

Proving Grounds: ep. 4

March 1, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Proving Grounds

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly the whistling sounds of fireworks fly from the rafters of the WrestleZone towards the stage and pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The fireworks continue to go off on the stage as the entrance video shows the rapid crowd in attendance.

Looking back towards the ring, golden sparklers begin to fall from the rafters as fire bursts from the ring posts. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where former VCW Champion, Dick Fury, and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the return of Proving Grounds right here in Orlando, Florida at the WrestleZone on Pure Sports Entertainment.. I'm Jennifer Williams and with me as always, none other than Dick Fury.

Fury: Dick's not happy.

Williams: Why's that?

Fury: Because this extra work wasn't in Dick's contract, and all Dick knows is Dick better be getting a raise because Dick doesn't work for free.

Williams: Regardless of your financial situation we have a huge night tonight.

Fury: And when you huge you can only refer to the return of Bobby Dean to Wrestle UTA, and for all the little Dickies out there in TV land, the ring has been reinforced and extra oil and butter as been put on the ropes to help Bobby Dean get in and out of the ring.

Williams: I can't win.....anyways, we have Bobby Dean taking on the debuting Sabrina Baker, while we open the show with Lisil Jackson and Scott Stevens.

Better Must Come by Geego begins to play over the loud speakers and Lisil Jackson walks out with a bold smile on his face raising his arms up bobbing his head to the music.

Williams: Lisil was last seen defeating Amy Harrison on Victory, and he's been vocal about Ms. Harrison being at Ring King in a championship match.

Fury: Dick's sources have told Dick that she gave a Happy Ending or two to get that match.

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Williams: Whose your source? The janitor?

Fury: Dick's source is the ginormous thing in Dick's pants and let Dick tell you Amy can suck a bowling ball through a garden hose.

Lisil walks down the ramp slapping the hands of many fans as he does.

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston, Jamaica.

Lisil slides into the ring and gets on the top rope and points out to all of the fans before he slides off his sunglasses.

Announcer: Standing at six feet and three inches and weighing in at two hundred and fifty three pounds...

Fury: Dick has been informed we have a special guest in attendance tonight.

Williams: Really? Who?

Dick reaches under the announcer's booth and places a can of Lysol on the table.

Fury: Lysol Jackson Jr. has come to cheer his father to victory here tonight.

Announcer: He is the Jamaican Inspiration! Lisil Jackson!

Lisil slides off his Hawaiian Shirt, gold chain, and his fedora setting them down on the ring apron. Lisil throws a few punches in the air with a bold smile ready for the match.

Williams: Lisil looking confident as he awaits his opponent.

Fury: He better be because no father wants to lose in front of their children.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and Hellraiser by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Williams: Stevens is making his return to UTA after a month long absence from the ring. Fury: Dick knows Stevens pretty well back when we were working the independent scene together.

Williams: What happened once you parted ways?

Fury: Dick went to become the VCW champion, while Stevens continued to work the indies instead of the big leagues.

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Williams: VCW was UTA's developmental territory.

Fury: And? Still bigger than that Windy City promotion.

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. Announcer: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

Announcer: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Williams: Stevens is looking to prove to everyone that he should be one of the competitors at the Ring King pay-per-view.

Fury: Well Dick says wish one thing and crap in the other and see which fills up first. The official checks both competitors before signaling for the bell.

Ding. Ding.

Williams: And we are underway.

Fury: 'Bout time, Dick has a shoot with Playgirl at the end of the show.

Stevens and Lisil both come out of the respective corners to meet one another in the center of the ring.

The two begin to stare off at one another before they cautiously begin to circle each other looking for the other to make the first move.

Williams: Stevens and Lisil are being cautious here tonight because they have a lot on the line.

Fury: Dick's getting sleeping from boredom.

Lisil breaks the standoff by going to lockup and once the two competitors hook up, "The Jamaican Sensation" tries to overpower the Texan, but it proves unwise as Stevens throws him to the ground.

Lisil quickly gets back to his feet and the two lock up once more and Stevens throws him onto the mat once

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again.

Williams: Stevens telling Lisil that he owns the power game in this contest.

Fury: It's the only thing he owns that original.

Lisil smiles and shows respect to his adversary with a nod as he gets back up. The two go to lock up a third time, but Lisil ducks under the attempt and waits for Stevens to turn around, and when

he does he goes for a double leg takedown.

Stevens is able to use his strength and experience advantage to snuff out the takedown attempt, and quickly lock Lisil in a guillotine choke.

Williams: Stevens with a quick submission. Lisil needs to get to the ropes.

As Stevens tries to lock the hold in tight, Lisil is able to get to the ropes and break the submission. The referee begins his five count and Stevens releases the hold at four.

Fury: Great, the match continues.

As Stevens goes to grab Jackson, the Jamaican rocks the Texan big a big European uppercut.

Williams: That uppercut stunned Stevens! This is Lisil's chance to take over.

Fury: Lysol Jr. is excited! Look at him!

Dick raises the Lysol can into the air spraying the contents of the can into the air.

Stevens makes his way back towards his opponent, but Lisil sends the aggressor back with a chop to the chest.

Crowd: WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Lisil continues to chop the Texan down to size before grabbing Stevens and going for an Irish whip.

Williams: Lisil looking to whip Stevens into the ropes....no he whipped him back towards himself! Lisil brings Stevens back in, and plants Stevens into the mat with a uranage slam. Lisil continues his grip as he locks in a submission.

Williams: Anaconda!

Fury: The hell you talking about? Dick's anaconda is secured in Dick's pants.

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The referee slides into position ready to ring the bell as he asks Stevens if he wants to quit. Stevens shouts no, and the match continues.

Williams: Stevens has to do something quickly because he's in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go.

Stevens reaches up with his free arm and begins to claw away at the eyes of Lisil Jackson. Jackson tries to defend against the attack by head butting Stevens hand, but the Texan stuns him with a hammer fist across the face to allow him to really grind into the eyes causing Lisil to scream in pain.

Fury: Those screams sound like all the girls that auditioned to be in Dick's Anal Adventure movies.

Once Stevens is free he immediately drops Lisil with a sickening clotheslines. He continues to hold his left arm in agony as he stomps away on his opponent.

Williams: Stevens maybe hurt from that submission. Stevens drops a few elbows before going for a cover. One.

Two.

Lisil is able to kick out.

Williams: Our first pin fall of the night and it's a two count.

Stevens introduces his size thirteen boot to Lisil's face once again before jumping into the air and making the Jamaican eat his knee brace.

Fury: That knee brace may have helped Lisil get prettier cause the poor bastard can't get much uglier.

Stevens goes for another cover but Jackson gets out before the count of three.

Stevens reaches down and picks up Lisil so he can Irish whip him into the nearest turnbuckle.

Williams: Reverse!

Lisil Jackson is able to muster enough strength and send Stevens crashes into the corner instead of himself.

Lisil runs at Stevens full force and drives his knee into the face of the Texan.

Williams: Lisil just rocked Stevens with the High Tide!

Stevens staggers forward out of the corner and Lisil nods him backwards with a front kick.

Williams: Lisil with the Tsunami!

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Fury: That's Dick's nickname in an Asian gang bang.

Stevens falls to the canvas and Lisil has a huge grin on his face. He steps through the ropes and begins to ascend to the top of the turnbuckle.

Williams: The end may be near. Lisil is looking to put away Stevens with the Bird of Paradise.

Lisil looks towards the crowd and they cheer him on to put an end to Stevens. Lisil slowly balances himself before flipping off.

Williams: He hit it! BIRDS OF PARADISE!

Lisil crawls towards the cover and wraps his arm around the neck of Stevens as the referee drops down to begin his count.

One. Two. Three.

The referee signals for the bell.

Announcer: And your winner by pinfall.... LISIILLL JAAACCCKKSSSONNN!!!

