

WrestleShow: Wrestleshow 35

May 4, 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.

Ace: Big night tonight, Jason! Another action packed card!

Blackfront: Thanks for tuning in folks! This is the Wrestleshow that has set the internet on fire! Tonight we will crown a new Number One Contender for the UTA World Title...

Ace: Oh man! Not only that, then the winner of the match faces Sean Jackson for the UTA World Title. UTA continues to blow the competition out of the water.

Cameras pick up fans in every part of the arena. Signs galore fill the arena.

Blackfront: Also tonight, we have a huge debut match by the newest signee of the UTA, John Sektor and he takes on Abdul bin Hussain, the former UTA Champion.

Ace: I can't wait, Jason! But kicking us off is a dark horse match for Match of the Night honors, Joshua Jones takes on Ruster Reno.

Cameras continues to move around the arena as our commentators continue to go back and forth with each other.

Blackfront: We'd like to take this time to send our thoughts and prayers out to Simon, who was involved in a car accident yesterday.

Ace: We still aren't sure on the condition of Simon. We will keep you updated on his condition throughout the upcoming days. We don't even know what is going to happen with Zhalia Fears, Jason...

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Blackfront: We expect word from the UTA higher ups about the status of Simon and Zhalia Fears some point during the broadcast.

Ace: Zhalia Fears could have a paid night off, who knows?!

Blackfront: The show must go on... You ready, Tommy?

Ace: I'm always ready!

Blackfront: WRESTLESHOW.... IS.... LIVE!

Welcome to Wrestleshow

Screaming Jay Hawkins rendition of I am the Cool begins to below through the sound system as the fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: It's the commissioner himself!

Ace: About time he does his job.

Blackfront: Cancer Jiles has been doing a great job as commissioner Tommy.

Ace: Great? Have you seen every thing that has happened under his watch? He is single handedly trying to kill the UTA!

Blackfront: Not even close!

Cancer Jiles steps out from the back, microphone in hand and begins to make his way down the ramp as the fans cheer.

Blackfront: Cancer stood up to the boss and earned his respect just a few weeks ago. Not he makes his way to the ring to address the fans and superstars of the UTA.

Ace: Hopefully he's giving his retirement speech.

Blackfront: Why such distaste for the commissioner?

Ace: He is too full of himself. And honestly, anyone who hangs out from the rejects of WTFC should not be here.

Blackfront: But if he was friends of Dynasty it would be a different story, wouldn't it?

Ace: Only because Dynasty is the top of the UTA! They are what everyone should aspire to be!

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Blackfront: Sure Tommy. Sure.

Cancer walks up the steps and along side of the ropes on the apron, before stopping mid way and entering the ring. The fans continue to cheer as he takes it in.

Ace: Why are these people cheering this idiot?

Blackfront: Keep it up Tommy and you'll find yourself in the unemployment line like Marie Van Claudio.

Ace: This idiot can't fire me. he has no power!

Blackfront: Have you not been watching the same show? This is the commissioner you are talking about.

As his music fades, Cancer holds a hand up to signal for the fans to calm down.

Ace: See! Now he's even trying to tell the fans what to do! Blackfront: He's just trying to speak Tommy! You are so bitter! Cancer raises the microphone up to his mouth and begins to speak. Jiles: TULSA IN THE HOUSE!

The fans rumble with excitement as Cancer says the name of their city.

Ace: Imagine that, cheap pop for saying the city name. How original. Jiles: It is true that in front of you... stands the commissioner of cool! The fans continue to go crazy.

Blackfront: Sounds like he's been taking rap lessons from Mikey Unlikely!

Ace: Sure does. He sucks just as bad as Unlikely does!

Jiles: We have an amazing show for you tonight, and I won't take up much of your time.

Ace: Thank the lord.

Jiles: First and foremost I want to thank each and every one of you who came out on Easter to fill the house. We are sold out!

The fans scream and cheer.

Ace: Yea! Cheer that you put more money in this idiot's pocket!

Blackfront: these are the fans who are paying you tonight Tommy. Show some damn respect.

Jiles: Tonight you will witness a number one contender's match... More loud cheers.

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Jiles: You will be apart of the debut of one of the largest independent signings this year, as High Octane Wrestling's Hall of Fame member, John Sektor will take on Abdul bin Hussain!

More cheers with some boos at the mention of Hussain.

Ace: Great. Can't sign Mike Best, so he brings in the light version. Blackfront: Are you kidding me Tommy? This guy is truly the Gold Standard! Ace: If crap was gold, you'd be right!

Jiles: Then, in the main event tonight, each and everyone of you... He points to the screaming fans.

Jiles: ...will be apart of history as the UTA World Championship is defended for the first time since being re-activated at All or Nothing!

The roof almost explodes from the cheers as Cancer paces for a bit before continuing.

Jiles: All of this and more is tonight, live in Tulsa! The fans continue to get rowdy.

Ace: That's right sheep, follow the herder.

Jiles: I wanted to come out here and address a few things before we get started.

Ace: Please be that you are quitting. Please.

Blackfront: Oh shut up Tommy.

Jiles: First and foremost, the rumors are sadly true. The Good Friends are no longer with the United Toughness Alliance.

A boo rings out from the fans.

Jiles: I know, I know. It sucks! Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete were the epitome of entertainment each and every time they stepped foot into the UTA ring. They delivered action. They brought you comedy. These two men gave you the entertainment you crave. But sometimes, things just happen for a reason.

Ace: The reason being they saw how much idocracy ran within the powers that be!

Jiles: But, the show must go on and we have the best superstars in the industry in the back who will continue to bring you the same entertainment level you have come to love!

The fans cheer.

Jiles: In other news, as you may have read last night. Simon is not in attendance tonight as he was involved in an automobile accident last night.

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Blackfront: Our thoughts are with him.

Jiles: I have been told he will recover, but it is unknown if and when he will return to the ring. The fans cheer at hearing he is alright.

Jiles: But, I'm not here to be Captain Buzzkill. No! We have a great show lined up! I just wanted to come out here and thank you for being the best fans in the world!

The crowd cheers more. Blackfront: They sure are. Ace: Kiss ass.

Jiles: Before I go..

He takes a deep breath.

Jiles: I want to make it clear. Tonight's main event is huge, and if there are any shenanigans I will make sure those involved wish they never would have crossed me. I'm a fun loving guy, but these fans deserve a one on one shot and it will happen tonight!

The fans go crazy.

Jiles: One last thing... Jeremiah Woods.. I know you are listening. I know you heard Mr. Wingate banning you from the arena. Wherever you are, it better be far away tonight, because if you think you're going to get one up on us, you have another thing coming!

More cheers.

Jiles: Lets get this party started!

More cheers from the fans. As Cancer begins to leave the ring, 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.

Blackfront: The action starts now!

Ace: Speaking of idiots.

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, stopping only briefly to shake the hand of Cancer Jiles, who is walking up the ramp, before continuing.

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.... JOOONNNEESSS!!!!

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: Joshua Jones looking to continue his impressive run here in the UTA.

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 sounds of Sexy Boy by Air causes some murmur amongst the UTA crowd in attendance to much debate as to whose music is playing. The screen plays a series of images of a male silhouette posing in various angles in front of a camera. Before long, the confusion from the fans begin to settle down as none other than 'Romeo' Ruster Reno casually steps out from behind the curtains with a grin spread across his face as he re-enacts the same poses from the big screen above.

Ace: It's the man who has a win over a former Internet Champion!

Blackfoot: Not an easy feat to get the three count over Frank Dylan James, but Reno has done it.

Reno takes his time as he makes his way down the ramp, taking every opportunity possible to acknowledge a female member in the crowd. He pauses a few times to taunt some of the male fans while pointing at his abs as he does so.

Announcer: Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

Reno climbs up the ring steps and turns to face the fans whilst standing on the outside apron. He raises both his arms and points his fingers to the sky, taking this time to 'gift' a few females attendees with his trademark wink.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4" and weighing in at 247 pounds...

The self-proclaimed, 'God's Gift' steps through the ropes and into the ring. A few whistles can be heard from the female audience. Reno acknowledges them by posing to the cameraman and demanding him to flick the camera to the big screen.

Announcer: 'Romeo'... Ruster... Reno!

Reno begins to prepare himself and does some stretches you would normally see a bodybuilder perform

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prior to a dead-lift competition.

Blackfront:Fast paced action about to come as Joshua Jones and Ruster Reno look to kick off Wrestleshow.

All of a sudden, Apex Predator by Otep plays through the arena, and the fans rise as one. There is a small scattering of boos mixed in with the overwhelming cheers as the two men in the ring look on.

Ace:The Dynasty Wannabe is here!

Blackfront: Knock it off, Tommy! The Second Coming is not scheduled to be in action tonight, but nonetheless, here she comes!

No sooner does Jason Blackfront finish his statement, than the Second Coming walks out to a huge reaction. However, there is none of her usual attitude or swagger - and almost none of her regular match swag, either. She walks out without a hoodie or baggy flak pants and combat boots. It goes without saying, she walks out without her UTA Tag Team Championship title belt. Blackfront: We have not heard a thing from the Second Coming since Victory, when she and her tag team Championship partner La Flama Blanca successfully - I suppose - defended their titles against Kush and Zhalia Fears.

Ace:Wouldn't you be in hiding if you crippled your best friend?

The Second Coming walks to the ring, as we said - completely unarmored. She is wearing a black T-shirt with the phrase #KUSHPUSH across the chest, a pair of athletic spandex that revealed her calves, and running shoes. Her facemask had a different hashtag across where the mouth would be: "#2 BA FAN" as a fan had pointed out. She walks to the ring in silence, not playing to the crowd or recognizing their noise - and takes a microphone from the timekeeper's table before sliding under the bottom rope into the ring.

Ace:Do we have to hear this? Can't she just tell us 'I wore these tight clothes for you' and pose for a minute or so? We have a damn match to get to!

As the music dies down, 2C acknowledges the chant of 'KUSH-PUSH' with an appreciative nod, but her nonverbal cues - holding the microphone away from her face and tilting her head - tells

the crowd that she is waiting for them to give her the floor. After several seconds, she returns the microphone to her face.

2C: Say it. They get loud.

2C: Say it. Kush Push. Say it!

The fans acquiesce. They chant "KUSH PUSH! KUSH PUSH!" for several seconds, encouraged by the Second Coming. Joshua Jones also takes part as Ruster Reno just rolls his eyes. Finally, they quiet down when she puts the microphone back to her mouth.

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2C: She's not here tonight, because she broke her neck at Victory. She's not here because of me.

Ace: We already said thank you once, don't get greedy.

Blackfront: Shut up!

2C: I've talked to Kush, and she's forgiven me. She told me she didn't blame me, and that I shouldn't beat myself up over what happened.

She paces the ring, thoughtfully.

2C: Of course I blame myself. And I know at least some of you blame me as well. Absolution or not, I was in the ring with her, and that makes me responsible.

The fans quiet down: they want to hear what she has to say.

2C: I know it was an accident, and feeling like crap about it is just part of getting past it. I'm fine with beating myself up... but I'm not fine with other people in this company using it as a talking point to get inside my head, Fears' head, or anyone else's. We may be down an active member and we may be divided by circumstance, but we are still 2 Badass For a Name.

At that, the fans pop.

Ace: Shameless pandering. Not like Dynasty. La Flama Blanca still has a few things to teach her.

