

Victory: XXV

February 14, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

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14 Feb 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 Living in America 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 Universe is excited this week, Dick. A "Super Sized" Victory this evening and then our final Proving Grounds, show.

Fury: UTA needs a third show, Jennifer. UTA on PSE needs more Dick.

Williams: Hmmm... A jam packed show live at the WrestleZone... I can't wait to tell you about tonight's show. Starting us off will be a big one between Graham Clauson and Kendrix.

Fury: Clauson wants to come back strong after that knockout punch by David Hightower.

Williams: Dick, if Kendrix wins this, he could be a player in the UTA going into All Or Nothing.

Fury: Anything is possible in professional wrestling.

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The graphic jumping onto your screen is of Bobby Dean and David Hightower. Williams and Fury discuss the matchup.

Williams: Speaking of David Hightower, he looks to continue his rise up in the ranks of the UTA as he takes on "Beautiful" Bobby Dean.

Fury: Big is not always beautiful. Hightower might suffer the wrath of Bobby Dean's obesity.

Williams: Tonight, we will see Robot Pete take on Marie Van Claudio. MVC looks to bounce back and beating Robot Pete will put her back on the right path.

Fury: She's a looker not much of a wrestler. Dick doesn't care either way in this one.

Williams: We're not done yet, folks! Nigma takes on The Spectre, both men looking to rebound after tough losses.

Fury: Then one I'm looking forward too... Sean Jackson and Will Haynes.

Both men's images appear on your screen. Jackson on your left and Haynes on your right.

Williams: Can Will Haynes get big back to back wins or will the veteran pull out the win?

Fury: Very excited to see what happens, Jennifer.

Williams: Then, the event that could change the UTA title picture going into All Or Nothing, the Perfection and Ron Hall Contract Signing.

Cameras come back to our announce team. The fans behind them go wild.

Fury: Anyway you slice it, one man is going to go into All Or Nothing... The Legend or The Champ.

Williams: Things just don't go as planned in these signings here in the UTA.

Fury: A champion got stripped of his title when he literally no showed a signing and recently UTA got a new janitor. Nucking futs.

Williams: Don't go anywhere, THIS... IS... VICTORY!

The Arrival of Jiles

We head backstage to the parking garage as we see a baby blue, extended body Ford Pinto pull up. As it stops, the license plate says COOL. Doozer's buddy, The Dude, gets out of the driver's side wearing a Chauffeurs' hat.

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He skips down to the back of the car, but before he can get to the handle, it flies open.

Voice: No need my man.

Cancer Jiles steps out of the car, standing up straight and tilting his head slightly to the sky as he poses before continuing.

Jiles: I appreciate the ride, but Commissioner Cool is not above opening his own doors around her.

Dude: Awesome.

Jiles: No Dude, it's cool.

He steps forward, and shuts the door, walking around to the back of the car and waiting. Dude throws his finger up as if he just remembered something and runs around to the back himself.

Dude: Sorry Cancer, forgot to open the back for you to get your bags.

Cancer smiles and nods. The Dude fumbles with the latch, finally opening it. He steps back out of the way. Cancer just looks at him.

Dude: What?

Jiles: I said I'm not above opening doors myself, but you...

He points at The Dude.

Jiles: You get my bags.

He pats a stunned Dude on the shoulder and smiles before walking away, whistling. The Dude lets out a sigh and reaches in to grab the bags as we fade away.

As we head back ringside the feed cuts out. The screen stays black for quite some time before coming back up on the commentators.

Williams: Folks, we apologize but there seems to have ben a technical difficulty. We have been ensured that Graham Clauson taking on Kendrix has fully recorded and our production team will make sure we cut it into future streams of tonight's Victory.

Fury: What a shame. What a match!

Williams: For those who can not wait, we saw newcomer Kendrix go over Graham Clauson tonight! Make sure you check WrestleUTA.com for the match in it's entirety as soon as it becomes available and once

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again, we apologize about the issues.

OOC: The match writer did not have this turned in on time. We will add it when we have it. Sorry for the inconvenience.

HIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS...

The cameras cut backstage where Zhalia Fears is seen joyfully skipping down the hallway. She smiles and stops at one of the doors. Pulling out a small green box from her duffel, she sets it upon her head.

The door pushes open to reveal Robot Pete. He has a controller in his hands, and his monitor-face is once again playing Minecraft.

Fears: HIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Robot Pete LEAPS about a foot in the air! His monitor-face returns to normal and he sees Zhalia with the green box on her head!

Pete: GAH!!! CREEPER!!! NOOOOOO!!!

He stumbles backwards and trips over his chair. Zhalia scrambles up next to him.

Fears: Kaboom!

She yanks the mask off and smiles down at him. Pete's monitor face changes to one of curiosity. She offers him her hand, and he accepts it.

Fears: Thanks for the Diamonds. Good luck tonight, alright?

Pete keeps holding her hand. He looks down at her hand, then at her.

Pete: Thank you! But... I have an inquiry!

Fears: Hm?

Pete shuffles his foot a little, then looks in her face.

Pete: Why... um... Why does every system in my mighty robot body go all... weird... when I touch your hand?

Fears: Who knows.

She smiles and steps up, stretching up on the tips of her toes and kisses the side of his screen.

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Fears: Happy Valentines Day, Petey. Have fun out there.

Zhalia turns and heads out of the room holding the mask behind her back as she exits. Robot Pete stands completely still for a few seconds, before slowly sitting down. His monitor face... completely blank.

Pete (in a muffled non-robotic voice): Oh dear.

Pressure

We head backstage where Cancer Jiles is in his office, feet kicked up on his desk, leaning back. Suddenly, there is a knock on the door. Almost falling, Cancer regains his composure, and adjust himself.

Jiles: Come in, come in.

The door opens up and in walks Hall of Fame member, Ron Hall.

Jiles: Ron! How are you?

Cancer stands up and extends his hand across the desk. Ron smiles, shaking it.

Hall: Doing good, doing good. You got a moment?

Cancer motions for Ron to sit down.

Jiles: Of course, have a seat.

Cancer sits back down as Ron takes a seat.

Jiles: So, what can I do for you?

Ron takes a breath.

Hall: Well, I wanted to talk to you about this contract signing later on tonight.

Jiles: Shoot. What's on your mind?

Hall: Last week in Tampa, I had Perfection beat for the UTA Championship before La Flama Blanca interfered and cost me the title.

Cancer throws a finger up.

Jiles: Yes, but you won the match.

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Ron just smirks.

Hall: That's not the point and you know it.

Cancer speaks up quickly.

Jiles: But didn't Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic run down to back you?

Hall: Didn't you hear Crimson Lord or haven't you watched it?

Jiles: True. True. So what do you want me to do?

Hall: After we sign this contract tonight, it is set in stone that Perfection and I will face off for his spot in the All or Nothing match in Knoxville right?

Jiles: Yep.

Hall: To level the playing field a little, I'd like Dynasty banned from ring side during that match.

Jiles: Easy as pie, and I'll raise you one.

Hall: I'm listening...

Jiles: If Dynasty interferes at all, Perfection forfeits the title immediately. No holding it for two more weeks until All or Nothing after the battle royal. He is stripped of the title right then and there. The people who interfere will forfeit their spots in the All or Nothing Match.

Cancer thinks for a moment.

Jiles: That goes for Spawn too. Anyone who interferes in the match will lose their spot in the match. This way, there is a clear cut winner between you and Perfection on the 22nd.

Hall: So it's just me and him? No excuses?

Cancer thinks for a few more moments before answering.

Jiles: Yep. That's the deal. Take it or leave it.

Hall: I think I can live with that.

They both stand, Ron extending his hand first this time and Cancer shaking it.

Hall: I'll see you out there later on tonight.

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Jiles: See you out there tonight Ron!

Ron turns and leaves the office. As he does, Cancer's face loses it's smile. He lets out a deep breath and sits back down as we fade away.

As we return, Bobby Dean is already standing in the ring.

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.

Williams: David Hightower looking to put Bobby Dean away, just two weeks removed from a hellacious no disqualification match with Graham Clauson.

Fury: David Hightower is one mean S.O.B, but at the same time he's dumb as a box of rocks. It's a dangerous combination.

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.

Fury: See, right there. Box of rocks.

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

Williams: Here we go, Bobby Dean... David Hightower, one on one.

Fury: Match of the year candidate coming up.

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Williams: Can you be any more sarcastic?

Fury: Yes.

Williams: Well, please don't.

Fury: You asked.

Williams: Yea, sorry I did.

The bell sounds to start the match.

Williams: Here we go. David Hightower waste no time as he attacks Bobby Dean. Right, left, right, left... Bobby Dean being rocked by those big fist.

Whiskey runs left to right outside of the ring, barking.

Fury: Someone shut that damn mutt up.