Williams: Jackson is able to pull out the victory here tonight after a hard fought back and forth battle.

Fury: Oh Stevens. How the "mighty" have fallen.

Dick picks up the Lysol can and throws it into the ring and it lands next to Lisil's foot as has his hand raised in victory.

Protests and Picket Signs

We open to a shaky camera shot trying to gain focus on UTA interviewer Jamie Sawyers standing in front of the Universal Studios in Orlando Florida with an angry mob behind him holding picket signs, chanting in unison and marching in a circle.

Sawyers: You join me here outside the WrestleZone arena in Universal Studios, Orlando Florida, where some sort of protest appears to be taking place.

An old black man with a scruffy white beard steps up to camera.

Sawyers: Sir, may I ask you, what is this all about?

Old Black Man: This is about UTA signing that nogoodnick, satanic piece of trash named Suicidal Skylar Montgomery, that's what this is all about!

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He grows louder.

Old Black Man: My children watch this show for God's sakesdammit! We won't stand for this! The boy aint nothin' but trouble lemmie tell ya! The UTA fans won't stand for it!

Jamie Sawyers looks back at the man.

Old Black Man: Skylar Montgomery is a monster and I don't care if he's supposed to debut in 2 weeks, I won't stop until UTA have cancelled his contract and he doesn't debut at all!

Sawyers: Ok, strong words from you sir, thank you.

The camera pans across the mob's signs. Some of them read 'Say NO to SkyMont!', 'Skylar Montgomery = Social Menace' and 'Go Back Home to England, SkyMont'. Then we return to Sawyers who is now joined by a middle aged woman with sandy blonde hair and a pair of saggy breasts. She looks on the brink of tears.

Woman: Skylar Montgomery is a CRIMINAL! UTA is grossly irresponsible for hiring this man and letting him run wild on live television in 2 weeks time and I personally am boycotting UTA and I'm telling all the mums in my book group not to let their children watch UTA until they have fired that low life, Skylar Montgomery, and sent him back to the unemployment line where he belongs!

Sawyers: Ok, thanks for that, mam.

Sawyers slowly edges away from the crying woman and steps towards a poindexter with a large forehead and shirt buttoned up so tight round his neck it looks like his brain is about to explode. Poindexter: Yes, I have watched Suicidal Skylar Montgomery from early in his career and I don't know what the heck UTA are thinking signing this accident waiting to happen to a contract. He's a backyarder!

Poindexter: He's dangerous, untrained and doesn't belong anywhere near a wrestling ring and it's only a matter of time before he seriously injures himself or someone else! UTA have made a big mistake signing SkyMont and it's a decision I personally cannot stand for.

Jamie nods as the man speaks.

Poindexter: As a wrestling fan I know when to say enough is enough and I know that the people's voice can be heard. I refuse to watch when 'The Loose Cannon' Skylar Montgomery debuts in UTA in 2 weeks time and I implore you to do the same. For the good of this sport. Sawyers: Passionate words there, sir.

Poindexter: Thank you.

Sawyers: No problem.

Sawyers turns his back on the nerd to face another camera angle with the commotion outside Universal

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Studios in the background.

Sawyers: Well these fans outside the WrestleZone have made up their mind. Let's see how the fans in the WrestleZone feel about Suicidal Skylar Montgomery when he debuts in 2 weeks time. Scene cuts.

Tell all or is it?

The camera pans around the sold out crowd at the UTA WrestleZone before it focuses on Dick and Jennifer at the broadcast booth.

Williams: Welcome back everyone, it's been a great night so far here on Proving Grounds so far we've seen Scott Stevens get a huge win over Lisil Jackson and still to come we have Bobby Dean returning to the ring.

Gold Medal by Tha Trademark starts to play over the loud speakers and the lights dim. Williams who seems to be confused: What's going on here?

Fury: Dick doesn't know, Dick doesn't see anything...

The crowd at the UTA WrestleZone comes to their feet as the Southern Rebel Ron Hall walks out dressed in a grey "Property of UTA Wrestling" T Shirt, a pair of jeans and a white ball cap. He's carrying a chair as he makes his way to the ring.

Williams who's a little puzzled: It's the Hall of Famer, but he's not scheduled to be here.

Fury: He must be lost. Dick will help him. HEY RON, THE OLD FOLKS HOME IS DOWN THE STREET!

Williams: What are you going to do if he hears you and comes over here?

Fury: Haha. His hearing aid is probably broken.

Ron enters the ring, takes a mic and sets up the chair in the middle of the ring. He looks around for a moment and has a seat in the middle of the ring.

Williams: I don't know what he's doing out here?!

Fury: It's his last stop on the way to retirement on Sunday night. Maybe Mr. Wingate will come out here and do us all a favor and end this tonight.

Williams: I think Ron would be all for that.

Ron looks around for a moment and then half singing: Mattie!! Youhooo!!! Little Mattie Wingate!! Come on out and play! (The fans roar their approval)

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Fury: You don't want any part of the boss hic.

Ron takes a moment a pulls out his phone and continues: For about the last month...

The fans boo as a guy in a UTA jumpsuit with headphones has entered the ring and is frantically waving his arms in an effort to get his attention. Ron looks at the guy with a smirk and

Hall: Who are you?

Guy: I'm Jake, a UTA production associate and Mr. Hall you know that... (Ron shakes his head and interrupts)

Ron as he motions for the head set: Let me see your headset.

Jake reluctantly hands them to Hall

Hall: Listen, I know who you are, and I know who is on the other end of these headphones. He takes a moment and half yelling into the headphones. AND IF THEY WANT ME TO STOP, THEY NEED TO COME OUT HERE AND DO IT THEMSELVES!

The fans roar and Ron hands the headset back to Jake.

Hall: Now that we've handled that, you need to take a clue and hit the bricks. Jake throws his hands up and walks out of the ring.

Fury: You'd never speak to Mr. Wingate like that if he were standing here.

Williams: I don't think he'd be speaking at all.

Hall: For the last month, everywhere I've gone, I've been getting asked the same question. I've leveled some serious accusations at James but do I have any proof?

A mixed reaction from the fans

Fury: Yeah slander and libel are things that can get you sued cowboy! Ron calmly leans over and picks up his phone.

Hall: Of course I do!

Fury: He's bluffing.

Hall: I could just sit here and spill the beans but that's not going to be any fun. Looks around mischievously and holds up his phone. Who wants to reach out and touch James?

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The fans roar

Fury: What is he thinking?! He's not Donald Trump!! Ron stops himself.

Hall: Nahhh... Maybe I'll post it on Twitter. A slight boo can be heard as Ron continues

Hall: But to make the claims I have, you have to have proof. What James conveniently forgets is there are two sides of stories, there are two sets of records. His phone... And mine.

So here and now in Orlando, I am going to air it all out and reveal how James has kept control over the UTA by eliminating problems before the truth could be heard!

Williams: Oh boy... Ron be careful...

Fury: Someone get security out here now!! This can't happen! Dick thinks this would be bad! Ron looks at his phone and begins

Hall: April 5th: Call me when you have a minute, I need to talk to you about some business. It's private and

Voice: THAT'S ENOUGH! STOP RIGHT THERE!

Ron and the crowd look up at the big screen and see James Wingate on it. The fans boo loudly voicing their extreme displeasure.

Hall stands up from the chair and motions to the screen.

Hall: James Wingate everyone! Nice to see you've finally let Amy Harrison stop thanking you for that win a few weeks ago.

Wingate: You wish you could afford a lady of Amy's class and status Ron.

Hall: I can, but I'm not sure what I'd wake up with.

Wingate: Oh how funny, how cute... how immature. You still haven't grown up have you?

Hall: Grow up... That's so cute coming from you. A grown up would acknowledge the hard work and sacrifice of others. A grown up would acknowledge that they didn't do it all on their own. A grown up as you claim to be wouldn't use their power or their authority the way you do.

