

Victory: XXIII

January 31, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

Victory XXIII

31 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 his second home, Orlando!

Williams: The UTA is live in your homes! It's been less than a week and the Universe is still talking about the events that took place last Wrestleshow.

Fury: We saw two title defenses, a few Super Kicks, female strippers... Dick's favorite kind...

Jennifer Williams rolls her eyes as her Victory co-host continues.

Fury: Dick might have saw a midget, or little person, dwarf, short stack... whatever they're called.

Williams: One in a million.

Fury: Dick would love to keep talking about himself...

Williams: But we can't because tonight we have another action packed show!

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A graphic with Lew Smith and Marie Van Claudio fills your screen.

Williams: Starting Victory off with a bang! Lew Smith and Marie Van Claudio go toe to toe. We will see which one the winning ways continue for.

Fury: Whoever wins this match goes up a few clicks in the eyes of the UTA executives.

Williams: Next up, a match between two historians of the game... Sean Jackson and Doozer. I expect this one to be in and out of the ring.

Fury: Both men, so well respected, not just in the locker room here but in organizations around the world. Dick is looking forward to this...

Williams: Each one of these matches could be a Main Event, I swear. Will Haynes faces off with The Spectre.

Fury: Will Haynes is going to get even more attention than he gets, it's about time.

Williams: The Spectre makes his return to action after Shock Therapy. We will see what condition both he and Sean Jackson are in tonight.

Fury: Neither have gimmes, tonight.

The final graphic to hit you is David Hightower and Graham Clauson.

Williams: Tonight's Main Event here in the WrestleZone will be David Hightower taking on Graham Clauson.

Fury: Two top stars getting the spotlight they deserve... UTA keeps setting the bar, tonight will be no different.

Williams: Don't go anywhere folks, VICTORY IS LIVE!!!

WTFC IR

"You must die, I alone am best," Rings out over the PA system as Bloodhound Gang's "I Hope You Die" comes into FULL swing. The fans at the WrestleZone jump to their feet in anticipation of a whole lot of fun.

Williams: And here are the guys from #WTFC. And Dick, gotta tell you I still don't really know what the name means.

Fury: Well obviously it means, What The F- Williams: Woah, Woah...

Out of the back comes the boys of #WTFC. Mikey Unlikely races onto the stage, his hands thrown high into

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the air. Although you can tell by his apparel that he is not in action tonight Mikey is very excited to be here. He wears a Orlando Magic hoodie and a pair of blue carpenter jeans. He claps his hands together and points to the crowd. He spins as he takes everyone in the Wrestlezone in! He runs to one side of the stage, and points back to the entry, as out walks the two members of #WTFC who are in action tonight.

Doozer and Will "the THRILL" Haynes are out next.

Doozer steps out and hits the right side of the stage. He's full HERO mode heading into his match later on this evening with Sean Jackson. Backwards hat, check. Superman attire, check. Locked and loaded. He nods his head and waves to the fans. He even mimics shoveling snow, something he did a lot of this past week.

Haynes takes his spot on the left hand side of the stage. The #WTFC guys space themselves out nicely here. Haynes is ready for his match tonight with the Spectre, a UTA Hall of Famer. THRILL isn't quite dressed for his match yet as he wears a pair of dark jeans, black boots, and a gray thermal. He nods his head taking in the fan reaction. Fury: Where's the fat one? Williams: I'm told, Bobby Dean was unable to make it tonight, due to travel conflicts. Fury: He couldn't fit on the plane!

The #WTFC boys head down the ring, Mikey leading the way. They slap some hands along the side of the stage. Mikey opts for the steel steps. He climbs them quickly, his eyes never leaving the fans. Mikey being the gentleman that he is sits on the middle rope and holds it open for his good buddies.

Doozer and Thrill shake their heads and chirp briefly at Unlikely. Mikey can only smile as WTFC finally enters the ring. Mikey motions to the time keeper that he's going to need a microphone.

Mikey Unlikely: Hello Orlandooooooooo...Make some MOTHER CRUNKING NOISE!!!!!! .

The crowd roars at simply being mentioned. Hot crowd in the WrestleZone tonight for amazing UTA action. Doozer and Thrill eat it up, each taking space by the opposite turnbuckles. They put their hands together to aid Mikey's quest for loud noises.

Mikey Unlikely: Who's ready for some AWESOME action tonight?

The crowd pops briefly again as Mikey continues.

Mikey Unlikely: We're gonna get to that I promise - but first... us #WTFC guys need to clear the air! First and foremost, we wanna give a HUGE shout out.... Haynes walks over and tilts the microphone his direction... Will Haynes: and we do mean HUGE! Mikey smiles, taking the mic back. Mikey Unlikely: To our boy, "Beautiful" Bobby Dean!

The crowd cheers after hearing the name of their PLUS SIZED hero. The camera crew quickly zooms in on a sign in the crowd reading, "I Eat More than Bobby Dean." Mikey Unlikely: Bobby couldn't be here tonight however, we still stand united, and we still have business to attend to... Both my guys here, have MONUMENTAL matches this evening, and each stand to carve their name in the ANNALS of history, Thrill

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mouths to Doozer, "did he just say anal?" Doozer laughs at the joke as Mikey continues. Looks like #WTFC is in good spirits tonight.

Mikey Unlikely: BUT before they do that, I've got somethin' I need to get off my chest! Almost three weeks ago, at Wrestleshow 30, I was attacked from behind, by a man known as Abdul Bin Hussain. Williams: What a dastardly deed! Fury: What? Dick likes to attack the behind too. Williams: That's not what he said. The crowd erupts into boos after hearing the name of the UTA's Iranian. Will Haynes gives a big thumbs down to the crowd, and Doozer shakes his head. A few sporadic, "USA! USA! USA!" chants come from the crowd. Mikey Unlikely: Abdul, I have not been running from you. I have not been hiding. Here I stand before you, ready and willing. You talk about how women are beneath you? Well last I checked, you got bounced by one of the UTA's best! A "Kush" cheer breaks out amongst the fans in the Wrestlezone. Haynes flashes a big smile and points to Mikey. The two of them connecting on an obvious shared love of the name. Mikey Unlikely: My point is, what kind of man can't take someone face to face? What kind of man, waits until you had a match, and are changing in the dressing room? What kind of man ties you to a chair, and writes on the wall with a guy's own blood?

Haynes motions for Mikey to calm down. Doozer does the same.

Mikey Unlikely: NOBODY MAKES ME BLEED MY OWN BLOOD!

Haynes buries his head in his palm. Doozer shrugs. The crowd appreciates the call back humor to "Dodgeball" and gives Mikey a laugh. Mikey gathers himself and continues. Mikey Unlikely: A.B.H. Here I am... Waiting on you...

Williams: Well, Mikey Unlikely in no uncertain terms calling out Abdul here tonight on Victory.

Fury: Callin' out a known terrorist. Bet this blows up in his face.

Mikey Unlikely: BUT enough about me...let's get to down to it. Allow me to introduce the TRUE HERO of BOSTON, the BOSTON SHOVELER, the one, the only....DOOOOZERRR!

Doozer steps towards the middle of the ring with a hand held high in the air, waving to the fans. He grabs the mic from Mikey who playfully slaps him on the back and retreats to the turnbuckle to ease back and watch Dooze on the mic.

Doozer: Later on tonight I take on Sean Jackson. And I got to know, SERIOUSLY BRO, do you even hero?

Doozer can barely get the sentence out without laughing. Mikey yells "OOOOOOOH" as he runs a circle around the ring. Pulling on the top rope sending it reverberating back and forth. Thrill smiles.

Doozer: All that hero stuff we talked about all week doesn't even matter now. Tonight, it's you and me, in this ring, and the words mean nothing. Let's see if those doctors didn't make a mistake in clearing you too early. I'd be eager to come back too, Sean. Especially when I see all your buddies falling out of Dynasty. KVT was

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first, CBR second. Sean are you number 3? Tonight WTFC makes its first strike against Dynasty!

The crowd applauds for Doozer who hands the mic back to Mikey who takes over once again.

Mikey Unlikely: Alright, alright, alright there ya have it folks, there ya have it. Doozer vs. Sean Jackson later on tonight right here in this very ring. If ya ask me it's gonna be an instant classic. One for ages.

Williams: Gotta say Dick, really looking forward to that one. Fury: Hope the Mental Rapist wears a condom tonight. Don't want the brain catching any STDs.

Mikey Unlikely: Now allow me to turn the mic over to one of my main men, the THRILL himself, WILL HAYNES!

It's time for Haynes to get on the mic now. He takes over Mikey's spot, Mikey takes over his.

Will Haynes: Tonight, I go head to head with a freakin' Hall of Famer! Right here in this ring. You get to see the Spectre make his Victory debut!

The crowd cheers for getting to see Spectre tonight. Surely when some of these folks purchased their tickets they didn't expect to see the UTA Hall of Famer in person!

Will Haynes: You else get to see me become one of only TWO men to beat the Spectre. Ya see while he was off partying in Vegas these past few days, while his focus was scattered this past week, I was concentrating on him. I was focused on him. And it's that focus, it's that drive that's gonna allow the ol' THRILLMAKER here to take you down, Spectre.

Mikey comes back to the middle and grabs the mic again.

Mikey Unlikely: And there you have it folks, tonight is gonna be our night baby!

Mikey gives a double thumbs up, he tosses the microphone back to the time keeper and stand between Dooze and Thrill. Mikey lifts one of each of their hands into the air as Bloodhound Gang hits over the PA system.

Williams: The #WTFC guys have a huge chance here tonight on Victory.

Fury: And Dick's got a huge chance for any lovely lady in the audience.

One Less Fake Hero

The scene opens with Kate Kincaid standing in front of a backdrop of the Wrestle UTA banner. As she raises the microphone to her lips, Sean Jackson moves into view. Wearing slacks and a dress shirt, Sean stands next to her while facing towards the camera.

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Kincaid: Sean, tonight you're stepping into the ring for the first time since Seasons Beatings. I guess the question on everyone's mind is, have you fully recovered from your shock therapy match with The Spectre?

Sean smiles.

