

Victory: XIX

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VICTORY

Victory XIX

27 Dec 2014

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 look 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 Dick Fury and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory! I'm Jennifer Williams and along side of me, the former VCW Champion himself.. Dick Fury!

Fury: Dick is here in the flesh!

Williams: Tonight we kick off the first of three huge shows this weekend leading to this Sunday at Seasons Beatings!

Fury: Last night officially kicked things off when Dick was nominated for several awards in this year's End of Year awards show.

Williams: For over three hours, the personalities of the UTA went through thirty four categories of awards as well as presenting the Class of 2014 Hall of Fame. If you were unable to catch it live, make sure that you tune in to the streaming replay which can be found right here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com.

Fury: Everyone knows it was rigged Jennifer.

Williams: Why's that?

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Fury: Because Dick didn't win Most Attractive, Best Facial Hair, and best Hair. Come on Jen! You can't sit here and tell anyone that Dick isn't the prettiest person in the UTA.

Williams: You sure are full of yourself, aren't you?

Fury: Only until you are full of Dick.

Williams: WHOA! OK... Let's get this back on track and quick.

Fury: What? What did Dick say?

Williams: Tonight we have four exciting matches set for you that includes five in ring UTA debuts.

Fury: It's a night of newcomers on the eve of the biggest show this year.

Williams: It sure is. What everyone is talking about though is tonight's main event as our colleague, Tommy Ace, is set to go one on one with The Shoot King's Thatcher Rex.

Fury: Tommy is not a trained athlete. Dick doesn't find him having to get into the ring with Thatcher Rex funny at all.

Williams: Well, what about when Jed Dye had to face Kathryn Vermont Thomas a few months ago? Did you find that funny?

Fury: Now, that was hilarious. Jed Dye is an idiot while Dick likes Tommy, and everyone knows that Tommy Ace likes Dick.

Williams: I can't argue, it's a well known fact that Tommy Ace does like Dick. Weren't you guys out and about on the town just last week?

Fury: Jennifer, you can not separate Tommy Ace and Dick when outside of work. It's a partnership meant for life.

Williams: Having friends is always good. But tonight, we're here to focus on what's important. The road to Seasons Beatings has brought us here and we're ready to hit the last stretch. Let's do this!

Dick leaps out of his seat while turning to Jennifer. He rips his shirt open, exposing his glorious, thick, and manly chest hair.

Fury: YEA! LETS DO THIS!

Jennifer, horrified, pushes her chair back with a hand up.

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Williams: No, no, no. I meant the show. Lets get it started.

Dick looks down at her with a face of embarrassment before starting to re-button his shirt and sit down.

Fury: Ummm... Yea, well.. Dick apologizes. Let's, umm.. get the show started.

Top Secret

The scene opens to a parking garage. The grey color of concrete covers everything, save for the yellow traffic lines painted on the ground. It seems to be a newer parking structure as some parts of the concrete still appear to be unwhithered by years of abuse. There are very few cars parked in the structure. Only upwards of 10 on the current level.

Suddenly squealing is heard, as a vehicle comes racing up the cylindrical ramp. First the sound of tires on pavement, then the sound of brakes, finally a vehicle comes into view. It is a very large black and grey van. It also has a red decal on the side. As a matter of fact, looking at it now, you can see it is an exact replica of the 'A-Team' van from the 80's television show.

As the fan hits the top of the ramp, it speeds past the cameraman, the windows far too tinted to be able to tell who the driver is. The taillights glow as the fan turns to its right and slams into a parking spot, far too quickly. When the van comes to a stop it rocks back and forth as inertia catches up with gravity.

The lights go off just as the van slams into park, and the driver side door opens. The camera, on the other side of the van, is unable to see who emerges from the vehicle. We see black boots hit the ground underneath the van. They click with every step as the 'seemingly menacing' fellow heads to the rear.

As the person finally comes into view, we see they are wearing full on camo hunting gear. Head to toe, including sunglasses and a ski mask. The male figure takes a look around, sees no one, and reaches for the mask. He pulls it off to reveal... Mikey Unlikely.

His face is painted green, black, and white, in camo fashion. He puts the mask and glasses in his coat, and pulls out his cell phone. The camera angle gets closer as he begins typing. He places the call, and brings the phone to his mouth.

Unlikely: Hey, I found the perfect spot for our top secret meeting...

He gives the address, and hits end. He leans against the van and waits.

As we head back ringside, Teddy Alexander is already in the ring.

Williams: Teddy Alexander making his UTA debut tonight on Victory. A veteran in the industry, Alexander is one of the high profile contracts signed preparing the UTA for the new year.

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Fury: If he is so high profile, why is he opening Victory?

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's begins to filter through the PA system. A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin.

Announcer: From The Heavens Above....He is "The Shining Light"....THIS.....IS.....PALADIN!!!!

Paladin drops to a knee and throws his hands out to the side as a single light glistens down upon him before he gets up and starts to the ring.

Williams: Paladin making his debut tonight. There has been a lot of talk about this masked man.

Fury: What's with all the mask? Why are people too afraid to show their faces? Dick could never hide this beautiful face of his.

Paladin slides into the ring as the lights come back up.

Williams: This should be a good match to kick off the weekend.

Fury: This weekend is stacked in good matches. It's a great time to be a wrestling fan.

As the bell sounds, Teddy Alexander pushes Paladin with force of which sends Paladin immediately to the canvas.

Williams: Teddy Alexander the larger man, show his strength.

Paladin quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Alexander then motions for Paladin to come at him. Paladin complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Alexander quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Paladin backward toward the canvas.

Williams: Paladin sent off of his feet again. He needs to try and take Alexander in another way as Teddy is the stronger of the two.

Paladin then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Alexander, the blow causing Alexander to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. Paladin raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Alexander's head.

Williams: Paladin now in control.

Fury: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

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He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Williams: Paladin working the back Teddy Alexander.