Blackfront: Yeah... Dynasty never panders, shamelessly.

2C: So... consider tonight a freebee. I'll be sitting right over there. She points toward the timekeeper.

2C: You want to flex your tiny intellect and try and get into my head with what happened to Kush, take your best shot. After tonight, I'm taking your power away.

She looks at the two men ready for their match.

2C: Guys, I'm sorry to interrupt. Have a good match!

She leaves the ring and hands the microphone back to the timekeeper, to a chorus of stunned silence and vocal applause.

Ace: So she's joining us out here for the rest of the night? Blackfront: It appears so, Tommy. Want to bring up Kush to her face? Ace: ...Don't be hasty.

As Second Coming takes her seat near the timekeeper on the floor next to the barricade, the two men in the

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ring begin to circle each other.. As the bell sounds they move in and lock up.

Blackfront: Tie up to begin the match. Ruster Reno using his size advantage to take control early bringing Joshua Jones in to a side head lock.

Jones places his hands on the lower back of Ruster, and pushes him off.

Blackfront: Reno sent forward and into the ropes. On the return now. Jones drops to the ground. Reno leaps over him. Off the ropes again. Leap frog by Jones.

Ruster grabs the ropes to stop himself. As he turns, he sees Joshua Jones charging him.

Blackfront: Jones on the move.. Reno catches him.. up and over!

As Joshua goes over the top rope, he catches himself with the ropes on the apron. Reno walks forward with a cocky stride as he points to his head to show how smart he is. With a giant grin, he turns around. Joshua Jones pulls down on the ropes and uses them to shoot himself up. As he leaps, he lands on the top rope and launches himself forward toward Reno.

Blackfront: Drop kick by Jones!

Ace: Come on now. This idiot bakes cakes and you are going to let him catch you with that? Joshua rolls over and up to his feet as Ruster grabs his jaw, pushing himself up as well.

Blackfront: Jones runs.. passes Reno.. Reno turns as Jones leaps to the middle rope.. springboard elbow to the face of Ruster Reno!

Ace: No the money maker! No!

Joshua continues his momentum, rolling back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones with the speed of a wild cheetah tonight!

Ace: What kind of cheetahs aren't wild Jason?

Blackfront: Ones in the zoo?

Ace: Good point.

Blackfront: Joshua Jones grabbing Ruster Reno by the head as he begins to pull him to his feet. Ruster reaches out and grabs Joshua's legs as he comes up. He yanks back, taking him off of his feet. Ruster continues to hold his legs as he rises fully. Joshua tries to wave Ruster off, but it does no good as Reno brings a stomp down to his inner thigh before letting Joshua Jones' legs go.

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Blackfront: Devastating stomp to Joshua Jones.

We get a shot of Second Coming still sitting on the floor, watching the match as a few fans try and pat her on the shoulder from over the guard rail. Inside the ring, Joshua Jones has rolled over to his stomach. Ruster Reno lifts his leg up.

Blackfront: Reno driving the knee of Joshua Jones into the canvas now with force.

Ace: He's trying to take Jones' legs out. You do that and you keep him grounded. Smart thinking by the model.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno drives his knee into the canvas again.

The fans boo Ruster who waves them off before moving up and grabbing Joshua Jones by the hair.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno now pulling Jones to his feet by his head.

Once up, Joshua is directed over to the corner where Ruster Reno sends him face first into the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno slamming Joshua Jones face first into that turnbuckle again.

Still holding his head, Reno directs Joshua over to the ropes where he aggressively places Joshua's eyes on the top rope and runs him across them a few feet before letting go. Joshua grabs his eyes and stumbles away from the ropes.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno using the ropes to temporarily blind Joshua Jones.

Reno ignores the referee's warnings as he heads over to Joshua Jones and sends a forearm shot hard across his upper back. Joshua falls to one knee, still holding his eyes.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno takes off. Off the ropes... shining wizard!

Ace: He ran over Joshua Jones like a Mac truck!

Reno quickly slides down into a pin. As the referee leaps into place, he begins to count.

Blackfront: Kick out at two by Joshua Jones.

Ace: That was a close one for cake boy there.

Ruster Reno slaps the canvas in anger from his knees before grabbing Jones by the hair and pulling him half way into a sitting position, following with a quick punch before letting his head go. The fans continue to boo.

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Blackfront: Ruster Reno now getting back to his feet, pulling Joshua Jones up with him.

Ruster steps back before coming forward with a boot to the mid section of Joshua Jones, causing him to bend over. Reno pulls Jones' left arm under his own legs while wrapping his right arm around Jones'.

Blackfront: Ruster Reno lifting Joshua Jones for the pump handle slam..

As he does, Jones rolls over his head sliding down behind Ruster who is arched backward as Jones holds his head.

Blackfront: No.. Jones reverses...

The crowd goes crazy as Joshua, still holding Ruster's head, reaches forward with his free arm and grabs Reno's tights. He lifts him up.

Blackfront: Jones with a reverse vertical suplex...

As he brings Reno down, Ruster is able to slide out of his grasp, landing on the canvas before pushing Jones forward.

Blackfront: Reno escapes... He pushes Jones forward. Reno follows. Jones ducks under Ruster's arm...

Reno turns as Joshua runs, leaping up with his knee bending and leg out, connecting with a Busaiku knee kick.

Blackfront: THE SWEET TOOTH! THE SWEET TOOTH!

As Ruster hits the canvas back first, Joshua floats over, covering him while hooking his leg. The

referee slides into place and the fans count along with him as his hands hits the canvas. As it does a third and final time, the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... JOSHUA... JOOONNNEESS!!!

Blackfront: Well, Joshua Jones picking up yet another win here tonight as he takes out Ruster Reno.

Ace: Just plain dumb luck! Reno had him!

The referee holds Jones' arm up in the ring as we get a replay of the Sweet Tooh.

Brought to You By

Interview

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The luscious Jennifer Williams is standing by backstage. She is attentively waiting to get word from the production truck that she's good to go. She's wearing a tight white blouse showing off her figure, and a black pencil skirt that hugs her curves. She looks professional but has a touch of her natural provocative nature.

She has a UTA microphone in hand. She gets the nod from her producer, good to go. Time to shine. Jennifer flashes those pearly whites and begins.

Williams: Tonight could go down in history has one of the biggest night's in UTA history. Although the fans watching in the arena aren't near Jennifer, they can be heard. They're electric tonight as the World Title is being defended. Their chance to be apart of history. And this is UTA - there will be no jacking up the ring's mic, no suppressing that one of the crowd.

Williams: I can hear you UTA faithful, I can hear how EXCITED you are for tonight. Tonight's action can't be found anywhere else. Not on ANY OTHER SHOW.

They pop briefly again before letting Jennifer Williams.

Williams: And here I am standing by with the man who could very will walk out of Wrestleshow tonight as a DOUBLE CHAMPION! Will. "THE THRILL." HAYNES.

Jennifer is excited, the UTA faithful are excited. Tonight's Wrestleshow certainly packs quite a punch.

The camera man widens the shot so it now captures the de facto Number One Contender, Will Haynes. Haynes, already named Legacy Champion, has his title draped over his shoulder. He nods his head, running a hand nervously over his fresh faded haircut. He wears a #WTFC t-shirt. Black with simple red impact writing, one of the numerous #WTFC pieces of merch you can get on the concourse. Paired with track pants, as his match isn't until later in the night.

Jennifer angles the microphone towards him.

Haynes: Jennifer, babe - where in the hell, ya been?

Jennifer bats her eyes as she laughs as Haynes attempted humor - obviously playing into his act.

Haynes: We never see you anymore! Slaw misses you, girl!

Jenn shakes her head as she runs a hand across her throat as she laughs. She doesn't want the crowd getting the wrong idea. She brings the mic back to her mouth.

Williams: Will, tonight you take not only Chris Hopper AND La Flama Blanca. BUT you are also going head to head with your HASHTAG WTFC teammate, a Hall of Famer in his OWN RIGHT, the one and only, Doozer.

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The crowd roars once again. Doozer always seems to have that effect on them. Jennifer drives the mic towards the THRILL once again.

Haynes: It ain't gonna be easy, Jenn, lemme tell ya that. Doozer, he's a fighter. Been trainin' with him all week. He's got it, he's got that fight. N' between you, me, n' the wall over there he could damn well win this thing. Now, he is feeling a bit sick tonight. But I'm sure he'll bring it 100%.

The crowd pops. Imagine it: Doozer vs. Sean Jackson pt II - for the title. That's huge, you gotta set those DVRs from your phone people.

Haynes: That's the deal with this thing, Jenn. It can go any which way.

Jenn nods her head. She steadies the microphone allowing the THRILL to continue.

Haynes: La Flama Blanca, -

The crowd boos. Loudly. The guy who won the Fan Favorite competition against the THRILL himself is suddenly Public Enemy Number One - especially with Perfection being suspended. Haynes: - he could superkick my head straight off its God damned shoulder, n' he could win this thing.

The fans don't want that. A little kid in the crowd turned to his father looking at him mouthing,

"NO!" at the mere thought of La Flama Blanca winning tonight.

Haynes: Chris Hopper -

The crowd cheers. He's the King of Cool, seemingly snake bitten in his UTA career so far. They want the level of success they're used to with Hope. He's been here long enough now.

Haynes: -he could win this thing. I could turn around walk right into the Ice Breaker n' boom, lights out.

Haynes nods his head. Jennifer thinks about injecting but allows Haynes to roll.

Haynes: Jenn, this is anyone's match. Someone is gonna win it n' someone is gonna go face Sean Jackson for that big ol' WORLD TITLE 'round his waist.

Jennifer brings the mic back to her lips. She asks the question.

Williams: N' who is that someone?

Haynes smiles. He brings his nails close, he exhales them, n' wipes them on his shirt. The answer is quite obvious.

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Haynes: That someone is me, a' course Jennifer. They don't call me the Golden God for nothin'. Haynes shakes his head and keeps rolling.

Haynes: Ya see Jennifer, ya see I shouldn't even have t' have this Fourway Match tonight. This shot - this shot should already be mine.

Jennifer sees an opening and takes it.

Williams: Ah - I guess you're referring to the events of All or Nothing? Haynes shakes his head and points a finger at Jennifer.

Haynes: BINGO, Jennifer. All or Nothin', you saw it, the people saw it, everyone saw it. They saw the THRILLmaker ready t' make history. They saw the THRILLmaker ready t' take his spot on top of yet another mountain. N' they wanted it, they wanted it like milk from Momma's teet!

Some laughter through the arena. Haynes nods his head. Jennifer's face turns red. "What did he just say?" someone asks.

Haynes: Hell if Sean Jackson was a man at all he would've already granted me a rematch for that World -

The THRILL stops, something has caught his eyes. Jennifer turns around, she steps back. The cameraman widens the shoot and there he is.

Sean Jackson.

World Title resting on a black blazer, white dress shirt underneath, dress slacks. Shined shoes. Looking like a million bucks. Maybe a million two if you ask the right person. There is no Marshall, there is no Dynasty. Just Jackson.

Jennifer sees the moment and puts the mic to Jackson's lips - a little nervous as she might have to split if things get physical.

Jackson: I would what?

Will stands there, look Sean eye to eye. He's unsure of what he wants to do. Jennifer keeps the mic to Sean's mouth.

Jackson: Go on Will, continue.

He motions for Haynes to continue.

