

Proving Grounds: ep. 5

March 15, 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: It wouldn't be Monday night if you didn't get some Dick, Jennifer!

Williams: We are just one week removed from Ring King as we bring to you the final episode of Victory in twenty fifteen to take part here at the Wrestlezone.

Fury: That's right! Victory si going on the road!

Williams: Not just on the road, Victory is going international as we kick off the journey to International Affair!

Fury: Jennifer, you don't have to go to another country to have an affair with Dick. Just let him know.

Williams: That will never happen.

Fury: Never say never.

Williams: Well, I am. Anyways, it's time to get this party started!

Fury: Dick loves to party!

Williams: I'm sure you do.. like I was saying.. welcome, to Proving Grounds.

As we move to the stage, the deep thrumming bass of Wolf at the Door by Greymachine begins pounding throughout the small arena. The fans immediately stand up and begin to boo as 'Lord British' Dylan Windsor steps out onto the entrance ramp, his golden crown on his head, his royal cape around his shoulders, and a

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beautiful scepter in his right hand.

Williams: Here comes the prideful Dylan Windsor, making his UTA debut.

Fury: Dick admires this man's confidence.

His escort, Eliza, takes the cape, crown, and scepter from him, and they both begin to walk down the entrance ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Cambridgeshire, England...

Dylan ignores the crowd mostly, but Eliza banters back and forth with some of the fans about British Royalty.

Announcer: Standing at 6'4" and weighing in at 245lbs... "Lord British"... DYLAN WINDSOR! Dylan approaches the ring, steps up to the ring apron, wipes his feet off there, and ducks underneath the top rope into the ring.

Williams: This guy has real potential if the scouting reports are anything to go by, Dick. Forget the entrance attire: this guy is as mean as they come.

There, he stands with an intense look on his face, waiting for the match to begin.

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: What a reaction for Lisil Jackson! This guy is quickly building a big following here in the UTA.

Fury: Putting Scott Stevens out of his misery will do that for a man. Lisil walks down the ramp slapping the hands of many fans as he does.

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston Jamaica, standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 253lbs...

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: 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: That Stevens win was biiiiiig for Lisil. Let's see if he can follow it up with a strong showing against the debutant.

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Fury: It was the biggest win of Lysol's UTA career so far, but that's not saying much. This guy looks like he'll give him a good fight, at least...

No sooner is the bell rung that Lisil Jackson is making his way towards the middle of the ring, extending a hand to the ostentatious UTA newcomer. Lord British looks down at it, smirking. Williams: A great show of sportsmanship from Lisil kicks this one off!

Actually, Dylan Windsor's hand slapping across Lisil's cheek kicks it off. Jackson staggers backwards, eating a couple of hard right hands from Windsor, before he's pushed against the ropes and kneed in the gut. Stepping backwards, Windsor laughs at Jackson's proposal and says something that's inaudible beneath the boos.

Fury: Typical Lysol Jackson naivety! Dick approves of 'Lord British.'

The Jamaican Inspiration recovers quickly and charges directly at Windsor. The two big men tie- up in the middle of the ring, and Lisil's forward momentum lets him push Windsor backwards.

They spend a few moments jostling and jockeying for an opening, before Windsor eventually out- muscles Lisil and throws him in a headlock.

Williams: The debutant takes control from the lock-up, and now he's squeezing Lisil's head in that vice-like grip.

Fury: Here comes the hammer...

Balling his free hand into a fist, Dylan drives blow after blow into Jackson's skull before he's rightfully admonished by the referee. Forced the break the hold, Windsor whips Lisil across the ring, but the Jamaican hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent a rebound. Lord British charges forward, looking to clobber Lisil, but Jackson ducks the attempted clothesline and drills Windsor with a couple of forearm shots!

Williams: Irish Whip from Lisil, into the corner...

As Dylan's back hits the turnbuckles, Lisil charges forward...

Williams: Big splash!

Lisil takes Windsor's wrist and whips him across to the opposite corner. He takes off again, looking for another corner splash, but Dylan recovers to throw a big European uppercut that Lisil jumps right into!

Fury: Ohhh! Dick hopes Lysol's dental plan hasn't expired!

Given ample recovery time by his stumbling opponent, Dylan shakes the cobwebs from his head and goes on the offensive as soon as he's able. He comes in behind Jackson, hooks a foot behind his ankle, and then

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drives him downwards with a Russian Legsweep. On the ground, Windsor again wraps his bicep around Jackson's skull, grinning broadly as he tightens-up another headlock.

Williams: Solid game-planning from Dylan Windsor thus far. Lisil Jackson is a natural entertainer who feeds off the positive vibes that his energy generates, but he can't do that with a big British brute holding him in one place.

Fury: Lysol's a big guy himself, but he just doesn't possess the same raw caveman strength as Windsor.

The UTA newcomer cranks his arm, continuing to pressure Jackson's head, but the Jamaican Inspiration is putting up a fight. Lisil doesn't try to out-muscle Windsor, and instead leverages his way to his feet, slowly but surely. When up, he's able to wrap his arms around Windsor's waist and pull backwards, looking for a back drop. Windsor, however, hooks one of Jackson's legs to counter, then steps forward to drive Lisil down with a Bulldog!

Williams: Finally Windsor's hold is broken, but thinks aren't going too well for Lisil Jackson right now!

Fury: D-Win is really imposing himself early-on... he reminds Dick of Dick.

Williams: ... "D-Win"? Really?

Fury: You heard Dick.

By now, Lord British has booted his Jamaican opponent beneath the bottom rope and has followed him out of the ring. Windsor pushes a smarting Lisil against the barricade, smacks him twice in the jaw, then pulls his hand over his hand and comes down with a huge overhand chop to Lisil's pectoral! Everyone in earshot winces, but Windsor isn't finished yet: he brings out another punishing chop before Lisil stumbles away, clutching his chest.

Fury: This is where Lysol's "nice guy" shtick falls flat. Lord British took advantage of Lysol's "sportsmanship," and the punishment continues!

Taking the back of Jackson's head and slamming his face into the apron, Windsor turns around, smirking from ear-to-ear. He bows for the jeering crowd, but this lapse gives Jackson an opening! A Jamaican elbow catches Dylan in the gut and Lisil gets to his feet, but Windsor recovers. He rakes Lisil's eyes, grabs his arm, and whips him towards the ring steps with full force! Lisil's back crashes into cool steel and he hits the deck like a sack of potatoes.

Williams: JESUS! This guy can really dish it out!

Still smirking, Dylan rolls back into the ring, gaining a better vantage point to gleefully watch his opponent suffer. The referee, meanwhile, is well on his way towards a ten count.

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Williams: Lisil needs to recover here! He's gonna get himself counted-out!

...4!

...5!

The Jamaican, conscientious of losing, pulls himself onto the steps and takes a quick breather.

...6!

...7!

...8!

Now slumped over the apron, Lisil throws on leg up, and then another. He rolls back into the ring, right into a barrage of stomps from the waiting Windsor.

Williams: The count is broken, but the barrage continues.

Fury: Lysol should've stayed at home tonight, Jennifer. D-Win's gonna end this any minute now... Windsor's stomps are furious, but the crowd are firmly behind Lisil tonight! Their cheers and shouts of encouragement help him fight through the boots, and he's eventually back on his feet having used the ropes to yank himself up. Lord British ties to tie-up with Lisil, but a couple of swift elbows soon put an end to that, and a knee to the solar plexus sends Windsor backwards!

Williams: The comeback is on! Slick Muay Thai skills from Lisil!

Lisil ducks under Dylan's attempted clothesline and takes one of his arms, looking for an Irish Whip. Windsor reverses, sending Jackson dashing across the ring! Rebounding, Jackson's quick enough to stop in his tracks and catch Windsor's attempted Big Boot, before taking him to the mat with a Dragon Screw!

Williams: Big move from the Jamaican Inspiration! And he's back on his feet!

Having hopped back up, Lisil sends himself against the ropes, and comes back with a Big Splash! He hooks the leg and makes the match's first pinfall attempted.

...1!

...2!

No! Dylan throws a shoulder up.

Fury: What happened, D-Win?! Things were looking so rosy a moment ago!

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Williams: Now we have a fight on our hands, Dick. Dylan Windsor really imposed his will on this match early doors, but you can't count the Jamaican Inspiration out! He has the heart of a lion... Fury: ... and the name of a subpar line of cleaning products!

Keen to maintain the momentum, Lisil brings Dylan to his feet with him and wrenches the arm. Lord British works himself free of the tension, but he can't quite break Lisil's grasp and soon finds himself thrown to the corner. The Jamaican charges forward, but Windsor plants an elbow square on his jaw as he charges, and Lisil eats a huge Spinebuster when he staggers back towards the Brit!

Fury: So much for Lisil Jackson's comeback!

Williams: Windsor makes the cover!

...1!

...2!

No! Big kick-out from Lisil.

Williams: That was a huge move to drive the air from Lisil's lungs, and you've got to start wondering how much he has left! Dylan Windsor has handed out some serious offence! Continuing to grow in confidence, Windsor kneels before his downed opponent, smiling.

Instead of opting for a conventional assault, Dylan instead slaps Jackson across the face and cackles maniacally. Jeers start to rain down as Lord British repeats the act over and over, before eventually jumping to his feet, arms outstretched, lapping-up every drop of the crowd's vitriol.

