

House Show: House Show 1

December 8, 2013

House Show 1

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220: HOUSE SHOW 1 - 12/08/2013

Posted by WrestleUTA on

16 Oct 2015

Usually well before the "

start of any

Second to None event, Lucia

Lureaux-Sommersby is at her spot at the broadcast table already running the show. She is definitely in position before a single ticket has been accepted from a single fan. Well as the clock ticked down towards Midnight she was nowhere to be seen. Chloe Deville was in position at the turntables, far side of the staging facing the crowd and the ring. Second to None referee was taping down the last few wires at ringside so that no one would trip on them.

At 11:57 pm EST the 2:20 countdown began on the big screen and

Sure Thing

by Lil Wayne hit the speakers. This track is two minutes, twenty seconds long. It lets everyone backstage, and all of the smarks in the crowd know exactly what time it is.

Still no sign of Lucia.

The song ended and we see Lucia on the big screen. She is backstage and is in white from head to toe, well almost. She is wearing a skin tight white leather skirt. She is wearing a white leather newsboy cap and white leather jacket. Her top is low cut, black and emblazoned with the red circular 220 logo. Her impossibly high studded heels were white leather.

She sat in a white "

leather chair and was holding the fire to a blunt.

When she hit the blunt,

Tattooed Bruise

by doubleDrive hit the speakers and the crowd went wild. As she

exhaled, the smoke machine blew smoke across the staging and out towards the crowd.

Chloe Deville: Ladies and Gentlemen, your Second to None General Manager Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby welcomes you to the Home Office! We are live from the 220 Training Academy and World Headquarters in Washington D.C. for a night of SECOND TO NONE WRESTLING!!! Brought to you by Lucia
s Sunday Morning Hangover!!

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As the show

s intro music began to fade, you could hear the bluesy guitar riff that could only be Jack White. A single white spotlight hit the black curtain at the gorilla position as

Catch Hell Blues

by The White Stripes was recognized by the crowd. Lucia Lureaux-Sommersby was obviously the person silhouetted by the spotlight and she left no doubt as she pushed through the curtain and made her way to the ring still hitting that blunt.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: What

s up motherfuckers? You found us!

The cameras panned around the small venue shooting it from angles that made it look larger than 500 people.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And here is what

1. That

s three "

men , two hours and one WWWorld Championship! It will be decided sometime between now and last call!

She took another long pull off of her blunt..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Oh don

t nobody worry about this, we

re in D.C. and I

ve got a prescription..

She put the blunt in her mouth and grabbed her tits with both hands and shook them at the camera.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Chronic

lower back pain.

Lucia set her blunt down and took a silver flask out of an inside jacket pocket. She took a long pull before setting it down in front of her and continuing.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: So check this out. At the end of 220 iPPV 2:

Infectious, I personally inviting Shawn Alexander Cage..

The crowd went

wild!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

The SoCal Switchblade

Adam Stryker

The crowd got even louder!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

Prince Whatchamacallit

And if it were possible, the crowd got even louder, giving Wadjethotep is bigger pop than Cage or Stryker.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

The Hardcore Reject

Tommy Rowan

The crowd turned, booing Rowan violently!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: But

Prince Whatchamacallit is an asshole! Apparently he left the spot once his match was over, didn

t stay until the end of the show. Still doesn

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t know anything about this I

ll bet! My Heath told me he

d spoken with Prince Whatchamacallit and was told Prince would be in Niagra Falls right now!

The crowd began booing Wadjethotep..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: It

s cool, it

s cool. He doesn

t have to be the first Second to None WWWorld Champion in history! But someone will be

and it will happen before last call tonight!

Carry on my wayward son

by GVAR explodes from the speakers and the crowd goes wild. After a moment, Grinder is seen on the pretty small big screen above the staging directly in front of Lucia.

Grinder: KONICHIWA!!!

The crowd roared their approval for the mysterious masked man.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: What the fuck do you want

asshole?