David runs to the side, hitting the ropes. As he returns he leaps up, and right into the arms of Bobby Dean who grabs him and begins to squeeze.

Williams: Hightower caught by Dean... big bear up.

Fury: A sweaty, Cheetos greased bear hug. Sickening.

Williams: As sickening as your attitude tonight.

Bobby Dean squeezes as David lets out a yell. Whiskey continues to bark outside of the ring.

Williams: The longer he holds on, the better Bobby Dean's chances become in winning this match tonight.

David reaches past Bobby's shoulders toward the ropes which are way too far away. Finally, he focuses on Dean, bringing a couple of forearm shots into the side of Bobby's head. Bobby sits him down on his feet.

Williams: More forearms to the side of bobby Dean's head. David Hightower, back, off the ropes. Bobby Dean comes forward... boot to the face of David Hightower!

As Bobby's foot connect, David falls back to the canvas. So does Bobby, who fails to keep his balance.

Fury: It's like a tree falling the forest, except that the tree is two tons of fat.

Williams: DICK!

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David rolls out of the ring, stumbling around it. As he makes his way around, Whiskey runs over wagging his tail.

Williams: David Hightower seems to be heading up the ramp. He's had enough.

Fury: Enough? Seriously?

Williams: You have to admit, Bobby Dean has brought more offense tonight than expected.

Bobby rolls out of the ring as well. He stumbles sloppily up the ramp behind David Hightower. Bobby stomps up behind David, grabbing his shoulders. As he turns him around, Bobby pulls his head back and brings it down into the side of David's head.

Williams: Head butt by Bobby Dean.

David Hightower stumbles back as Bobby stomps behind him. As he approaches, he grabs David's head and forces it forward and down into the nearby steel steps. David pops up and stumbles across the edge of the ring. Bobby stomps over, grabs him by the shoulders again and rolls David into the ring.

Williams: Amazingly, Bobby Dean controlling this match up.

Fury: It's Bizzaro's World.

Bobby begins to get back into the ring, but David rolls back out of the ring on the side. Bobby stops from entering and begins around the ring as Whiskey follows him, growling.

Williams: Bobby Dean looking to keep control as he heads toward David Hightower.

Bobby grabs David's head and comes up with a side knee into his midsection. Bobby reaches down, and scoops David up, struggling as he pushes up. Sweat begins down his brow, before he pushes David forward, throwing him back into the ring through the ropes.

Williams: Bobby Dean lifts David Hightower up and throws him back in the ring! Amazing!

Fury: Why is it amazing? He is a professional wrestler. he should be doing this all of the time. Instead he eats and stays a fat slob.

David rolls across the ring, sliding backward across the canvas until he is sitting in the corner. Bobby Dean reaches up, grabbing the middle rope and using it to pull up to the edge of the apron, before entering back into the ring.

Williams: David Hightower pulling himself up with the ropes, as Bobby Dean heads his way.

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Still holding onto the top rope with one hand, David comes forward and kicks Bobby Dean in the gut. He pulls back toward the corner. Bobby shakes off the kick and runs forward, slamming into David Hightower.

Williams: Bobby Dean follows up squashing David Hightower. Dean now steps back, pulling David with him. Dean coming down across the back of David Hightower with a multitude of forearm shots.

David begins to slide down close to a sitting position as Bobby continues to slam a forearm down, before bringing a knee up to his face.

Williams: David Hightower trying to fight back, but Bobby Dean is bringing it. Dean now pulling Hightower back up. Bobby Dean steps back... he comes forward with a boot... David Hightower moves!

Bobby's leg goes up over the ropes. Davis quickly comes forward, still holding the top rope, as he brings a kick up catching Bobby Dean underneath of his thigh. Bobby grabs under his leg, stumbling around.

Williams: David Hightower pushes Bobby Dean back into the ropes. Grabs his arm.. whi... NO! Reversed by Dean. Bobby pulls David into a clothesline! David Hightower goes down!

Fury: That's what she said.

Williams: DICK!

Fury: Yes you can.

Williams: Ugh.

Bobby stumbles forward, catching the top rope. He holds himself up, breathing heavy as David Hightower rolls over to his stomach. The camera zooms in to see David reaching into his pants.

Williams: What is he doing?

Fury: Dick's found if you release some pressure, you can concentrate better. Maybe he's trying to get his head back into the game.

Williams: You're sick.

Fury: Dick has papers that say otherwise.

We see David Hightower pull a pair of brass knuckles from his pants, placing them on his hand as he lays. The referee continues to count him down.

Williams: David Hightower has brass knuckles!

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Fury: Now that's what you do!

Williams: No, it isn't!

Fury: It is if you want to win.

Bobby takes a breath before turning and heading over to David. He bends down, and grabs his head. As he begins to pull him up, David looks over to see the referee's view is blocked by Bobby's huge body. Hightower comes up with his fist, catching Dean in the face.

Williams: He got him!

Bobby stumbles backward as David quickly slides the knuckles back into his pants. Bobby bounces off of the ropes and falls forward. David's eyes grow large as he throws his arms up. However, before he can do anything, Bobby falls down on top of him, crushing David Hightower to the canvas.

Williams: FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS OF DEAD WEIGHT!

Fury: Well, that backfired.

David struggles but Bobby is knocked out, laying on top of him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

Williams: Bobby Dean may have it! he may have it!

Fury: Not a spot anyone wants to be in!

David struggles hard. The referee's hand comes down a third time, and at the last possible second, David Hightower pushes with all of his might, pure, brute strength... pushes Bobby up enough that his unconscious body rolls off of him and to the canvas.

Williams: Hightower got free! I don't know how he did, but he got free!

Fury: David Hightower... powered by Burger King.

David rolls over, draping an arm over Bobby. The referee begins to count again. The fans, as well as David count along with him as his hand hits the canvas a third time. The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... DAVID... HIGHTOOOOWWWEER!!!

Williams: Another huge win for David Hightower tonight on Victory.

David rolls over to the edge of the ring, and sits up on the apron outside. Whiskey runs over barking, as

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David reaches over and pulls his six pack close. He pulls a bottle out, opens the top and takes a drink.

Williams: Hightower celebrating how only Hightower can.

Fury: Dick would be celebrating too if he had just survived being smashed by a man the size of Bobby Dean.

The camera focuses in on Hightower who holds the beer up as we fade.

Where is David hightower?

The camera turns backstage where Jaime Sawyers is standing. with his microphone in hand.

Sawyers: I am live backstage waiting for David Hightower to come out...

David Hightower and his dog Whiskey emerge walking down the hall.

Sawyers: David! Quick word!

David sighs drinking his bottle of beer.

Hightower: Make it quick Sawyers! I got beer to drink and a pair of nuts to scratch!

Sawyers shakes his head trying to regain his composure.

Sawyers: Okay David pretty big win tonight over Bobby Dean!

David looks at Sawyers with a strange look.

Hightower: I beat a guy who has no pro wrasslin skills! Is it really that impressive? Bobby Dean would lose a fight to Richard Simmons if ya ask me!

Sawyers groans shaking his head.

Sawyers: Okay David... So with All Or Nothing quickly approaching what are your thoughts.

David rips the microphone out of Sawyers' hands.

Hightower: Ya know it's funny ya mention that because somethin has been gettin under my skin! Whenever anyone talks about this here event It's always about Perfection or Ron Hall or hell even that Second Comin fella! Ya got people even talkin bout that Leyen... Leo... That weirdo masked guy! But ya know who is strangely bein overlooked?

David Hightower points to himself.

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Hightower: Me! The Toughest Dog In The Yard! Ya got people actin like Chris Hopper is goin to be a big force but yet I damn near killed that sumbitch when we met in that there ring! I mean people are talkin about that cake bakin sissy Joshua Jones more than David Hightower! People are startin to call me the most dangerous man in the UTA and yet they act like I'm not goin to be in this here match?

David lets out a laugh raising his chain in front of Sawyers.

Hightower: I told the UTA that this will be the year of the dog! And whether I'm entered or not I'm goin out there! Even if it means I have to whip someone's ass before they even enter the ring! I don't care! This country boy has spilled more blood for the UTA than most of the yahoos here have in their entire career!

David looks into the camera showing the stitch in his forehead.

Hightower: See that? That's from the match I had with Graham Clauson! Stapled it myself with a carpet stapler! I think it's bout god dang time I get a little recognition fer what I've done in this company! Don't ya think boy?

Sawyers stands there dumbfounded.

Sawyers: Ummm... Ummmm....

Hightower looks down at Whiskey.

Hightower: Whiskey... Go pee on this dumb sumbitch.

Whiskey walks over to Sawyers and lifts his leg on him.

Sawyers: Ahhhh! Hightower your dog just peed on me!!!

Hightower: Good boy Whiskey!

Hightower says with a laugh as he and Whiskey walk out of the picture.