Fury: This guy has panache - he knows how to separate himself from the crowd. Dick can tell he's going to be a big star in the UTA.

Williams: He sure isn't going to win any friends if he carries-on like this, Dick.

Fury: "Making friends" isn't in the job description. D-Win is here to win wrestling matches, pure and simple, and he's well on his way to doing that tonight.

Looking to end things, Windsor makes a cut-throat gesture before reaching down and bringing Lisil Jackson to his feet... but there's still plenty fight left in the Jamaican! Lisil comes to life by bursting forward and pushing Lord British into the ropes, before wrapping his arms around him, turning, and planting him with an inverted Atomic Drop! Windsor hopes around clutching his jewels, giving Jackson ample time to cover, before scooping Dylan up and putting him down with a Scoop Slam!

Williams: ... and here comes Lisil again! He's never out of a fight!

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Fury: Except, y'know, the times he's lost...

Lisil is still hurting, but he knows he doesn't have time to mess around. Windsor is already stirring, so he brings him up with him then paces across to the corner. Climbing onto the second turnbuckle, Lisil calls out to the crowd (who respond in-turn) then hops off, planting Windsor on his head with a Tornado DDT!

Williams: Big DDT! But wait! Lisil's still got him!

Sure enough, Jackson uses all of his technical acumen to keep a grip on Dylan while rolling through the move. He slides his arm around Windsor's neck, locking-in an incredibly tight Guillotine Choke!

Fury: Whoa... even Dick is impressed by this.

Mindful of accidentally being pinned, Lisil rolls one of his shoulders ever so slightly off the mat. Dylan Windsor is struggling with all he's got, and puts both hands down on the ground to try and push himself free, but to no avail! Shots to Lisil's ribs follow, but Dylan's strength is wavering, and each one hits with a little less pop than the last.

Williams: This could be it, folks! Lord British looks all tied-up with nowhere to go!

Lisil keeps applying the pressure, but one last burst of strength from Windsor is enough to draw him a couple of inches closer to the ropes, and he plants his hand on the second. Ever the consummate professional, Jackson immediately breaks the hold but immediately goes for a pin attempt.

...1!

...2!

No! Shoulder-up!

Fury: No way can Lysol keep this big British ox down without throwing the kitchen sink at him, Jennifer.

Williams: He's got a fight on his hands, that's for sure, but Lisil made a huge statement in his recent victory over Scott Stevens. The Jamaican Inspiration is the real deal, and the people are firmly behind him!

Back on his feet and grinning broadly, Lisil gazes around the arena then down at Windsor, who's struggling to his feet. Lisil steps over to the opposite side of the ring and crouches, ready to pounce, as Lord British finally rises on wobbly limbs.

Williams: Lisil is lining him up here...

The Jamaican Inspiration bursts across the ring, gliding forward with the Superman Punch.

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Williams: JAMAICAN COMET--... NO! Windsor dodged!

Jackson's momentum sends him crashing into the turnbuckles! Lord British grabs him from behind and pulls him into the air... but Lisil slips out of his grasp! Lisil spins Windsor round by the shoulder... ROUNDHOUSE KICK! The bulkier man hits the mat, Jackson hooks the leg!

...1!

...2!

NO! Another kick-out!

Fury: For the love of Dick, that was close!

Williams: We were a fraction of a second away from having a winner! Lisil Jackson is in full flow: he's one of the most accomplished strikers we have in the UTA, and he's showing it tonight!

Lisil shows no frustration at the kick-out; just dusts himself off and goes back to work. He brings Dylan Windsor back to his feet then pushes him against the ropes. Assuming he's done enough to incapacitate Lord British for a moment, Lisil runs across the ring, rebounds, and looks to clobber Windsor with a clothesline...but Dylan tosses him over the top rope!

Fury: There goes Lysol!

The Jamaican lands on his feet, but he isn't quick enough to avoid Dylan's baseball slide, and soon both men are outside the ring again! Windsor takes Jackson's head, looking to slam it against the barrier, by Lisil's strong enough to stop him and counters with a quick Muay Thai elbow! Windsor fires back with a right hand! Lisil with an elbow! Right hand! Elbow! Right hand! Fury: Now we've got a god old-fashioned brawl on our hands!

Lisil, the more technique-orientated of the two, finds an opening that Windsor doesn't see coming and plants him with an elbow as the Brit is throwing! The blow staggers Windsor, and gives Lisil enough time to toss his opponent back in the ring.

Williams: Good move from Lisil - things didn't exactly go too well for him the last time they were outside.

Fury: Indeed. Dylan Windsor was cleaning the floor with Lysol...

Williams: Wow, Dick. Just wow.

With both men back inside the ring, Lisil catches the scurrying Windsor by the boot, but the Brit rolls into his back and kicks Jackson away! Jackson comes back as Lord British gets up, but his clothesline is ducked and Windsor slips in behind... GERMAN SUPL--NO! Lisil's elbow catches Windsor in the ribs. Windsor breaks the

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hold, Lisil whips him across the ring, then on the rebound... PUMP KICK TO WINDSOR'S CHEST!

Williams: TSUNAMI KICK! Lisil's going for victory!

Though noticeably slower than when the match began, Lisil knows he can't waste his time to strike. He climbs his lanky frame to the top rope and steadies himself, glaring down at the perfectly positioned Windsor...

Williams: Here it comes...

... before flying off with a stunning flipping leg drop.

Williams: THE BIRD OF PARADISE! HERE COMES THE PIN...

...1!

...2!

...3!!!

Fury: Whoa! Lysol did it!

Announcer: Here is your winner... LISIL JACKSOOOOONNNNNNNNNNN!

Smiling as his theme music hits, Lisil slowly rises to his feet, enjoying every moment of the crowd's applause.

Williams: What a huge come-from-behind" victory for Lisil Jackson! Windsor dropped some heavy bombs on him early-on, but Lisil weathered the storm and came through in stunning fashion!

Fury: Pfft. If only Lord British had finished the job early-on...

Williams: The Jamaican Inspiration was just too much for Dylan Windsor tonight, but the British newcomer definitely left a huge mark! Regardless, tonight belongs to Lisil Jackson. What a performance!

Lisil begins to smile and dance in the ring as Dylan rolls out. Suddenly the lights lower and begin to flash.

Williams: What's going on?!

Fury: Guys.. Victory leaves for the road tomorrow, the Wrestlezone is still being used tonight. Who got the dates wrong with the electric company?

He looks around frantically as we begin to hear a voice echo through the sound system.

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Voice: Brother... Lisil...

Williams: That's The Good Reverend!

Fury: Obviously.

Jackson's eyes are wide as he looks up at the screen, The Good Reverend and Brother Judas staring back at him.

Reverend: You can not run from HIS judgment... oh no. For you may be on a different show than Brother Judas, but that shall not escape HIS divine plans for you!

Williams: The God Reverend referring to Lisil Jackson being on Victory while Brother Judas was drafted to Wrestleshow.

Reverend: Enjoy the little victories now.. for in the end, they are only to comfort you until the end. He moves closer to the camera.

Reverend: Do not fear us... for we only bring to you.. The Truth...

The lights cut completely off before returning. Lisil Jackson spins around. When he sees that there is no one there, he quickly drops and leaves the ring, hurrying up the ramp as we fade away.

Brought to You By

Fury: So what's next?

Justice IS Served

We return to ringside from commercial break.

Williams: I think we're supposed to be going have words from the UTA Wildfire Champion.

Fury: Oh? Is he still working for this company?

Williams: Speculating once again?

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

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball

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match's, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

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

Crowd: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way.

Williams: Where is he?

Fury: A camera is catching up with him backstage.

Rafiq is stood at the back of the group. Nazirah, Abdul's sister is stood to the left of him; standing proud as punch at the front of the group is none other than Abdul bin Hussain.

Abdul: Were you expecting me to go out there? Why would I want to be on this Proving Ground? Why would I lower myself to mingling with you mere Americans?

Abdul gives the cameraman a disdainful look before he turns and looks into the camera.

Abdul: Ring King did not go quite as expecting when Sean Jackson with the help of his cowardly compatriots stole what should have been mine. And then taking the easy way out and not cashing it in there and then on the same show. That briefcase should have been mine and I should now be the UTA World Champion.

He caresses the UTA Wildfire Championship belt over his shoulder.

Abdul: But I cannot live in the past, much like some of the roster does. I have to look to the future.

Abdul nods.

Abdul: So with the roster being split into two halves I will have to lead the roster of Victory to the top of the ratings with my wrestling skills whilst the rejects that have been drafted to Wrestle Show work towards their pink slips.

Abdul shrugs his shoulders.

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Abdul: I forgive them for failing as people. But here in Victory I will not have any of these upstarts trying to piggy back their careers off of mine. I will not let any of them elevating their failing attempt at greatness use me. I am Victory, and Victory is I. Do you know who I am? Do you know what I am capable of?

He looks directly down the camera.

Abdul: Abdul bin Hussain is the greatest wrestler that the UTA has ever seen. I have been underestimated every step I have taken whilst here and now with Victory on my shoulders I will make it the top brand in this promotion.

He shrugs his shoulders before nodding at the camera.

Abdul: But I have to think of this belt on my shoulder. Some say this belt is cursed but I would not know as I have it.

