

Victory: XXVII

March 29, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

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: I'm excited about tonight's show, Dick. Like everyone I'm looking forward to the Main Event Tag Team Title Match.

Fury: The unlikely Tag Champions face their first challenge and it should be a great one. Also tonight, we have a battle between two high flyers when Lew Smith and Leyenda de Ocho square off.

Graphics appears to show all of tonight's matchups.

Fury: Dick is really looking forward to Mr. Fantastic taking on Lamond Robertson. Two men who have been moving up the ranks here in the UTA.

Williams: The Universe has been a buzz all week leading up to tonight. This crowd here at the WrestleZone is ready... THIS... IS... VICTORY!!!!!!

Williams: This is going to be an exciting match that we have to lead the broadcast of Victory...

Fury: (interrupting) LIVE! This is a LIVE broadcast of Sunday Night Victory because the peons have spoken and they wanted Dick live on their television screens!

Williams: I'm sure that is why they made that decision.

Fury: You have no proof that they didn't. Dick is in demand, you should know this by now.

Williams: Anyway, our lead-off match is surprising newcomer Pin Smith taking on Kendrix.

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Fury: Talk about a test for both men! Pin Smith has been shocking so far, but the British technical machine will be tearing him up tonight. Time to learn what it means to be in the UTA!

Williams: It is time to get the introductions, let's send it to our wonderful ring announcer.

The view shows the UTA ring with the fans going nuts as the ring announcers lifts the microphone to his mouth.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentleman, welcome to UTA Victory!

Cheap crowd pop, but honestly would you have an announcer do anything different?

Announcer: This match is set for one fall and has a twenty-minute time limit!

The lights go out in the arena as "knife" by Dan Le Sac VS Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as Fredericks emerges from the back wearing an England Football Jersey, a Union Jack Hackett Scarf, a pair of aviators and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots.

Williams: That union Jack means Kendrix has hit the scene!

Fury: This young man is one of Dick's favorites because he doesn't care about anything except being the best and he has the tools to make it happen in that ring.

Red and white pyro explodes from the ramp as JFK slowly makes his way down towards the ring looking at fans with a disgusted look on his face. He stops in front of one fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and take the pen; he then takes from another young fan a large Mikey Unlikely poster, ripping it into pieces, signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face.

Fury: The kid is old school, everybody has to agree with that.

Williams: An old school jerk, perhaps!

He gets to the ring, walks up the steps, looks back at the crowd shaking his head looking disgusted again before stepping through the middle rope into the ring. He gets onto one of the 2nd turnbuckles facing the entrance looking around at all the fans making a "wanker" sign while pointing at them with the other hand and waits for his opponent.

Williams: I still cannot believe he gets away with that gesture on television.

Fury: He's just shaking the dice because every match in UTA is a gamble.

Williams: Give me a break! Are you really going to say that is what you think that means?

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Fury: Of course not, Dick knows that gesture.

Williams: I'm sure you know it very well.

Without notice the WrestleZone becomes a party of flashing strobes and moving spotlights of many colors. The stage lights up from underneath as the video screen goes through an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties. "All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khaled kicks on over the airwaves.

Fury: Good God! Dick is already sick of this idiotic hip-hop nonsense.

Williams: Whatever it is, the fans are enjoying it. Look at all these kids jumping around. The UTA newcomer certainly has his way with a crowd.

Pin Smith, dancing around on the stage from side to side, engages the crowd like he always does. Throwing his hand up, as the song indicates, and bouncing up and down, also indicated by the song. The Real Deal starts toward the ring with a beaming smile on his face, taking the time to slap hands and receive the welcoming wishes from wrestling's greatest fans.

Announcer: On his way to the ring from Main Street, USA by way of Sin City, Nevada...

King makes it to the ring steps, turning back to grab a few more high fives from the crowd. He rhythmically scales the metal stairs before popping through the ropes.

Announcer: Standing at six-feet, six0-inches and weighing in at two-hundred, twenty pounds...

Pin quickly makes his way around the ring. He does some high knees and light jogging before gripping the top rope and stretches out his impressive limbs.

Announcer: "King"... Pin Smith.

The crowd pops slightly, more for the light show than the unknown in the ring. That causes King to raise his fist to the crowd, thanking them for their unrelenting support. He continues working the crowd as Kendrix walks up to him, looking like he is catching the groove. The smile on Pin's face widens.

Williams: It looks like Pin is asking for a mic.

Seemingly frozen, Pin holds the mic above his head like a statue amongst a raucous, freshly energized 1,400 UTA fans. His eyes dart around the arena, keeping still the best he can, breathing deep. He slowly lowers the microphone, his head tilted backard, and eyes to the sky.

Pin: WHAAAAT'S UP, YOXXXXOTAAAA CREEEEEWWWW???

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His nickname affectionately dawned upon the fans of the UTA, or as his pronunciation implies, "Yoota," resonates off the wrestleZone walls. Most fans shrug, unclear when Victory will start, and consider taking a piss.

Pin: And just... like... that...

A smile spreads over Pin's face.