Fury: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Paladin grabs his arm and Irish whips Teddy Alexander into the ropes. As he returns, Paladin drops to the mat, Alexander jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Alexander then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Paladin square in the head.

Williams: Big boot from Teddy Alexander, and Paladin is down!

Alexander raises his arms as Paladin gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Paladin and Alexander lock up in the center of the ring again. Teddy Alexander quickly rolls behind Paladin with a rear lock.

Williams: Alexander with that bear like grip on Paladin.

Paladin makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He pushes back, putting Alexander into the ropes. Paladin moves forward, breaking out of the hold. As he turns around, Teddy Alexander runs at him. Paladin quickly spins around with an elbow catching Alexander in the face and sending him to the canvas.

Williams: Counter by Paladin, sending Alexander to the canvas with that elbow smash.

Fury: You have to admit that Paladin has an arsenal in his tool box and can handle almost any situation, such as that one right there.

He makes his way to Alexander, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Williams: Paladin going to work now.

Paladin Irish whips Alexander into the ropes. As he returns, Paladin hooks Alexander's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Williams: Hip Toss by Paladin! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Teddy Alexander right to the canvas.

The fans cheer as Paladin takes Alexander's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Alexander, standing across the shoulder blades. Paladin grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Teddy.

Williams: Paladin using the ropes to choke Teddy Alexander! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and Paladin is mercilessly choking him!

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Fury: It's smart. Alexander is larger. You have to do whatever it takes to wear him down.

The referee quickly makes the count. Paladin breaks the hold at four. The ref warns Paladin yet again with a finger in his face.

Williams: That choke doing damage.

As Teddy lays on the canvas, he holds his throat. Alexander swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Williams: Alexander is struggling to swallow after being choked by Paladin.

Teddy Alexander slowly gets to his feet as Paladin turns to face down toward him.

Williams: Paladin looking to make an impact here in his debut match.

After a few moments, after Teddy Alexander is able to get back to his feet, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Williams: Starting back from square one, Teddy Alexander needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Fury: Well he already has everything going against him.

Paladin takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Fury: Dick's just not sure if tonight is the night Teddy Alexander beats Paladin.

Teddy Alexander takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Paladin off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Paladin returns, meeting the arm of Teddy Alexander.

Williams: Alexander with the clothesline! He may be turning this around.

Fury: He needs to stay on Paladin though. You can't let someone like Paladin even have a moment to rest.

Paladin quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Paladin goes for the shoulder block but Alexander out powers him, the blow causing Paladin to fall to the canvas instead.

Williams: Teddy Alexander with the shoulder block. Errr... well Paladin with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Paladin gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Teddy Alexander. Alexander catches Paladin, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the canvas.

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Williams: Huge military press there by Alexander.

Fury: Dick may have been wrong. This may be the night of Alexander.

Alexander stomps Paladin a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. The referee hits the canvas to make the count.

Williams: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Paladin kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Fury: He needs to try and not get into a position that he can be pinned like that if Paladin expects to get the upper hand. All it takes is the referee's hand hitting the canvas three times.

Teddy Alexander checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Williams: Teddy Alexander can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Teddy reaches down, grabbing the head of Paladin and pulling him to his feet with it.

Williams: Teddy Alexander grabs the arm of Paladin. Irish whi... NO.. Reversed! Alexander off of the ropes.. Paladin with a kick to his gut

He grabs bringing Teddy and lifts him up into a Vertical Suplex before turning it into a Reverse Michinoku Driver

Williams: ABSOLUTION! ABSOLUTION!

Paladin quickly covers Teddy Alexander and the referee begins to count. The bell begins to sound.

Williams: Paladin turns it around and quickly is able to secure a mark in the win column tonight.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... PALLLLAAAADDDDDIIINNNN

Williams: Big win here for Paladin in his debut match.

Fury: Color Dick impressed.

Paladin celebrates in the ring as his music starts back up.

20/960 = 2%

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We fade to the backstage area where Jamie Sawyers is standing right next to one half the UTA Tag Team Champions, Dynasty's own, Perfection. Perfection stands tall and straight with the Tag title hanging over his shoulder. He dons a full black Armani suit, black inside vest, white button down with no tie, the whole works. Jamie nods a few times to acknowledge the man in his earpiece that he hears him and begins to go live. Sawyers: Jamie Sawyers senior backstage interviewer here with who may very well might be having his first Victory interview, former UTA Champion and one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions, Perfection! First off welcome to Victory, I know things are hectic for you as one of Wrestleshows main headliners. I'm sure the UTA audience is happy to see you right here on Victory to talk about your next matchup for the UTA Championship on.... Perfection in his usual interview fashion cuts Jamie right off.

Perfection: Yeah, let's talk about that. Where is he, Jamie? Jamie looks at Perfection a little confused.

Sawyers: I'm sorry. Where is who? Perfection rolls his eyes aggravated already.

Perfection: The PLACEHOLDER for the UTA Championship, Yoshii! Is he here tonight? Sawyers looks at the camera then back at Perfection as he holds his hand to the earpiece shaking his head.

Sawyers: Not that I am aware of?

Perfection: Was he at Wrestleshow in Cleveland?

Sawyers: I actually didn't see him there either... Perfection begins to tap his chin perplexed. Perfection: How about the two Victory's before Cleveland? No? Nothing?

Sawyers: As far as I can recall, Yoshii wasn't in attendance...

Perfection: Did the UTA so-called champion even give his respects to the UTA, like I did, for having a successful first year of business?

Sawyers: No, he actually didn't do that either. Witherhold shrugs.

Perfection: Huh! Isn't that so intriguing, Jamie? It would seem correct me if I'm wrong, that our champion is...non-existent.

Sawyers: Well, I don't know about non-existent but he has been rather absent. Perfection shakes his head and begins to rub his forehead.

