can all go suck an egg... Are you going to bark all day little doggy? Why don't you get your ass down here and we can settle this?

The fans explode. They begin to chant.

Fans: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Doozer chuckles as he has his arms crossed with his left arm bent at a Ninety Degree angle to put the microphone to his mouth. He pauses with the mic by his mouth.

Doozer: Only an idiot would run into that ring with you right now. Unfortunately for these great fans - BUT...

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TONIGHT... YOU... VERSUS... ME!

The fans continue to cheer. The Cruiserweight holds the microphone to his face.

La Flama Blanca: It will be my pleasure... to add you to the ever growing list of people who've felt The Kick. See you later, buddy.

La Flama Blanca's music hits as we cut to our color commentator's, Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: Unbelievable!

Ace: Oh man!

Blackfront: Don't go anywhere folks... you heard it... Doozer and La Flama Blanca, tonight on Wrestleshow.

Ace: That was an awesome back and forth. That has Match of the Night written all over it.

Blackfront: Don't change that channel... WRESTLESHOW... IS... LIVE!!

Nice and Clean

The scene opens inside of a locker room. The camera pans down to the lockers, where we see Travis 16, UTA newest (and most high profile) janitor, carefully scrubbing grime off of the lockers. There's several bottles of cleaning agents next to him, sitting on the bench. Next to that, is an open gym bag with the words "#OldManSwag" on the side.

After a few moments, Nirvana comes storming into the shot. He's wearing his usual three-piece suit and ever-present mask. He looks down at Travis and sneers.

Nirvana: What the hell are you doing in here, troll? Travis looks up at Nirvana innocently.

Travis 16: My job, genius. Admit it, these lockers have never looked nicer.

Nirvana looks at the lockers and whistles. They are quite clean, at least most of the way; there's still a small bit of dirt where Travis was scrubbing.

Nirvana: Not bad. Maybe you found your calling.

Travis 16: Yeah, about that...

Travis stands up to his full height - still about a head and change shorter than Nirvana. He has a calm, peaceful look on his face.

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Travis 16: Look, Nirvana... You talk a lot about being the "big man", and I've made fun of that, but... (Travis sighs) I've had a lot of time to actually think about it, and, well... I can admit when I've been beat at my own game.

Travis extends his hand to Nirvana.

Travis 16: Good one, old man. You got me good. Epic troll, sir.

Nirvana looks down at Travis hand and sneersd again. He can scarcely believe what he's seeing.

Nirvana: You cannot be serious.

Travis 16: Scout's honor. Congratulations. I have been bested by a greater man. Nirvana slowly reaches for Travis' hand and shakes it, still not trusting Travis. After a few moments, Nirvana cracks a smile.

Nirvana: Gonna have to cut this short, "pal". Some of us actually get to wrestle for a living. Travis 16: Yeah, don't rub it in. Be careful around those cleaning chemicals, they're kind of strong. You don't get lockers this shiny without breaking out the big guns.

Nirvana chuckles.

Nirvana: Fair enough. I have to take a quick shower before getting changed anyways. Nirvana leaves to go take his shower. Travis finishes scrubbing the last spot off the locker, and then unravels his cleaning rag - which appears to be Nirvana's wrestling trunks.

Travis 16: Hmmm, I guess I better clean this as well...

Travis smirks, and reaches for a spray bottle with a huge warning in red along the side: "DANGER - DO NOT GET IN EYES OR ON SKIN". He applies several squirts to the garment and then rubs the exposed areas together. The few smudges that were on the garment have been dissolved. Travis grins with sadistic glee as he drops it into Nirvana's gym bag.

Travis 16: Enjoy your match, jack-ass.

Mae Culpa?

The door to the girls' dressing room is closed, though it hardly matters because the room is practically empty.

Practically - there's one exception. Former Wildfire Champion the Second Coming is against the wall, upside down. She is in the midst of her typical pre-match Yoga and is currently standing on her head.

There is a knock at the door.

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Second Coming: Speak 'friend' and enter.

The door opens and in walks "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. He is dressed for his match later in the night, but is carrying a massive bouquet of flowers in his hands. The floral arrangement is so large that we almost can't see his face.

Hopper: I just wanted to say again that I am sorry...

Second Coming: Flowers? Really?

She drops down to her knees and turns around to face Hopper.

Second Coming: Wow. Flowers.

Immediately she reads the mood on Hopper's face, and the Second Coming takes a deep breath. Second Coming: I appreciate the gesture, but you didn't have to get me anything. It's a match, things happen. But since you did, I just wanna know... did your thought process get any farther than 'She's a girl, girls like flowers,' or get anywhere near 'She's a bit odd of a girl, I think I'll find out what she likes?'

Chris sets the flowers on the bench, and still has that sullen look that seemingly hasn't left his face since he stepped over the top rope and eliminated himself last Wrestleshow.

Hopper: It really was never my intention to cause your elimination nor cause you any pain... Second Coming looks at Hopper.

Second Coming: 'Pain?'

She laughs.

Second Coming: Pain was my busted wheel. Pain was the jackass kicking me in the face three times. Pain ain't taking a tumble in a wrestling match. The only things that got under my skin were the fact that Derek Parks wasn't even in the lottery and affected the finish, and the way you acted like a goddamn martyr and eliminated yourself. Seriously, is this about you feeling bad about how I got eliminated, or about you feeling sorry for yourself?

Chris stands there and listens to her. At this point, he's just taking his verbal lumps and hoping it allows him to make it right.

Hopper: I am doing this for a reason.

Second Coming: And that is...

Hopper: I don't want to be enemies. I don't want anyone to think that I am a guy who goes out of his way to

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hurt women. I don't want you or anyone else to hate me for an accident.

Second Coming: There's your problem. You look at me - and probably Kush, Fears, Claudio, and the rest as 'women' - IE someone you need to protect for...

She shrugs.

Second Coming: I dunno, reasons. You don't see us as athletes and peers, and that attitude is easily the most frustrating thing about this job.

Hopper: I apologize, I really do. I do actually see you all as athletes, exceptional ones at that. And had I not been someone who was out to try and protect the fairer sex, Kush would have been tossed out early on in that match. I hope you will accept this gesture and apology I am offering.

And good luck tonight.

With that, Chris opens the door and steps out, closing it slowly. The camera crew follows him out as he shakes his head solemnly.

Hopper: This is what is really frustrating is when people view this as a job and not a passion. He gets past the vein of thinking he was headed down and begins walking.

Hopper: This should not have to be an issue at all. This profession deserves the best all the way around and perhaps....just maybe...

He stops walking and pauses, as if in deep thought. He eventually takes a breath.

Hopper: Nope, still can't see it.

He begins walking away, but we can still hear him.

Hopper: Jiles, you better be paying attention as this place needs you to step up your game....like right now!

The screen fades as Hopper rounds the corner.

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

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

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

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Brawler.

Blackfront: The Good Friends! on their way to the ring. They're always having fun out there it seems.

Ace: These guys should be in a looney bin!

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

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

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

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

Announcer: Uncle... ROCKY!!!!

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

Blackfront: Interesting matchup with Uncle Rocky facing Nirvana. Two strong men, who like to fight.

As Uncle Rocky's music fades, he dances over to his corner and waits for his opponent to come out.

Ace: Uncle Rocky is in the ring and now it's Nirvana's turn.

Blackfront: The King of the Death!

Orgasmatron by Sepultura begins to play. The sounds of harsh, violent death metal fill the arena as the lights slowly turn a dark blue. Without much pomp and circumstance, out comes Nirvana dressed in a flowing blue wrestling robe.

Ace: Too many guys in the UTA with masks. They're all stealing La Flama Blanca's thing.

Blackfront: Yeah... right.

Nirvana begins to walk down the isle. The fans don't seem to know what to make of the masked behemoth. Nirvana seems very distant. He shows little care what the fans think until he reaches the ring. He turns around at this point, right before entering, to show off the back of his robe. On the back of his robe are the words "#OldManSwag". Once the fans see this, many of them begin cheering in an ironic manner.

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Announcer: Hailing from Parts Unknown...

Nirvana enters the ring. Nirvana actually steps over the top rope to get inside. He stands in the middle of the ring for a moment, simply watching the fans.

Announcer: Standing at six-feet, seven-inches and coming in at a healthy three-hundred and twelve pounds...

Nirvana says a few words to the ref, probably threats, and slides off his robe. Now we can see the grotesque scars that cover his chest. Nirvana takes a hand and rubs an extremely horrible one, one that goes from one side of his chest to the next, and gives the fans a growl for good measure.

Announcer: "The Midnight King" Nirvana!

The lights return to normal and Nirvana just stands there. The fans continue their mixed reaction. Nirvana just takes it all in before the start of the match.

Blackfront: Nirvana looks ready Ace: Rocky is ready... I'm ready!

Nirvana cracks his neck and holds his arms out and then spins to show off his scars to all of the fans. Then, he slides a thumb over his neck before moving to his turnbuckle to start the match but not before tossing his robe out of the ring.

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: We are off!

Uncle Rocky and Nirvana stand in the middle of the squared circle. Both men don't say anything they just look at each other.

Ace: These guys have a history, Jason.

Blackfront: Nirvana with the obvious height advantage...

Nirvana extends his hand to Uncle Rocky. Uncle Rocky points his head down to look at Nirvana's hand. He then looks up with a unsure look on his face.

Blackfront: Not sure if Uncle Rokcy trusts Nirvana or not.

Uncle Rocky goes to extend his hand but pulls it back quickly and Raspberries right in Nirvana's face.

Ace: I hate Raspberries.

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Uncle Rocky lands a cheap elbow into the side of Nirvana's head. Nirvana is sent back a few steps and is up against the ropes. Uncle Rocky backs up a step and lands a hard Knife Edge Chop to Nirvana's large chest.

Fans: Wooooo!

The two brutes get to the center of the ring and exchange fists. Uncle Rocky grabs Nirvana by the back of the head and lands on knees to the mask and head of The King of the Deathmatch.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky getting the best of Nirvana in the early goings.

Uncle Rocky pushes Nirvana into the ropes and continues to land knees even with Nirvana trying to block them with his elbows.

Ace: Nirvana on defense.

Uncle Rocky sends Nirvana into the ropes and connects with an elbow sending Nirvana to the mat. Uncle Rocky does a dance as Robot Pete stands outside playing music.

Ace: Bunch of freaks!

Nirvana crawls to the ropes and tries to bring himself to his feet. Uncle Rocky lands some boots to the rib area of Nirvana.

Blackfront: Uncle Rocky looking to keep his winning ways tonight. Nirvana seems off tonight.

Ace: Not easy being a big man.

Rocky sends Nirvana into the ropes again and puts his head down.

Blackfront: NIRVANA!

Nirvana kicks Uncle Rocky in the face which causes Rocky to stumble backwards. Nirvana rushes at his opponent and lands a Big Clothesline. Uncle Rocky is sent through the ropes and to the outside of the ring.

Blackfront: Rocky sent to the outside.

Ace: Robot Pete going to check on his friend.

Nirvana follows Uncle Rocky to the floor and continues his offense. Forearm Smashes to the back on Uncle Rocky. Nirvana stops and begins to scratch the groin of his wrestling trunks. Blackfront: Robot Pete keeping his distance from Nirvana.

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Ace: Nirvana sure is scratching downstairs a lot.

Uncle Rocky turns to face Nirvana and lands a kick to the mid section. He follows it up with three consecutive fists to Nirvana. The ref has begun his ten count.

Referee: Three!

Nirvana grabs Uncle Rocky by the waist and runs him into the ring post. The fans near by cheer wildly.

Blackfront: Some intense action from both men this match.

Ref: Seven!

Nirvana rolls under the bottom rope and stands inside the ring. He walks back to the ropes to grab Uncle Rocky.

Ace: Uncle Rocky is on the ring apron...