Wingate: A grown up, like you claim would have take this up with someone else privately.

Fury: Zing!

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Hall: I'm not claiming to be a grown up about any of this. I'm going to ruin your life and I'm going to enjoy it, just like you have with Spectre and others!

The lights dim and flicker and suddenly cut out at the UTA Wrestlezone.

Williams: What's going on here? Whack!!!

Williams: What was that?!

Fury: Dick doesn't know...

The lights come back up and two masked men dressed in UTA jump suits are standing over Ron's unconscious form. The chair he was sitting on is now dented and one is holding a pipe in their hands. Wingate cracks an evil smile as the crowd begins to boo loudly. The two intruders start to lay it in on Hall.

Williams: Someone put a stop to this!! Ron doesn't deserve this!

Fury: He knew what he was doing when he opened his mouth on something he shouldn't.

Wingate: Alright guys stop!

The two men hold Ron up to face the video screen and we see that Hall has been busted open and is bleeding from the forehead.

Wingate: Take your warning Ron. I could have them end this right here and now and not even lay a finger on you myself, *the fans boo* however if you do show at Ring King I will be happy to do it myself!

The two men drop Ron down to the canvas and walk away to a chorus of boos.

Fury: Lesson learned right Ron? Don't cross the boss!

Williams: Forget that, will Hall be in any condition to wrestle on Sunday in Seattle? We zoom in on Hall whom is still down.

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Rally

Switch to somewhere else in the arena. Nothing fancy, just Cayle Murray stood before a standard UTA backdrop, sans interviewer.

Murray: If I'm to offer an alternative to the swathes of despots that have made the UTA their playground, I have to practice what I preach. I have to embody the code of ethics I've championed since the day I arrived

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here, otherwise I'm no better than those I claim to oppose. He looks up from the floor and focuses on the camera.

Murray: Taking responsibility for my actions and 'fessing-up is a big part of that. UTA, I apologise. I'm supposed to be setting an example, but destroying Colton Thorpe's set last week was petty and juvenile. I did it to provoke a response, and those are not the actions of the guy I want to be and the image I want to project. I messed-up, and I'm sorry.

Cayle speaks slowly and calmly in a voice dripping with sincerity. Dressed casually in a grey hoodie and black jeans and free of noticeable war wounds, he's visibly more relaxed without Colton Thorpe in his hair.

Murray: I can't make this a movement without your help, friends. Fact is, I'm only here because you bought a ticket or switched to the right channel, and I'm gonna need every last drop of your support if I'm to pull this thing off. Dane, Box, Sektor, Crimson, Dean, Thorpe: none of these men have your best interests in-mind, and even after last week's transgression, I hope you'll be the wind in my sails once more, at Ring King.

Cue half the UTA roster emptying the contents of their stomach into a sick bag.

Murray: Sanctus, of course, is the exception, I don't think even he knows where his head is at the moment. I hope he finds a way out of this funk, because it sure would help to have a man of his character in there with me...

He pauses.

Murray: Everyone knows my story by now. I've destroyed and rebuilt myself more than most, but

at the end of the day, I'm just a humble fisherman's son from Aberdeen, Scotland. I've worked hard for every little thing I have, and I'd soon retire than accept a hand-out. Yes, I have a better life now than when I was young, but when it comes down to it, I'm no different from each and every one of you.

Cayle pauses again and runs a hand through his combed-back hair. There's an air of self-assuredness about the Scot, as always, but his tone never veers towards overconfidence. Murray: This Chamber is bigger my bad blood with Colt or Dane and Boxer's apparent allegiance. It's not about bragging rights, it's about building a brand, assembling a team and helping sculpt the future of this very company.

He looks into the camera, smiling.

Murray: ... and I promise you, if it's my arm raised when it's all said and done, I'm giving it all back to you. I'll build The People's Show, and I'm gonna need your help when the time comes to make my picks.

A pop goes up in the arena: not monstrous, but loud enough for its sound to reverberate through the walls and return to the earnest Scot.

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Murray: My mission's been the same since day one, friends. Stand by me at Ring King, and I promise you that even if I taste defeat, I'll give you an effort worthy of drop of support you've given me since arriving here. It's time to break the chains, disrupt the status quo, and reclaim the UTA from the Dynasties, Machines and defiants.

He's flowing, now: the words come-out effortlessly, and we can tell from the tone that he's enjoying himself.

Murray: Let me be the vehicle through which you, the people, repossess the UTA once and for all. Haynes is gone and everyone else is far too quiet to stand-up and cause a ruckus. This is our last bastion, and at Ring King, we can shock the world...

Cayle winks.

Murray: Hope to see you there. And with that, we cut.

Tag Champs Confront the Challengers

In the back, Marie Van Claudio is walking around looking for something or someone as is the case tonight. Checking a couple of the locker rooms, Marie stops and turns when she hears a couple of voices nearby. One of those voices being Amy Harrison's, who Marie finds talking and flirting with a member of the UTA staff. Sighing, Marie walks over.

Van Claudio: Excuse me, sir. I need to talk with my tag team partner. The worker nodded as Amy rolled her eyes as Marie folded her arms.

Van Claudio: I have been looking all over the place for you to talk about our match at Ring King, and here you are, once again, not giving a flying leap about it!

Marie keeps her eyes on her.

Van Claudio: Do you really want to win these titles or let me do the job? Amy looks at Marie and rolls her eyes

Harrison: Of course I care about the match, but you're acting like I can't take a break once in a while. There's this thing called 'socialising', maybe you've heard of it.

Marie puts her hands in the air.

Van Claudio: Socializing is one thing, but when it comes to talking about OUR IMPORTANT MATCH, you are no where to be found!

Marie leans back and leans forward.

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Van Claudio: How is it that Second Coming and La Flama Blanca, who were tag team champions before our opponents, Team Danger, could get along, but yet, we can't because you happen to run off while I'm busting my ass in matches despite losing them!

Marie has a serious look on her face.

Van Claudio: And it's really making me look bad that I have a tag team partner that doesn't give a damn about anything! Do you know you are making yourself...an embarrassment each day?! Amy can't believe what Marie is saying and shakes her head.

Harrison: Uh, you do know my phone number, right? Because if you wanted me to talk to you about the match, you could have just called me, instead of coming up any random time and blaming me because you don't tell me anything

Amy looks like she's getting fired up as she addresses Marie.

Harrison: Just about every time you come up to me, you're acting like it's all about you. You say I'm making you an embarrassment? Just look at what I've done compared to what you have done since I got here, alright?

Harrison shows a bit of a smirk as she continues.

Harrison: For one thing, I've defeated a Hall of Famer here! Not even you can say that. All you've done is been given a title shot that you don't deserve! If anything, YOU are the one that's embarrassing ME!

Marie looks at her as she is about to clock her.

Van Claudio: Yeah, but if I didn't "deserve" the title, why was I a couple of seconds away from winning!?! Can you answer that ONE! The reason why you defeated a hall of famer was because of WINGATE, not on your own!

Amy clutches her fists until a loud slurping sound is heard. Turning around to locate the disturbance, Marie and Amy find their Ring King opponents approaching, the UTA World Tag Team Champions, Team Danger. Oh, and that slurping sound, Walker has a big Slurpee in his hand, probably grape, because stereotypes and such.

Greer: Hey look, they're still fighting.

Walker shakes his cup after emptying it, there's but only a bits of water and ice left, a disappointed smirk crosses his face before he tosses it aside. It lands in a trash bin off scene, because littering is terrible or something.

Walker: And not makin' with tearin' clothes off an' gettin' naked.

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Greer: I know right? I score this catfight a three on a scale of ten. Lets see some claws, ladies.

Walker: An' some boobies, think a' what will make Bobby Dean happy to guide your way. Team Danger stand there, completely serious, as they watch on expectantly.

Van Claudio: Excuse me while I go puke at the comment of Bobby Dean.