More Pressure

We return to the office of Cancer Jiles, where he is going over some paperwork which we can only assume is the contract for later in the night. A knock rings from the door causing Cancer to look up.

Jiles: Come in!

The door opens, and in walks Chris Hopper. Cancer stands up, extending his hand, but a stone cold Hopper just glares back at him.

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Hopper: I've got a problem.

Cancer gulps before sitting back down.

Jiles: Well, let me know what it is and I'll see if I can help!

Chris places his enormous hands on the desk in front of him, leaning in as he speaks to the commissioner.

Hopper: Chance Von Crank...

Jiles: Huh?

Hopper: Frank Harrison.

Jiles: Who?

Hopper: CBR...

Jiles: Wait, what ar-

Hopper: Now Derek Parks....

Jiles: I'm lost.

Hopper: Since I came into the UTA, a nineteen time World Champion, every person I get involved with is taken away by you...

Cancer points at himself.

Jiles: By me?

Hopper: By management!

Cancer takes a deep breath.

Jiles: Look Chris, Derek interfered in that match and...

Hopper: How many countless others have interfered in matches and still have their jobs? Huh?!

Jiles: Well, I, Uh...

Hopper: I'm tired of being held back Jiles. This is my time, and I deserve to be treated fairly.

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Jiles: Of course. But...

Hopper: No buts Cancer. You are in charge, I expect you to make it right and soon!

He slaps the top of the desk before turning and leaving Jiles shocked and yet again under the burden of stress that comes with being in charge.

Where The Fakes Congregate

The scene opens with Jamie Sawyers standing backstage, and in front of the Wrestle UTA banner. As the camera pans back, Sean Jackson and Vanessa immediately come into view, standing to Jamie's right.

As Jamie turns a bit to his right, a smile begins to form on Sean's face. Meanwhile Vanessa stands there, stoic.

Sawyers: Sean, in your first match back at Victory XXIII. You faced a very tough competitor in Doozer. He took you to the limit and secured a hard fought victory. Before the match, you questioned his hero status and his ability to win against you. Now that you've faced him in the ring, has your opinions changed?

The smile gets bigger on Sean's face. Just from the look, it's obvious that his opinion hasn't changed.

Jackson: First off Jamie, I know that you just love bringing up that match. I bet you play it on dvd every night before going to bed.

Jamie rolls his eyes.

Jackson: But the fact of the matter is this. Doozer was given a golden ticket, hand delivered by James Wingate himself. You see, Wingate knew that even though I was cleared to come back...I was suffering from ring rust....

Vanessa slowly nods her head, looking straight at the camera.

Jackson: And was in no condition to defeat a man who was at 100%. But true to who I am, I stepped into the ring and I gave him everything he wanted and then some. By the time that match was over, Doozer knew he had been in a fight of his life and barely escaped with his career still intact.

His voice changes from arrogance to indifference.

Jackson: Now granted, he's a top guy in UTA...I won't even try to say otherwise. But he was cherry picked by Wingate to put me away, and he failed to get the job done.

Sean has an epiphany.

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Jackson: Speaking of not getting the job done, I hear Boston is once again getting hammered by a winter storm. I hear that as we speak, tens of thousands of Bostonians are without power and the entire city is once again blanketed by snow. So is Doozer here in Orlando, enjoying himself? or is he in Boston, being the hero he's so often claimed to be?

Jamie goes to answer, but Sean cuts him off.

Jackson: Nobody wants to hear your spin doctor crap Jamie, the asses are in the seats because of Dynasty. Besides, Doozer is old news...because the one I want to talk about is Mikey Unlikely.

Jamie nods his head.

Sawyers: Okay Sean.

Jackson: I hear that Mikey Unlikely is trying to exploit Wrestle UTA for more money.

Jamie holds a finger up.

Sawyers: Wait a minute Sean, I don...

Jackson: Oh it's true Jamie Sawyers. Mikey Unlikely is trying to exploit more cash from Wrestle UTA by making everyone believe he wants to actually have a music career.

Sawyers: Well Sean, he is an accompl...

Jackson: An accomplished what? rapper?

Sean snickers.

Jackson: Please, rap isn't anything but glorified gibberish that is propped up with nothing but ear bleeding noise. That dude couldn't sing if his life depended on it, so he gets some sports writer to drop a rumor in order to force more money from UTA.

Sean shakes his head, completely convinced that no one from WTFC deserves Dynasty money.

Jackson: Hell if anyone deserves more money from UTA, it's Dynasty. When it's come to showing in pay per views, in main events, and in title reigns...

Sean points his thumbs back in his own direction.

Jackson: It's been Dynasty.

He does a slow rotation, showing off the expensive clothing and jewelry.

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Jackson: We don't dress like a bunch of thugs or pedophiles. When we travel, we do it in style. When we throw a party, the stars come to us. When we play music, real performers come calling and not some second rate Vanilla Ice wannabee who hangs with....

Sean puffs out his cheeks, pokes out his stomach and extends his arms in semi oval shapes.

Jackson: A fat, overweight slob who let himself go. A fat slob who hid in a skinny man's body for years, thinking that he honestly had a chance with Kathryn Vermont Thomas...

Sean stops mimicking Bobby Dean and a smile once again forms.

Jackson: But ended up eating himself to death.

Jamie Sawyers has a disgusted look on his face. He can't believe how Sean is verbally attacking Bobby Dean. It's now gotten personal as Sean faces the camera.

Jackson: Well Bobby Dean, you're just like the rest of WTFc. Jokes, losers...the whole lot of you. After Hightower takes you out with the rest of the garbage, I'll be ready to take care of the convict Will Haynes...

Sean turns his attention back to Jamie Sawyers.

Jackson: That's right Jamie, the real convict of Wrestle UTA. The man who thinks it cool to hang with gang bangers, prostitutes, and pedophiles. The man who feels at home with drug dealers, and thieves. The man who thinks that by hanging with a loser like Coleslaw Jenkins, he's somehow added flavor to his life. Well Jamie....

Sean is now chuckling, enjoying his own verbal barrage of the WTFc.

Jackson: I've seen this song and dance before. You remember IM Hate don't you?

Jamie nods.

Jackson: Do you know where he's at now?

Jamie shakes his head.

Sawyers: As a matter of fact, no I don't.

Jackson: That's right, because IM Hate is gone. One high knee to the back of his skull, and he simply went away. The woe is me, nobody loves me crap played out the moment it got physical and tonight....

Sean for the last time, turns his attention to the camera.

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Jackson: For you Will, I can promise nothing but physicality. That is if you've got the guts to step in the ring with me, because Will...

His eyes narrow, his nostrils flare.

Jackson: Wingate's lapdog is now gone, which means my attention will be on just you tonight...and the way I see it, that target on the back of your skull fits my knee just perfectly. So don't be making any Valentine's plans with your bitch Coleslaw, because I don't think you'll be making it.

With that, Sean walks away with Vanessa in tow.

The snappy drum solo from Clap Your Hands by They Might Be Giants starts playing. Uncle Rocky dances on to the stage, whimsically clapping along with the beat for a few bars. Then as the bass line kicks in, we hear:

CLAP YOUR HANDS!

Robot Pete leaps out from behind the curtain, and immediately shoots sparklers from his antenna! This is answered by by a kaleidoscope of colorful pyros that spit huge clouds of rainbow confetti all over the entrance ramp.

Williams: Robot Pete coming off of a forfeit victory just two weeks ago.

Fury: A win is a win, why do you feel the need to point out it was by forfeit?

Williams: Well, bec-

Fury: Jennifer, it was rhetorical. You did because you are a woman, and woman are stupid.

Williams: Wow, really Dick?

Fury: Yes.

Williams: No, I mean why would you say that?

Fury: Can we just focus on the match at hand? Please? Thanks cupcake.

He high-fives Uncle Rocky, and the two start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle, amidst a chorus of BOOs. Robot Pete pulls a banana out of his chest compartment and tries to give it to a child in the audience, but a concerned parent quickly pulls the child away.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

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As the duo gets ringside, Robot Pete and Uncle Rocky give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Robot Pete rolls into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six feet six inches, and weighing in at 310 pounds...

Robot Pete gets down on one knee. The video monitor in his face depicts a snare drum playing a drum roll...

Announcer: Robot... PETTTTEEEEEEE!

Pete raises his arms and shoots more confetti out of his hands and head! He dances around in a circle, arms outstretched, then puts his claws to his face and does a happy little pee-pee dance.

Williams: Robot Pete awaits his opponent.

As the music fades out, Pete keeps dancing whimsically, waiting for the match to begin.

Williams: Up next is Marie Van Claudio, who has had a bit of a rough spell after she was able to defeat Kathryn Vermont Thomas a couple months ago.

