

our match. (He laughs) I guarantee it. Now I would like to ask Eugene Jordan, if he would be in my corner during this upcoming match this Wednesday. I will show what a true person I really am, and will show you that I had nothing to do with that hit earlier on Mr. Eugene Jordan. But what about it, Highroller? Will you be in my corner.. (Highroller turns off the TV and laughs.) HIGHROLLER: Hehehehe... ya, right, prettyboy. Hanging around you will not only ruin my reputation as a decent human being, it will also infer that we're friends. I, for one, definately don't want to be friends with someone who hires a hitman to get me. Especially when that hitman was Chode 4000. That guy's more of a worthless peice of *bleep* than you are, patriot. So go wave your flags, do your American hero gig, I'm going back to the casino. Got better things to do than sit in your smelly corner and watch the Hitboys for Hire run in and beat your ass.

Jeez. What were you thinking? (Highroller gets up and leaves. Fade to the ring.) (Boy Toy starts to play.) Murphy: making his way to the ring...from Aurora, Indiana...weighing 275 pounds... ALL AMERICAN PAUL BLAIRRRR!!!!!!! (The American flag is shown on all the monitors in the arena. The crowd is going wild as he jogs to the ring. He is wearing blue trunks and a red UWC t-shirt. Blair is very handsome and powerfully built.) Hollins: Oh jeez. Can I call them or what? I wonder what Blair is going to do without someone in his corner to hold his hand. I haven't seen someone as cowardly as Blair since the days of Hairdresser Randy and the Beauty School Butchers. Except when they had bad hair days, then watch out. Amazing what damage a man can do with a bag of rollers and some styling gel. =====

Cobra 4000 vs The All American Paul Blair

===== This match started off fast and furious as Cobra 4000 immediately went after Blair before the bell. A few hard rights had Blair staggered, and then Cobra went to choking Blair with the ring ropes. Not one to be called a cheater, Cobra broke the hold at the ref's request, but went back to it three of four times there after. After a savate kick to the throat, Cobra connected with a fistdrop and got a two count. At this point, Cobra applied a reverse chinlock to keep Blair down, but the crowd began rallying behind him. Feeling renewed vigor, Blair got to his feet and broke the hold with three elbows to the ribs of Cobra 4000. Blair then hit the ropes, and criss-crossed with Cobra. After a leap frog, Blair caught Cobra with a spinebuster slam that garnered a two count. Blair followed with a backbreaker, and then applied an abdominal stretch. Seeing that Cobra 4000 would not give up, Blair released the hold, only to be met with a spinning back punch from Cobra, who then took to the offensive. Cobra slammed Blair twice hard to the mat, and then got a two count himself following a vertical suplex. Cobra picked Blair up, and irish whipped him into the corner where he hit hard. As Blair stumbled out, Cobra stepped up and caught him in a DDT, but Blair avoided the pin by placing his foot barely on the ropes. Cobra then went for a powerbomb, but Blair slipped over his shoulder and connected with The Blair Kick (superkick), and scored the surprise pin. Murphy: Heere is your winner....THE ALL-AMERICAN PAUUUULL BLAAIIIIIRRRR!!!! (**Crowd pops loud**) Cruise: Big win for Blair over Cobra 4000. Look at the crowd, they love this man, and who wouldn't? It's the day before Independence Day, and San Antonio is showing their appreciation for Blair! (Blair is poised on the second turnbuckle and is