Marie feels sick at that comment while Amy looks at Team Danger with a pissed off look on her face. Greer and Walker look at them both, completely unphased by Marie's disgust and Amy's sourpuss demeanor.

Greer: No seriously, if you're going to fight, might as well do it naked and draw a crowd.

Walker: Yeah, plus think a' Bobby Dean...

Walker trails off as Amy and Marie give him the evil eye, completely unamused.

Greer: Well at least they're on the same page about something, right? Walker shrugs.

Harrison: Do you honestly think that's all we would be good for tearing each others clothes off and making out, or something like that? Please, even if I was to do that, I sure as hell wouldn't do that with her!

Marie looks at her and rolls her eyes before looking at Team Danger. Van Claudio:And for Bobby Dean? I'm not doing it for him! Gross! Marie's look turns serious.

Van Claudio: But come on, if it's someone that you want to take seriously, it's me. Unlike my tag team partner, I care about the match and I care about facing the both of you. Cannot say the same for her.

Greer folds his arms across his chest while Walker's brow perks up momentarily.

Walker: Who said anything about not takin' y'all seriously? Neither a' you need to worry about none a' that, because Ring King's gonna sort itself out whether you two get along or not.

Greer nods, his arms falling to his sides as he puts his palms on his hips.

Greer: Yeah, because it's not going to change how we operate when it's the four of us fighting for the tag titles in Seattle. Far as we're concerned, you're a well oiled machine that wants to take our belts, the fact that you're not couldn't matter any less to us.

Amy scoffs at the comment while Marie has her arms folded. Greer turns his focus on the smallest of the four, his brow rising.

Greer: Maybe you ought to try being less of a vapid airhead, kid.

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Walker: Yeah, at least MVC over here is actually tryna figure this match out.

Marie smirks, giving a respectful nod to Team Danger, but Amy still has that sourpuss on her face.

Harrison: Are you lot kidding me? I hope you're not believing this stuff that they're spewing! If anything, I'll be the one carrying this team to taking those titles from you two!

Marie makes a disgusted noise as once again, Amy making it about her!

Harrison: And I'll have no problem putting you two in your places!

Walker snickers at Amy's bravado, Greer smirks with a shake of his head.

Walker: Whatever you say, Busty Charms...

Amy wheels around and warms Walker's ear with a slapping the taste out of his mouth. Greer's mouth falls agape before he starts laughing mightily, while Amy walks off in a huff.

Greer: You got hooood, dude!

Walker rubs his face, wincing a little through a smile on his face.

Walker: Dag, was it somethin' I said? Marie looks at them as Amy runs away.

Van Claudio: Sorry that had to happen like that, but don't expect anything childish from me with our match.

Marie keeps her eyes on Team Danger, who nod their acknowledgement to her declaration. Van Claudio: See you guys at Ring King, I'm sure us three will do fine regardless of who comes in and out as World Tag Team Champions.

Marie nods as she walks away.

Epidemic by New Year's Day starts to play, as the fans rise to their feet in anticipation of this unscheduled appearance.

Fury: What? Why? Dick thought he would have a week off from this loser!

Williams: Apparently not, Dick. I'm sure she feels terribly about it.

Fury: Liar!

Announcer: This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at two hundred and sixteen pounds... from East Farthing Guerillatown, KID... INERTIA... MCMXVIII!!!!

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Fury: How many numbers is that?

Williams: I'd rather not try.

The fans give an overwhelmingly silent reaction to Kid Inertia, who rolls his shoulders like he's anyone. In the interim, the Second Coming enters the arena and walks to the ring, ignoring the fans and their reaction in her haste to get to the ring. Even more, she drops her hooded sweatshirt outside when she's still a few steps away.

Announcer: His opponent... from New York, New York, weighing in at one hundred and thirty eight pounds...

Jonathan Franklin was not finished with his introduction when the Second Coming slides under the bottom rope and clotheslines Kid Inertia to the mat.

Announcer: THE SECOND COMING!

Williams: Mr. Franklin, the consummate professional, finishes the introduction and leaps out of the ring!

Fury: How Dick would've loved to have seen him get kicked.

Williams: What? What did he ever do to you?

Fury: Well... nothing. But Dick doesn't like what the ungratefals like.

The assault continues, as the Second Coming stomps Kid Inertia again and again, driving first her heel into his ribs, then the toe of her boot into his kidneys. She scoops him and slams him to the

mat, and bounces herself off the ropes with a legdrop across Inertia's neck.

Williams: The Second Coming currently in complete control of this one!

Fury: Dick would think so. Anyone who isn't in complete control of Kid Inertia whatever number should just retire from life.

The Second Coming scoops Kid Inertia and whips him into the corner, following up with a running knee to the midsection. She takes a moment before she whips him to the other corner, and he hits chest - first this time. He staggers backwards as the Second Coming hooks his head from behind.

Williams: The Holy Experience! The Second Coming drops to one knee while she wrenches Kid Inertia's head backwards, and he taps out almost immediately! That's gotta be a speed record for the Second Coming so far in her short career!

Fury: That's nothing. Dick once wrestled some loser in a mask and he submitted during the pre- bout

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handshake.

Williams: Is any of that true?

Fury: Of course it is! He was yelling something about doctors and communicability, but Dick told him that he couldn't catch anything from Dick that he didn't already have.

Williams: That's... kind of horrifying.

Fury: No, horrifying is that the ring announcer who should've been kicked several minutes ago just handled the Second Coming a microphone. Can Dick go home yet?

The fans cheer for the Second Coming as she climbs to the top turnbuckle and sits down, her eyes downcast. She brings the microphone to her lips once, but pulls it away as the fans cheer for her - a small, vocal group begins to chant 'STILL OUR HERO' - and the chant quickly spreads to the rest of the fans.

She brings the microphone up again, and pulls it away again, and she nods her head at the fans. She points at them and waves, but holds a hand up and waits for them to quiet.

2C: Thanks, everyone.

That gets them started again, and they cheer for several more seconds. The Second Coming pushes her hair behind her head before she starts to talk again.

2C: There's been a lotta rumors and a lotta gossip about the past two weeks, ever since Team Danger -

The fans cheer at the mention of the new UTA World Tag Team Champions. The Second Coming stops and lets them do their thing.

2C: Sure, sure - they worked hard, both in the UTA and elsewhere, and they've earned their title reigns. But I have a less objective view of them. I see two men who were humble and thankful for their victory over me and Fears some months back, and two men who were humble and thankful for the opportunity to wrestle for the UTA World Tag Team Championships when the Tag Team of the Damned won the fatal four way. Now that they've won the belts, all pretense has dropped.

She shrugs, as the fans kind of but not really cheer and boo all at the same time.

2C: That's their prerogative, they don't need to be friendly and they don't need to acknowledge the fact that the Champ and I set the world on fire as the UTA World Tag Team Champions... I just wish they didn't feel the need to play the hero when they were still trying to figure out how to get the tag belts.

She looks squarely into the camera that's trying to get a close up.

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2C: Be real, gentlemen - that's all.

And her gaze returns to the fans at large.

2C: I'd be remiss to mention Team Danger without mentioning my... I suppose former... tag team partner, La Flama Blanca.

A huge chorus of boos fills the arena.

2C: Guys, guys... don't boo. You can't blame a scorpion for acting his nature. My mistake wasn't trusting La Flama Blanca, it was the fact that I didn't fully understand how he saw me. And he saw me the same way he clearly saw Sean Jackson - as a means to an end.

Williams: A surprising number of fans cheering for Sean Jackson, despite the fact that he's still officially a member of Dynasty!

Fury: The Ungratefals are just trying to camouflage their ungratefulness. Jackson is Dynasty and there's no issues with the band of brothers!

