

Victory: XXI

January 17, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

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17 Jan 2015

The WrestleZone at Universal Studios, Orlando, FL (seats 1,400)

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 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, Live in the WrestleZone in Orlando, Florida! I'm Jennifer Williams and as always, I am joined by Dick Fury.

Fury: Thank you, Jennifer. Dick is here in Orlando!

Williams: This is our first show after a huge Wrestleshow that saw all types of insanity!

Fury: Definitely, Jennifer. Victories by Bobby Dean, Abdul bin Hussain and La Flama Blanca were much talked about this week.

Williams: We also had some new names added into the All Or Nothing match at the upcoming Pay Per View.

Fury: Very exciting times as always here in the UTA!

A graphic comes up on your screen as the commentators continue to hype the card. Derek Parks and Nigma appear.

Williams: Tonight is no different. Our opening match kicks us off with Nigma taking on a new face in the UTA and a familiar face in the game, Derek Parks.

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Fury: Very interesting to see how Derek Parks fairs in a UTA ring.

Williams: Dynasty member Kathryn Velmont Thomas faces Marie Van Claudio. This match is going to be good, Dick.

Fury: Two women who know their way around... a ring!

Williams: Could have been worse. Now it seems replacing Will Haynes against Graham Clauson will be... Coleslaw Jenkins?

Fury: Dick doesn't even know if that can even happen.

Williams: Very interesting too see what happens... After that we have our Main Event grudge magtch of sorts when David Hightower goes toe to toe with Doozer.

Fury: Doozer kind of stole Hightower's thing and David is not pleased.

The graphic fades and we head back to the play by play announce table.

Fury: Let's kick this show off!

Williams: The WrestleZone is sold out, stay tuned folks... this is...

by Yelawolf begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca. The booing starts almost immediately.

Williams: I was going to say Victory...

Fury: The Luchador! Kicking this night off right!

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain with undoubtedly a big smile on his face under the mask. Flaunting his new Dynasty apparel and his UTA Tag Team Championship title belt.

Williams: La Flama Blanca is not scheduled for action tonight.

Fury: He's a true champion, Jennifer. He's at every show, you know this. Dick hopes to get some action himself.

The camera follow The Luchador as Williams and Fury continue to speak.

Williams: God.

He gets a nice round of boos as he stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He pauses for a few seconds

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seeing fans devilish faces hate his guts. He loves it. Blanca walks down the ramp with a microphone in hand. The Cruiserweight gets major heat from the fans.

Williams: Last Wrestleshow, La Flama Blanca sent a message to the rest of the UTA.

Fury: He sent that message at the expense of The Second Coming.

Fans hold their signs in front of The Luchador and he grabs one of them with Madman's name on it and rips it in half.

Williams: Class act. The same class act that did what he did to The Second Coming.

Fury: Three Estupendo Kicks... should have been more!

He attempts to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Fury: These fans need to show some respect. They are just a bunch of...

Williams: Mouth breathers?

Fury: Exactly!

Blanca has walked up the ring steps and steps into the ring. He makes his way into the middle of the ring and his music finally fades.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out! You sold out!

Blanca stands tall with his head high. He puts the microphone up to his face as the UTA Tag Team title rests over his left shoulder.

La Flama Blanca: This is my first time in the WrestleZone... I just have to say... this is the biggest gathering of mouth breathers since the last time the Gathering of the Juggalos came to town.

The fans let their former hero have it. Some of the fans cheer and hold up their pro and anti Dynasty signs.

La Flama Blanca: Eh, eh, eh... One half of your UTA Tag Team Champions is speaking...

The fans continue to boo the man standing in the ring. They start a chant.

Fans: You tapped out! You tapped out! You tapped out!

The Luchador stands in the middle of the ring, tapping the microphone against the chin of his mask.

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La Flama Blanca: You all need to shut your mouths and listen to what I have to say...

Fans: Boo!

Williams: The fans getting under La Flama Blanca's skin.

Blanca points his index finger out towards a recording camera.

La Flama Blanca: La Flama Blanca is going to keep this short and sweet. The winning ways continue, The Spawn want to walk into OUR yard without our permission and they get automatic unearned title shots?

The Luchador acts confused. The fans quiet down as he speaks.

La Flama Blanca: Much like Ron Hall... The Spawn will taste failure. They will know this is a young man's game. They're over the hill and Dynasty refuses to carry the dead weight around here, anymore.

Blanca pauses a second and hears it from the fans.

La Flama Blanca: After Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord fall to Dynasty... not only them, but the rest of the UTA will see who the true class of the UTA is. That the old school can't hang with the present and future. After they are embarrassed on live television, it will be time to start the Hall of Fame papers for Perfection and La Flama Blanca.

The fans boo.

Williams: It's not crazy.

La Flama Blanca: When it's all said and done... Dynasty will be inducted into the UTA Hall of Fame, giving the UTA some class and dignity in its halls. My story, Dynasty's story is far from over. I will not stop, until I get what's rightfully mine. I will not stop... until I get each and every title in the UTA.

Fury: Wow...

The fans boo the statements of The Luchador. Blanca turns around to face each side of the crowd.

La Flama Blanca: I will have my shot for my gold at All Or Nothing. Dynasty continues our domination. La Flama Blanca is going for gold. I will go down as an all time great, it's already begun. When it comes down to it... I'm so over... I'm... above.

Blanca appears to be laughing under his mask. His music hits and he drops the mic.

Williams: That was short.

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Fury: And it was sweet.

Slaw's Debut

It's early in the night. Victory is taking place LIVE for the SECOND TIME EVER! There is a crowd of people gathered around the entrance/exit to the UTA locker room. The UTA faithful are looking for autographs or pictures with their favorite stars. Security has set up railings to prevent them from overcrowding a nice red carpet lined to the door for the UTA Talent. The crowd could be fuller but it's a nice size.

Suddenly a white stretch Limo comes in to view. The fans all look at one another wondering who it could be. Surely Dynasty would travel in such style, with such class. Maybe it's the UTA Gold Club Members! They jockey for position trying to see. Their cell phones out and ready to snap pictures.

The driver's door opens first. The driver pops the trunk and pulls out a folded down Rascal Scooter. The crowd sort of collectively sighs. The driver doesn't even have to open the door.

Out steps Bobby Dean. He's not in action tonight so he's wearing something far less concerning. He opts for a Cheetos stained white t-shirt, a pair of tight bright blue sweatpants, and some sneakers. He takes two steps before being overcome with laziness and sits down on the scooter. He reaches into the basket and scribbles on his whiteboard.

MAKE WAY FOR PRINCE ALI!

Maybe only one or two people in the crowd catch his Aladdin joke, shame on them. Bobby leads the charge here as out of the limo steps the man making his Wrestle UTA debut tonight: Mr. Coleslaw Jenkins.

Slaw looks like a million bucks.

His hair is slicked back. That took several hours to do considering it's naturally nappyness. He's wearing a pair of Doozer's sunglasses. He's got Bobby Dean's elbow pads on, and Mikey even lent him a pair of boot kick pads for no other reason than he could have something from all the members of WTFc.

Slaw also has the GOLD TOOTH TOUCH as he is carrying defunct THRILL won titles - showing off his wrestling resume if you will. One around his waist, one on each shoulder. They considered hanging one around his neck but decided it would be overkill.

The rest of WTFc storm out of the limo as well and begin to circle around Slaw. Each with their own little bit of advice for his match with Graham Clauson tonight.

Doozer: Remember Slaw, fly like a butterfly and sting like a bee.