Fury: It's typical Jennifer. Let Big Daddy Dick break it down for you. A woman, always has the ability and chance to defeat another woman. But, a woman's place isn't facing men, it's in the kitchen makin' sammiches. Hence, women can not beat men.

Williams: Well, what about when The Second Coming defeated you to become the VCW Champion Dick?

Fury: There has never been any proof that The Second Coming is female Jennifer. Dick has it on good authority that she, really is a he.

Williams: Riiiiight. Whatever helps you sleep better at night.

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.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio and Preston do make a beautiful couple.

Fury: Nope. They don't.

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

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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... MARIE... VAN...
CLLLLLAAAUUDDDDIIIIIOOOOOO!!!!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio hoping to overcome the odds tonight against Robot Pete.

Preston rolls out of the ring as Marie looks at her open as she stares coldly at them.

Williams: Robot Pete and Marie Van Claudio set to meet here in inter-gender action.

Fury: Inter-gender? Wouldn't it be Inter-organics if Robot Pete was in fact a robot?

Williams: Well, I guess...

Fury: Well, that's stupid Jennifer! He's not a robot. He's a guy in a robot suit. Jesus, women always have the stupidest thoughts.

Williams: But, you just..

Fury: Don't we have a match to call instead of arguing about the lack of intelligence that all women have? Dick's just trying to do his job here.

Williams: Well, I never!

Marie Van Claudio stretches as the bell sounds to start the match.

Williams: The bell signals the start of the match as Marie Van Claudio and Robot Pete head to the center of the ring to meet.

Marie Van Claudio steps up to Robot Pete looking him up and down with a smug look on her face. She motions with her hand as she says Really? I have to face... this? to the referee.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio doesn't seem too thrilled to be facing Robot Pete tonight.

Fury: It's bad enough a dummy in a robot suit is further up the power rankings than she is. She has no room to complain. Just do your job and be done with it.

Robot Pete's screen goes black right before the words Do you want to just be friends? comes across of it.

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Williams: Robot Pete trying to make friends with Marie Van Claudio instead of having a match. How sweet.

Fury: Idiot.

Marie Van Claudio rolls her eyes and turns away from Robot Pete as she flips her hair, crossing her arms over her chest. Robot Pete, taken back a bit tilts his head slightly to the side.

Williams: Claudio disrespecting Robot Pete.

Pete's screen goes blank yet again before displaying Oh, no you didn't. His heart speaker begins to glow pink as he throws his arms out. Suddenly, So What? by P!nk begins to play as his screen changes to say BITCH MODE ACTIVATED.

Williams: Apparently Robot Pete is a robot of many modes.

He reaches forward and grabs the hair of Marie Van Claudio, pulling back. She begins to screen and throw her arms around as Pete yanks back.

Fury: Dick really doesn't know what to say to this.

Robot Pete lifts Marie up. She reaches up, grabbing around his wrist as he pulls her off of the canvas by the hair. She kicks her legs, but is unable to get free. Finally, Pete tosses Marie across the ring. As she hits the canvas, she slides. Once she comes to a halt, Marie grabs her head in pain.

Williams: Robot Pete still blasting that punk music as he stays in Bitch Mode, heading over to Marie Van Claudio.

As Pete heads toward her, he wags a finger left to right, moving his neck around in a circle. Marie looks up at him from a sitting position, still holding her head, a surprised look on her face.

Fury: The robot has that down a bit too well.

Preston quickly attempts to slide into the ring, but Uncle Rocky grabs his foot, and yanks him back out to the floor outside. He turns him around and begins to punch Preston with a series of rights up against the edge of the ring.

Williams: Preston unable to save his wife as Robot Pete heads toward Marie Van Claudio.

Marie quickly crawls under Robot Pete's legs as on the outside of the ring Preston blocks a punch by Rocky and comes back with his own punches. Robot Pete turns to see Marie pulling herself up by the ropes. He runs toward her, music still blasting.

Williams: Claudio to her feet. Pete runs... Marie pulls the ropes down! Robot Pete over the top!

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Robot Pete flies over the top rope, crashing to the floor on the outside. On the other side, Uncle Rocky whips Preston into the barrier. Marie Van Claudio sees her husband in trouble. She looks down to see Pete still down. Finally, she burst across the ring. As she approaches the ropes, Marie leaps over the top rope. Uncle Rocky turns to see her flying through the air. As she flies, she flips over, crashing down leg first into Uncle Rocky.

Williams: MARIE VAN CLAUDIO WITH A SWANTON TO THE OUTSIDE!

Fury: Whoh! Dick didn't see tha coming!

Both Uncle Rocky and MVC lie on the outside. On the other side, Robot Pete begins to push up.

Williams: High risk move by Marie to save her husband, may have cost her the match.

Fury: Dick told you. Women are stupid.

Williams: I've about had it with you Dick.

Fury: You can have it with Dick anytime sweet cheeks.

Williams: Trust me, if that was ever on the table, after tonight that ship has sailed and wont ever return.

Fury: Dick'll have you one day.

Williams: Oh no, you won't. Not a chance in hell.

Robot Pete uses the ropes to pull himself up to the apron before re-entering the ring as the referee continues to count Marie Van Claudio out.

Williams: Preston now helping Marie to her feet.

Preston checks on Marie who says she's OK before sitting up on the apron and rolling back into the ring.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio back in the ring now as this match continues.

She grabs the ropes and pulls herself to her feet as Robot Pete heads her way.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio ducks a clothesline attempt by Robot Pete. She runs, off the ropes... on the return... Robot Pete grabs her... turns... HUGE SPINE BUSTER!

Fury: A robotic spine buster by Robot Pete. Yep. He just killed Marie Van Claudio.

Marie lays on the canvas, not moving as Robot Pete kneels over her, cocking his head gently to the side. His

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screen turns to a face of worry.

Williams: I think Robot Pete is concerned that he has hurt Marie!

Uncle Rocky begins to jump up and down outside of the ring, screaming Pin her you idiot! Pete pokes Marie's shoulder, seeing if she'll respond. His pixilated eyes change to mimic a big puppy dog expression as Uncle Rocky continues to tell him to finish the job.

Fury: What a moron. This.. thing.. has the IQ of an eight year old! Just end the match!

Williams: He's concerned Dick.

Fury: Concerned? He is supposed to be trying to win!

Marie opens her eyes. As she does, she is shaken by the appearance of a giant Robot head in her face. He quickly begins scooting up the canvas backward as Robot Pete stands up.

Williams: Robot Pete spending too much time, allowing Marie Van Claudio to recover.

Uncle Rocky stomps his foot and stomps around in a circle before darting toward the ring and sliding in underneath the ropes.

Williams: Rocky into the ring.

Preston quickly follows suit. Rocky leaps up and runs over to Robot Pete yelling about how he should have pinned Marie. Preston kneels down by his wife before helping her to get up.

Williams: The referee quickly losing control of this match.

Uncle Rocky looks over, and sees Preston talking to Marie in the corner. He runs over and grabs Preston from behind, turning him around before he begins to punch Preston. Marie quickly tries to get Uncle Rocky off of her husband. Robot Pete heads over as well, trying to break the two up.

Williams: Yea, the referee has lost control as the two competitors of this match are trying to get back to it and can't because of outside interference.

The referee gets in the mix. Finally he points to both Preston and Uncle Rocky, before pointing to the back.

Williams: The referee is ejecting Uncle Rocky and Preston both!

Fury: About time someone does their job.

Uncle Rocky and Preston both argue with the referee. Marie Van Claudio and Robot Pete join in on this as

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well. The referee, surrounded by the four, argues back.

Williams: The referee just wanting to regain some order, however neither of the competitors or their other halves...

Fury: Are you saying Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete are a couple?

Williams: Not at all! Ugh. You are impossible!

Finally the referee just pushes through the group and begins to call for the bell. It begins to sound. The referee heads over and yells outside of the ring to the time keeper. A few moments later we are given the result of the match.

Announcer: The referee has deemed this match a no contest due to failure to comply!

All three people, and the robot, in the ring yell and stomp.

Williams: There is no winner! This is what happens when you don't listen to the referee!

Fury: That must be one of the referees brought over from VCW. We all know how incompetent they are!

Williams: Are you still on that Dick?

Uncle Rocky yells at Pete as Preston and Marie Van Claudio talk in the corner. Uncle Rocky grabs the door on Robot Pete's chest, opening it and reaching in. Behind him, Marie Van Claudio and Preston head over toward the two. Rocky pulls out of the compartment, a can. He turns and begins to spray. A stream of silly string flows freely, hitting both Preston and Claudio in the eyes.

Williams: Silly string!

Both MVC and Preston grab their eyes and stumble back, both stumbling into and through the ropes, falling to the outside. Uncle Rocky points the can up and begins to spray it in the air as we fade out.