Haynes: - I was just sayin' if you was a man at all I would already have a shot at that World Title! That triggers a slight smile as Sean places his hands on his hips, his head lowering slightly before shaking side to

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side.

Jackson: If I was a man? Will, you know I always thought you were a little slow on the uptake, but unless I hit you a bit too hard at All Or Nothing, you HAD your chance at the World Title.

Jennifer brings the microphone away from Sean's mouth and moves it towards Will's. Haynes: I didn't have a FAIR shot at that Title, wouldn't ya say - Sean. Come on admit, admit right here, and right now. Admit it to the FINE FOLKS of Tulsa that I didn't get a fair God damn shake.

The smile slowly begins to disappear as Sean's head comes back up, the shock of Will's words clearly show in his face as he grips Jennifer's hand and positions it just right.

Jackson: A fair shot? a fair shot? You know, you sound like a broken record Haynes. I gave you every opportunity in the world to leave with the gold, and you blew it. Do you think I received a fair shot at Victory against you?

Sean motions to his back, the very back that had been badly burned at Seasons Beatings during the shock therapy match against Spectre.

Jackson: Do you think it was FAIR that I had to face you and Doozer in back to back weeks while I was still recovering? No, no it wasn't. But it didn't stop you two from harping on it. So what happened at All Or Nothing was me getting retribution. Was me getting MY title back.

Haynes nods his head. Jennifer is unsure of what's happening and pushes the mic back Haynes' way.

Haynes: My neck, my back.

The Legacy Champ holds his neck and his back mocking the World Champ.

Haynes: Now who sounds like a broken record, Sean? Do I think it was fair that you had to face someone OTHER than Spectre? Do I think it was fair that management finally booked you against someone who could challenge you? HELL YES I THINK IT WAS FAIR.

If you were hurt, if you were beat up you should've bowed out of the match. Nah, you didn't. Instead you went ahead, you talked your talk but in the end, and this should come as no surprise, you couldn't walk your walk.

Tonight Sean, tonight I walk my God damn walk.

Slowly, Sean lifts the World Championship up, the faceplate mere inches from the face of Will Haynes. He then places it back across his shoulder as he grabs Jennifer's hand bringing brings the microphone back in front of his face.

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Jackson: You had your walk, and all you accomplished was the stumble and the fall. But tonight, tonight you get to show your worth.

The smile returns.

Jackson: Tonight you step into the ring with Doozer, Chris Hopper, and the obvious class of the match in La Flama Blanca. If, and I do mean IF you survive...then you can have your second shot at greatness. But, I just want to know Will...

Sean steps forward ever so slightly.

Jackson: How do you think Doozer is going to feel? How do you think your good buddy, the ying to your yang...the hero to your non hero is going to welcome you trying to hog the two top titles, leaving the DREAM Hall of Famer with absolutely nothing. No titles, no championships, just the shadow of Will Haynes to walk behind?

Will Haynes directs Jennifer to put the microphone towards him.

Haynes: Sean, you're cute. I like you. You'll say whatever you can think of to try n' throw someone off their game but we aren't Dynasty, we aren't like you. Doozer n' I both know that we'll have to beat the livin' crap out of each other tonight - just like we knew that headin' into All or Nothin'. If I win he'll be happy. If he wins I'll be happy. You can stop tryin' to drive a wedge cause all you're doing is wastin' your breath.

Later tonight I'll win that Fatal Fourway n' then I'll dance into the Main Event with the crowd behind me and expose you like the fraud you are.

Sean stares at Will Haynes, the smile on his face has just gotten wider. It's as if he's heard exactly what was expected. Sean chuckles a bit as he again shakes his head. It's the funniest thing he's ever heard.

Jackson: It's like the Shoot Kings all over again. I guess that means you get to be Clauson and Doozer, he gets to be Thatcher Rex. He gets to be the odd man out, the man that disappears without a trace and no one, NO ONE MISSES.

With that, Sean backs out of the shot...still sporting a huge smile on his face as the camera now focuses on Haynes and Jennifer.

Williams: Well, that was Sean Jackson everyone. Um, anything to say? Haynes just snarls as he watches Jackson leave.

Simply Fantastic Gaze

Gaze is seen in the hallway backstage. Cheers come from the crowd as they watch on the tron.

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She is on her cell, extremely frustrated.

Gaze: Look, I know it was a blow to you. It is the truth! She listens to the response.

Gaze: Love, you are going to have to accept it. Life is full of setbacks. She pulls the cell from her ear. A dial tone comes from the phone.

Gaze: He never could accept he is only human.

She shakes her head and puts the phone in her jean pocket. She looks to her left and stops walking coming to the locker room marketed Mr. Fantastic. She blows her air upward from her mouth gently lifting her bangs up for a moment. She knocks on the door.

Fantastic: Come in.

Gaze walks over to Fantastic and gives him a hug.

Gaze: How have you been?

Gaze lets go of their hug. Fantastic puts his right foot on the bench and leans on his thigh.

Fantastic: Could be doing better. What's up? Gaze changes the topic to a more somber topic.

Gaze: Um, I was wondering why I'm only seeing your name on the door? She looks toward the door then back toward Fantastic.

Fantastic: Yeah, to me there's no sense keeping the name of Spawn up there. Your husband seems to not want to be a part of the group anymore. Frankly, I don't think Ron is going to join either.

Fantastic steps off the bench and moves his arms up in the air then lets them fall to his sides.

Gaze: This can still work, Chuck. If you would just call this match off. He stares at her in disbelief.

Fantastic: Call off the match? Tell me why would I do that? I was having the best match since returning to the UTA, with Lamond Robertson until Ron decided to stick his nose into my business!

Gaze: (weakly) Well, you did cost him his match against Travis. Fantastic becomes rather irritated.

Fantastic: That walking trash heap had it coming! I tried to apologize to Ron. My emotions got the better of me but he didn't want to hear any of it. If you remember, he didn't stay out of my business either.

Gaze looks off into another part of the room.

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Gaze: With that little runt Jiles adding Crimson to this match, it has turned this mess into a disaster.

She looks back at him. Fantastic crosses his arms and stares blankly toward her.

Fantastic: It's been worse than a disaster Gaze. You need to stop dreaming and come back to Earth. Ron has tried to drive a wedge between me and Crimson and now he thinks he's going to

push his weight around with me?

Gaze: He is just waiting for all of this to finally end. Are you really going to let Jiles say he was the one that killed The Spawn? (Almost pleading desperately with him like she thinks she can get through to him) Listen! Think about it! I know your pride is not going to allow you to cancel this match but we can't let him win! Do not let a scrawny little runt like that be the one that ends this! Fantastic: If Jiles thinks he will be the one that ends The Spawn, then he's lost his mind as well. I am one of the founding members of this group and without T.S. around to help, I decide when this ends!

She starts to leave and stops and turns toward him once more.

Gaze: I just want to say one last thing to you Chuck... Fantastic turns to her.

Fantastic: Yes?

Gaze: (takes a deep breath and seems to reluctantly accept that this may be how it ends) For once in my life it was nice to be a part of something really special. Crimson does not make friends. He's not the most social person in the world. I love him but it does get kind of lonely at times, so for what it's worth thank you. If you choose to let it end at Victory, It was, to use a phrase, a fantastic ride!

She winks toward him.

Fantastic: It has been a pleasure Gaze. Please don't let all of this come between us. I consider both of you friends now whether Crimson likes that or not. (Chuckles)

She smiles toward him and leaves his room.

The Idiots Guide To April Fools

v/o: Tulsa, Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

Blackfront: Here comes the world champion Tommy, at least until the main event where he could possibly lose it to the winner of the fatal four way.

Ace: Yeah, you would love that...wouldn't you? But too bad, because there's no way Sean Jackson drops the title tonight. It will be a tall order for anyone to wrestle two matches tonight, especially with the champ laying

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in wait.

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

As his entrance theme plays, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage, to the resounding chorus of boos. He has a smile on his face, completely confident as Vanessa stands next to him, bladed.

Blackfront: The champion looks confident right now, but not knowing who his opponent is, definitely works against him.

Ace: He's the champion, he is supposed to be confident. But what would an ungrateful like you know about confidence?

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

Standing on the stage wearing one of his expensive suits, he has the UTA world championship belt draped over his shoulder. As Sean makes a complete turn, showing off the suit of the night, Vanessa who is wearing a low cut black top and short red skirt begins to clap. After soaking in the resounding chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Sean takes the opportunity to argue with some fans before continuing to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, Sean takes up position in the middle of the ring, holding the UTA world championship high for the entire world to see.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the UTA world champion The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson. As Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace continue to watch from the announce table, Sean drapes

the title back over his shoulder and motions for a house microphone. Once it is produced between the ropes, Sean walks over and takes it out of Sidney Parker's hand.

Jackson: Congratulations Wingate...

Sean retreats back to the center of the ring, and continues.

Jackson: Once again you show yourself to be a complete idiot when it comes to running a wrestling organization.

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Blackfront: Now that was totally uncalled for.

Ace: What? he's only telling the truth. Wingate has been sticking it to Dynasty for months now. Sean turns to his left, and begins to address the fans in that direction.

Jackson: But I guess that is to be expected, we are in Tulsa, Oklahoma afterall. BOOS.

Jackson: Do you people know that Tulsa was the birthplace of the April Fools joke? LOUDER BOOS.

Blackfront: It was not.

Ace: Yes it was you mouth breather. If Sean Jackson says it, then you know it's the truth.

Blackfront: Just stop.

Jackson: When the United States purchased land from France in 1803, this God forsaken city was part of it.

Sean shifts to the other side of the ring, still pointing at the fans.

Jackson: You people were such a joke, that not even Napoleon and the French wanted anything to do with you.

Now the boos are getting remarkably loud.

Jackson: But yet, here you people stayed. In this garbage dump of a city, filled with nothing but ungratefults and mouth breathers....

Ace: No truer words spoken.

Jason Blackfront can only shake his head. Meanwhile, Sean has begun pacing the ring as he continues.

Jackson: Waiting to be graced with the appearance of the true world champion. The true world champion that could finally show you ingrates and intransitives what real class looks like.

Sean makes a complete turn, once again showing off the threads.

Jackson: That chaps and spurs aren't needed to get a rise out of these hoof to the horns, big cow looking women of Tulsa.

Blackfront: Can somebody kill his mic for crying out loud?

Ace: Stop being so disrespectful, the champ is speaking.

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Jackson: But then again, you are a bunch of Will Haynes loving, cow dung tossing women here. Sean steps forward to the ropes, pointing out towards several women seated just on the other side of the barricade.

Jackson: Oh yes, you definitely look like you toss cow chips for a living. Did you wash those hands before shoveling the pork rinds down your throat?

Not waiting for an answer, he moves on.

Jackson: Of course you didn't. None of you Oklahoma trash does.

Ace: Eww!!! Blackfront: Stop it. Ace: But...

Blackfront: Stop.

Ace: Well...I bet they didn't.

He quickly turns his attention from the fans, and towards the real targets of his venom. Jackson: But I don't care about the chip tossing relay team from the Tulsa Special Olympics. Right now I'm here to address you, James Wingate.

He looks into the camera.

Jackson: It's time for you to throw away your Idiots Guide To Booking, and start treating Dynasty with some respect.

As the camera pans inward, Sean continues.

Jackson: The best show UTA ever had was when James Witherheld did the booking as the GM. The fans were happy, the roster was happy, and Dynasty was the glue that held it all together.

