

Victory: XIII

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VICTORY

Victory XIII

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Untelevised, Untelevised (seats)

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of by James Brown begins. The logo pulses until we get to the first chorus. As it fades out we get a shot of screaming fans. We pan across, getting a good luck at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly a series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The theme music continues to go off as the camera changes angles. We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul.

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. 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 gentleman to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA Dot Com! I'm Jennifer Williams and joining me as my new partner here on Victory Dick Fury! Welcome back to the booth Dick.

Fury: How could Dick miss an opportunity to be near a beautiful angle like yourself?

Williams: Why thank you.

Fury: Dick wants to be on you.

Williams: What?

Fury: Can Dick be on you?

Williams: Wait.. huh?

Fury: Lets blow this gig off and go get a room.

Jennifer sits in shock for a few moments before continuing.

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Williams: Well... umm... Fans, Victory will be another great show tonight as we have a couple of debut matches to bring to you, highlighted by our increasingly popular women's division here in the UTA.

Fury: Dick loves the ladies.

Williams: I'm sure you do. As always, Victory streams exclusively here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com.

As we return to the ring, both men are already ready for the match to begin.

Williams: Travis Lewin and The Teacher, Harry Eastman making their UTA debuts here tonight on Victory.

Fury: Who?

Williams: Two new superstars here in the UTA, hoping to make their mark.

Fury: No, Dick means who as in he doesn't know who they are and doesn't care.

Williams: Well that's no way to look at things. Who knows? One of these two here could be a future champion!

Fury: Doubtful.

Williams: Well, we're about to find out what they have to offer as we get ready for this match to begin.

The bell sounds to start the match and the two men quickly lock up.

Williams: Collar to elbow tie up to start things off. Harry Eastman takes control, pulling Travis Lewin into a side headlock.

As Harry tightens his grip, Lewin struggles, but is unable to move.

Williams: Travis Lewin caught in the headlock.

Fury: He's not going anywhere anytime soon.

Williams: Well, maybe not. Lewin attempting to pry Harry Eastman's fingers from their tight grip. If he can get free, he may be able to capitalize on the brief window he opens up.

Harry once again reset the hold, foiling the attempt by Lewin.

Williams: Lewin going another route now, as he sends an elbow into the ribs of Harry Eastman.

Lewin elbows Eastman's ribs a second time, causing him to loosen his grip. He pushes back, out of the

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headlock, rolling to the left and around behind Eastman, locking his arms around his waist.

Williams: Belly to back hold by Travis Lewin.

Fury: Good time for him to take a bit of a breather.

Harry Eastman quickly grabs the hands of Lewin, and begins to pry them from each other. His arms shake as he pulls Lewin's out to the sides before taking a twisting step up and turning into Lewin, facing him before quickly grabbing Lewin around the waist, and lifting.

Williams: Belly to belly suplex by Harry Eastman sends Lewin hard into the canvas.

Lewin sits up, holding his back for a brief moment, before turning over and getting to his feet as Harry Eastman gets to his as well.

Williams: Eastman charges Lewin and is caught by an arm drag.

Harry quickly rolls over and up, charging Lewin again.

Williams: Another arm drag by Travis Lewin who is using Harry' Eastman's own momentum to send him to the mat.

Both men quickly get to their feet again and rush each other.

Williams: Lewin ducks a clothesline attempt

Lewin continues on, hitting the ropes and returning, as Harry Eastman just turns around and bends down, in hopes to catch him on the return.

Williams: Travis Lewin off the ropes, on the return... running knee lift into the face of Harry Eastman.

Fury: Well the rumors are true. Harry Eastman takes it in the face.

Williams: That's gross.

Fury: What?

Eastman falls backward, holding his face, as Lewin throws his arms out to the side and poses for the booing crowd.

Williams: Being cocky doesn't win matches.

Fury: It won all of Dick's matches.

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Williams: I couldn't have guessed from your crushing loss to The Second Coming.

After he finishes celebrating, Travis Lewin reaches down to grab the legs of Harry Eastman. However, Harry has recovered enough to kick Lewin in the face, causing him to stumble back.

Williams: Tick for tack as Harry Eastman returns the favor with a kick to the face.