Doozer gives his advice and then stops to take a selfie with a very good looking woman in the crowd. Dooze throws a finger in the air and even sticks his tongue out for a brief second. All in the name of the selfie, of

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course.

Mikey Unlikely: Go out and do what we know you're capable of! . N' either way it swings, you still roll some of the best shit I've ever had.

Mikey pats him hard on the back as he goes to signs an autograph for a fan.

The Dude: If you get into any trouble out there, remember the high sign.

The Dude mimes smoking a j bone and tossing it away. Slaw nods his head. Apparently they've worked out a call in case Slaw finds himself in trouble against Clauson.

The THRILL is trailing Slaw and shakes his head at all the advice. He knows how nervous his friend is.

Finally the three of them - the Gruesome Twosome plus Bobby Dean enter the building.

THRILL spins Slaw around.

Will Haynes: Don't be nervous. You've wrestled before. I'll be ringside for the whole thing. Graham Clauson ain't... nothing.

Slaw nods his head. We hear the sounds of the scooter at work. Bobby hands Slaw the white board.

Win Rocky, win.

Williams: We have a great lead off match tonight as former NeWA World Champion, Derek Parks debuts against the riddle that is Nigma.

Fury: This will be contracting styles for sure.

Williams: One of the men might be the scariest thinker in UTA and the other...

Fury: Yeah, he's going to be just plain scary.

Williams: Time to send this to the ring!

Standing in the ring is the beloved UTA ring announcer.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is set for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit!

by Ministry begins to play over the PA System and fans are generally displeased to hear it.

Announcer: Introducing first, hailing from parts Unnown...

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The lights go out in the arena as the lights then start to flicker as the music starts, the giant screen in the back starts to play images of clowns, spiders, insects, and other random images to induce fear. Nigma walks out from the back and stops as he looks out at the crowd

Fury: You know, that Parts Unknown place really produces a lot of great talent for wrestling.

Williams: I'm sure it has. If only we knew where it was.

Nigma then lifts the noose around his neck and mock hangs himself as he then stumbles down the ramp toward the ring. He stops half way and takes off his hat to reveal the mask. As smoke starts to fill the ramp and around the ring. Nigma then starts again to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5 foot eight inches and weighing in at one-hundred eighty-five pounds...

Nigma climbs the steps as he stops on the apron and wipes his feet before entering. Nigma then walks to the center of the ring and looks around as he then walks to his corner and takes off his coat.

Announcer: NIIIIIGMMMMMMMMMA!!!

Nigma walks to a corner and sits down and waits.

Williams: Nigma looks ready for this one. Now all he needs is an opponent.

Fury: Be careful what you ask for because here he comes.

Announcer: And introducing his opponent!

by Megadeath begins blaring from the speakers.

Announcer: He stands an even sex feet tall and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-five pounds...

Pyro explodes as Derek Parks appears from behind the curtain. He slowly and arrogantly makes his way down to the ring. The fans utterly hate him already as he keeps telling them it is his time and that Parks is going to beat them all.

Announcer: Hailing from the fighting city of Chicago, Illinois. He is the former NeWA and BACW Champion. Here is....DEREK "CHEAPSHOT" PARKS!!!

Parks reaches the ring and gets inside. He stares toward Nigma and looks unimpressed as he turns and again taunts the crowd with his arms spread wide.

Fury: Look at that guy. He will power his way past Nigma, he just looks bigger than the brainiac.

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Williams: Nigma is not someone you can take for granted because he is shorter than you or smaller than you.

Fury: Dick doesn't know, he's always felt bigger is better in his book.

The two men walk toward each other as the bell sounds and the referee signals it is time for this one to begin.

Fury: That's right, time to see who is the better man!

Nigma and Parks lunge in for the opening tie-up, but Parks was faking and pokes Nigma right in the eyes.

Williams: Parks showing why he has the nickname "Cheapshot"

Fury: To be honest, Nigma ought to have expected that.

Parks wastes no time in sending his boot right into the mid-section of Nigma, doubling him over. The veteran crushes him to a knee with a forearm blow to the middle of his back.

Williams: Parks in control early, showing his strength advantage with those blows to the back.

Fury: And he is enjoying it too! Can't say Dick blames him.

Parks has a look of enjoyment on his face as he pulls Nigma up and whips him into the ropes.

Fury: Dick always enjoyed proving he was the better man.

Nigma ducks the clothesline attempt and rebounds off the opposite ropes into a flying cross body, taking Parks by surprise and down to the mat.

Williams: Nigma showing he can play the same cheap games Parks can.

Fury: Nigma is a master of mind games, while Parks is just a bully. Never underestimate brute strength in the long run.

Both men up to their feet quickly. Parks is first to go back on the offensive, rushing toward Nigma in the far corner. Nigma side-steps the attack, sending Parks smashing into the turnbuckles and pissing him off more than hurting him.

Williams: Nigma avoiding the rush of the veteran and sending him into the turnbuckles!

Fury: But it didn't hurt him, see? This chess game is just getting started.

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Standing in the center of the ring, Nigma raises his hand into the air in the famous gesture for a test of strength. Parks actually gives him a look that can only be interpreted as not taking him seriously.

Williams: Is Nigma serious here?

Fury: If he is, then perhaps he isn't as smart as we like to think he is.

Williams: The size difference between them is so obvious.

Fury: That is what she said.

Nigma waves him over with the right hand, continuing to ask for the test.

Williams: Nigma continues to ask for that test of strength.

Fury: At this point, Nigma is up to something. Why keep asking otherwise?

Parks walks over and looks at the outstretched left arm, and reaches for the hand Nigma has in the air.

Williams: Parks is sizing him up. No, Dick....don't even say anything there.

Fury: What?

Just as Parks' hand reaches Nigma's, the smaller man whips around quickly and sweeps Parks' legs out from under him. Nigma rushes and grabs the left foot of Parks, going for the ankle lock.

Williams: Nigma suckered him in and took him down with a leg sweep!

Fury: Nigma is a thinking man, but can he back it up?

Williams: He is up and trying!

Parks shakes Nigma off before he can lock that hold onto his ankle and cause any damage. Nigma quickly responds with a boot to the back, right between the shoulders.

Fury: Ankle Lo--- Parks doesn't let him get it locked in!

Williams: Parks using his strength to avoid a painful hold!

Nigma stomps that shoulder area again, and then again.

Fury: But he isn't avoiding those boots very well.

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Williams: Difficult to do when you can't see them coming to block them.

Fury: Well brains has the advantage over brawn at this point, that is certain.

Nigma, feeling in control, pulls Parks up and whips him across the ring into the ropes. Parks rebounds and Nigma leapfrogs over him on the first pass. As Parks rebounds off the ropes again, Nigma plasters him with a leg lariat that connects clean on Parks' chin.

Williams: Leg Lariat by Nigma! He's going to try and end it!

The referee drops for the count: ONE!

Fury: Parks powers out at the first count! Wow!

Williams: Nigma is obviously going to have to do a lot more to put the veteran away.

Fury: Some guys just take longer to finish.

Nigma gets back to his feet as he sees Parks up to one knee. He rushes over and applies the sleeper hold while Parks is still dazed.

Williams: Sleeperhold! Nigma taking advantage of the slightly dazed Derek Parks!

Fury: He's in one of the best positions possible: on top!

While stuck in the sleeper hold, Parks uses his size advantage and stands to his feet. He then suddenly drops with a back body drop that plants Nigma onto the canvas and breaks the sleeper hold.

Williams: Parks breaks the hold!

Fury: Parks has too much size to be able to do that kind of hold on him. Leverage is a funny thing when it works against you.