He looks at Rafiq who nods before holding his neck.

Abdul: Rafiq is afraid of this belt but I am not. I ingest its curse and pass it on. That is why on the next Victory when I defend this belt against.....

He looks at Rafiq. Rafiq: Colton Thorpe. Abdul: Carlton Banks? Rafiq: Colton Thorpe.

Abdul: Colton Thorpe, you think you are the golden boy of UTA because you have been on a role as of late? We have all been there Colton, it means nothing. I am the best pure wrestling talent in the WHOLE of the UTA and will prove it when I retain this title belt and NOT succumb to the so- called curse.

He smirks.

Abdul: Oh and I have got another thing to announce whilst I am here. I could do this three ways. One is I could get out in the ring and after I have waited until the infidels out there have quieted down their disrespectful chants, announce it, two is I could just do it now but I am going with the third way. And I will do that in the ring on the A-Show, Victory!

Abdul pauses straightening his t-shirt. Abdul throws the microphone down and they leave, except for Rafiq. He looks directly into the camera and scratches his head with his left arm which has a cast upon it before limping off.

Fury: What?

Williams: He is OUR UTA Wildfire Champion!

Welcome Back Skylar

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The image cuts to another part of the backstage of the WrestleZone stage at Universal Studios and we see Jamie Sawyers ready to interview his guest for the evening.

Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, Scott Stevens. Sawyers interviews the Texan as he comes into view and is in full wrestling gear.

Sawyers: Tonight, you are in the Main Event tonight against a man making his highly anticipated return to Wrestle UTA in Skylar Montgomery. What are your thoughts going into your match tonight?

Sawyers asks as he motions the microphone towards Stevens who just shrugs.

Stevens: To be honest, I think he's biting off a little more than he can chew.

Sawyers: Care to elaborate?

Stevens: Skylar has been going on for weeks about how it's his time, he's here to change the landscape of UTA and take it to new heights, and he's going to defeat me in thirty seconds. Last time he was in Wrestle UTA his wrestling career lasted a total of thirty seconds.

Sawyers: For those who don't recall during the early phase of UTA, Skylar lost his only match to Log Habben and hadn't been heard from since.

Stevens: Exactly, and he thinks by disappearing to wrestle in backyards across London is going to help against me who has been competing against the best talent the world has to offer?

Stevens shakes his head slowly towards the camera.

Stevens: I. Don't. Think. So!

Sawyers: Regardless, his signing and hype has made this Proving Ground a must see event don't you think?

Stevens: No I don't. I would count it to Lisil Jackson and seeing if he can continue the momentum he has built after he beat the debuting Dylan Windsor or I would say myself after me and Lisil Jackson tore the house down last time we were on Proving Ground. All this hype surrounding Skylar is just that, and at the end of the night he will go back into obscurity and never be heard from again.

Stevens bluntly states as Sawyers pulls the microphone towards him and sees an object in Stevens' hand.

Sawyers: We shall see if that is the case, but I see you have something in your hand and it's synonymous with your opponent tonight.

Sawyers points to the twenty-two inch fluorescent light tube, and Stevens holds it up for the camera to see.

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Stevens: This here is the object Skylar has running his mouth that he's going to introduce me to by smashing it against my skull and breaking it into a million tiny pieces, but you know what Jamie?

Sawyers: What?

Stevens: I don't need a (censored) weapon to get the job done!

Stevens says as he shatters the light tube within is hand before motioning for the camera to zoom in on the broken glass.

Stevens: That is what will happen to Skylar Montgomery here tonight. I am going to shatter his hopes and dreams of a UTA resurrection. Skylar I don't need silly little light tubes to defeat my opponents when I have these.....

Stevens raises his fists up to the camera.

Stevens: These are all I've ever needed and tonight I'm going to prove to the world that your nothing more than Chance Von Crank light... A nobody with a big mouth.

Stevens states before exiting the frame.

Returning to ringside the opening beats of 'Sabrosura' by DJ Laz, probably the best UTA's crew had around the back to fit the Cuban masked luchador making his way through the curtains to the jeers of the crowd.

Franklin: Introducing first from Bayamo, Cuba.

The masked wrestler slowly made his way down to the ring amongst the mixed cheers and jeers of the crowd.

Franklin: Standing at six foot three, and weighing two hundred and forty two pounds. Sliding into the ring, he rushes to the corner and tosses his arms up in the air.

Franklin: He is... THE CRUSADER!

Fury: This guy is lucky. He can wrestle here tonight and then go back home to Cuba without having to stick around this place any longer than needed.

Williams: The Crusader is one of Cuba's top exports. And tonight he gets a chance to show not only this crowd on hand but also the UTA brass what he is made of and possibly get signed to a future contract.

Fury: Dick thinks that there have been enough masked morons in the UTA.

Every section of light in the arena suddenly shuts off with a loud sounding 'click'. Handheld phones and

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devices start to illuminate the arena in the darkness as two purple spotlights shine down over the ring as 'Pretty Little Psycho' by Porcelain Black starts playing. The fans remain rather perplexed at who this song belongs to.

Williams: The fans here in the Wrestlezone aren't sure what to make of this. We do have a scheduled match but this is by far not White Rabbit.

Fury: If Dick isn't tripping, no it isn't.

The purple spotlights trail down the entrance ramp up to the stage where smoke is puffing out. A LOUD screech interrupts the music for a moment just before the lyrics kick in once more but that is all the fans need to hear as the curtains burst open and Zhalia Fears shoots through the smoke to the center of the stage wearing one of her Zhalia Fears UTA shirts. With a grin she gives a single arc wave to her fans.

Franklin: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then makes a dash toward it while yanking her shirt up over her head. Stopping near the corner of the barricades she hands it off to a cheery young fan before walking back to the ring.

Franklin: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds... Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes looking out at the fans for a few moments. Catching sight of the camera nearest she smirks at it and says 'Keep watching Zhaliphires!'. With a smile she then slides across the ring to the closest corner, leaning backward onto it bobbing along with the tempo.

Franklin: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia continues to bob back and forth as the lyrics draw near the end and start to fade on out.

Ding ding ding.

At the sound of the bell both competitors shoot from their corners towards each other while circling the center, looking for that opening window to strike. Going for the collar-elbow Crusader wins in the opening grapple immediately showcasing his strength over Zhalia's and goes behind to lift her up and over with a bridging belly to back suplex.

One. Kickout.

Fury: Dick loves this guy. He is wasting no time with the woman.

Williams: Crusader may be just as cocky as you Dick.

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Fury: There is only one Dick, sweetie.

Crusader jumps to his feet and rushes the corner to toss his arms up in the air again while Zhalia just shakes her head at him and waits until he turns back her direction. Soon as he does the two lock up again this time Zhalia maneuvers into a side headlock.

She cranks down on the pressure however Crusader raises her off her feet, only to be unable to complete the process, dropping her back to the mat then instead shoving her towards the ropes and freeing himself. On the rebound he drops down and immediately Zhalia drops down next to him smirking.

Crusader swipes at her but she rolls out of arms reach and pops back up to her feet as does he. She rushes him with a strong clothesline but the masked wrestler ducks under, swipes her leg out from under her and transitions around as she is caught off guard and ensures she goes face first into the mat.

Fury: Crusader forcing this woman to eat the mat.

Williams: Thank God that is what comes to your mind, Dick.

Fury: What else would?

Zhalia staggers up on her knees, a bit shaky from the face plant but still with the wherewithal to jolt upright as Crusader leans forward to grab her, jostling his jaw upward and back. She quickly shoves him back into the corner and rushes forward with a flying knee to the midsection. This too which follows with several repeated blows with her shin.

Williams: There's a reason that her kickpads and boots go clear up to the knees. You would not want to have the direct contact of the shin to the ribs, no matter the person.

Fury: Kickpads, the best invention since tampons to get you women off of Dick in your moods.

Williams: Dick!

Fury: See!

In the ring Crusader can see the end coming as Zhalia has him sitting on the turnbuckle, and her own in position next to his. With a leap up her hurracarana flies him into the middle of the ring.

Rolling over she grabs at her taped ribs evidently feeling some effect from the impact but stumbles into the ropes, raises her left hand and pounds it down into her side causing her face to wince.

Not too happy with the feeling she shrugs and tabling it to check out later, vaults over the ropes and runs across the apron to the corner. Waiting for Crusader to stand and when he does she leaps off at him with a dropkick that sends him into the ropes and tumbling through to the outside. Williams: Fears wasting no time

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here. Grabbing the ropes she's ready to fly with a moonsault!

Fury: Quick, change the channel!

Williams: What? Crusader back to his feet and Zhalias off hers with the Asai Moonsault right into that kneedrop causing Crusader to crash back to the concrete below!

Fury: Obscure reference. But look at her that was plain stupid. The woman's grabbing at her side as if its going to combust.

Zhalia scoots her way back into the guardrail while the official is doing his ten count. She leans back and clutches at her waist while the fans around her are hugging her from behind. As the count reaches six however she makes her way back to the ring and rolls inside, with Crusader two seconds behind.

He swings, she ducks and bobs back to catch him from behind. Crusader maneuvers and reverses into a waist lock of his own, then pushes her forward into the ropes. Expecting it he avoids her lariat and catches her to swing her around with a side slam. Immediately after pulling her to her feet by her left arm and yanking on it hard to hurl her into the corner.