Jackson: Kate, please. I am here, and I'm fully capable of wrestling tonight. You see, Spectre put all of his eggs into one basket. He thought for sure that shock therapy at Seasons Beatings would get rid of the Mental Rapist...

Sean turns his attention from Kate, and towards the camera.

Jackson: But once again, he miscalculated on just how dangerous I am. He thought that I would cower in the ring, that I would run for my life as soon as he stepped inside that cage...

Looking up at the ceiling, the smile gets larger. He then looks back down towards the camera.

Jackson: But that didn't happen, did it?

Sean shifts the question to Kate.

Jackson: Did it?

Kate Kincaid shakes her head.

Kincaid: I have to admit, you took Spectre's best shot during shock therapy and didn't lose. But, the match did put you in the hospital for a brief time with electrical burns to your back...

As she speaks, the smile slowly disappears from Sean's face. You can tell that he is having problems with keeping the memory of that match from haunting him. Even though he is doing everything possible to hide it.

Kincaid: And you have only just recently being cleared to step back into the ring...

But this isn't about Seasons Beatings, nor the match with Spectre. Kate Kincaid, ever the professional switches in mid stream and dives head first into what could be the match of the night.

Kincaid: Which brings me to your comments last week and your match tonight against Doozer.

Now the smile is completely gone, as his eyes roll and he briefly looks away from Kate. Taking a deep breath or two, Sean then looks back and attempts to deflate what happened on Victory XXII.

Jackson: Look Kate, about last week. I had a lot on my mind and in no way was I trying to be difficult. That was my first interview back and well, like I said, I had a lot on my mind.

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Kincaid: Fair enough.

With that being settled, Kate is more comfortable on keeping the subject matter to the match with Doozer.

Kincaid: Your match tonight with Doozer?

The smile slowly begins to form.

Jackson: You know, I can see why Doozer is such a hot topic. After all, he did come here on a mission to be a hero did he not? It didn't matter that Dynasty warned everyone about being heroes, he simply had to be different...

The smile gets larger.

Jackson: Or did he?

Kate cocks her head to one side, slightly confused.

Kincaid: What do you mean?

Jackson: Come on Kate, think about it. The only time Doozer ever acted like a hero here in Wrestle UTA was when he was getting paid for it. Take Turk for instance, when it benefitted Doozer the most, there he was, trying to save the world.

Sean takes a couple of steps forward, towards the camera, with his hand going to his chin. After stroking it a few times, he goes back to his spot next to Kate.

Jackson: But when it didn't benefit him, Doozer was nowhere to be found. Hell Kate, I went to Doozer's hometown of Boston and completely exposed him for the fraud that he was.

Kate looks shocked.

Kincaid: Doozer...a fraud? I'm sorry, but I just can't believe that. He acted like a hero against Turk because he was...in fact a hero.

Jackson: Kate, why do you believe those lying eyes? Of course Doozer wants everyone to think of him as the hero, it's the lie that ensures the UTA fanbase will continue to love him, even though he has basically done nothing to warrant that love or admiration.

There's no way she can believe that. After all Doozer went out of his way to save Bechdel Kush in the early days of his arrival.

Kincaid: I'm sorry Sean, but what I saw wasn't my imagination. Doozer is a hero be...

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Jackson: No Kate, he's not. During Winter Storm Juno, did Doozer save any lives in his hometown?

Not sure, Kate shrugs.

Jackson: Did he go out of his way to save anyone's property? Did he go out into the streets of Boston and make sure the homeless got out of the bitter cold?

Again, Kate shrugs.

Jackson: Hell no he didn't. He didn't because James Wingate wasn't there to hand him a paycheck. He didn't because the Mayor of Boston wasn't out there to hand him an award...

Sean extends his arms outwards, not understanding how someone as intelligent as Kate Kincaid can't see the picture he's painting.

Jackson: Come on Kate, this isn't rocket science. When have you seen Doozer do anything that didn't benefit him first?

Before she can say anything.

Jackson: That's right, you haven't. The only reason Doozer targeted Turk in the beginning was because he needed the exposure. Doozer knew that saving Bechdel Kush from Turk would put him in the limelight and that's exactly what happened. But after getting the exposure he so desperately needed, he quit being that hero you all claimed him to be.

Kincaid: Come on Sean, that's a little harsh isn't it?

Jackson: No Kate, that's the truth. If Doozer was this great hero for women, where was he when Ariel Shadows was put down?

Sean is referencing Dynasty's attack on Ariel Shadows and The Shoot Kings.

Jackson: Where was he for The Second Coming?

Referencing the Estupendo Kick on 2C.

Jackson: You know, since he has such a soft spot in his heart for women.

When Kate isn't quick with her response, Sean shrugs as he turns towards the camera.

Jackson: Doozer, you're a fraud. I know it, and you know it. You used Turk to gain notoriety and once you gained it, you showed your true colors by turning your back on the fans. Well tonight, I once again prove their heroes are a thing of the past, that they no longer exist.

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Sean sneaks a peak back at Kate.

Jackson: That no matter how hard some want to believe in the fairy tale...

And back to the camera with a smirk.

Jackson: There just isn't room for false heroes Doozer. Not anymore.

As he starts to leave.

Jackson: After tonight, there will be one less fake hero to contend with.

Fade.

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of If You Want Peace, Prepare for War by Childern of Boom.. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colors that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!". Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. Announcer: Introducing first, from Brimley, England, weighing in at two hundred and sixteen pounds, Lew Smith! The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the center to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring. Williams: Here comes a man on a mission, looking to start a streak of wins here in his UTA career. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight. Williams: Lew Smith has all the right tools for what it takes to succeed in this business. All he needs is the opportunity to show it. Fury: Dick remembers. Dick had his fair share of battles with the Pompous Angel. Change (House of Flies) by The Deftones plays as the fans are booing Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks onto the ramp with her husband, Preston. Preston has the candle lit in the air as she and he walk to the ring. Williams: Lew Smith has a tall order tonight as he faces against a woman looking to start a streak of her own. The newly self-proclaimed First Lady of the UTA. Fury: Dick doesn't care. Dick loves all the ladies. First, second, third, even the red-headed step sister down south. Marie keeps on walking to the ring as the fans are booing at her and Preston. Preston keeps his eye on everyone as he gets on the apron. Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada Preston opens the ropes for his wife as he looks at her. She gets in the ring and stands in the middle as Preston holds the ropes open for her. Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds... Preston gets behind her and pours down the wax on her. Marie looks at the fans with a cold stare as she has the wax poured down her. Announcer: Marie Van Claudio Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing. Fury: Dick thinks that Marie looks covered in- Preston rolls out of the ring as Marie looks at her open as she stares coldy at them. Williams: Dick! Fury: No. Not yet. Dick was going to say cu- Williams: Dick!!! Fury: Dick already said you were wrong. All we need here is some softer generic music. The bell sounds to signify the start of the match and right out the gate Marie Van Claudio rushes at Lew Smith and goes for an opening dropkick which Smith pops back a step to avoid. He waits for her to return to her feet and the two lock up in the center of the ring. Smith gets the upper-hand and

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maneuvers behind Marie, going straight for a belly to back suplex, while Marie still struggles. She kicks her leg forward, tripping up Lew's own tripping him to his back. Marie sprints at the ropes and comes back but Smith rolls over near her forcing her to jump over him, hits the other end of the ring and comes back at Lew Smith. He catches her and pops her up in the air with a elevated single-leg facebuster. Williams: Brilliant move there from Lew Smith using her momentum against her and crashing her down face first on the canvas.

Once back to their feet Marie swipes at Smith but he ducks and comes around to her back once more, jostling for a hold but winds up pushing them into the ropes, rebounding with a rollup on Claudio for a one count before she kicks out sending Smith back a few steps. He hits the ropes and comes back at her, only for her to drop to her stomach in avoidance. She jumps to her feet and catches Smith's arm, ties him up and when he takes a swing she ducks low, hooks him and floats them back for a pin and one count once more. Before Smith gets back to his feet fully Marie lets lose with a swift kick to the side of his head, yanks his arm and swings him back into the corner. She gives chase however Smith grabs the corner and leaps up, causing Marie to miss and crash and burn below him. Smith dashes into the ropes and comes back with a powerful clothesline that nearly knocks Marie out of her boots. Williams: This is all about who wants it more, Dick.

Fury: Dick is a ladies man. Lew Smith usually is too but going by those rapid martial arts kicks to the chest of the seated Marie, perhaps not. Smith let lose with several snapping kicks to the shoulders and chest of Marie, flattening her down before laying waste with a dropkick that knocks her out flat on her back. Smith pulls her back to her feet but just as quickly snapmares her right back to the ground. Smith rushes the ropes behind him and comes back with a thrust kick which Marie lays back to avoid. She pops to her feet and catches Smith as he comes back at her, elevating him and dropping onto the ropes behind. Hanging him up to dry she grabs his legs, listing them off the mat and grins at the official before deliver a swift kick upwards, narrowly avoiding the one zone that could get her disqualified. But the discomfort is still there. Even Preston feels it at ringside. Marie picks Smith back up from the mat, twisting his arm, and hooking him before raising for a suplex and dropping him forward with the front suplex. She quickly descends on him and looks to lock in a camel clutch but Lew Smith struggles and fights his way to a standing basis, flinging Marie forward over his head, landing on her behind where he legs lose with two rapid kicks to the back. Fury: You know if Marie is the new First Lady of the UTA, does that mean she is also the fluffer of nuts for Dynasty? Williams: Dick! That is not family friendly! Fury: Oh please. Children have no idea what Dick is talking about. Dick was a kid once. Even then the ladies loved them some dick. Williams: That is just... wrong. Smith with a clubbing blow to the back of Marie, staggering her as she stands on her feet, leaving her open for a flying forearm. Smith hits the opposite end of the ring and comes back with a second forearm. Marie pops back to her feet and readies for a third but Smith opts out of the hat-trick, catching her off guard and sweeps her legs out from under her. Williams: Lew Smith's going up top! This may be the final curtain call. Smith hops up on the turnbuckle, his back to the ring, then leaps up in the air with the moonsault on Marie. Claudio however puts her legs up to block the landing, but Smith lands on his feet and avoids her to the cheer of the crowd. He snaps forward with a kick knocking her to the side, then goes for a roundhouse. Marie ducks, catches the leg and rolls him up shoulders to the mat for a near three count before Smith thrusts himself free. Marie picks him up and throws a punch, which she follows with a round house heel kick looking to take Lew down. When that fails she grabs his arm and yanks him across the ring into the ropes, and close behind she cobbles him from behind sending him through the ropes onto the apron. The newly self-proclaimed first lady of the UTA swipes at Smith and grabs him by the hair, yanks him in for a suplex attempt but Smith drops low, and slides forward under the legs of Marie, catching her off guard and rolling her up for the a near three count. Williams: These two are bringing it here tonight. The match can still go either direction. Who do you think will pull out