Parks up to his feet and he sees Nigma, obviously with the wind knocked out of him. He smiles and taunts him to stand up.

Williams: Nigma is still trying to catch his breath and Parks is just taunting him.

Fury: This guy has the right to taunt him. He took his best shots and is the one still standing in the ring.

Nigma gets to his feet and swings at his taunting opponent, Parks dodges the haymaker and squarely plants his boot in the "nether regions," dropping Nigma to his knees again.

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Williams: What a cheap shot!

Fury: That's his name.

Williams: He goads him on over and over so he takes a swing and then he decides to kick him in the...

Fury: Go ahead and say it, sweetheart.

Williams: Ugh.

Parks over quickly and he grabs both of Nigma's arms. Then Parks lifts Nigma into position for a tiger driver. As Parks drops Nigma, "Cheapshot" raises a knee and brings him down horizontally so his back collides with his knee.

Fury: Double Underhook Backbreaker by Parks! He has this one won!

The Referee drops to count: ONE! TWO! THR.....KICKOUT!

Williams: Nigma survives!

Fury: He may regret kicking out of that when Parks gets finished with him.

Williams: Maybe he figures out a way to get Parks down and out?

Parks looking very confident as he pulls Nigma up and whips him across the ring into the corner. Nigma hits hard, but Parks had followed him in and crushed him into the turnbuckles right after initial impact.

Fury: Dick doubts it! That will crush the will right out of you!

Williams: Parks has Nigma right where he wants him! Why is he not finishing this?

Fury: A man like Derek parks can do things however he damn well pleases.

Parks tells the ringside fans he is going to do it one more time, and the fans show they are not exactly fans of his.

Williams: The fans don't like him much.

Fury: He doesn't care. Neither of these men do...that is what makes it difficult to watch for Dick!

Parks grabs Nigma and whips him across the ring again to the opposite corner and Parks takes off to charge the corner again, but Nigma moves and Parks goes shoulder-first between the top and middle ropes and into the steel ring post.

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Williams: Parks hit that post hard!

Fury: Nigma's brain saves him again!

Williams: Parks really took a shot there, I'm not sure he recovers easily from this.

Parks rolls off the middle rope and actually falls all the way out of the ring to the floor. Nigma pulls himself up his feet as he sees Parks down and the referee begins the obligatory count.

Fury: Especially from outside the ring. Can't believe that Nigma has this kind of advantage.

Williams: The referee is up to three and Parks is barely moving out there!

Fury: What is he doing?

Parks is starting to stand as Nigma steps through the ropes. Nigma runs and leaps, hitting a drop kick on Parks outside the ring. Parks is sent hard into the guard rail as Nigma begins getting to his feet.

Williams: Drop kick from the ring apron! Nigma in control!

Fury: He probably had the match won! The referee was up to five for crying out loud, why not just take the count out and live to fight another day?

Nigma walks over to Parks and pulls him up. Nigma sets up for a DDT, but before he can drop it, Parks shoves Nigma off him and into the ring post.

Williams: Parks counters and refuses to be face planted!

Fury: Guy could have had the count out win...Dick's dumbfounded.

Williams: Not so sure of the "founded" part of that, but I agree with the rest.

Parks smashes Nigma's head off the ring steps and then looks to the fans before doing it again. He then rolls Nigma back into the ring, following him in to break up the referee's count at 8.

Fury: "Cheapshot" using the ring steps to his advantage.

Williams: That mask has to offer some protection in those cases.

Fury: It's steel, my dear. It hurts no matter what.

Williams: At least they are back in the ring now.

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Nigma slides up and is sitting in the corner when Parks gets over to him and plants a boot to his chest. Parks wastes no time and takes his knee and shoves it against the head of Nigma, forcing it into the turnbuckle and against the ropes.

Fury: Not helping Nigma right now, that pressure hurts!

Williams: The referee is trying to put a spot to this.

The referee continues to tell Parks to let go of this hold, but he refuses. The referee begins to the break count of five.

Fury: Good luck. Parks is not a "play by the rules" kind of guy.

At the fifth count, Parks releases the hold and then goes right back to doing it again. Nigma is straining, but can't overcome the leverage and size disparity. The referee again attempts to force a break and begins another count.

Williams: He is still doing it even after the referee told him to stop.

Fury: Dick's shocked. And in more news...water is still wet.

This time at five, Parks releases yet again, but the referee gets in his face and backs him off Nigma. The referee tells him that if he does it again and refuses to listen, he would be disqualified.

Williams: Stern warning from the referee.

Fury: Oh please.

Williams: A loss is a loss, Parks doesn't want to begin his UTA career with a loss by disqualification.

Parks waves off the referee with an annoyed look and goes back to where Nigma is in the corner. Nigma, after a bit to gather himself, launches a kick that hits the same knee he swept early in the match.

Fury: Nigma again using his brain and kicks at that knee!

Williams: He has a chance now, if he can actually move fast enough.

Nigma grabs the head of Parks and goes to the corner, leaping off the turnbuckles and into a tornado DDT that gets a rise out of the crowd.

Williams: Tornado DDT! Nigma is going for the pin!

Fury: No he's not and for once he has the right idea!

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Nigma grabs Parks legs and puts him in a Boston Crab hold right in the middle of the ring. He leans back and adds a lot of pressure as Parks is trying to get out of it.

Fury: Nigma locks in that Boston Crab! He is so underrated in technical ability.

Williams: Parks' knee is in really bad shape and his lower back is now being wrenched.

Fury: Nigma is showing no fear and no signs of letting go. This is his best chance!

The referee continually asks Parks if he gives up, but Parks responds by suggesting he do something inappropriate with his own mother. Nigma leans about as far back as he can, the back of his mask nearly touching the back of Park's head.

Fury: Parks, even in pain, finds a way to make Dick smile.

Williams: Look at the leverage he is getting on this hold! Parks is trying, but not sure he can overcome this much torque on his lower body.

Parks pushes up on the canvas and begins to power out of the hold. He gets his arms fully extended, limiting how hard Nigma can hold on. Parks begins to slowly move toward the ropes.

Fury: Look at the brute strength! Parks is nearly out of this!

Williams: Nigma is not holding as tightly as he was...he's losing the hold!

Nigma, realizing the hold is a lost cause, lets go of the legs and immediately hits an elbow smash to the back of Park's head, dropping him to the canvas again.

Fury: Nigma with a cheap shot of his own. Makes Dick so proud!

Williams: There is an old phrase about a goose and a gander that comes to mind.

Fury: The hell is a gander anyway?

Nigma stands over Parks, waiting for him to roll over. The moment he does, Nigma leaps and hits a standing hurracanrana, and then grabs a leg for a pin.

Williams: He has him!

The referee drops to count: ONE! TWO! THREE....

Fury: NO! He got his finger on the bottom rope at the last second.

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Williams: Nigma thinks he won!

Fury: Sorry charlie....je suis no three!

Nigma looks at the referee and asks why the match isn't over and he points to the ropes, where Parks had managed to get his left hand to touch in the nick of time. Nigma is angry and yelling at him, but soon relents and returns to work on his adversary.

Williams: Nigma now giving the referee a piece of his mind.

Fury: Well he had some to spare Dick guesses.

Williams: Parks is still on the canvas. Those legs must be in really bad shape now.

Nigma reaches down for Parks, but Parks delivers a perfectly places throat punch. Nigma staggers back grabbing his throat as the referee warns Parks about the blow.

Fury: But the hands still work!

Williams: Another cheap shot from Parks! This one gets the referee's attention.