Harry rolls over and gets to his feet. Lewin shakes the kick off and sprints forward, leaping up with his legs out.

Williams: Dropkick to the knees of Harry Eastman.

Fury: Don't hurt his knees! That's how he earns his money!

Williams: You are just filthy Dick.

Fury: There is nothing dirty about Dick.

Lewin gets to his feet. He bends down and lifts Harry up. As Eastman is halfway up, Lewin brings a forearm down across his back.

Williams: Forearm to the back of Harry Eastman.

Harry goes to a knee. As Lewin begins to lift again, Eastman reaches forward and grabs his legs, yanking back.

Williams: Harry Eastman able to send Lewin to the canvas.

Still holding his legs, Harry begins to stomp Lewin.

Williams: Vicious stomps to the inner leg of Lewin.

Fury: Dick still cringes anytime someone lifts someone's legs and stomps.

Eastman drops Lewin's legs and heads to the side of him, coming down with a knee.

Williams: Knee drop to the ribs of Travis Lewin.

As Lewin holds his side and gasp for a breath, Harry now heads above him, standing over his head. He reaches down, grabbing Lewin's arms and lifting them up and out before coming down and placing a knee into the center of his back.

Williams: Harry Eastman now stretching Lewin, pushing into him with his knee.

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Fury: This could easily become a submission maneuver if Lewin can not get free.

Williams: He is fighting, but Harry just pulls his arms back more, applying even more pressure into his back.

Lewin screams in pain as the referee ask if he wants to submit. Lewin shakes his head violently no, as he continues to try and escape.

Williams: Both men in the middle of the ring, Lewin has no place to go.

Harry pulls his knee back a bit before slamming it forward with force. Lewin yells again, wenching in extreme pain.

Williams: Harry Eastman showing a mean streak as he continues to torture Lewin in this opening bout.

Eastman pulls his leg back yet again, bringing it into the back of Lewin. However, this time he releases his opponent, letting Lewin hit the mat. He holds his back and kicks his legs as Harry Eastman stands from a kneeling position.

Williams: Harry Eastman looking to put a weakened Travis Lewin out.

Fury: There's no way Travis Lewin is going to be able to come back in this match. Just no way.

Williams: Eastman pulling Lewin to his feet.

He grabs Lewin's left arm and sends him into the ropes. As he returns, Harry throws a leg out, catching Lewin in the face.

Williams: Big boot by Harry Eastman. Lewin is out cold.

Fury: This one is over.

Williams: Harry Eastman now lifting Lewin back to his feet.

He locks his arm around Travis' head, and grabs his tights before lifting him up. Eastman holds Lewin up a bit before falling back and dropping Travis on his head with a brain buster.

Williams: Harry Eastman calls that the F Grade. Now covering Travis Lewin, this one is over.

The referee slides down and begins his count. As his hand hits for the third time the bell begins to sound.

Williams: Big win in his debut match here on Victory. Harry Eastman setting the tempo for matches to come.

Fury: He was alright.

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Williams: Alright? Eastman brought it tonight.

Fury: Dick's seen better.

Williams: Yea, yea. Just be happy for him won't you?

Fury: No.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... HARRY... EASSSTTTMMMAANNNN!!!!

Williams: Way to go Harry.

Dick: Hell, you like hairy? Dick's hairy. That mean you like Dick?

Jennifer just looks at her partner as we fade out.

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The camera pans up to an unknown room. It seems to be a dark room; draped in the background is the flag of Iraq. Underneath it hanging in criss cross fashion are two scimitars.

The camera slowly zooms out from being located on the flag, to the whole room. A figure is seen sitting in the middle of the room. He is tied to a chair and is blindfolded. He is wearing the uniform of a United States Marine Corp member.

Two figures stomps into the centre of the room; they are both dressed in combat fatigues and have their faces covered with Arabic headscarves.

The first of these men stands in front of the other. He swings his head from side to side, his glare from behind the headscarf drilling into the UTA viewers watching from their living rooms and the arena.