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tonight? Fury: Dick always pulls out. Dick wants no more illegitimate children trying to claim Dick's fortune. Smith ducks a clothesline from Marie, but fails to dodge fully a arcing kick that send him back a step. Marie launches him into the ropes and meets him with a hard knee thrusting into his gut, doubling him over and snaps his neck with a neckbreaker. She follows by pulling him by the arm to the corner, and slips through the ropes to the outside. Ignoring the officials calls she pulls his arm outward and whips it back against the post much to the delight of her cheering husband. She does this a second time, and then on the third clinches in, holding the wrist and wrapping his arm around the post until she has to release to avoid being disqualified and counted out. Marie slips back in the ring, and rolls across and out the other side of Smith, grabs his hair and pulls it up before openly slaps him across the face. She screams out that she is the First Lady of UTA and he will fall before her. She then rolls back in and pulls Lew out of the corner, planting a boot on his chest for a single count. Her ego getting the best of her there as her foot was available and Smith grabbed it, twisted it and this brought Marie Claudio down to the mat. Smith clutches down on the ankle and pulls himself up by the ropes. Williams: What the heck is he trying to do here? Smith continues to raise her by the ankle, twisting it and her body while slowly stepping up the turnbuckles behind him until he sat on the top and Marie dangles by her leg clawing at the canvas. Smith reaches out and snatch her other leg despite her flailing about, and pulls it in tight, releasing the other ankle and pulling that leg in tight. To the delight of the fans Lew Smith raises up and leaps off with a sitout wheelbarrow facebuster from the top rope. Williams: Marie Van Claudio's got to be out after that! Smith rolls her over and drapes the leg for the one... two... No not quite as Marie manages to get her shoulder off the mat. Stunned, Smith rolls off and waits for Marie to stumble up still feeling the after effects of the brain rattling. Once she does he pounces forward, grabbing the arms and locking in the fullnelson, wrapping his legs and leaps forward with Heaven's Judgment fully applied. Marie waivers. She fights to get free. Struggles to reach the ropes but the positioning and ring awareness of Smith was spot on. With no where to go she fades. The official raises her arm once. A second time, and by the third the bell rings signaling the end of this bout to the cheers and delight of the crowd. The official raises Lew Smith's arm up in victory as Preston pulls Marie over to the ropes and outside with him.

Victory is Brought to you By

A New Dream

The Wrestlezone is buzzing after the first match of the night, the Orlando crowd loud in anticipation of the evening ahead. We switch to a view of the announce table, where Dick Fury is leaning his chair back, one hand hanging between his legs and the other on the table, while Jennifer Williams sits up straight without even a single hair out of place. She smiles...

Williams: Welcome back to Victory! And wow, what a first match of this stacked card!

Dick Fury looks at Jennifer Williams, nodding nonchalantly.

Fury: Dick loves when girls play rough...and that was a whole lotta rough.

Cue back to Williams.

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Williams: And we've got three blockbuster matches still to come! I tell you what Dick, with last week's events and the matches scheduled tonight, Victory is fast becoming a mainstay of the UTA faithful!

Fury: Dick has ALWAYS been a mainstay of the people.

Before Williams can continue, the lights dim down, the crowd stopping their chatter expecting to see one of their heroes and the camera shot changes to focus on the entrance. A low drum starts to sound a singular note, with pause between each beat. The Toughnesstron flickers to an image, of a sword buried into the grass at the top of a hill and a worn Scottish flag idly waving in the background with its blue and white clear behind the steel, the skies grey with cloud.

The beats continue...thud...thud...thud

On the ninth beat, a violin starts to play as the tune of "Promentory" by the composer Trevor Jones fills the arena with the undercurrent of a violoncello plucking singular notes beneath the dancing notes of its treble partner.

The tune starts to repeat, a number of fans getting into the music and clapping before a figure starts to emerge from the back. Coming out into the light, the figure a man wearing a red, black and green kilt around his waist and a light brown coloured Jacobite shirt over his torso. A sporran hangs from the front of the kilt, closed, with polished shoes over his feet and cream socks pulled up nearly to his knees, a sgian-dubh slotted into place within the edges of the right sock and strips of tartan hanging from under the socks' turnings.

The man has medium length black hair, a clearly growing beard covering his jaw and mouth as he slowly steps into the light turning to peer up at the bright glare with a look of awe and wonder in his eyes.

He turns three sixty, almost entirely ignoring the crowd who don't yet know him, as he revels in the level of production surrounding him, everything clearly new to the six foot four heavy set man.

Fury: Dick has no idea who this is...

Williams: There have been a few new signings to the UTA this week, I think I know who this one is, but I'm not willing to guess!

The man finally turns back to face the fans, a bright smile on his face as the violin tune continues unending accompanied by a sudden raft of symbols, flicking itself forward in a harmonic journey. The man walks onto the ramp and immediately to the outstretched hands of fans, but instead of slapping the hands, he takes each one in his palm and shakes it, bringing his left hand over the stretched hand along with his right.

Sharing a few quick words with each of the fans whose hands he shakes, the man quickly jumps to the opposite barricade, repeating the feat with a few in attendance before getting to a young boy who stands with his father. The Scot leans down and whispers into the boys ear, taking his hand and putting it into what must be his father's, the new wrestler's own hand resting on the father's shoulder as he speaks and nods.

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Leaving the two, he makes his way around the ring as a second violin joins the first. The wrestler walks round shaking a few fans' hands further and sharing a laugh with one of them, clearly overwhelmed by the whole experience. He gets to the ring announcer and leans forward, saying something into his ear and nodding his head in appreciation before moving to the announce table and offering his hand to Jennifer Williams, who stands and shakes it, returning his smile. The man offers the same to Dick Fury, who simply sits back looking up grimly. The wrestler smiles again and nods his head, before turning his back to the announcers and jumping onto the ring apron, slipping into the ring. He walks slowly around the ring, eyes dancing between the audience, the big lights and the camera, the smile so wide and glowing on his bearded face.

He moves to a corner and drops to one knee as the chorus of the tune rings out, pressing one fist to the ground, bowing his head and lifting a pendant from beneath his shirt. He kisses the small silver sphere then places it back in, saying a few words to himself before standing to his feet and gladly taking a mic from a stagehand off to the side.

The new signing to the UTA walks slowly back into the middle of the ring as the music fades. He lifts the mic towards his mouth but is clearly once more overpowered by emotion, lowering and shaking his head, using his free palm to rub at his left eye. Lifting his head again, the Scot strides to the ropes placing both feet on the bottom rope and holding the top with his free hand, lifting the mic and thundering in a thick, middle Scottish accent.

Man: William!

He pauses, catching the frog in his throat threatening to derail this moment, such an important moment in the life of this thirty something year old man.

Man: William! We did it!

The accent rings out and members of the audience can't help but cheer for the new superstar. He gets down off the bottom rope and backs up into the middle of the ring.

He pauses, the smile back wide and fierce, face glowing as his happiness and emotions make him fidgety with the mic in his hand. He lifts it once again.

Man: Thank you. Thank you Orlando! Thank you UTA!

Looking into the camera and walking to the corner of the ring to be close to the lens.

Man: And thank YOU James Wingate for allowing a man to follow his dream and keep a promise.

The wrestler slowly walks back to the center of the ring, pockets of crowd getting into the mood and a small "You made it!" Chant emanating from the stands. Before it can grow though, it's cut off by that thick Scottish accent again.

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Man: My name is Lamond Alexander Robertson and I was born thirty five years ago, four thousand and fifty five miles from this spot right here.

He points down to the ring canvas, gesturing, then points East.

Robertson: On the north west coast of Alouion, Albion and Cruithintuait; one of the most beautiful places on God's green Earth...Scotland.

Lamond nods his head slowly, pacing carefully around the ring as the adrenaline rises within him.

Robertson: Born to my hard working parents John and Wilma, I am a proud member of Clan Donnachaidh and a true son of MacAlpine.

He walks to the corner of the ring, placing one hand on the turnbuckle and leaning into it, almost as if to dive over the top, lifting one foot off the canvas and the other pushing upwards with his toes.

Robertson: I am here today to be the man who listened to the words of an eight year old boy who still believes in miracles. I am here to be the man that eight year old boy can be proud to follow.

Lamond steps back from the corner, turning to face the other side of the audience.

Robertson: I am not a veteran of this sport. I am not a technical genius or incredible athlete. I am just the man who wants to teach my son that it's necessary always to follow your dreams and be the change you want to see in our world. To live the words printed on this crest...

He wipes the sweat from his nervous forehead, gripping the mic tightly as he continues to move around the ring. His fingers lift a symbol on the fabric of his Jacobite shirt towards the audience.

Robertson: Virtutis Gloria merces. Glory is the reward of Valor.

He lets go of the crest, the symbol of his family name and lifts the mic once more to his face.

Robertson: Two years ago I made a promise. I made a promise to the only woman who will ever steal my heart that I would be someone our boy could call a father and I would try every day to be a role model.

He pauses, scratching the back of his head with the fingers of his left hand.

Robertson: And through all of you, I hope to keep that promise. Through all your eyes I want to make that difference, to be that change.

Lamond gets back to the center of the ring, stopping his movement and taking a few slow breaths to compose himself.

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Robertson: Because that's not the man I've always been. I've been selfish, I've been ignorant to the needs of those I love. I used to believe it was enough to follow a career and make sure my family never wanted for anything. I worked and strove for success, blind to the true meaning of my life right before my nose.

He shakes his head, before looking back up at the crowd.