waving the flag to the crowd) Hollins: And - OWWW - Cobra just showed his appreciation for the quality of an Arkham steel chair. He just leveled Blair in the back with that chair! That'll dampen his Fourth of July, but I guarentee Blair is seeing fireworks...and spots....and colors....pretty colors. Cruise: Another shot from Cobra with that chair over Blair's head! And another! Here comes Buttercup! He's in the ring - Cobra just swung at Buttercup! Buttercup sidesteps the attempt, and hits Cobra with a clothesline! Looks like Buttercup still has it, Stevey. Hollins: Still has what? His Social Security check? No spine? A lawsuit on his hands for attacking a wrestler? Cruise: Come off it. Jones and Mike Thompson have things in hand now, and are escorting Cobra to the locker room area. Blair is sitting up now, and looks to be okay, but that must be a bittersweet taste in his mouth. Hollins: No, that would be blood. (Camera switches to show Cruise and Hollins sitting at the announcer's table.) Cruise: Big win for Blair, but I'm sure we haven't seen the end of this one. Alright I'm told that Erica Huff has found Von Gundy in the locker room area. She's been chasing after him since we first arrived here in the Alamodome, trying to get an interview. Erica? Are you there? <Scene switches to UWC locker room where Erica Huff is standing alone HUFF: I was trying to get a word with the Television champion about his upcoming title defense later tonight, no doubt his toughest to date. I saw him come in here, but now i don't see him anywhere. <Huff falls out of the picture as von Gundy bolts out of one of the lockers and proceeds to fall over the bench in front of the lockers. VON GUNDY: Brain Pain!! Brain Pain!! HUFF: Von Gundy....Mr. von Gundy...Can I have a word with you?!! <Von Gundy gets up and gives Huff a confused look, yells Crazy!! and then runs off HUFF: Mr. Von Gundy!! Well, looks like I've lost him....back to you guys! (Switches back to the announcers, where Stevey is standing in his chair, chanting back and forth with the fans) Hollins: SHE'S HARDCORE! Crowd: SHE'S HARDCORE! Hollins: SHE'S HARCORE! CROWD: SHE'S HARCORE!!! Cruise: Will you sit back down? (Hollins obliges) Thank you. Hollins: Your welcome, but you have to admit that the Mabgler is something special. Cruise: Indeed. We are lucky to have such a great interviewer on our team, not to mention the stellar career she had as a former ladies wrestler, and three-time champion. Hollins: MMMM...The Mangler. I always wanted to be the one who got the flying headscissors from her... Cruise: Keep dreaming Stevey. Hollins: Hey, a man's got to aspire to something. Speaking of aspiring, our next match has two teams that aspire not to be the worst! But it's kind of hard when that's all you know. That's right, I'm talking about Pressure Point and the Hardcore Duo.! Cruise: Both teams are up and coming here in the highly contested tag division in the UWC. This should be a good matchup. Hollins: The only good thing about either of these teams is the Hardcore Duo's name. (Stands in chair and turns to crowd) She's Hardcore! Crowd: SHE'S HARCORE!!! Hollins: HUFF! HUFF! Crowd: HUFF! HUFF! Cruise: Pleas help me Murph... Murphy: Coming down the aisle...accompanied to the ring by their manager Captain America...weighing in at a total combined weight of 502 lbs...here are Gregg Comet Matthews...Sal Defazio...PRESSURE POINT!!! (crowd *pops*) (Captain America is an older man who smiles and shakes hands with ringside fans. Matthews is a well-toned man with short reddish-brown hair. He sports red tights and