Man: Allah Akbar. We are here to show you the UTA viewers and the world that we are more than what we seem. You think we are racial stereotypes that will take anything you throw at us? You look at us and you see a couple of terrorists who would do anything for their ideals. You see us and you condemn us for the actions we take. But how different from what you think of us are we? Do you really know us? Do you know what it is like to be thought of just because we are different? You American's sit in your living rooms viewing us on your television sat on your sofas in your food stained clothing that we are terrorists?

He walks around the man on the chair.

Man: You think because we are different from you that you are better than us? You treat the rest of the world like your very own personal play pen. You treat us like things that you have wiped off of your shoes. You think of us as lesser beings than you. But times have to change. If we allow you to get away with it now it will be a

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vicious circle. If you think of us as terrorist why don't we play you at your own game? Could you take it? Would you be cowering in your house, unable to go out without fearing the reprisal of armed forces wandering your streets? How do you think we felt in Iraq with your thugs on our streets?

He puts his hand on the shoulder of the man tied to the chair.

Man: It is the anniversary of the formation of your United States Marine Corp. November 1775 was a year for a reckoning of sorts. If we were really terrorists we would have taken the scimitar off of the wall and beheaded this infidel for sins against Allah. Do you not want to treat us like you have not done yourselves. Did you feel pity for the British Soldiers that you sent back in coffins during your fight for Independence? Why should we feel guilty for what happens to your invading forces. Who cares that we send you troops back in one piece or worse, in a body bag; for we are like the French Resistance and you are like the Nazi invaders.....

With one hand, he reaches up and pulls the scarf free from his face. His beard is cut prim and proper. It is Abdul Bin Hussain. The other man takes off his scarf also; it is Rafiq, Abdul's obese associate.

Abdul removes the fatigue top and with the scarf lays them over a black chair; with his back to the camera he reveals his scarred upper torso. He sits on the chair and stares into the camera. He turns to Rafiq.

Abdul: It is well documented that it is not the Arabian Nations that the world should be afraid of; it is the United States of Mediocre. Not only is its last leader, the leader of one of the most powerful nations on the planet not in complete control of his mental faculties but it is a nation built of bullying and scare tactics but it's latest one thinks he can save the world too. You send your forces around the planet to save it. Those Marines of yours tried to bully the world but failed in the ways.

He caresses his beard.

Abdul: You see, Yugoslavia, Japan, Vietnam, Indonesia, Afghanistan, China, North Korea, Guatemala, Cuba, Congo, Peru, Libya, Iraq, Laos, Cambodia, Grenada, Panama, Bosnia, Sudan, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Somalia.....What have these countries all got in common?

Rafiq shrugs his shoulders.

Rafiq: I don't know?

Abdul: What have these places in common I hear you ask? They have 8 million things in common. 8 Millions Dead among those 22 nations and why? Why you ask? All of those countries have been bombed in the last 60 years by a country that thinks that it is better than everyone? A country that thinks it can dictate its ways to the rest of the world. How naive of them to think we would take it.

Rafiq: Really? But they believe they are doing the right thing?

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Abdul: Rafiq, let this infidel go.

Rafiq undoes the ropes and takes off the blindfold. The man puts his hand out to Abdul. Abdul looks at it with disdain and then nods at Rafiq. Rafiq hands the man a crisp 100 dollar bill.

Abdul: You see this is typical of you Americans you could be bought so easily even your armed services are corrupt like that. You Americans think you're the guardians of the rest of the world. But no, the rest of the world is beginning to work it out what you are all about. That is why the United States of Mediocre is no longer classed as a super power. Can you hear that?

He holds his left hand up to his left ear.

Abdul: Can you hear it? It is the rest of the world waking up to the hypocrisy of the American people. You think you are better than everybody and that anyone that will not accept it will be trampled under your mighty feet. We will not stand for it anymore. We will not let you dominate us anymore.

A sly smile crosses his face for a second.

Abdul: I'm going to go into my first match the underdog I know as I know the fans will be in his corner. With all of you American's against little old me it will be a challenge, but a challenge I relish. It will be an interesting experience and I hope to bring some of you around to my way of thinking.

He shakes his head and scratches his beard. He touches the scars on his upper torso.

Abdul: You see this all started on a somewhat normal day in my hometown of Basra, Iraq. January 25th 1999, a young man of 17 with his young wife and baby boy were sat in their house eating dinner. It was a peaceful and lovely scene which was destroyed when a US Warplane dropped one of its missiles into the civilian area where this family was. Eleven people died that day and fifty nine people were injured. Amongst the dead were the young man's wife and child.