Robertson: I fell into the trap of doing what I should do and not being who I could be for those who meant the most to me. But that was then, and after nearly two years of hard work, perseverance and effort I stand before you tonight a proud man. And I'm here to tell each and every...

Lamond's arm stretches out, pointing to the crowd and slowly turning three sixty degrees.

Robertson: ...one of you, that to reach your goals...to exceed your expectations, you must have passion. That it's vital that every day you live with everything...LOVE WITH EVERYTHING...and FIGHT...WITH...EVERYTHING!!

The last three words, Lamond shouts at full volume, before raising his left arm as a fist into the air and looking round the audience while "Promentory" once again hits the speakers, this time in full flow of violins and cello.

He pauses for a few moments, both arms raised, one still holding the mic before walking to the side of the ring and handing the microphone a ringside crew hand and leaving the ring through the middle rope, dropping to the outside.

Lamond walks back up the ramp shaking hands once again with this time more enthusiastic fans and nodding in conversation as he passes them.

Williams: Wow...I...

Fury: Dick still doesn't know who this guy is.

One of Light, One of Dark

The arena lights slowly change from white to red. The fans look around in awe wondering who will be coming out of the curtain now.

Williams: The lights have just turned red here in the arena what is going on here?

Fury: Red is not Dick's favorite color pink however...

Williams: Surprise.... surprise. It appears something is on the tron.

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The tron shows a dark secluded area in the arena. It is nearly pitch black with only a couple flood lights to illuminate the surroundings. What can be made out is part of Lady Gaze and part of Crimson Lord's faces.

Gaze: The warmth of the darkness it calls to us, begging for us to bathe in its coldness. Like a blanket to cover the world once the light has vanished. Much has happened since last we spoke. Dynasty survived somehow, but this is far from over children, we still have plans for you. But, for now we want to talk about something else for now and that is...

Crimson Lord cuts her off almost immediately.

Crimson: Ron Hall, the Southern Hick of the UTA. Your little display of interfering in my business has cost you boy. I don't care what Mr. Fantastic, or The Spectre feel toward you they do not tell me how to feel. Ron the only thing I want right now is to find you and whatever rock you have crawled under and choke the life out of you!

Gaze quickly enters the conversation.

Gaze: We thought of all the people to join the fight against Dynasty you would be a shoe in for The Spawn. It seems you have other motives, perhaps to become a sell out to turn your back on the fans. Go for it Ron we are begging for you to make the move make it official because that way when I unleash Crimson on you there will be no regret of a possible ally.

Crimson enters the conversation again.

Crimson: Regret, humph I feel nothing for Ron Hall and I never will. I nearly broke his back in 2002. Maybe this time, if I catch you I will finally achieve what I failed to do last time we met in the ring.

Gaze vanishes in the darkness but continues to speak.

Gaze: Hallowed remember your blood lust; we do not need you going around decimating everything you see.

Crimson looks toward the left obvious where Gaze is now.

Crimson: What do I care no one is safe, with me back. Enough of that hick on to more pressing matters! "The Shining Light" kind of matters; February 8, 2015 Paladin tries to make a name for himself. With the victor to proceed to All or Nothing, this gives me a chance to meet all the ingrates in Dynasty.

Gaze enters the light once more and responds.

Gaze: Poor Paladin and he was doing so good in the company. Listen kid we have no hatred toward you. You just well happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Crimson interrupts once more.

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Crimson: Which means you will have the greatest match of your life. I am tired of the Hall of Fame tag, no for you child it is you verse me will leave accolades out of this. I feel sorry for you to draw me as a qualifier kid, its going to be a tall order and I mean a seven foot one inch two hundred and seventy pound order for you to try and overcome.

Gaze interjects herself into the conversation once more.

Gaze: Paladin pray to whatever "God" you pray to because come February 8th its "The Shining Light" Vs. "The Plague of Darkness!"

Crimson's hand reaches out and slams the first floodlight into the wall shattering it then the second. Total darkness envelops the Demonic Couple.

Crimson: I devour the light at Wrestleshow 32!

Back at ringside

The lights in the arena slowly return to their normal color, and the camera once more is put on Fury and Williams.

Fury: Dick thinks this guy is a psychopath. Dick thinks they both should be committed.

Williams: You know Dick for once, and just this once I think your right.

Voice Over: Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as bright flashes start to burst through out, acting as it were streaks of lighting. A dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

Williams: On his way to the ring... Sean Jackson.

Fury: Good to see Sean, alive and finally back in a UTA ring.

Boos erupt as a crimson mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp. A video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #SeanJackson and #Dynasty.

Williams: Sean was recently clear for action after his hellacious match with The Spectre.

Fury: The Shock Therapy match enarly killed those two idiots.

As "In The Air Tonight" begins to play, the fans see Sean Jackson and Vanessa stepping out onto the stage. Coming to a stop, Sean looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up

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beautifully against the backdrop.

Williams: Jackson oozes confidence.

Fury: He's been a champion all around the world and he's in the biggest thing in wrestling. It's good to be Sean Jackson!

Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

After making a complete turn on the stage, Sean motions that it's time to head to the ring.

Announcer: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As they make the slow walk to the ring, Sean stops momentarily to agitate a few fans close to the security railing before continuing to the ring. Vanessa is dressed in a blood red dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in his dark gray logo Mental Rapist shirt, black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

Announcer: Representing Dynasty. The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he is takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. After mean mugging the wrestling fans for a few moments, much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, Sean hops down and the lights return to the arena.

Williams: Sean Jackson awaits Doozer.

Fury: This plce is going to flip!

A remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play.

Doozer emerges from the entranceway. 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.

Williams: Coming to the ring, The Man, The Myth, The Legend... Doozer.

Fury: Doozer better have brought his A-game...

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

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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. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can.

Announcer: Hailing from Boston, Massachussettes!

Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and seventy three pounds... 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.

Announcer: DOOOOOOOOOOOOO-ZZZEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Doozer paces around the ring looking completely focused.

Williams: Doozer looks ready.

With a quick neck crack followed by cracking both sets of knuckles, Doozer crouches slightly while staring down his opponent.

Fury: Doozer in a stare down with Sean Jackson.

Williams: Referee calls for the bell...

The bell sounds.

Williams: And we're off.

Sean Jackson and Doozer circle each other in the center of the ring. The crowd is already in this match from the get go. Cheering for Doozer and booing at Sean Jackson.

Fury: Two greats facing off!

Collar and Elbow Tie Up ends with Doozer gaining control and bring Sean Jackson into the corner and against the ropes. The referee begins counting for Doozer to break the hold. He oblidges and backs away from Jackson.

Williams: Doozer giving Sean Jackson some space... Jackson!

A knee in the mid section causes Doozer to hunch over. Jackson turns and puts Doozer in the corner. He sizes Doozer up for some big elbow smashes. Jackson unloads three elbows and grabs Doozer by the left shoulder and arm.

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Fury: It will be interesting to see how Sean Jackson fares tonight against Doozer. His first match back after the Shock Therapy match.

Williams: He's looking good so far, Dick. Hip Toss from Jackson.

Jackson keeps the heat on Doozer, keeping possession of his left arm. He raises Doozer's arm up and lands a furious kick into his rib cage.

Williams: Sean Jackson... a mad man!

Kick after kick into the ribs attracts much warranted boos from the WrestleZone crowd. Jackson stalks Doozer who is crawling on the mat. Jackson puts his right leg on Doozer's backside and pushes him away from him.

Fury: Jackson playing games with his food, it seems.

Williams: Doozer might have a broken rib!

Sean Jackson stands over Doozer, he then moves to his side and extends Doozer's right arm. Jackson throws his legs back and comes down on the elbow area of Doozer with great force.

Williams: Sean Jackson is trying to break every bone in Doozer's body.

Fury: Dick likes what he's seeing from Sean Jackson.

Sean Jackson crashes down once again on Doozer's elbow. Jackson grabs the wrist while place his knee behind Doozer's elbow. Doozer is in great pain. The fans get on his side.

Williams: The fans are trying to help out The Dooze.

Fury: Stupid name for a stupid man!

Sean Jackson nods his head. He knows Doozer won't be able to handle much more punishment. Jackson lets go of the hold and gets to his feet. He backs into the ropes to his rear. He takes a few steps and jumps into the air.

Williams: Sean Jackson with another knee to Doozer's elbow!

Fury: Take away Doozer's strength, very smart on Jackson's part.

Williams: Jackson got some nice hang time before crashing down on Doozer's elbow. Doozer smartly rolls out of the ring to get some distance from Sean Jackson.

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Fury: Doozer is no stranger to out of the ring brawls.

Williams: I don't think we will see a repeat of Hightower and Doozer, Dick.

Fury: Good, that match wasn't very good.

The fans by ringside cheer Doozer as he takes a few seconds to recuperate. The fans pat Doozer on the back and hold their signs close to him. Sean Jackson stands on the middle rope looking down at Doozer.

Referee: Three!

Williams: Doozer could be in trouble in the rest of this match.

Fury: Can't be throwing people around with a bum wing.

Williams: Sean Jackson waving for Doozer to get back in the ring.

Referee: Six!

Doozer darts and slides into the ring. He hits the ropes as Sean Jackson jumps down from the second rope.

Williams: Shoulder Block by Doozer... and another.

Fury: Jackson right back on his feet.

Doozer bends at the hip as Jackson seems to almost walk right into a Samoan Drop. Doozer turns himself around and goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two! Kickout!

Williams: Sean Jackson, still very much in this match.

Sean Jackson tries to sit up and get to a knee and finds himself in a Doozer Sleeper Hold in the middle of the ring.

Fury: He's got no where to go, Jennifer.

The fans begin to cheer passionately for Doozer. Sean Jackson is on one knee as Doozer rests his weight down on his opponent. Trying to drive the air out of Sean Jackson's body.

Williams: Sean Jackson looks like he's seeing stars!

Doozer continues to wear down his opponent. Sean Jackson lays almost comatose inside the squared circle.

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The referee grabs Jackson's hand and begins to count him out.

Fury: This could be it for Sean Jackson.

Referee: One!

Sean Jackson's hand falls to the mat, lifeless. The referee lifts his arm back in the air. The fans are really feeling it.

Williams: The WrestleZone is on their feet!

Referee: Two!

Williams: Doozer is going to win!