Williams: Crusader straight from behind with the high kick to the side of her head. This opens up the ground for him and he's holding up his hands signaling it's over in ten seconds.

Fury: Dick can last longer than ten seconds.

Shoving his boot into her midsection, he mounts the corner and hammers down with four rapid strikes.

Williams: Let me guess, all of eighteen seconds, Dick?

Zhalia blocks the fourth shot and shoves him forward and off her. She winds up for the strike but Crusader avoids it, catching her arm and whipping her back in the corner. This time following with a shoulder thrust but the boot of Zhalia stops him. She does this a second time but her boot is caught and he pulls her from the corner. Hopping Zhalia hits the enziguri, however again the foot is caught leaving her helpless.

Crusader yanks her legs up and drops her across his shoulder, turning and running towards the center of the ring with the powerslam in mind but Zhalia slips down his back and rushes the ropes, coming back and avoiding the swing; while leaping at him right into the swinging head scissors sending him to the corner. She then charges to the corner.

Fury: That's just wrong! You don't run up a man's body like that.

Williams: Zhalia using him as a stepping stone and vaulting herself up only to bring her knees back down into his chest and forehead. Not a bad plan.

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Fury: And now she's going up top. Come on even Dick knows that its useless to be on the top rope when your opponents below.

She takes a seat on the top buckle and slowly lowers wrapping her feet around his head and pulling him upward, then closer she pulls him with her legs wrapping around his head. As she pulls him up by the head the referee starts to count warning her to release.

Williams: I'm not sure but it looks like Fears here legitimately isn't aware what she's doing could get her disqualified. You can hear her from here telling the ref she is just pulling him up to his feet. Fury: Lies.

Ready to do whatever she has planned Zhalias grip on the ropes tighten however Crusader starts fighting to free his neck from her legs, and when she fails hard shots to her taped sides. Enough to loosen and get him free, to turn around and smack her aside the chest with a hard chop, then he climbs up top with his back to her, pulling her over his shoulders in a fireman carry.

Fury: This won't end well for that woman.

Zhalia however fights back as he stands up with her on his shoulders, her elbows ringing the side of his ears. She slips off him and maneuvers around while hammering down on his forehead and cranium. Getting into position for the hurracarana however Crusader's arms shoot out between her open legs, and he stands once more with her up in the air.

Williams: Crusader going for the Powerbomb from the second rope!

Fury: No he isn't. This is genius!

As Fury was alluding, Crusader raises her up but instead of slamming her forward he was vaulting her backward, head first into the post apex.

Fury: Zhalia's down!

Dropping to the ring steps outside, she collapses on the floor while Crusader looks out through the ropes at her. Surely smiling under his mask he watches as everyone else does as Zhalia crawls about the ground, shaking off her head.

The official starts the count but Crusader isn't interested in letting it end that way. He takes off across the ring as Zhalia starts to stand after four, and pushes back from the ring apron. Crusader rushes across the ring back towards her as Zhalia performs a left roundhouse kick.

Fury: Well that's stupid. She's so out of it she's kicking the air!

Crusader dives through the ropes at her just as she finishes her rotation with the right spinning hook kick!

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Williams: Ode to Kush! She wasn't kicking at the air, she saw him coming and was preparing herself. But now both are out on the floor and the officials back to the count!

The two slowly start to recover, Zhalia grabs him by the mask and hauls him up to his feet, tossing him in the ring under the ropes, rolling in behind him and for the cover.

One!

Fury: Not even a two count. Dick likes this Crusader guy.

Zhalia's up first but Crusader is right behind her. He pulls back to avoid a wheel kick and goes for the ankle, yanking her into him but Zhalia snaps off the ground with a enziguri. It doesn't take him down but does knock him back into the ropes which she uses to launch him across the ring. She leap frogs him but Crusader puts the breaks on and instead catches her.

Williams: He's going for it again. The running powerbomb!

But it is not to be. Zhalia hooks her legs and as he lifts her up, she drills her head forward with a headbutt that rattles him. Enough so she maneuvers around and legs in position to pull off a reverse huracarrana.

One that may not have gone as well as planned as Crusader's head was spiked into the mat. Fury: If she killed him that means only one woman left on the Wrestleshow brand right, Jennifer? Williams: Maybe but he is moving, and so is Zhalia. She's pulling him back up to his feet, hoisted over her shoulder from behind. And there it is! The Offering to the White Rabbit!

Fury: But she still isn't going for the cover. Did Crimson Lord knock her wits out of her? Seated she breathes heavily as Crusader drapes over her from behind. Ducking forward Fears uses his body and pushes her own off the mat, half floating and half flipping over him to land

behind where she immediately pulls his right arm back, wrapping it with her right leg while leaning back. She then does the same with the second arm completing the lotus locke.

Williams: It's locked in fans! Crusader has no where to go and no energy left in the tank. The

referee's asking him if he's submitting.

Gotta hand it to him though as Crusader was refusing to go down. Zhalia leaned back and slightly twisted her body adding extra torque. And that was it.

Williams: Crusader's tapping! Zhalia Fears wins this one courtesy of The Offering right into her Reality Sanction!

Ding ding ding.

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Fury: Great match.

Williams: Zhalia's been through a lot these past few months and any question on if she's slipping looks to be answered.

Fury: Like I said, great match. So can we move on?

Zhalia thanks the official and then walks back over to Crusader extending her hand. He shrugs it off and moves to his knees and then standing to exit the ring but the hand of Zhalia on his shoulder stops him. She once more extends her arm out and giving it some thought Crusader reaches forward and gives her a quick connect and shake before exiting out of the ring and on up the ramp.

She grins and rolls out of the ring, walking over to Franklin and asking him for his microphone before walking along the barricade and taking a seat on it. Letting the fans around her hug her and pull her back.

Fears: That match felt great!

Smiling she lets the fans continue to cheer.

Fears: How about that Crusader? Great athlete. And you all. Wow.

She points out at the crowd from the left and draws a crescent line all the way to the right. Fears: Originally I was not scheduled for tonight's show. For one, I should be taking some time to recover. Clearly that might have been a good idea. For another, we have a heck of a tour coming up.

The cheers continue but were sprinkled in with boos, and for good reason. UTA is leaving their locale on tour.

Fears: Tonight however is the last time we will be in Florida for sometime it looks. The last Proving Grounds scheduled too. So it felt right. Trust me when I say that we will miss this group. You guys are great!

She smiles as the cheers return in full force.

Fears: We still have our main event tonight to go, so I will keep this short. So let me get serious here for a moment.

No longer smiling she pops off the barricade and walks back to the ring, stepping in and facing the camera.

Fears: Twice now I have been at the top of the ladder and had my dreams slip through my fingers. No false facts here, Sean, you won the Ace in the Hole match. You have that shot whenever you want to turn on your fellow Dynasty members or false cash-in to save LFB from losing the title. Congrats.

With a shrug she continues.

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Fears: It's everyone's worst nightmare, but it is reality. Nothing tops Dynasty. The guys in the back and those no longer here always say they will make a difference. They say they will put a stop to Dynasty. They will even the playing field. They say they will take Dynasty from the top of the mountain.

Zhalia sighs and shakes her head, bringing the microphone in closer.

Fears: Talk. That is all they EVER friggen do! Say this, say that. Talking is getting us nowhere! Stepping forward she leans over the ropes with her left foot on the bottom.

Fears: It is time to put a stop to Dynasty. And I intend to show you all just that. Not run my mouth about it week in and week out. Not blog about it. And not whine to management about it. And I am starting with you Sean.

Smirking, Zhalia steps through the ropes and starts walking up the ramp while continuing. Fears: Mister former UTA World Champion. Not long ago you blasted me over the head with a steel chair right here on this ramp. That fear you had setting in that you were going to be bested before facing your pal. I get it, I do. That earned me a disqualification victory of you in a non-title bout, normally meaning a shot at that very title, which ol' Wingate refuses to acknowledge.

With a shrug she turns her focus back toward the camera.

Fears: As far as I am concerned that match never should have ended there. I want to fix that, Sean. With MJ on the shelf, no championships to speak of, and a week of hell with Crimson Lord

-- well, I have nothing to lose. Neither do you as you would never put the Ace on the line. Smirk.

Fears: So Sean, what do you say. Rematch. This time, as unwise as this sounds, there will be no disqualification. So no more talking. I aim to misbehave.

The fans cheer but there are those in attendance that realize what implications this means. As does Zhalia as she continues up the ramp and stops at the top. Back to the camera.

Fears: Your move, Sean.

She hands the microphone off to the stage crew in exchange for a bottle of water and passes through the curtain to the back.

Williams: You heard it here first folks. Zhalia Fears has just challenge the Ace in the Hole, Sean Jackson, to a no disqualification match.

Fury: Dick says she is crazy. Send her back to the asylum. She just called open season on Zhalia Fears.

Best of Luck

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In the back, we see Sabrina Baker in the guerilla taking a look at the television as she sees Zhalia coming up the ramp from her match. Sabrina has an eyebrow raised while looking.

Baker: So, she's the one I'm going against on Wrestleshow?

She keeps on looking at the television monitor before someone taps her on the shoulder. Sabrina turns and looks the person right in the face.

Baker: I am mighty impressed with you. You did a good job out there.