But yet...

Sean points to the camera.

Jackson: You still think it's best for business to treat us with total disrespect, to put La Flama Blanca in a fatal four way match when he should be facing Will Haynes for the Legacy Championship.

Ace: That's right, La Flama Blanca would destroy Will Haynes.

Jackson: But no, you Tulsa morons don't know any better, so you sit there like mindless sheep, and expect that Wingate is going to give you what you want. Not knowing that the idiotic booking from the moron suits is destroying this company. Well Wingate, once again your plan is going to backfire.

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A smile begins to form.

Jackson: In your feeble attempt at destroying Dynasty, it's going to be WTFc that ends up falling by the wayside. I wonder how long it takes before Doozer wakes up and sees that he is the next La Flama Blanca in waiting?

The smile gets wider.

Jackson: That just like La Flama Blanca who was forced into the shadow of Madman Szalinski, Doozer is being forced to sit in the shadows of Will Haynes. That if he would just wake up, he would finally realize that he's twice the man that Haynes could ever be.

Sean holds up two fingers.

Jackson: Two words for you Doozer...Thatcher Rex.

Ace: He's brilliant, Sean is comparing WTFc to the now defunct Shoot Kings. Blackfront: Oh please, Doozer will be too smart for that. He will see through this. Ace: Whatever.

Jackson: Thatcher wasn't as smart as Eduardo, which is why he's no longer relevant. But if you want to follow in the same footsteps, then by all means, roll over and play dead for Will Haynes. I'm sure James Wingate would love that.

Sean prepares to drop the mic, but doesn't. He can't help himself. He has to address someone else.

Jackson: Speaking of the Wingate lovefest. Chris Hopper, I hope you're paying attention because after Eduardo takes care of you three tonight, I may just come down and finish our business...like I should have done in Indianapolis.

He lifts the championship belt one final time.

Jackson: But as the world champion, I don't get my hands dirty with the likes of inferior talent such as yourself. So if you want a shot at this, then do what you've never been able to do.... The title is placed back on his shoulder.

Jackson: And that's perform at Dynasty's level. You wanted to act like a big shot, to have your name on the marquee as one of the dominant guys in UTA. Well if you make the main event, then you are going to be exposed as nothing more than a small minnow swimming around in a shark tank infested with Dynasty. The true eaters of careers. So enter at your own risk Hopper, because when it comes to the UTA world championship, I don't take prisoners. I end them.

With that, Sean drops the mic. As the static echo fills the building, Sean and Vanessa exit the ring and make their way to the back.

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Allah can wait

Backstage, the Gold Standard, John Sektor can be seen near the Gorilla position, warming up and stretching whilst he prepares for his music to hit. There's a focussed look about him as he hops up and down on the spot, loosening his arms before he engages the camera.

Sektor: This is it. You've all been eagerly awaiting this moment, and now it's finally here. The Gold Standard, John Sektor, finally makes his in ring debut.

He nods, but seems to be looking angered by something.

Sektor: You know, ever since I've came here there has been nothing but controversy

surrounding my arrival. My departure from High Octane Wrestling started a chain reaction of events that has caused a huge dispute and rift between the two company's. But that has all been put to bed and I for one am DONE talking about it. I am here as a UTA superstar and tonight I begin my career as exactly that.

Muted cheers from the crowd inside the arena can be heard as he announces it. The Gold Standard has an eagerness about him as he quickly wipes off his mustache and rolls his shoulders.

Sektor: So with that said, on with tonight and on with business. Abdul...you've done nothing but talk crap about America and the hard working people who have made this country great, ever since you stepped foot on our sacred soil. You've spat in all the faces of those who have given you a platform for success. I'm here to remind you tonight that you would not BE here if it wasn't for America. You would not be a FORMER World champion, had it not been for America..and once you do the math, carry the two and wake the hell up...you'll come to the conclusion that YOU would be absolutely NOTHING without this country!

More cheers from the patriotic crowd as Sektor gets amped up about Abdul.

Sektor: But you know what? Fine! You don't like us? That's fine, we don't like you either. But when you enter the ring, you leave American soil and you step into MY World. So far I've had nothing but disrespect from you as you blindly head into this match, fueled by nothing but hatred. Sektor shakes his head, as though he's looking right at Abdul like he's a petulant little school boy. Sektor: You're a fool, Abdul. A modern day fool with old fashioned views. You spent your entire life looking at those ugly scars on your body and comparing them to the ugliness of this World.

They'll never heal if you don't let them. Bitterness will only make them rot even further. A smile begins to emerge of the face of the Gold Standard.

Sektor: But what do I care? Who are you to me? I've already stated that I have no qualms beating a blind man tonight. All those opportunities you've let pass you by as you continue your futile crusade of terror? I WONT miss them.

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He stands, glaring intensely into the camera and practically licking his lips as though he smells blood.

Sektor: In just a few moments, I'm going to grab the bull by the horns, out wrestle, out class and out shine a former UTA champion and take his place on the ascension to the top.

He points a loose index finger up to the ceiling for a moment before slowly lowering it.

Sektor: Why do you do all this, really? Is it because you think it's what your precious Allah wants? Did Mohammed float down on a cloud to deliver a message reading 'Constantly talk crap about Americans to the point where you are painfully repeating yourself and boring them to death?'

Laughter can be heard from inside the arena as he says this.

Sektor: Do you think all this will serve you well when your time comes? So that you might join ALLAH in the afterlife? Well, you know what buddy? Allah can wait. Because John Sektor is a God of the wrestling ring and if you don't bow down to my will then I'm going to SMITE you with FURRRIOUS ANGER!!

His face turns bright red and veins begin to surface as he squeezes every last breath out of his body to make his point.

Sektor: You thought that bomb that levelled your family was bad?

He huffs out a gasp of laughter as he smirks out of one corner of his mouth, showing no remorse for his comment.

Sektor: Wait until you get a load of me..

The camera fades leaving a lasting shot of Sektor cracking his neck from side to side and continuing his hard glare into the lense.

Brought to You By

Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap by AC/DC blasts around the arena, as the crowd erupts into cheers. 'The Gold Standard' John Sektor then struts out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp as he lifts his chin and mustache proudly into the air with an arrogant smirk.

Blackfront: Here comes the HOW Hall of Famer, John Sektor.

Ace: He's already made quite a splash since coming on in the UTA. He's going to be tested tonight though.

Taking a quick look around at the crowd, he slowly and calmly begins to make his way down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of the front row fans.

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Announcer: Hailing from Miami, Florida.

He pauses at the bottom of the ring steps with one foot planted on the bottom step, soaking in the adoration of the crowd in attendance.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, one inch and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Sektor wipes his heels on the outskirts of the ring apron before ducking under the ropes and into the ring.

Announcer: The Gold Standard...JOHN SEKTOR!

Sektor throws his head back and stretches his arms wide, completely in love with himself as the announce echoes his name around the building.

Blackfront: Sektor is looking to lockdown another Hall of Fame ring, can he do it here in the UTA?

Ace: We'll see.

Sektor runs to the ropes and tests them out before hopping to the middle of the ring and cranking his neck from side to side, sniffing hard as his expression begins to look more focused.

Blackfront: Sektor can't make himself even more of a household name if he defeats Abdul bin Hussain right here on Wrestleshow.

Ace: The Butcher of Basra would love to start John Sektor's UTA career with a big fat loss! Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

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

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

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the

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crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Ace: Big match for both men, Jason.

Blackfront: Two highly accredited athletes. Sure to be a classic.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

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

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring. Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena. Rafiq looks down at The Second Coming, still sitting near the barricade in disgust.

Ace: Looks like both men are ready.

Blackfront: Referee Frank Knoxx calls for the bell. The bell sounds.

Blackfront: We're off!

John Sektor and Abdul bin Hussain lock up in the middle of the ring. John Sektor gets the upper hand and pushes them into the nearby corner.

Blackfront: Collar and Elbow Tie Up...

Referee Knoxx begins to count. John Sektor soon releases the hold. He takes a few steps back letting Hussain regain himself.

Ace: Quite a test for John Sektor in his UTA debut. The Butcher is no easy person to beat.

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Both men lock up again with same outcome. Sektor releases the hold but this time gets a knee to the gut. Hussain moves fast and Side Russian Legsweeps the HOW Hall of Famer down to the mat.

Blackfront: Hussain now with an Arm Bar. Abdul keeping the pressure on John Sektor.

Ace: This could be one of the shortest debuts in UTA History!

John Sektor tries to grab at Abdul's hands and pry them apart with his free hand. Knoxx notices Sektor's shoulders are on the mat and begins to count the pin.

Referee: One! Two!

Sektor lifts his shoulder off the mat. Sektor kicks his leg out to try to reach the bottom rope.

Ace: Sektor trying for that bottom rope.

Blackfront: Sektor might have some serious arm damage after being in this Arm Bar.

Sektor fights through the pain and finally is able to put his foot on the bottom rope. Abdul doesn't let the submission hold go despite Sektor being on the rope. Referee Frank Knoxx warns Hussain to let the hold go. He begins to count.

Referee: One! Two! Three! Four! Come on Abdul!

Hussain finally lets the hold go and gets up to his feet. Sektor grabs at his shoulder; obviously it has been tweaked. Hussain grabs John Sektor by the hair causing Referee Knoxx to warn him again. Hussain pulls Sektor up and sends him back down to the mat with a Suplex.

Blackfront: Abdul going for a second Suplex... Sektor hitting the mat hard. Hussain keeps his grip on Sektor and attempts a third Suplex.

Ace: Hussain is going for a third Suplex...

John Sektor hooks his leg around Abdul's to stop the Suplex attempt. John Sektor returns the favor.

Blackfront: John Sektor with a Suplex of his own!

John Sektor arches his back off the mat and grabs at it with his hand. Hussain rests on his backside grabbing at his back.

Ace: Abdul looks angry, Jason...

Sektor rolls onto his stomach, still holding on his back in pain. The fans begin a "USA" chant.

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Fans: USA! USA! USA!

Ace: Don't these people know that doesn't affect Abdul?

Blackfront: They know it gets under his skin.

Abdul gets Vertical and walks towards John Sektor. Hussain raises his left leg just to stomp on Sektor's hand. Sektor rolls around in the ring and exits to the floor. Abdul bin Hussain grabs Referee Knoxx by the shirt and engages him.

Blackfront: Rafiq... watch Rafiq...

Rafiq walks towards John Sektor and lands a swift kick into his ribs. The fans in the arena boo with passion. The Referee turns around to see Rafiq too close to Sektor. He warns Rafiq to stay out of the match.

Blackfront: Rafiq getting himself involved in this match early.

Ace: Smart man who will do anything to get Hussain a victory over an American.

Abdul bin Hussain steps through the ropes and drops down to the ring floor. He grabs the hand of John Sektor, helping him to his feet. Rafiq backs away, yelling down at The Second Coming, who ignores him.

Blackfront: Irish Whip attempt by Hussain, is reversed.

Ace: Hussain into the barricade! The UTA Universe applaud as one. Referee: One!

John Sektor still holding at his back gets a few feet away from his opponent and goes to work. He unloads right hand after right hand on the chin of bin Hussain. John Sektor grabs his opponent by the back of the head and brings him to the ring and sends him in.

Blackfront: John Sektor now in control of this match.

Ace: John Sektor has a lot to prove in the UTA. He'll get noticed after this one.