Lets Relieve Some Pressure

We head back to the office of Cancer Jiles where the commissioner stressfully holds his head in his hands. A knock at the door. Without even looking up he replies.

Jiles: Just come in.

In walks Nigma. Cancer looks up and sighs.

Jiles: What do you want? Huh? How have I inadvertently caused you injustice? Or maybe, what is it that I

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need to do with you to keep you happy? What is it?

Nigma looks to the side.

Nigma: Nothing like that.

Jiles: Right. Well, I am under a lot of pressure. So if it's nothing too important, it can wait.

Nigma pulls a chair back and sits down.

Nigma: You know... some times it helps to talk. I happen to be a great listener.

Jiles: Oh yea? You?

Nigma pulls a pad from his trench coat.

Nigma: Here. Lets talk. Lets relieve some of that pressure you have.

Cancer looks hopeful for the first time in the night as we fade.

#WTFC Backstage

Backstage the #WTFC crew is hanging in their locker room. Bobby Dean is in the corner sitting on his rascal. His board reads two words:

SORRY GUYS.

The Dude: Why's he saying sorry? He did the best he could.

Doozer nods his head in agreement. One of two members of #WTFC not in action tonight, he's dressed casually. His backwards hat on, Superman t-shirt; the normal look of a hero.

Doozer: Aw come on, Deaner. It ain't no biggie. There's more to life than winning a match.

Doozer looks over as Thrill tightens his boots, his match with Sean Jackson up soon. He realizes what he said.

Doozer: Sorry, Haynes.

Thrill nods his head.

Will Haynes: No worries, no worries at all.

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Mikey walks over and slaps Dean on the back. He realizes that Bobby is still sweaty and wipes his hand on his jeans after.

Mikey Unlikely: Yeah Bobby, don't get down on yourself. Ya did what ya could. We should focus on the facts, right guys?

Coleslaw nods. Dude nods. Doozer nods. Thrill's mind is elsewhere currently.

Dean clears off his board and writes a new message:

WHAT'S THAT?

Mikey Unlikely: One, we're still best friends. And two, this guy right over here is gonna knock the snot out of Sean Jackson tonight.

Mikey points at Will Haynes, who's finally finished lacing his boots at this point.

Doozer: Plus All or Nothing is right around the corner. That's where we put this whole place on notice.

Doozer and Dude high five each other with the Dude nodding his head.

Mikey Unlikely: Can't wait to walk out UTA Champion.

Doozer: Ummmm, you mean Legacy Champion?

He smirks.

Coleslaw Jenkins: UM don't y'all mean Prodigy Champiov?!? Da THRILLMAKER is walkin' out wit dat gold!

Bobby Dean writes a new message:

CAN I BE A CHAMPION?

The Dude: Maybe, Bobby. Champion Eater sound good?

Bobby nods his head.

The Dude: Man all of WTF in one match.

Coleslaw Jenkins: Against each other to boot.

Doozer: Yeah, should be a good time.

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Will Haynes: Can't wait to knock one of you idiots out.

Thrill smiles. He's only half serious.

Mikey Unlikely: Should be pretty crazy. Maybe I'll finally be able to beat Kush in this one.

The whole group chuckles a little. Kush has had Mikey's number in Battle Royals for months now it seems.

Coleslaw Jenkins: I mean what if you cats all wind up 'gainst one another in the end.

There's an uneasy moment. Eyes go from man to man. No one knows what they would do if they're forced to eliminate the other two. Thrill looks down at his boots. Mikey looks at the wall. Doozer looks at Dude.

The end of the beginning, the beginning of the end. Who knows.

The Champ is Here

We cut to the backstage area where Perfection is wearing a black Armani suit, white dress shirt, gold tie. Next to him stands Sean Jackson who is talking with Perfection. Perfection is pressing an iron against the cuff of his suit, getting every little wrinkle out. The feed is being played in the arena and the fans are booing loudly. There's audio but it's for the arena audience, we get the commentary team.

Williams: And later tonight, that man right there is stepping into the ring to sign his fate to Ron Hall!

Fury: Ron Hall is signing his own death warrant! Dick thinks he'll be lucky if the Champ doesn't stick a pen in his neck.

Williams: That's really dark, Dick.

Perfection and Sean are laughing as James pulls out a handkerchief and lays it against the dresser he is in front of and presses the iron against it as well. Fury: Dick thinks Perfection keeps getting the crap dumped on him by management. Can't the man just go to All or Nothing?

Williams: Of course he can, if he beats Ron Hall next week on Wrestleshow.

Fury: Dick thought he was the only one getting the screw.

Perfection turns his head over the camera and pulls his thumb across his neck and points at the lense mouthing "Ron Hall". The crowd boo's even louder, Perfection then points down and mouths "tonight", smiling and nodding.

Williams: A very contract signing is coming later tonight! It's going to be huge!

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Too Much Pressure

We move to the office of Cancer Jiles, where the commissioner himself is laying on a couch. As the camera pans out, we are greeted by the resident psychiatrist, Nigma, sitting in a nearby chair, legs crossed, and note pad in hand.

Nigma: So, tell me, how are you adjusting to becoming the UTA Commissioner?

Cancer takes a deep breath, holding it for a moment before letting it out.

Jiles: It's tough. Really more of a challenge than I am used to.

Nigma jots down a few notes.

Nigma: Tell me more about it. What stresses are you facing?

Jiles: Where to begin?! We have All or Nothing coming up, and I know all of the great surprise entrants planned, but I can't tell anyone!

Nigma: Go on.

Jiles: Then, under my watch we have lost like eight people. It's totally not cool.

Nigma: I see. Well, with great power comes great responsibility.

Cancer smiles.

Jiles: I love Spiderman.

Nigma: What?

Jiles: Spiderman. With great power comes great responsibility.

Nigma: No, I don't think so. I just came up with that.

Cancer sits up on the couch.

Jiles: Nah, that totally came from Spiderman.

Nigma: Nope. I feel you are projecting your stresses onto me. Remember Mr. Jiles, I am here to help. I am not your enemy.

Cancer looks at Nigma before shaking his head and laying back down. Under his breath he continues to say

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that it's from Spiderman.

Nigma: How about the man who was set to be my opponent tonight, The Spectre. He is a Hall of Fame member, a legend, and you let him slip away during contract negotiations.

Jiles: Man, this gig is hard yo. I slid the new contract in front of him, and he refused to sign! What can I do? It's not like I can force him to re-sign can I?

Nigma: Did you try?

Jiles: Try what?

Nigma: To force him? Did you try to force him to re-sign?

Jiles: How?

Nigma: Maybe a baseball bat? Threat to his family? Anything.

Cancer sits back up, looking at Nigma, confused.

Jiles: Umm... No dude. Are you sure you're qualified to be doing this?

Nigma: Of course I am. Lay back down so we can continue.

Cancer keeps a watchful eye on Nigma as he lays back down.

Jiles: You know, I need to apologize. I really do.

Nigma: Why's that?

Jiles: I know it's 'Card Subject to Change' and all, but I am the one who booked him before the deal was secured. I feel like I let you down.

Nigma: Don't stress over it. That's why we are here. Get those feelings out, it will be like a burden off of your shoulders.

Jiles: Don't get me wrong. You showed up, you did your thing, and in the record books you'll get a win via forfeit. But, I should have been able to get him to re-sign.

Nigma makes a note.

Nigma: Do you feel your inability to properly manage the talent will lead to your termination.

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Cancer quickly sits back up.

Jiles: Whoa man! Who's talking about firing me?! I just got this gig! I can't try and take food stamps to my connect any more! I just can't!

Nigma: Well, no one sai-

Jiles: Was it the boss? Is Wingate here? Oh man. This isn't cool! I need to go talk to him.

Nigma: But I didn't sa-

Cancer gets to his feet.

Jiles: Thanks for the talk, but I need to go make sure I'm not getting fired.

He quickly runs to the door and out of the room as Nigma just watches on. After a few moments, Nigma jots some notes down on his pad.

Nigma: Interesting fellow.

Just as Nigma looks to walk out the door himself, he is met by the visage of Paladin standing directly before him.

Nigma: Speaking of interesting fellows....how are you Paladin?

Paladin only looks Nigma in the eyes before raising his finger in front of his face, just to wag it back and forth in the classic no motion.

Nigma: Ahh. Nonverbal communication is sometimes a sign of fear. Do I scare you Paladin?

Paladin removes his finger with a smirk, before becoming deadly serious again, wagging the finger at Nigma once more before turning to leave.

Nigma: Wait! Paladin, we have so much to discuss!

Nigma exits the room, trying to catch up to the other masked man as we fade out.

It's Simple

We find the beautiful Kate Kincaid standing in front of a WRESTLEUTA backdrop. A wide screen HD television displays the Victory logo. Kincaid holds a microphone in hand and begins to speak.