The person in front of her is Zhalia Fears. Zhalia reaches down and picks up a bottle of water from a table next too the curtains.

Fears: Hey there, thanks Sabrina.

She looks at her while taking a drink of water for a moment.

Fears: Dynasty holds all the cards again; everyone complains and says this and that and very few are willing to do what it takes to step up to them. So I intend to show them, not tell them, as you saw and heard.

Sabrina nods at her.

Baker: I did. That was some nice work you did out there! I was impressed by it, but you seem a little bit excited about the comments....

She walks up to her.

Baker: Which is cool with me, but I need to warn you about something.... Zhalia gets an intriguing look on her face.

Fears: And that would that be?

Zhalia grins knowingly while Sabrina shrugs and flips her hair.

Baker: Oh No no, don't put this in as a threat, Fears. I am here to warn you that I don't want to be taken lightly for our match. The last time around, I went against Bobby Dean.....

Zhalia smiles.

Fears: Bobby's fun. In the wrong mindset recently but he is fun! Baker:I was going to say something else, but you could say that. Zhalia leans in.

Fears: Go on.

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Baker: I want to say that I do NOT want to be taking lightly at all. What Bobby Dean did was a joke last week and I had to bust my ass. With us two being the sole women on Wrestleshow, I want everyone to see how us two females are just like the men. Does that sound good?

Zhalia smirks and nods her head.

Fears: Trust me, I will not take you lightly hun. If I was willing to crack MJ's skull on the top of that

ladder putting out friendship aside for professionalism... well, it will not be an issue.

Baker: Really?

Fears: Yes. The whole draft thing was a knock to us, but expected. Guys like Eric Dane and Sektor are not used to women that can fight and take it as well as give it. Dane will never admit this in fear of the queen bee herself LT, but we will show them. Sabrina, I like your way of thinking and that is why I think you are cool.

Sabrina lets out a chuckle.

Baker: You just met me not even five minutes ago and you say that. Zhalia flashes a smirk.

Fears: Indeed. Trust me, I will be ready next week.

She extends a hand to her as Sabrina looks at it and shakes it.

Fears: May the best competitor win.

Smiling she releases her grip and continues on down the corridor leaving Baker going the opposite direction.

Victory in Defeat

The scene fades in on Colton Thorpe, sitting on the lone chair in a dimly lit room. Wearing brown leather boots, ragged blue jeans and a weathered leather jacket, he appears to be sleep deprived. He rests his weight through his arms onto the top of his thighs, leaning forward while staring at the camera.

Thorpe: There is no need to beat around the bush, so let's just throw it out there: I lost. Those two words hang in the air, as Colt has a look of disgust on his face when he says them.

Thorpe: I made bold statements and predictions heading into The Chamber. I was going to win. I was going to draft for and headline Victory. I was going to draft Cayle Murray with my number one pick. All of it hinged on winning, and well, I lost.

Colt leans back, resting against the metal backing to the chair.

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Thorpe: But that's life. I don't regret a single word I said, and if I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change any of them. I lost. The main point that everyone needs to take away from this is I lost. I wasn't defeated by anyone, I was defeated by my own mistakes. I lost.

Every time the word 'I' leaves Colt's mouth, there is an extra emphasis heard in his voice. Thorpe: You win some battles, you lose others. And that is exactly what The Chamber was: a battle. As time goes on, everyone will realize that match, which most are already pegging match of the year, was merely a small battle in a much larger scale war.

Colt clearly isn't enjoying the topic of losing, but it is evident that he believes every word that exits his mouth.

Thorpe: So enjoy your spoils Dane. In the end, that victory really won't mean as much as it seems to right now.

After a short delay, coupled with the slightest of grins, Colt continues on.

Thorpe: And here is the bitch of it all, and I want everyone to soak this in. In a losing effort, I still ended up on Victory, minus the ability to draft. The first Victory post Ring King, I'm headlining in a championship match.

Colt straightens up in his chair before leaning forward, cockily gazing into the camera.

Thorpe: And finally, and this one here is of the same level of importance to me as my championship opportunity. Cayle Murray and I were kept together to allow our budding friendship the chance to blossom.

What was once a slight grin has now grown into a full blown, cheshire smile.

Thorpe: And if you think everything Murray and I went through together pre Ring King was impressive, well, a big surprise awaits you all. We've only begun to scratch the surface in our war, and there are many battles yet to be fought and decided.

Colt's hands clap together as he stands from his chair. Rubbing them together eagerly, there is an

excitement that can be seen which is a 180 from his demeanor moments ago.

Thorpe: My next chapter begins September 14th in Brazil, and it starts with the Wildfire Championship becoming my possession. Watch closely Cayle, I'm dedicating this one to you. Colt walks out of frame as the scene fades to black.

Brought to You By

United

The camera cuts behind the scenes but not backstage. Welcome to the concessions area, where pockets of

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fans spend extortionate sums on overpriced hotdogs, watered down beer and official UTA merchandise. The WrestleZone's fan spot isn't the hive of activity you'd expect in a larger arena, but it's still busy relative to its size, particularly in one area...

Murray: This is Cayle Murray reporting living from the beating heart of the UTA!

A large horde of humanity stands clustered around the UTA newcomer, letting-off a cheer as he addresses the camera. Having borrowed a microphone and cameraman from the interview team, the Scot stands smiling in his Black Flag tee and navy blue jeans.

Murray: I could've stayed at home and licked my wounds tonight or hidden away in the locker-room and kept myself to myself. I could've linked-up with Sawyers or Stan and spit a few lines from the sanctity of the backstage area, but nah. Screw that.

He pauses as the crowd finally hushes.

Murray: See, I'm trying to bring the show back to the people, and you can't do that unless you're with the people!

Another cheer goes up. Yeah, you're gonna have to get used to this...

Murray: What's your name, lad?

Cayle puts the microphone to one of the fans' lips: a short, stout character with glasses, a shorn head, and a brand new Will Haynes t-shirt.

Fan: Steven!

Murray: Too many UTA superstars aren't thinking about Steven when they come to work. They're sitting there in the comfortable isolation of their locker-room, lost in their own little world, far away from the people who pay their bills. Fact of the matter is, none of us would have this platform - this opportunity - if it weren't for guys like Steven and...

He puts the mic to another fan: a taller, gaunt fellow wearing a trucker hat.

Fan: Frank!

Murray: ... then all the UTA would be is a group of sad old men dressing-up in tights and throwing each other around an empty arena. I may have missed my chance the draft my own show...

The fans jeer, more for Eric Dane's success than Cayle's failure.

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Murray: But that doesn't mean I'm not going to do everything I can to make Victory the most talked-about brand in the business! Wrestleshow might be stacked with UTA Originals and former champions, but Victory's the new home for the young and hungry. There are wolves among us, sure, but I'm gonna do all I can to provide an alternative, and stand firm in the face of tyranny and corruption, 'cause me and my friends here...

Cayle pauses to look around the gathered throng, which continues to grow in number. Murray: We're sick and tired of it. We're not gonna just stand here and bemoan what happened at Ring King, and we're sure as hell not gonna let Eric Dane make Victory his own little playground of destruction. My journey didn't end in Seattle: I'm just getting started, and I won't just sit idly by and let the bad guys keep trampling on Steven, Frank and everyone else here... He smiles.

Murray: ... because these men and women are the lifesblood of the UTA, and it's my duty to stand for them, no matter how big the challenge. The Chamber changed my life: it taught me things I didn't even know about myself, and losing forced to me stare my failings dead in the eyes. I'm learning, growing and refocusing, and I'm ready to take the fight to Mikey Unlikely... The crowd boos.

Murray: Eric Dane... Booooo!

Murray: Abdul bin Hussain... Booooo!

Murray: Colton Thorpe... Booooo!

Murray: ... and anyone else who stands in our way! Because are the people, and united, we can never be defeated!

The crowd explodes with the loudest cheer of all. Several fans reach out, patting Murray on the back, and the ensuing chant draws a huge Cheshire Cat grin from the Scottish grappler. By now, nobody in the concessions area can ignore him - even the staff.

Murray: I've got a target on my back that's getting bigger by the day. I know Colton Thorpe can barely open his mouth without my name coming-out, and I'm gonna have to cross that bridge sooner rather than later. I don't know what The Only Star's got planned for me, and there's no doubt Mikey Unlikely will have a few tricks up his sleeve when we meet in the ring. The obstacles are only gonna get bigger and badder, but if I fall down, I know my friends here are gonna pick me back up every single time. See you in Rio!

The crowd cheer one last time before the feed switches.

It Hurts

The scene cuts back to the arena live. The camera pans the crowd who cheer and hold up signs.

? I live it up like these are my last days, If time is money, I'm an hour past paid ?

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The lights turn green and the arena erupts in boos as the cameras switch to the stage.

Fury: Here comes one of Dick's favorites!

Williams: The ONLY member of Dynasty drafted to Victory this past week.

Fury: What a shame Jennifer!

Through the curtain comes Mikey and Mary Jane. Mikey is sitting in a wheelchair, being pushed by MJ. He is heavily bandaged. His head is covered in gauze. His arm is in a sling. He wears what appears to be a paper mache leg cast, sticking straight out in front of his chair. The bandaid on his cheek says "Ouch" written in black sharpie across it.