Sektor stands over Hussain in the ring. John Sektor grabs one of Abdul's legs and flips him over to now lay on his back. Sektor grabs Hussain's remaining free leg and pushes them outward.

Sektor smiles to the crowd as they cheer him on.

Blackfront: Hussain is begging for mercy!

Ace: A size Twelve boot to the groin! Ohh!

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Abdul bin Hussain holds himself trying to relieve the pain. John Sektor looks out into the crowd and throws his arms up in the air.

Blackfront: Sektor pumping up this Oklahoma crowd.

Ace: Didn't they name this state after that play?

Blackfront: You're a special kind of stupid, aren't you?

John Sektor stands behind his opponent and grabs Abdul under his arms. Sektor puts Abdul's arm behind his head and lifts him up in the air sending Abdul into more pain.

Blackfront: Atomic Drop. Hussain is in trouble.

Hussain takes small steps away from John Sektor. Sektor turns Abdul around and catches him with a Body Slam. Abdul hits the mat hard.

Blackfront: John Sektor into the ropes... Knee Drop right to the forehead of Hussain!

Ace: Sektor goes for the cover...

Abdul kicks out at two with force. John Sektor sinks in a Leglock.

Blackfront: Abdul is in the middle of the ring, no man's land!

The fans cheer as Hussain continues to be tortured. Sektor pulls back more and more inflicting much pain on Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: Abdul landing some stiff right hands, trying to fight off John Sektor.

John Sektor is forced to let the hold go. Hussain turning the tables on the UTA Newcomer.

Blackfront: Hussain unloading on John Sektor here.

Hussain holds Sektor's head close to his body as he rains down right hands. The Referee gets in between the two and forces them to separate. Hussain hears it from the fans. Hussain doesn't waste any time hitting the ropes and coming at John Sektor with a Shinning Wizard, knocking him cold.

Blackfront: Hussain might have this match won!

Referee: One! Two!

Ace: HE KICKED OUT!

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John Sektor kicks out some how. The fans inside the arena are cheering loud and showing Sektor their respect. Hussain quickly puts John Sektor into a Rear Headlock, pressing all his weight down onto his opponent.

Blackfront: This has turned into a war early.

Ace: Listen to these fans...

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

John Sektor continues to suffer by the hands of Abdul bin Hussain.

Blackfront: I think Sektor could be going to sleep.

Ace: Even I don't want this to end like that.

John Sektor looks to be out like a light. Hussain barks at Referee Knoxx to count him out. The Referee lifts up John Sektor's hand and it drops down.

Blackfront: Sektor is out, Tommy. Sektor's hand falls a second time.

Ace: Hussain is going to win this one...

John Sektor stops his arm from falling a third time and he shows some life. The fans are on their feet.

Blackfront: Sektor is up!

Ace: Hussain doesn't know what to think!

John Sektor still in the grips of his opponent powers himself up to his feet and then lands some elbow shots into Abdul's gut, desperately trying to break himself free.

Blackfront: Sektor escapes...

John Sektor hits the ropes and is sent down to the mat with a powerful Knee Lift from his opponent.

Blackfront: Sektor is down!

Hussain stands in the ring bent over at the hip, breathing heavy. Fans shower Abdul with boos. Hussain watches and waits for Sektor to get back up to his feet.

Blackfront: Hussain hitting the ropes once more.

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Hussain bounces off the ropes and is sent over the top rope and to the floor by John Sektor. The fans pop for The Gold Standard.

Ace: Hussain to the outside. Smart move by the veteran, Jason.

Blackfront: Most definitely. This match is even again.

John Sektor hangs his upper body over the top rope taking a breather.

Referee: One!

Rafiq and Nazirah come to the aid of Abdul bin Hussain. The fans around them boo loudly.

Blackfront: Both men giving it their all so far.

Ace: The fans are getting their money's worth!

John Sektor drops to the mat and rolls to the outside. He forces Rafiq and Nazirah to scamper away while he deals with bin Hussain.

Referee: Five!

Powerful Forearm Smashes hit their mark on Abdul's back and shoulders. Sektor sends his opponent back into the ring. Sektor soon follows. Abdul gets to his feet first and lands a hard Headbutt that seems to stun the incoming Sektor a little.

Blackfront: Hussain with another Headbutt.

Abdul goes for a boot to the gut but is swung around by his opponent.

Ace: Double Knee Backbreaker by John Sektor! John Sektor goes for the cover!

Blackfront: Sektor's going to win!

Referee: One! Two!

Blackfront: ABDUL KICKS OUT!

Ace: HOW?!

John Sektor seems beside himself. The fans stir when Nazirah goes up to the ring apron and gets the attention of both Referee Frank Knoxx and John Sektor.

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Ace: She needs to get down from there before she gets hurt. Sektor was in HOW you know... Blackfront: John Sektor keeping his distance from Nazriah. Wait.. Tommy, Tommy... Rafiq is in the ring!

Rafiq slithers into the ring and is a few feet behind John Sektor. Sektor turns to get caught with a handful of sand to the face.

Blackfront: Oh god! That dirty rat!

Ace: Rafiq might have permanently blinded John Sektor!

Rafiq drops to the mat and rolls to the outside. The fans around the arena fill it with boos. Blackfront: Rafiq interferes in the match for a second time. Throwing what appeared to be sand into the eyes of John Sektor.

Ace: You said it Jason... Disgusting.

Sektor has his hands to his eyes trying to ease the pain. Abdul bin Hussain rests on his knees unaware of anything that has transpired.

Blackfront: Nazriah is back down to the ring floor. This is disgusting. Abdul bin Hussain is going to win this match.

Ace: John Sektor has been blinded. Not looking too good for the Hall of Famer. Hussain gets vertical and waits for Sektor to get where he wants him.

Blackfront: PRAY TO ALLAH!

Ace: This is it...

The fans boo what they are seeing go down in the ring. Hussain turns Sektor over and hooks the leg.

Referee: One! Two!

John Sektor kicks out at the last second, keeping the match and himself alive.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome! This is awesome!

Blackfront: How... did he kick out after all that?

Ace: Hussain is stunned. Rafiq might have a heart attack after that!

Blackfront: The devastating Facebuster unable to put away John Sektor.

Hussain rises back up to his feet. He walks around the ring as the Tulsa, Oklahoma crowd boos echo

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throughout the arena. Hussain walks towards the ropes and turns towards John Sektor.

Ace: Abdul bin Hussain is going to finish off John Sektor.

Hussain waits for Sektor to get to his knees and rushes him. Sektor times it right and is able to catch Abdul on his shoulder to the shock of the crowd.

Blackfront: Sektor, he's got Hussain!

Ace: He can't see!

John Sektor walks towards the ropes and tries to dump Abdul over the top rope. Hussain hangs on to Sektor as the two men crash down to the ring floor.

Blackfront: This is ridiculous!

Referee: One!

Ace: Hussain and Sektor are both out cold!

Blackfront: You might be right, Tommy!

Both Hussain and Sektor make minimal movement on the outside. The Referee continues to count.

Blackfront: Rafiq and Nazriah are trying to wake Abdul.

Referee: Five!

The fans wait patiently to see who will make it to their feet first.

Ace: Hussain is out and Sektor isn't moving.

Blackfront: They are close to both being counted out, Tommy.

Ace: Hussain is just dead weight...

Rafiq tries his best to pick bin Hussain up but fails. Neither men are getting back into the ring. Second Coming just watches from her position.

Referee: Ten! Ring the bell! Ring the bell!

The bell sounds and the fans let out their displeasure.

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Announcer: The Referee has called this match a Double Count Out.

Blackfront: You hate to see a match end like this, Tommy. This won't be the last time these two face.

Ace: I can't wait till the next time these two face in a UTA ring.

Blackfront: Well folks... don't go anywhere... ore coming up next!

Is Fears Having a Bad Day?

The feed suddenly cuts in to a previous recorded moment with Zhalia Fears sitting alone in the BOK Center stands. They are empty of life as it is several hours before the doors open; with the ring crew busy putting the ring together in preparation for the night's Wrestleshow. With her feet kicked up on the seats in front of her she spots the cameraman she requested earlier and motions him over.

Fears: You know, people ask me why I am always this cheery person. Never appearing sad or upset. Always just having a good day and being bright.

She smiles as to prove her point.

Fears: On social media there is always this group of fans that tag me asking when I will finally have a bad day. And now I sit here, alone. Am I Sad?

She shrugs and waves her arm out in an open arc to the seats around her.

Fears: Soon these seats will be filled with the thousands of fans attending tonight's Wrestleshow. So should I be sad?

Zhalia shrugs again.

Fears: I get to wrestle in front of the cheering fans, and this keeps me gleeful. However on the other end of the spectrum one of my sisters is out of action, another is currently struggling with the accident from last week and her place, and now my good friend is no longer with the UTA either.

Frowning she slumps back a bit in her seat.

Fears: Add to that the news that broke this morning that my opponent for tonight, Dynasty's Simon, was involved in a car wreck and in some serious critical condition.

She just shakes her head.

Fears: Obviously the match will be canceled. This is by far not the outcome I was hoping for tonight. I know many a wrestler in the back and in other promotions would be laughing at the misfortune of their fellow

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competitors. Heck it means a spot opened up to ascend to, right? Zhalia simply shrugs and drops her feet back to the ground.

Fears: No. In fact I plan to go visit him after the show, should he allow company to do so. If not, well wishing for a speedy recovery.

She shakes her head and sits up from the chair.

Fears: Why? Why would I go see a person that has already outright said he would destroy me in the ring? Why not just ignore his misfortune and take his spot like other people would do?

Shaking her head once more she stands up from her seat and walks closer to the end of the aisle where the camera is.

Fears: It is a simple answer.

She smiles and steps up close so the view is on her face in full.

Fears: And that answer is simply - I am Zhalia Fears.

With a bright smile she turns and heads back up the steps as the camera is shut off with a final sight of her waiving back.

Fade.

The Rebel & The Lady

Gaze appears once more backstage. The crowd once more pops upon seeing her. She is now

leaning against a wall with her left foot placed against the wall. She now has earbuds on singing her new theme song. Chick Habit by April March.

Hang up the chick habit Hang it up, daddy,

Or you'll be alone in a quick Hang up the chick habit Hang it up, daddy,

Or you'll never get another fix

Ron walks up, she notices him and pulls out her ear buds quickly. Kind of embarrassed noticing Ron caught her.

Gaze: Ron...um damn this thi...

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She fumbles with her ear buds and ipod. She drops it on the ground, and tries to ignore it and smiles at Ron.

Hall: (trying to speak, but really trying not to laugh)

Gaze: (admonishingly, almost embarrassed) You did not see that.

Gaze slides her foot across the floor kicking the radio away. She tries to compose herself.

Hall: I can pretend I didn't.

Trying to desperately change the subject here.

Gaze: Yea, so you're really going to go through with this match?

Hall: Yeah. Jiles signed it and I want it after what Fantastic did to me two weeks ago.

Gaze: I don't suppose you will call this off, will you?

Hall: No. This has got to stop. Fantastic, Crimson, Travis. I'm going to make sure this is the last time someone gets in my way or my business.

Gaze: Kind of figured that. I tried to get Fantastic to do the same.

Hall: (knows the answer to this) And he didn't back down either did he?

Gaze: Let me just say this. When this is all over. Are you really going to allow Cancer Jiles to be the one to kill what he is afraid of. With you The Spawn could once more be something really special like it was back in the old school days.