Before Sean Jackson's hand can hit the canvas for a third time he jerks his arm back into the air. Sean Jackson makes a push and slowly brings himself and his opponent to their knees and up to a vertical base.

Williams: Jackson, pushing Doozer into the ropes. Jackson rolls out and escapes Doozer.

Sean Jackson rolls back and sits crouched by the far ring ropes. Doozer turns to face Sean and the two take off at each other. Doozer raises his left leg to go for a Big Boot but Jackson ducks under.

Williams: Inverted DDT by Sean Jackson!

Jackson goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

Fury: That's going to do it!

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Fury: The Doooooze.

Williams: Doozer kicked out!

Jackson, furious slams his hands down on the mat and then sits down on his opponent's chest raining down fists like crazy.

Fury: Dick is a big fan of Sean Jackson, he's a gamer.

Sean Jackson rises to his feet and walks towards the corner, he climbs up the ropes and stands on the middle rope. He breathes heavy as the fans start to chant.

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Fans: Let's go Doozer! Let's go Doozer!

Williams: Sean Jackson, picking his spot.

Sean Jackson leaps off the ropes and lands a hard Leg Drop on the throat of Doozer. Jackson sits on the mat as Doozer grabs his throat and rolls to the corner of the ring by the turnbuckles.

Fury: Sean Jackson is full control of this match.

Sean Jackson stands up leaving Doozer beaten and bruised on the mat. Jackson walks around the ring and is serenaded with boos. He sees a sign that catches his eye. He points out at a woman holding a Sean Jackson Sucks sign. He begins yelling at her from the ring.

Williams: Sean Jackson seems to be letting a fan under his skin a little.

Fury: That's an offensive sign. Dick is highly offended.

Williams: Shut up.

Jackson steps through the ropes and drops to the outside. He chuckles as he walks over to this female fan. She doesn't waiver and continues yelling at Sean Jackson.

Williams: Stay cool, Sean.

Referee: One!

Fury: We could have problems in a second.

Jackson puts his finger in her face and then is turned around to catch a right hook from Doozer. Doozer grabs Sean Jackson by the wrist and is spun around sending Sean Jackson into the near by barricade.

Williams: Jackson... SLAMS THROUGH THE BARRICADE!

Fury: Sean Jackson slammed right through the barricade and into the time keepers area.

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

The fans lose their minds and begin to chant for their hero. The referee continues to count.

Fans: DOO-ZERR! DOO-ZERR!

Williams: Sean Jackson is in all kinds of trouble.

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Referee: Six!

Doozer leans against the nearby barricade and walks slowly towards the ring and slides in to break the count.

Williams: Referee Velazquez forced to restart the count after The Doozer break.

Fury: Gamer move...

Doozer walks towards Sean Jackson's corpse. The fans at ringside chant for Doozer and pat him on the back and shoulder as he walks passed them. Doozer stops in front of Sean Jackson and pulls him by the head.

Williams: Jackson is just dead weight.

Referee: Three!

Fury: What's Doozer doing.

Williams: I tell you what he's doing... He's putting Sean Jackson up on his big shoulders and bringing him back to the ring!

Fury: Unbelievable...

Doozer breeze walks with Jackson across his shoulders. He bends his knees and sets Jackson down on the side of the ring by the apron. He takes a second to catch his breathe and wipe his sweat before pushing Jackson into the ring.

Referee: Seven!

Doozer slides in after.

Williams: Doozer quickly covering Sean Jackson... This one may be over.

The referee drops and begins counting.

Williams: NO! Kickout right before the three! This is still going on!

Fury: Dick thought that was over!

Doozer slaps the canvas, standing up, as he does, he pulls Jackson with him. He wraps his arms under his, setting up for a Lifting implant double underhook DDT.

Williams: Doozer going for The Abuser!

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He lifts Jackson up, but Jackson kicks and comes back down, lifting Doozer back up and over, dropping him to the canvas.

Williams: Jackson counters! Jackson counters!

Doozer sits up holding his back in pain. Sean Jackson pushes up. He breathes heavy looking at Doozer before taking off to the ropes.

Williams: Jackson off the ropes... on the return... Raising the knee... GAME CALLED TO...

Doozer rolls over and ducks as Jackson misses.

Williams: HE MISSES!

Doozer quickly gets to his feet.

Williams: Boot tot he gut! he sets him up.. lifting again... THE ABUSER! THE ABUSER!

Fury: Wow! He hit it!

Doozer covers him again, hooking the leg. The referee drops to count.

Williams: The referee counts... THREE! HE GOT IT! DOOZER WINS! DOOZER WINS!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match.... DOOZER!

Fury: That's a big win for Doozer right there.

Williams: Huge win Dick.

Doozer gets to his feet and holds his arms up.

Fury: Tonight, Dick's got to say, WTFC was put on the map.

Williams: Well, we still have Will Haynes and Spectre coming up.

Fury: True, true.

Come and Take Your Medicine

We go backstage where Derek Parks and Sarah Richards are deep in conversation.

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Richards: Why can't you just drop this Derek?

Parks: I can't! This guy needs to pay!

Richards: Listen to yourself Derek. Do you hear the things you're saying? This isn't you! You're becoming.....

Derek interrupts Sarah mid sentence.

Parks: I'm becoming what?

Richards: Nothing, just forget it!

Parks: Well let's go then! I got some things to say to that lying piece of crap.

Richards: I told you that I'm not going out there. I think that you need to drop this. Let's concentrate on going after the Prodigy Championship.

Derek looks at Sarah then looks at the entrance.

Parks: I got to do this Sarah...I'm sorry.

Derek gives Sarah a quick kiss on the cheek then heads through the entranceway.

Williams: Looks like he is headed our way!

"Symphony of Destruction" by Megadeth begins playing over the speakers as Derek Parks walks through the curtain. He slowly makes his way down to the ring.

Fury: This guy is full of hate.

Williams: But why?

Fury: All Dick can say is that hate is powerful and we're about to get an earful of it.

Once he reaches the ring, he slides inside and grabs a microphone and begins speaking.

Parks: You know some people believe that I need to drop this thing with Hopper. The hell with that! I'm going to get straight to the point. I'm sick and tired of hearing people talk about how Chris Hopper is such a great guy. Every since I exposed that SOB for what he truly is all I have been hearing is that doesn't sound like the Chris we know.

Derek pauses for a moment then shouts.

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Parks: Really? The Chris I knew back then was a conniving prick that only cared about himself.

Crowd: BOO!

Parks: I come out here, told the truth about how badly Chris treated people back then. You lie to me and the whole UTA then I'm considered the bad guy! Do you see something wrong with this picture Chris?

Derek begins to get irate with the boos coming from the crowd. As he shouts he begins to point at several people in the crowd,

Parks: It could have happen to you....or you....or you or you! It could have happen to anyone but the thing is it didn't happen to you....It happen to me! Chris Hopper screwed me over! He screwed me over not once but twice!

Crowd: BOO!

Parks: Chris screwed me out of a great opportunity. If I would have gotten that contract my career would have went a different direction than what it did. I could have been the mat wrestler that I was known for back then. I could have been great. I could have been one of the best. Instead I was forced to go down the road of hardcore. I was forced to put my body on the line each and every night. Whether it be latter matches, table matches, steel cage matches, barbed wire matches, buried alive matches, inferno matches and even Triple Tiered Scaffolding matches.

Derek pauses for a moment, looks at the mat, shakes his head in disgust then looks back up.

Parks: Yeah the same triple tiered scaffolding match that put me on the shelf for nearly seven whole years! Chris because of you I was forced to work under those conditions each and every night. Sometimes in front of just a few fans. If it wasn't for you screwing me over way back then I wouldn't had been forced to work in the conditions that caused me to break my neck.

Derek's cocky smirk begins to appear on his face.

Parks: While I'm on the subject about me breaking my neck. Let's talk about my rehab. It's been a well known fact that during that time I was in and out of rehab. I was hooked on drugs and alcohol. I was eating the pain medicine like it was candy. I couldn't get enough of it. I was really depressed back then. I was told back then that there was something that I had blocked in the back of my mind that was causing me all my problems. It's all clear to me now Hopper. That reason was you Chris! You screwing me over really took a toll on my self esteem. You ruined me!

Derek looks at the crowd and it almost seems like he's about to get emotional and shed some tears. He shakes it off and continues.

Parks: Enough of this. I'm not going to do this now. I'm sick of this weighing on me. Chris why don't you just

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hop your ass down to the ring and let's settle this once and for all.

We hear our announcers over the view.

Fury: He's calling Hopper out! Dick says this is going to be epic!

Williams: Is Hopper even here?

Derek is stalking around the ring, raising the mic to his mouth again.

Parks: I said get out here! I'm sick of lamenting and feeling angry about the past and I want to take it out on who is responsible.....YOU! Get out here and take your medicine you son of a bitch!

Suddenly we hear a voice that stops Parks' speech immediately.

Voice: Hold on there big fella!

The large screen shows a picture of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper in "civilian" attire, wearing a grey sport coat and a blue button-down shirt. He looks dapper as he smiles for the camera. Parks is yelling loudly "why isn't he out here?" yet the mic is a little far from his mouth as he stares at the screen.

Hopper: Parks, my man.....stop shouting. You keep saying the same tired lines over and over and nothing changes.

Chris' smile leaves and he takes the face of a whiney brat child....or as close as he can contort his face while obviously mocking "Cheapshot"

Hopper: Oh, you screwed me out of a job when I was first getting started. Then you took my contract away. It's not fair! It's not fair! You are a selfish prick who holds me back! WHAAAAA!

Derek is incensed at the mocking, but the crowd gets a huge chuckle. Hopper's face returns to normal.

Hopper: I can tell you this, Parks. I'd love to walk through that curtain down there....

He points down, knowing this is showing on the screen above the entrance area.

Hopper: And make my way to that sacred squared circle and beat your annoying, whiney ass from pillar to post!

Crowd erupts at the statement and Parks puts up his fists yelling for him to bring it on.

Hopper: But I can't.

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Crowd boos because let's face it, they love fights.

Hopper: I'm not in Orlando tonight, I'm up here in Tulsa, Oklahoma for a charity event I was booked for several weeks ago. But I can already see that you want to test yourself against me. You think you can handle me, but I know that you are not ready.