Grinder: I want to know it

s safe to come down there and talk to you..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: You got my money

asshole? Did you bring my ten thousand dollars?

She was obviously referring to Second to None

s first event,

which included a

10,000 ladder match. By the time the briefcase was opened there was no money in it but it was full of

Grinder

s yellow paint. Then one week ago at show number two:

Infectious, Grinder was bringing her the notorious ten grand when he tripped and tossed it to the crowd.

Grinder: Um

no.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Then it

s not safe for you to be within my reach. So, say what you

ve got to say and be quick about it. I have way more important people than you to promote tonight.

Grinder stepped out onto the staging holding a large wrapped gift. He did not waste any time making his way down that aisle and around the ring to the broadcast table where Lucia awaited him. He set the gift down on front of her. As he did, the lights fell.

Grinder was sitting in a tiny little wooden chair. He is holding a stainless steel silver flask in his lap, his right hand is holding some type of smoking tool. It looks like he might be etching something onto the flask, but Grinder is just loud and rough. He might even be just carving it into it with a tool not suited for the purpose. He held it out to the camera and in a very intricate, ornamental script were the initials: LLS. Grinder begins mixing a small amount of cement in a small kitchen mixing bowl. When it is the correct consistency, he uses a funnel and pours the concrete into the silver, monogrammed flask. Then he put the flask into the gift box we now see in front of Lucia. As the pre-recorded video ends and the house lights return, the gift-wrapped box

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remains, Grinder however is gone. Lucia opens the box. Instead of being packed in Styrofoam peanuts, it is packed in legos. She pulls out the flask and a handwritten note.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Oh I like this flask Grinder, but you're still an asshole and I still want my ten thousand dollars! Now what's this little note say.

She unfolds it and begins to read..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Mrs. Sommersby, unfortunately I am unable to deliver ten thousand dollars in cash to you at this point in my Second to None career. However, since

I am facing Tommy Rowan in one week's time at SWAY, I may have a solution.

Now,

I am no promoter but I do think that if you made our match a

BAREFOOT LEGO DEATHMATCH

it would generate probably about ten thousand dollars worth of publicity for 220. Hope this was some help and I hope that you enjoy your new flask. And for your time tonight, DOMO ARRIGATO GRINDER.

She wads it up and tosses it a side.

Lucia Lureaux

Sommersby: What do I care?

Next Saturday night in Falls Church, Maryland in the 220 iPPV 3: Sway Main Event

Rowan versus Grinder and it will be a barefoot lego deathmatch!!!

The rhythm section, just the drums and bass of the classic

Heath Sommersby ring introduction and Amy Winehouse song,

You know I

am no good

hits the speakers. On the big screen were the logos.

Chloe

Deville: Last night, on the FWRESTLING channel on BLOGTALKRADIO live on the eFed Guerillas Radio show after midnight was an exclusive interview with our very own and better than advertised HEATH SOMMERSBY! And we all got to listen live to all the little things that make this man better than advertised..

The drums and bass of

You know I

am no good

by Amy Winehouse continues to play, you can hear Chloe Deville remixing in, then distorting her own voice.. Voiceover: Better

As the song played, so did the voiceover.

Better than advertised

was fitted into the groove until the song legit sounded three words long. As the song concluded, the big screen was filled with footage from a game of Rugby. A man who is obviously Heath Sommersby is arguing with a man on the opposing team. The referee grabs Sommersby's arm to pull him back, as he did,

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Heath turned and in one fluid motion headbutted the ref down hard flat on his back. As their heads connected,

Made of Scars

by Stone Sour exploded from the speakers!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: When Zinedine Zidane headbutts someone he calls it a

And believe me, nobody can testify better than I can just how hard this man's head is!