Hall: The Spawn? Special?! It's only a group in name. In case you haven't noticed, me and Fantastic are about to face off and your husband... He doesn't even want me in the group to start with!

Gaze: Yea...him. He refuses to budge. Now with this whole medical history being made public I guess I did not help matters did I?

Hall: No, but I understand you wanting to help him. He is your husband and I know you love him. You did what you thought was right, even if he doesn't agree with it.

Gaze: I'll talk to him if you're not for calling it off. Maybe you two can give these fans a real show out there. If I can get Crimson to be fair and impartial.

Hall: (laughs because he really can't believe what just said) Fair?! Haha... Him?! Impart... Please seriously tell me you didn't just try that with a straight face!!

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Gaze: (Trying to maintain her composure and not lose it with Ron) Well I will be out there sitting at the announce table watching you two put on a show!

Hall: Unless he decides to stick his nose in where it doesn't belong? She looks away and mumbles.

Gaze: Yea, and make sure he doesn't ruin it.

She walks off leaving Ron to wonder if she will finally get through to Crimson Lord.

Hall: (to no one in particular) Gotta give her credit, it's a lost cause but she keeps on trying.

I'll Take It From Here

Kate Kincaid stands in front of a WRESTLEUTA banner in the backstage area inside the BOK Center. He presses her ear piece tighter to her ear and then looks up into the rolling camera.

Kincaid: This is Kate Kincaid and I'm here wi-

Before she can finish her sentence The Luchador steps into the picture. Standing along side him is Marshall Owens, holding Blanca's UTA Tag Team Title.

La Flama Blanca: I'll take it from here... May I?

Kincaid hands La Flama Blanca the microphone and takes a step back.

La Flama Blanca: Thank you, Kate. Now... Unless you've been living under a rock the past few weeks, you know about one of the most important UTA matches in history...

Owens has an evil smile on his face as he clenches the Tag Team title close to his chest.

La Flama Blanca: The Fatal Four Way match to find the Number One Contender for the UTA World Champion. Doozer, Chris Hopper, Will Haynes and La Flama Blanca face off to see who will take on Sean Jackson. Now...

Blanca pauses and does a slight chuckle. He puts his head down for a moment and snaps back up to look right into the camera.

La Flama Blanca: Lots of things have been said between Haynes, Hopps and myself. As always these two just talk and talk. Tonight, it's time to step into the ring and see who is the better man. Kincaid looks at Blanca intently as he continues to talk.

La Flama Blanca: I know you'd all love to see me fail tonight. You'd probably rather die than see me face Sean Jackson later tonight...

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Owens cracks a smile behind LFB.

La Flama Blanca: Well guys... contray to what you guys to believe is true... none of you are that good. The inflated confidences of both Chris Hopps and Will Haynes need to be popped and I think I'm the right man to do just that.

Owens pats his client on the shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: You all need to know, that this isn't a time for games. I'm going to go out there in just a few minutes and show the world... Why I'm the best.

Blanca keeps it real and on point.

La Flama Blanca: After I win the Fatal Four Way match, it's on the main event. Sean Jackson, you are a brother to me. This isn't personal by any stretch... this is just business.

Blanca looks towards Kate Kincaid and hands her the microphone.

La Flama Blanca: Great job as always, Kate. I've got a match to go win. Marshall, come on.

La Flama Blanca winks at Kate Kincaid before steping out of the frame. The cameras zoom in on her.

Kincaid: That was La Flama Blanca... Very confident sounding. The Fatal Four Way Match is coming up next! Don't go anywhere!

We cut to commercial.

Brought to You By

Corn Dogs

As we return from commercial, Doozer can be seen hunched over a trash can backstage.

Haynes: Yo Dooze... it's time!

The Legacy Champion heads over. Haynes: Dooze.. time for the match. Doozer starts to wretch into the can.

Haynes: Oh man, you really ain't doing so good are you? Doozer looks up at him and moans slightly.

Haynes: Yo, I told you not to eat corn dog man. The ish looked nasty. Doozer hangs his head back over the can.

Jiles: What's the issue? It's time for your match!

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The commissioner can be seen walking up to the two. He stops a few feet away as Doozer continues to hurl.

Haynes: My boy ain't feeling so good baws. Cancer looks at him with disgust.

Jiles: Corn dog, wasn't it? Haynes looks up at Cancer. Haynes: Yea, how did you-

Jiles: No time to explain, you're going to have to go without him. It starts with this, then.. gets worse for at least twenty four hours. Always does, but he always wants to eat one when he sees it.

Doozer looks up, tears almost in his eyes.

Doozer: But... they are... so.. go---- He begins to vomit again.

At this time, Zhalia Fears is walking by. She stops and turns to the three.

Fears: Is Doozer OK?!

Haynes: My boy is sick yo. He can't be in the match.

Fears: Really? That's terrible!

Haynes: Yea it is.

Fears: Hope you get feeling better Doozy!

She pats him on his back, but pulls her hand away quickly as he begins to throw up again. Cancer throws his pointer finger up like he has an idea.

Jiles: I have an idea!

Will Haynes and Zhalia look on, waiting.

Haynes: Go on.

Jiles: Zhalia, You're not in a match tonight. You take his place!

Fears: Me?! For a possible shot at the World Championship?! Wow! Thanks Cancer!

Haynes: Are you kidding?! Jiles: No, I'm not. It's perfect! Fears: This is great!

Jiles: Now, you two get out there. I'll tend to our hard headed friend here.

Zhalia quickly scurries off as Will Haynes sighs loudly before walking off as well. Cancer pats Doozer on the

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shoulder.

Jiles: You really need to learn to quit eating corn dogs man. Doozer lets it go again as we fade.

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

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with a big smile on his face. Flaunting his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca looking to add more gold tonight if he can not only defeat the three he is set to face, but his own Dynasty partner Sean Jackson!

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 looks across at his tag team partner sitting blankly and shrugs before 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.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca ignoring the fans as he makes his way to the ring.

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.

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.

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 living legend himself!

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Ace: Don't you mean the most delusional arrogant wrestler ever?

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.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as White Rabbit by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Blackfront: White Rabbit can only mean one thing... here comes the former Prodigy Champion! A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK! She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... She runs around the ring to her friend The Second Coming. Knealing down, she hugs her with a comforting hug before getting back up. Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. With a smile she slides across the ring and to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is the former UTA Prodigy Champion.... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARRRRSSSSS!

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Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out. Blackfront: Zhalia looks to shock the world tonight. Originally set to face Simon in one on one action, being in the right place and the right time has earned her a potential shot at becoming the UTA World Champion!

The beginnings of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans! Ace: Idiots, every one of them! Blackfront: Will you give it a rest?!

Will begins to walk down the aisle, holding his UTA Legacy title up high as he nods his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

The UTA Legacy champion stops in the middle of the entrance ramp and looks out to the fans.

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds... He continues slapping hands of his fans.

Announcer: He is the Legacy Champion... Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Blackfront: Fatale four way rules are in effect. The first person to score a pin fall goes on to face the UTA World Champion tonight in the main event!

All four competitors stand in a corner each staring at each other the bell sounds.

Blackfront: Interesting set up we now have as everyone knows Chris Hopper's feelings on facing women, yet he finds himself in the ring with Zhalia Fears.

Ace: That idiot has screwed himself! Especially if it's down to just those two. Of course that will

never happen because La Flama Blanca has this!

Blackfront: Out of the gate La Flama Blanca and Will Haynes charge Chris Hopper. A barrage of rights and lefts catching the King of Cool as he tries to protect himself.

Zhalia holds the top rope in her corner, ready. She looks as if she is ready to take off as Haynes and Blanca continue to bring it to Hopper who is backed away into the corner.

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Blackfront: Hopper trying to fight back, but it may be too much. Wait.. ZHALIA FEARS TAKES OFF!

As she charges forward she lets out a war cry. Haynes and La Flama Blanca both turn to see her. As she approaches, they both come forward, grabbing her, and lifting. Zhalia Fears is thrown up and back, coming down with a splash onto Hopper.

Blackfront: Haynes and Blanca with a short alliance, using Zhalia Fears as a weapon!

Ace: Brilliant!

Zhalia falls to the canvas, grabbing her stomach and rolling to the edge of the apron and then to the outside as Chris Hopper stumbles forward and falls to the canvas himself. The Second Coming looks up with concerned eyes.

Blackfront: The alliance is over. La Flama Blanca with the... ESTUPENDO KI- NO! Haynes moves! Haynes moves!

La Flama Blanca quickly turns.

Blackfront: BOOT TO THE GUT OF LA FLAMA BLANCA!

Haynes turns and grabs La Flama Blanca's head before dropping.

Blackfront: THE KUSH! THE KUSH!

Ace: No! No! No! NOOOOO!!!!

The fans go crazy as Will Haynes turns La Flama Blanca over and quickly leaps on top of him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: We could have our winner already!

Zhalia Fears leaps up and under the bottom rope, grabbing Will Haynes' foot and yanking back, breaking the pin.

Blackfront: Fears with the save!

She leaps up the the apron as Will Haynes pushes up. Zhalia grabs the top rope and uses it to launch herself up and over. Haynes turns and ducks as Fears comes over. She grabs his waist and in one fluid motion flips him over.

Blackfront: SUNSET FLIP FROM THE APRON INTO A PIN! Zhalia Fears holds Haynes' arms down with her legs! The referee counts!

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Chris Hopper crawls over pushes one of her legs off of Will's arm, letting him raise it up before the three. He pushes his legs, causing Fears to stumble forward.

Blackfront: Hopper with the save in an unconventional way.

Zhalia pushes up and turns as Will kips up. He leaps forward with a clothesline.

Blackfront: Fears ducks the clothesline and heads to the ropes.

Chris Hopper pushes up as Haynes follows through, reaching out and grabbing his throat. As he stands fully erect, Chris lifts Will Haynes up. Zhalia bounces off of the ropes.

Blackfront: Hopper sees Fears coming, drops Haynes.

Will drops to one knee, holding his throat as Zhalia leaps up, placing one foot on the back of his neck and using it to shoot herself up and right into the grasp of Chris Hopper. Outside of the ring, Second Coming stands up, fearing for her friend.

Blackfront: Hopper has Zhalia Fears in his arms.

Ace: Throw her to the floor outside!

She kicks as he lifts her up and sits her over the top rope and on the apron. Hopper points, telling her she's safer out on the apron.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper refusing to cause harm to Zhalia.

Ace: Idiot.

As he turns, Will Haynes leaps up with a drop kick that connects. Hopper stumbles back as Zhalia grabs the top rope and leans down, causing him to go over, and tumble to the floor outside.

Blackfront: That may have cost him!

Haynes gets back to his feet and heads toward the ropes. Zhalia pulls down the top like she is going to go up and over again.

Blackfront: Haynes ready for Fears...

She lets go of the rope, drops down, grabbing the second rope and holding it as she slides between it and the first in front of Haynes. She backs into him as she stands, his body bending over her back.

Blackfront: Haynes expecting Fears to come over the top, but with lightning fast reflexes she came back in at

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the bottom, and now has Haynes lifted up on her back as she holds his head... Fears turns and drops... THE OFFERING!

As Haynes hits the canvas after the backpack stunner, Zhalia rolls over and pushes up. She begins toward him, but is cut off when from the side she sees a foot come forward.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! ESTUPENDO KICK! Blanca took advantage of the situation and all three of his opponents either down or focusing on the other!