They stop at the top of the stage. Inside the ring is a man wearing a black plain singlet. He stands in one corner looking up at the ramp.

Williams: Well folks, I'm not sure what happened to Unlikely here. He was fine after Ace in the Hole last week, and I've heard no reports of any other incidents.

Fury: What are you insinuating Jennifer?

Williams: Nothing at all Dick, I just don't know what this is about.

Fury: Clearly Mikey tweaked an old injury and is feeling the effects.

Mary Jane reaches behind the wheelchair at the top of the ramp. Mikey waves to the fans gingerly but winces in pain when he lifts his arm. She brings up a microphone and waits a second as the music fades away. Mary speaks in her whiney voice.

Mary Jane: One week ago at Ring King, The man who sits before you, fought valiantly for the ultimate prize. A title shot at the World Champion. Now I know all of you were just as disappointed as I was when he was unable to get the briefcase down.

The fans boo in epic fashion showing their disdain for Mikey.

Mary Jane: Now is that any way to treat the greatest entertainer in the world today?

The boos only get louder. Mikey reaches up with his good arm and pulls her closer, he shakes his head and whispers in her ear.

Mary Jane: Mikey just reminded me oh so sweetly...

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She smiles at him with goo goo eyes. She looks back at the crowd in disgust.

Mary Jane: That each and every one of you here in Orlando are a bunch of ungratefults!

The roar was deafening. The fans break out in a "Mikey Sucks!, Mikey Sucks!" chant. Mary Jane waits for them to finish.

Fury: These people have no respect for class.

Williams: Dick, Mikey turned on his fans.

Fury: He did no such thing Jennifer, didn't you hear him last week? He just went into business for himself!

Williams: He sold his soul to the damn devil is what he did!

Fury: Tomato, Tamato!

Mary Jane folds her arms end over end in front of her. She rolls her eyes emphatically.

Mary Jane: Nevertheless, this great man, this strong man, has decided that his UTA Fans could not stand a week without Mikey! No, although they don't deserve to see Mikey, They paid the price of admission for that sole reason!

Williams: That's debatable.

Fury: Shhhhhh.

They start down the ramp slowly. She pushes the wheelchair, while holding the mic at the same time.

The fans all start reaching for them, as they always do behind the barricade.

Mary Jane: Well have no fear people! Mikey is here! He is a champion without rest, a fighter who needs no breaks! A man possessed with success!

They reach the bottom of the ramp and they stop just before the ring.

Mary Jane: Oh, Mikey? Did you want to say something.... She puts the microphone to his mouth...

Unlikely: Murrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

It is sarcastically awful. She smiles and brings the microphone to her face.

Fury: Dick thinks Mikey is really hurt, his trachea must be crushed Jennifer! Dick feels bad.

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Williams: Oh Please!

She locks the brakes on the chair before continuing.

Mary Jane: Now I know all of you here could care less about... that little crybaby... Will Haynes. The Wrestlezone crowd explodes at the mention of Will Haynes.

Mary Jane: Cheer all you want people. Will Haynes is not here tonight! He is still laying in the hospital broken by this man.

She points to Mikey. Waiting for a standing ovation that will never come.

Mary Jane: Not Mikey though! He is here to fight through the pain! To rise above injury and prevail! To stand in the face of adversity and win! Tonight Mikey Unlikely does what Will Haynes is too afraid to do! Mikey will wrestle injured!

With her help, Mikey stands up from the wheelchair. He walks with an awful limp on his bandaged leg, and uses only his left arm to pull himself up the ring steps. He finally makes it to the apron, and tries to lift his leg above the second rope. He quickly stops and then acts hurt again, as he rolls in and falls to the mat very awkwardly.

Fury: This man is so brave!

Williams: He's faking it Dick!

Fury: Prove it! This is a battered man, fighting for his pride!

Williams: Mikey is fighting for Mikey, it's the only person he cares about.

Fury: Do you blame the man?

Mikey stands in the corner, using the ropes for support still struggling as the ring announcer enters the ring and walks to the center.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentleman this next match is scheduled for one fall! Hailing from Orlando, Florida this is Billy The Kid!

The fans clap unconvincingly for the local wrestler as the ring announcer points to his left. He appears to be all of 18 years old, with no muscle definition. The young man climbs to the second turnbuckle and raises his arms. He is excited to be here.

Announcer: ... And his opponent. Weighing in at two hundred and...

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Before the ring announcer can finish Mikey runs full speed across the ring and levels the kid who was still waiting for the bell with a hellacious running forearm.

The bell rings.

Williams: Well this one is underway as Mikey drills Billy the Kid with that cheapshot. It looks like that cast Mikey has on his leg is broken and is falling off.

Fury: RUN MIKEY RUN!

Williams: Oh would you stop?

Fury: Stop what Jennay?

Mikey grabs the kid by the hair and whips him off the ropes, on the return Mikey catches him with a fluid standing dropkick. He now removes the rest of the fake cast and throws it outside the ring. He stands up and pulls the arm sling over his head and tosses it outside.

Williams: Mikey shedding that medical equipment now, proving my suspicions.

Fury: What a miraculous recovery! Dick's seeing unbelievable things tonight on Proving Grounds Jennifer!

Williams: Unbelievable is right.

The young man makes it back to his feet where he eats a couple right hands from Unlikely. Finally Billy blocks one and goes for a big swinging right of his own. Mikey ducks it but hooks the arm and wraps his other one around the waist of his opponent.

Williams: Half Nelson suplex from Mikey Unlikely. He wastes no time by following up with a standing leg drop to Billy the Kid right across the throat. The kid writhes on the ground as Mikey runs to the nearest turnbuckle and taunts the fans, who boo back at him.

Fury: These people wouldn't know a good thing if it hit them in the face!

Mikey steps down and sees the Kid getting up once again. Unlikely runs at him and attempts a clothesline, but Billy from Orlando ducks. Mikey on the return now, gets caught with a back elbow knocking him to the ground.

The fans explode as Billy gets a move of offense in.

Williams: Mikey wasn't expecting that one. Billy now wastes no time as he grabs Mikey who was getting up. Mikey kicks him in the gut breaking the offensive attempt. Irish whip! No reversed by the Kid! Mikey into the turnbuckle with authority! He holds his back, as his eyes go wide in surprise. Mikey looks very angry! He runs

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out of the corner! Spinning Wheel... no Billy ducks it as well!

The fans jump to their feet and laugh at Mikey. "Mikey Sucks" chants break out all over the arena. Mikey pounds the mat in frustration, and looks up at his opponent, who stands poised and ready. Unlikely grins and tries to compose himself. He gets up, dusts himself off, and starts talking to his opponent.

Fury: What's he saying, Jennifer?

Williams: I am unable to tell from here, but it looks like he is extending his arm for a handshake.

Fury: Mikey ever the sportsman!

Williams: Hardly!

Unlikely approached Billy slowly his arm extended. The Kid looks at him nervously and slowly sticks his hand out. Mikey can be seen saying "Nice Moves" as he nears. Just before they shake Mikey jumps and hits a standing enziguri on his opponent. Knocking Billy to the mat.

Williams: What a surprise!

Fury: Surprised Dick as well Jennifer!

Williams: I was being sarcastic.

Mikey grabs Billy by the hair and drags him to his feet. He hits him with some stiff forearms, before sending him off the ropes. On the return Unlikely jumps and hits a double leg clothesline that sends him down.

Mikey starts delivering boots. Over and over he stomps on his opponent. He mounts Billy MMA style and just starts dropping forearms into the face of the Kid.

Left, right, left, right, the elbows rain down in quick succession, The Kid doing everything he can to block, but is not finding much success.

Williams: The referee is trying to step in, but there is nothing he can do, these are legal forearms here from Unlikely. He won't quit, Mikey is a man possessed right now!

Fury: Dick thinks he sees some blood.

The camera switches angles to get a better look.

Williams: You are right Dick, it looks like Mikey has busted open the right eyebrow of Billy. Meanwhile he's been delivering those forearms for almost a full minute now.

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Fury: Poor Billy, Dick thinks he may give up on wrestling after this one.

Finally Unlikely stands up and yells, his forearms covered in blood. He picks Billy up by the hair, he is on spaghetti legs now. Mikey whips him into the turnbuckle and runs right after him. Just as Billy hits it and turns, Mikey delivers a nasty elbow to the face, that echoes out across the arena! Williams: Ohhhhhh Did you hear that Dick?

Fury: Dick thinks Hellen Keller heard that one.

Unlikely just pushes down Billy the Kid. There is no more smiles on the face of Mikey. He turns and pulls himself to the second rope, before giving the fans a certain arm gesture. He looks at his opponent and cocks a fist.

Williams: Unlikely off the second rope! Fist drop right between the eyes of his opponent. Mikey getting back up now. He is grabbing the legs of Billy the Kid, and turning him over.

Fury: The Backstory! This is it!

Williams: Indeed Mikey has his signature move locked in. The same move we saw him lock on Will Haynes the last time they were in a ring together! Billy taps! Billy taps!

The bell rings.

Announcer: Here is your winner. MIKEY UNLIKELLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Williams: Unlikely won't break the hold! The bell has rung and he holds on!

Fury: Sometimes you have to do more than beat someone Jennifer, sometimes you need to teach them a lesson!