boots to the ring. DeFazio is also a well-built man, but with Italian features. He has short brown hair and a tattoo of an anchor on his left arm. His ring attire is similar to his partner's. (Shut 'em Down by Public Enemy begins to play) Murphy: Coming down the aisle...weighing in at a total combined weight of 615 lbs...here are Black Hammer...White Lightning...THE HARDCORE DUO!!! (crowd *pops*) (Black Hammer is a huge African-American that is cut very well. He stands at 6'11 and looks like all muscle. He has a good sized afro and a goatee. His skin is very dark in color. His tights are white with black writing. BLACK down the left leg HAMMER down the right leg. White lightning is also very big. He isn't as cut as Hammer, but he has a well defined chest and arms. He stands at 6'10. He has long brown hair and a neatly trimmed beard. His body is well tanned. His tights are black with white writing. WHITE down the left leg LIGHTNING down the right leg.)

===== = PRESSURE
POINT (w/Captain America) vs. THE HARDCORE DUO

===== = The beginning of this match had the crowd confused as Black Hammer and White Lightning began the match by exchanging blows and headbutts simply to see who would start the match. After it was decided that Black Hammer would, White Lightning scooped up his partner, and looked like he was going to slam him, but instead through him at a stunned Sal DeFazio and got a quick one-count. Black Hammer then applied a standing headlock on DeFazio, who powered Hammer to the ropes. Hammer offered a clean break, and both men shook hands. Another collar and elbow tie up followed, which led to a DeFazio headlock which Hammer couldn't shake. After a minute or two of Hammer's efforts, DeFazio tagged in his partner, Gregg The Comet Matthews. Matthews greeted Hammer with a fist to his exposed mid-section thanks to DeFazio's holding up of Hammer's arm. Matthews then took hold of Black Hammer's arm and placed it in an armwringer. After whipping the arm a few times, Matthews scooped up Hammer, pinned his arm behind his back, and slammed him down on it. Hammer was then met with an elbow drop, but kicked out of a cover at 2. Matthews then sent Hammer to the ropes, and caught him in what looked to be a bearhug, but was turned into a hotshot. Unknown to Matthews, Hammer managed to tag White Lightning before the hotshot, and Lightning was now the legal man. Lightning stomped the back of Matthews head as he pinned Hammer, and the referee stopped DeFazio from coming in to even the sides. Hammer and Lightning then sent Matthews to the ropes and hit with a double back body drop. Lightning dropped Matthews with a belly-to-belly suplex then tagged in Hammer, and they both suplexed Matthews to the mat. Seeing the double team, DeFazio once again hit the ring, only to be cut off by the referee. Meanwhile, Hammer placed Matthews in a surfboard submission and White Lightning went to the top rope and came off with The Hardcore Drop (Flying fistdrop while opponent is in the surfboard), and the Hardcore Duo got the pin as DeFazio made the save a second too late. Murphy: Here are your winners....THE HAAAARRRRRDCOOORREE DUUUUUOOOOO!!!! Cruise: Good tag action from both teams in that matchup. The Hardcore Duo showing the world that they may be strange, but form a good team. Hollins: Kinda reminds me of Kinetic Distortion. I don't know and don't care if Black Ham 'n Egger and the Whitey get along or not, but they wrestled a smart match, cutting the ring in half, and got the victory. Cruise: Alright folks, let's take you to some special comments from one Mr. Sebastian Deth. Our own Erica Huff managed to catch up to Deth following last Sunday's brutal attack by Bloodshot. You can trust me when I tell you I think you'll find this interview very informative. (Erica Huff is standing next to Sebastian Deth, who is sitting on the hood of his '65 Mustang. He is wearing a bandage on his scalpline and a t-shirt that reads, GUN CONTROL means hitting your TARGET.) EH: This is Erica Huff for the UWC with Sebastian Deth. Well, it appears that Bloodshot has jumped you from behind again. SD: Of course he has, dammit! What do you expect from an anthropomorphic sack of sh*t in a Halloween suit? He's obviously scared to Deth to meet me in the ring, and well he should be - this clown hasn't beaten anyone in the UWC in a REAL wrestling match. Cheapshot is merely a jobber with Goldust's make-up man, and probably his sexual tastes as well. Like I said before, I get wierder things than him free every morning with my Captain Crunchies. EH: But this time, he's cost you a chance to wrestle on Sunday Bloody Sunday. SD: Well, I suppose I have to give him credit - he's getting better. Maybe he's learned that payback's a b*tch, not a crayon-scrawled note. Of course, if he can ever be dragged kicking and screaming into the ring against me, or any other real wrestler here, he'll find out what a cold b*tch Payback REALLY is. Not that I'm going to lose any sleep over this ham-and-egger: I've been ambushed before, and probably will be again. Ain't no big thing. But here's what really pisses me off. (He raises his voice.) Alex Ortega! How f*ckin' DARE you suspend that match! Until last night, Sebastian Deth has NEVER failed to fulfill an obligation to the wrestling fans. If your 'Head of Security' isn't smart enough to know how to PREVENT things like this, he should just get the HELL out of my way, retire to the Home for Senile Ex-Wrestlers and let someone else do the job - Gabriel maybe. And Ortega, I had a f*ckin' CONTRACT to wrestle last night! If I were different, I'd sue your ass off for breach of contract! Good thing I hate lawyers as much as managers. EH: But you were injured! Mr. Ortega was just protecting ... SD: Injured?! Are you going to talk to ME about 'injury'? (He stands and faces Erica.) You tell me ... how injured do I look? Do you think you know the difference between 'stunned' and 'injured'? Do you think that if I was so inclined, that right now if I had four or five bullet wounds, my belly slit open and one eye hanging out by the optical nerve, I'd be too injured to take you by the neck and chokeslam you right through the windshield of that f*ckin' TRUCK over there?! Do you know what 'injured' is? I'll tell you. Injured is lying in the desert with an open chest wound for two days, just waiting to die. When they finally found me and brought me back, I walked ... WALKED from the pad to the aid station - and EVERYONE slithered out of my way! I had a contract to wrestle Sunday night, and I was prepared to CRAWL into that ring if necessary to fulfill my obligation. And so help me GOD, with my last conscious breath, I would have pinned that jobber in the center of the ring. I'm a PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER, by God, - no shortcuts, no excuses..... man, what a big mouth I got. Sorry Erica. With your record, you probably would have chokeslammed ME through that windshield. EH: Somehow, I doubt it. And I'm sure Mr. Ortega didn't know how strongly you felt about it. SD: I'll bet he does now. And if I may, I've one other thing to say. I understand two people