Perfection: For Christ's sake, man! We have a wrestler in control of the UTA Championship proving week after week why he doesn't deserve to be champion of this great company! Did you know that the UTA from the day that DO NOTHING won MY UTA Championship till today has had over sixteen hours of programming?

Sawyers: I actually didn't know that, it just shows how great the UTA... He's cut off quicker this time.

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Perfection: That's nine hundred and sixty minutes of airtime, Jamie.

Sawyers: Wow. You really crunched the numbers on that figure! Kudos to the UTA and its new deal with PSE for those slot times, what are your thoughts on... And again cut off, he's getting really good at the interruptions now.

Perfection: And by my estimation Yoshii has appeared for less than twenty minutes of that programming! He's nowhere to be found! He won the title, got his little bonus and ran off like a gold digging wife! Me? I have appeared and participated in every single event this company has had! I have sold tickets and put my body on the line for the betterment of this company! And he's where?! Doing what?! NOTHING!

Sawyers: Well I mean realistically how much effort....

Perfection: Good question!

Sawyers: I wasn't done asking...

Perfection: Doesn't matter. Perfection holds up two fingers. Perfection: Two-flipping-percent, Jamie. He's shown up two-percent since luckily winning MY UTA Championship, is that the heart of a champion? No! It's the heart of a freeloader! No better than those slag mothers standing in line for their free government WIC checks, two-percent effort yet wants one hundred percent of the take!

Sawyers: Are you saying you want none of the take? Perfection: I want all of what is deserving of my hard work of course, are you an idiot?! But I earned that money! I earned the take, just like I earned my way to be champion! What has Yoshii earned other than a severance check during his tenure as champion?!

Sawyers: I can see why you would be angry... Perfection immediately perks up and begins to poke Sawyers in the chest a few times.

Perfection: Angry? ANGRY?! No...No Jamie, don't water down what THIS is! This entire situation is WORSE than Madman Szalinski- at least that idiot had an excuse for doing absolutely NOTHING! At least he was in a coma and couldn't put the effort in... James now backs up a little bit off Sawyers and you can see the relief in Jamie's eyes. He really doesn't want to be on the other side of a Perfection beat down.

Sawyers: So what are you saying?

Perfection: Really?! I have to spell this out? YOSHII IS A JOKE! That belt should have never changed hands! It's my fault for not getting my shoulder up, it's my fault that this company has been literally WITHOUT a champion since Wrestleshow was in Mexico...and it's my job...my DUTY to right the very wrong I have made! Jamie Sawyers nods not really sure where to take the interview. Sawyers: Can I ask you one final question? Perfection: You just did. Ungratefult! Tomorrow night, in a packed house at the Giant Center in Hershey, Pennsylvania I WILL take back MY UTA Championship! I will defeat Yoshii! I WILL BE KING OF THE UTA AGAIN! Perfection begins to walk off camera as Jamie continues talking Sawyers: Wait! What

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about Leyenda De Ocho and the history between you both dating back to IWF, is that also why you are here on Victory tonight?! Perfection....PERFECTION! Oh well, back to you guys at ring side.

Saturday Night Hell

Jalante: Here we are.....

Jalante says with a sinister smile on her face. She sits on a leather arm chair in an unidentified room somewhere within the arena. Cameras pointing towards her eyes only.

Jalante: Tonight I do exactly what I said I was going to do, munchkins! This entire show belongs to ME now. I bet the idea of the Devil's Daughter being on television for all your children to see isn't appealing to any of you. But that's what makes you all hypocrites. A woman like Ms. Van Claudio sends out a message to your children that may be worse than selling your soul to my Daddy.

She says. Placing her right leg over her left leg.

Jalante: All she does it set the example for all of you little girls out there that all it takes to get famous is having a lil junk in the trunk or a little sexy face going on. Let's be honest here. If Kush started out with a zero and three record she'd be out that UTA door in a hot second. Am I right?! Marie shows your girls that they don't NEED to be talented one bit to get far in this life. Which makes Earth FAR less superior to Hell. In Hell you have to work hard to earn your keep.

With a wag of her finger - back and forth - Jalante continues her speech.

Jalante: Fear not!

Reaching into her jacket pocket Jalante pulls out a lighter. Sparking it for the camera - watching the blue and red flame erupt quickly.

Jalante: Mrs. VeeVee suffers tonight. I'll make sure I take her place as the template for your children to follow, for a price of course. Not much is free when it comes to evil, babes. The one thing that you will get for free is the opportunity to watch Van Claudio burn to death right here on Saturday Night Hell!

The camera zooms in on the ignited lighter flame as the camera fizzles out.

begins to play. The lights are dark as the piano melody tinkles through; once the electric guitar kicks in, flashing lights in alternating white and green pulsate through the arena with a gold spotlight on LDO, head down, hands forming the shape of a triangle at chest-height. Announcer: Making his way to the ring weighing in at one hundred and eighty-eight pounds...hailing from Chicagooooo, Illinois!

Leeeeeeyyyeeennnnnnnddaaaaaa de Ooooooochooooooooooooo! He marches to the ring, pumping up the crowd and high fiving fans like a house of fire. Williams: Leyenda de Ocho making his UTA debut here on Victory tonight, former NFW superstar and also had some history with Dynasty's Perfection years back at a

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Seattle promotion IWF. Fury: Dick doesn't think it matters where he came from, can he wrestle here and be a champion like Dick has and was? Williams: You were VCW champion though not UTA. Fury: Dick doesn't think that matters either. by Audioslave begins to play. The arena goes dark as the drums build early in the song. Fury: Dick wants popcorn, that's what this match is good for Williams: You don't even know that yet, these are to great atheltes. Announcer: Hailing from Philadelphia, PA Stevenson arrives at the top of the ramp as the song starts its first verse. He slowly begins walking down the ramp, carefully avoiding contact with anyone in the stands.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds.... J reaches the ring, climbs the turnbuckle, and steps through the middle ropes. Announcer: J....