Rafiq: What is the art of war, because it is not for killing people, it's a stratagem to give life to many by killing the evil perpetrated by a few.

Abdul nods as he walks around.

Abdul: Discriminating use of violence as a last resort, and even then, carefully, surgically, that's what I learned, that's what I'm good at. But now they underestimate all this, bomb the same towns for six weeks and still leave the scumbag dictator to starve and butcher his own people.

Rafiq nodded and looked into the camera.

Rafiq: Abdul had problems with his time in United States of Mediocre. First he had problems with the women of this country; Woman who are not wearing a burqa and also would have been stoned for their sins against

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Allah if they were in Iraq. And then his other problem had been with a moronic piece of excrement that covers his face with a mask.

Abdul: I have to bring it this week upon Victory, even though I do not need to prove myself to the infidels from the United States of Infidels but to myself and the Arab Nations that I represent.

Rafiq: This Madman is going to be made examples of. He will be sacrificed for being an infidel. He is not even in the same league as Abdul bin Hussain. He has been blessed with luck in the past but that is what it is; the past.

Abdul cocks his head to the side, and then tilts it backwards before looking at the camera.

Abdul: I have been back a few weeks and have already been disrespected by many. I get put in a match not only with some infidel that is sub-par when it comes to wrestling skills but I do not even get to showcase my skills on Wrestle show. I have main evented this promotions, I have main evented pay per views for this promotion but now.....

He stands up, angrily. Grabbing the chair he throws it against the wall, sending his fatigue top and scarf to the floor. Anger flowed from him.

Abdul: Not only do I get to face this Madman Szalinski, which will be a kind of revenge for me but I also have some young wrestler who goes by the name of William Haynes wanting to make a name for himself riding on my coat tails like Aladdin rides on a magic carpet trying to make his wrestling career justified. Oh come on William, do you think you have the skills to hang with me? Even with the arena's cheering USA you will never have what it takes to beat me.

A look of bewilderment appears on his face. His hands convulsed into fists, neck jerking, as if he'd had a jolt of electricity through it; a tremor runs up his arms into his shoulders, along his spine.

Abdul: Madman Szalinski, yes you. You will be the first to face me in the squared circle. You will face the wrath of me. If I hit you with the Weapon of Mass Destruction or launch myself from the top turnbuckle with Death from Above or even lock in the Arabian Nights you will be defeated by the Iraqi before you.

He turns and starts walking around, caressing the scars on his torso.

Abdul: You think you deserve to be in the ring with me again? I will bring my best to take on you and when you lay there looking up at the lights just contemplate what I have said. Szalinski, don't be like your people, don't be an infidel and convert.

He cocks his head to the side and listens.

Abdul: For there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his messenger. And I am Mohammed's messenger to you.

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His mouth curls up.

Abdul: I will put on a showcase performance that will convert the audience.

He turns and walks off set, but pauses before he leaves, turns and looks deep in the camera.

Abdul: Allah Akbar!

BECHDEL KUSH VERSUS MARIE VAN CLAUDIO

The opening notes to 'Verbal' by Amon Tobin begin to play, and the big screen cuts to Bechdel Kush backstage, doing stretches while reading her Kindle. After a few moments of this, her father Asok runs up to her and starts tapping her on the shoulder, motioning towards the entrance.

Bechdel gets a panicked look on her face. She rises to her feet quickly and starts running towards the gorilla position. Asok yells something at her, and she screeches to a stop, takes off her glasses, and thrusts them into Asok's hands, before turning and running again.

As the music builds, Bechdel goes from a sprint into a full run. A few feet from the curtain, Bechdel launches her body forward into a handspring...

...BURSTS through the curtain in a full forward flip...

And hits the entrance stage in a three-point-stance RIGHT as the drums hit!

Announcer: Hailing from Columbia Maryland...

Bechdel nods her head to the beat, a "whoa, I totally just pulled that off!" look on her face, as she makes her way to the ring. She reaches out and gives high-fives to any fans that have their hand out.