Rocky grabs Nirvana by the back of the head and brings him throat first into the top rope.

Blackfront: These two men are just in a fight at this point.

Nirvana rolls around in the ring in pain. Uncle Rocky slides into the ring. He is laying in wait for Nirvana to get to his feet. Uncle Rocky goes in for the attack.

Blackfront: STO!

Ace: Rocky is going for the cover...

Referee: One! Two!

Kickout with force by Nirvana. Uncle Rocky throws his opponent back on the mat and goes again for the cover.

Referee: One... Two... Kickout.

Uncle Rocky sits on Nirvana's chest and lands consecutive elbows. Nirvana lands a few solid Kidney Punches. Nirvana is able to get a foot free and use it to send Uncle Rocky to the ropes. Uncle Rocky comes back in for the attack and has his chin meet the boot of Nirvana.

Blackfront: The fans getting on the side of Nirvana here. German Suplex by Nirvana! Uncle Rocky rolls around in a comedic fashion in pain from hitting on the back of his head. Nirvana is slow to get up.

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Blackfront: Both men are down!

Ace: This is the time where you see who wants it more...

Nirvana gets to his feet and bounces off the near by ropes. Uncle Rocky comes to and gets sent to the mat from a powerful Knee Lift from Nirvana.

Blackfront: Nirvana needs to stay on Uncle Rocky.

Ace: What's Robot Pete doing?

Robot Pete grabs the second rope and brings himself to the ring apron. Pete motions for Nirvana.

Referee O'Connor runs over to Robot Pete yelling from him to get back to the floor.

Blackfront: Nirvana has his back to Uncle Rocky... Uncle Rocky School Boy's Nirvana for the pin.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Ace: Uncle Rocky tried to steal one right there!

Blackfront: The Good Friends! always up to their dirty tricks.

Uncle Rocky hits the ropes and comes back at Nirvana. Nirvana just reacts and lifts his opponent up and executes an inverted Atomic Drop. Uncle Rocky showing obvious signs of pain as he holds himself down below.

Ace: That one hurt!

Nirvana takes a few seconds and goes back in for the kill. Uncle Rocky gets to his feet and Nirvana pulls him back and attempts an Inverted DDT.

Blackfront: Inverted DDT by Nirvana... the cover. Nirvana hooks the leg.

Referee: One! Two!

Blackfront: UNCLE ROCKY KICKS OUT!

Nirvana sits, stunned as the moans of the crowd echo. He stands up and benfs over, writhing in pain. Nirvana hits the mat and rolls around in agony. Uncle Rocky is on his knees not sure what to make of the situation.

Ace: What is going on here?

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Blackfront: I'm not sure, Tommy!

Uncle Rocky stands up and walks over to the corner, stepping through the ring ropes and up to the top rope.

Ace: What's Uncle Rocky doing?

Blackfront: TUMMY ZUMMY!

Uncle Rocky hits the Frog Splash and makes the cover.

Referee: One! Two! Three!

Blackfront: It's over!

Ace: Strange match...

Announcer: Your winner by pinfall.... UNCLE ROCKY!

Brought to You By

Taking Out the Trash

Back in the locker room area, we can hear painful howling coming from the showers. On the floor outside, Nirvana's tights lay on the floor in a crumple. There are small flecks of blood near the crotch area.

After several moments, the howling dies down. Nirvana stumbles out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist, breathing heavily. He looks up at a point past the camera's view, and snarls.

Nirvana: YOU!!!

The camera swings around, and we see Travis 16, leaning on his mop, with a HUGE grin on his face.

Travis 16: How'd your match go, buddy?

Nirvana: SCREW YOU!!! MY [[BLEEP]] IS BLEEDING, YOU [[BLEEP]]ING [[BLEEP]]!!!

Travis 16: Whoa, hey, UTA is PG-13, remember?

Nirvana: I'M GONNA [[BLEEP]]ING KILL YOU!!!

Nirvana charges at Travis with his fist cocked, ready to finally deliver the punch that Travis has long deserved. Travis counters the punch and returns fire with a SICK headbutt to Nirvana's nose! He follows this up with a STIFF shot in the stomach with the mop handle! Nirvana drops to the ground, blood pouring from

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his nose.

Travis chuckles, then grabs Nirvana's tights and gym bag... and throws them in a trash bag! With the trash bag in one hand, Travis drops his mop and grabs Nirvana's leg. He starts dragging Nirvana out of the room.

Nirvana: Where... what are you...

Travis 16: Oh, right. As the UTA's official janitor, it's my sacred duty to throw out the trash. Wingate sent me here to clean up.

Travis reaches into his janitor's overalls and pulls out a manilla envelope. He then tosses it into the same trash bag as Nirvana's gear.

Travis 16: There's an envelope with your stuff. It contains your walking papers. You can read them when you wake up.

Nirvana: I'm awake now you sonuva-

BAM!!! Travis knocks Nirvana out with a nasty curb stomp. He then smiles and grabs Nirvana's ankle, continuing to drag him out of the building... wearing nothing but his mask and a towel.

Travis 16: Checkmate, fur-tits.

As Travis rounds the corner dragging Nirvana's unconscious body to the dumpster, the scene fades out.

Declaration

VOICE: Excuse me, Ms. Coming.

The Second Coming stops in her tracks. She is confused on several levels: the first of which is that someone picked her out of the crowd after her match, her shower, her change of clothes into civvies, and her exit from the backstage to the upper tier where she can watch the rest of the show with the fans. Also, even though she goes by the admittedly cumbersome to say ring name of 'The Second Coming,' did this guy really just call her 'Ms. Coming'?

She turns to face a man in his late twenties, early thirties, with a T-Shirt proclaiming the various and somewhat... well... inappropriate advantages of Bobby Dean being 'Beautiful,' and a mini cassette recorder in his hand.

Sadly, 2C notes, he's proving the stereotypes correct with a ponytail and a goatee that hasn't been tended for a few days covering his chubby neck. Yes, he has a neckbeard.

2C: You can call me 'Two-C,' if it's easier.

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MAN: Okay, 2C. My name is David Pharrel, from the Wrestling Online Zine. 2C, we heard a few weeks ago on UTA Radio that you were considered one of the favorites at the upcoming All or Nothing event, and we still know very little about you. Can you tell me in ten words or less, what you stand for and why you're considered a favorite?

2C stands there for a second, pondering.

2C: Ten words or less? That's an impossible feat, good sir. She turns to walk toward the upper deck as David stops her.

David: Okay, fine. Take as much time as you want.

In one fluid motion, 2C takes the recorder from David and steps back so he can't take it back. As if he could.

2C: Why am I considered a favorite, I don't know. It was one guy's opinion on the show that I'm sure most of the locker room disagrees with. But I'm sure it was based on both past performance and projected potential. I've won some and lost some, and like the old saying - in defeat, defiance. Will I win? Odds are one in thirty, plus or minus whatever number I draw. Can I win?

Any of us can. Do I have the potential to win? Absolutely. Will I? That remains to be seen. He reaches for the recorder, but she holds him back.

2C: I stand for integrity, fair play, and giving the fans their moneys' worth. I stand for a clean match when I can, and a dirty one when I have to. I stand for honesty, no matter what, and everyone being given their shot at the top. I'm baffled by anyone who says to anyone else 'Stop talking,' because if you're right, it shouldn't matter what anyone else says. I stand for honesty, because fans are intuitive, even if they're reactionary, and they can sniff out a phony in no time. I cover my face and obscure my name for my own reasons, but I am exactly as I present myself: a loud, opinionated athlete who wants to give the fans the best match she possibly can.

With that, she hands the recorder back to David.

2C: Does that answer your question?

He doesn't answer, but watches the Second Coming turn around and walk to the entrance to the upper deck, taking the faceplate off as she disappears into the crowd.

The Son of a Whore Speaks Nothing But Lies

We open to a dark room, illuminated only by the flickering of candles. Brother Judas steps from the darkness of the corner, snarling at the camera. The Good Reverend steps in from the other side. He stands, looking ahead, and takes a deep breath.

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Reverend: Brother... Simon... Boy, the lies that you spoke on me... He shakes his head.

Reverend: How dare you boy! How day the serpent's tongue lives within your mouth! He looks back at Judas then back at the camera.

Reverend: How dare you... turn your back on HIM. On everything HE has given you... How dare you turn your back on... the truth....

Brother Judas grunts as he stands behind The Good Reverend.

Reverend: Boy... it ain't no secret that I have raised you from the time you were born. But to slap me in the face with your accusations.. your lies... after I took you in when that whore left you for dead in the field... When that whore... abandoned you like the world has done.. and you treat me like this?!

He steps forward.

Reverend: Brother... Simon... you shall not force Brother Judas and I off the path of righteousness. You shall not force us to not fulfill our prophecy.. to speak HIS truth.. to bring down HIS vengeance...

The Good Reverend smiles.

Reverend: Now, as you have fallen from HIS grace... you shall be next... Brother Judas steps forward, looking directly into the camera.

Judas: I... Shall.. End... You... We fade to black.

Immortal by Eve to Adam begins to play.

The crowd pops as Joshua Jones steps through the curtains. His face is an emotionless mask. He trembles visibly as he struggles to maintain his composed and stoic look.

Ace: Looks like it's time for some cake!

Blackfront: Jones and Second Coming has some harsh words for one another going into this fight, let's see whose going to back up their words with actions!

A few seconds later, Joshua's energy gets the better of him. He explodes into the air. As he lands, he breaks into a run.

Announcer: Hailing from Piedmont, California.

Joshua slides under the bottom rope before springing to his feet. He adds a second jump for good measure.

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Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventeen pounds...

Joshua runs to the near ropes, bounces off them, and keeps running. He hits the opposite ropes at full speed, again rebounding and continuing to run.

Announcer: Joshua Jones!!!

Joshua jumps onto the middle rope, but instead of launching himself into the air, he grabs the top rope with both hands, killing his momentum. Standing on the middle rope, he nods several times. Blackfront: Jones looks confident going into the match, and maybe a little angry!

Joshua pushes himself away from the ropes. He lands on his feet, still nodding. He makes his way toward his corner, bouncing with each step.

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

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

Blackfront: Here she comes again... The Second Coming!

Ace: Ah yes, the mouth of the company...

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.

Blackfront: The Second Coming is looking to show newcomer Joshua Jones a few things about being in a UTA ring!

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The music dies down and the Second Coming focuses her eyes on her opponent, waiting for the bell to ring.

After a few more moments, the referee calls for the bell, and it's on! Jones leaps in to tie up with 2C, but she swiftly counter with a kick to the gut, followed by a swift armdrag! Jones goes ass- over-tea-kettle but rolls to his feet quickly, only to run into another arm drag. Jones slaps the mat in frustration but rises again quickly, just in time for 2C to charge in with a devastating dropkick! 2C hustles for the cover...

Blackfront: And that's a kick out at two!

Ace: I guess that's a plus for the healing powers of cake.

2C gets vertical and pulls Jones to his feet. She hooks both his arms and fires a few swift knees into Jones' ribs, before finishing up with a fisherman's suplex. She flips around for the pin, but Jones has managed to get his leg onto the rope.

Blackfront: 2C really taking it to Jones early in this match!

Ace: She's quick to get back up, she grabs Jones' arm...

2C Irish whips Jones towards the corner. Jones lands against the corner back-first. 2C runs towards Jones, who gets his leg up just in time for 2C's face to collide right into it. As 2C staggers, Jones springboards off the middle rope... Head-scissors take-down on 2C. Blackfront: Jones going for the cover...

Ace: And that's a kickout at two. No cake for Jones.

Blackfront: Jones trying to build his momentum, he's pulling The Second Coming to her feet... Jones has 2C vertical. He Irish whips her towards the ropes and runs in the opposite direction... 2C ducks under a leapfrog... Jones springboards off the opposite ropes... BIG forearm smash on 2C! Jones gets to his feet quickly and begins circling 2C, stomping her repeatedly!