STEVENSOOOOOOONNNNNN!!!! Stevenson jumps up and down in place, performing some dynamic stretches before his match. Williams: de Ocho putting his hand out for Stevenson to shake and Stevenson shaking his head and walking back from Ocho. Fury: First match and already showing weakness. That's not the Dick way. SFX: DING! DING DING!

Stevenson and Ocho begin to circle in the ring, Stevenson begins to move into the center so does LDO. Both men tie up, Stevenson backs up Ocho a little but Ocho begins to press into Stevenson, he uses LDO's pressure to side step him, he reaches behind LDO's leg and picks him up hitting a reverse high crotch slam. Williams: J. Stevenson with a quick slam to the new comer Leyenda de Ocho. Fury: Dick gives a great slam. Stevenson and LDO begin to circle again, this time Leyenda lead sin for the tie up but Stevenson ducks and attacks that same leg this time with a single leg sweep that puts LDO down on the canvass with that takedown stomach first. Stevenson pops up behind de Ocho and immediately attempts a reverse choke hold, but before he can even swing his arms around LDO's neck Ocho scurries and grabs the ropes. Fury: Did would have choked him out already. Williams: I'm not sure about that, Leyenda is really showcasing his skill and agility right there by escaping J. Stevenson. Stevenson stands up and moves to the center of the ring closing off Ocho who is getting up in the corner. Stevenson motions for LDO to come tie up again and he does, LDO charges in with a tie up but Stevenson pummels for an underhook and then goes for a hip toss. Williams: Hip toss attempt by Stevenson...but de Ocho lands on his feet! Stevenson charging in...LDO turning around...drop toe hold by LDO...Stevenson pops right back up, turns around...fireman's carry slam by Leyenda de Ocho! Fury: Dick is impressed by this little jumping bean.

Stevenson immediately pops up, LDO bounces off the ropes and comes towards Stevenson who attempts to clothesline him. LDO ducks under it and hits the other ropes, Stevenson turns his upper body back towards LDO looking for a sidewalk slam but instead is met with a reversal from Ocho and Stevenson goes flying towards a corner from a leg scissors takedown from Leyenda. Stevenson stands up against the turnbuckle, LDO runs in and nails a forearm and a second forearm after for good measure. Ocho whips Stevenson to the opposite corner but Stevenson reverses and re-whips Ocho. Williams: Great reversal from J. Stevenson, Ocho towards the turnbuckle and Stevenson is pursing behind him. Ocho grabbing the top rope and leap frogging backwards over Stevenson who crashes into the turnbuckle! Stevenson falls back from the turnbuckle as LDO jumps out between the top and second rope onto the ring apron. Ocho jumps up and spring boards off the top rope and comes down with a summersault leg drop Fury: Big leg drop from Ocho but Stevenson kicks out at two! Williams: both men coming to their feet now! Ocho goes for a forearm but is stopped by a knee to the gut from Stevenson. J Stevenson sets up Ocho for a suplex and lifts him up, LDO

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begins to kick his feet while in the air and comes back down with a big DDT and attempts another pin. Fury: Kick out at one and Ocho is on the offensive here in his debut, Dick approves. LDO stands up and starts running towards the ropes as J Stevenson begins to work his way up, LDO hits and returns back leaping at Stevenson into a wheel barrel position popping up and looks for Stevenson's head to execute a bull down but Stevenson rears his head back and sits down nailing a sit down wheel barrel face buster. Stevenson stands up slowly and once to his feet he puts a boot to the standing up de Ocho, followed by a second boot....and a third boot. Stevenson reaches down and picks Ocho up by the mask and pushes him back into the turnbuckle and begins more kicks to the gut while Ocho is there. Ref: 1.....2.....3....4!

Stevenson stops the kicks to Ocho and walks away from the turnbuckle. William: Referee Joey Westman doing his job while warning Stevenson about the turnbuckle attacks. Dick: Dick thinks that rule is pointless. Dick will do whatever he wants. Stevenson pulls LDO from the corner and picks him up only to slam him back down with a scoop slam. LDO begins to stand back up holding his back, Stevenson again kicks LDO in the gut and picks him up this time hitting a backbreaker before going in for the pin. The referee counts to two but LDO kicks out. Stevenson stands up and yells at the referee frustrated with the count, he turns his attention back to de Ocho who's starting to get up to his knees but Stevenson quickens this by pulling him to his feet by the mask again. Williams: Stevenson with another suplex attempt here and lifting LDO...NO! Leyenda de Ocho pops out and lands behind J. Stevenson! Ocho running to the ropes, Stevenson turns his head...back elbow! NO! LDO ducks hits the ropes again...heel kick by the eight bit hero! Fury: That's what happens when you don't pay attention.

Stevenson pops back up immediately and LDO rises with him and hits Stevenson with a dropkick as he is coming up which sends J. Stevenson stumbling backwards quickly and flying out of the ring between the top and middle rope down to the arena floor. J Stevenson has hit against the barrier at the floor level and is starting to get up but nursing his head. LDO looks at Stevenson and bounds off the ropes running towards him. Williams: Leyenda de Ocho bouncing off the ropes....PLANCHA DIVE! Plancha dive to the outside from Leyenda de Ocho onto J. Stevenson and the fans here at Victory are on their feet! Fury: Dick doesn't believe in using his body as a weapon, except for his pork candle. Williams: Oh lord that's disgusting. Both men are down on the outside as a count out is starting.

Both men begin to stir as the referee continues his count. The fans are on their feet trying to see who will get up first.

Williams: All it takes is one person to get to their feet and get back into the ring before the count of ten and they could take this one home!

Ocho uses the side of the apron to start pulling himself to his feet as the referee hits six.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho almost up. All he has to do is slide into the ring. J Stevenson getting up behind him.

Fury: If neither man is able to get in, they both could be counted out!

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Leyenda begins to climb on the apron as the referee gets to eight. Suddenly, J Stevenson grabs his foot and yanks back, pulling Leyenda to the floor outside.