Fury: He doesn't care. Period. Learn to know that about him.

Parks gets back to his feet and grabs Nigma, whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, he catches Nigma with one arm between the legs and the other over his shoulder, sweeping him up and around in an amazing scoop power slam.

Williams: Parks with a massive scoop power slam! Holy Flying Spaghetti Monster that looked nasty! But he isn't covering. Why?

Fury: Ours is not to answer why, ours is to watch an ass kicking.

Williams: How poetic.

Fury: Dick tries.

Parks now has a sly grin on his face as he is on his knees next to the fallen Nigma. Parks begins driving knees into the ribs of the smaller man. one after the other with extreme force. Nigma has large red whelps on his side from the blows.

Williams: Parks is taking the life right out of Nigma with those knees to the ribs!

Fury: Kid may never breath right again.

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Parks pulls Nigma up and lifts him into position for a Michinoku Driver, planting it in the middle of the ring.

Fury: WINDY CITY DRIVER!!! Parks nailed it!

The referee drops down to make the count: ONE! TWO! THREE!

Williams: It's over! Parks gains the victory over Nigma in his UTA debut!

Fury: You can bet there will be a lot more where that came from.

The bell sounds and fans show their distaste for Parks as he has his arm lifted by the referee as "Symphony of Destruction" by Megadeath begins to play on the PA System.

Announcer: The winner of this match.....DEREK... "SHEAPSHOT"... PARKS!!!

Parks begins jawing with fans and pounding his own chest to show just how confident he is.

You Created This

As Jamie Sawyers is standing backstage, going over thoughts in his head, he's eyes go wide and the camera pans away. As it shifts, standing in the doorway is none other than Dynasty member Sean Jackson.

Wearing blue jeans and a loose fitting Dynasty logo shirt, Sean walks with a slight limp as he makes his way to Jamie Sawyers.

Jackson: Don't you move, not even one freaking inch Sawyers.

Standing his ground, Jamie swallows hard as he nods and holds both hands up in a non aggressive manner.

Sawyers: Look Sean, I don't wan...

Jackson: I didn't want any trouble either, but it happened didn't it? I came to Wrestle UTA, minding my own freaking business and all it got me was screwed over by the purple headed freak at the Black Horizon pay per view...

Sean looks up to the ceiling, drawing a deep breath before continuing.

Jackson: It's been one nightmare after another, and frankly I'm getting sick and damn tired of it.

Sean winces as he leans in close. It's obvious that his back is still a tad sore due to being pinned against the electrified cage during his shock therapy match at Seasons Beatings.

Jackson: But that's the reason why I have to go ahead and do something about it, like the rest of my Dynasty

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teammates.

As he leans back out, Sean winces again as the fabric from his shirt grazes the still healing flesh on his back. However, to play it off, Sean uses his right hand to brush lint from Jamie's shoulder.

Jackson: Because as soon as I'm cleared, I'm coming back as the monster...

He tilts his head slightly as his hand comes up to his chin.

Jackson: As the heartless bastard Wingate worked so hard to create, and that my stablemates need to combat the relentless attacks against us.

Sean reaches back and touches his back.

Jackson: You know I tried to be the good guy, we all did. Hell when I first arrived here, the UTA Championship was around the waist of an Iraqi terrorist, so I took it from him.

Sean moves his hand from his back, making a fist in the process while pointing his thumb towards his own chest.

Jackson: I took it from him because it was the american thing to do. But I guess that wasn't the trait Wingate wanted, because it was no time at all before Spectre arrived to gift wrap it for Madman Szalinski.

Sean then turns his attention from Sawyers and towards the camera.

Jackson: That's right people, James Wingate's little buddy practically handed it to Madman because he didn't want a legitimate champion like me on top. Don't believe me? look at how much resistance Wingate has given anything Dynasty related.

Sean shrugs.

Jackson: He doesn't want his champions to be shining examples of fair play. He wants them to be glad handed yes men who will lie, cheat, and cheapen the belts in whatever manner they can. That's the reason Wingate has repeatedly looked the other direction when Szalinski, Spectre, or Hopper has done their dirty deeds against us.

He extends his hand outward, sticking up fingers with every example given.

Jackson: And has gone overboard in punishing Perfection, LFB and CBR by constantly stacking the deck against them, by trying to put KVT in no win situations, and putting me in matches like shock therapy. Or better yet, making it possible for Spectre to assault me in the hospital after failing to get the job done at Seasons Beatings.

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In the corner of his eye, Sean notices that Jamie Sawyers has a look of disbelief on his face.

Jackson: Oh, you didn't hear about that one did you? Well it's not like you would believe me over Wingate anyway, but it's true. He sent his little lapdog after me while I was recovering from my injuries, but fortunately, Marshall had the means to obtain the video...

Sawyers: Now wait a minute...

Sean rolls his eyes at Jamie.

Jackson: Wait a minute nothing. I was there and I know damn good and well what he did to me. But you can be the disbeliever all you want, but as soon as we play that video. You'll definitely be singing a different tune about your boss, and his merry band of bought and paid for goons.

He then returns his attention to the camera.

Jackson: Isn't that right Wingate?

His eyes narrow, and his nostrils flare.

Jackson: Like I said earlier James, I tried to be the nice guy just like the rest of Dynasty, and got nowhere. I tried to be the model champion, someone the fans could be proud of, but ended up with the title stolen from me by your pet Szalinski. I even tried to be the model employee, going above and beyond what was expected at Seasons Beatings, but all I got was assaulted by your good buddy Spectre at the hospital. Frankly, because of the actions from your legion of liars and thieves, I've been completely misunderstood by the UTA fans. So on January 31st at Victory XXIII, I get to be the guy that I should have been all along....

Once again he winces.

Jackson: The heartless bastard who stands with the rest of Dynasty, as your company crumbles around you.

As he limps away.

Jackson: Injury or no.

Bottom Feeder

Backstage, Graham Clauson is inside his locker room, getting ready to exit and head towards the stage entrance for his match. As he begins to make his way towards the door, the door opens. A bearded man, balding slightly with glasses pops his head into the door.

???: You ready?

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Graham stops, appearing surprised at the man's appearance. He looks at the man like he is doing something wrong.

Clauson: Rob!? What the Hell are you doing? You're not part of the UTA roster! Just because you're family doesn't mean you're supposed to be back here!

Now identified, the man reaches in and has a manila folder in his hand with the UTA logo on it.

Rob: So I signed a contract to be your manager for nothing?

Graham reels back somewhat, surprised.

Clauson: What!?

Graham laughs, almost unsure how to react.

Rob: Hey, if you're going to be eating scraps tossed down from the top, you might as well let me help you. I didn't train you for nothing!

Rob thrusts his arm outwards to push the door open.

Rob: Come on, dammit! Let's go!

Graham shakes his head and begins to head towards the doorway.

Clauson: I'm not one of your academy students anymore, you know.

Rob steps aside to hold the door open. Graham exits the room as Rob fires back verbally.

Rob: Yeah, yeah, talk all you want after your match!

Rob shuts the door to the locker room...

Ella Henderson's , begins to play.

I keep, going to the river to pray

The house lights dim slightly and the spotlights on the entrance ramp intensify.

Announcer: Ladies & Gentleman, hailing from the Upper East Side Of Manhattan.

Cause I need, something that can wash all the pain

Victory: XXI

Kathryn Vermont Thomas steps out onto the stage, posed with her hands on her hips, she examines the crowd.