Announcer: Standing at five feet ten inches, and weighing in at 170 pounds...

When Bechdel gets to the ring, she swiftly scales the turnbuckle - without using her hands. Once she reaches the top, she raises both hands, fingers outstretched, and then waves at the crowd in a friendly way, before doing a backflip into the ring.

Announcer: BECHDEL... KUSH!!!

Bechdel raises her arms once more and smiles. As the crowd reaction dies down, Bechdel makes her way to her corner and waits for the action to begin.

Love in an Elevator by Aerosmith plays as the fans are booing

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Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks to the ring and ignoring the fans as she's walking down.

Marie mouths off that she is the hottest Women's Wrestler here in UTA and that nobody can't deny is as she flips her hair.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Marie gets on the apron and gets in the ring like how Stacy Keibler used to do, but she stops and leans out and saying that the fans won't get to see her goods.

Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie spins around and walks to the ropes and leans on them with her hair back as she listens to her theme music.

Announcer: Marie Van Claudio!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing. Marie checks her nails before looking up to see her opponent. Both women meet in the center of the ring as the bell sounds. They move into defensive stances as they prepare for the match.

Williams: Main event women's action here on Victory folks.

Fury: Dick loves that the UTA are spotlighting the ladies.

Bechdel Kush comes forward with a palm strike to the chest of Marie Van Claudio. She grabs her chest and stumbles back as Kush leaps forward, coming up with her left leg, bringing it down and shooting her right up for a direct kick to the sternum of Claudio, who continues to stumble back, this time into the ropes which catch her.

Williams: The martial arts training of Bechdel Kush coming in handy here as she faces Marie Van Claudio.

Fury: You don't see many women as versatile as Bechdel.

Claudio, still leaning on the ropes and holding her chest looks up at Bechdel who comes toward her. Kush takes a swing at Marie Van Claudio's head, but misses as Claudio ducks down and slides behind Bechdel.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio using her speed to quickly getting out of harms way.

Bechdel turns quickly toward Claudio. As she moves in for the attack again, Marie Van Claudio side steps and jets toward the ropes. Bechdel, once again finding herself needing to turn toward her opponent, does so just in time to see Marie Van Claudio leap to the second rope and use it to launch herself with a quarter turn

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moonsault.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio caught by Bechdel Kush.

Fury: Dick doesn't think she knows a real wrestling move or how to use this situation correctly.

Williams: Kush drops Marie Van Claudio across her knee for a vicious back breaker.

Marie Van Claudio holds her back in pain on the mat as Bechdel Kush springs back into action, coming down with a devastating stomp.

Williams: Bechdel Kush in complete control. I'm unsure if Marie Van Claudio will be able to withstand much more from her opponent.

Kush reaches down, lifting Marie Blaca up by her head and left arm.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio now back on her feet. Bechdel Kush follows up with a series of knife edge chops.

Fury: Don't abuse the tatas!

Kush strikes again, this time Marie Van Claudio moves slightly to the side, catching her arm and using her own momentum, to drag Bechdel Kush over. The fans cheer wildly.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio with an arm drag, getting her first real bit of offense in for this match.

Fury: It will take a lot more than a lucky break to stop the damage already done by Kush.

Bechdel rolls over and pops up as quickly as she was taken down. she burst forward and into yet another arm drag by the waiting Marie Van Claudio.

Williams: Another arm drag. Marie Van Claudio now starting to build an offense. Can she turn this around?

Both women get up. Claudio quickly shoots forward with a kick of her own.

Williams: Bechdel Kush catches the foot of Marie Van Claudio. It was a good tr... Claudio turns it into an Enziguri!

As her foot connects with the side of Bechdel Kush's head, Kush lets go and falls to the side, hitting the canvas.

Williams: Spot on kick by Marie Van Claudio who may have changed the tides here in her debut match.

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Claudio runs, hitting the ropes. As she returns she drops down.

Williams: Baseball slide connecting with the head of Bechdel Kush.

Fury: Once she gets going, Claudio is quick as a lightning strike. Dick's watched her in other promotions, and he's always been impressed.

Williams: Watching from a locker in the shower room doesn't count Dick.

Fury: Oh. Then never mind.

Williams: Claudio pulling Kush up by her hair.