Williams: J Stevenson stopping Ocho from getting back into the ring!

Fury: Quick thinking that may have just paid off big time!

Stevenson slides into the ring as the referee counts ten and the bell begins to sound.

Williams: J STEVENSON DID IT! HE HAS WON THIS MATCH.

Fury: That's how you do it right there!

Williams: Many are going to feel that this was stolen from Leyenda de Ocho, but you have to give credit to where credit is due. J Stevenson picking up a much needed and big win right here on Victory.

Announcer: Due to a DOUBLE COUNT OUT... THE REFEREE HAS DECLARED THERE IS NO WINNER!

J Stevenson sits on his knees, holding his arm across his stomach while looking up at the referee with anger.

Williams: J Stevenson did NOT make it back in time!

Fury: Yes he did!

Williams: That's not what the referee is saying!

Fury: He's an idiot!

We get a replay showing that the referee hit ten right before J Stevenson was able to fully get in.

Williams: J Stevenson upset, but the tell of the tape is there, he did not make it in time.

Both men disappointed as we fade.

Breaking News

The video screen above the wrestler's entrance snaps to life with a distorted crackle across the Victory arena.

We're met with the face of...

Jillian Jacobs, Detroit's WVTB six-o'clock news anchor.

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Jillian:the water service to the area will be disconnected for approximately two hours as the city makes repairs to the main line.

Jillian read the teleprompter.

Jillian: Next on Six News, wrestling's most evil....diabolical villain...

Jillian looks puzzled.

Jillian: ...Turk? Uh....what?

Turk walks into the set behind Jillian, and shoves her off screen and appears to kick her twice. Turk's clad in an ill-fitting suit and takes Jillian's place at the anchor desk.

Turk: Thanks, Jill....I got it from here. No, it's cool, you rest up.

Turk puts on an obviously forced smile

Turk: Hello, fans. I'm Turk, if you don't know me, and I'll be handling your wrestling update - except....I can predict the future.

The screen behind him turns into the red Season's Beatings poster we've all grown so accustomed to.

Turk: This Sunday, UTA golden boy Doozer dies in a freak accident at the hands of....moi. You see he tried to face off versus me, but just like everyone else he can't handle the evil and darkness I possess and he's readily dispatched like many others before him.

Turk shuffles the papers on the desk in front of him.

Turk: He was a pansy do-gooder, supposedly trying to save UTA from me, and like everyone else he gets rolled up into a tiny meatball and flung at the fan of life only to be scattered across the arena in tiny bits.

Turk shifts in his seat, getting comfortable.

Turk: You see, it's quite unfortunate. Doozer tried to save everyone. Even me at one point. But he was misguided. Evil wins. Nice guys do, in fact, finish last - or, dead, in Doozer's case. His epitaph reads; We all wish he would have been the asshole he was capable of being. If he was - he'd probably still be alive.

Turk balls up a sheet of paper and tosses it at the camera

Turk: Nope - it's true. Not one of you can stop me. Not one person on the UTA roster can come close to what it takes to make me stop. None of you, or these pathetic fans watching this have the power to halt this train. I'm speeding to the final destination, and that destination is the total and utter destruction of the UTA and

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anyone who stands between me and that end.

Turk gestures off-screen at Jillian, apparently on the floor

Turk: Not even Jill here. She's napping. Shhhhhh.

Turk's mouth turns up into a huge grin.

Turk: We thank you for tuning in. We now return you to some sub-par report that you'll be wishing I was a part of.

Turk stands and looks down...

Turk: No, Jillian, it's cool you just lay down, you look....defeated. Rough day I bet.

The screen crackles with distortion again and goes black until a statement in simple white lettering comes up;

"NO INTERNS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS VIDEO.

JUST A REPORTER.

NAMED JILL.

SHE SUCKED ANYWAY."

by The Heavy begins to play and the fans start to boo. Tommy Ace steps out from the back. His hands are taped and he wears a Dynasty T-shirt with sweat pants.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now... from the city of Chicago... he is... TOMMY... ACCCEEEEE

Tommy punches the air as he continues down the ramp.

Williams: Tommy Ace one of the commentator's for Wrestleshow, booked in this match by James Wingate two weeks ago.

Fury: What's next? He makes Dick wrestle?

Williams: Well, you are a trained wrestler Dick. Tommy is not!

Tommy walks up the steps and enters the ring.

Williams: Tommy Ace here alone as he is going to face one member of The Shoot Kings.

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The roar of a Tyrannosaur erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into , by Disturbed.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now.... representing The Shoot Kings... he is... THATCHER....
REEEEEXXX!!

The cheers increase as Thatcher emerges from the mist, his head turning first to the left, then to the right before striding down the ramp, eyes fixated upon the ring.

Williams: Thatcher Rex looking to take out his aggressions on Tommy Ace tonight!

He climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes. He takes two strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He throws his arms wide, fists clenched, and releases a phenomenal roar before hopping back down to canvas.

Williams: Tommy Ace looks worried.

Ace: He's not a wrestler. He shouldn't even be in there.

The bell sounds.

Williams: There's the bell and right out of the gate, Tommy Ace... grabs onto the ropes.

Thatcher tries to rush Tommy, but is stopped by the referee. As he steps back, Tommy lets go of the ropes and smirks at him. The referee sees he is no longer holding onto the ropes and lets Thatcher go.

Williams: OK. We're finally getting star-

Thatcher steps toward Tommy, who grabs the ropes again. Once again the referee steps in and the fans boo.

Williams: Tommy Ace hugging the ropes.

Fury: It's all he can do.

Thatcher yells at Tommy as he steps further back. Tommy lets go again and the referee lets Thatcher go again.

Williams: Thatcher Rex irritated, and quite frankly I do not blame him.

Tommy makes a face at Thatcher before beginning to circle, staying close to the ropes.