Blackfront: Jones calls this move The Cake Walk!

Ace: Because of course he does.

Blackfront: Jones drops for the pin, and 2C kicking out at two!

Jones slaps the mat with frustration. He looks around the ring, his eyes finding the corner turnbuckle. He looks back at 2C, who is still laying on the mat, then back at the corner. He appears to be contemplating something, and getting increasingly frustrated as he does so. Ace: What is this numbskull doing? Get your head in the game Betty Crocker!

Blackfront: Jones finally getting vertical... He heads for the turnbuckle...

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Jones gets up on the top turnbuckle... 2C starts to get to her feet finally... Jones leaps from the corner... CORKSCREW MISSILE DROPKICK- NO!!! 2C quickly counters by grabbing Jones' legs midair and SLAMMING him violently to the mat! She wastes no time in twisting Jones' legs around...

Blackfront: SHARPSHOOTER LOCKED IN!!!

Ace: And THAT is why we don't stop in the middle of a wrestling match to have a nice little think! Jones SCREAMS and scrambles for the ropes... 2C braces and doesn't move... The referee drops to see if Jones is ready to quit... Jones shakes his head "no"... 2C leans back, applying more pressure... Jones manages to get his hands underneath him, he creeps an inch closer to the ropes... The referee still looking for a tap... Jones reaches... His fingers barely touch the rope... 2C leans in and applies more pressure... Jones pulls his hair and grits his teeth... The referee asks Jones again if he's ready to quit... Jones shakes his head violently and reaches again for the rope... 2C lowers her base... JONES GRABS THE ROPE!!! The referee starts counting, and 2C releases the hold on 4.999999999.

Ace: Between the ropes, The Second Coming is all business.

Blackfront: I can't disagree with that... Jones still recovering from that brutal submission maneuver...

In the center of the ring, Jones continues to hold his back as he gets to his knees. 2C stalks Jones, makes her move... She hooks Jones' head... DDT!

Ace: Second Coming with the cover, this could be it...

Blackfront: No! Kickout at two! 2C not resting on her laurels though, she's pulling Jones vertical again...

2C sets Jones up for a suplex... She flips him over, but Jones counters in mid-swing and lands on his feet behind her... Elbow smash to the back of the head! 2C goes down, as Jones takes a knee, holding his back. 2C turns around, just in time to get a European uppercut! Jones rallies back with a few more elbows to the face, before pulling 2C for an Irish whip... She bounces off the rope, and heads right into a dropkick from Jones! Jones going for the cover...

Blackfront: Another kickout at two by The Second Coming.

Jones pulls 2C to a standing position... 2C quickly fires off an elbow into Jones' face! She swiftly hooks her arm around his head... Chin-breaker!

Blackfront: The Second Coming unleashing her patented "Torn To Shreds"!

Jones lays on the mat, holding his head and kicking wildly! 2C takes a moment to taunt the crowd... They CHEER for the crowd favorite! She turns back around and sees Jones trying to get

to his feet... She charges him... Dropkick- NO!!! Jones manages to catch her feet in mid-flight! She falls to

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the mat back-first, and Jones clutches both legs and leans forward!!!

Ace: The Second Coming struggling to get free of this sudden pin move...

Blackfront: One... two... THREE! WAIT-

Nope! 2C kicked out a fraction of a second too late! The referee is calling for the bell!

Blackfront: Second Coming can't believe what just happened!

Ace: Josh seems a little unclear on it as well.

The Second Coming holds her hands out in a "what the hell" kind of way, as Jones looks confused and baffled that his move actually worked. Sure enough, the announcer confirms it: Announcer: Here is your winner... JOSHUA... JOOOOOOOOONES!!!

Joshua smiles and jumps up and down as the referee raises his hand. The Second Coming has a look in her eyes that could melt steel, but is doing a good job of keeping herself in check. The camera cuts back to Jones celebrating his victory as the scene fades out.

Two Weeks Away

Jamie Sawyers appears once we come back from commercial. He stands behind a WRESTLEUTA backdrop with a microphone in hand.

Sawyers: UTA Universe... All Or Nothing is ... two weeks away! All Or Nothing is the upcoming UTA Pay Per View. The All Or Nothing is a thirty person over the top rope rumble.

A graphic for the All Or Nothing Match fills your screen. Pictures of the confirmed Superstars flash in front of your eyes.

Sawyers: Last count there were almost Twenty Superstars who have been confirmed to be in the All Or Nothing match. Rumors are flying about the possible To Be Announced competitors. We've heard some Stars in other promotions... WILL be involved in All Or Nothing.

Sawyers closes his eyes and shakes his head as he puts his hands slightly out ahead of him. Sawyers: It's only speculation but I've heard there may be MORE than the Thirty Superstars billed in the big All Or Nothing match... Now for those of you who have been under a rock these past few months...

Sawyers smiles, he is a big fan of the All Or Nothing concept.

Sawyers: The final Six people in the All Or Nothing match will compete for the UTA titles... This match will shake up the UTA roster as a whole and at it's core. The winner... the winner walks out as the UTA

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Champion. Two weeks from now, the UTA will be rocked. Jason... Tommy... back to you.

Cameras cut to Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace. The fans behind the duo wave and hold their signs.

Blackfront: All Or Nothing can't come soon enough!

Ace: We know that Leyenda De Ocho will be the Number One entrant and Bechdel Kush will enter at Number Thirty.

Blackfront: Don't change the channel there's a lot more show coming up... NEXT!

Brought to You By

Put Dick on Your Chest

We fade into a shot of Dick Fury, Victory commentator, in an empty ring. It is obviously a small venue as the seats are close. The camera zooms in on him.

Fury: Do you like Dick?

A giant YES zooms in and hits the screen before going away.

Fury: Do you want to tell the world how much you enjoy Dick?

Another YES swoops in from the side of screen and continues as it heads out the other side. Fury: Then put Dick on your chest! That's right. For the low price of twenty nine ninety five you too can join the millions who have already put Dick on their chest and purchase of the two new Dick Fury t-shirts!

We get a shot of the shirts.

Fury: In both mens, and womens, from size zero to XXXL for those big and beautiful bitches who love Dick on their chest... the new officially licensed Dick Fury t-shirts.

A number comes across the screen.

Fury: So put Dick on your chest and call 1-800-GiveMeD today! Kids... don't bother asking your parents.. you too can get Dick on your chest! Just call and charge it to your parent's phone bill! We switch to a busty blonde woman wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Woman: I love Dick!

She jumps up and down before we go to a very good looking man, also wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

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Man: I really... REALLY.. like Dick. We head back to Fury.

Fury: So if you like Dick, like these two like Dick.. get your own Dick Fury shirt today as supplies are limited!

A small print warning comes up. It goes back very quick, but we can only assume it says that kids should not call and charge shirts to their parent's phone bills.

"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: Mikey Unlikely has arrived!

Ace: Thrilling.

Blackfront: I'll say! This is going to be one heck of a match!

Ace: Sarcasm. Look it up some time.

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

Announcer: "Hailing from 'The Louie, Ohio'.

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

Announcer: Standing at 5'11", and weighing in at 225 pounds. Mikey Unlikely!!!! Blackfront: Mikey Unlikely is getting set to square off against the UTA's Wildfire Champion, Kush! This is a big opportunity for him to pick up some momentum going in to All Or Nothing!

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, as the match is ready to begin.

The opening notes to 'Verbal' by Amon Tobin begin to play, and the big screen cuts to Kush backstage, doing stretches while reading her Kindle. After a few moments of this, her manager, "Awesome Ava", runs up to her and starts tapping her on the shoulder, motioning towards the entrance.

Kush gets a panicked look on her face. She rises to her feet quickly and starts running towards the gorilla position. Awesome Ava yells something at her, and she screeches to a stop, takes off her glasses, and thrusts them into Ava's hands, before turning and running again.

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Blackfront: Looks like Kush was caught up in her pre-match preparations!

Ace: Again. Someone needs to get this girl an alarm clock or something.

As the music builds, Kush goes from a sprint into a full run. Awesome Ava is running after her, breathing heavily, with the UTA Wildfire Championship belt over her shoulder. A few feet from the curtain, Kush launches her body forward into a handspring...

...BURSTS through the curtain in a full forward flip...

And hits the entrance stage in a three-point-stance RIGHT as the drums hit!

Announcer: Hailing from Columbia Maryland...

Kush nods her head to the beat, a "whoa, I totally just pulled that off!" look on her face, as she makes her way to the ring. Awesome Ava parts the curtains a second later, looking flushed but manages to smile as well. As Kush walks towards the ring, she reaches out and gives high-fives to any fans that have their hand out.

Announcer: Standing at five feet ten inches, and weighing in at 170 pounds...

When Kush gets to the ring, she gives Awesome Ava a high-five. Ava hands Kush the UTA Wildfire Championship belt. Kush then swiftly scales the turnbuckle - from the outside, and without using her hands. Once she reaches the top, she raises the UTA Wildfire Championship belt, holding it there for a few seconds while photo flashbulbs go off. She then waves at the crowd in a friendly way, before doing a backflip into the ring.

Announcer: The UTA Wildfire Champion... The Unorthodox... KUSH!!!

Kush raises her arms once more and smiles. Awesome Ava is clapping and hollering for her. As the crowd reaction dies down, Kush makes her way to her corner, hands the belt to Awesome Ava, and turns to face Mikey Unlikely.

The referee signals for the bell. Kush & Mikey meet in the center of the ring and stare off for a few seconds. Then, they both extend their right hands and go for a handshake, before dropping back into their starting positions.

Blackfront: A lot of mutual respect between these two competitors!

Ace: Yeah, it's been a real love-fest with these two.

The duo circle the mat, looking for a strategic way to begin the festivities. Kush leaps first, looking for the collar-and-elbow, but Mikey reverses into an arm lock... Kush flips around and reverses the armlock... Mikey

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twists and goes for a single leg takedown, then leaps in for the headlock...

Kush manages to loosen the pressure and applies a headlock of her own... Mikey throws a kick that misses Kush's head, but distracts her long enough for Mikey to slip out of the headlock and kippup to his feet... Spinning kick from Mikey- MISS! Kush ducks underneath and goes for a sweep- MISS! Mikey leaps over the sweep and follows through with a rolling clothesline- NOBODY HOME as Kush rolls out of the way! Both competitors end up in a standing position in opposite corners, in fighting stances. The audience applauds the early display of matched combat prowess!

Blackfront: These two are right inside each other's minds, Ace!

Ace: That doesn't sound fun at all.

Blackfront: Both of them nod to each other, showing respect, before going for another tie-up... Kush and Mikey tie up again in the center of the ring. This time it's Mikey with the early

advantage, getting a hammer lock on Kush... Kush tries to reverse with judo flip, but Mikey moves his neck to avoid the grasp... Kush struggles a bit, before reversing the hammer lock into a drop toe hold, then swiftly scrambling for a forward mount... Mikey lifts an arm to reverse, but Kush works her arm into his elbow instead and flips him over for a cradle pin! Mikey kicks out at one!

Blackfront: Holy cow, these two have been studying one another!

Ace: If I wanted to sit around watching reversals all day, I'd fire up an old THQ wrestling game and put the computer against itself.

Kush steps back and lets Mikey get to his feet. Mikey taunts the audience and gets a HUGE round of applause! A "MIKEY! MIKEY!" chant starts in the arena. He looks over at Kush, smiles, and shrugs. Kush puts her hands on her hips, smiles, and shakes her head. She looks over at Ava, who is making her own appeal to the crowd - soon after, a "KUSH PUSH! KUSH PUSH!" chant is competing with Mikey's for volume! Mikey grins, nods, and makes a "faux applause" sign with his hands, and then the two get back into their fighting positions.

