

Late Night D: 05.10.2014

May 10, 2014 | Studio

LATE NIGHT D

As the stream begins to play, a studio band begins to play an instrumental version of My Dick by Mickey Avalon. The camera pans across a small studio audience who are clapping and cheering before zooming across the Late Night D stage, resting on it.

Through the curtains, Dick Fury comes out, note cards in hand. The studio claps even more as he rocks a nice white suit set topped off with a red shirt. Dick raises his hands to quiet the audience, smiling as he stands.

Fury: Thank you, thank you. You're too kind.

Finally the clapping subsides as Dick adjust the cards.

Fury: Welcome everybody to Late Night D.

More clapping before Dick raises his hand to quiet them.

Fury: Tonight Dick has a very special guest. But first... your weekly top ten...

Dick briefly glances at the note cards before tossing them to the side and thrusting his hips out while pointing to his crotch area. More clapping. Dick gives a cheesy grin before turning and heading around his desk and sitting down.

He adjust himself, taking a sip from the mug filled with what we can only suspect is Irish coffee his assistant had prepared for him. As he sits the mug down, he nods off screen as if saying that this is good.

Fury: Thank you everybody for being with Dick tonight. He has a very special guest joining him shortly. This guest is a champion in the World Wrestling Alliance.

A small Cashe chant breaks out. Dick raises his hand to calm them down.

Fury: No, no.. Not Jason Cashe.

A small Jackson chant begins. Onces again, Dick motions for the fans to stop.

Fury: Not Sean Jackson either.

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Dick smiles big.

Fury: This champion is close to Dick, as he is currently undefeated and next week... Dick Fury will take that streak and wipe his balls with it.

The fans clap and cheer.

Fury: That's right.. Coming right up is Valor Championship Wrestling's own.. Lew Smith.

Cheers, claps, and a few boos as Dick turns and looks into the camera.

Fury: We'll be right back with Lew Smith. Don't go anywhere.

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

Fury: Do you like Dick?

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

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

Another **YES** swoops in from the side of screen and continues as it heads out the other side.

Fury: Then put Dick on your chest! That's right. For the low price of twenty nine ninety five you too can join the millions who have already put Dick on their chest and purchase of the two new Dick Fury t-shirts!

We get a shot of the shirts.

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

A number comes across the screen.

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

We switch to a busty blonde woman wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Woman: I love Dick!

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

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Man: I really... REALLY.. like Dick.

We head back to Fury.

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

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

As we return to the show the fans clap and Dick holds his hand up.

Fury: Alright ladies and gentlemen lets bring out Valor Championship Wrestling champion, Lew Smith!

He stands up and claps as a stage hand assist Smith to the stage. Lew stops and looks around at the brightly colored... everything. He shakes his head as he obviously thought he was going to a different show. Lew heads over as Dick motions to the chair beside his desk.

Fury: Please, sit down.

After a few moments both men sit down and the crowd calms down. Lew looks around, still taking in all of the color.

Smith: This isn't the Jimmy Fallon show is it?

Dick laughs.

Fury: This is Late Night with D. Thank you for coming on Lew.

Smith: I was told it was Jimmy Fallon's show.

Fury grins.

Fury: Lew Smith everybody, what a joker.

Smith: I'm not joking. They told me..

Fury: So Lew, how long have you been a professional wrestler?

Lew leans forward, sits his arms up on his knees and rests his chin on his fists. Humming before answering.

Smith: Overall, I would have to say anywhere between five to seven years? Not all of it active but still a professional wrestler. Dating back to the old fed I was in, EWA, maybe you've heard of it? Maybe not? Even so, it was back a good few years and then I was out of action for about two, three years.

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Lew moves back into his seat and gets comfortable. Dick looks at him, just glaring as if he is amazed Lew is still answering.

Smith: Then I joined VCW.

Fury: Mmm hmmm. What brought you to Valor Championship Wrestling?

Lew ponders the question briefly and looks up then back at Fury.

Smith: An old buddy of mine who, shall I say, coached, rather than managed me got in contact and told me he had found the perfect fed for me after my down time.

Dick pounds his head on his desk as Lew continues to talk.

Smith: I wasn't doing to well for money and health and so he kinda gave me that second chance to get back on my feet and work my way back to how and who I was back then. Two, three years of slacking and hibernating does horrible things to the body and mind. But thanks to him and James Ranger for offering me the spot in VCW, I am now me again. Or an improved me.