Mikey releases the hold after some convincing by the referee. He walks over and takes the microphone from the announcer. He is sweating and breathing heavy.

He wipes his forehead and flings his hand to his side, tossing the perspiration around the ring. He points down at Billy the Kid.

Unlikely: This is what happens to people who stand in my way. This is what happens to those of you who STILL doubt me.

Mary Jane slowly makes her way up the ring steps smiling and clapping.

Unlikely: Here I am, competing week after week, while other people need "time to heal". Mary Jane steps under the bottom rope, and walks towards Mikey.

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Unlikely: Well you know what I think? I think Will Haynes is a coward! The fans boo excessively.

Unlikely: Yea, You heard me. You can all keep booing at me or keep cheering when I say his name, because it won't make a difference. WILL HAYNES IS NOT HERE! The Thrill, has abandoned his fans.

He points around in a circle at the fans.

Unlikely: Each and every one of you were fooled. Each of you were given false comfort that you had a real hero in the UTA. Someone to stand up against Dynasty! Yet every week we prove otherwise.

Mary Jane whispers into Mikey's ear, as she rests two hands on his shoulder.

Unlikely: Now the word on the street is that Will Haynes is coming back sooner than people think. I say "Why not now?". All of the ungratefals here in Orlando tonight would love to see me put him right back in the hospital.

He looks directly into the camera.

Unlikely: I'm waiting Will... I'm waiting on you! Each and every week you are not here, I will make an example of someone! Each week you miss Will, means bad news for someone you care about. Each week I stand alone in this ring, you can blame yourself for what happens.

Mikey drops the mic as Blunt Blowin hits the PA System. He and Mary Jane make their way out of the ring as the scene fades.

Brought to You By

That Wasn't Nice!

We cut to Mikey Unlikely walking down a backstage hallway. He is peeling the tape off of his wrists. He has since put on a Dynasty t-shirt, but still in his ring gear otherwise. He passes a random stagehand who says hello. Mikey glares at him and keeps on moving.

Finally someone comes into the screen who catches his attention. Mikey stops and looks up at the man, and stops. He raises an eyebrow.

Unlikely: You are in my way.

Murray: Well that's no way to greet a stranger.

Cayle Murray, back in the wrestlers' area after mingling with the fans earlier, lets a smile stretch across his face and extends a hand.

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Murray: Cayle Murray. Looking forward to facing you in a couple of weeks, lad. Equal parts bewildered and disgusted, Mikey looks down at Cayle's hand.

Unlikely: ... are you joking?

Murray: Yeah, that's what I thought would happen. The Scot retracts his gesture.

Murray: At least I gave you a chance. I figured there might've at least been a shred of decency left in you -- that maybe you weren't completely lost to ego and megalomania, but no. You're gone.

Cayle nods.

Murray: As you were.

The Scot tries to turn and walk away, but Mikey Unlikely's hand on his shoulder prevents him from going anywhere.

Unlikely: Woah woah, I don't know if you kn...scratch that. I know that you know who I am. How could you not? I am THE World's Greatest Entertainer. People don't just walk away from me. I'm kind of a big deal.

Unlikely shrugs 'humbly'. Before pointing at Cayle.

Unlikely: Now you, on the other hand. You I do not know. You said it was Stale Murray?

Murray: Cayle.

Unlikely nodding, reaches over and puts an arm on his shoulder.

Unlikely: Ok well, Gayle. If you just watched what just happened in the ring, Than you know it's in your best interest to pull a Will Haynes and stay home in two weeks at Victory. I would hate to leave you with medical payments.

Mikey pats his shoulder and gives a faux smile, he tries to walk off this time. Cayle is having none of it, he reaches out and grabs Mikey's shoulder much like Mikey did his. The fans can be heard cheering in the arena, tensions rise a little.

Murray: You are quite the piece of work, lad.

Unlikely: Thanks. I try...

Murray: I don't know how you can look yourself in the mirror, Mikey. All the stuff you've done lately? I don't even know where to begin, quite frankly.

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Mikey folds his arms across his chest and allows the smirk to form naturally.

Unlikely: Oh, you've seen my handiwork? That's nice. Why don't you tell me your favourite Mikey Unlikely moment from the past few weeks, Gayle? Perhaps it was when I did everyone a favour and dumped Will Haynes straight out of the UTA the other week? Maybe when I helped my teammate win Ace in the Hole? Or maybe it was tonight, when I overcame a career-threatening injury to defy the odds--

The Scot has heard enough.

Murray: Enough. Will Haynes might not be here to defend himself tonight, but I am. And really, I was hoping it wouldn't come to this: I thought maybe you'd show some remorse for what you did. His tempo increases.

Murray: You pounced on Haynes like a rabid hyena after Dane had already done the dirty work, then you took an already wounded man and tossed him off the stage. You sent him to hospital, Mikey! You put him on the shelf, took away his livelihood and stopped him from making a living... and you tell me you're proud of this?

Cayle shakes his head. Mikey smiles widely more and more after everything Cayle says. He likes it! Hey Mikey!

Murray: I barely recognise you from the bright, lively competitor I used to watch on television months ago, and it doesn't just make me angry: it makes me sad.

Unlikely: That bright and lively competitor you speak of wasn't going anywhere. He was a shadow amongst men. You know what changed Gayle? Do you really wanna know? SUCCESS! He puts one finger up, emphasising his point.

Unlikely: It gave me new motivation, it gave me an edge I've never had before. I realized its not always about doing the 'right thing'. No! In fact, all that matters is the end result. Its money, fame, and power. No one cares how you get there.

He puts his arm down and looks at Cayle with a face that says "see?".

Unlikely: That tip is free. The next one is going to cost ya.

Murray: On the contrary, Mikey: maybe you need to think about what all this is costing you. Cayle says no more: just leaves Mikey Unlikely with a firm nod before brushing past and heading down the corridor. Mikey is fuming. The scene fades.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the stage. The video screen lights up, a Texas flag flashes across the screen 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.

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Williams: Stevens is looking to rebound here in tonight's main event, after losing a well contested match up against Lisil Jackson at the last Proving Ground.

Fury: Well if one is in need of a rebound, this Montgomery is the perfect guy to be across the ring from.

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 out into the audience.

Announcer: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture are his only actions, as he steps down onto the mat, turning back to face the stage.

Williams: Stevens opponent, Skylar Montgomery is making his return to UTA, with hopes of this time sustaining a run in the company.

Fury: I hope he is one and done...

The infectious opening cry of Papa Roach's Last Resort serenades the arena as 'Suicidal' Skylar Montgomery steps out onto the stage, pushing a shopping cart filled with various items. The fans in attendance immediately erupt with hatred upon the sight of SkyMont.

Williams: Why in the world does he have a shopping cart full of potential weapons?

Fury: Oh, Dick doesn't know. Maybe it's because this guy CAN'T wrestle?

SkyMont walks down the ramp, pushing the cart that looks like he just raided a hardware store. The fans begin to toss whatever trash they can get their hands on, most of it being food scraps and drinks, but Montgomery seems to embrace the hatred. That is, until a soda explodes across his face, causing him to freak out.

Announcer: Hailing from London, England, Standing at 6 foot 1 inches and weighing in at 190 pounds...

Skylar keeps moving down the ramp, wiping away the excess syrupy liquid from his face. He

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continues to shout back at the crowd, who really love to hate this guy.

Announcer: SUICIDAL SKY-LAR MONT-GOM-ER-RRRRYYYYY!

As Last Resort cuts out, the referee is leaning against the ropes, shouting at Skylar that this isn't a 'No DQ' match. Ignoring the ref's instructions, he proceeds to remove the weapons from his shopping cart, tossing them one by one into the ring.

Williams: What is he doing?

Fury: Dick's not sure HE knows what he is doing, Jennifer?

As the referee does his best to remove the weapons as they enter the ring, an amused Stevens stops the ref from removing the foreign objects. After a brief exchange, the ref shrugs his shoulders, before making his way over to the announcer.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, I've just been informed that tonight's main event, as requested and agreed upon by both competitors, has been made a no disqualification match! The crowd erupts as the announcement is made, the idea of SkyMount possibly being throttled with weapons music to their ears.

Williams: Stevens with the 'ah screw it' moment, telling the ref to just go with it.

Fury: Dick's actually excited now! Maybe Stevens can do everyone a favor here...

The announcement is met with excitement from SkyMont. Eagerly sliding into the ring, he doesn't notice that Stevens already has one of the steel chairs he tossed into the ring. As soon as Montgomery is to his feet...

CRACK!

Williams: Oh my lord! What a vicious chair shot to the head.

Fury: YES!

DING! DING! DING!

Williams: The match is officially underway, as SkyMont, well...

Fury: Could possibly unconscious in the middle of the ring.

The fans erupt with enthusiasm as Stevens raises both arms in the air.

A rumbling begins in the crowd that soon becomes very clear...

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THANK YOU STEVENS! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP! THANK YOU STEVENS! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Stevens picks up the chair he dropped, and looks at the head sized dent in the seat of it. He raises it to the audience, who are still serenading him. He lays it back down onto the mat, walking over to SkyMont.

Williams: What is he doing? Why isn't he pinning him?

Fury: Cockroaches don't die that easy, Jennifer.

Stevens drags Montgomery over towards the mangled chair, who struggles to make it to his knees. Stevens shoves his head between his legs, grabbing onto the back of SkyMont's pants, pulling him to his feet.