Blackfront: Looks like these two are pretty popular, huh Ace?

Ace: Yep. They can get a wrestling audience to cheer for wrestlers. However do they do that? Blackfront: Both competitors ready to go for another pass, they move towards each other in the center of the ring...

Kush goes for the collar-and-elbow, but Mikey gets the side headlock... Kush backs him up towards the ropes and bounces, pushing Mikey off... Mikey bounces and comes back, RIGHT into a shoulder block from Kush! She heads for the opposite ropes herself, on the trip back she gets leapfrogged by Mikey... Mikey heads for the ropes, only this time it's Kush with the leapfrog...

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Both competitors bounce and return... Mikey with the clothesline- NO! Kush drops to the mat in a split-legged position - but wait! Mikey stops suddenly, having predicted this would happen! He goes for an elbow drop- WAIT! Kush gets out of the way in time! She's up quickly and goes for a double leg-drop- NO! Mikey's not home! He gets up quickly and throws a dropkick - KUSH DODGES! She's up VERY quick and goes for a flipping leg drop- MIKEY DODGES!!! He throws a buzzsaw kick at Kush's chest- Kush swiftly leans back and DODGES BY INCHES! Kush kippups to a standing position as Mikey spins back around - once again, they've locked eyes and stopped! The crowd is going BANANAS!

Blackfront: Listen to this crowd! NOBODY knows where this match is going to go! When are either one of these competitors going to get an edge?

Ace: Thank god for the 20-minute time limit. This could go on for a while...

Blackfront: It's still anyone's match, as the duo square off again. Kush gets the Irish whip from the tie-up...

Kush launches Mikey into the corner and charges after him... She throws a front dropkick- WAIT! Mikey catches her legs mid-flight! She drops onto the mat back-first! Mikey begins twisting Kush's legs into a Texas Cloverleaf, but Kush manages to spin her body and twist out of the move! She rolls back to a vertical position JUST in time to duck a charging clothesline from Mikey... Mikey keeps running and runs UP the turnbuckle... HUGE body splash on Kush!

Blackfront: Mikey hooks the leg! He's got this!

Ace: And a kickout at two!

Blackfront: Kickout with authority, Ace! Kush and Mikey wasting no time getting back to their vertical base...

Mikey signals another tie-up, and Kush goes in, but Mikey changes things up with a kick to the gut! Kush doubles over, and Mikey hits a savage elbow into Kush's face! Kush spins around, and when she comes back, Mikey goes for a kick to the head - Kush counters with a kick of her own! Their legs connect in the center of the ring - shin to shin - and it's Mikey who drops to the mat, holding his leg!

Blackfront: Looks like that muay thai conditioning has paid off once again for Kush!

Ace: That... looked... painful.

Blackfront: Kush wasting no time... she pulls Mikey to a vertical position... Irish whip towards the turnbuckle- WAIT! Mikey reverses and launches Kush into the corner!

Kush manages to leap at the last second and get the middle rope under her feet... She spins around, going for a splash of her own, but Mikey catches her - WAIT! Kush hooks Mikey's arm and falls backwards, wedging her shins into Mikey's arm and side! The impact sends Mikey backwards holding his left arm! Kush gets to her feet and throws another kick at Mikey's face-

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WAIT! Mikey catches the foot and PULLS Kush towards him! She teeters off balance for a second, but then leaps with her other foot... The second foot connects, dropping Mikey to the mat! Kush dives in for the pin...

Blackfront: Mikey kicks out at two!

Ace: One good thing about the crowd being this loud is I can't hear you.

The crowd is indeed going crazy right now! A back-and-forth chant has started, "LET'S GO MIKEY! LET'S GO KUSH! LET'S GO MIKEY! LET'S GO KUSH!" Mikey is leaning on the ropes for support, as Kush runs for the opposite ropes... She charges back... Mikey gets underneath Kush and monkey flips her out of the ring - but wait! She manages to catch the rope and swing around, landing feet first on the apron! Mikey turns around and Kush clutches his head and tosses him into the corner! Mikey spins around, hitting the turnbuckle with his back... Kush springboards off the ropes, going for a flying kick- WAIT! Mikey elbows her mid air, and in a swift fluid motion, manages to hop up on the second rope... he leaps...

Blackfront: TORNADO DDT ON THE WILDFIRE CHAMPION!

Ace: THAT'S gonna kill a few brain cells!

Blackfront: Mikey wastes no time in going for the pin... Kickout at two!

Mikey rolls off of Kush and slaps the mat. He gets to his feet, although he still seems a bit wobbly from the shin block earlier. He gets Kush to a vertical base and slings her into the corner... He follows up with a running clothesline- NO! Kush manages to duck out of the way and get under the ropes... She's back on the apron again, grasping the top rope... Mikey turns around, and Kush throws a high kick over the rope, whacking Mikey in the face! Mikey reels back, clutching his face, and turns just as Kush leaps up onto the rope, looking for a springboard move... Mikey charges and hits a Yakuza kick just as Kush gets her feet underneath her! KUSH CRASHES AND BURNS INTO THE ARENA FLOOR!

Ace: Oh look, Mikey finally got her out of the ring. Only took him three matches.

Blackfront: Wait, what the hell is Mikey doing?! He's climbing the turnbuckle...

Mikey gets onto the top rope... He measures the distance... HUGE BODYSPLASH FROM THE TOP TURNBUCKLE! Both Mikey and Kush crash into the barrier! The crowd is losing their minds at this high-risk show of force!

Crowd: "HOLY [BLEEP]! HOLY [BLEEP]!"

Blackfront: The crowd cannot believe the high-risk maneuver Mikey just went for!

Ace: Real smart move, now they're both knocked out at ringside.

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It takes several seconds for the duo to stir to life. Mikey is the first to get to his feet... He pulls Kush to a standing position... He slams her head into the- NO! Kush blocks it and reverses! Mikey gets HIS head slammed into the barrier instead! Mikey stumbles back and falls across the announcer's table!

Ace: Hey! Get him off here!

Blackfront: Kush clutching her head and stumbling for the ring...

Kush rolls into the ring to break the count which just got to 8... Then quickly stands, runs for the opposite ropes... She goes airborne... **FLIPPING BODY SPLASH ON MIKEY!!! THE ANNOUNCER'S TABLE BREAKS IN HALF!!!**

Ace: OH COME ON!!!

Blackfront: These two look like hell! Neither one is moving!!!

Both competitors are clutching their ribs and coughing. The referee begins counting again. By the time the count reaches seven, both competitors start to stir. They ignore each other and shamle their way into the ring, where they roll in and pull themselves up using the ropes. They are still fighting for air and relief.

Blackfront: These two are practically killing each other out here!

Ace: Just goes to show you... Respect hurts.

Blackfront: Kush is finally getting to her feet... She stumbles over to Mikey...

Kush gets Mikey to a vertical base, and rears back... **HUGE** chest chop! Mikey stumbles back a step, clutching his chest, then fires off a chest chop of his own! Kush clutches her chest and goes in for a punch... Mikey dodges it, fires off an elbow... Kush blocks and hits Mikey with a palm strike to the heart - the Kush Push!

Blackfront: Mikey stunned... Kush looking to capitalize...

Kush kicks Mikey in the stomach and heads for the ropes... She bounces back... **ENVERGADO-**

NO!!! Mikey gets to his senses long enough to step in to the move, causing Kush to roll over his back! The momentum sends her crashing into the mat! Mikey keeps moving, heading for the ropes himself... He bounces back... **ONE HIT WONDER- NO!!!** Kush rolls out of the way in time and counters with a dropkick- **BLOCKED!** Mikey gets vertical as quickly as he can and follows up with an elbow drop... Nobody home! Kush and Mikey are vertical again and facing off! The crowd is on their feet!

Suddenly... The bell rings!!!

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DING DING DING!!!

Ace: What just...

Blackfront: They just ran out the clock! Kush and Mikey just ran out the clock!!!

Kush and Mikey slowly move out of their fighting poses and lower their arms. Both are breathing heavily and looking at one another, laughing. The crowd is BOOING the time limit!!!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen... the twenty-minute time limit has been reached. This match has been ruled a no-contest!

Mikey and Kush are still laughing. Mikey holds out his hand for another handshake, but Kush just squeals and wraps her arms around Mikey, giving him a big hug! Mikey hugs her back, as the duo are laughing.

However, the crowd is still BOOING the result... The start chanting...

Crowd: FIVE MORE MINUTES!!! *clap clap clapclapclap* FIVE MORE MINUTES!!! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Mikey and Kush look out at the crowd with enthusiastic smiles on their faces. They look at each other and shrug, then speak with the referee. The referee motions his head as if to say "no", which seems to disappoint everyone including the two wrestlers in the ring.

Crowd: FIVE MORE MINUTES!!! *clap clap clapclapclap* FIVE MORE MINUTES!!! *clap clap clapclapclap*

The referee keeps looking at the timekeeper and the crowd, shrugging.

Suddenly, the big screen above the entrance ramp lights up, and we see Cancer Jiles sitting in his office. He is all smiles.

Cancer Jiles: Mikey Unlikely... Kush... Great match out there. Loved every minute of it, and clearly, so did the UTA audience. It's really too bad that neither one of you could get the job done in under 20 minutes. Now, normally, we have time limits in place, because we have a show to run and places to be. That's just the way it is. Twenty minutes is twenty minutes.

The crowd starts to BOO again. Cancer smiles and holds up his hands.

Cancer Jiles: I know, I know, life is unfair... Except for tonight. You see, it turns out Uncle Rocky's match with Nirvana ran a little... short... this evening. So, as it turns out... I may just have five more minutes kicking around in the schedule after all.

The crowd POPS for this!!! Both Mikey and Kush start nodding enthusiastically. They look at the referee expectantly.

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Cancer Jiles: Well, I guess it's settled then! FIVE MORE MINUTES! Ring the bell! Blackfront: Amazing! Kush and Mikey are bruised and battered but they're going to have five more minutes for some closure!

Ace: Geez, is NOTHING sacred any more?!

Kush and Mikey tie up in the center of the ring before the bell can even ring. Mikey quickly counters a wristlock attempt with an elbow strike to the face, then heads for the ropes... He bounces back and leapfrogs a flapjack attempt by Kush... He bounces back and Kush avoids another Yakuza kick... Mikey grabs the ropes and holds himself back to avoid a dropkick attempt by Kush! He runs up on Kush while she's laid out and drops an elbow - nobody home! Kush gets vertical and backs off into the corner, Mikey looking for a counter but nobody's there!

Blackfront: Kush playing it careful here for once.

Ace: Yay, five more minutes of counters.

Blackfront: Mikey charging in, Kush stuck in the corner...

As Mikey approaches, Kush leaps up and throws her feet into Mikey's face! The momentum carries her backwards - she has backflipped onto the top turnbuckle! Mikey looks up just in time... ENVERGADO OFF THE TOP ROPE!!!!

Blackfront: KUSH HITS HUGE AIR ON THAT ENVERGADO!!!

Kush leaps across Mikey's chest but lacks the energy to hook the leg... The referee pounds the mat...

Blackfront: ONE... TWO... THREE!!!

The crowd ERUPTS with applause! Kush stays on top of Mikey, catching her breath.

Announcer: Here is your winner.... The Unorthodox... KUUUUUUUUUUSH!!!

After a few moments, Kush is able to stumble to her feet. She uses the ropes for support. The referee raises her arm in victory. Soon after, Mikey stirs to life and gets to his unsteady feet. Kush looks over at him, and extends her arm for a handshake.

Mikey looks at her hand for a few moments, rubbing the back of his head. He slowly takes her hand... Then grips it extra hard!

Blackfront: Wait, what's Mikey doing?

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Ace: I knew it, we got a sore loser moment coming from The Face Of The Company... Mikey yanks Kush HARD... and pulls her in for a HUGE hug!