Bechdel screams as Marie pulls her hair. She drags Bechdel toward the corner, tossing her into it.

Williams: Bechdel Kush in trouble as Marie Van Claudio head to the middle of the ring.

Claudio runs toward Bechdel who moves out of the way, letting Marie slam chest first into the corner post.

Williams: Kush moves.

As she bounces off of the corner, Marie turns toward Bechdel.

Williams: Bechdel Kush meeting Marie Van Claudio with a series of swift and quit kicks to the legs.

She moves in grabbing Marie Van Claudio's head and pulling her into a semi bent over position before she begins to bring her knees up.

Williams: Bechdel Kush with a series of Maui Thai knee strikes to the mid section of Marie Van Claudio.

Fury: Dick doesn't like women who uses kicks and knee strikes.

Bechdel steps back, releasing Marie. Claudio comes forward, taking a swing at Bechdel. Kush knocks her hand away and quickly strikes Mrie Van Claudio in the throat before coming forward, wrapping right her arm around Claudio's neck. She pushes forward hard and leaning in. Marie is flipped over Bechdel's back and hitting the canvas facing down.

Williams: Jujitsu style takedown by Bechdel Kush.

She rolls Marie over and covers her as the referee slides into place.

Williams: Referee counting and this one is over.

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As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... BECHDEEEELLLL... KUUUSSHHHH!!!!

Williams: Big win by Kush here in her debut match. What a main event.

Marie rolls out of the ring as Bechdel celebrates momentarily before exiting herself.

Who is the Spy?

In the studio arena, fans are restless, having just witnessed a great women's match and the proposed debut of the Barker Brothers cancelled. A few Madman signs fly in the sea of faces, as well as a number of Dynasty shirts, their fan base clearly growing among certain sects of the UTA.

Fury: It's great when women fight over Dick.

Williams: Well, I'm pretty sure they weren't fighting over you!

Fury: Dick didn't say they were fighting over Dick, he meant they were fighting over Dick.

Before Jennifer Williams can engage in frustrating rhetoric, the lights dim and the opening guitar riff of "Short Change Hero" by the Heavy hits the PA system. Fans rise in a crescendo of groans and a few boos, as from the back come the figures of the (longest reigning) UTA Internet Champion CBR and one half of the (first ever) Tag Team Champions, Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Williams: None of Dynasty is scheduled to compete tonight, what are they doing out here?

Fury: Dick would love to Vermont HER Thomas

Williams: I mean...wait, what?

Ranier wears a tailored Leonard Jay navy blue chalk stripe suit, black polished church shoes, a white cuffed shirt and a pair of black Ray-Bans across his face. His hair tied back, the Canadian Star carries the Internet Title over his shoulder. KVT makes her way down the aisle beside him, her own attire a black Lafayette dress, the UTA Tag Title fastened around her middle and a designer jacket, a lighter shade of black, hangs open.

The two Dynasty members ignore fans hurling abuse at them as Ranier steps onto the ring apron, lowering the ropes to allow KVT to enter easily. Claude follows, mic in hand from the outside, a smile etched across his Canadian face as the music fades.

CBR: Well...well...well.

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The fans' noise rises, boos and whistles heard cascading down.

CBR: Is this on?

Ranier hits the mic with his knuckles slow and hard, looking around the sea of disapproving faces. He raises the mic once more.

CBR: One week removed from the greatest booking exercise the UTA has EVER witnessed, and you fickle senseless maggots can't show us the respect we deserve?

The crescendo continues, KVT taking the mic from Ranier.

KVT: Shut up! This is our ring! Our time!

She hands the mic back to Claude, who hoists the Internet Title above his head.

CBR: One hundred and sixty days holding this, one of only two people to have ever held that...

He points at KVT 's Tag Team Title.

CBR: And there's nothing, nothing any of your heroes can do about it.

Claude walks to the corner of the ring, resting his elbows on the ropes and shaking his head, the mic still aimed at his lips.

CBR: We've conquered everyone here in the UTA. Dan Benson? Yeah, right...your new UTA Champion, Yoshii? Three times I've beaten that sorry sushi roll and only a matter of time before Perfection takes back what was unjustly stolen from him. Even that joke of a hypocrite Spectre, both Sean and I have left him laying on the mat - even he couldn't wrest this title from Dynasty. And let's not even get started with Madman Szalinski and the Shoot Queens.