Kincaid: Kate Kincaid here, I'm standing with...

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Before she can finish her first sentence her interview subject, La Flama Blanca comes into the shot as the fans inside the WrestleZone boo intensely. The Luchador puts his hand out in a wanting fashion.

La Flama Blanca: May I?

He points to the microphone as she shrugs her shoulders and hands it over.

La Flama Blanca: Thank you, Kate. You're doing a great job.

Kincaid: Thanks!

The Luchador has hold of the microphone. He lets the thoughts on his mind hit the recording cameras.

La Flama Blanca: You're future Legacy Champion has something to share with you all.

The fans boo the cocky attitude of The Cruiserweight. Blanca can hear them as he stands in the back and laughs.

La Flama Blanca: I love you all too...

Fans: Boo!

La Flama Blanca: As I was saying... I'm going to see my Doctor next week to get my forearm checked... With any luck, I will get cleared and be able to get back into the ring to take what is rightfully mine.

Blanca turns to Kate Kincaid and asks her an important question.

La Flama Blanca: Do you know what is rightfully mine, Kate?

Kincaid: ...The UTA Legacy Title?

La Flama Blanca: That's right. Now that I can cash in on my Number One Contender Title Shot, it will not be long until I face Gentleman Jack in a UTA ring for that very Legacy Championship.

Blanca looks down to the floor as the camera zooms out to capture LFB with his hands on his hips in thought.

La Flama Blanca: Why go for the title before All Or Nothing? Why not just wait until the Pay Per View?

The Cruiserweight pauses and looks right into the camera. His index finger points out on his arm with the cast.

La Flama Blanca: It's simple... If I face Gentleman Jack... I will walk away with a title... When I beat

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Twenty-Nine other UTA stars in the All Or Nothing Match... I will have a title. There's no doubt in my mind.

Voice: Blanca, we need you.

Blanca turns to see a familiar face... Marshall Owens.

La Flama Blanca: That's my cue. We must do this again, Kate.

Kincaid: Sure!

The Luchador walks towards his attorney as Marshall puts his hand on his client's shoulder as they head toward Dynasty's locker room.

Kincaid: Strong words from La Flama Blanca, Jennifer and Dick... back to you!

Williams and Fury are back on your television. Williams takes the lead.

Williams: The Legacy Title picture gets more and more interesting, will The Luchador get cleared next week... or before All Or Nothing?

Fury: He's been hush about the actual injury. Hate to say it, there might be some shenanigans going on.

Williams: I would not put it past him or Dynasty. Folks stay tuned... coming up next... Sean Jackson head to head against Will Haynes, don't go to the bathroom or get a sandwich!

Fury: Now Dick's getting hungry.

Williams: Jackson.... Haynes... NEXT!

The beginnings of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. 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: With a win here tonight, Will Haynes could continue his rise to the top here in the UTA.

Fury: Win or lose, Dick will still think this guy is an idiot.

Williams: You think everyone is an idiot.

Fury: Yep.

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.

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Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Georgia. Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds... Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

Williams: WTFC doing big things in recent weeks.

Fury: Well, except for Bobbie Dean.

v/o: Orlando, Florida. Can you feel it, coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp.

As the 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.

I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson and Vanessa steps out onto the stage and looks at the sea of darkness while Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

Williams: The former UTA Champion making his way to the ring now.

Fury: Seems like a lifetime ago when he held the title. Do we need to continue to call him a former UTA Champion?

Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord.

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

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

As they make the slow walk 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: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

As soon as they enter the ring, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he stands in the middle of the ring. After a few moments, lights return to the arena and Sean prepares for his match.

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Announcer: Representing Dynasty. The Mental Rapist Sean Jackson.

The lights go out in the arena as Sean's music begins to fade out, before he even has a chance to walk down the ramp. After a few murmurs from the crowd, a single spotlight illuminates a figure about halfway up the ramp, looking toward Jackson as he stands there.

It's Paladin, complete in ring gear and mask. He stands there, no expression able to be seen through the gold-and-white mask. He slowly makes his way up the ramp, staring holes in the cocky Dynasty member all the way.

Jackson watches as Paladin reaches his level on the entrance, interrupting his mojo. Paladin stops, turning his full attention to 'The Mental Rapist' by looking him dead in his eyes. Jackson returns the gaze, then looks at Paladin with a strange glance, asking him something that the cameras can't pick up and the audio equipment can't hear.

Paladin simply continues to look at Jackson, raising his left hand and pointing directly at Sean's face before moving his hand to his throat, balling it into a fist with the thumb extended. He looks at Jackson intently, drawing the thumb very slowly across his throat, then holding his hand back out toward Sean, turns the thumb down.

Jackson begins to chuckle, not taking the threat seriously. Suddenly, Paladin's voice booms over the PA system without a microphone visible.

Paladin: For months now, you and Dynasty have ignored my warnings. One of your number knows who I am, as I have said. Tonight, Sean Jackson, I place the onus upon you as the one man of Dynasty who might know my true identity. For remember, Sean....before Dynasty, before UTA, before your pathetic career in this sport ever began...before any of this was...

Paladin pauses, giving Jackson just the briefest of moments to ponder what he's just said. The lights flicker for a moment, going black for just a second, but when they come back, Paladin is gone....but his booming voice is not.

Paladin: ...I AM!

Williams: A creepy message from Paladin which doesn't seem to have effected Sean Jackson as we get ready here.

As the referee calls for the bell, Sean Jackson rushes Will Haynes..

Williams: Jackson rushes Haynes who moves out of the way as Jackson swipes at his legs.

Both men circle and lock up. Jackson puts a side knee into the gut of Will Haynes. He grabs the back of his head and directs him to the corner, throwing him back first into it.

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Williams: Sean Jackson taking control early.

Fury: It's easy to do when you catch the other guy off guard.

Williams: Jackson following up with hard jabs to the gut of Haynes as he has nowhere to go from that corner.

Will blocks a jab from the champion and comes right up with a boot to the gut of Sean Jackson followed by another.

Williams: Those kicks delivered with accuracy from Will Haynes as he is fighting back against Jackson.

Haynes steps back and comes forward with a heavy backhanded chop into the chest of Sean Jackson, who lets out a yell as he is hit. Haynes follows up with another.

Williams: Heavy chops from the newcomer here as he continues to work Sean Jackson.

Haynes grabs the left wrist of Sean Jackson and pushes him tight into the corner, before yanking back and whipping Jackson hard across the ring. Sean goes full force toward the other turnbuckle with Will following behind. As Sean hits the corner, he bounces back hard and turns in time to see Haynes leap and twist.

Williams: Spinning heel kick by Will Haynes!

Sean Jackson hits the canvas hard.

Fury: Dick's gotta give it to him. Will Haynes has been on an impressive streak as of recent. But he just doesn't think the THRILL will be able to put Jackson away tonight.

Sean Jackson holds his ribs as Will Haynes rolls over and pushes to his feet. He looks at Sean Jackson, sizing up his position before running toward the ropes. He leaps up to the top, catching himself with perfect balance. As he leaps backward into the air he flips, landing perfectly.

Williams: Moonsault! He hit his mark.

Fury: That was beautiful.

Haynes hooks the leg, but before the referee can start his count, Sean Jackson kicks out.

Williams: Sean Jackson kicks out. Not enough to put the mental rapist out.

Fury: No, but it's enough to show him he has a serious competitor in the ring with him.

Williams: Will Haynes is not to be taken lightly it seems.

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Haynes gets to his feet, pulling Jackson with him. He pulls Sean Jackson along with him, putting him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Williams: Will Haynes still in control as the fans begin to back him here in this match.

Jackson turns around as Haynes grabs him by the thighs and lifts him up.

Williams: Will Haynes lifts Jackson, runs forward and slams him into the turnbuckle!

As they hit, Haynes steps back, still holding Jackson. He goes to run him into the post again, but Jackson brings a fist down into his forehead causing Will to drop Jackson.

Williams: Jackson able to stop the assault, but can turn it around?

Jackson on his hands and knees looks up. Will shakes off the stars before coming forward with a rising knee to the face of Sean Jackson, sending him to the canvas.

Fury: Still in control, Will Haynes is shutting Sean Jackson up here tonight.

Will runs over and climbs the turnbuckle. As he reaches the top he turns around. Once he has his balance, he leaps down with a double foot stomp connecting on Sean Jackson.

Williams: Will Haynes stomping Sean Jackson.

Haynes quickly covers Jackson and the referee drops.

Fury: He's got him! he's got him!

Williams: No! Kickout at two!

Will Haynes gets to his feet again. He bends down and grabs Sean Jackson, lifting him. However, Sean Jackson grabs the THRILL around the waist real quick, lifts and throws him backward.

Williams: Belly to belly by Sean Jackson!