Announcer: Standing at, why does it matter and weighing in at, 'You never ask a woman her weight'

But at most, I'm sleeping all these demons away

She takes literally no mind to the reaction the crowd are giving her.

Announcer: Please welcome to the ring, The First Lady Of The UTA

But your ghost, the ghost of you it keeps me awake

As the beat kicks in, her eyes dart forward, her chin raised, she starts down the ramp. Treating the ramp like a high fashion catwalk, she stomps those boards with the same swag as the models at fashion week.

Announcer: MISS.... KATHRYN... VELMONT... THOMMMAAASSSS!!!!

KVT reaches the ring and climbs the steps. She wipes her feet with the same respect her father did. She steps to the center of the apron and places one foot on the bottom rope and uses as extra bounce as she jumps into the box splits and slides under the bottom rope. She gives a bend and snap to her feet, she poses for the hard cam for a moment then takes to her corner.

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 in the biggest match of her career as she takes on Dynasty's own Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Fury: Yet, another loss coming up for Claudio.

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 to see her goods.

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

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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 said after tonight people will be referring to her as the new first lady of the UTA.

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

Williams: Here we go!

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

Williams: KVT 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 KVT 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 KVT to move around, she's comfortable in this jockey for position...

With a side headlock being firmly applied onto her cranium, Claudio pulls KVT back to the ropes with her and pushes off, sending her opponent running to the ropes across the ring. Marie steps into KVT 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. KVT 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!

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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!

KVT 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. KVT even jabs a slap towards her face, but Marie keeps moving in closer with the hands coming in. When Marie reaches in, KVT swims through her hands to break them, clinches in, and drives a European uppercut into Marie's upper chest.

Fury: Here we go!

Williams: KVT's coming with the offense now!

KVT 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...

KVT 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 KVT 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 KVT 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 KVT 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.

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

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

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Williams: KVT gets out!

When Marie turns all the way around to face KVT, 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. KVT 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 KVT about to do here?

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

Fury: Close!...

KVT slides through underneath the bottom with a baseball slide anyway, but Marie sidesteps. KVT 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 KVT into the ringpost, but KVT jukes around and leapfrogs onto the apron on the adjacent side of the ringpost. Marie comes around the ringpost, but KVT turns the corner with a springboard rounding crossbody from the apron!

Williams: What a move by KVT! 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 KVT 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 KVT crawls up from the ring apron.

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

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

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

KVT 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 KVT ducks through underneath when she leaps off with a Bionic elbow.

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

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

KVT gets up quickly after missing the kick, but Marie does not miss when she throws a stiff open hand to KVT'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 KVT out, but KVT reverses and squashes Marie in the same corner, throwing a short right hand to the head after doing so. KVT 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!

KVT widens her shots a little more, but Marie can do little to deflect them. KVT 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 KVT's arm, and pulls her in close. KVT loses balance, and one of her feet slips from being hooked on the rope. Marie walks out of the corner, holding KVT 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 KVT down with a waterwheel suplex. Sitting up, Marie holds her head and falls over to one side, while KVT 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, KVT 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.

Fury: And KVT 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.

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Williams: Kathryn Vermont Thomas assisting Claudio up by the hair.

Fury: Dick loves when there's hair pulling involved in a cat fight.

Williams: Huge chop across the chest of Claudio.

Fury: Don't hurt the tatas!

Williams: Thomas grabbing the arm of Marie... sends her into the ropes. Van Claudio on the return...

Marie stops quickly and boots Kathryn Vermont Thomas in the gut.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio saves her self... grabs the head of KVT... Snap DDT! THIS ONE HAS TO BE OVER!

Marie turns KVT over and covers her as the referee drops to begin his count.

Williams: Could she do it? Could Marie Van Claudio be gaining her first win here in the UTA tonight?!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell begins to sound.

Williams: SHE'S DONE IT! SHE'S DONE IT!

Announcer: The winner of the match via pin fall.... MARIE... VAN... CLAUDDDDIIIOO!!!

Marie gets up with a semi shocked look on her face. She raises her hands and begins to shout how she is the best.

Fury: Dynasty is not going to be happy about this at all.

Williams: Who cares?! Marie Van Claudio does it! She gets a win over what many consider is the top female superstar here in the UTA today!

Marie continues to celebrate as KVT remains out on the canvas.

Remember Me?

We move to the backstage area where Derek Parks is chatting with his wife Sarah Richards.

DCP: Did you see the way I took it to Nigma?

Sarah: Yes I did! He's going to be feeling that for a long time.

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DCP: These people are going to learn that when you step in the ring with me you're going to have to bring your A game.

Sarah: That's right baby! Tonight they got just a small taste of it. Soon they.....

Derek interrupts Sarah in mid sentence when he sees Chris Hopper walk by.

DCP: Hold on a second Sarah.

Derek walks over to Chris Hopper and stops him.

DCP: Hey Hopper! It's time that you and I have a little chat.

Hopper: If it's about that picture of me that you broke the other night, It's cool. No big deal. Right now I have to get going. I got a plane to catch.

Chris Hopper starts to walk away but Derek stops him and spends him around.

DCP: I don't give a damn about that picture! I want to talk to you about me!

Hopper: Ok what about you?

DCP: Years ago Chris you may have been able to hold me back and stop me from succeeding but today you can't. Hell these past couple of years you haven't been able to.

Hopper: I have no clue what you're talking about!

DCP: I'm talking about years ago when you refused to help out a young masked wrestler known as Bowa The Snake Man. Bowa was the opening match and you were the main eventer. When this young kid asked you for some advice you told him to get lost.

Hopper: Bowa who?

DCP: I guess that you don't remember cancelling the MCW contract that Bowa had either!

Hopper: Nope I'm sorry. It doesn't ring a bell.

DCP: You arrogant piece of crap! You're nothing but a prick. It's guys like you that give this business a bad name. You're in it all for yourselves. You do nothing for this business. You do nothing for the new guys.

Hopper: Look if I did anything to upset you or hurt this Bowa guy I truly am sorry. Now if you don't mind I really need to get going. Like I said I have a plane to catch.

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Hopper starts to walk away from Derek again.

DCP: I was that young kid that you screwed over all those years ago. I was Bowa you son of a bitch!

Hopper turns around only to get leveled with a spear by Derek. The Dirty One climbs over Chris Hopper and begins nailing him with lefts and rights. Hopper is able to break free and even nails Derek with a few lefts and rights as well. Security guards immediately fly in to separate the two.

Hopper: What the hell dude?!

Derek is able to break free once again and lunges at Chris Hopper nailing him in the jaw with an elbow which cuts his lip wide open. Once again security pulls the two apart. This time more security arrive and are able to hold both superstars down. Pointing at Chris Hopper.

DCP: You're going to remember me! I'll see to it to that! You're going to pay for what you cost me! I guarantee you that Hopper!

Big Poppa by Notorious B.I.G. begins to play. Coleslaw Jenkins steps out of the back wearing a black wrestling singlet. He stands next to his friend Will Haynes. Haynes smacks Slaw on the shoulder as he points to the ring.

Williams: Jenkins, setting to make his UTA in ring debut here tonight. Originally, Will Haynes was set to face Graham Clauson. However, he said Graham wanted to start at the bottom, then he would start at the very bottom and face Coleslaw Jenkins instead!

Fury: He better be ready, Clauson is not going to mess around.

Slaw begins strutting down the isle. He adjusts his elbow pads as he does. He double checks his boots as well. Haynes stands a few steps back with a big smile on his face.

Announcer: Hailing from ATLANTA, GEORGIA...

Williams: Coleslaw Jenkins has some ring training but few to no professional matches.