The view is still showing from over Park's shoulder as he watches Hopper's sly grin on the big screen.

Hopper: You have too much fire and anger. That anger will cost you, son. It has cost you in the past and it will cost you in the future. You allow yourself to be taken by the emotion, your technical thinking goes away and you make mistakes.

He raises an eyebrow.

Hopper: Like calling me out.

A slight chuckle before continuing.

Hopper: You got balls, and I'll give you that. But balls only takes you so far, Derek.

Unseen by Derek, a man slides into the ring very quietly behind him....it's Hopper! Parks doesn't see him due to staring angrily at the screen, but the crowd is starting to cheer.

Hopper: And there is one last thing you need to know, Derek...

Parks: What is that you slimy, two-faced....

Hopper grabs Derek before he can finish his sentence, spins him around and kicks him in the gut. Then he quickly grabs the head and drops him with a nasty Icebreaker in the center of the ring as the fans go ballistic!

Fury: Hopper with a sneak attack! Dick always knew he was as bad as Parks said!

Williams: He is just repaying a debt that parks ran up in previous weeks.

Hopper picks up the microphone as Parks is laid out mid-ring.

Fury: You're hot for the old man, aren't you?

Williams: I won't even dignify that with a reply.

Chris smiles to the crowd who begin to chant his name over and over. He raises the microphone as the big screen has gone dark.

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Hopper: I'm right behind you, Derek!

Crowd erupts again.

Hopper: Next time be careful who you decide to lie about and pick a fight with. Consider this a lesson.

Hopper drops the microphone and goes over to pick up the reviving Parks, but security has hit the ring to break up what could have been an interesting fight.

Fury: Security finally doing what they are supposed to be doing!

Williams: Derek Parks better be glad that security showed up. God only knows what Hopper was going to do to pay him back for the previous attacks.

Fury: All know is that Hopper proved he is every bit as slimy as "Cheapshot" said he was with what he did just now.

Williams: These two are on a collision course and we can only hope they manage to keep from killing each other when they finally wage war in the ring.

Period, Stop

Marshall Owens appears on your high definition big screen television. He stands in front of a WRESTLEUTA banner with the lights shining down on him. Owens holds his arms crossed across his body as he holds a clipboard in his hands.

Owens: I am Marshall Owens... I am the man who handles the dirty work for the super group... Dynasty. Last week's Wrestleshow... an event capped off by the Main Event between The Spawn and the UTA Tag Team Champions, Perfection and La Flama Blanca of Dynasty. A Wrestleshow that saw Dynasty retain their titles and Ron Hall... make a mistake.

Owens puts his arms out in front of him and looks to his clipboard.

Owens: During the match... La Flama Blanca injured his forearm after leaping over the top rope and crashing into his opponent and subsequently falling to the floor. That is where the injury has believed to actually occur. I have a statement from... La Flama Blanca that he wanted me to come out on live television and read to the UTA Universe, here, now.

Marshall clears his throat and fixes his tie. He looks down at his clipboard for a few moments and then looks up, eyes on directly on the camera lens.

Owens: This is a message from one half of your UTA Tag Team Champions and your next... Legacy Champion.

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He clears his throat again.

Owens: Under Doctor's orders... I, La Flama Blanca, am taking the advice of professionals, to recuperate from my injury...

Period, Stop.

Owens: The time table for my return will be anywhere from Four to Eight weeks...

Period, Stop.

Owens: I will not be held back from going after the Legacy Championship. This isn't a setback, by any means. I am the Number One Contender for that very same Legacy Championship. Gentleman Jack...

Period, Stop.

Owens: Don't get too comfortable because before All Or Nothing...

Period, Stop.

Owens: I'm taking what I deserve and that's the Legacy title.

Period, Stop.

Owens: Thank you.

Marshall Owens smugly smiles into the your face as this concludes the statement reading. The cameras soon cut back to ring side. Dick Fury and Jennifer Williams discuss the recent topic.

Williams: Big news. What does this mean for the Legacy Title Division?

Fury: La Flama Blanca even with a missing arm or leg is still someone you have to contend with.

Williams: The rightful Number One Contender out of commission for up to Eight weeks... tough break.

Fury: Like Dick said... Don't count The Mexican out.

Williams: Now we're set for an interesting match pitting Will Haynes against the Spectre.

Parks: Can this kid handle the pressure of taking on a man like the Spectre?

Williams: Someone thinks so because they did put him in this match.

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Parks: We'll see how it plays out, but this one could be short and sweet.

"Memphisto" by Depeche Mode begins to play.

Williams: You know what that means!

Parks: And that music can only mean one thing- The Sadistic Nut, The Purple Haired Freak of the UTA is here. One of the most successful wrestlers ever in the history of the UTA.

The Spectre steps through the curtain with a crazed look in his eyes. Flanked along with Johnny the Hyena at his side, he surveys the crowd, then makes his way down to the ringside area.

Announcer: Hailing from The Deepest Corners of Your Mind...

The crowd goes absolutely bonkers and cheers loudly for the Hall of Famer. Some fans at the barriers try to reach over and touch Spectre or reach out and touch Johnny, who is almost pulling Spectre towards the ringside area.

Announcer: Standing at SIX FOOT EIGHT INCHES TALL and weighing in at 299 pounds...

Announcer: He is The Sadistic Nut, The Purple Haired Freak, and a 2003 UTA Hall of Fame Member! This is... THE SPECTRE!!!

Spectre arrives at the ringside area, and places Johnny next to the commentator's table, unchained. Spectre then makes his way over to the ring apron and reaches up with his hand and pulls himself up on to the apron. Using his long legs, he steps over the top rope and into the ring.

Parks: That dog still unnerves Dick a lot.

Williams: He's well trained. He won't be going anywhere.

Parks: Dick has animal control on speed dial just in case.

Spectre turns his neck back and forth without using his hands, apparently popping his neck. He fixes and adjusts his fingerless gloves as the music dies down and the lights slowly come back on.

Williams: The Spectre is awaiting his opponent.

Parks: God, don't let him come down in that stupid golf cart with his fat buddy and the rest of them!

Williams: That isn't nice, Dick.

Parks: Sue me.

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The beginnings of "Sabotage" by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet.

Announcer: Introducing his opponent!

Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Williams: Here comes "The Thrill." The crowd is really warming to him.

Parks: Like that's going to make a difference tonight.

Will begins to walk down the aisle, nod his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia...

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in.

Announcer: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...here is Will "the THRILL" Haynes

He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes. The bouncing stops as Spectre steps back into the ring.

Williams: Haynes not showing any fear as he steps in against a UTA great.

Parks: If he isn't now, he will very soon.

As the bell sounds, Haynes and Spectre are circling, looking for that opening to strike.

Williams: This will be an interesting match.

Parks: It could be. Spectre is just plain nuts, so that makes him unpredictable. Dick doesn't think Haynes is ready for this.

Finally, Spectre and Haynes lunge toward each other, but Will dodges the big arms of Spectre and slides his knee into the stomach of the bigger man.

Williams: Will Haynes using that quickness to his advantage!

Parks: Spectre is pretty slow, but then he hits you. It evens things up pretty fast.

Haynes begins clubbing away at the neck and shoulder area of Spectre. The blows are coming fast and

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furious.

Williams: Will Haynes unleashing on Spectre!

Parks: This is what it takes to try and take down a madman!

Spectre shoves Haynes away and stands up straight, a crazed look in the eyes of the hall of famer.

Parks: Oh My! Dick knows that look well!

Williams: Spectre is shrugging off everything Haynes threw at him!

Haynes quickly over to land a hard right hand to Spectre's jaw, but the monster shrugs it off like a mosquito bite.

Parks: Not this time, Thriller.

Williams: The Spectre is known for taking a ton of pain and still surviving.

Parks: Sean Jackson can attest to that.

Haynes goes for another hard right, but Spectre blocks the punch and lands a right hand of his own, stunning Haynes.

Williams: Hard right hand from Spectre has Haynes dazed.

Parks: Not many can do what Spectre can do after taking so many blows.

Spectre hits another punch and then a roundhouse right to the jaw that sends Haynes flying into the air and over the top rope. Spectre looks ecstatic with the battle so far with the wild look in his eyes.

Williams: Haynes goes flying to the outside! The power of Spectre on display!

Parks: What did you expect? He fights wars in the ring with hall of fame intensity. Will Haynes is just not ready to match up with that level.

Haynes is rubbing his jaw, standing in the ringside area next to some very rowdy fans yelling at him to get back in there.

Parks: Yeah I don't know if I would get back in there either.

Williams: You can't win unless you're inside, Dick.

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Parks: That's what she said!

Haynes starts to climb up to the apron and Spectre is there to greet him. The bigger man grabs Will, but Haynes counters by dropping back to the arena floor and pulling Spectre's neck right over the top rope, snapping him down hard.

Williams: Top rope hot shot by Haynes! What a clever counter!

Parks: That is only going to piss Spectre off. Haynes ought to just get in there and lay down and save himself some pain.

Haynes slides into the ring, wasting no time, and puts a boot squarely into the shoulder blades of Spectre. He then grabs the right leg and yanks it back into a single-leg Boston Crab hold.

Williams: Haynes has the half crab locked in!

Parks: Haynes is more technical than anyone realizes, but it won't be enough. Spectre has taken electric shock in the ring, for crying out loud.

Williams: Yes but the tool of those matches can be taken advantage of.

The referee is asking Spectre if he gives up and Spectre simply replies "You know who I am, right?" He fights the hold, but Haynes has great leverage and is yanking that leg hard.

Parks: That referee must be new. Asking the Spectre if he quits. You have a better chance of getting Bobby Dean on Nutrisystem.

Williams: He's doing his job, Dick. You can't fault him for that.

Parks: Dick can do what he wants!

Williams: Haynes really trying to block Spectre from moving closer to the ropes. He has a great hold here!

Spectre can't reach the ropes, and he is having trouble attempting to force a side-to-side motion to break the hold. Finally, out of sheer desperation, Spectre kicks his left leg back and his foot smacks Haynes right in the eye, forcing the break of the hold.

Parks: Those long legs do come in handy, don't they?