Blackfront: See? You gotta have more faith in people! Mikey is a tremendous athlete and a wonderful person, he has nothing to be ashamed of!

Ace: Bah.

The duo share a hug as the crowd ERUPTS in cheers! Mikey then raises Kush's arm and points to Kush as the scene fades to commercial.

Marketing Strategy

As Kate Kincaid walks through a backstage corridor of the Thompson-Boling Arena, a door to the men's room swings wildly open which startles her in her path. Kate stops momentarily, just in time to see 'Romeo' Ruster Reno step out from behind the door.

Reno: Well... surprise, surprise.

Kate rolls her eyes back and helps herself to a deep sigh.

Kincaid: I wasn't waiting here. I was literally walking-

Reno: Oh, right... I bet you were. You were just happily walking around, and CONVENIENTLY you find yourself standing right outside the men's restroom. And to add another coincidence, I just happen to be in there.

He chuckles to himself, and then quickly has a sense of realization.

Reno: Did you see anything? I mean, did you creep in?

Kincaid: What?! NO! Of course I didn't! Like I said, I was walking-

Reno: Yes, yes, Miss Little Stalker. I heard you. You were just minding your own business, walking around, doing absolutely nothing. I believe you. I'm sure EVERYBODY believes you. It's okay, honey. It's okay.

She gives 'Romeo' a look of disgust.

Kincaid: Anyway, I think I'll just continue on my way.

Reno: Well, you can do me a favor while you're at it. Who's in charge around here? She stops, annoyed that this conversation is still continuing.

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Kincaid: Erm, well, it depends on what you need.

Reno: I need recognition, babygirl. I need to be out there - on the BIG stage. Showing the world what they've been missing. Bringing smiles and positive thoughts to all the females out there - and all the jealous men who are not even worthy of tying my boots. Look at the happiness in your eyes whenever you see me! This needs to be SHARED, babygirl... the female world of UTA needs me!

Kate raises her eyebrows, clearly sickened by the size of the ego of the man in front of her.

Kincaid: You're probably best to speak to Cancer Jiles - he's the Commissioner here.

Reno: Speak to Cancer Jiles? Well, do me a favour Stalker Girl. You tell Mister Commissioner that my contract is signed and sealed, and I want a spot in the thirty-man, over-the-top battle royal at All Or Nothing. If he wants the ratings to go up, he NEEDS me in this match. The fans need me. The United Toughness Alliance needs me in this match. You tell him that. Can you do

that?

Kincaid: Uh, I guess.

Reno: That's right. Now will you be able to walk there on your own? Will you be able to leave me at peace? Or do you need me to hold your hand and walk you there?

Kincaid: I think-

Reno: The answer is no. Romeo has way too much to do, and not enough minutes in the day to please every woman in the world. Women are a charity, Stalker Girl. And I do my bit for charity. Every day. So go and speak to the Commish, and tell him that the UTA has a new marketing executive. And his name is... well I'm guessing you know that by now.

He playfully flicks Kate's hair and brushes past her. She shakes her head, evidently baffled by this man, and walks over towards Commissioner Cancer Jiles' office

The Truth

We pan in to the side of something. As the camera moves out, it is revealed to be a large casket. Behind the casket, Brother Simon stands, his hands flat on top. He looks coldly into the camera before opening it to reveal that it is empty.

Brother Simon walks around to the front, running his hand across the edge of it. He places his free hand down, staring down into the casket in silence before he begins to speak.

Simon: My mother... she was a woman of the night. That is no lie. His head moves down.

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Simon: She abandoned me in that field like you said... and you took me in. I wont deny that. No sir I will not.

He places one hand up on the lid of the coffin and holds it there in silence.

Simon: You know... they found her body not much longer after that. Lying in a ditch... unimaginable things... that put her there. I never believed the stories they told about what happened. How you were involved. Just as she never got to move into the afterlife the right way... He slowly turns.

Simon: But you will.

Brother Simon moves forward.

Simon: Yes, you took me in, but that is where your truths end. That is where your lies begin. You never beat me?! You never locked me in a box?!

He grabs his buttoned up shirt and rips it away from his body. Normally, he would leave his undershirt on, but he grabs it and rips it away as well. Scars cover his chest. he turns around, his back in even more disfigured. He turns back around.

Simon: Unlike her, you will get a proper end... You will feel the insides of your final resting place... Come All or Nothing... it will be... All.. or ... Nothing...

He breaths hard as we fade to black.

"When you walked, through the door,

it was clear to me...

You're the one they adore,

who they came to see..."

A remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play.

Doozer emerges from the entranceway. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen.

Blackfront: Doozer, putting a challenge tonight to La Flama Blanca...

Ace: LFB being tested in his first contest back in the UTA.

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Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start to chant.

Fans: DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can.

Announcer: Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts!

Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and seventy three pounds...

He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

Announcer: DOOOOOOOOOOOO-ZZZEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Doozer paces around the ring looking completely focused.

Blackfront: The People's Hero, Mr. Doozer. He's been on a roll.

Ace: I don't want to think what will happen if Doozer can defeat another member of Dynasty.

With a quick neck crack followed by cracking both sets of knuckles. Doozer crouches slightly while staring down the ramp, waiting for his opponent.

"Down" by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

Blackfront: Here comes The Luchador.

Ace: Not an easy task... Doozer is no slouch.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a probable big smile on his face. Flaunting his Dynasty apparel, his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt and putting his cast high into the air.

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Ace: I just hope my dude doesn't re-injure that forearm.

Blackfront: Your dude?

Ace: Yeah.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it.

Announcer: Hailing from Durango, Mexico...

Blanca walks down the ramp and gets major heat from the fans. He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Announcer: Standing at Five Feet-Eleven inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Twenty pounds...

When Blanca finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the ring apron in one leap. The fans continue to boo their former hero.

Announcer: He is a member of DYNASTY and one half of the UTA TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... HE IS LA FLAMA BLANCA!

He hops over the top rope and bounces around the ring. He puts his arms in the air.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Blackfront: The fans letting LFB hear it.

He walks from side to side in the ring looking into crowd of mouth breathers. Flama Blanca comes to a halt in his corner; La Flama Blanca wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Fans: You not injured! You're not injured!

He is not giving the fans any attention as he takes off his Tag belt and hands it to the referee.

Ace: This is going to be great!

Blackfront: A match of good against evil. Doozer and La Flama Blanca. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: And this impromptu match has begun! Both men tie up in the middle of the ring. This doesn't last for long as Doozer tosses La Flama Blanca away from him causing him to fly back and roll into a crouched position near the corner. The fans explode.

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Blackfront: Doozer showing off his strength and the fans are loving it.

Ace: The Luchador might not be able to battle strength with Doozer.

La Flama Blanca stands vertical and begins to circle around his opponent. Doozer goes to grab The Cruiserweight but Blanca ducks under. Taking Doozer's back.

Blackfront: Blanca going for a German Suplex... Doozer standing firm.

Doozer swings around to now take his opponents back. He lifts up to throw La Flama Blanca over his head.

Ace: He landed on his feet!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca hits the ropes and lands a Dropkick.

Doozer stumbles back close to the ring ropes. Blanca hits the ropes one more time and sends Doozer over the top rope with a Clothesline.

Ace: Doozer is on the ground.

Blackfront: Blanca is going to the top rope.

La Flama Blanca sits perched on the top rope waiting for Doozer to get back to his feet.

Referee: One!

The Luchador is showered with boos as he now stands high above the ring.

Ace: He's going to fly!

La Flama Blanca leaps off the top rope and sucessfully hits a Cross Body crashing down on his opponent sending them both down to the concrete floor. The fans erupt.

Blackfront: Both men are down!

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Blanca lays on top of the fallen Doozer. The count continues as both men are on the outside.

Referee: Five!

The Luchador first on his feet rolls into the ring breaking the count. He rolls back to the outside.

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Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looks to be getting into it with a fan at ringside.

Blanca has some words with a fan and then goes back to his business. He grabs Doozer by the head and brings him over to the ring steps. He tries to slam Doozer's head into the steps but is stopped. Doozer puts his hands down on the steps. Doozer chops Blanca in the mid section and then sends The Cruiserweight's head into the steps.

Fans: DOO-ZER! DOO-ZER! DOO-ZER!

Doozer grabs Blanca by the back of the head and the pants and sends him into the ring under the bottom rope. Blanca is quick on his feet and lands some swift kicks to Doozer as he makes his way into the ring. Blanca once again hits the ropes and comes back with a Cross Body.

Blackfront: Blanca is going for a ride...

Ace: Fallaway Slam by The Dooze.

Blanca flies all the way across the ring and bounces into the ring ropes. Doozer sits on his bottom as he takes a breathe. Doozer rolls over and gets to his feet. He walks over to his opponent and lands a few Forearm Smashes on the back of La Flama Blanca. Doozer pushes Blanca into the ropes and sends him off to the races.

Blackfront: LFB coming off the ropes. Doozer, head down.

Blanca bounces off Doozer's massive back and lands on his feet with Doozer facing away from him.

Ace: Reverse Hurricanrana! Blackfront: He's going for the cover! Referee: One!

Blackfront: Kickout by Doozer.

La Flama Blanca hops up to his feet and lands some vicious Boot Stomps to Doozer. Blanca then gets Doozer vertical and pushes him into the corner. Several knees to the gut later Blanca Irish Whips Doozer across the ring.

Blackfront: Doozer hard into those turnbuckles back first.

La Flama Blanca does a little bit of a pose as he gets booed by the loyal Knoxville UTA fans. He runs full speed and lands a High Knee on Doozer in the corner.

Ace: Oh no!

Doozer catches Blanca and takes a few steps before slamming his opponent down hard to the mat. The fans are back in this match.

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Blackfront: These fans are showing their love for Doozer!

Referee: One!

Ace: Both men are down in the middle of the ring, Jason!

The fans show their excitement. Both men lay in the center of the ring as Referee Velazquez continues to do his Ten Count.

Blackfront: Referee is already at Five.

La Flama Blanca is the first one on his feet. Doozer lags slightly behind. Blanca stumbles around in the ring and steps through the ring ropes. He stands on the outside of the ring, leaning with his head on the top rope.

Blackfront: What's La Flama Blanca doing now?

Ace: He's sizing up Doozer...

Doozer stands on wobbly feet with Referee Velazquez behind him. La Flama Blanca times it just right and springboards himself across the ring and lands a Clothesline...

Blackfront: DOOZER DUCKED!

Ace: THE REF IS DOWN!

Doozer hits the mat in the nick of time. Blanca drops the Ref and sits on his knees. Velazquez lays on his stomach, holding the back of his head. Blanca tries to wake him but is not successful.

Blackfront: What else is going to happen?

Doozer goes in for an attack but is countered by a La Flama Blanca wrist lock.

Ace: THE BLACKOUT!

Blackfront: Doozer is out cold!

La Flama Blanca snaps back up to his feet and showers in the loud boos from the Knoxville faithful.

Blackfront: Blanca slithering to the outside of the ring.

LFB slides under the bottom rope closest to the entrance ramp. He lifts up the ring apron and grabs a chair from under the ring. He holds it up high with his right hand. The fans continue to boo.

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Ace: Blanca is going to take full advantage of the Referee being down. Blackfront: Blanca slides the chair into the ring... LFB posing for the crowd. Ace: These mouth breathers need to show some respect.

Blanca slides back into the ring. He stands close to the corner, holding the chair, ready to swing.

Blackfront: Blanca is yelling at Doozer to stand up.

Doozer is on one knee as he holds the middle rope. Referee Velazquez is also coming to. The Referee still has his back to the action.

Ace: Get him Blanca!

Blackfront: Blanca anxiously waits for Doozer to turn around.