Slaw uses the stairs and enters the ring through the middle ropes. He is followed in by Haynes.

Announcer: Standing at Six feet even and weighing in at Two Hundred-Sixty pounds...

He spins in an awkward circle before throwing a hand into the air. Haynes laughs as he claps his hands for his friend.

Announcer: COLESLAW JENKINS!

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Slaw checks his pads and boots once more before testing the top rope. Will Haynes stands in Jenkins' corner, clapping his hands.

Williams: We might be seeing a future star born here tonight.

Fury: Really?

Williams: Who knows?

Slaw prepares for the match. Haynes rubbing the shoulders and giving advice to his friend.

Fury: Graham Clauson shouldn't overlook Jenkins, it might be a mistake.

The stage lights in the arena begin to turn a combination of red and gold as the opening guitar riff of "Ante Up (V2)" by Robbin Hoodz Theory begins to play through the arena. As the first major drum hit begins to thump through the arena, a plume of pyrotechnics bursts outward from the entranceway of the stage.

Williams: This should be a good matchup.

Fury: Dick doesn't know what we can expect from Coleslaw, but he knows what we can expect from Graham Clauson.

A cloud of smoke from the blast obscures vision of the entrance, but Graham Clauson exits from the cloud. In his ring gear, a black baseball cap and black, collared and sleeveless vest, he comes out toting what appears to be a shotgun...

Williams: Here comes Graham Clauson. A new and improved, Graham Clauson

Fury: Haynes wanted to send a message... definitely not the start to the new year Graham had imagined.

He stops at the beginning of the aisle, smirking as he looks around at the fans.

Announcer: From Cincinnati, Ohio, weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds... GRAHAM CLAUSON!

Graham begins to walk down the aisle, keeping his focus towards ringside. He slaps hands with a few fans on his way down, picking up his pace as he gets closer to ringside.

Fury: Clauson put himself all out there last Wrestleshow. Not how Dick puts himself out there but it wasn't bad.

Williams: Clauson is turning a over a new leaf. Tonight starts the next chapter in Graham's career.

Right before reaching ringside, he begins to run before hopping up and sliding under the bottom rope. As he

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slides, Graham swings his body around in a way that upon the stop of the slide he stands right up. He runs towards the ropes, bouncing off once before he then runs over to a turnbuckle.

Williams: Graham Clauson was booked to face Will Haynes but, Will Haynes had other plans.

Clauson jumps up onto the second turnbuckle, bringing one leg up onto the top rope. He pantomimes the shape of guns with both of his hands, pointing outward before hopping back down.

Fury: Dick is glad to see The Shoot Kings disbanded.

Jennifer Williams shakes her head as she looks at her play by play partner.

Williams: Anyway, Clauson looks ready.

Graham then slings the vest off of him quickly, tossing it to the outside of the ring. Immediately afterwards, he then runs towards the opposite ropes, bouncing off and running back. He stops before he makes it to the other side, taking his hat off and throwing it into the crowd before facing to meet his challenge.

Williams: And we're off!

The two men lock up in the middle of the ring with a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Coleslaw gains control.

Williams: Jenkins quickly switching into a Side Headlock on Graham Clauson.

He wrenches in on the headlock. Clauson acts quick and grabs the waist of Jenkins.

Williams: Clauson in trouble early... Ooooh!

Clauson lifts up and sends Jenkins hard to the mat with a Slam. Jenkins turns over and gets back to his feet and is met with a Drop Toe Hold. Jenkins crawls to the outside of the ring and hears it from the fans.

Williams: Jenkins seems to be giving up.

Fury: Haynes seems to be enjoying himself on the outside of the ring.

Clauson puts his left foot on the bottom rope and puts his right leg against the middle rope. He yells at Coleslaw to get back in the ring. Jenkins flips Clauson off and starts walking back up the entrance ramp.

Williams: Haynes yelling over at Jenkins now.

The referee begins his Ten Count. Clauson slides under the bottom rope and rushes past the fans. He attacks Jenkins from behind sending him stumbling down to the ground. The fans near by go ballistic.

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Williams: Clauson lands some forearm blows as Jenkins tries to rise from his knees.

Fury: Jenkins is lucky to land a European Uppercut to Clauson's chest.

Referee: Five!

Clauson backs down the ramp as Jenkins lands some fists. Clauson staggers to the ring apron and is sent back in by Jenkins.

Jenkins points at a fan who seems to be giving him some lip. Clauson now on his feet bounces off the ring ropes and FLIES OVER THE TOP ROPE WITH A SUICIDE DIVE!

Williams: Graham Clauson!

Jenkins and Clauson crash on the floor. The fans begin a "UTA" chant.

Fury: He's crazy!

The referee once again starts a Ten Count.

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Williams: Both men are down!

Fury: Graham Clauson putting on a show here in the WrestleZone.

Both men are slow to get up.

Williams: Clauson and Coleslaw Jenkins begin to make some movement.

Fury: Clauson putting his body on the line tonight!

Graham gets to his feet first and lands a boot to Coleslaw Jenkins' mid section.

Williams: Clauson and Jenkins brawling on the outside.

Clauson turns Jenkins around and tries to land some sort of Cutter move but Jenkins smartly pushes Clauson forward and into the ring post.

Referee: Five!

Jenkins rolls into the ring and quickly rolls back to the floor.

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Fury: Smart move by Slaw. Not looking too bad in this match.

Graham Clauson is still on the ground and is picked up by Jenkins.

Williams: Slaw tosses Graham Clauson into the ring. Jenkins is right behind him.

Once Jenkins has Clauson to his feet he pulls him by the head.

Williams: Clauson stomps on Slaw's foot!

This breaks him free from Jenkins' grip. Clauson sees an opportunity to take the match and hits the ropes. He comes back at Coleslaw Jenkins with a tremendous SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP ROPE!

Williams: Clauson hit a Moonsault!

Fury: Watch this... Clauson runs, leaps and springboards himself over and wham. Takes out Jenkins!

Graham with the cover.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Jenkins kicks out and the fans can't believe it.

Williams: Clauson argues with the ref about the count.

Fury: You're better than that Graham...

Jenkins looks to be playing a little opossum. He slithers over closer to Clauson.

Williams: Clauson better keep his eyes on Jenkins!

Graham turns around as Jenkins leaps to his feet and rushes Clauson pushing him into the corner. The two men go back and forth with fists. Clauson lands a Knife Edge Chop.

Fans: WOOOO!

Williams: One more.

Fans: WOOOO!

Clauson pushes Jenkins into the corner. He grabs Jenkins by the wrist and attempts to send him into the corner. Coleslaw reverses the Irish Whip sending Clauson into the turnbuckles.

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Fury: That's gonna hurt tomorrow!

Graham Clauson bounces back towards the middle of the ring where Jenkins catches his opponent with a Big Clothesline.

Williams: Clauson sent to the mat!

Clauson hits the mat and rolls. He comes right back at his opponent.

Williams: Jenkins moves out of the way and lands some stiff jabs on the chin of Clauson.

Jenkins Irish Whips Crowley into the ropes. Hitting Clauson with a Kitchen Sink. Graham crashes to the mat and bounces into the ropes. His back is on the mat with his legs held up by the ropes.

Williams: Jenkins now in control of this match.

Jenkins wastes little time and tries to execute a submission maneuver.

Fury: That Single Leg Crab doesn't look that good.

Clauson is fighting it. Jenkins trying with everything he has to sit back on the Single Leg Crab.

Williams: Graham fighting Jenkins the best he can. Slaw has won this battle.