As Heath Sommersby pushes through the gorilla position to finally reveal himself at a 220 live event he did not look like a promoter. Sommersby looked ready to go! Probably the first thing that everyone noticed was the Championship Belt around his waist. It was so big it was gaudy. He wore those ugly old ancient red wrestling boots with the stripe of black spray paint across the toe of the right boot. His left knee pad was plain black, so was his right except for having #HEAVYMETAL embroidered in red stitching. On his

The 220 Brand

fight shorts, his left leg is sponsored by

and his right is sponsored by

Chloe Deville:

Making his way to the ring tonight by way of Johannesburg, South Africa

he weighed in tonight at two hundred thirty two pounds

he is underpaid

bulletproof and BETTER THAN

ADVERTISED!!! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OPEN YOUR MINDS AND RAISE YOUR STANDARDS THIS IS MR TWO TWENTY HIMSELF

HEATH SOMMERSBY!

If you didn

t know better you might swear Sommersby was here to defend that big gold belt around his waist. He legit looked ready to go.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Aren

t you glad you don

t have to see that? Aren

t you all glad Heath is promoting now?

He climbed the steel steps at ringside and wiped the soles of his boots on the ring apron before he climbed inside. Sommersby took the belt off and held it up to the single shining spotlight. The cameras finally revealed this belt to be

Better Than Advertised

Championship. Heath called for a house mic from our referee Perry Davidson.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: SHUT THE FUCK UP EVERYBODY!!!

Heath tossed the belt over his shoulder and began to speak.

Heath Sommersby: What

s up motherfuckers? I am so glad you all found us tonight! And what an awesome tonight it is, tonight, Second to None crowns our very first WWWorld Champion!

Naturally, the crowd marked out for this.

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Heath Sommersby: But that
s not why I am here and that
s not what I want to talk about. The 220 WWWorld Championship, that
s too easy to talk about. I can talk about that anytime I want, anywhere I want with pretty much anyone I
want right now. Everyone is talking about Second to None
so let
s give them something else to talk about!

He held this new belt up

Heath Sommersby: My entire career, regardless of if was holding the promotions top title, or if I was in
pursuit of it, one thing was certain. I knew that however well the promoter was promoting me
I was still
better than advertised. I could be in a dark match pummeling a curtain jerker or main eventing the largest
venues in the world, I knew, deep down inside where it really counts that I myself, am better than advertised.
So for the guys backstage right now
for the guys who train here at the 220 Academy all week long
and for the guys who will make my promotion
Second to None in one week
s time in Falls Church when 220 shows the world our SWAY! This belt
is for you. This belt is for the blue collar, bloody nosed independent wrestlers who have no choice but to
work seven nights a week for four or five different promoters just to make rent. This belt is for the guys who
do not stop, do not give up and do not ever stop showing the entire world that they are
BETTER THAN ADVERTISED. And, if that
s what you are, then this belt is for you. And this belt, it
s bigger, and heavier than the 220 WWWorld Championship. So, just like you
the belt itself

it much much BETTER THAN ADVERTISED! And I will promote this BTA Championship in Second to None
Wrestling

starting now. See your Better Than Advertised Champion crowned in one week
s time live at 220 iPPV 3: SWAY live from Falls Church.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And you heard it here first live on Lucia
s Sunday Morning Hangover! Second to None now has a second championship belt, it
s better than advertised and you motherfuckers better work hard because someone
s match at Sway
just became a title match!!!

Made of Scars

by Stone Sour hit the speakers again and as Sommersby left the ring, he very slowly made his way to the
back. Dude was busy letting all the 220 fans at ringside check out the new strap. As his music played
through, he finally made it all the way to the back. Then with no warning, or hesitation,
In Ashes They Shall Reap

By Hatebreed begins to play and the camera begins to pan around the arena. Lasers begin flashing around
the arena as the crowd begins to boo. After the intro the lights begin to violently strobe to the beat. The red
exit doors toward the back of the arena swing open and smoke pours out. Tommy Rowan storms out from the
exit doors in his usual entrance attire. Across his face, a very smug look and in his right hand he holds a

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water bottle. He takes a swig and let

s out a huge spray of water. He looks around before wiping his mouth with his arm and snorting. He holds up his fists and the crowd showers him with heavy boos. He puts them down as he shakes his head again.