2C: The Champ and I were partners of convenience - it was to our mutual advantage to work

together because we'd keep a title belt around our waists in the process. We weren't friends, we were business associates and that was the extent of it, but during the course of our partnership I had grown to respect La Flama Blanca and the work he puts in on a daily basis.

Again, the fans boo.

2C: Hey, like him, love him, or hate him, he is fully dedicated to this company and that's something to respect, which was our jumping off point. I supported him as Champion because it was advantageous of me to do so as my tag team championship partner, and because I could see how hard he was working to be the face of this company.

She stops and waits a moment, while the fans build their vitriol. The chant of "L-F-B-SUCKS" fills the arena and the Second Coming allows it to continue for a good 15-20 seconds before she puts the microphone back to her lips.

2C: The second that his boot connected with my face, I knew how La Flama Blanca saw me: as a means to an end. As a tool to be used for the glory of La Flama Blanca, to be discarded when I could no longer do that. I'm ashamed of how long it took me to realize this, but better late than never, right?

The fans cheer for her again as she lowers the microphone: she gives them just a few seconds this time.

2C: It was at that moment that I knew how Sean Jackson felt, except that they were bonded by more than

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just a championship title of convenience. Sean Jackson had something that Blanca wanted, and when Blanca was finished with him, he was discarded as an afterthought.

She stands up on the middle turnbuckle and looks into the camera again.

2C: Seven days, gentlemen. Mikey. CBR. Kendrix. Even Jackson. Every member of Dynasty except the Champ is in the Ace in the Hole match for a guaranteed shot at the UTA World Championship. If any of you think that you're anything but a tool for La Flama Blanca to use for the greater glory of La Flama Blanca, and discarded just as easily, you're an even bigger tool than Mikey. Unlikely is in real life. Anything that you might've heard about the greater glory of Dynasty is a lie: the Champion does not give a flying f[INAUDIBLE] about the greater glory of Dynasty unless it directly intersects with the Greater Glory of La Flama Blanca.

The fans continue to boo the mention of Dynasty in general and La Flama Blanca in particular. The Second Coming steps down to the ring itself and paces.

2C: I don't worry about Dynasty dominating this match as a four piece team, because only one athlete can win, and Dynasty has proven, time and again, that championship gold is more important than the bonds of brotherhood. I'm also not worried about Chris Hopper and Lew Smith

-

Cheers erupt at the mention of the two UTA heroes.

2C: Since these guys have had their shots, time and again, and have always come up short. The fact remains, no matter how they've presented themselves over the course of their time in the UTA, it's always been as an athlete looking for personal glory, not as an athlete doing what needs to be done for the good of the UTA.

Another close - up; the Second Coming shoves the camera back.

2C: You wanna play the hero, Hopper? Stop being so holier-than-thou.

We change to a wide shot again, and the Second Coming continues to pace.

2C: I don't have any illusions about the Ace in the Hole match at Ring King: my career to this point has been inconsistent at best, due to bad luck and bad timing. Your support has kept me in the conversation, but it's never been a serious one.

Applause. The fans didn't pop; they stood and clapped for the Second Coming.

2C: Am I the best choice to win the Ace in the Hole for business? Probably not. I don't fit the mold of a Potential Champion that's easily sold to advertisers. Fortunately, business has never been my motivating

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factor: the fact remains that there are three things working in my favor for the Ace in the Hole.

She stops, and holds up one finger.

2C: Number one, this company, and you fans - deserve to see a UTA Champion who cares more about the UTA and you guys than their own personal glory.

Predictably, they cheer.

2C: Number two, the UTA has suffered enough under the weight of Dynasty, Dynasty, Dynasty against Dynasty, and Dynasty and also Dynasty but don't forget Dynasty. I have a reserved bit of

optimism in the back of my brain for Alex Beckman, but... let's be honest. The Machine is just Dynasty Lite, with more talent and less personality.

The fans cheer again: either they agree with her or they agree enough to support her.

2C: Most importantly, I've listened to you fans... and I know how you're feelin'. You're tired. You're tired'a insecure little jackasses tryin' to be the cool kid in the room, you're tired'a the fake heroes who come up short in the guise'a bein' holier than thou... but it's real simple. The winner of the Ace in the Hole match won't be someone who thinks they're too cool t'get cheered by the fans.

We zoom in on the Second Coming's face as she stares down the camera.

2C: The winner won't be someone playin' the hero. She smiles, we think.

2C: The winner's gonna be the only athlete... who isn't afraid to be the hero.

Williams: Strong words from the Second Coming! You don't see that every day.

Fury: No, just every six months or so. Dick takes offense to her pandering to the ungratefults!

Williams: We'll be right back.

Fire/Fight

Come heavy or don't come at all..

The now familiar theme's opening lyric cuts into a sepia tone image of the Man in the White Mask making his way down a myriad of arenas. It juts between fans slapping him on the back, reaching over for a fist bump and some that wave signs in his direction. None of the signs are actually for him, but it is an attempt to get a wrestler's attention.

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Six seconds later and the music fades out. Through the white fabric, a look of determination. Pan out and spin around the morphing figures of Cecilworth Farthington, Amy Harrison and Stephen Greer. Each get their licks in, seemingly toppling the would-be White Knight with ease, until the frame shakes and Farthington is the first to be locked into the butterfly lift. Suddenly he is dropped on his head and Mike Best leans in to pull his Money Man out.

James Wingate's showgirl, Amy Harrison was the next lifted up with the double underhooks. Though unlike Farthington, she is planted on her back while Sanctus transitions seamlessly into an armbar, forcing her to submit.

Then the exhausted eyes of Stephen Greer as Sanctus rocks up a shoulder, kicking out of an aptly named spinebuster. Greer raises his famed Lariat arm, and tosses Sanctus into the ropes. In an instant, the XL Luchador has slipped under an otherwise decapitating clothesline, stunned Greer with a jawbreaker and then planted him with the Angel's Wings. From the pinfall, we zoom in on an annoyed look that Eric Dane sported seemingly for all of *Wrestleshow 40* in NYC. But the frames slow down as we pan back to the referee handing Sanctus' taped fist in victory. The golden tones drain down the image.

Thorpe (OSV): Well boys, it's been a pleasure but it's time to do what Greer couldn't.

As Colton Thorpe slams his body against Sanctus' midsection the sepia outlines have entirely been swapped out for a tri-colour scheme of black, white and red. The post match assault plays in double speed, pausing for the big kick that rocked his jaw. Thorpedo away.

Jump cut to the next week, and that grin across Eric Dane's face, a hand outstretched. A moment of indecision followed by folly. Sanctus had taken his hand, and for it, ended up on his head. The video slows on the early pinfall that could have been, and cuts to the two Stardrivers that ended the match. It slows once more on Eric Dane's hand raised in victory, his face full with contempt that this masked man would bother taking up any of his time.

Following the pattern, the next stop is the following *Wrestleshow*. This time, a Wargod stands opposite of Sanctus. Quickly we see the striking strength of Bronson Box, pummelling Sanctus. A merge response is all that he can offer, and in seconds we see Sanctus stretched out in the Boston Massacre. Finally he has to tap, and Box throws his face back to the mat.

From the corners of the frame, black at first creeps, then flashes.

Thorpe (OSV): No, this isn't going to do. We need a little of that fighting spirit you claim to have. Get up.

It the frame, back in full color, Colton Thorpe sways and swings around. In his hand is the white fabric Sanctus had used to conceal his face. That laughter of Colt's fills the audio as the image starts to show it's framing. Finally, the colour runs down, dripping off the image as it burns away. Running along a brick wall, the camera is low, picking up the debris that laid on the ground at the edges of this apparent alleyway. Past a set of legs and a rusted oil drum.

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Sanctus: There's been something I have had to deal. An issue between my ears, but before I could get right, I had my face ripped away.

Panning up along the barrel, we can see an bright orange glow through a hole, until we are staring at the fire the licks at the air.