Williams: Haynes drilled in the eye and the referee is actually checking on Haynes after that shot by Spectre.

Parks: Not many guys can take punishment like Spectre. He is a class of his own for that.

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Spectre and Haynes are both on the canvas, but Spectre is pulling himself to his feet. He finally gets up and begins looking at the right knee as he quickly looks toward Haynes.

Williams: Spectre checking his right knee. He seems to be alright.

Parks: Yeah that is an understatement.

Haynes is rubbing his eye as he stands to his feet. He turns around and is immediately dropped by a thundering lariat from Spectre.

Williams: Haynes sent back to the canvas by Spectre's large clothesline!

Parks: Still with power in reserve!

Spectre pulls Haynes up and whips him across the ring into the ropes.

Parks: Spectre sending Haynes on the ride....

Spectre catches Haynes with a black hole slam that shakes the ring violently.

Williams: Big time slam by Spectre and he hooks the leg for a cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....TH.....NO!!!

Parks: Close call for Haynes as Spectre really thought he had this one in the bag.

Williams: Is it ever that easy in UTA?

Parks: Not usually, but every so often someone just crumbles under the pressure. Dick thinks Thriller here will crumble quickly now.

Spectre nods as he gingerly gets to his feet. He reaches down to pull Haynes to his feet and grabs him by the throat. He moved the other arm out of the way and lifts Haynes into the air, throwing him in a choke slam against the turnbuckles.

Williams: Choke slam into the turnbuckles! Spectre on a roll and in full command of this one.

Parks: Dick expected no less from the UTA legend.

Haynes is on the mat, one hand holding his throat and the other feeling the back of his head after the impact. Spectre is just stalking him now.

Williams: Spectre looks like he is just targeting Haynes for the perfect blow.

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Parks: Dick does that at times, but you never can tell....just because the lady has big lips doesn't mean that she ca...

Williams: (interrupting) Knock it off, Dick!

Spectre pulls Haynes to his feet and whips him into the ropes again. This time, Haynes drops down and baseball slides between Spectre's legs, punching at the right knee as he goes through.

Williams: Haynes slides through and takes out that right knee he was working on!

Parks: Spectre down to his one knee and trying to stand up. I can't believe my eyes.

Spectre is down on one knee and Haynes quickly up to his feet. He runs at Spectre and hits a Shining Wizard that sends the big man to the canvas.

Williams: Shining Wizard drops Spectre to the canvas! Haynes hooks a leg!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR....NO!!!!

Parks: Spectre can take more than that, Thrill-baby! You better come up with a hell of a lot more than one big move to take him down!

Haynes is obviously disappointed, but back to his feet waiting for Spectre to begin stirring.

Williams: Haynes now looking for that right attack.

Parks: Good luck, mighty mouse.

Spectre gets up to his knees and starts to stand, Haynes over quickly, grabbing him by the neck and nailing a textbook neck breaker.

Williams: Neck breaker by Haynes!

Parks: Why isn't he going back to the knee? That seems like the most logical attack point, but what does Dick know? Dick is only a former champion.

Haynes grabs Spectre's right leg and lifts it up, then slams the knee into the mat with as much force as he can. Spectre rolls over and grabs the leg in obvious difficulty.

Williams: There you go Dick. Looks like Will heard you.

Parks: More people ought to listen to what Dick has to say. Life would be much simpler then.

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Williams: Will Haynes showing a side that we haven't seen out of him. This is almost sadistic, Dick.

Parks: When you face a monster like Spectre, you have to go to a place that is almost inhuman to beat him. That is what makes Spectre so dangerous.

Haynes uses the roll against him as it put him close to the edge of the ring. Haynes slides out of the ring and throws a strong jab to Spectre's nose. As Spectre reacts to the jab, Haynes grabs the right leg again and pulls it under the ropes.

Williams: Haynes is trying to shred that right knee! I can't believe what I am seeing.

Parks: All Dick knows is that had Haynes showed this months ago, he might have a title and not need those other idiots to hang out with.

Williams: You are speaking of Mikey Unlikely, Bobby Dean and Dooz...

Parks: Yes! Could you possibly find a worse crew to run with? In a golf cart for crying out loud!

Haynes yanks Spectre's leg to the ring post and looks to the crowd. The crowd begins chanting for Haynes as he takes the leg and smashes it against the steel ring post. Haynes raises his arm in triumph as Spectre writhes from the attack.

Williams: The crowd seems fully behind Haynes right now as he smashes that knee against the steel steps.

Parks: That should be automatic disqualification right there.

Williams: Why?

Parks: Outside object being used.

Haynes slides into the ring and has a smile on his face. He walks over and grabs Spectre by both legs, setting him up for a catapult move. He smiles widely for the crowd as he holds both legs in position.

Williams: Crowd approves and Mikey has Spectre right where he wants him.

Parks: Thriller better kill Spectre on this one, because if he doesn't....well Dick knows how it will end.

Will drops back, catapulting Spectre across the ring and into the opposite corner, where due to his height he smacks the ring post with his head. Spectre stumbles back and Haynes is right there to chop block that right knee again, sending the big man to the canvas.

Williams: What a combination! Haynes sends Spectre flying into the ring post and then attacks the knee right after! He's hitting him from every angle!

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Parks: He is playing a strong game right now, but will it win?

Haynes is up and over to Spectre who is still trying to stand. Haynes grabs Spectre by the head and plants a snap DDT in the center of the ring.

Williams: DDT by Haynes! He might have it now! The cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THRE....NO!!!!

Parks: Spectre got his shoulder up at the last possible second!

Williams: What survival skills by Spectre!

Parks: The man is a beast, Dick doesn't care about what Seattle fans think, the real beast mode is right here in the UTA!

The fans and Haynes both cannot believe Spectre escaped, but Haynes doesn't argue. Will reaches down and grabs that right leg again, driving his knee into the hamstring of Spectre. He continues this over and over until Spectre's arm is under the bottom rope and the referee forces the break.

Williams: Will "The Thrill" going to work on that leg again!

Parks: Smart plan. That is how Dick would do it if he were in there.

Williams: Yes, I'm sure you would.

Parks: What?

Haynes grabs the legs again and sets up for another catapult, but as he drops back, Spectre's head was under the ropes and his neck snapped against the bottom rope. Spectre begins grabbing his throat and writhing around.

Williams: Haynes again using the ropes to his advantage. Spectre's throat has taken a lot of punishment in this one!

Parks: Is it too soon for another "that's what she said" joke? (chuckles)

Williams: Yes!

Haynes over and he hops up to the second rope, leaping into the air and dropping a fist right to the forehead of Spectre.

Parks: Haynes with the fist drop! What the hell?!?! He covers!

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Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE.....NO!!!!

Williams: Spectre escapes again!

Parks: At some point, the kid as to finish Spectre or he will be in for a terrible, painful beat down.

Haynes is in disbelief. He talks to the referee a little, pounding his hand against the other for the universal motion of "1-2-3" as if to tell him he felt the match should be over.

Williams: Haynes is pleading his case to the referee.

Parks: Dumb move kid. You're giving Spectre time to get himself together.

Williams: I just think Will wanted a clarification on the count because he really thought he heard the third beat.

Will back over to get Spectre and he reaches down, only for Spectre to grab Haynes by the tights and yank him over him and through the ropes to the outside. Haynes lands awkwardly as Spectre is still trying to get to his feet.

Parks: Veteran move by Spectre!

Williams: Haynes didn't see it coming and Spectre has sent the smaller man out of the ring!

Parks: This doesn't happen if Thriller hadn't whined to the referee. Now he has to get back into the ring with Spectre getting back to strength. Dick doesn't like his chances.

Haynes climbs up to the apron as Spectre is finally pulling himself to his feet. Spectre is very ginger on that right leg now. He can't get to Haynes fast enough to stop his entrance, but does block the boot Will tried to kick him with.

Williams: Spectre showing signs of life here, blocking the boot.

Spectre spins Haynes around and drills him with another clothesline to the back of the head.

Parks: And planting the whiffle ball shot right to the back of his head! Both men are down!

Williams: What a match!

Both men are on the mat and trying to get to their feet. The referee begins a count, which nobody expects to lead to any sort of decision.

Parks: Spectre is used to wars like this, Dick doesn't think Haynes has much left.

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Williams: We shall see. Both men trying to get to their feet and stop this referee count.

Parks: The count is the least of their problems. Spectre has a bum knee now and Haynes has a bum brain.

Spectre is almost up to his feet as Haynes pulls himself up. Haynes gets over to Spectre, but is greeted with a punch to the lower abdomen, which doubles "The Thrill" over.

Williams: Spectre again getting the shot in first!

Parks: Haynes took too long once he got close. You must be used to these conditions and Spectre certainly is!

Specter steadies himself and puts Will's head in position, lifting for a power bomb. He holds it for a second and drops it with force in center ring.

Williams: Power bomb by the UTA Hall of Famer!

Parks: This one might as well be over!

Williams: Then why isn't he pinning Haynes already? He obviously has this one in the bag.

Parks: I don't know...

Specter pulls Haynes back to his feet. He wraps the arm around and goes for the suplex lift, but Haynes uses his foot to block it.

Parks: Because he wants to finish this on his own terms and not with a regular move!

Williams: I see.

Parks: Spectre like looking strong....completely insane and a bona fide nut job....but strong.

Specter pauses and then looks to exert even more energy to lift, obviously trying to finish the match. Haynes' feet come just off the mat, but the smaller man uses that to his advantage and drops down, pulling Spectre over and down into a shocking small package.

Williams: Haynes with the small package!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE!!!!

Parks: You got to be kidding me?!?!?!?

Williams: Haynes with a major upset over UTA legend The Spectre!

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Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this match.....WILL "THE THRILL" HAYNES!!!!

Parks: This has to be an injustice that someone who is buddies with Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely can defeat someone the stature of Spectre.

Williams: Anything can happen in the UTA, Will Haynes proved it tonight.

Well It's 1 900 Something....