Williams: Tommy Ace feeling out the situation here.

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He pops his neck before heading into the ring toward Thatcher. Rex comes forward and Ace runs back to the ropes and grabs them again. The fans boo even louder.

Williams: Oh come on Tommy.

Fury: Dick doesn't blame him!

Williams: Of course you don't!

Thatcher grows frustrated and this time just pushes past the referee and grabs Tommy, yanking him away from the ropes, dragging him into the middle of the ring.

Williams: Thatcher Rex not playing games any more as he takes control here.

Thatcher lets go of Tommy who instantly drops to his knees and begins begging Rex to have mercy.

Williams: Tommy Ace pleading with Thatcher Rex now!

Thatcher takes a step back and offers to let Tommy get up. He does, slowly.

Williams: Rex maybe showing a litt-

All of a sudden, Thatcher comes forward with a fist, punching Tommy Ace in the face. Ace crumbles to the canvas, out cold. The fans cheer. Thatcher looks down and smiles, just shaking his head.

Williams: Thatcher Rex has just dropped Tommy in one punch.

Thatcher steps onto the chest of Tommy Ace and the referee drops and begins to count.

Williams: This one is over as quick as it began.

His hand hits the canvas a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... THATCHER.... REEEEXXX!!!

Williams: Thatcher Rex not here to play games as he does what many people wish they could, knocks Tommy Ace out.

Fury: Dick still thinks this isn't cool.

Williams: Well, it is what it is. Thatcher Rex pulling off a win as we head into Seasons Beatings weekend.

Thatcher just shakes his head at Tommy who is still out cold as he leaves the ring.

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Top Secret II

The scene reopens to the parking deck from earlier. Mikey's A-Team van still in the same place, he sits on the bumper, with a smoke pressed to his lips. Suddenly a bark is heard... then another...

Mikey's attention is recaptured by the oncoming animal sounds, as he tosses the smoke over the railing to the city below.

Another vehicle can now be heard, this one much louder than the previous. A loud motor roars as it heads up the ramp, echoing off the concrete walls. The beat down pick up, comes around the corner, and up to the flat pavement. It lurches, as black smoke pours from the tailpipe. The audible barks now heard clear as day, as the recognizable David Hightower and his furred friend Whiskey, can be seen through the windshield. They pull in next to Mikey. As he steps out David is obviously irritated already.

Hightower: What in the hell, do YOU want ?

Unlikely: Calm down big fella!

Mikey goes to put his hand on Davids shoulder but Whiskey elicits a deep growl, and Mikey retreats from his friendly gesture.

Unlikely: I saw your ad at Wrestleshow, Id like to hire you!

David looks at Mikey and sighs.

Hightower: Ya want me to whoop someone's ass?

Mikey smirks, now he and David are on the same page. He pulls out a large manilla envelope in Davids hand. David looks around and slowly peels it open and sees a whole lot of brand new \$100s. David pulls out a slip of paper in the envelope and starts looking over it as Mikey continues.

Unlikely: See, I am in a big match soon...

David: Stop...

Unlikely: ...And I really wanna win...

Hightower: Stop...

Unlikely: Its actually for the Wildfire title...

Hightower: Are you dang Stupid? My name is on this list Mikey...

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Mikey gets a confused look on his face, rounds David, and looks over his shoulder at the list... He shrugs, and turns, and reaches into the van. He pulls out a black sharpie, and crosses Davids name off the list and smiles!

Unlikely: There! Taken care of...

Hightower: You wanna win this match, you're going to have to do it your damn self... Im not going to help you win a match, that I am in...How stoned are you right now?

Unlikely: My level of inebriation is irrelevant

Hightower: What did you say? Listen, This is for wasting my time...

David turns and drops the manilla envelope in the cab of the truck. He turns quickly with his right fist raised. SWOOSH, the punch thrown goes right over Mikeys head, as he ducks just in time to avoid the beheading. David looks down and takes another swing, this time Mikey weaves backwards avoiding contact again, a little too fast for the mercenary!

Hightower: Dammit! Im keeping this!

David pushes the envelope at his passenger seat. Whiskey picks it up with his mouth, holding it, and exposing his teeth.

Hightower: See you tomorrow, you just made your own damn list...

Mikey shakes his head as David jumps back in his truck and peels out in reverse, with a loud CLUNK, the transmission shifts from reverse to drive, and after a long lurch, the beat up blue Ford, roars out of the parking garage...

Unlikely: Pfft...Slows reaction time, my ass...

Mikey shrugs, and gets back in his van as we cut back to the arena.

Mery Christmas!

The camera turns to a mall Santa Claus sitting in a Christmas setting. He let's out a big cheery grin.

Santa: Ho ho ho! Santa here wishing all of the UTA a Merry Christmas and have a safe and happy holiday! Don't eat too many cookies now! Ho ho ho!

Suddenly David Hightower casually walks in and nails Santa with a right hook. Santa's hat goes flying....

Santa: HO!!!!!!

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Before he falls backwards and the entire Christmas backdrop collapses.

Hightower: Hey Santa! Little Timmy called me! He wasn't too happy bout not gettin that there Playstation 4 he wanted!

Hightower walks over and grabs the North Pole sign.

Hightower: Oh and Little Emily isn't too pleased she didn't get that Barby Doll she wanted!

And David slams the sign down onto Santa's body. David drops the sign and looks into the camera.

Hightower: Are ya pissed off that this fat sumbitch didn't get what ya wanted fer Christmas? Call 1 900 WHOOPASS! Good ole David Hightower will beat the stupid outta this human waterbed until he learns his lesson! Just remember! The one thing I care about is payment! That's 1 900 W O O P A S S!!!

Santa slowly starts to get up...

Santa: You are going on the naughty list!!!

Hightower: I've been on that god dang list fer the last 30 years! C'mere tubby!!!

David grabs Santa and gets him into a headlock.

Santa: HO!!!! OH MY EYES!!!! WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE THAT?!