Doozer is vertical and finally turns around. Referee Velazquez is propped on the ring ropes, leaning his body weight on the top rope as he holds the back of his head.

Ace: Blanca is going to finish this!

Blackfront: Not like this!

La Flama Blanca locks eyes with Doozer and takes a few steps towards him. The Luchador slams the chair to the ground and tosses the chair at his opponent. Doozer catches the chair as La Flama Blanca drops to the mat.

Blackfront: What was that?!

Ace: GENIUS!

Referee Velazquez knocks the cobwebs loose and comes to find Doozer holding a steel chair while La Flama Blanca lays on the mat, appearing to be unconscious.

Blackfront: What?!

The Referee calls for the bell, bringing an end to the match.

Blackfront: Doozer is being Disqualified?!

Ace: Yeah, didn't you see? Doozer attacked La Flama Blanca with that chair!

Fans: Boo!

Blackfront: This is bull-crap!

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Doozer drops the chair and pleads his case of innocence. La Flama Blanca rolls out of the ring, walking over to the Time Keeper to grab his UTA Tag Team Title. Doozer runs to the ring ropes by La Flama Blanca and yells something at him.

Blackfront: This is crazy!

Ace: The Cruiserweight outsmarted the Dream Legend.

Blanca makes his way up the entrance ramp as he continues to get booed. Doozer and Referee Velazquez continue to discuss the events that just took place.

Brought to you By

This Ain't Business

Ace: Hold on, folks. Just hearing in now that we have footage of an attack backstage that just occurred!

Blackfront: I hope someone finally took care of that Mikey Unlikely guy. He's annoying, if you ask me.

Ace: Good thing no one is asking you. Yes, I've just gotten confirmation that we're going to switch over to the backstage footage!

The scene switches backstage showing Doozer. He's apparently walking back to his locker room after his unfortunate match, getting set up by his opponent for the DQ against La Flama Blanca. UTA's glum hero figure trudges along with much morose as he passes various backstage workers. Even in the worst of moods, he still manages to return every smile and wave sent his way with one, or the other, of his own.

Random Worker: Way to go out there, Dooze. I never liked that Flama Blanca guy much, even before he joined Dynasty! You took it to him and would've beat him if it wasn't for that cheater setting you up like that!

Doozer's fake smile grows as he nods and continues on his way.

That Same Random Worker: HEY, DOOZE! WATCH OU-

Before the man can even finish his warning, a large figure flashes in front of the camera and flattens The Dooze with a powerful clothesline from behind. The camera turns to reveal the attacker as David Hightower.

Hightower: Ya think this is funny?! Ya think this is funny, boy?! It's not so funny when you don't have your stupid WTFC goofs with ya?!

Hightower grabs Doozer, hoisting him to his feet, and slams him face first right into a soda machine with a loud crunch. He immediately starts stomping on Doozer, giving him no room to even get to his feet.

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Hightower: Yeah! Who's laughin now?! Hightower grabs Doozer and lifts him to his feet. Hightower: WHISKEY! BEER!!!

David Hightower's dog Whiskey strolls into the picture with a bottle of beer. Hightower takes the bottle.

Hightower: Here ya go, Dooze! Ya look parched!

And without even opening the bottle David shatters it over Doozer's head. Doozer collapses, landing head first on the cement.

Hightower: Well, by golly gee! Is that why they call it a Doozy?!? That was awfully funny wasn't it?! YEE *BLEEP*IN HAW!!!

With a sadistic look in his eyes David stands there breathing heavily over Doozer's motionless body. Coming around the corner, The Dude appears and instantly grows a look of pure fear across his face.

Hightower: You want some of this, sissy boy?!?

Dude's eyes almost pop out of his skull as he throws his hands up and shakes his head as if to say NO.

Hightower: WHISKEY! GET 'M!!!!

The Dude quickly turns and high tails it down the hall.

The Dude: SSSSEEECCCCUUUURRRRIITTTTYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Security rushes into the picture as Whiskey chases after The Dude getting a mouthful of Dude rump roast.

Security Guard: Stop it right there, David! ENOUGH!

Hightower: What are ya goin to do? Stop me?

Hightower stands and places his left foot on Doozer's chest. The security guard pulls out a taser.

Security Guard: I'm warning you! I will use this! Hightower looks at the taser and laughs.

Hightower: What? That dinky little thing?! I used-ta lick batteries just fer fun!

The Security Guard fires the taser and it sticks directly into David's chest. The taser is clearly working, but David stands there unphased by it.

Hightower: Heh... That tickled...

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The security guard looks on in absolute horror before David rips the dart out of his chest.

Hightower: Big mistake, buddy...

Suddenly David hoists the security guard up and, like a sack of potatoes, slams him down onto Doozer's body. The rest of the security guards immediately back up; clearly unsure of what to do. Hightower grabs one security guard and throws him into the others.

Hightower: Anyone else feel like a bein hero? No? Didn't think so! David reaches down and rips off Doozer's trademark Super Man shirt.

Hightower: Super Man... How old are ya?! 5?! Toddlers worship this kinda crap!

David bellows before blowing his nose with the shirt and tossing it over his shoulder. The look in David's eyes is crazier than ever.

Hightower: WHISKEY!!!!

Whiskey runs into the picture with The Dude's pants in his mouth.

Hightower: Whiskey.... Gas can....

Whiskey cocks his head at David almost with a look of "Are you sure?"

Hightower: Do it!

Whiskey slowly, reluctantly wanders off as David turns Doozer over onto his stomach. Hightower: It's all fun and games right?! All fun and games until someone get's burnt to a crisp! Well, gee Dooze ole buddy ole pal! I think we're just havin a cracker jack of a time!

Doozer mumbles.

Hightower: WHAT'S THAT?

Doozer: D-doesn't even m-make sense.. you c-crazy r-r-redneck... Hightower starts laughing.

Hightower: Oh Dooze yer just a barrel of monkeys worth o' fun, aren't ya! Oh, but ya look a bit sleepy!

Hightower suddenly reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his rusted tow truck chain.

Hightower: Sleep well, Dooze!!!

Hightower wraps the chain around Doozer's neck and almost exactly like he did to Chris Hopper cranks back

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with all his strength.

Hightower: LULLABY AND GOOD NIGHT!!! GO TO SLEEP, LITTLE DOOZEY!!!

Hightower laughs maniacally before it's obvious Doozer is completely out cold. David finally let's go of the chain and Doozer's body slumps back down. Whiskey slowly waddles into the picture with a gas can in his mouth. Hightower takes the gas can.

Hightower: Atta' boy, Whiskey! Boy, oh boy, we sure had a whole lotta fun today! Hey, Doozer, while yer nappin up I thought it would be awfully nice of me if I cooked us up some good, ole fashioned West Memphis Arkansas barbecue!

Hightower suddenly pulls the cap off the can and starts pouring gasoline all over Doozer.

Hightower: Boy, oh boy, Dooze! I sure hope ya like it nice and spicy!!!

David says before he empties the entire cannister on Doozer. Hightower tosses the empty gas can down the hallway laughing.

Hightower: And now all we got left to do is to fire up the grill! YEE HAW!!! This is how we cook down in Arkansas, Dooze!

Hightower says before he pulls out a pack of matches from his pocket. David takes a few steps back and strikes the match against the side of his face. Hightower crouches down slowly.

Hightower: Yippee... Ki... Yay... Ya dumb bastard!

Hightower throws the match at Doozer's body and immediately the flames engulf the DREAM Wrestling Hall of Famer. David laughs like a nut job as Whiskey looks at Dooze and instantly lets out a whine. Workers run in extinguishing the flames. Then, James Wingate steps into the scene. Wingate: Hightower, what the hell is the matter with you?! Have you lost your god damned mind?!

David lets out a laugh.

Hightower: HELL YEAH AND I AIN'T MISSIN IT! Oh, I'm sorry? Did ya not find that funny? Did it not make ya laugh like I'm bubbles the god dang clown fartin out rainbow sprinkles!?

Wingate stands his ground.

Wingate: You are completely out of control! We have rules and regulations and I'm fairly certain you just broke over half of them!

Hightower gets in Wingate's face.

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Hightower: Yeah? Yer point is what? That sumbitch I just torched is the reason why everyone looks at David Hightower like he's some sorta joke! He's the reason why David Hightower's name isn't anywhere in the rumble! All I did was play a little joke on him! Not my fault yer not laughin!

James Wingate throws his arms up.

Wingate: That's it! Get out! Get out of my arena! I don't want to see you! Consider yourself suspended for the rest of the night!

Hightower: Oh yeah?! Well maybe I should play a little joke on you next!

Wingate: GET OUTTA HERE YOU CRAZY HILLBILLY! GO BACK TO YOUR TRAILER!

Hightower flips Wingate the middle finger before he storms out of the scene with Whiskey trotting closely behind him. Just as the scene fades to black, the members of #WTFC are shown rushing in.

Mikey Unlikely: Someone get an ambulance!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is set for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit.

The lights are dark as the piano melody tinkles through of the beginning of the infamous theme song of "Mike Tyson's Punch out"

Announcer: Hailing from the fighting city of Chicago, Illinois...

Once the electric guitar kicks in, flashing lights in alternating white and green pulsate through the arena with a gold spotlight on Leyendo De Ocho at the entrance curtain.

Announcer: Standing five-feet, eight-inches tall and weighing in at one-hundred and eighty-eight pounds. Here is LEYENDA DE OCHO!!!

The fans give a polite cheer when his name is announced. head down, hands forming the shape of a triangle at chest-height. He marches to the ring, pumping up the crowd and high fiving fans like a house of fire.

Blackfront: Leyenda De Ocho, looking to turn his luck around tonight!

Ace: The guy is locked into the #1 spot for All or Nothing, I would say he doesn't have much luck! Blackfront: You never know, He could defy the odds, and win All or Nothing! Anything can happen!

Ace: Are you high? This guy is tiny!

The crowd goes nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's "TNT."

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As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing his blue wrestling tights, black boots, complete with sunglasses and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Blackfront: There he is, the wily veteran, here to show his elimination from the battle royal last week was a fluke.

Ace: Him being in All or Nothing period, is just a fluke.

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Hailing from Paoli, Indiana

He reaches the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope and enters the ring. Announcer: Standing at six feet-eight inches tall and weighing in at two-hundred, eighty-eight pounds...

Hopper bends down and flexes for the crowd as they cheer him yet again. He jumps back to his feet and begins climbing up the first corner and raising his arms to the crowd. He works every side of the arena and the fans are really rewarding his showmanship.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over. Blackfront: You may have your opinion about him, but there is no denying the fans love the "King of Cool."

Hopper grabs the top rope and bends down and stretches as the music fades out. Now he is standing in the corner and ready for the opening bell.

Ace: These fans are all "Ungratefuls"

Blackfront: This match is ready to begin!

The referee signals for the bell as the two men walk towards the center of the ring. Leyenda De Ocho has some choice words for the much larger Chris Hopper, who smiles back. The two men lock up, and Chris breaks it, by pushing LDO away and onto his back. LDO quick to get back up! The two men go right back at it, collar and elbow tie up. Once again the stronger Hopper tosses his opponent like he weighs nothing.

Blackfront: Ocho would be wise, to not try to make this a battle of strength.

Ace: Clearly he is being tossed around, the guy should give up!

Blackfront: If there's one thing about Leyenda, he is not a quitter.

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Hopper chases down Ocho this time, and start delivering some boots as the Chicago raised masked man, struggles to get up. Hopper grabs his opponent by the wrist, and drills him with a short arm clothesline, after pulling him to his feet. Hopper chuckles, and poses to the crowd, with both hands in the air.

Ace: Clearly Chris Hopper, thinks he has this one in the bag! Blackfront: Don't count out LDO! This one is just getting started. Ace: Please....