Second Coming paces outside the ring, torn between her best friend and her tag partner.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca with the cover... This one might be over!

The referee drops down. Suddenly, the Second Coming runs forward, sliding in and dropping an elbow on the back of La Flama Blanca to break the pin up.

Ace: OH COME ON! THAT'S YOUR TAG PARTNER!

Second Coming comes face to face with La Flama Blanca, who looks like he's about to blow a fuse. Second Coming deflects his shouts by pointing at Fears and gesturing to her neck.

Blackfront: Yes, but I think she's concerned about the way Fears landed, with echoes to Kush's injury!

Ace: I don't care!

The referee gets up and in Second Coming's face, yelling and pointing to the back.

Blackfront: Second Coming is being ejected!

Ace: GOOD!

The referee backs Second Coming up toward the ropes. La Flama Blanca runs toward her, but the referee gets between them, holding him back as he yells at her. She can be seen motioning that she is sorry as she exits the ring to the apron.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca is livid.

Ace: Hell, I'm livid! The fans should be livid! You don't do that to your tag partner! They are champions!

Blackfront: So I guess this means she is not apart of Dynasty.

Ace: Good! Dynasty doesn't need traitors!

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La Flama Blanca pushes the referee out of the way, heading over and angrily stomping both Zhalia Fears and Will Haynes. Chris Hopper grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron, stepping over the top rope.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper back in this.. Charges Blanca. La Flama Blanca ducks a big boot attempt.

Chris turns around quickly, grabbing Blanca from behind. La Flama Blanca throws his arm around Hopper's neck to try and hold on as he picks him up.

Blackfront: Chris Hopper lifting Blanca high up...

La Flama Blanca kicks, coming back down to the canvas. As Hopper lifts him again, La Flama Blanca pushes off this time, creating a force that sends him up quicker. he flips over the shoulder of Chris Hopper bringing him down with an Asai DDT.

Blackfront: El Ponche on Chris Hopper! El Ponche on Chris Hopper! The fans boo.

Ace: That was awesome!

La Flama Blanca quickly rolls over and charges the turnbuckle.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca going up top!

Ace: He's gonna end it! He's gonna end it now! YES!

La Flama Blanca stands, balancing himself. Finally, he leaps.

Blackfront: AY DIOS M- WAIT!

As La Flama Blanca comes down with tthe 450 Splash, Will Haynes leaps up, seemingly from the canvas, grabbing his head and dropping.

Blackfront: KUSH OUT OF NOWHERE! KUSH OUT OF NOWHERE!

Ace: NO!

Blackfront: Will Haynes with the cover on La Flama Blanca!

The referee slides into place. Chris Hopper, holding his head, uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Hopper comes forward, big boot down to the head of Will Haynes! He turns and grabs Haynes by the head, yanking him up.

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Blackfront: Hopper wasting no time as he sends Haynes into the ropes. on the return.... HOPPER WITH THE ICE BREAKER!

Ace: Ice Breaker, Kush, it's all the same! these two need to get their own style.

Blackfront: Hopper with the pin. This one may be over!

Zhalia Fears pushes up. She runs toward Chris Hopper. he looks up and sees her, quickly getting to his knees to break the pin himself.

Ace: What a moron!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper restraining himself from countering Zhalia Fears.

Fears steps over Will Haynes and walks up to Chris Hopper who is still on his knees. He points to the apron. Fears' eyes follow his finger before coming back to him. She pulls her right hand back and bring sit across his face. the fans go nuts.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears will not be told what to do! She wants to win this!

Chris holds the side of his face as he stands up, towering over Fears. She smiles and begins to back up as he steps forward.

Ace: Doesn't look like he's playing Mr. Nice Guy anymore Jason.

Chris gets into her face and just stares down, breathing heavily. Zhalia looks up at him and yells for him to do soemthing.

Blackfront: Zhalia Fears almost taunting Chris Hopper.

Ace: Move to the dark side Hopps. Just do it. You take Fears out and you have this one! The World Title can be yours Chris. Just hit her! HIT HER!

Blackfront: Chris Hopper demanding Zhalia gets out of the ring, but Zhalia will not back down! Hopper clinches both fist raising them. She continues to yell for him to do something. Finally he does....

Blackfront: Hopper... is leaving the ring! Chris Hopper is leaving the ring!

Ace: Are you joking?!

Blackfront: He refuses to go against his morals! But at what cost?!

Hopper steps over the top rope and leaps to the floor before walking around the ring as Zhalia watches him.

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He places his hands on his hips and begins to head up the ramp.

Ace: What an idiot!

Zhalia runs to the ropes, and pushes her self up to the second, as she raises one arm to the fans who scream.

Blackfront: A small victory for Zhalia Fears as she held her own!

Ace: Yea, but I think I see a large loss coming right now!

She leaps back down to the canvas and turns just in time for the second kick of the night.

Blackfront: ESTUPENDO KICK! ESTUPENDO! La Flama Blanca hits it! Will Haynes, who is now up, charges Blanca.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca catches Haynes.. up and over the top rope!

As Will crashes outside, Blanca leaps forward and covers Zhalia. The referee drops and counts. Blackfront: LA FLAMA BLANCA DOES IT! HE WILL FACE SEAN JACKSON FOR THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

The bell begins to ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEW.. NUMBER ONE CONTENDER.... LA... FLAMA...
BLLLLLAAANNNNCCCAA!!!!

His music begins to play as La Flama Blanca drops to both knees. he can not believe it. Outside of the ring, Will Haynes hits the floor in anger, watching inside. Zhalia Fears rolls to the apron and slides out of the ring as La Flama Blanca leaps to his feet. The referee holds his arm high up before he pulls away, running to the turn buckle and climbing, holding both arms up to the booing fans.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has done it folks. He has just secured his first one on one World Championship title match. It has been a long road, but tonight he has overcome the odds and has earned this shot.

Ace: I think I'm going to cry Jason. It's just so damn beautiful. La Flama Blanca continues to celebrate as we fade.

Everything In Its Right Place

The scene shifts to somewhere in the building. There is a close up of a mophead going back and forth, back and forth across a tile floor. As the camera slowly pulls back a standard yellow sign that reads "CAUTION-WET FLOOR" can be seen. The camera pans upward, and someone has their back turned toward the camera. It is a man and he is wearing a full gray jump suit with the words "CLEANING CREW" on the back.

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Based on the surroundings he is in one of the bathrooms but due to the lack of wall urinals, he is inside a women's bathroom. The man is wearing headphones and singing to whatever song is playing through the speakers in a higher pitched voice, virtually trying to match the lead singer from Radiohead's "Everything In Its Right Place"

???: Everything, everything, everything, everything.. In its right place

In its right place In its right place Right place

Ace: Dear God! Who the hell is that? Sounds like a cat is being strangled!

Blackfront: I don't know, Tommy.

???: Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon Yesterday I woke up sucking a lemon

The man continues to mop the floor and slowly turns around, finally revealing himself to be... TS Jeremiah Woods. His appearance generates a mixed crowd reaction. Woods is, oddly enough wearing dark shades, even though, he is indoors.

Blackfront: Oh, my God! It's Spectre, I mean, Jeremiah Woods!

Ace: What the hell is he doing here? Wingate banned him from all UTA events! Security needs to find that man and arrest him for trespassing!

Woods stops mopping, still holding the mop handle with his right hand and removing the headphones from his ears with his left hand and resting them around his neck. He is stone-faced and says nothing for a few seconds, before finally speaking.

Woods: Well, well, well. James Wingate the THIRD? Looks like your boy, Cancer Jiles is falling a little bit down on his job. You saw fit to ban me from all UTA events... and yet...

He extends his left arm outward.

Woods:... here I am! And I hope you're listening, James. I hope...you're...listening! Woods smiles and snickers.

Woods: YOU thought it would be so easy to keep me out of any and all buildings that hold UTA events like Wrestleshow. Hahahahaha.... It's a lot easier now to blend in with the "average Joe" now that I no longer have purple hair and have shaved my hair down to about a half-inch. It's not that easy to spot me when I don't have a pet hyena around or the strange allure that you have when you're around hyena crap to locate me.

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No, it was very easy to get into the building, especially with a few cleaning supplies from a local Wal-Mart, and some very lax security at the back door. Plus, the women's bathroom is probably the last place you'd expect to find me, but I just proved that you can't sto-

Woods stops in mid-sentence, cocks his head slightly to one side and slightly upward. He is motionless for a few seconds which confuses the commentators.

Ace: Well, what the hell? Did Woods accidentally push his own PAUSE button? Why the hell did he stop talking?

Blackfront: I don't know. This is almost reminiscent of Spectre.

Ace: Maybe it's the cleaning chemicals. I don't know.

Finally, Woods slowly looks back at the camera. He slowly removes his dark shades, and hooks them on to the collar of his jump suit.

Woods: I'm sorry. Let me rephrase what I was about to say. What I meant to say....was... I just proved that your LACKEYS AND MINIONS can't stop me from showing up at a UTA event! YOU, Wingate, cannot do ANYTHING on your own! You haven't done ANYTHING on your own since I first came back to this promotion as The Spectre!

Think I'm lying? Hahahahahaha!! I've got so much proof on you! I've got so much dirt and filth on you that proves you're nothing more than an inadequate, incompetent and inconsistent owner who has a few deep, dark secrets that you don't want getting out!

The crowd is abuzz with curiosity at Woods claim. The commentators are also curious.

Ace: A secret? Oh, I love secrets! Come on, Woods! Spill the beans!

Blackfront: Well, I don't know what sort of secret or dirt Woods thinks he has on Wingate, but this could be a dangerous game he's playing, especially with the owner of the UTA.

Woods stares long and deep into the camera, not with a deranged or crazed look as Spectre would have done, but with a look of seriousness and of growing hatred.

Woods: You know what I am talking about, don't you, Wingate? Yeah, that secret that was so obvious and in front of everyone's face for all those months, and yet no one saw it? Yes, Wingate, I know your secret- a secret that will shake the foundation of this company!

This is a secret that will not only send WrestleUTA stocks plummeting into the toilet and send the shareholders into an emergency meeting in the dead of night, calling for your removal as owner of your own

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company; but when the wrestlers find out, it will result in your expulsion from the wrestling business ENTIRELY!!!

Blackfront: Oh, my god!

Ace: WOW! I wonder what sort of juicy gossip Woods has on Wingate? Sounds exciting! Blackfront: What are you talking about? No more than two minutes ago you were wanting security to arrest Jeremiah Woods! Now you want Woods to keep talking and make some sort of announcement that could not only affect James Wingate, but the entire UTA??? Give me a break! Woods: Last week you were talking to your goon Cancer Jiles and went on about how the two of you "suspended" Perfection, and how you two "fired" one of the most promising female wrestlers in WrestleUTA!

Hahahahahahaha.... When did "YOU" become part of that firing and suspension, Wingate? Hmm? You didn't take those actions, Cancer Jiles did.

Blackfront: That's not a big shock. Everyone knows that.

Woods: You TOLD him to suspend Perfection and to fire MVC...which, by the way, was for basically violating the same rule. Perfection gets suspended for using the "F" word in reference to a homosexual in a tweet , and MVC gets FIRED for using the shortened form of "racoon" in a racial slur? How's THAT for inconsistency?