Sanctus: You told me that this mask equated me to fools like [INAUDIBLE] and Blanca. While you, you told me that what I was wouldn't even have a hope to survive against the likes of the malice that filled your hearts.

Zooming out of the dancing flames, the broad back of Sanctus finally enters frame.

Sanctus: While you, Jacobs, you wanted a better fight. If this is what it takes to put you down, make you humble, well so be it.

A heavy sigh in, before he pivots of his heels.

Sanctus: At Ring King, instead of a man pretending to be a saint, you'll find a man consumed by the demons of this business. You'll get this devil.

"Two miles of chain."

Eight. Seven. One.

From blackness, we rise.

Eric Dane stands amidst a darkened wrestling ring. Hints of metal glimmer in the middle distance but the lighting is just shoddy enough to keep any details from emerging. The Only Star is dressed in his red and black ring gear, polished off with a Team Danger Hockey Mask logo and completely unneeded Ray Bans.

Dane: Ten tons of steel.

More light filters in, but not enough. Wrought iron and chain may or may not surround the ring. In your mind's eye you know that it does, and that's all that really matters, isn't it?

Dane: The structure is sixteen feet high, and thirty-six feet in diameter.

The UTA's very own Big Bad begins to walk in a circle, the filtered light follows him. Grated flooring is illuminated just slightly, along with bullet-proof plexi-glass. Everywhere you turn there is a hard surface or a jagged edge.

There will be blood.

Dane: The Chamber itself is nothing if not proud of its numbers. And why not? With numbers as impressive

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as ten tons and two miles, what's not to be impressed by?

Eric stops, once again at the dead center of the ring. Dour barely describes the look melted across his face.

Dane: And maybe I should be impressed by them, but I'm not. Those numbers could be complete fabrication for all anybody knows, it's not like there's a way to investigate without wasting a whole lot of time, effort, and money.

A smirk evolves on his face as corded muscles contract and muscular arms fold across chiseled chest. The Only Star is in full on theatrical mode tonight.

Dane: There are precisely three numbers that mean a damned thing to me as it pertains to this particular Chamber Match. Those numbers are eight, seven, and one.

His sneer lightens into a smirk, but creepy-blue eyes continue to engage you.

Dane: Eight men will walk into this very enclosure on the 23rd. Seven of those men will give everything they've got to the Chamber, and they will be found wanting. Those seven men may never recover, but they will certainly never forget what happens inside of ten tons and two miles. The camera swoops up to meet Eric's face, his expression remains the same.

Dane: One man, no matter what this draft business may lead you to believe, one man will walk out of this Chamber as the victor. Since we all know that with the victory comes the spoils, let me assure you that when I win, and I will win, the spoils of war will be mine to do with as I see fit. I'll draft a roster for the UTA, and you can damn sure believe I'll take my thirty pieces of silver and I'll leave at least one half of the UTA in the best shape it's been in since inception...

He paces again.

Dane: But for me, this isn't about the draft. It's about taking the careers of seven men and throwing them into the blender just to see what comes out. It's about the fact that for the better part of TWENTY YEARS people have been calling me Champ everywhere I go, and the time to start laying claim to titles in the UTA comes the minute that I walk out of that Chamber as the winner.

Chuckling, he continues.

Dane: So bring me your Sektors and your Murrays. Bring me your Boxes and your Thorpes and your Crimson fucking Lords. Bring me your Deans, and hell even throw on that useless sack of garbage Sanctus... August twenty-third is the first day of the rest of your careers here in UTA. Deadpan.

Dane: The lot of you are going to get a first hand lesson in why they call me The Only Star, and when it's all said and done not a single one of you will ever be the same.

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That cerulean blue stare never wavers, but the smile returns wider than ever. To blackness we return.

Brought to You By

Previously Recorded

On the bottom of the screen, buried in the right hand corner the words "previously recorded" occupy some space.

White walls, the hum of electronic equipment, the smell of Lysol in the hallways, the wax of the floor reflecting the God awful florescent lighting. How many ways can one possibly describe a

hospital?

There in the bed is Will "the THRILL" Haynes. Only a month ago things seemed completely different for the THRILL. On the cusp of perhaps winning the Ring King tournament, trying to possibly avenge the All or Nothing loss back in March. Possibility lay before him. Possibilities that have known all been shattered before him.

Haynes is resting, eyes closed. He's probably pumped full of something to ease his pain. After all it's the humane thing to do.

Sitting in a chair by his side, leafing through a Fantasy Football magazine is Coleslaw Jenkins. He puts the magazine down and motions for this camera crew to come closer. He turns to face them.

Slaw is dressed in a Georgia Bulldogs practice jersey, and a pair of black athletic shorts. Nike Air Force Ones, a clean white, occupy his feet.

Jenkins: I wanted t' get a few different thing's outta the air n' straight int' my mouth while we be laid up in this damn hospital bed.

Slaw is a little irritated.

Jenkins: First, my man right der, laid up in that hospital bed for the umpteenth time this season, he knows that I got his back when the chips get folded down. Heard me? I got his damn back.

Don't matter if he need me t' step in against DEATH himself, I'll do it. I'll do it, cause I owe that man a lot. I owe him damn near everythin', ya feels me? I owe him the clothes on my back, the stacks in my wallet. He da one that gripped me up outta dem projects n' showed me a' life I could'a only dreamt a' t' that point.

So don't get that twisted. If he need me t' step up, if he need me t' run out to da ring n' get it mixed up with Abdul then so be it. Ain't the first time, won't be the last. I ain't no decorated talent or nothin', but I can take a bump n' throw fists in the right environment. Ya dig?

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Don't think I didn't wanna be in that ring. Not for one second. Slaw holds up a lone digit to illustrate his point.

Slaw: Second, Unlikely is gonna get his. I mean I already cost him n' the rest a' them Dynasty fools yet another run wit dat Legacy Title but this ain't even close t' the end.

Ya see that cat was in our house, eatin' our food, n' it's apparent now he was - ya know - takin' our women out for dinner. He was our brother in arms. We was swimmin' that creek a' shit together. Now he found some new friends, in big, up top, higher places. N' that Hollywood attitude he got on 'em thinks that he can just toss us t' the side, knock us on over, toss us off stages.

Nah, that ain't how we roll. He gonna get his, n' I don't care if it's yours truly who's gonna hafta give it t' him.

Slaw stares down the camera.

Jenkins: Go 'head act like we ain't got the money t' fly t' a show on the International Tour. Act like I ain't the type t' jump the barricade, Mike. Do it. Sleep on me for a second. Cause I promise that'll be a mistake.

Slaw looks over to Haynes.

Jenkins: When that man is good enough t' go, Mike, when he's cleared - boy daddy, can you expect a world a' problems.

Ring King AITH Hype

The scene opens to a very nice backstage room. A red carpet stretches from the door to a black leather couch that rests in the center of the room. A glass coffee table sits in front of it. On top of it rests a silver dish, with a very nice decanter of brown liquor and a couple of tumblers. Next to the tray is a small bucket of ice.

The door opens on the far end of the room and in walks Mikey Unlikely. Once again Mikey is dressed in a very nice, very expensive black suit. The top few buttons on his white dress shirt underneath undone.

He walks over to the couch and sits down on one side. Crosses his legs and leans back. He looks directly into the camera.

Mikey Unlikely: Last week on Wrestleshow each and every one of you witnessed a crime. It was a crime of passion, a crime of rage, and a crime that cannot be undone.

He interlocks his fingers in his lap.

Unlikely: A heinous act, that was absolutely devastating to the victim. One that left him wondering what to do? How would his career move forward? What was next in life?

He puts his tongue in his cheek and reaches up to run his hand through his hair once. Unlikely: Of course

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the crime I speak of includes one of the UTA's fan favorites. Someone the show could never go on without. Someone who has the balls to go toe to toe with Mikey.

He arches his neck back, staring down at the camera.