Tommy begins to walk towards the ring, looking left and right and arguing with some fans.

Chloe Deville: Ladies and Gentlemen, this is your main event and will decide the vacant 220 WWWorld Championship! Weighing in tonight at 220 pounds, hailing from

Ozone park, New

York, he is

The Hardcore Reject, TOMMY

ROOOOWWWAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!

Tommy is now at the edge of the barricade and he looks at the camera. He mouths off some words before hopping over the barricade and then hopping up on the ring apron with his right knee. Rowan lifts himself up and spins around on the apron. He looks around before holding up the metal horns. He then gets into the ring and steps up on the turnbuckle. Rowan holds up the metal horns again before slowly putting them to his sides as he wipes his mouth again and turns. He sits on the top turnbuckle as he waits for the match to begin.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

This motherfucker here, Rowan. I got a new flask

Rowan! I wanna see you come and try to snatch anything from me now! Asshole! Somebody come and whip this motherfucker

s ass!

The piano of

Taste of Regret

by In Fear and Faith echoes throughout the building. The crowd knows what time it is and they rise to their feet! The anticipation begins to grow. Shortly after, the guitars and drums kick in

Adam Stryker appears on the stage, dressed in his ring gear and black leather jacket and just stands there for a while, enjoying the cheers from the crowd. He then slowly walks towards the ring.

Chloe Deville: And his opponent! From Los Angeles, California, weighting in at 220 pounds

The SoCal Switchblade

ADAM STRYKER!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Does everyone in 220 weigh 220? Even Grinder does! Grinder..Rowan Stryker!!!

Stryker slides under the bottom rope and hands his jacket to our referee Perry Davidson. He hops on one of the turnbuckles and performs his typical cut-throat taunt as streamers are thrown in the ring. His music dies out as he hops off the buckle. As as his feet hit the mat, Rowan clubs him to the back of the neck with a double axe handle smash. The match bell sounds!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And we are underway! Second to None will crown our first WWWorld Champion at the end of this match!!!

Rowan follows this up with a series of stiff forearm shots which took Stryker down to one knee. Rowan pulled Stryker up to his feet only to send him back down hard to the mat with a hard Lariat.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: That

s the Hardcore Hook!

As Stryker hits the mat, Rowan chokes him until the ref gets past

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4 on his warning count of five. Rowan released the hold and began stomping hard onto the gut of Stryker. Then, with a surprising amount of athleticism Rowan sprung up onto the middle ropes, the top rope where he hit Stryker with a split-legged Moonsault. Rowan with the cover!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

Stryker kicks out of the Crooked Moonsault!

Rowan pulled Stryker up and sent him for the ride with an Irish Whip. Rowan stood stiff in the center of the ring, looking for a stiff shoulder block takedown but Stryker nailed him with a sick, Sommersby-like headbutt!

Rowan hit the mat hard and was up to his feet quickly. Just as soon as he was though, Stryker hit him with an inverted atomic drop which he followed with a discus lariat which knocked Rowan flat!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Oh we got a fight now! Rowan and Stryker are going for it! One of these two men will be the first 220 WWWorld Champion!!!

When Rowan had made it up to his knees, Stryker stomped the back of Rowan's head and hit him with a stiff discus elbow shot! Stryker went for the cover!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

Rowan kicks out of

Clouds over California!

Stryker backed into the opposite corner and when he urged Rowan up the crowd went wild! Rowan slowly made it to his feet and Stryker charged him going for the known worldwide as

The Stryke

Rowan side stepped Stryker and landed a drop toe hold which sent Stryker down hard face first onto the bottom turnbuckle.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: I see blood and so does Rowan!!!

Quickly, Rowan crucified Stryker

s arms and curbstomped him back down hard onto that same bottom turnbuckle. With a handful of hair,

Rowan pulled Stryker to his feet. With a front facelock applied, Rowan lifted Stryker.