Ranier grins over towards KVT.

CBR: In fact, the closest anyone has ever come to taking this title from me, a man I respect immensely, was La Flama Blanca. And hell, even he has seen what a waste of time it is pandering to the machinations of an arena full of liars, slobs and failures.

Claude walks slowly back to the centre of the ring, mic in hand and his head slowly shaking side to side.

CBR: I mean, what better example is there of how Dynasty can aid the fortunes or any man or woman in the back, being held down by so called hall of famers, egos and authority figures. Three weeks after turning his back...

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CBR raises his arm, doing a slow 360 circuit of the crowd with his index finger aloft.

CBR: Turning his back on all of you and looking after what was best for LFB, he's gotten himself a title shot, a spot on the biggest Pay Per View of the year against arguably the top name in this industry and a match next week against a six time world champion and UTA hall of famer. Doesn't that speak for itself?

Ranier nods quietly, shrugging towards KVT who's own smile is curled into a grin.

CBR: And, in an act of desperation, last week the forces of good converged to form an alliance against the evil despots ruling this business. And James Wingate, in all of his glory and ALL of his foresight and wisdom, has placed those five individuals - one former UTA champion and a gaggle of mid carders, has beens and never will be's - into the ring with THE elite.

Claude takes off his sunglasses, looking close into the camera on the ring apron.

CBR: Well thank you James, you've given us the perfect opportunity to swat all the annoying buzzing in one expertly conceived swipe.

Ranier grins, leaning back and walking over slowly to KVT, handing the mic to her and whispering something quietly into her ear, his hand resting on the nape of her back.

KVT: Don't misunderstand us, we see the challenge ahead; a challenge that will exposes the weaknesses, a challenge that will befall of your heroes and showcase the true talent and brutal force of Dynasty.

Claude takes the mic back from Thomas, lifting it to his lips.

CBR: Which brings me to one Bobby Dean, that obese hulk of an all you can eat buffet's nightmare. I...

Just then, static is heard on the PA system and the titantron flickers, the lights dimming off and on. Both KVT and Ranier look at each other then at the screen as a flare of white writing appears...

"UTASpy1571828" followed by a large yellow smiley face.

Images start to appear, way out of focus, but starting to come clearer very slowly.

Both CBR and KVT shout out to the announcers, who shrug then up at the screen. Ranier drops the mic with a thud and static sound, taking his title and sliding out of the ring under the bottom rope, KVT quickly following. The two look furious as they rush towards the back.

Williams: What the hell is going on?

Fury: Dick loves porn!

Victory: XIII

Williams: We have to apologise for the break in broadcasting, I'm not sure what's...hang on, I'm being told there's something going on in the back! Do we have cameras there?

Indeed, the scene changes to the back, the production truck, where CBR is throwing chairs around the room.

CBR: Where the hell is he? Shut it off! Shut the damn feed off!!

Stage hands and production crew frantically scramble to grab papers and wires away from flailing kicks, Ranier grabbing one by the throat and shoving him violently against the wall. KVT pushes one to the side aggressively, pulling cables out of the sockets to try and stop the feed, which is getting clearer.

CBR: I said shut the damn thing off!

Production: I...I can't. It's a remote feed Claude, I...

Ranier cocks his fist back, furious. Just as he's about to unleash a right punch, a large hand grabs his wrist, yanking him away. Claude turns aggressively, fist cocked back only to look up into the face of The King of Cool, Chris Hopper!

Fans pop seeing the big man standing up to Dynasty, as KVT stands beside Claude.

Hopper: Now is that any way to treat somebody just trying to do their job?

He pushes the fist back and the Dynasty members stand staring daggers at the veteran.

Hopper: You know, I expect you people to do some underhanded things, but physically attacking a member of the crew that has no ability to truly defend himself against you is pretty sad. So how about you pick on somebody your own size?

Meanwhile the feed dies down, leaving everyone to wonder where and who it's coming from. As the scene fades, Hopper stands, arms folded, a smile crossing his veteran face. The copyright comes up and we fade to black.