Fury: How did you feel when you became champion?

Smith: Lew: "Ha, wow. Where do I even begin?"

Fury: Hopefully at the end, after all of irrelevant stuff.

Smith: What?

Fury: Nothing, go on.

Lew leans back even more, stretching his body out against the seat, then returning to sitting position with a great big smile on his face.

Smith: First off, the whole disappearance of David GS.

Fury: Who?

Smith: David GS.

Fury: Right... him.

Dick uses his fingers to pretend he has a gun, putting to his temple and pulling the trigger.

Smith: He was literally no where to be seen. I had been hoping to see him for a very long time as he was in

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the roster of EWA but I never got to see him until the match after the Pay Per View. Another one of my opponents decided it was a good idea to concede the chance of winning by trying to sort out his personal affairs with his trainer and the other guy who was in the ring with me.

Dick just looks at the crowd, putting his hands through his hair, amazed that Lew is still talking.

Smith: It turned from a fatal four way for the title into a singles match. It didn't take me much work to get the gold but I think it was because the better of the three guys was missing and the other two were just too preoccupied with other matters than the VCW Championship Title. I took that opportunity and here I stand as the VCW Champion.

Lew stands up and raises his arms as to celebrate and relive that moment that he won. Fury drops his head in his hands.

Smith: In saying that, at first, I was very confused. But as soon as I won, and the cheers roared and that belt was passed to me, I felt absolutely ecstatic and nostalgic. I have won a few titles back in EWA and only having had two matches before Pay Per View and winning in VCW Championship basically within a month or so of joining, I am the face of VCW and hopefully a recognizable and respectable character now in UTA. Secondly, I don't think that feeling since I won has left me. Just lots of overwhelming joy.

Dick raises his head from his hands, seeing that Lew is done answering.

Smith: How does it feel to be undefeated?

Lew chuckles lightly.

Smith: Ha! Well, I'm not technically undefeated. My debut match was a loss, and of course all debut matches in smaller feds for small town wrestlers are losses, just so they can introduce themselves to the company. They're not gunna come in here to dominate and be like 'oh, I'm the new guy and I'm just amazing and brilliant!' No, that's not how it works. Although, for my first match I let it be a loss. As you can see from my current record and streak, I've had four matches, one loss and three wins. Three winning streak and a title to boot. So, in a way, I'm not really undefeated and I'm never going to be undefeated. Just what I want everyone to take into account now is that, yeah, I'm not undefeated, but I'm not defeatable. I explained this after my first match, if I lose, it's because I either see great potential in my opponent who deserves a win and a turn in the spotlight or I have bigger things in mind."

Lew leans forward and squints his eyes.

Smith: But sorry Dick, as I look at you now with your rather quaint attitude and strange pink atmosphere, I don't see much potential in you...and I don't have any plans for you...

Dick raises his head up from where he had been pretending to be asleep on his desk.

Fury: Huh, what?

He looks over at Lew and turns his head to the side.

Fury: How does it feel knowing you're going to be handed your first loss to Dick Fury, a new guy in the company.

Lew leans back and gives a readying look at Fury. Pouting ever so slightly.

Smith: Handed my loss? I'm sorry but when was a standard, low-rate wrestler like you ever going to 'hand' a loss to a champion? I think these pink walls are seriously giving you this demented delusion of you beating me. Maybe not even ever. I think it's time we wrapped this up.

Fury: Good.

Smith: Yea, good!

They both stand up.

Smith: I don't know who you think you are...

Fury: Who Dick is? Look at you. You're a boring, sad excuse for a champion.

Smith: Sad excuse for a champion?

Fury walks around his desk, standing in front of it.

Fury: Yea.

Lew steps up, both men face to face.

Smith: Watch your mouth Fury.

Fury: Or what?

Smith: Or, I'm goi...

In one swift move, Fury swoops up the mug from his desk with his right hand, and brings it across, smashing it into Lew Smith's head. Lew stumbles back, falling down to the chair, holding his head. Fury slides his arm out of his jacket, yanking it off of his other and throwing it down into Lew's face. He turns to the crowd and holds his arms up before grabbing his collar and ripping his shirt open.

The ladies scream.

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Fury walks off of the stage as the camera zooms in on Smith still holding his head. He puts his hands up to cover his face from being seen as we quickly cut to the *Late Night D* logo before fading out.

Show Credits

Segment: "LATE NIGHT D" - Written by Ben.

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