met with Mr. Ortega today about a work permit for one of our foreign-born wrestlers. EH: That's what I heard. They claimed to be from the State Department. They wanted to see if this individual's actions warranted expulsion from the country. SD The State Department? Well, I suppose that's as close to breaking 'kayfabe' as those two will come. EH: What? Do you know something about this? SD: As we used to have to say, 'we can neither confirm or deny, etc., etc.'. But let me say this. When you go to hell and back with other people, you develop a bond ... sort of like family. And family takes care of family. Sierra, I think about you every day. And I appreciate what you're trying to do. But this is just another 'Ops' for me. I've taken care of business before, and I've always come back. This one is my fight - let me fight it. EH: I ... uh ... won't even ask what that was about. SD: Good girl. EH: Back to John and Stevey. Hollins: It's official - he scares me. (Under Pressure by Billy Joel begins to play) Murphy: Ladies and gentlemen, making his way to the ring...accompanied by The Dream Team...weighing in at 245 pounds, and hailing from Boston, Massachusetts...here is THE ROCKET KENNNNNNNNNYYYYY MAAAARRRRRRSHALLLLLL!!!! (Crowd boos immensely as their fallen hero makes his way to the ring accompanied by his two large managers. Marshall is dressed in black tights with red lightning bolts down the side.) Hollins: Wow, the kids here sure love The Rocket don't they? Cruise: What are you talking about? Can't you hear the boos? This crowd is offended by Marshall's recent actions at Hawaiian Holocaust. Hollins: Hey, I still say that he was just trying to show Vegas how beat up that bell was, and see if he agreed that Ortega should stop being so cheap and spend some pesos on a new one. Murphy: And his opponent... (Mea Culpa by Enigma begins to play) Weighing in at 350 pounds and hailing from the Gates of Heaven...here is GAAAABRRRIEEELL!!!! (** Mixed, but positive reaction from the crowd**) (Gabriel is a large gentleman who ominously makes his way down to the ring area. He is dressed in a white half robe, on the back of which is a drawing of a white horse.) Hollins: Look at this guy - he's a monster. But I'm telling you he's not as big as he's listed. Cruise: Neither are the Gods of Wrath, but you don't complain about their listed heights, now do you? What is true, however, is that this guy is big, and has quickly become a force to be reckoned with. Hollins: So is the odor from the Ruiz Brothers, but you don't see that getting too much press. Let's see that Rocket take him to town.