Unlikely: I speak of the "Real Thrill" of the UTA. Coleslaw Jenkins. Mikey half smirks out of one side of his mouth.

Unlikely: You see Slaw, did the one thing I have been begging his buddy Will Haynes to do. The one thing I've been waiting day and night for. I asked HIM to step up, but when he couldn't. Slaw did!

He cracks his neck slowly. Before reaching forward and removing the cap to the ice bucket, and scoops a few cubes into one of the tumblers.

Unlikely: Now there is only one problem with that. Coleslaw Jenkins cost me my shot at the Legacy Championship. I had the match finished, and was in firm control when that idiot came rolling down that ramp, in the glorified golf cart and knocked me off the turnbuckle.

Mikey pulls the stopper out of the decanter and pours himself a drink. He begins to make a second as well.

Unlikely: Coleslaw, you were there. You saw what I am capable of. You watched the ambulance pull away from the arena. Do you realize what I have to do now? Do you realize what you've done?

The glass clinks with the sound of the ice. He caps the liquor after the second tumbler is half full. He leans back again single drink in hand.

Unlikely: You've effectively signed your own admissions slip for the bed next to your buddy. You've put yourself in my sights. I ended the career of the man they call "The Thrill" and now I'm going to end you.

He takes a long sip from the glass and closes his eyes while enjoying the drink. He swallows it and smiles.

Unlikely: Now, my next order of business is the upcoming Pay Per View, next Sunday night . Ring King. Now due to prior engagements I was unable to compete in this years tournament, or else I would undoubtedly be facing my buddy L.F.B. for the World Heavyweight Title. Instead, I am in the ever famous Ace in the Hole match.

Another swig of the brown liquor. He readjusts in his seat.

Unlikely: It only made sense to put the U.T.A.s biggest celebrity in the most high profile match on the show. I have a chance to go up against nine other "superstars" for a chance to have a World title match, at any time. Quite the opportunity if you ask me!

He uses finger quotes for superstars.

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Unlikely: Once again we will be guaranteeing a future Dynasty World champion on Sunday, when four of the ten stepping in the ring represent the greatest organization of wrestlers in the history of our great sport.

He finishes off his drink. Still holding the glass in his hand as he talks.

Unlikely: This Sunday Mikey will be moving up the ladder both metaphorically and physically to bigger and brighter things. I will be bringing that briefcase home to Dynasty where it belongs. This time I will have my eyes open for anyone coming after me.

He begins to pour a second one as the door opens and the young woman who has been seen recently with Mikey comes walking in, her blonde hair bouncing as she walks.

Unlikely: Speaking of moving up to bigger and brighter things. I would like to introduce everyone to my new valet. Mary Jane.

He smiles at her as she walks past him and sits on the couch next to him. She retrieves the other glass Mikey has prepared earlier.

Unlikely: You see, not only did I end the career of Will Haynes. Not only am I going to cripple his

little pal Coleslaw, I took his woman too! Not that it took much convincing, did it babe? She smiles and holds up her glass. He does as well.

Unlikely: To new beginnings, and fallen heroes, to victory and to Dynasty! The connect glasses and both enjoy long drinks as the camera fades away.

Brought to You By

Battle Ready by OTEP kicks in as the fans are standing up for who is about to come out of the back as pink and purple lights are going around in the circles in the arena. Out comes Sabrina Baker as the fans are cheering for her as she takes a moment to look around before walking down to the ramp.

Williams: Here comes the newest debuting superstar here in the UTA!

Fury: Dicks heard all about her!

Williams: Really?

Fury: Oh yea! A new woman can't walk through the back, without getting dick'd.

Sabrina looks at the fans as she's pointing at them and reaches out to slap on of them on the hands.

Announcer: Hailing from Columbus, Ohio...

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Sabrina gets on the apron and looks at the fans. She points at them before jumping on the bottom rope and flipping backwards into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 135 pounds...

Sabrina stands in the middle of the ring and raises her arm in the air as she points at everyone that is cheering for her.

Announcer: Sabrina Baker!

She walks around the ring and talks to the referee before their match as she has a smile on her face before warming up.

Williams: Sabrina Baker looks ready here tonight!

Sabrina moves her legs to warm up back and forth as she's stretching.

Fury: Yea! She looks ready for Dick!

Williams: Sometimes I don't know how you get away with some of the things you do!

You're the Best Around by Joe Esposito hits the speakers and the crowd again cheers the next competitor.

After what seems like forever, Bobby Dean comes stumbling through the curtain, getting caught in it on the way through.

Announcer: Hailing from Houston, Texas!

Fury: Oh no, not this bozo!

Williams: What's wrong with Bobby Dean?

Fury: The world may never know! Dick would assume diabetes is on the list though!

Bobby Dean stops at the top of the ramp and smiles, he looks back and waves someone out. Out comes a young blond woman who runs out and hugs Bobby!

Williams: Yes folks, we learned this week that 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean has an illegitimate child!

Fury: Call it what it is Jennifer, she's a bastard!

Williams: Apparently she wants to be a pro wrestler like her father.

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Fury: No one wants to be like Bobby.

The pair stroll down the ramp at the only pace Bobby can. Slowly.

When they reach the ring Bobby Dean stops and points to the ring stairs, it appears as if he is explaining the purpose of the stairs to his daughter.

Announcer: This is Beautiful Bobby Dean!

He climbs them, and she follows behind. Inside the ring the two celebrate their arrival.

Bobby Dean goes to his corner and pulls out a chocolate bar from his tights, he takes a bite and replaces the candy near his behind.

The referee forces BJ Dean to leave the ring. He signals for the bell, as the match gets underway! Williams: Here we go! The newcomer waiting no time here as she immediately runs at Bobby Dean, who didn't see her coming until BJ yelled out to him. Sabrina tries for a high front kick out of the gate, Dean out of the way just in the nick of time!

Sabrina meets the corner. She turns right away and starts firing off rights, each connects as Deans feet keep going backwards, it's not long before he is against the turnbuckle and Sabrina starts putting boots into the gut of the big man.

Sabrina backs off of Dean who is wheezing in the corner! She walks back to the center of the ring with her arms raised, looking for fan recognition, she gets a reaction she is happy with.

Fury: Rookie mistake!

Williams: Sabrina trying to get the fans behind her here early on.

Fury: No not that, a woman agreeing to wrestle Bobby Dean is a rookie mistake!

Bobby comes out of the corner as Sabrina comes charging in again, this time Dean is ready! He moves to the side and puts his arm out and hits Sabrina with a nasty clothesline.

He leans against the ropes, winded. He yells out to BJ on the outside though it's inaudible. She rushes to a nearby fan and talks to him before he hands her his soda, and small half eaten basket of nachos.

She runs the food over to Bobby as he reaches over the ropes. He put a handful of nachos in his mouth. Followed up by a long drag of the soda to wash it down!

Fury: This is ridiculous!

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Williams: Well while Bobby is eating, his opponent is getting to her feet behind him. Off the opposite ropes, here she comes! Big running double knee to the back of Bobby Dean, sending him up and over the ropes to the outside!

Fury: Ew! Did you see that? Bobby just spit all those nachos and soda onto his daughter on the way down!

Williams: I think some fans in the front row might have caught some too!

Dean slowly climbs to his feet with the help of his daughter. She reaches under his sweaty arms to pull him up a little faster. As she does this, Inside the ring Sabrina hits the opposite ropes again. On the return she jumps into the air, and over the top rope!

Williams: Tope Suicida by Sabrina! What an incredible move! Showing off her athletic ability!

Fury: Bobby Dean escapes by pulling BJ into harms way.

Dean escapes just in time, by slingshotting his daughter underneath the diving Sabrina. Bobby wobbles around the ring, away from the action. The referee begins his count.

1...

2...

Sabrina is getting back up, She tries to apologize to BJ and help her up. Daughter of Dean pushes her a bit, and walks away holding her neck.