Pin: VICTORY! IS! LIVE!

RAAAHHHHHHH

A cheap pop from those in attendance for the UTA newcomer. He reacts with volumes of energy, nodding his head in agreement.

Pin: I know! Pretty freaking exciting, isn't, kids!?

UTA!

UTA!

UTA!

Pin grins ever wider. He begins to stroll around the ring, head up, and hand casually in the air. It becomes clear he'll need a few seconds to let these crazy cats calm down from the madness that all things UTA create.

Pin: Where to begin? All or Nothing was...

RAHHHHHHH

Pin: Well, it was what the name suggests. A night where we saw all but one UTA title change hands... except that whole Commish Cool retire a title, then instate a new one, which he probably rubbed his butt on, and gave to the new UTA World Champion... Sean Jackson.

BOOOOOOO

DYNASTY SUCKS

DYNASTY SUCKS

Pin holds up a calm hand to quell the crowd. He shakes his head, side to side.

Pin: Now, now... show some respect, people. Each member is a prestigious, unrivaled, world famous

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champion..... at sucking!!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Pin: I, however, am not a huge fan of sucking, anything. Ever. You can all rest assured that whenever you see me in the ring, wherever they want me, and however many people I have to go through... I play to win, each and every day!

The crowd pops for Pin's assessment of his path to the upper tier of the UTA talent pool.

Pin: Now, what brings me out here a few minutes before I get the privilege of kicking off Victory Twenty Seven off with yet another battle of attrition...

Pin pauses for the cheap pop of the idea that wrestling is just a few, itty-bitty minutes away.

Pin: Is this... idea... that everyone around here deserves something. Judging by the way the majority of the people in the back are acting, the only thing I think they deserve would be a good 'n stern face poundin'!

The fans pop again at the idea this guy can do anything to change the way they're treated by some of the UTA's premier players.

Pin: I'm not just talking about Dynasty, either. I'm talking about... no. I'm talking to anyone in the back who thinks they can come out here and disrespect these good people, the people who line your pockets. I've been here for a few weeks, sure, but I've heard just about enough shit talkin' thrown around about these fans... my fans!

A better than average cheer swarms through the crowd. Pin stops strolling around, raising a finger to the rafters above.

Pin: There a more than a few guilty of it, save some names that I can count on a single hand. I just don't get how you can take this... all of you... for granted.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ace: Oh, please. Can anyone here even name this guy?

Pin: They come out here, walk into world famous arenas, and scoff at the idea of talking to Jim from Jacksonville. Well, let me tell you what, people. I met Jim from Jacksonville on my way out here. Guess what? Jim kicks ass!

A few fans cheer because they actually know a Jim from Jacksonville! Oh! There's Jim! Right there! Oops. That's Joe.

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Pin: JUST LIKE ALL OF YOU!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Williams: This crowd seems to be receiving Pin Smith well tonight.

Pin: I don't rape people's brains. I don't set anyone on fire after they beat me, fair and square. I prefer my bare knuckles over a robot or a chainsaw to threaten the little ones.

Pin pauses briefly to the cheers and jeers for his list that, hopefully, has a point. We know he's not any of those things.

Pin: I'm the guy who loves what he does. The guy who loves who he does it for. I'm the guy who like's to fight 'til it hurts... then do it again.

WHOOOOOOOOOOO

Another pop for the up and comer. Pin nods, raising a fist to the crowd, before turning his attention to Kendrix who is curenly standing outside of the ring.

Pin: Now, come on out here, Biscuit. Time to see if you scream with an accent.

Pin tosses the mic toward the apron, not really knowing where he's aiming, before locking tightly on the top rope to do a quick stretch. Just as Pin turns his head back to the fans, Kendrix slides into the ring running toward him and unleashes a kick to the mid-section doubling over his taller opponent.

Williams: Kendrix with a cheap shot as the bell is finally rung.

DING! DING! DING!

Fury: He was tired of listening to Smith yap.

Kendrix yells "Stupid Wanker!" as loud as he can before clubbing Smith with a forearm shot right to the side of the head, which drops Smith to a knee.

Williams: Kendrix is not one to waste time in there. He drops Smith to a knee.

Fury: Smith asked for it. Stupid crowd-pleasing moron.

Kendrix grabs Smith and whips him into the ropes.

Williams: Smith sent for the ride into the ropes!

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Smith rebounds off the ropes and Kendrix catches him, lifting him into the air high into position then dropping him with a nasty muscle buster. The crowd is shocked.

Fury: *THAT* is how you get a match started and finished! Damn!

Williams: Kendrix with a pin after the musclebuster!

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

Fury: It was early, but Dick says there is nothing wrong with finishing early.

Williams: You would say that.

Fury: What?

Kendrix doesn't even look at the referee after the near fall, but goes to pull Smith back to his feet by his left arm. Once he is up, Kendrix yanks on that left arm and drills him with a short-arm lariat.

Williams: Kendrix continuing his assault with that short-arm lariat and we haven't really seen Pin Smith be Pin Smith yet.

Fury: The youngster is getting a lesson taught to him right now.