The scene opens on a beach where David Hightower is walking along with Whiskey running beside him. Hightower: Have ya called 1 900 WHOOPASS today? Here we are in the sunny state o' Florida! That's right! David Hightower is now available in Florida! Think about it! David takes a drink from the beer in his hand. Hightower: Are ya a simple beach goer tired o' bein' bullied by that big muscle headed fella? Or hell, ya want me to whoop that annoyin lifeguard's ass that does nothin' but blow that god dang whistle? Or what about... Suddenly in the background, out in the water, a boat is spotted pulling along a raft with a rather large man in it. The man in the raft is holding up a flag that says '1-900-ASSROOF' giving away the fact that it's obviously Bobby Dean. Hightower: Oh fer cryin' on a cactus! ARE YA *BLEEP*IN KIDDIN ME?!

David returns his focus to the cameras and waves his arms furiously.

Hightower: HEY! Don't focus on those yahoos! I ain't payin' ya to give them advertisin'! Suddenly a familiar song starts playing from the boat. VACATION IS ALL I'VE EVER WANTED! VACATION HAVE TO GET AWAY! That's right... 'Vacation' by The Go Go's is now blaring so loud that you have no choice but to pay attention to the boat. David stands there clenching his fists so hard the bottle in his hand shatters. Hightower: HOW THE GOD DANG HELL DID THESE IDIOTS FIND WHERE WE ARE SHOOTIN'?! DID YA TELL 'EM, CAMERA BOY!? The camera shakes from side to side. Hightower throws his arms up his face turning a shade of bright red. Hightower: GOD DANG IT! CUT!!! STOP RECORDIN' THIS!!! The boat in the background takes a sharp turn and Bobby Dean lets go of the tow rope. At speeds a man his size are not meant to move, Bobby Dean is rapidly charging forward toward the shore... Hightower: ARE YA STILL RECORDIN'?! SERIOUSLY?! I SAID SHUT THAT PIECE O' CRAP OFF!!! Whiskey looks at Bobby Dean rolling in and runs out of the way as like a human bowling ball plows David Hightower over. David does a face plant right into the sand as Bobby Dean finally comes to an end of his roll-along, proudly holding his flag to the sky. Dean: 1 900 ASSROOF!!! Hey, Guys! Am I doing this right?!? The camera turns back to the boat showing Doozer giving his fellow WTFC'er a thumbs up. Hightower: GOD DANG IT GET OFF ME YA OVERSIZED BUFFALO!!! Bobby Dean gets up and Hightower immediately shoots to his feet. Dean throws the raft over his head in a desperate act of self defense. Hightower: GOD DANG IT WHISKEY, WHERE ARE YA!?! Whiskey lets out a bark and David stumbles and falls over the dog with the raft on his head. Hightower: WHISKEY!!!! GOD DANG IT I NEED A BEER!!! Hightower flings the raft off him as Bobby Dean is seen running into the water carrying David Hightower's beer cooler with him. Dean: I GOT THE BEER, GUYS! TOW ME IN!!!! David stands there looking out to sea with a look of complete disbelief and defeat. Doozer throws a giant cargo net to Bobby Dean, bringing him onto the boat like he's a massive catch from the deadliest seas. Hightower: YA SUMBITCHES!!! I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO FIGHT!!! YA HEAR ME!!! THIS AIN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT!!! David shakes his fist and lets out a scream. Whiskey is seen in the

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background rolling around in the sand, clearly not even paying attention to what just happened.

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 M.O.P. 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. 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: Graham Clauson on a roll here in the new year. Big things coming in twenty fifteen.

Fury: Dick likes Graham.

He stops at the beginning of the aisle, smirking as he looks around at the fans. He then hoists the shotgun upwards at an angle, cocking it and pulling the trigger. A plume of pyro goes off from the end of the shotgun. He then brings the gun down, blowing off the top of it before gently dropping it and making his way down the aisle way.

Announcer: From Cincinnati, OH, 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.

Williams: Many are saying Graham could be UTA Champion by the end of year.

Fury: He's got a long way to go, but anything is possible with the upcoming All or Nothing match.

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

Williams: This should be an exciting match. No disqualification actions.

Fury: We all remember what happened last time David Hightower was in a no DQ match.

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.

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play and David Hightower walks out carrying a six bottle pack of beer and his rusted chain with a tow truck hook attached to it. Whiskey comes out trotting beside him.

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Williams: David Hightower with that tow chain!

Fury: The chain that took out Chris Hopper.

David walks down the ramp with Whiskey running ahead of him wagging his tail letting out a few playful barks.

Announcer: Hailing from West Memphis Arkansas

David walks over to one of the corner and sets his beer and chain with the tow truck hook under the bottom turnbuckle. David kneels down beside Whiskey and says a few words to him before he pets the dog on the head and slides into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...

David storms around the ring before he slams his own head into one of the turnbuckles getting himself hyped as Whiskey runs around the outside of the ring letting out a few barks.

Announcer: He is "The Toughest Dog In The Yard" David Hightower!

David punches himself in the face a few times before he raises his fist in the air.

Williams: The deranged David Hightower ready for tonight's match.

David cracks his knuckles and nods his head ready for a fight.

Fury: Lets get it on!

As the bell sounds, David Hightower runs toward Graham Clauson.

Williams: Hightower charges Clauson. Graham blocks him, raising knee to the midsection of David Hightower.

He steps back, and spins around with a kick to the gut of Hightower.

Williams: Spinning heel kick to the gut of David Hightower.

Fury: Focusing on that gut. You know he's got to be full of beer. That can't be good.

Williams: Follows up with an European Uppercut.

David Hightower stumbles backward toward the ropes.

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Williams: Clauson runs... clothesline! David Hightower over the top rope!

David Hightower crashes down to the floor, slamming his shoulder into the apron before meeting the floor. The fans cheer for Graham as he looks around.

Williams: Graham Clauson drops to the canvas, rolling out to the floor. No disqualification. No count outs.

Fury: Anything can happen!

Graham heads over, grabbing David's head, pulling him up.

Williams: Graham pulling David back, raising a knee up... another. Graham Clauson in full control.

He yanks David over toward the steps. As he lifts David's head and goes to slam it down, Hightower throws his hands down to stop him. He raises up, grabbing the back of Graham's head and slams it into the top of the steps.

Williams: David Hightower reverses and Graham Clauson meets steel.

Fury: Now this is when David Hightower gets dangerous.

He turns Graham around and begins slamming him with big rights and lefts.

Williams: Graham Clauson working the midsection of David again.

David Hightower blocks Graham, before pushing him back.

Williams: David Hightower forward... HUGE CLOTHESLINE!

Fury: Graham meets the floor.

David turns and heads back to the steps, grabbing them.

Williams: David Hightower lifting those steps.

Clauson rolls over and begins to get up as David turns back around to him, steps in hand.

Williams: Graham Clauson back to his feet. He runs, jumps.. DROPKICK TO THE STEEL STEPS!

The steps slam into David's head, sending him backward and into the bottom portion of the steps, falling over them. The top steps falling down on top of David's head and chest.

Williams: David Hightower in a world of hurt right now.

Victory: XXIII

Fury: He may have just lost this one Jennifer.

Williams: That's if Graham can get him back into the ring.

David rolls the steps over and to the floor. Blood covers his face from a huge gash in his forehead.

Williams: David Hightower wears a crimson mask.

Fury: He got his red wings.

Graham runs back, stops and turns. he takes off toward the steps. Clauson leaps up, pushing off the bottom step between David's leg and comes down, turning in air with a leg across the chest of David Hightower.

Williams: What a leg drop!

Graham rolls over and pushes up to a knee. He reaches forward and grabs David's head as he stands up, pulling David's body up with him.

Williams: Graham Clauson dragging David Hightower to the ring, rolling him in.

Graham grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself up to the apron. He begins to climb the turnbuckle from the outside.

Williams: Graham Clauson going up top...

Fury: He's going to fly.

Graham makes it to the top. The fans cheer as he makes sure he has his balance. Finally, he leaps off with a diving corkscrew shooting star press.

Williams: GREEN ARROW! GREEN ARR- NO! DAVID HIGHTOWER MOVED! DAVID HIGHTOWER MOVED!

Graham slams hard into the canvas as David shuffles away on his knees. he grabs the ropes and uses them to hold himself up on one knee. Graham rolls around behind him in pain.

Williams: I can not believe he missed!

Fury: That is a match changing moment!

David looks around, smiling as blood continues to pour. His eyes lock on to his tow chain in the corner.

Williams: Oh no.

Victory: XXIII

Fury: Oh yes!

David uses the ropes, pulling himself up. As he gets to his feet he walks along side of the ropes toward the corner. David looks out to the crowd, continuing to smile with a backwoods look before bending down and picking the chain up.

Williams: Oh no.

David methodically wraps the chain around his fist. Behind him Graham begins to push up, still reeling from the missed move.

Williams: Graham Clauson getting to his feet.

David turns around and sees Graham getting up. He gets ready. Finally, Graham makes it up and stumbles around, turning toward David.

Williams: David Hightower comes forward with that chain wrapped fist... KNOCKOUT PUNCH! KNOCKOUT PUNCH!

As the chain connects, the end of the tow chain swings around behind Graham's head, hitting him in the back of the head as his face instantly turns red as well. He drops to the canvas. Blood coming from behind his head and in the front. David just smiles sadistically before stepping forward and onto Graham's chest.

Williams: The referee drops to count. Graham Clauson is out folks and he may be hurt.

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time and the bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of the match... DAVID... HIGHTOWER!

Williams: Big win for David Hightower tonight, but I am concerned for Graham Clauson.

David walks off of Graham and toward the ropes. he leans against them as his music plays, breathing hard. Blood continues to pour down his body as blood pools around Graham Clauson. Medical staff begins to rush down the ramp.

Williams: We have help coming down now.

David drops to the apron and rolls outside to the apron where he sits up. Whiskey runs to his feet and begins to bark. David reaches over and pulls his six pack toward him.

Williams: A bloody battle to finish off tonight's Victory.

Fury: Graham is one tough SOB. Dicks sure he will bounce back from this.

Victory: XXIII

Williams: We can't take anything away from Graham tonight, but tonight surely is David Hightower's night.

David takes a drink of his beer as a medical staff work on Graham and check on him.

Williams: That's all the time we have tonight folks. We'll see you tomorrow on Proving Grounds!

We zoom in on a bloody, smiling David Hightower as he takes another swig of his beer and we fade to black.