Clauson screams in pain. Coleslaw Jenkins bobs his head up and down pulling back as far as he can on the leg of Graham Clauson.

Williams: The fans getting behind Clauson.

Desperate, Clauson swings his free arm towards the ropes.

Williams: Graham is almost there... HE GOT THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Fury: Clauson is still in this match!

Jenkins lets the hold go and gets to his feet. He stomps a mud hole in Graham Clauson. Coleslaw looks pissed and walks towards the center of the squared circle. He beckons Clausin to get up. Jenkins doesn't like Clauson taking long and goes in for the attack.

Williams: Jenkins been holding his own so far.

Clauson now rests on his knees. He turns his head up and smiles at Jenkins. Clauson grabs Jenkins by the waist and lifts him up and falls back. Dropping him neck first across the top rope.

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Fury: The fans love every second of the chaos. Both men are down.

The referee starts his Ten Count.

Referee: One!

Jenkins grabbing at his throat and Clauson on his back lay in the ring. The referee continues to count

Referee: Four!

Coleslaw Jenkins gets to his side and tries to grab the ropes to lift him up. Clauson starting to come to. Jenkins leans on the ropes and points toward Clauson and looks angry.

Jenkins steps towards Clauson and is met with a Swinging Forearm Smash.

Williams: Clauson with the attack!

Jenkins stunned bounces off the ropes and is victim to a Running Bulldog by Graham Clauson.

Williams: Graham goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Fury: Jenkins not showing any quit.

Will Haynes slams his palms on the mat, trying to support his boy.

Williams: Clauson again with victory on the tips of his fingers.

Clauson takes a bit of a breather, as he does so Will Haynes jumps up to the ring apron.

Williams: Will Haynes trying to get Referee O'Connor's attention.

Fury: Jenkins needed that.

Referee O'Connor runs over to Haynes and yells for him to get back to the floor.

Williams: Referee O'Connor with his back to the action.

Graham Clauson goes over to say something to Will Haynes and is quickly brought down to the ground by Jenkins.

Williams: Jenkins is going to steal this!

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Referee: One! Two! Kickout!

The fans go nuts that Graham Clauson kicked out. Coleslaw looks frazzled.

Fury: Close one!

Coleslaw hits the ropes and charges hard at Clauson. Graham moves himself and bumps Jenkins down to a knee. An accidental collision, brings out the real fans.

Fans: You messed up! You Messed up! You Messed up!

Clauson seems to be angry and lands some very strong right fists to Jenkin's ribs. Clauson lands a pin point Dropkick to the knee of Coleslaw Jenkins.

Williams: Jenkins is down!

Clauson gets up to his feet and gets some distance from Jenkins. Slaw slowly gets to a knee.

Williams: BOOM! Graham Clauson connects with a devastating Running Boot to the temple of Coleslaw Jenkins!

Fury: Jenkins on the mat, Clauson sees his spot.

He is slow to climb to the top. He gets up to the top and looks shaky. He points at Jenkins.

Williams: THE GREEN ARROW!

Fury: This one is over!

Clauson goes for the cover once more.

Referee: One! Two! Three!

Announcer: The winner of the match by pinfall...GRAHAM CLAUSON!

Williams: Graham Clauson is your winner! Hell of a fight between these two!

Fury: Dick gives Jenkins a lot of credit. Going out there and almost beating Clauson. Graham Clauson scraps his way to a victory.. here on Victory!

Williams: Stay tuned, folks... still to come our Main Event... David Hightower takes on Doozer!

Something is Missing

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Nigma is seen wandering around the backstage area of Victory looking around as if he was lost. He stops and noticed Kathryn Vermont Thomas.

Nigma: Hmm I've done her already, sadly she has something that could be quite possible but not right now.

He continues on walking around skirting the shadows as he comes along Marie Van Claudio who is doing her yoga. and jumps back to avoid a meeting, he pulls out a notebook and starts to watch her and makes some small notes as he whispers to himself.

Nigma: Now she would be fun also but sadly blonds are just as stupid as a rock as it were. Naw I couldn't even think about it.

He walks away shaking his head and continues to wander the back.

Nigma: There has to be someone of interest here, i mean look at all these personalities. someone should stand out.

He then spots Doozer and looks at the man and turns and walks away shaking his head and mutters.

Nigma: Silly super hero, only if he didn't wear so many primary colors. He vibrates just standing there.

He then continues on making his way into the break room where he spots David Hightower and Whiskey eating and starts to make notes about the two. He laughs under his breath.

Nigma: A boy and his dog, Where the Red Fern Grows perhaps?

He laughs and moves on as he walks into a small room and looks around.

Nigma: You know this is silly, all these people and their lame ideas, just lame, I want a fraud, I want something that would be the ultimate goal here, but who I mean who?

Paladin walks backstage, his head down, unwrapping the tape from his wrists, when he bumps into someone. He looks up, and notices the dark, brooding figure of Nigma in his path. Nigma turns to Paladin and eye's the man in white and shivers as he leans closer to Paladin,

Nigma: Hmm you seem to be lacking something perhaps a session would be in order?

Nigma looks closer at the masked man and nods as he pulls out a card and hands it to Paladin and nods. Paladin looks into Nigma's eyes, then at the card, then back at Nigma, studying him closely. He turns to fully face him, holds his card up in the air, then grins briefly before putting his arm back down. Nigma then turns on his way and walks off.

Poetry Corner

Victory: XXI

Voice Over: This next segment is brought to you by the wonderful folks over at the WTFc... Hey, Mikey, did I say that right?

Mikey: Yeah, but shush, this is a recording.

Voice Over: Oh shi...

The camera pans out to show a dark lit lounge, a single spot light shines on a stage where a giant easel stands with an equally giant pad of paper. Next to the setup is a lone microphone, in which a woman, dressed all in black, from head to toe, walks up.

Lady of the Black: Good evening, tonight we have a special guest. All the way from the UTA, here is "Beautiful" Bobby Dean.

The room is filled with the sound of snapping fingers, as Bobby rolls to the stage in his handy dandy rascal. He bumps into a table or two on the way up, but once he's at the steps to the stage, he climbs off his scooter and makes his way up the three short steps and towards the pad of paper. With a slight bow to the crowd, he rips the first page off the pad.

Thank you.

Everyone in the room reads the two words, they each look confused, as he simply pauses. When he feels enough time has passed, he quickly rips off the next sheet.

This poem is dedicated to Marie Can Vlado,

a.k.a. My Dearest MCV.

Bobby lets the small audience read the introduction for a minute, before ripping the sheet and proceeding to recite his poem.

My dear, you have a stinky snatch.

Every time you open your hatch,

Riiiiip.

I pray to God someone will light a match,

And get rid of that stinky snatch.

He pauses for a bit and then bows, waiting for the snaps from the audience, which do not come. Rising to the crowd, he continues, ripping on to the next sheet.

Victory: XXI

I touch my wiener all through the night

I touch my wiener until the morning light.

Riiiiip.

I touch my wiener with you in sight

I touch my wiener because it feels so right.

There is a gasp from the crowd, which makes Bobby's eyes glimmer with pride, as he rips for the next sheet.

I hear, if I become more leaner,

MVC will come and touch my wiener.

Bobby Dean rips the final sheet and lets it fall to the floor, as he once again steps back and takes a bow. Suddenly the spotlight turns off, to dead silence.

Doozer emerges from the entranceway as bold voice blares through the arena as a remixed version of Eminem's plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts... He stands at six foot three and weighs in at two hundred and seventy eight pounds.... DOOOOOZZZEEERRR!!!!

Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start,

DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans.

Williams: Doozer and David Hightower having issues as of late as Doozer has put in place a new service that protects people from David Hightower's whoop ass.

Fury: Where's there's money to be made, make it!

Victory: XXI

He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

Williams: Doozer is ready for this match, and so are these fans.

by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play over the loudspeakers and David Hightower casually walks out with his dog Whiskey trotting along beside him. In his right hand is a rusted chain with a tow truck hook attached to it.

Announcer: Now on his way to the ring. From West Memphis, Arkansas. Standing at six foot and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... DAVID.... HIIIGGHHHTTOOOOWWWERRRR!!

He continues toward the ring where Doozer awaits.

Williams: David Hightower on his way to the ring and... and he's got that tow chain with him! The same one he used against Chris Hopper in their no disqualification match!

Fury: This is not a no disqualification match. Not smart thinking by Hightower. Of course, Dick would be surprised if he ever had an intelligent thought.

David burst into a run.

Williams: David Hightower not wasting any time getting to the ring!

Whiskey follows behind barking as David slides into the ring under the bottom rope. Whiskey stops at the apron and begins barking louder.

Fury: Someone shut that mutt up!

Williams: David Hightower not waiting for a bell as he rushes Doozer with that chain!

Doozer comes forward as David gets to his feet. He swings the chain at Doozer's head, who quickly moves to the side before coming forward and slamming his fist into the side of David's head causing him to drop the chain.

Williams: Doozer avoiding the chain and now rocking David Hightower with rights and lefts.

David is shocked back until he is in the corner. Doozer continues to rock him with lefts and rights as the referee kicks the chain out of the ring and calls for the bell.

Williams: This match has officially began!

Victory: XXI

Fury: Doozer got a taste of blood when he took Turk out at Seasons Beatings. His aggression is showing tonight.

David tries to cover up as Doozer continues to hit him. Finally, Hightower is able to block the shots. He grabs Doozer, and spins around slamming him hard into the corner.

Williams: David Hightower now on the offense with big rights and lefts into the midsection of Doozer.

David grabs the back of Doozer's head with both hands and comes in with a rising knee to his stomach.

Williams: Hightower lifts his arm.. big elbow to the forehead of Doozer!

Doozer grabs his head and stumbles out of the corner. David runs to the ropes.

Williams: Hightower off of the ropes. Doozer turns... big boot by David Hightower!

As his boot connects, Doozer is sent hard to the canvas.

Williams: Hightower now stomping away at Doozer.

Fury: This is nothing more than a glorified fight.

Williams: Hightower now pulling Doozer to his feet.

As Doozer comes up, he sends a fist into the gut of David, causing him to bend over.

Williams: Doozer swings up with a huge European uppercut!

David swings his arms as he stumbles backward. They swing over the top rope as he leans against it.

Williams: Doozer burst forward... clothesline! BOTH MEN GO OVER THE TOP ROPE!

They both spin over and crash down to the floor as the fans get on their feet.

Fury: Well, the action has made it's way outside of the ring.

Williams: Not much action currently as they are both on the floor, possibly hurt.

The referee leans over the ropes and begins to count.

Williams: They both hit the floor with force, but seem to be moving around.

Doozer begins to push himself up first.

Victory: XXI

Williams: Doozer back to his feet as David Hightower stirs.

Fury: Doozer looking to make an example of Hightower like he did Turk just a few weeks ago.

Doozer puts a boot on David's head and pushes down hard.

Williams: Now just toying with David Hightower.

He bends down to start pulling David up. However, David begins running forward, slamming into the gut of Doozer and pushing him backward until his back slams into the steel steps.

Williams: David Hightower sends Doozer back first into that unforgiving steel.

Fury: That metal has no give folks. Trust Dick, it hurts.

Doozer drops to his hands and knees in front of the steps. David Hightower walks around him, and grabs the top portion of the step, lifting it up.

Williams: Oh no!

He brings the steps down, slamming them hard into the back of Doozer. A metal clang is heard throughout the WrestleZone.

Williams: That hurt just watching!

Fury: That's a good way to end someone's career!

Doozer lays on the floor as David sits the steps down on top of his head.

Williams: Please... no!

The referee stops his count to yell at David Hightower. Whiskey barks as Hightower rolls back into the ring and back out to reset the count.

Williams: David Hightower at the base of that step!

He puts on foot on the step and begins to press down. Doozer can be heard screaming under it as Whiskey nips at his shorts.

Williams: Come on David! Enough is enough!

He presses down harder before lifting his foot up and slamming it back down once more.

Victory: XXI

Williams: David Hightower showing no remorse as he picks the steps back up.

He lifts them high over his head before stepping back and throwing them down hard in top of Doozer. The steps slam into his back before bouncing up and over. Whiskey quickly moves out of their way as the falls upside down on the floor.

Williams: David Hightower grabbing an injured Doozer, pulling him to his feet.

Fury: Dick doesn't know how Doozer will be able to continue.

Williams: Hightower grabs the arm of Doozer... sends him hard into the barricade!

The front row fans slap the back of Doozer who is propped up on the barricade.

Williams: Hightower runs...

Doozer drops slightly down as David approaches, lifting him up and over the barricade, sending him crashing into the front row where the fans leaps out of the way.

Williams: Doozer sends Hightower over the barricade!

He drops to a knee and holds his back before reaching back and grabbing the barricade, using it to pull himself back to his feet.

Williams: Doozer is hurt, but showing his never give up attitude as he gets to his feet, now stepping over the barricade and into the fans.

Fury: They need to take this back into the ring before they are counted out!

Doozer grabs one of the now empty chairs, lifting it up and bringing it across the back of David Hightower.

Williams: Chair shot to David Hightower. How is the referee still letting this go?!

Fury: He's lost all control Jennifer. All he can do now is count them.

Doozer throws the chair down before moving over and grabbing David Hightower by the head.

Williams: Doozer pulls Hightower up. Big right to the head of Hightower.

David stumbles back. Fans continue to get out of the way as Doozer comes forward, slamming his fist into him again. David blocks a third shot and comes forward with his own.

Williams: These two are fighting their way through the fans, further and further from the ring!

Victory: XXI

Finally, the referee hits ten and begins to call for the bell.

Williams: This one is over, but these two men do not care as they continue to fight through the fans.

Fury: Dick can't even see them anymore.

Doozer slams a forearm into the back of David Hightower before sending him into an empty aisle behind the fans toward the back.

Announcer: Due to a double count out, this match ends in no contest!

Doozer slams a boot down into the upper shoulders of David Hightower.

Williams: Well folks, this one is over, but these two are still going at it as Doozer pulls Hightower back to his feet!

Whiskey is at the edge of the stage, barking toward both of them as Doozer directs Hightower toward it.

Williams: Doozer rolling David Hightower up onto the edge of the entrance stage. This one may spill out into Universal Studios!

Doozer pulls himself up to the stage. Whiskey runs over and bites at his feet. As he tries to get Whiskey to get away, David pushes to his feet.

Williams: Hightower spinning Doozer around. Big right hand. This one continues!

They continue to exchange punches until they disappear back through the curtains, Whiskey following. The camera zooms over to Jennifer and Dick.

Williams: Well fans, that's all the time we have for you tonight. We'll be back tomorrow night on Pure Sports Entertainment live from The WrestleZone here. I'm Jennifer Williams with Dick Fury wishing you a great night!

Fury: Good night everyone!

We switch backstage to get a last glimpse of David Hightower and Doozer exchanging punches down a long, empty corridor as the copy right comes up and we fade to black.