Crowd groans that the ballsy approach, and all out attack Jeremiah Woods is taking towards the owner James Wingate.

Ace: Come on Woods, you promised something good!

Woods: Racism is racism, James. You sure don't like to do your own dirty work, but you sure as hell like to take the credit, you sonofabitch!

Woods smiles and drives in a dagger into Wingate's back.

Woods: If your father, Matt Fury, could see you now, he would turn over in his grave! Crowd groans even louder, while Woods just stands there, letting the words sink in. Ace: Uh oh! Woods better not go there.

Blackfront: Well, I know for a fact that Wingate's father, Matt Fury, used to wrestle here back around 1996 to 2001. I also know that Spectre first burst on to the scene here back around 2000. Spectre and Matt Fury had a huge feud that lasted nearly two years, until that unfortunate night at Black Horizon in 2001 when Spectre tried to execute a move off the top rope, bad knee and all, with Fury's head between his knees. Spectre slipped and fell with all his weight down on the steel steps. That move ultimately killed Matt Fury... (pauses for a second as he remembers the most infamous moment in the promotion's history)

Woods continues.

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Woods: Ah, yes! Dear old dad, Matt Fury Junior! You know something, Wingate? I may not have liked your dad one bit, but at least I respected him in the fact that the guy always faced his challenges! He stepped up to the plate and went toe to toe with me, and NEVER... BACKED...

DOWN!!! We beat each other from here to eternity, and the guy never quit! He was every bit the person he said he was... and then some!

Woods pauses again, taking time enough to place his dark shades back on his face. Woods: But what have YOU done with your time here, Wingate... except ONE... blow your daddy's inheritance out the window, thinking you know a thing or two about the wrestling business...when in fact... you don't know shit!!

Ace: Wow! Woods is just putting his balls out there, Jason!

Blackfront: This... this is not going to be good. I'm sure if Wingate is hearing this, he is rearranging his office right about now. Lord help whoever crosses his path.

Woods: And TWO... prove that unlike "dear old dad", YOU are a traitor, and a fraud, and don't know what the term "conflict of interest" means!!

The remark draws a larger mixed reaction from the crowd still unsure of what to make of Woods somewhat outlandish remarks.

Blackfront: You know, it might be best for security to find Woods and escort him out of the building, before Wingate tracks him down and does something to Woods that might get him tossed in jail.

Woods leans in closely to the camera, and speaks calmly and softly, but very direct.

Woods: You're not half the man your father was, Wingate. You should be ashamed you share his name.

Woods steps back a few steps and smirks as he pops his knuckles loudly and slowly one at a time.

Woods: I've got you right where I want you, Wingate and when I drop the bombshell about you on everyone, and expose you for who really are??? Hahahahahahaa.... I am going to enjoy watching you TRY and weasel your way out of that one.

Woods reaches his left hand up, touching his index and middle finger just above his eyebrow, doing a slight salute and waving goodbye.

Woods: I'll see you later...Wingate!

As he turns to exit the bathroom, the door flies open and Travis 16 wanders in, mop in hand.

Travis: Sweet. You're already cleaning it. Thanks!

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He turns around and leaves as quickly as he came as Woods looks at the mop in his hand.

Woods: Well, Fu-

We fade out of the scene.

The Demonic Couple

Gaze appears on the tron to another pop from the crowd. It appears she is walking into a dark corridor. While she walks down the corridor, the lights flicker illuminating the corridor for a split second.

Gaze: Love? Are you here?

A hand reaches for one of the lights and twists it. The light stops flickering and stays lit. Illuminating half of Crimson Lord. His back facing her he slowly turns his head over his shoulder. Lord: Yes?

Gaze looks around and then towards him.

Gaze: So now you're trying to hide from the world? Are you afraid they will now see you as a freak of nature?

Lord: Gaze, how long have we known each other?

Gaze: A lo...

Before Gaze can respond, Crimson quickly cuts her off.

Lord: You should know I find peace in the darkness. Everything is so simple staring out into the pit of blackness.

She gives a slight smirk. Looking up and toward the left, she then returns her look toward him.

Gaze: Look I know you're having a hard time accepting this condi... Crimson once again cuts her off.

Lord: I do not want you to even say it! There is nothing wrong with me! I am the same sick twisted bastard I have always been!

Gaze: I am not trying to change you love. I'm just trying to help you sort everything out going on in your head.

He turns slightly to the left and stares down toward her. Lord: Help me? Drugging me is your way of helping me? She scratches the back of her head and looks away.

Gaze: You must think I am one of those psycho's on that show Snapped don't you? He stares at her

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emotionless and a bit confused.

Lord: Snapped? So now you watch television shows now? Since when?

Gaze: Things change love. People change. I have embraced a part of life that I kept buried deep down inside all these years.

He turns from her once more.

Lord: You act like the time we spent was boring. She shakes her head at him.

Gaze: No...no...no.. its not that. Crimson lowers his head.

Lord: You embrace change Gaze. Unfortunately for you, I do not welcome change. This new generation has been trying to kill off who I truly am. I have fought them off since my return. They accomplished killing The Spectre. Now they or rather....

He raises his head and turns it toward her.

Lord: You! are now trying to kill the enigma of "The Plague of Darkness" Crimson Lord!! She appears shocked

Gaze: That is not it at all! You're twisting my words. (Shocked and hurt by his words) Why would I do something like that?

He turns his head back to the darkness and stares out into the emptiness.

Lord: People want me to put the past behind me. To embrace my old enemies. What you fail to realize love, is what happens in that ring sometimes changes a man forever. You would know this if you wrestled yourself.

Gaze's eyes widened realizing Ron said those same exact words a few weeks back.

Gaze: Funny you say that. Ron said pretty much the same thing you just said. Crimson snickers for a bit.

Lord: For once we agree on something. Gaze tries to capitalize on this.

Gaze: You see Ron is not so bad. You really need to just sit down with him and talk. You might find out you have a lot more in common than you think.

Crimson quickly changes the topic.

Lord: You came here for something Gaze. What do you want?

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Gaze: Um..well yeah I talked to Fantastic and Ron about them calling off this match. Crimson interrupts her yet again.

Lord: Let me guess they both turned you down. The reason your here is to plead with me to not go ballistic when I have both of them in the ring to myself.

Gaze raises an eyebrow.

Gaze: How did you know I was going to ask you? Crimson shakes his head for a moment.

Lord: You have changed too much Gaze you have become predictable. Where was the woman I once loved? The malevolent bitch that would be just as twisted as I am. What I do in that match with Ron and Fantastic will be my choice. You and the rest of these fans will just have to watch and see.

Crimson slowly walks off into the darkness leaving Gaze stunned.

Gaze: He...he...doesn't love me anymore....

A single tear falls from her face, as the tron fades out.

Brought to You By

As we return from commercial, La Flama Blanca is still in the ring, now perched up on the turnbuckle, waiting.

v/o: Tulsa, Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

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

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Blackfront: The UTA World Champion set to go one on one with his fellow Dynasty member, la Flama Blanca!

Ace: I just don't know what to do! It's the best two superstars in the industry!

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

With the UTA world championship belt fastened securely to his waist, Sean makes a complete turn on the stage, making sure everyone gets a full view of his newly acquired championship. After soaking in a resounding chorus of boos, he motions that it's time to head to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he removes the belt and holds it up high for everyone to see. After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty, the UTA world champion The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson. La Flama Blanca hops down to the canvas, cracking his neck. The atmosphere is electric as the fans go crazy in preparation.

Blackfront: This could be World War Three!

Ace: This is a terrible situation to force these two into!

Blackfront: Force? Really? La Flama Blanca earned this shot. Team mates or not, they have the respect of each other that when it comes down to it, no matter how many people say they won't actually face each other, here they are.

Ace: But at what cost Jason?! AT WHAT COST?!

Both men walk to the center of the ring. The fans get on their feet.

Blackfront: After tonight, what will be left of Dynasty?! The intensity can be felt throughout the arena.

???: WHOA! WHOA WHOA! Hold on guys! Hold... on!

Blackfront: What's this?

The camera pans up to see Marshall Owens heading out from the back.

Owens: Just give me one moment. Don't you dare ring that bell.. don't you dare!

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He scurries down the ramp toward the ring as La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson watch on.

Ace: Marshall has something to say Jason!

Blackfront: Of course he does.

Owens hurries up the steps and across the apron. Owens: One moment guys. Almost there.

He enters in between the ropes heading over to Jackson and Blanca. Owens: Thank you for waiting. I appreciate it.

Sean can be see asking Marshall what he is doing. Owens: Don't worry. I got this.

He turns to La Flama Blanca. and extends a hand. Blanca looks at him and accepts, shaking his hand.

Owens: Congratulations Blanca, you sir, are the new... number one contender for the UTA World Championship held by this man (He points to Jackson) right here, Sean Jackson.

Blanca nods. Jackson tells Owens to get to it.

Owens: This was no easy feat, and you sir have earned your shot not only tonight but from everything you have done since arriving here in the United Toughness Alliance.

Blanca continues to nod, agreeing.

Owens: I ask you to hear me out though. Do not have this match tonight.

Blackfront: What?!

La Flama Blanca looks like he thinks Marshall is crazy.

Owens: For your own good, I ask you to consider this. You just had a match with three other of the UTA's top superstars. In that match, you fought valiantly sir, and you came out victorious. But you are not 100% like Sean Jackson.

Ace: He isn't!

Owens: And knowing how close you two are, I can tell you this. Sean Jackson is not afraid to face you sir, but he would rather face a La Flama Blanca who is 100%. He would rather face a La Flama Blanca who will bring out the very best in him, and in the end, the better man will walk out with the UTA World Championship.

Blackfront: I hate to say it, but the respect these men have, I think Marshall Owens is onto something.

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Owens: Now hear me out. I am not telling you that you can not defeat Sean Jackson. No sir. I am telling you, that you deserve to finally have your shot, 100%, and on the big stage.

Ace: That's true!

Owens: La Flama Blanca, I ask you sir, please... do not have this match tonight. You are the number one contender. There is no taking that from you. Hold onto it, and meet Sean Jackson at Black Horizon in the main event.

The fans go crazy at this idea.

Blackfront: Could we be seeing the main event of Black Horizon already being set? Owens: What do you say?

La Flama Blanca places his hand son his hips and paces around, thinking. Finally he steps back in front of them, reaching out and grabbing the microphone from Marshall Owens. The lucahador holds it close to his mask.

Blanca: Shut up Marshall. The fans scream.

Blanca: You mouth breathers shut up too! The cheers turn to boos. Blanca steps forward.

Blanca: Tell me Sean... You and me amigo. Do you want to do something special? Do you want to walk into Black Horizon with you best friend and tear the God damn roof off of that place?!

The fans rumble. Jackson smiles and nods.

Blanca: You got it! Me and you man. One on one for the World Championship at Black Horizon!

The crowd goes crazy.

Blanca pushes the microphone into Marshall's chest, who fumbles with it before dropping it. La Flama Blanca and Sean Jackson shakes hands,bringing it in for a side hug before raising each other's arm up as Short Change Hero by The Heavy begins to play.

Blackfront: May thirtyfirst these two friends go at it for the biggest title in the industry! Black Horizon's main event has been set! That's all the time we have for tonight. Thank you for tuning in, we will see you next week right here on Pure Sports Entertainment!

Ace: Good night!

Blanca and Jackson stand in the ring and can be seen talking inaudibly as we fade to black.