Williams: Clearly Sabrina's intentions were not to hurt Bobby's daughter!

Fury: Dick doesn't mind seeing a little girl on girl action.

Dean is on the opposite side breathing against the barrier, talking to a fan. 3...

4...

Baker runs after him, coming around the ring from behind. Running full speed now, she drops low

with a basement dropkick to the back of Bobby's knees. He crumbles like an imploding building. Hitting the black mats with a sick thud.

5...

6...

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Sabrina rolls into the ring and out again breaking the count. She grabs the hair of Bobby and slowly...very slowly, gets him to his feet. It's not an easy task.

1...

With a fistful of hair she throws him toward the ring. He rolls in.

Williams: The action back in the ring now. Both competitors are getting up. Sabrina comes at Bobby who tries a clothesline, but it's ducked. Sabrina turns, spinning back fist with authority! The big man is reeling!

Sabrina hits a high kick to Dean's chest, which echoes a sound that rivals a chop. The fans "oooh" appropriately as Bobby's chest turns red after a second one. Finally Dean catches the third attempt and just lifts her foot, sending her crashing to the mat. He calls BJ to the apron and begins talking to her, he is explaining something. Overcomes Sabrina. She goes for another high kick but Dean moves again.

Fury: That kick was heading right for BJ but Sabrina stops short. Dick's about to head for BJ next.

Sabrina spins and Bobby Dean picks her up and turns before body slamming her to the mat. He spins trying to regain his balance, Sabrina gets back up and comes at Bobby again, He once again scoop slams her with authority falling against the ropes this time. BJ enters the ring excitedly, jumping up and down for the body slams. Bobby doesn't know where he is as she comes near him.

Dean picks her up and scoops slams her as well, thinking it's his opponent. Here comes the referee, Bobby turns and picks him up sending him to the mat with a scoop slam.

Fury: Disqualify this idiot! You can't do that to a UTA official! Williams: Clearly Bobby Dean doesn't have his bearings about him. Fury: Are you just noticing?

Dean gets down and apologizes to the ref, who lay on his face now with a hand on his back. BJ rolls out of the ring in pain as well, before helping the referee.

Bobby notices Sabrina is in position and he begins to climb the turnbuckle from inside the ring.

Fury: He can't be serious.

Williams: Folks, I don't know how to tell you this, but Bobby Dean is going vertical.

Dean looks back at her after he slowly climbs to the first set of ropes. He looks back between his legs at Sabrina who lies motionless. He tries to climb to the second rope but soon gets scared and climbs back to the first. He bounces one time and comes down, backside first.

Fury: He's going to break the ring!

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Williams: WATCH OUT! SABRINA MOVES! The Bonsai variation does not pay off.

Fury: Dick can only assume that's the ONLY high flying move in Bobby's arsenal.

Dean lets out a howl and reaches for his backside. Sabrina's chest rises and falls as she collects herself. Both slowly rise to their feet, and that's when the commentators see it.

Fury: Dick thinks Bobby Dean just had an accident Jennifer!

Indeed his backside is stained with brown when he bends over to get to his feet. It soaked right through his light blue tights.

Williams: Oh No, That can't be... wait! Bobby was chewing on a candy bar before the match, and placed it in the back of his tights. That has to be it.

Fury: Dick's not going in there to find out.

Both competitors in a standing position now. The fans laughing at the brown stain on the back of Deans trunks. Sabrina hooks an arm and goes for a suplex.

She can't lift him.

Fury: Who does she think she is? Crimson Lord?

Williams: You never know Dick.

Fury: What? When Crimson Lord is going to show up?

Williams: Whether or not Sabrina can lift him.

Fury: Oh, Dick knows.

Bobby clubs her on the back, she bends halfway over. Dean puts her in a piledriver position. He grabs her tights and looks down them as she flails wildly.

Williams: Oh come on!

Fury: Don't act like you don't know Bobby Dean.

He falls backwards with a pulling piledriver that looks effective. He takes a long time getting up before stretching out a leg and trying to drop it across the throat of Sabrina, once again she rolls out of the way.

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The brown mark has spread once again. Sabrina climbs to the second rope and as Bobby Dean gets to his feet, she jumps landing on his shoulders and rolling out with a hurricanrana that sends Bobby into the turnbuckle on his knees, face first.

Sabrina gets right back up pumping her fists as the fans cheer favorably at the high risk move. The referee finally makes his way back into the ring, apparently knowing the move was unintentional as he does not end the match.

She runs across the ring, to the opposite turnbuckle to get more speed as she runs back. Sabrina jumps off the back of Bobby Dean puts both hands on the top rope, does a handstand in the corner before swinging her legs back down underneath her into the back of Bobby Dean's head. Williams: Oh my! What an incredible move by Sabrina! That was very impressive, she much have a lot of upper body strength.

Fury: Dick is a fan of her upper body! Williams: Sabrina with the cover!

1...

2...

Bobby Dean puts a foot on the rope.

Fury: Laziest kick out ever!

Williams: Lazy, or ring awareness?

Fury: Bobby Dean isn't aware of anything. Including that big bulge in his daughter's pants that Dick just saw. I think she's hiding a banana... or a toy?

Williams cuts him off.

Williams: ANYWAY...back to the action. Sabrina now tries to pull Bobby Dean away from the corner, but to no avail. She puts a couple stomps to his midsection for good measure. She tries to pull him to his feet, he's rising slowly. Sabrina delivers a couple of stiff forearm shots before trying a DDT. Bobby Dean blocks, and turns it into a side slam of sorts. Dean with the cover.

1...

2...

Williams: Kick Out by Sabrina! Showing a lot of heart. Not a bad debut for the new superstar. Both competitors rising to their feet.

They exchange rights. Neither backing off. Bobby Dean finally backs her into the corner. With a kick to the

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gut of Sabrina, he takes two steps back before charging in stomach first. Sabrina doesn't have time to block the unorthodox move. Sabrina is dazed, as Bobby Dean backs up to mid ring. Again chargers at her in the corner even more impact this time.

Fury: Thats it, she's dead. Dean just crushed her.

Williams: Effective move by Bobby.

Sabrina sags to a sitting position. Dean bends over, hands on his knees. Breathing deeply.

Fury: This may be 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean's longest match yet.

Williams: Ms. Baker is certainly testing the veteran.

Bobby stands up and stumbles forward, before stopping in front of Sabrina. Sweat pours from his forehead and his eyes seem to roll back into his head. As they do, he falls straight forward and down, landing on top of Sabrina.

Williams: BOBBY DEAN HAS PASSED OUT!

Fury: He pushed himself too hard.

Williams: Sabrina can't move! She's pinned under Bobby! The referee slides into position.

Fury: That is one place you do not want to be! Sabrina may never be the same again.

The referee's hand hits a third time and the bell sounds. As it does, Brittney Jean Dean slides into the ring and crawls over to her father.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... BOOOOBBBYYYY.... DEEEAANNNN!!!!

BJ pushes as hard as she can, with the referee's help, and gets Bobby to roll over to his back off of Sabrina. She begins to gasp for air after being freed. Brittney holds her daddy's head in a seated position as his eyes open. She smiles big. Bobby can be seen asking Did.. did I win?

Brittney smiles and nods, You sure did daddy. Bobby smiles before closing his eyes, immediately starting to snore.

Williams: Big return win for Bobby Dean here tonight as he prepares to enter The Chamber in less than one week.

After a few moments, Bobby wakes up again. With the help of BJ he gets to his feet. The fans cheer as The Best Around starts back up.

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Williams: Well folks, we will see you next Sunday, live on pay per view from Seattle as we bring to you.. Ring king twenty fifteen!

Fury: It's going to be big!

Williams: It sure is. Thank you for tuning in and good night!

The music continues as BJ and Bobby hug in the middle of the ring before we fade to black.