Lucia Lureaux

Sommersby: Vertical Suplex Side Slam! Holy shit! What is Rowan doing now?

Rowan was adjusting the elbow pad, obviously setting up that Elbow Smash finisher of his. As he did this, behind him on the big screen was the 220 commercial break bump.

Shawn Alexander Cage: Shawn Cage here with Axe Body Spray. The only body spray strong enough to support your smelly BallSAC and to get you bitches. Because bitches love a great smelling guy and bitches also love Second to None wrestling. Go out and get yourself a can, unless you're too much of a pussy to get a girl.

The scene ends with Shawn spraying himself lightly with a can of Axe and a flock of girls running up to him and carrying him away.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: You have got to be shitting me!

Rowan turned his attention to the big screen and entrance ramp and Stryker slid out of the ring to walk off

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the previous damage inflicted by Rowan. Then, when Rowan saw this, he climbed down out of the ring to follow

Stryker. When Stryker saw this he quickly rolled back into the ring. As Rowan moved back inside, Stryker hit him with a Diving Japanese Dropkick that sent Rowan into the guardrail at ringside. Stryker slid out of the ring and motioned for everyone at ringside to move back..

Lucia Lureaux

Sommersby: GET OUT OF THE WAY EVERYBODY!!!

With a half nelson applied, Stryker pulled Rowan up to his feet. Stryker kept lifting Rowan and slammed him down hard over the guardrail at ringside down hard onto the first row of chairs at ringside! A

HOLY SHIT!!!

chant simply erupted as Stryker hit this move!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And that

s called the

HOLY SHIT PLEX!!!

Stryker moved back into the ring quickly. He immediately asked the ref to start the ten count on Rowan. Perry Davidson did not say a word, he reached back as far as he count and threw a single finger into the air and the crowd of 500 screamed ONE!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: This could be it! Can The Hardcore Reject Tommy Rowan make it back inside of the squared circle in time?

The ref chunked the deuce and the crowd screamed

TWO!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

Rowan hasn

t moved, I can

t even tell if he is

breathing!

The Ref threw three fingers into the air and the crowd screamed: THREEEEEEEEE!!! As this happened, the very messed up beginning of

Carry on my wayward son

by GWAR hits the speakers to the crowd

s delight! Grinder sprints down the aisle from backstage holding a tiny wooden chair.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: No! No! No! Grinder, fuck no! You can

t have Prince Whatchamacallit

s invitation! You CAN

T BE WWWORLD CHAMP!!!

But Grinder didn

t care about any of that. He did not go to the ring or towards Stryker. He went right to where Tommy Rowan lay as the crowd was screaming FOUR!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: I have no idea what Grinder is doing here! I hope he

s been practicing spitting out teeth though!!!

Grinder slapped the shit out of Rowan! But it wasn

t like he was trying to hurt him

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Grinder was trying to wake him up!!!

Grinder smacked Rowan again. Back in the ring, Stryker encouraged the crowd to count louder and faster. They screamed FIVE in unison!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And we are at the corner of pins and needles!!!

Grinder pulled Rowan up to his feet and began wiping whatever dirt he had on him right off of him. As if there was even time for that anyway. I mean the crowd was now screaming SIX!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: ROWAN SHAKING OFF THE COBWEBS NOW!!!

The first thing Rowan

s eyes focused on was the smiling face of Grinder. Rowan stepped over the guardrail at ringside as the crowd screamed SEVEN!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: It

s almost over! What will Rowan choose? Grinder or the WWWorld Championship?!?!?

Rowan snatched the tiny wooden chair from the grip of Grinder. He quickly tossed the chair right at Grinder s head then hit a stiff bicycle kick which shattered the chair as the crowd screamed EIGHT!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: EGO TRIP!!! IN YOUR FACE GRINDER!!!