===== THE ROCKET
KENNY MARSHALL (w/ the Dream Team) vs. GABRIEL

===== Gabriel quickly threw off his robe once he hit the ring steps, and charged the ring, catching Marshall completely by surprise. Clearly looking to use his size to his advantage, Gabriel immediately went to a series of power moves to end the match early. He first hit with a powerslam, then a backbreaker that stunned Marshall. Marshall's blows to Gabriel's stomach went for naught, as Gabriel picked him up and hit with a monkey slam. He then followed with a power suplex, and scored a two count. Marshall then raked the big man's eyes, buying enough time to escape. Another rake of the eyes bought more time, and six hard right hands stunned Gabriel. Marshall hit with a clothesline from the second turnbuckle that put Gabriel down. He then dropped an elbow, and got a one count, which Gabriel powered out of easily. Marshall then caught Gabriel with a dropkick as he was getting to his feet, but was swatted away on a second attempt. Gabriel placed Marshall in a head lock, and connected with a neckbreaker. A big splash got a two and a half count that Marshall barely kicked out of. At this point, Marshall hit Gabriel with the quintessential low-blow, and rolled outside to the safety of the Dream Team. The blow seemed to only anger Gabriel, who came rushing out after Marshall. Cruise: Oh my, things are getting out of hand here. Gabriel is making his way over here where Marshall is in conference with the Dream Team. Gabriel just rammed right through the group! Now both of the Dream Team are pounding away at Gabriel, trying to buy Marshall some time. Hollins: You know Steve, this chair is awfully uncomfortable (makes a pained face, and rubs his back while looking down at his chair). This is a hard chair...you'd think I would rate a more comfortable chair than this Arkham steel job... Cruise: What...never mind. The Dream Team and Gabriel are going at it, and the referee is lost in the melee trying to break things up. Hollins: You know, I think I'm going to switch chairs. Hey Rocket! Think you can move this chair while I get a better one? (Gets up as Marshall grabs the chair.) Thanks, kid. (Looks for another chair). Now where can I sit? Cruise: What are you doing, Hollins? Oh no!!! Marshall just used your chair on Gabriel! And again! ***DING***DING***DING*** Cruise: The ref is calling for the bell in this one. Another shot on Gabriel by Marshall, and then he drops the chair and hurriedly makes his way to the back. At least he knows when to leave, for surely Gabriel will be after him soon enough. Murphy: Here is your winner by result of a disqualification...GAAAABRRRIEEELL!!!! Hollins: Serves that chump right. Who ever heard of an Avenging Angel of professional wrestling? Cruise: Just what is your take in this Marshall business, Stevey? You cannot tell me that after the bell incident in Maui, and this chair business here, that you and the Rocket are not in on something. Hollins: Me? Oh, heaven forbid no. I am a COLOR COMMENTATOR, not a manager. The kid has spunk, style, and, from his use of foreign objects, it is obvious that he is smart. Why would he need me? Cruise: I'll get to the bottom of this matter, I promise you folks. Hollins: Sure you will....hey buddy! Will you watch it back there! Keep your hands off the threads!! <Mercury Von Gundy appears behind Hollins and Cruise in the first row of the crowd. He has popcorn in his hair and a hot dog with mustard dripping down his hand. Cruise: It's the Texas Lunatic. Shouldn't you be preparing for your match later tonight?! Hollins: Shut up, Cruise. You should be grateful that a man of the caliber of Von Gundy is gracing us with his presence. Von Gundy: Brain Pain!! Lowe Pain!!! <Squeezes the hot dog into oblivion as the mustard drips onto the floor and surrounding fans Lowe Pain!! Lowe Brain Pain!!! Hollins: You should come and visit more o...uh. Mr. Gundy?! <Von Gundy is gone through the crowd by the time Hollins turns to greet him. Hollins: (Whispers to John) Thank god he is gone... Cruise: Indeed. Let's take you now to the Fifth Corner. The camera pans over the UWC crowd, fans waving signs to get attention, a few stand out as the camera passes by, ('UWC - Keeping Arkham Valley in business!' 'BRAIN PAIN Gabriel, Van Gundy will clip your wings'). The set of the Fifth Corner is looking a little spiffier than it did the first few weeks, the ropes are taught against the walls, and a new graphic is on the telescreen. David Andrews comes jogging out of the back, wearing black slacks and a UWC Hawaiian Holocaust t-shirt.