Haynes grabs his back as he slides across the mat. Jackson breaths heavy as he lays, giving himself a moment. Will sits up and pushes to his knees, sitting on them and looking out tot he crowd. Behind him, Jackson sits up. He sees Will and gets to his feet. Haynes slowly starts to lift as Jackson takes off raising his knee...

Williams: Will Haynes has seen this before, he drops to the mat!

Sean Jackson's knee completely misses Will Haynes's head. Will pushes up behind Sean Jackson who turns

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around.

Williams: Jackson turns.. roundhouse kick by Will Haynes! He catches his mark!

Fury: Will Haynes might have this!

Williams: He goes for the cover.

The referee drops and begins to count. Sean Jackson kicks out, but not quick enough. To the trained eye of a vigilant fan, you can tell the referee's hand was not supposed to hit three so fast and that Sean was supposed to kick out. The look of apologetic shock on the referee's face tells it all.

Williams: Wait.. was that three?

Fury: No, it was two Jennifer.

Williams: Wait, no.. the bell is sounding. That was three. Will Haynes has just beat the Mental Rapist!

Fury: Even Will Haynes is surprised!

Will Haynes looks up at the referee before standing. The referee holds his arm in the sky. Sean Jackson rolls out of the ring angry.

Williams: Jackson is unhappy.

Fury: Do you blame him? He was robbed.

Williams: Sean Jackson unhappy, but accepting of the situation as he and Vanessa begin up the ramp.

Jackson turns around and looks at Will Haynes in the ring, who looks back at him. He nods toward Haynes and we can read his lips saying Accidents Happen before turning back and heading up the ramp, leaving Will Haynes to celebrate in the ring.

Williams: WTFC continue to dominate the UTA and, surprisingly Dynasty.

Fury: Dick wouldn't go as far as to say Dynasty, but Sean Jackson sure is having some trouble with them.

Haynes celebrates in the ring as we fade.

A Sigh of Relief

Cancer Jiles can be seen on the phone somewhere backstage.

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Jiles: No problem Mr. Wingate. I'm glad you have faith in me.

He nods as if the person on the other end, presumably the owner of the company, can see him.

Jiles: Oh, no sir. I've got this. I had just heard you were here... uhh.. yes sir, no problem.

Cancer smiles a bit.

Jiles: Yes sir! I wont let you down!

He pulls the phone down and clicks the end button before letting out a sigh of relief.

Jiles: I needed that. Now to get through this contract signing without a hitch.

He slides his phone into his pocket and continues on his way as we fade.

The camera opens backstage, with the frantic figures of UTA and Studio employees running from one simple task to get to the next, to keep the show moving at its high quality. The sound of equipment being rolled a little too fast over the corridor floor is accompanied by a stage hand shouting out a wrestler's name, indelible due to the feedback on his megaphone.

Into the scene and the organised chaos steps Lamond Alexander Robertson, the newest addition to the UTA roster. Looking around himself with a bright, wide smile and carrying a gym bag over his shoulder he turns slowly three hundred and sixty degrees as he walks.

Wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, black and gold UTA t-shirt and a Celtic FC green and white cap on his head, he takes in the moment. Continuing around a corner, LAR spots some men with large t-shirts huddling in a corner. All the men bar one have a cup of hot coffee in their hand and one has a baguette he is eating in the other hand, as they share a joke followed by a laugh.

Lamond: Alright lads?

Robertson places his hand on one of the men's shoulders, who immediately opens up the circle. LAR at six foot four towers over the smaller men, beaming down at them with a bright smile. He extends his hand to one of the men.

Lamond: Hi, I'm Lamond.

The man responds with his name, Mike, a Sound Engineer, who introduces his colleagues Will and James, both Sound Engineers too and Steve and Maulek, Video Technicians. The camera closes in on the group as Lamond closes his eyes, hand still on James' shoulder.

Lamond: Can you smell it boys?

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Two of the men look at each other then back at Lamond, unsure what to say to a UTA talent.

Lamond: This is the big time, a great show soo far. I didn't get to really appreciate it last time I was here a couple of weeks ago but boy, it's unreal!

Mike smiles and gestures to speak.

Mike: I thought you weren't supposed to be performing until tomorrow Mr Robertson?

Lamond opens his eyes and smiles at the smaller man.

Lamond: Aye, but I flew into Florida two nights ago and right now, there's no place I'd rather be. I mean, isn't it bloody fantastic?

Steve, a video tech chimes in.

Steve: Ah, it's nothing special man. We're just doing our job you know, same as any other day.

Lamond shakes his head enthusiastically, walking up to Steve and placing his hand on his shoulder, looking into the man's eyes.

Lamond: Millions of people will be watching the show that you guys worked so hard to put on in just a few short hours. People will go to work, go to school on Monday talking about it and it will no doubt have dramatic implications for the lives of many professional athletes. Don't sell yourself short.

He turns and faces the group.

Lamond: Don't any of you sell yourselves short. Without you, there would be none of this. Without you there would be no Perfection, no La Flama Blanca, no Rin Hall. Without you there would be no UTA and frankly, I wouldn't be able to live out this dream, so thank you.

He nods his head sincerely and shakes each man's hand.

Lamond: Now, sorry boys, which way is the men's? I had Mexican for the first time in years last night and I'm not sure it was the right choice.

The team chuckles and Mike points the direction of the toilets. One last wave from Lamond Robertson who pats Steve on the back and turns down the corridor.

2 Iraqi's 1 Monster

Williams: Well, next up fans we have the contract signing of Perfec....

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A very ominous voice comes over the PA.

Voice: BUTCHER OF BASRA!

That creepy song slowly begins to play once more.

Fury: Dick has that feeling again.

The lights dim slowly the fans start to recognize that this has to be none other then Crimson Lord. They start to cheer for a moment before silence as the tron lights up. Only a few stray lights shine toward the tron. Crimson Lord appears full view of his face his red eyes peering through his drenched wet hair.

The camera slowly backs away from Crimson Lord. Slowly revealing the environment in full focus, it appears both Gaze and Crimson are in a cemetery. There is very faint fog coming from underneath them. Crimson sits on a tombstone his chin resting on his chest. Gaze is leaning against a tombstone next to him. She is staring at her long black and green swirl nails.

Crimson has a black turtle neck sweater on with the words written in blood of "Blood Lust" on the front of the sweater. He has black jeans with black timberland boots on. Gaze has her hair brushed under her ears to the back of her head. She has blue eye shadow with purple lipstick. She also has a leather purse with gold chain strap. She has a leather jacket exposing a chain mail bra, and black spandex pants on, with high heels.

Crimson: The man that defeated my fellow brethren in The Spawn.

He slowly laughs for a moment then his amusement quickly changes to a disgusted stare toward the crowd in the Wrestlezone.

Crimson: Hussian, the darkness has arrived at your doorstep. Will you open the door and let me into your world? I am guessing not willingly, but whether you approve of it or not I could care less you are going to succumb to the darkness! My world does not involve mindless beheadings, and burning of flags all for the words of yet another make believe "God" what is it with you meatbags and your religion!

Crimson slowly pushes himself off the tombstone not caring whose grave he stands on and walks to the front of the grave. He turns to the side and stares at the crowd once more. Gaze slowly moves over to the tombstone he once sat on. She sits on the plot leaning against the tombstone her left leg bent with her right extended out. She moves her purse to her lap.

Crimson: See Hussian we see the universe as being indifferent to us, and so all morals and values are subjective human constructions. Your form of enforcing your ideals is pathetic! Is all that praying you do suppose to cleanse you of all the atrocities you support in our society? I think you need to have a very special pray for Victory XXVI I'll gladly help you out. Pray to that imaginary "God" that you make it to All or Nothing.

He slowly turns to the grave plot and sits into a catcher stance and stares at the grave.

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Crimson: Frankly you will be made an example of and a message to the rest of this new generation that this is a threat you are going to have to deal with!

He slowly stands up and once more turns sideways and stares at the Wrestlezone.

Crimson: Now observing your little match with Mr. Fantastic I was able to come to the conclusion you are one of those people that can not do anything by themselves in which case.

He slowly looks toward Gaze. She begins to rummage through her purse and finally pulls out a little device pressing a button and electrical charge moves back and forth across two conductors.

Gaze: Rafiq this is for you interfere in this match and I will fry your ass!

She moves the taser in front of her and grins devilishly. She presses the button again as the taser sparks across the conductors. Crimson slowly turns his look back toward the arena and flips his hair to the back of his head and coldly stares at the Wrestlezone.

Crimson: The Plague of Darkness is going to grab you with his cold dark embrace and send you straight to hell!

The camera slowly zooms in on Crimson Lord's face finally reaching his red eyes he slowly closes them as the tron fades out. The lights in the arena slowly return to normal and the creepy music dissipates.