Hopper bends down to grab his opponent and lift him. As he does, Leyenda hits a few jabs to the midsection, followed by a quick spin kick to the unexpected King of Cool. Ocho, trying to build momentum, hits the ropes. Hopper close behind as he follows him, as Ocho turns, Hopper hits him with a big back elbow that sends Ocho down to the ground holding his face in pain.

Blackfront: Nice move by the veteran! Leyenda going for the corner now to pull himself up! Hopper on the attack, he charges! NO! LDO brings up both legs to meet Hoppers face, using the ropes for stability! Hopper backs off, as LDO runs and dives at his opponent!

Ace: OH MY GO...

Blackfront: Hopper catches Ocho in midair, and he lifts him to gorilla press position! He lifts... and DROPS Ocho some 8 or 9 feet to the canvas! With authority!

Ace: That one hurt me, Jason!

Hopper flexes to the crowd, who play into it.

"Here we go Hopper, Here we go!" Can be heard throughout the arena!

Hopper going back, again lifts his opponent by the head, LDO reaches for his ribs, still feeling the effects of the last move. As he rises he breaks the grasp that Hopper has on him, he hits the ropes. On the return he ducks a clothesline and pushes off the opposite side. Hopper spins, and tries another clothesline which the small man ducks again, off the ropes one more time LDO gaining speed, He leaps and hits Chris Hopper with a flying head scissors that finally takes the big man down!

Blackfront: Leyenda De Ocho, using all his speed to finally take control!

Ace: Wow! He is quicker than I heard you were, with Mrs. Blackfront!

Blackfront: Hey now...

Hopper rises to his feet, where he is met with a dropkick by the waiting Ocho. Hopper goes back down, and tries to rise back up again quickly before another dropkick finds his chest, slamming him to the canvas. LDO poised for another... but Hopper realizing based on experience what happens when he gets up again. He stays down for a moment and pounds the mat in frustration. "LDO-LDO-LDO" Rings out of the fanbase.

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Ace: These fans don't know who to cheer for Jason!

Blackfront: Both are fan favorites Tommy!

Ace: They are more confused than that idiot Bobby Dean!

Hopper uses the turnbuckle to help himself back to his feet. As he does LDO runs. Uses Hoppers leg as a springboard, and 'walks up' hopper before hitting him with a backflip kick. Hopper goes to his rear end in the corner, as LDO lands on his feet, and the crowd comes alive

Blackfront: Wow! What a move! The crowd comes alive again! LDO Has a chance here!

Ace: No he doesn't... You just wai....

Before Tommy Ace can finish LDO runs into the corner puts both arms on the opposing ropes, does a handstand on the turnbuckle before using his momentum to come back down with a dropkick to his cornered opponent. LDO really getting a full head of steam.

Ace: Ok... Maybe a slight chance!

Both men take their time getting to their feet, and catching their breath. Hopper up, LDO up... LDO goes for a big roundhouse kick, which Hopper blocks, a second one Hopper ducks under, and LDO spins, using his momentum to turn it into a spinning wheel kick which knocks down Chris again.

Blackfront: Ocho goes for the quick cover...1...2... No! Kickout with authority as Hopper bench presses Ocho off of him.

A surprised Leyenda, heads for the top rope as Hopper gets back up. Ocho dives for a flying cross body block! Once again however Hopper catches his much lighter opponent, and slams him back with a fallaway slam. LDO is slow to get up, still holding his ribs. Hopper getting amped up, waits patiently for his dazed opponent. Hopper runs at LDO, with a Clothesline that almost rips LDOs head off. The high flyer flips to the ground holding his head.

A collective: "Ooooooooooooooh" escapes from the fans.

Hopper quickly takes advantage and applies an Inverted STF, showing a great flexibility at his age.

The referee checks on LDO.

No submission. Ocho reaches the ropes, and the referee begins his count, which Hopper breaks at 2.

Blackfront: This one, a little more even then people suspected. Both men get up slowly, LDO in the corner, hopper in the middle of the ring. As Hopper comes charging, he goes for a big boot, and LDO, ducks under

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and rolls away from his larger adversary.

As Hopper rushes him again. LDO take him down with a armdrag, hopper back up, second armdrag. This time LDO locks in an armbar on the otherside.

Ace: If the 'King of Cool' has any sense, he will stop running at Leyenda.

Slowly Chris makes it to his feet, and drops some elbows into the midsection of Leyenda, it doesn't take long for the lucha libre style wrestler to break the hold. Chris hopper grabs the smaller man into a full nelson. As he lifts to slam him onto his back Leyenda reverses that into a third armdrag, which sends the fans into a frenzy.

One half of the arena belts out "King of Cool" immediately followed by the other half "LDO" This goes back and forth as the match continues, the fans consumed in the action.

Blackfront:As Hopper is getting up, LDO runs past him,jumping up to the ropes in front of his opponent, and uses them to springboard back and his a Moonsault Body press. With a cover... 1.....2..... NO!

Both men continue to lay on the mat as the referee begins his count. Leyenda is the first to move, although Hopper is right behind him. Ocho comes running as hopper is on one knee! FLYING WIZADO!!! He nails it!

Ace: Ouch! Hopper looks to be out Jason!

Blackfront: He sure does Jason, thats a big move! What is LDO doing though!? He is posing to the crowd, he should be going for the cover!

Ace: He isn't done yet!

Slowly Ocho realizes where Hopper is, He looks to the crowd, then to Chris... He runs towards the ropes.

Blackfront: He is going for it! Here come the Actualizer! Ocho jumps! Flips! NO!!!! Hopper raises his knees just in time! He deflects the attack! Both men slowly rizing to their feet! Ocho holding his chest and ribs. He sees he has one more show at Hopper. He runs.. Spinning Wheel Ki... Wait!

Ace: Hopper caught him again! Someone get this guy a MLB Contract! Make sure you test him first though, he kinda looks like A-Rod.

Hopper holding LDO much like a mother holds her baby. Suddenly he swings his right arm, up and under the shoulder of the lightweight.

Blackfront: He is going for a Pump Handle Slam! Thats one of his signature moves!

Hopper uses his strength to pull up LDO for the pump handle! Just before he slams him however he

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continues to push him backwards and...

Ace: Ahhhhhhhh!

Blackfront: ICEBREAKER! ICEBREAKER! Hopper hit him with a Pump Handle ICEBREAKER! What did I just see!? Hopper sits up with a smile on his face. The fans absolutely EXPLODED after that move. He rolls over his opponent slowly and hooks the leg very nonchalant.

Ace: This one is over Jason!

Blackfront: 1...2...3... Hopper has done it! Give it up for LDO, he showed he could compete at this level for sure!

Hopper stands in the center of the ring, as the referee raises his arm in victory. The screen fades, as he helps Leyenda De Ocho to his feet. Hopper checking on his opponent.

The Ambulance

The scene turns to backstage where paramedics are pushing Doozer on a stretcher. Ice packs are already placed on his back. Doozer is heard groaning in agony while laying on his stomach as the paramedics open the back of the ambulance up. Mikey Unlikely, Will Haynes, Coleslaw Jenkins, and The Dude are all standing nearby looking extremely concerned for their friend.

Bobby Dean sulks from afar, within the rascal. Mikey pats the right boot of Doozer as he's slid fully into the ambulance. Mikey Unlikely: You're strong, Dooze. Get better, big guy.

Doozer slowly, and obviously painfully lifts his right arm in acknowledgement of his buddy's caring words. Mikey turns to Will and the rest of the group, then nods his head. They all jump into the

#WTFCart and Bobby Dean chauffeurs them away. The paramedics close the ambulance door. The camera man walks to the side of the ambulance revealing a knocked out ambulance driver on the concrete. In the cab, David Hightower is drinking a bottle of beer with his feet propped up on the steering wheel.

Paramedic: Okay, let's go!

Hightower finishes off his bottle and casually stands up.

Paramedic: Driver! Go!

Suddenly David emerges into the back of the ambulance.

Hightower: SURPRISE DOOZEY!!!!

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Hightower wastes no time punching Doozer in the back of the head over and over. Hightower: Didn't think I'd let ya go to the hospital alone now, did ya?! Of course not! I mean, after all, this is what good friends do, right?!

David says, clearly completely out of his mind at this point. He reaches over and grabs the medical box and slams it down across Doozer's back sending medical supplies everywhere! Doozer lets out a blood curdling scream as David laughs.

Hightower: Oh, come on! That didn't hurt that bad!!!

Hightower smacks Doozer on the back and continues to laugh like a lunatic. He continues to hit

Doozer's back over and over and over almost like he playing bongos!

Hightower: Hey look at me, Doozer! I guess ya can call me Phil Collins!

Hightower stops before he reaches into the cab of the truck and pulls out a cannister of salt. Hightower: Hey Dooze, I apologize. I actually fergot one of the main ingredients to a good barbecue. Ya gotta have a good rub!

Hightower says before he opens the canister of salt and pours it all over Doozer's back. Doozer screams a high pitched screech before David throws the cannister down. David crouches down and pulls his head to the side looking at him.

Hightower: Who's the joke now?

Second Chances

Backstage, we see Kush packing things into her backpack. She zips it up and begins to walk away with a visible limp, owing to her frantic match with Mikey Unlikely. As she walks out the door, she literally runs into Joshua Jones.

Kush: Gah!

Jones: Omigod... Oh jeez, I'm sorry... Kush adjusts her glasses and waves it off.

Kush: No, it's, ah... It's okay. I weas actually, ah... hoping I'd run into before you left. Jones' eyes get wide as saucers, and he starts to have a mini-freakout.

Jones: Omigod... I am SO sorry about standing you up! It's just, I had this plate of cupcakes for you, and this jerkface made me spill them all over myself, and... and..."

Joshua starts shaking with frustration. His eyes start to well up with tears. Kush waves her own hands in

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front of her face.

Kush: No... It's okay, ah... I kiiiiinda figured that's what happened when you showed up at, ah... At the restaurant window covered in cake frosting.

Kush gingerly takes Joshua's hand in an almost uncertain, non-committal way.

Kuish: It's okay, really.

Kush smiles at Joshua, and he calms down a bit. After a few seconds, he returns the smile. He seems visibly calmed down.

Jones: It's okay.

Kush: Yes.

A few seconds of awkward silence follow. Kush shakily removes her hand and puts both her hands in her pockets. The duo both seem to be looking at other things. Finally, Jones breaks the silence.

Jones: Do you like superhero movies?

Kush: Ah... sure?

Jones: Well, because... I saw a dollar theater that was showing 'Guardians Of The Galaxy', and I was gonna go after the show... I mean, if you...

Kush nods enthusiastically.

Kush: Yeah! Sounds like, ah... Soooooounds like fun!

Jones: GREAT! Great... Um... Okay then! I'm going to... Go have a shower, and... Maaaaybe get something from the craft table?

Kush: Okay! Meet you here?

Jones: Yes! Yes I will! O-kay!

Kush bites her lower lip and grins. Jones has a doofy looking grin on his own face as he quickly heads for the men's locker room. Once he gets out of sight, Kush giggles and pumps her fist as the scene fades out.

Brought to You By

All or Nothing from 100 Feet Up

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The feed cuts backstage, to an empty white concrete wall. When it is clear there is nobody actually there the feed cuts again and reopens to the outside parking lot area which is rather barren. However the parking lot is also empty as the sun shines down, indicating this was filmed earlier in the day.

Still, nothing there of concern. The feed starts to cut out...

Off-Camera: HEY!

The view rotates and pans around looking for the source of the yelling voice.

Off-Camera: Up Here!

And tilts upwards, scaling the Thompson-Boling Arena where a person can be seen sitting on the edge. The camera zooms in and slowly focuses in on the waving arms of one Zhalia Fears.

Fears: Hi you down there! Come up here and join me in enjoying the sights!

She smiles as the camera feed cuts out and back in as she is joined on the roof and finally get a good look at her and what she is up to.