He waves to the cheering crowd, Ladies, Gentleman, and even you Hollins.. welcome to the Fifth Corner. Just a week and a half has passed since the Hawaiian Holocaust, and I have to say things aren't the same anymore. And tonight, it is my pleasure to have one of the newest champions in UWC.... (Shouts of Ebony Experience!! ring out.) David shakes his head, Not quite... ladies and gentleman... your NEW Underground Wrestling Circuit World Heavyweight Champion... Akira HASHIMOTO!!!!!!!!!!!! (Huge Crowd ***POP***) Iron Man by Black Sabbath plays over the PA system as Hashimoto walks to the interview area. Hashimoto-san is dressed in a black suit, black shoes, a white shirt and a red tie which has little UWC logos printed on it. He has the UWF World Title wrapped around his waist. As he walks to the interview area, Hashimoto-san can be seen shaking hands with the fans. Once on the set of the Fifth Corner, Hashimoto takes the UWC World Title from around his waist and holds it proudly over his head. He then takes a seat on one of the chairs and places the title across his lap. David takes up the opposite stool, and waits for the crowd's cheers to die down which takes a minute, Akira... I just want to say what all of those great fans just tried to say. And that's how proud we are to have you as our new champion, representing what hard work can get you. I guess the first question I have to ask, is how did it feel to go into the Holocaust as the challenger, and come out the UWC World Heavyweight Champion? Akira chuckles, Andrews-san, winning the UWC World Heavyweight Title is the greatest moment of my life. Winning a world title is nothing new to me, I was a world champion in another federation. But it feels better the second time around. You and the UWC fans may not know it, but at one time I was a member of the Genius' stable. I used to belong to the Genius' band of Gypsies, now known as Devastation inc. Along with Method Man, Rauf, the King of Extreme, and a few others. With the help of the Genius I won my first world title, and I am still ashamed about how I did that. My victory then was tainted by outside interference, against Rio, it was pure, by the book, and that's why having this belt is more important than that other belt. David looks a bit stunned, You were with the Genius and his lot? I would never have thought it.. Akira holds his hands open, shrugging, Andrews-san, I was 21. He promised me many things if I would leave Japan and join his band. So I did. In that period of time I did things that dishonored not only myself, but my homeland. At the Holocaust things came full circle. And I redeemed my honor. Without honor you have disgrace. And with disgrace you neither receive respect from others nor do you have respect for yourself. David nods, We do a lot of things when we're young, I'm just proud now to have you here with me, and to be able to call you the UWC Champion. Are there any stars in the UWC you'd like to see get a shot at your title? We all know that Rio wants another shot at you, but after that who do you think is the #1 contender? Akira looks thoughtfully out towards the crowd... There are a number of worthy contenders in the UWC, all of whom deserve a shot at the UWC World Heavyweight Title. But of all the contenders Rio is going to be the first one to get a shot. Rio is the former champion, and as such he deserves the first shot. After Rio, I'll defend against any and all worthy challengers. Of course there are a number of them who have priority... David interrupts, Like who? How would you list them? Akira begins ticking them off on his fingers, There's the TV champion Mercury Van Gundy, Steve Mercer, Buster Johnson, John Stack, Joe Lowe.... not to mention Simon Lebec and a host of others. I won't.... Akira and David Andrews look to the side, a half moment later the Champion rises to his feet as Simon Lebec walks onto the set of the Fifth Corner. David rises and puts himself between the two men, Lebec, what are you doing here, if you want to be on the show you can wait your chance like everyone else. Lebec goes right by Lawrence, pushing him out of the way... I'm here for one thing.....to make my presence known. The show hasn't even started yet, big boy!! He steps in front of Akira, his back to the crowd, and Andrews off to one side. Let me tell you who's name out to be at the top of that list. Mine. I'm the best, and if you have the guts to get into the ring with me I'll prove it. David tries to get between Lebec and Akira, What makes you think you deserve a title shot, there are a lot of wrestlers in UWC with stronger claims than yours. Lebec ignores David beyond pushing him away again, the camera pans with Andrews, and we miss out on the next thing Lebec says as the smack of an Arkham Valley Steel chair across Andrews' back announces Rio's arrival on the scene. Rio charges onto the set, swinging at anything between him and Akira, which unfortunately for Lebec includes him. Akira and Lebec turned at the sound of the hit against Andrews, who's now lying on the floor, so Rio's wild swing only clips Lebec. As Rio tries to swing the chair back, Akira kicks him in the side, and begins clubbing him with forearms and elbows to the head, making him drop the chair to defend himself. Lebec, recovering from the near-miss with the chair, picks it up and smashes it across Akira's back sending him to his knees. For a second Rio and Lebec face off, and then nod to each other... Rio reaches down and grabs a struggling Akira, his arms trapped behind him. Lebec rams the chair forward into Akira's stomach, doubling him over. When Rio straightens him up you can see a look of obvious pain on the champion's face.. Rio calls out 'Hit 'im harder!' Lebec winds up with the chair lifting it over his head to bring it down on Akira's. But just as he brings it down, Akira, drops, forcing Rio whose arms are too tangled with Akira's to let go quickly, to bend over, so the chair pounds with a resounding crash across the back of his head and upper back. (HUGE CROWD POP as Rio slumps to the floor, and from the back, Gabriel comes charging out, a chant of 'Judgement Day' starting in the crowd.) Lebec looks down at Rio's unconscious form, Akira struggling to his feet, and to the side, Gabriel charging out, and thinks better of sticking around. He throws the chair at Gabriel, and runs backstage, Gabriel heading after him, but with little hope of catching him. Akira stands, and then picks up the UWC Championship Belt. Holding it in both hands, and standing over the still unconscious Rio, he raises it over his head, the lights reflecting off the belt. The crowd goes wild, shouting Akira's name again and again. The cameras fade to the announcers on that image, with medical personnel in the background, tending to the unconscious Andrews, and Rio. Hollins: Uh...well...uhm...I'm speechless.. Cruise: Me too. Things are definitely heating up here in the Underground Wrestling Circuit, especially in our tag team division. Hollins: Do you smell refried beans? Oh, I know what that smell is - it's the smell of two out of shape illegal aliens who are about to get stomped by Total Destruction! Cruise: Don't talk about the legendary Ruiz Brothers that way. Why Jose and Pedro have done a lot for the Latino community. Their work with the Make a Wish foundation is the stuff of legends, and they are fine wrestlers in their own right. Hollins: Charity is one thing I'm sure that Total Destruction could give a damn about. These boys are hot, and I think the Reefer