Hightower: Hey that's the smell of a real man!!! Take a whiff boy!!!

David drops Santa who lays in a heap as Whiskey walks into the picture wearing a pair of reindeer antlers and hauling a sled with a pack of beer on it.

Hightower: Onward Whiskey! We got plenty of other asses to kick!

DISCLAIMER: THE UTA'S SANTA CLAUS HAS NO RESPONSIBILITY IF YOU DIDN'T GET WHAT YOU WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS!

The arena lights suddenly shut off. Four blood red spotlights shine on the ramp as by Midnight blares through the arena.

Williams: We're about to witness maybe one of the most controversial and demonic personalities to every step foot in the UTA ring. The self proclaimed daughter of Satan, Jalante has been making headlines since signing a contract with the UTA.

Fury: Did it just get colder in here? Dick's little Fury has went into hiding.

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A burst of flame shot up from an opening at the top of the ramp. Following that the self professed daughter of Satan himself was seen rising up from the source of the fire.

Announcer: Ladies and gentleman hailing from Maplewood, New Jersey.....

Jalante stepped from out of the "pit." Beginning to make her way down the ramp. The arena lights slowly turned back on. Jalante shot nasty stares at the fans in attendance. They returned the favor by booing her.

Fury: She's kinda hot. Dick's little Fury isn't so little anymore.

Williams: Umm... ok...

Announcer: Weighing it at one hundred and nineteen pounds! The Daughter of Satan.....JALANTE!

As Jalante slid into the ring she grabbed the pentagram necklace that hung around her neck then lifted it up high in the air screaming out at the top of her lungs. She then rested the pentagram in the corner - turning her cold gaze back to the ramp.

Williams: Not since Hall of Fame member, Crimson Lord, has the UTA been over shadowed by such a dark cloud.

by Aerosmith plays as the fans start booing.

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.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio has a big task at hand. She has promised she would show the world tonight how a Van Claudio handles women like Jalante.

Fury: Hopefully they handle women with a lot of chest area touching.

Williams: Why do I still come into work when i know I have to sit next to you.

Fury: Because you love you some Dick.

Williams: Ugh.

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, but she stops and leans out and saying that the fans won't get

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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.

Williams: I spoke with Marie before this match, and she is disgusted at the thought of facing someone like Jalante. I think tonight we are going to see all stops being pulled out.

Marie checks her nails before looking up to see her opponent as the bell sounds.

Williams: Here we go!

Marie and Jalante lock horns in the center of the ring. Immediately, Marie swings Jalante's arm to the side and twists it once into an arm ringer, moving behind and turning the wrist up into a hammerlock. Jalante is quick to duck low and turn to the side, breaking loose and slipping Marie into a side headlock after spinning free.

Williams: Jalante and Marie showing the world that the female superstars in the UTA are some of the most skilled athletes in the world.

Fury: And some of the sexiest.

During Jennifer and Dick's banter on commentary, Marie has broken out of the side headlock by putting the wristlock/hammerlock combination back on, switching back and forth between the two as Jalante does not allow her to keep either hold in place for very long.

Williams: So far, they seem to be taking this kind of slow. Marie is working the arm, and it's like she's allowing Jalante to move around, she's comfortable in this jockey for position...

With a side headlock being firmly applied onto her cranium, Claudio pulls Jalante back to the ropes with her and pushes off, sending her opponent running to the ropes across the ring. Marie steps into Jalante with her hip, grabbing her around the shoulders and flipping her over by hooking a leg with her foot and sweeping it out from underneath.

Williams: Marie with the judo takedown!

Marie goes to wrench on the head and arm together, but a head scissors with the legs brings her back down.

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Jalante holds on, but Marie is about to move about and eventually headstand her way out of the move, landing back on her feet. Marie steps back, backpedaling all the way into the corner.

Fury: And she's tired already!

Williams: No, she is not, she's giving her a clean break.

Fury: And these people actually like it, listen to them. Good grief, just get in there and go at it already!

Jalante wastes no time coming to her feet. Marie comes in to lock up, but her hands are slapped away roughly. Paying no mind, Claudio keeps coming in. Jalante even jabs a slap towards her face, but Marie keeps moving in closer with the hands coming in. When Marie reaches in, Jalante swims through her hands to break them, clinches in, and drives a European uppercut into Marie's upper chest.

Fury: Here we go!

Williams: Jalante's coming with the offense now!

Jalante uses the recoil to lock Marie in a front face lock, swinging the arm up and over the head quickly. she easily gets Claudio up and down with a loud snap suplex.

Fury: THERE we go! And she's hanging on...

Jalante rolls the duo over, pulling Marie and himself to a standing base...only to slam Marie down with an even louder snap suplex, a slightly audible curse coming from Claudio when she hits the canvas.

Williams: Two! And she's going for the third one!

Fury: A hat trick of pain!

The crowd is cheering, split between both women and the action in the ring, as Jalante prepares to snap Marie for a third suplex. she goes to bring Marie up, but Marie curls her knees and blocks the attempt. Marie then twirls Jalante hard, dropping her quickly with a swinging neckbreaker out of nowhere.

Williams: Amazing reversal! These two women are not liked by many, but the fans tonight are buzzing because of the action they are witnessing. This is why the UTA is the best in the world!

Fury: Not bad, not bad..wait a second, does she still have her by the neck?

Marie pulls Jalante up with the neck by using a three-quarter nelson, then a light front face lock to set up a second swinging neckbreaker, the crowd now stomping the bleachers with their support nearly equally divided.

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Williams: Marie wants one more! she wants one more!

Marie points high into the air, but Jalante escapes just as Marie starts turning her for the third swinging neckbreaker.

Williams: Jalante gets out!