She has the Prodigy championship over her lap and in her right hand holds the Bobby Dean UTA Action figure, while in her left is the special edition Robot Pete.

Zhalia is having some fun with a mock All or Nothing match using the belt as the ring mat it would seem.

Fears: Watch out Petey! Here comes Dean.

She bashes Dean into Robot Pete, then spins Pete around like a tornado and collides with a forearm sending Dean off her belt to the roofloor.

Fears: But uh oh, here comes Mister sour-puss face La Flama Blanca.

She sets LFB on the belt, and shoots forward with his Estupendo Kick on Robot Pete, knocking him off the belt.

Fears: Oh no! Now what do we do.

She smiles at the camera and reaches off to the side.

Fears: A CHALLENGER APPEARS!

The Second Coming action figure sets down behind LFB. She taps the extended arm on the shoulder of LFB. LFB turns around with leg extended.

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Fears: Estupendo Ki... No wait! SUPERKICK!

The boot connects on LFB, sending him flying off the title. Off the roof. Crashing down on the parking lot below. Shattering into pieces. She folds the arms of 2C up and starts cheering.

Fears: THE WINNER and NEW UTA CHAMPION! The SECOND COMING!!! Wooo! YAH!

Zhalia turns back to the camera man.

Fears: Uh, could you go collect him for me? I need him for the Dynasty beatdown attempt next.

She smiles as the feed starts to fade out.

Fears: UTA Shopzone folks. Get your very own action figures of your favorite superstars and certain sour-puss faced ungrateful's.

Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc begins to play. Ron Hall comes out to the fans going crazy. he throws his arms out and spins around, soaking it up as he moves down the ramp.

Announcer: Coming to the ring first. Hailing from Heart of the Appalachian Mountains ... Ron continues down the ramp.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eleven and weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty five pounds.... He is... RON... HALLLL!!!!

Blackfront: Ron Hall could be the man to end the reign of perfection right here tonight!

Hall walks up the steps and across the ramp, before stepping into the ring to the fans screaming for him.

Blackfront: This is your main event!

The sound system begins to play the opening riffs of Perfect Gentleman by Helloween.

Announcer: His opponent. Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

The crowd immediately responds with jeers and boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... He is the United Toughness Alliance Champion..... PERFECTIOOONNNNN!!!

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

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

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites. Perfection enters the ring.

? Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am

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

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle to await the start of the match.

Blackfront: Perfection's title is not on the line per say, but if he loses tonight it will be as good as that as he will not be able to enter All or Nothing for a chance to walk out a champion.

Ace: There's no way! He's Perfection! He's perefct! He can't lose tonight!

As the bell sounds, Ron Hall shoots forward with rights to the head of of Perfection.

Blackfront: The Hall of Famer rocking the champion back with those rights. perfection sent back into the corner out of the gate. Perfection into the ropes. Now coming back with hard shots into the midsection of Ron Hall.

Ace: The Champion bringing back. he's going to end what legacy Hall has left! He should have stayed retired!

Blackfront: Perfection grabbing the head of Hall, follows up with a big right. Hall to the canvas. Right back up. Grabs Ron Hall's head again, another big right. Hall to the canvas.

As Ron starts to get up again, Perfection grabs his head yanking him to his feet. Blackfront: Perfection with huge fist to the chin, Hall meets the canvas yet again! Ace: I've never seen the champion this aggressive! This focused! I love it!

Perfection kneels down and begins to rapidly punch the face of Ron Hall.

Blackfront: Perfection man handling Ron Hall tonight.

Ace: He wants to secure his spot at All or Nothing, and maybe even show why he is the champion of the new generation.

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The referee moves over to warn him, but Perfection pulls back. Ron rolls over and starts to get up.

Blackfront: Perfection up, another big right. Hall to the canvas yet again!

Ron Hall flops around on the canvas before pushing up. Perfection steps in, grabs his head and comes forward with a head butt, sending Ron back down. He rolls over and throws his arms up over the middle rope as he begins to get up.

Blackfront: perfection grabs the head of Hall.. big right!

Ron begins to flip over the top rope, but swings back down and in.

Blackfront: Perfection steps back... runs.. HUGE CLOTHESLINE OVER THE TOP ROPE! RON HALL HITS THE FLOOR HARD!

Ace: Yes! This is our champion! This is Dynasty! This is Perfection!

The fans jeer Perfection as he turns back around and heads to the ropes, beginning to exit the ring. Ron Hall is seen crawling away as Perfection drops down behind him.

Blackfront: Perfection grabbing Hall's head from above, lifting him up. The Champion sends Ron Hall's face right into that corner post!

Ace: This is the greatest night of my life! Perfection is amazing!

Hall stumbles over and lays under the bottom rope on the canvas. Perfection stomps over and grabs Ron's head.

Blackfront: Perfection violently pulling Ron up. Rocks him with another big right. Ron Hall to the floor.

The fans continue to boo, seeing their hero crawl on the floor. Perfection pulls Ron Back up again. Hall uses the top of Perfection's thighs to help get up. Perfection comes across Ron's face with with an open handed slap that shoots him back and down.

Blackfront: This has been all Perfection from the get go. Perfection is a pedigree like no other and it is coming out tonight!

Ace: He retired that fat idiot in December, now he's going to retire this old bag of crap! I love it! Blackfront: Hall still not staying down, starting to get up. perfection from behind... he grabs his head.. Ron Hall sent forward, head first into the steel steps!

Perfection follows Hall who gets up yet again. he grabs him, turns him around and punches him. Ron Hall stumbles back and into the barricade where the front row fans cheer for him, trying to touch him as Perfection

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brings another right across.

Blackfront: Perfection grabbing the back of Ron Hall, directing him across ring side. With force.. Perfection sends Hall over the barricade into the fans!

Ace: Get him back into the ring and end this!

Perfection steps over the barricade and into the fans, following. He pulls hall up, punching him before grabbing the back of his head and sending it into the top of the barricade.

Blackfront: Perfection fighting Hall into the crowd. All hell has broken loose!

Perfection grabs the head of Hall, and drags him through the crowd and back to the barricade, before sending him over the barricade back ringside. Hall stumbles up and forward, stumbling until he lands on top of the commentator's table.

Blackfront: Hall right out on our table. Perfection heading this way...

As he approaches, hall pops up and turns , with a right to the face of perfection. He bends over. Hall grabs his head, lifts his arm, and comes down with an elbow across the back of his head. Ace: He was playing opossum!

Blackfront: Perfection being surprised as Hall on the offense now.

Ron Hall grabs the back of Perfection's head, and turns him around, slamming it into the table.

Blackfront: Perfection meeting our table!

A fatigued Hall makes his way over and brings his fist up, bringing it down into the side of a kneeling Perfection's head.

Blackfront: Another big shot to the side of Perfection's head, sending him down to the floor. Ron Hall now controlling this match up.

Hall grunts as he moves forward, grabbing the back of Perfection's head lifting him and moving him forward before slamming him face first into the steps.

Blackfront: The champion now meeting the steel steps in a turn of events.

Perfection kneels by the steps as Hall moves over and grabs his head. He pulls the champion halfway up, putting his head between his thighs.

Blackfront: Ron Hall looking to put Perfection away. The referee unable to re-establish control, and gets

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these two back in the ring.

Ron wraps his arms around the waist of Perfection. Before he can begin to life, Perfection, grabs the sides of Ron's waist and lifts him up, and over before stumbling forward and falling to his knees.

Blackfront: Hall dropped back first onto those steps!

Ace: As old as he is, that may have done it!

Perfection runs a hand through his hair. Sweat pouring from his body as behind him Ron rolls off of the top of the steps and to the floor, holding his back.

Blackfront: The champion beginning tog et back to his feet now. This has been a battle of the ages. The old generation against the new generation.

Ace: And the new generation is winning!

Blackfront: Perfection getting back to to his feet and making his way back to Ron Hall. Grabs Hall's head, pulling him up.

Perfection twist Hall around, rolling him back into the ring under the bottom rope. He grabs the middle rope and begins to pull himself to the apron.

Blackfront: Perfection heading back into the ring now himself.

He steps between the ropes as Hall begins to crawl away. Perfection heads toward the head of Ron Hall, grabbing him by the head and begins to pull him to his feet.

Blackfront: Perfection grabs the arm of Ron Hall. He pulls back.. Hall sent hard toward the corner...

As he hits the corner, Perfection runs forward.

Blackfront: Perfection leaps... Hall moves! Hall moves!

Perfection comes down across the top of the corner post chest first. He bounces up and back. Hall catches him as he falls forward, and lifts up and over. Perfection flies backward, landed hard on the canvas.

Blackfront: Back body drop by Ron Hall! The fans are going crazy! Could perfection's All or Nothing spot be gone?!

Ace: No! Please!

Ron grabs the legs of perfection, pulling him around. He lifts them up and holds them in the air. He looks to

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left then to right before leaning backward and falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: SLINGSHOT BY HALL! Perfection hits the corner again!

As he hits, he stumbles back. Hall gets up and heads over, grabbing his neck and dropping. Blackfront: Inverted DDT! Hall goes for the cover! Hall goes for the cover! The referee down for the count!

Ace: NO! IT CAN'T END THIS WAY!

Blackfront: Two.. th- KICK OUT! PERFECTION KICKS OUT! Hall can not believe it!

He slaps the canvas and rolls over, getting up. hall grabs the rop rope and holds it. He begins to shake his leg. the fans go crazy.

Blackfront: Hall looking to go for that super kick..

Ace: That's La Flama Blanca's move!

Perfection rolls over and kneels to one leg. Hall stomps his foot two times before Hall begins to stand.

Blackfront: Perfection up.. Hall steps forward... he throws the leg.. PERFECTION MOVES!

He turns to the side and slides past Ron. He grabs over Ron's arms, and begins to twist around before dropping him head first into the canvas.

Blackfront: THE PHOTO FINISH! THE PHOTO FINISH!

Ace: YES! YES! YES!

Perfection pushes into the side of Hall, turning him over and covering him. He hooks the elg as the referee slides into position.

Blackfront: This could be all! This could be all! The referee hits the canvas... THREE! THREE! THREE! PERFECTION DOES IT! HE DOES IT!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: Your winner... the UTA Champion.... PER... FEEECCTTIIIOOONNN!!!!

His music begins to play as Perfection pushes up to his feet. He raises both arms up as the referee grabs one holding it up.

Blackfront: What an incredible journey for the champion folks! Since season's Beatings he has now defeated

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each of the returning Hall of Fame members! Tonight, with a win over Ron Hall not only has he secured a spot into the All or Nothing match for a chance to retain his championship... but, he has had to gather the respect of a lot of people after that match!

Ron begins to push to his feet slowly as Perfection stands on the turnbuckle, holding his title high up. The fans give a mixed reaction. Behind him, Hall stands, hands on his hips. Perfection leaps back down to the canvas and turns, seeing Hall.

He begins to walk forward toward Hall. he stands in front of him, title over his shoulder. The two exchange words.

Blackfront: It could pop off again!

Ron offers his hand. The champion looks at it.

Blackfront: Ron Hall offering his hand in respect to the champion. Perfection has done what no one thought he could!

Perfection looks down at Hall and smiles. As it appears he is about to raise his hand to shake Hall's, he moves it up and through his hair before laughing and walking past Hall. Hall just laughs, as if he should have expected that as the champion heads to the ropes.

Blackfront: Perfection has learned nothing. The disrespect is sickening.

Hall just stands, amazed at how much of a dick Perfection is as he exits the ring behind him. The fans boo Perfection who makes his way up the ramp. Inside the ring, Ron sighs. A Southern Rebel chant begins as Ron turns and looks up the ramp. Perfection turns and throws his arms out to the side while smiling. The camera zooms in on a smug as ever Perfection, as we fade to black.