Williams: It looks like he is going for the Spike Piledriver finish on the steel chair!

Fury: Again, Dick says YES!

Williams: Hold on a minute...

Skylar drops down to one knee, simultaneously thrusting his right arm upwards between Stevens legs.

Williams: Low blow!

Fury: Dick felt that one.

SkyMont scurries over to his pile of toys while Stevens is bent over, clutching his precious privates. Montgomery pounces to his feet, with a light tube in hand.

One swift thrust downwards and...

POP!

The mercury filled light tube explodes upon impact with Stevens back, who winces in obvious discomfort. Little shards are embedding into his flesh, as blood droplets begin to formulate.

Fury: Damnit Stevens!

SkyMont already has another fluorescent tube in his hand, lining Stevens up. As he stands more vertical, a sideways swing brings the tube crashing into Stevens rib cage.

POP!

Williams: Montgomery is thriving under the lack of rules.

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Fury: It's the only real shot he has inside a ring, to be honest.

More shards are embedded into Stevens flesh, more blood droplets emerge. Upon the explosion of the second tube, this time he lets out a small shout of pain. The fans who are moments removed from cheering, now boo loudly in unison.

Williams: Not again!

Fury: Dick wants to know why Stevens is just standing there?

A third in hand, SkyMont appears as if he could do this all day. He swings violently for a third time, and as the white glass is about to make contact with Stevens bare flesh yet again, he dodges the tube, avoiding the pop of it's explosion.

Fury: Swing and a miss!

Montgomery's momentum takes him spinning on spot in a three sixty, and upon finishing his full rotation, is taken off his feet with a clothesline across the throat. The light tube in hand flies across the ring, breaking as it hits the canvas.

Williams: Look at the look in Stevens eyes.

Fury: Hopefully he will pull the rag out now and get going with doing Dick and everyone else a solid.

Reaching down and grabbing onto the back waist of SkyMont's pants, the angry Texan pulls him up with ease. As he reaches both feet, Stevens clutches his arms around Montgomery's thin waist, and quickly snaps back onto the glass littered canvas.

Williams: Belly to back suplex onto all that broken glass!

SkyMont seems to oddly enjoy the glass pieces stuck in his back, while at the same time seeming to be slightly bothered by it. Stevens back to his feet, stalks his crawling opponent. As he starts to get up, Stevens quickly locks his arms up, again hoisting him up with ease.

Fury: Double underhook suplex!

Williams: Stevens looks hell bent on making SkyMont regret stepping into the ring with him.

Fury: That is all Dick wanted from Stevens.

Stevens stands tall and proud, as Skylar tries to get back to his feet. Finally getting up, he stumbles about, trying to shake the cobwebs free, before backing into Stevens. A quick club to the back of the head sends him leaning forward, and The Scorpion is quick to pull SkyMont's right arm between his legs, followed by

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hooking the left.

Williams: Pumphandle slam! My goodness, Stevens is turning this into a suplex exhibition. Fury: And every time Montgomery's body hits the mat, even more glass makes it's way inside him.

After three consecutive, hard hitting suplex variations, Stevens decides to drape himself over the battered hardcore wrestler. The referee drops down for the count.

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KICKOUT!

At the last possible millisecond, Skylar is able to get a shoulder barely off the canvas. Stevens sheds the slightest smile, almost as if to welcome the idea of inflicting more punishment on this unusual opponent.

Fury: Dick is happy he kicked out. Dick isn't ready to see this beating end yet.

Williams: Say what you will about SkyMont, you have to give him credit for his resiliency here. Rolling over onto his stomach, Skylar pushes himself up to his hands and knees while Stevens has rolled through, bouncing up. While reaching down to grab onto Skylar's mop, Skylar swipes his hand across the mat, collecting what glass he can palm. As he stands up, he pushes off Stevens to create distance, followed by tossing the glass into his face.

Williams: Stevens is down to a knee, violently trying to wipe away the shards near his eyes. While Stevens struggles to avoid getting the glass in his eyes, SkyMont is already outside the ring, the apron lifted up and his head shoved underneath. After a few moments of rummaging about, he backs out with a table in tow, shoving it into the ring.

Williams: Things just keep escalating in this match.

Fury: How Stevens keeps letting Montgomery get back into this match baffles me.

Stevens is positioned into a corner, his eyes red, but he appears to have safely protected his vision. SkyMont pops up onto the apron, and as he pokes his head through the middle and top rope to try and enter, Stevens sprints forward....

THWACK!

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Fury: Knee Trembler!

Williams: SkyMont crashes hard to the outside.

Skylar flies backwards off the apron, landing on top of his near empty shopping cart, tipping it over in the process. Stevens is quick to grab onto the table now in the ring, wedging it vertically in the corner.

As he rolls out of the ring, the crowd has begun another chant.

WE WANT TABLES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP! WE WANT TABLES! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Williams: The crowd is really getting into this.

Fury: They want tables, Dick wants SkyMont to never show his face again.

Williams: Well you're going to have to get used to him Dick, after all, he was drafted to Victory.

Fury: WHAT!?

Stevens rolls SkyMont into the ring, and pops up onto the apron. As he splits the ropes and enters the ring, he is quickly met with a hard forearm smash from Montgomery. As Stevens staggers backwards into the ropes, he rebounds forward with...

Fury: Clothesline!

Williams: He ducked out of the way.

SkyMont flows through behind Stevens, and like a parasite, attaches himself onto Stevens back, locking in an illegal, but now legal, chokehold.

Williams: Stevens is struggling.

Fury: DAMNIT STEVENS!

SkyMont wraps his legs around Stevens waist, and puts everything he has into choking Stevens. His face going red, out of desperation Stevens stumbles backwards, slamming Montgomery into the corner turnbuckles.

Williams: SkyMont is not letting go!

Stevens walks forward to the center of the ring, and glances over to his right, noticing the table he has wedged in its corner. The light bulb turns bright, and Stevens runs backwards as fast as he can with intention of driving himself and Montgomery through the table.

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CRASH!

Williams: SkyMont bailed out at the last second! Stevens crashes hard through the table.

Fury: How is this match still going on!?

Laying on top of the shattered pieces of lumber that once was a table, Stevens is positioned uncomfortable in the corner. SkyMont is quick begin stomping on Stevens chest, every thrust downward sucking what air Stevens has in his lungs out. Abandoning the onslaught, Montgomery pulls Stevens out by his right leg, quickly pouncing on the fallen Texan.

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. KICKOUT!

Williams: Stevens gets the shoulder up!

Fury: Dick isn't a fan of SkyMont, but Dick is slightly impressed he is still alive in this match... Skylar is quick to his feet, and is just as quick to the corner. Climbing up top, he turns himself around, facing Stevens, who is slowly making his way vertical.

Williams: SkyMont is known for his high risk, high reward maneuvers.

Fury: There usually is very little reward to such moves...

Stevens to his feet now, turns around to a 190 pounder flying in his direction. With cat like reflexes, Stevens snatches him out of the air, firmly locking his grip on a now flailing SkyMont. Williams: What strength by Stevens!

Fury: Dick told you so...

The fans cheer as an intense Stevens marches around the ring with SkyMont gripped horizontally across his chest. The dented chair that lay in the center of the ring catches his attention, and he points down to it as the fans cheers grow.

Williams: I wonder what he has in mind here?

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Fury: Hopefully something painful.

With much ease, Stevens pops SkyMont up onto his shoulder, not giving him any chance to break the strong grip he has on his midsection. Backing into the corner, Montgomery throws body blows that do nothing to deter Stevens intentions. Letting out a roar to the crowd, Stevens runs forward before snapping SkyMont through...

Williams: What a running bodyslam onto that chair!

Fury: Very painful! Dick approves!

Stevens is up, playing up the crowd who applaud in unanimous approval. SkyMont screams out in pain as his back is arched, his limbs locked up, pressing through the mat. Turning his attention back to SkyMont, Stevens stares down at his battered opponent.

Williams: I'm sensing Stevens could be looking to lock this one up now.

Fury: Not yet! More Stevens! MORE!

Like a lethal predator, Stevens circles his prey who slowly makes his way to his feet. As Montgomery stands up, his back arched as a result of the prior slam, his back is to Stevens. Stevens, uses his left foot to position the Steel chair in between them, as SkyMont slowly turns around...

Williams: TOXIC STING!

Fury: ON THE CHAIR! Thank You Stevens, Dick's good now.

Stevens rolls Montgomery on his back, laying on top of him with a forearm resting across his jaw. 1

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DING! DING! DING!

The crowd erupts as the referees hand slaps the mat for the third time. The intensity of their cheers could be a love of Stevens, a hatred for Montgomery, or a combination of the two.

Regardless, they are clearly happy with the outcome as Stevens stands in the middle of the ring, hands

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raised victorious.

Announcer: The winner of this match by way of pinfall, SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
STEEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Williams: Stevens with a big victory tonight to close out Proving Ground.

Fury: I wouldn't say big victory so much as, well, just a victory I suppose.

Williams: It wasn't a technical showcase by any means, but it was a very entertaining, hard hitting contest.

Fury: And if it's the last time Dick saw SkyMont, Dick would be happy to remember him this way. As Scott Stevens celebrates the copyright comes up and we fade to black.