Brothers are in for a beating. Let's get some words from Hammer and Smasher. (Scene cuts back to the locker room area, where Total Destruction and Tonga Tower are standing in front of the camera.) Mitch Hammer: Hey Ruiz Brothers, take a good look on what we have done to the Ghetto Assasians and the King of Extreme! Don't try to get us mad, because you wouldn't survive it! Don't forget the Ghetto Assasians and their fellow! Johnny Smasher: Everybody thought, we are out. But last Sunday, we proved to everyone, that we are truly alive! What we have done, is our business! It's our goal to destroy everybody, who steps in our way. And Ruiz Brothers, you better be ready for your TOTAL DESTRUCTION !!! Mitch Hammer: Ruiz Brothers, we are here in the United States of America! And we don't like Hispanics like you in the USA, especially not in the UWC! So you better run away and save your life! Otherwise, you will be destroyed...totally!!! Tonga Tower: This is a warning to everyone in the UWC! Don't cheat my allies, because the price for it is unpayable!!! Mr. J. Executioner: You're looking at the greatest force in the UWC! And nobody is gonna stop us! Trust me!!! (Fade back to ring announcer, Winton The Murph Murphy) (Generic mariachi music begins to play)) Murphy: Coming down the aisle...weighing in at a total combined weight of 428 lbs...here are Jose...Pedro...THE FLYING RUIZ BROTHERS!!! (huge crowd *pop*) (Jose and Pedro come to the ring giving out candy from a sombrero while walking to the ring! Both are short and stocky, with very hairy bodies. Both have short, white tights with their names embroidered on the rear. Each has red, white, and green boots, short black hair and a dark complexion.) Hollins: Nice coats the Ruiz Brothers sport there. Cruise: The Ruiz Brothers aren't wearing coats, Stevey. Hollins: My point exactly. I got two words: Nair and Norelco. (The Terminator 2 soundtrack begins to play) Murphy: Coming down the aisle...accompanied to the ring by thier manager, Mr. J. Executioner...weighing in at a total combined weight of 510 lbs...here are Johnny Smasher...Mitch Hammer...TOTAL DESTRUCTION!!! (crowd boos) (Smasher is a large, well built wrestler with blonde hair and a black rocker-mask. He wears black tights and black boots. Hammer is slightly smaller and wears the same getup. Tonga Tower is a huge Samoan.) Cruise: Here comes trouble. Hollins: With a capital T - and his name is Tonga Tower. Rowdy Joe Lowe had better watch his back - I heard Tower was looking for him. That's one man I wouldn't want to be on the bad side of. Cruise: Wait a minute...here comes President Ortega! (**CROWD POPS HUGE** as Ortega makes his way from backstage, and stops Tonga Tower before he gets to ringside. Winton Murphy rushes over and hands Ortega the microphone.) Ortega: Hold up there, big fella (with a hand in front of Tonga Tower) Tower: WHAT? (Angered and confused) Ortega: I've had my eye on you son, ever since the first day you stepped foot into the UWC. I've seen what you did to that fine young man, Michael Dempsey - his career may be over. And I've seen the trail of destruction and terror you've left everywhere you have been.. Tower: Yeah, what of it, old man? Ortega: Let's get one thing straight - this is MY federation, and these are MY wrestlers. And the one thing I do is protect the well being of my men. You have proved nothing to me with your actions. It's easy to attack someone from behind - it's harder to beat them one on one in the squared circle, no matter how big you are. Well, you've had your fun, and now it's time to pay up. As of this moment, you are hereby SUSPENDED from the UWC! (**CROWD POPS***) Tower: (Being held back by Total Destruction) Are you crazy?!? You can't suspend me! Ortega: You are hereby suspended for three weeks from any and all UWC cards and functions. Tower: Oh yeah, like you and Babycup Ray Jones can stop me! I'll keep on... Ortega : AND

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