As the crowd shouted NINE, Rowan rolled back inside of the ring. Immediately Stryker was on him. With a wristlock, Rowan pulled Rowan into the ring. Quickly Stryker stepped over the arm of Rowan and faster than a striking snake hit Rowan with a bus driver. Stryker with a lateral press..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

OH MY GOD! IT COLDN

T HAVE BEEN ANY CLOSER BUT ROWAN KICKED OUT OF WHAT STRYKER CALLS DUE PUNISHMENT!!!

Stryker with another wristlock. He pulls Rowan to his feet, then pulls Rowan own arm across his own throat as Stryker lifts him onto his shoulders in an inverted fireman s carry. Stryker wastes no time nailing the cut throat driver!!!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: ADAM STRYKER JUST PERFORMED AMATEUR BRAIN SURGERY ON TOMMY ROWAN! IT S GOT TO BE OVER!!!

Stryker covers Rowan and hooks the leg, with the crowd going wild the ref begins the count..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby:

HOW DID ROWAN KICK OUT OF THAT! LISTEN LIKE HIM OR NOT

TOMMY ROWAN IS TOUGHER THAN A THREE DOLLAR STEAK FROM WAFFLE HOUSE ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT!!!

Stryker now went for it all. He lifted Rowan as if for a suplex, then flipped Rowan and hit a nasty double knee backbreaker!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: DEFINITION OF MAYHEM!!! STRYKER IS NOT GOING FOR THE PIN!!!

No. Stryker did not take the pin, he took

Rowan

s back. Stryker dug the hooks in and then pulled his right leg up across Rowan

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s throat. As Rowan defended this, Stryker hooked his own right ankle with his left ankle, trapping Rowan's defending arm inside of the trap.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: THIS LOOKS LIKE A PENTAGRAM CHOKE!

Stryker reached across his body with his free hand and grabbed his own right knee. When he did this, the five sided pentagram choke was by Safe Saver" id

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by Safe Saver" id

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He squeezed his knees together tight which constricted the hold violently. Rowan struggled, but the more he struggled the tighter the hold became!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Kir Klutch & there's now a way we see the WWWorld Champion crowned on a tap out!! Is there?

Tommy Rowan struggled hard and fought the hold valiantly. He volleyed for position and attempted to move them both to the ropes to force the hold to be broken. But in the end, his plan backfired. The harder Rowan fought, the faster he succumbed to unconsciousness.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: TOMMY ROWAN IS CLEARLY OUT!!!

Referee Perry Davidson felt the same way and called for the bell. The lights inside of the 220 headquarters flashed and streamers fell from the ceiling. A siren sounded and Lucia pulled the Second to None WWWorld Championship belt out from under the broadcast table where it was finally seen tonight. She held it up high.

Chloe Deville: YOUR WINNER

AND YOUR SECOND TO NONE WWWORLD CHAMPION!!! THE SOCIAL SWITCHBLADE!!! ADAM!!! STRYKER!!!

Taste of Regret

by In Fear and Faith hits the speakers and the crowd is going wild for Stryker. Lucia takes the WWWorld Championship belt to ringside where Adam Stryker is waiting for her with his arm raised in victory by the referee. Slowly, she moves to the ring, almost as if she doesn't want to give up the belt..

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: Congratulations

Champ. You earned it..

She held the belt out to Stryker. As he reached for it, she pulled it back.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: And you will by Safe Saver" id

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by Safe Saver" id

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each and every time you defend it for Second to None!!!

This time, she handed the strap to Stryker. He took it, held it in front of himself and took a good long look at it. Adam Stryker smiled and thrust it over his head and the crowd went wild! Stryker put the 220 WWWorld Championship around his waist and climbed up onto the middle turnbuckle. He didn't say a word, he simply thrust two fingers in the air with his left hand. The entire crowd, even Lucia screamed it.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: SECOND!

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Stryker again threw two fingers in the air with his left hand.

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: TO!

Stryker

s right hand was a closed fist. He threw it into the air!

Lucia Lureaux Sommersby: NONE!

With the Champion crowned and leading the

SECOND-TO-NONE!

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h2 T 6 OJ QJ]

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