Williams: Crimson Lord and Abdul Bin Hussian on our next show. Do you think Hussian will have the same luck as he did against Mr. Fantastic Dick?

Fury: Dick thinks this will not be as easy as Crimson Lord thinks it is going to be.

Williams: Sure will be an exciting match to see. Next up fans is Ron Hall and Perfection and their contract signing.

The Contract Signing

As we return ringside, a table has been set up inside of the ring. I am the Cool by Screaming Jay Hawkins kicks up over the sound system. Cancer Jiles heads out from the back to the stage as the fans cheer. He raises his arm up and soaks it in before beginning down the ramp.

Williams: The commissioner coming out first, that folder in hand which contains the contract. One of the two men who will be in that rin soon with him, will enter the All or Nothing match, and the other... well, he will sit on the side lines dreaming of what could have been.

Fury: Perfection has everything to lose when they step into that match, and nothing to gain.

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Williams: We've seen Cancer Jiles under a lot of pressure tonight, but you have to wonder what kind of pressure the champion is under.

Fury: An enormous amount Jennifer.

Cancer walks up the steps and across the apron before entering into the ring. His music dies down. Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc begins to play. The fans go nuts as Ron Hall comes out from the back. Raising his arm high, they get louder. He begins down the ramp.

Williams: A former champion in his own right, Ron Hall could very well be the man who cracks Dynasty once and for all if he is able to defeat Perfection in just one week.

Fury: Hall has many accolades but the important factor to look at is how long ago he accomplished them. He is not a young guy any more. Perfection has youth over him. He has skill. Most importantly, he has the UTA Championship.

As Ron enters the ring, he is greeted by Cancer Jiles, shaking his hand.

Williams: Earlier tonight, Cancer Jiles made sure that in one week there would be no interference when these two meet.

As his music dies down, Perfect Gentleman by Helloween begins to play over the loudspeakers as the crowd gets on their feet to boo the most hated man in professional wrestling to date, he is the UTA Champion...Perfection. Perfection steps out, soaking the boos in as he raises the UTA Championship up over his head. Holding it there, he starts down the ramp, never taking his eyes off of the men in the ring.

Williams: The UTA Champion showing a focus like I have never seen before as he makes his way to the ring.

Fury: People may not like him, but they damn sure have to respect that man right there.

Williams: I've got to agree Dick. Perfection is a fighting champion who has overcome some of the biggest names to ever step foot into the UTA.

Perfection reaches the ring, and stops. He continues to hold the title up, staring right at Ron Hall. Finally, he places the title over his shoulder and begins up the steps.

Williams: Anything can happen folks when these two get into the ring. We could see the start of World War Three right here tonight.

As Perfection enters the ring, his music fades. He walks over to the table, looking at the two men on the other side before pulling the belt off of his shoulder and laying it on top.

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Williams: Once the papers are signed, we will be set to see history being made next week on Wretleshow.

The fans start up a Ron Hall chant. After a few moments, Cancer holds his free hand up to quiet them down before raising his microphone up in his other.

Jiles: Ladies and gentlemen. Tonight these two men will sign this contract I've set on the table to make it official. In one week, on the go home Wretleshow they will compete in a one on one match. The winner will enter into the All or Nothing match for a chance to walk out the champion.

The fans cheer.

Jiles: Perfection...

Perfection just stares at Cancer.

Jiles: If you lose in one week, your time as UTA Champion will have an expiration date. There will be no rematches. There will be no redos. You will no longer be champion at the end of All or Nothing.

He looks over at Ron Hall.

Jiles: Ron. In one week, you have the opportunity to be the man who ends Perfection's reign. Win or lose at All or Nothing, you will be in the history books for all eternity as the man who cost Perfection the title during his second UTA Championship run.

Ron smirks as Perfection continues to stare, cold and calculated.

Jiles: Gentlemen. You know the terms I have set for this match. They are in black ink right there in that contract. You have both been given the chance to read over it before we came out here. If you would, lets make this official.

The fans cheer as Cancer holds a pin up. Ron grabs it and bends down, signing the contract before slamming the pen down in front of Perfection. He looks at the pen, then up at Ron who tells him to sign. Perfection picks up one of the two extra microphones sitting on the table.

Perfection: Once I sign this, Ron Hall and I face in one week with my All or Nothing spot on the line.

Jiles: Yes.

Perfection: The spot I earned when I became UTA Champion.

Jiles: That sounds about right.

Perfection: The spot, that day in and day out I came into this ring and destroyed everyone who people like

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you...

He points at Cancer.

Perfection: ...have put in my way, to secure.

Jiles: Yea. That's the jist of it.

Perfection thinks for a moment.

Perfection: Ron. There's no denying that you are a former champion. There is no denying that you are a member of the Hall of Fame and a legend. Hell, there is no denying that you are one of the toughest son of a bitches I have ever stepped foot in this ring and faced.

He puts a finger up.

Perfection: But! What have you done for me lately?

Ron tilts his head to the side, picking the other microphone up.

Hall: What have I...

Perfection: NOTHING! ZERO! ZILCH! You have done not one thing to earn this match much less a spot in the All or Nothing match! Ron... You, Crimson Bore, and Mr. Lametstic have done nothing but come out here, bore these people to death and lose. You're a loser. Crimson is a loser. Fantastic? Well, he may be the biggest loser of you all.

Perfection pauses, letting it sink in.

Perfection: How dare you put yourself on my level. How dare you think you can come in here and try to take a spot that men like La Flama Blanca have earned. Men like Sean Jackson. Hell, even Uncle freaking Rocky deserves to be in the All or Nothing match over you!

Fury: It's true.

Williams: Shut up Dick.

Perfection: Now you want me to sign away the rights to a shot at retaining my championship because you think your status as someone who was once important allows you to?

Ron's face grows serious.

Perfection: These ungratefults may not like me. Cancer Jiles may hate me. But damn it... I have earned my

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chance by being the best God damn wrestler in this God damn company, time and time again!

Perfection looks down at the contract.

Perfection: I've earned my chance by being.... perfect.

He looks up, his eyes piercing Ron Hall's.

Perfection: Hall.. you can take this contract... and shove it up your ass.

Suddenly, Perfection drops the microphone, grabs the table and lifts it up, throwing it out of the way. He comes forward slamming a right into the side of Ron Hall's head.

Williams: Perfection attacking Ron Hall after refusing to sign!

Fury: And after making some damn fine points!

Perfection continues to hit Hall, who stumbles back and into the ropes. Cancer grabs Perfection, and turns him around. The Champion pulls his hand back to strike, but Cancer quickly cuts him off.

Jiles: You touch me and damn it... you're done!

Perfection turns just in time for Ron Hall to shoot forward with a clothesline, connecting.

Williams: Hall takes the champion down!

He mounts Perfection and begins to slam rights into the side of his head.

Williams: Perfection trying to cover up, now blocking the shots. The Champion turning Hall over. Now Perfection with big rights into the head of Hall.

He gets up and runs over, picking the UTA Championship up. Perfection holds it ready as Hall rolls over and slowly begins to rise. Once up, he looks up and Perfection comes forward full force, slamming the title directly into his face, sending Hall to the canvas. Perfection stops near the ropes and looks at the title, breathing hard. Behind him, Perfection holds his face. As he moves his hands, we can see the flow of crimson.

Williams: Perfection has busted Ron Hall open!

Fury: Let it flow... let it flow!!!!

Perfection turns and looks down at the bloody Hall. He tosses the title down and picks a microphone up from the canvas.

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Perfection: Is this what you wanted Jiles? Is this what you expected it to come to?

He brings a foot down across the busted open forehead of Ron Hall.

Perfection: You want your hall of fame members to bleed? To be embarrassed in front of the kiddies? This what you want?

He stomps Hall repeatedly again as Cancer watches on in horror.

Perfection: You're nothing Hall!

He looks up at Cancer.

Perfection: And you! Who the hell do you think you are?! You're a joke too!

He stomps Hall again before grabbing the papers off of the canvas.

Perfection: You know what Ron? You want this? You want a beating like you've never gotten before? Huh? YOU GOT IT!

He kneels down beside Ron, grabbing his head and shoving it onto the papers, spreading Ron's blood across them and the canvas. Like a man possessed Perfection stands up and gets into Cancer Jiles' face.

Perfection: There... it's signed.

Perfection shoves the microphone into Cancer's chest as he walks over, picks his title up, and heads toward the ropes. Officials run down, passing Perfection who has now exited the ring to check on Ron Hall. His music kicks back up and as he walks up the ramp, Perfection turns and holds the title high up again. Inside the ring the officials get over to Hall. Cancer, looking pale, looks up to Perfection.

Jiles: Enjoy that belt this week, because next will mark the end of your crap!

Perfection stops and just thrust the title up even higher. As Cancer stares down at him and he stares back, the copyright comes up and we fade to black.