When Marie turns all the way around to face Jalante, a standing dropkick awaits her. Marie stumbles back a bit against the ropes, but a two-step running clothesline flips her backwards, over and onto the floor where she lands onto her feet, falling back against the railing. Jalante stays in the ring, getting a little bit of a bounce to her while turning her body towards the ropes across the ring, but keeping her eyes on Claudio as she pulls herself to her feet by using the railing.

Williams: What's Jalante about to do here?

Jalante runs across the ring, looking to hit a suicide dive. Marie pulls back at the last second, prompting Jalante to grab the ropes and do the same.

Fury: Close!...

Jalante slides through underneath the bottom with a baseball slide anyway, but Marie sidesteps. Jalante comes out onto the floor, where Marie meets her.

Williams: They're going at it on the floor now, not even slowing down...

Marie attempts to whip Jalante into the ringpost, but Jalante jukes around and leapfrogs onto the apron on the adjacent side of the ringpost. Marie comes around the ringpost, but Jalante turns the corner with a springboard rounding crossbody from the apron!

Williams: What a move by Jalante! Now they have to slow down!

Fury: Not too slow, they'll get counted out!

Williams: They'll carry each other back into the ring if they have to!

Marie and Jalante move around on the floor, the ref now at two in his ten-count. Marie pulls himself to all fours with the bottom of the railing as Jalante crawls up from the ring apron.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio getting to her feet...

Marie is leaning over the railing, now on her feet. Jalante sits on the ring apron, swinging her legs through to break the count.

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Williams: Now Marie is getting back into the ring....Jalante is waiting for her to get back to her feet...

Jalante shoves Marie back into the nearest corner, quickly whipping her across the ring into the opposite corner. Marie jumps up to the middle rope, but Jalante ducks through underneath when she leaps off with a Bionic elbow.

Fury: Jesus H. Christ, did she think that was gonna do any good?

Williams: She almost got Jalante- Marie DUCKS THE SPINNING HEEL KICK! OUT OF NOWHERE BY Jalante!

Jalante gets up quickly after missing the kick, but Marie does not miss when she throws a stiff open hand to Jalante's cheek. Marie uses a forearm to hit her again, and shove her back into the corner.

Williams: What a slap by Marie Van Claudio!

Marie attempts to whip Jalante out, but Jalante reverses and squashes Marie in the same corner, throwing a short right hand to the head after doing so. Jalante jumps onto Marie, hooking her legs into the ropes while on the middle ropes with her knees, throwing more short punches.

Williams: Marie's in BIG trouble now!

Jalante widens her shots a little more, but Marie can do little to deflect them. Jalante holds Claudio's head back to hit her again.

Fury: This has been non stop action from these two women. Dick has to give it to them, this is the match of the night.

Marie traps Jalante's arm, and pulls her in close. Jalante loses balance, and one of her feet slips from being hooked on the rope. Marie walks out of the corner, holding Jalante over her left shoulder.

Williams: How did Marie get out of that?

Marie takes a couple of steps forward, turning around and dropping back to put Jalante down with a waterwheel suplex. Sitting up, Marie holds her head and falls over to one side, while Jalante is still laid out.

Williams: And now we've got both of them down...the first one to make a mistake will lose this one.

The camera looks over at Marie, still holding her head while curled up on the canvas. Meanwhile, Jalante rolls over to push herself up onto her knees.

Williams: This is still anybody's match, but I have to admit, I don't think it favors Marie as time goes on.

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Fury: And Jalante did seem to land some good punches in the corner...

Williams: How about that strength of Marie Van Claudio there?

Fury: Yeah, yeah.

Marie Van Claudio begins to get up as well.

Williams: The fans are on their feet here. These two women have shown that no matter their background, they are willing to put their bodies on the line for your entertainment.

A stir begins to happen within the crowd. As the camera moves over and zooms in, we see Turk fighting his way down the sea of fans.

Williams: It's Turk! It's Turk!

Fury: Doesn't this guy know you can slap a woman unless you're paying for them?

Williams: DICK!

Turk steps over the barrier, pulling off his new black No One's Safe t-shirt.

Williams: Turk is sliding into the ring!

Marie Van Claudio and Jalante sees him as they turn, but it is too late as Turk runs forward and throws both arms out, clotheslining both women. The bell instantly begins to sound. Turk turns and looks down, smiling at his work.

Fury: Don't worry Jennifer. If he comes over her to you, Dick has your chest... uh... back!

Williams: Yea, that's comforting.

Turk reaches down and grabs the hair of Marie Van Claudio, and begins to pull her to her feet by her hair.

Williams: Someone help her! Dick, why don't you get in there!

Fury: Dick's retired baby.

As he lifts, Jalante comes up behind Turk, bringing her arm up under the legs of Turk and catching him right in the crotch.

Williams: Jalante with a low blow to Turk!

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Turk lets Marie go, who falls back to the canvas. He winces in pain but turns to see Jalante scooting backward as the Psycho steps toward her, even more angered. Suddenly, the fans get on their feet as Doozer burst through the curtains and down the ramp. Jalaenta quickly rolls out of the ring as Doozer slides in. Behind Turk, Marie exits as well.

Williams: Doozer is here! Doozer is here! They are exchanging punches! These two men will open up Seasons beatings in just one day, but they aren't waiting at all!

Both men slam each other with heavy rights and lefts. We see security and officials pour out from the back and down the ramp.

Williams: All hell has broken loose!

They fill the ring and grab both men, trying to pry them apart.

Williams: Doozer and Turk in just twenty four hours will get their hands on each other without being kept apart, but for tonight, officials trying to restore order!

Fury: Let them fight!

The bell continues to ring as they are held apart. Outside the ring both Marie Van Claudio and Jalante watch on, disappointed their match was interrupted.

Announcer: Due to outside interference, this match has been ruled... a NO... CONTEST!

The fans boo.

Williams: No winner tonight, but I can guarantee it is far from over from these two women.

Fury: Just as it is far from over between Doozer and Turk.

They yell at each other as they are continued to be kept apart and the copyright comes up and we fade to black.