Williams: What lesson is that?

Fury: Don't dance or act like an utter fool.

Kendrix is shaking his head almost dismissively as he stands over Pin. He reaches down and pulls Smith up, yanking the arm back and lifting him with a gut wrench lift then dropping him with a power bomb that shakes the mat.

Williams: What an impact on that gut wrench power bomb!

Fury: Kendrix is showing his true potential here. Guys backstage better be watching the Brit bomber now!

Williams: Kendrix is almost acting like he knows he is better than Smith.

Fury: He should because he is. Dick knows what it is like to be paired against someone of lesser value.

Kendrix is all business as he gets to his feet and begins stomping on Pin's ribs. Smith tries to roll out, but Kendrix continues assaulting the mid-section with a stream of boot shots over and over.

Williams: Kendrix stomping away and Pin hasn't even managed to lift a hand in defense yet, much less

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offense.

Fury: This is ass-kicking one-oh-one as taught by Professor Kendrix.

Kendrix grabs Pin by the legs and stomps on his groin, then he wraps the legs around for a Texas Cloverleaf.

Williams: Kendrix is going for the Texas Cloverleaf!

Fury: This is the first mistake Kendrix has made. This hold is not hard on somebody a lot taller than the person performing it.

Kendrix gets Pin turned over for the Cloverleaf, but Smith's height makes it tough for the Brit to gain any real leverage for the hold.

Williams: You're right Dick! Look at how Kendrix can't seem to get enough leverage to cinch it in deep.

Fury: Dick is always right. Even if Dick is wrong, Dick is right.

Kendrix is fighting to gain leverage, but Smith manages to grab the ropes and the referee calls for the break.

Williams: Smith gets to the ropes.

Fury: Not a stretch since he is so tall.

Williams: His height truly saving him.

Fury: It is sad that Pin's only real move this match has been reaching the ropes to get out of a submission hold.

Kendrix won't release the hold and the referee begins a five count. At the count of five, Kendrix releases the hold and makes the "wanker" gesture toward the referee.

Williams: Kendrix is now barking at the referee and taunting him.

Fury: The referee might be a stronger opponent at this point.

Kendrix rants at the referee to stay out of his way. All the referee can do is shake his head.

Williams: This lapse in focus could hurt him.

Fury: That has yet to be seen.

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Kendrix pulls Smith to his feet and goes to whip him across the ring, but Pin reverses the whip and sends Kendrix into the corner with a thud.

Williams: Smith reverses the whip and sends Kendrix hard into the corner!

Fury: Dick is shocked! Shocked!

Kendrix some staggering out of the corner right into the waiting arms of Smith, who hits a textbook belly-to-belly release suplex as the crowd erupts.

Williams: PIN-PLEX!!! He nailed it!

Fury: Yet no pin attempt.

Williams: I think Smith knows it is far too early to go for something like that.

Fury: Don't be so sure. This is the same guy who thought Kendrix might join in playing to the crowd. Judgment doesn't seem to be a strong suit.

Pin gets back up and smiles to the fans as he walks over to Kendrix and pulls him up, only to drop him with a snap DDT right back to the mat.

Williams: The tide has definitely turned and Pin Smith has control of this match after that DDT.

Fury: It is surprising to see him snapping into form like this.

Smith is up quickly and goes for the legs of Kendrix, looking for a submission of some sort. Kendrix begins kicking at the hands and then rolls under the bottom rope and to the arena floor.

Williams: Smith went for the legs and Kendrix escapes to hide outside the ring.

Fury: He's not hiding. He is playing it smart. The last thing anyone wants is to get caught in an ankle lock or something by a man that tall.

Williams: So he was scared?

Fury: Stop misrepresenting Dick's position! That is not what came out of Dick's mouth!

The crowd begins to chant and jeer at Kendrix for avoiding the fight and he just yells "Shut up Wankers" to them, inciting them more.

Williams: The fans are really giving him a hard time for hiding out on the arena floor.

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Fury: He knows he will get back in, but you can't let the tall kid have too much momentum.

Williams: The referee has started counting Kendrix out.

Fury: That never matters.

Pin Smith is making the "come on and fight" motion to Kendrix and all the Brit can do is point at Pin and shake his head as Smith is standing with his hands on the ropes. The referee has reached five in his obligatory count.

Williams: Smith is egging Kendrix to get back in the match.

Fury: Why should he? If he tries to climb in now, that freak can just grab him and have his way with him before he gets back in the ring. It is a set-up plain and simple!

Pin backs off the ropes and holds his arms out. Kendrix grabs the ropes and begins pulling himself to the apron. Smith nods as Kendrix steps through the ropes and back into the ring.

Williams: What sportsmanship! Pin Smith backs off to give Kendrix a free pass to step back into the ring.

Fury: That was the dumbest thing Dick has seen since Bobby Dean's initial photo shoot in UTA! Stay on the offensive you idiot!

Smith nods and again motions for Kendrix to bring it. Kendrix laughs and the moment Pin turns to the fans to play along with their jeers, Kendrix strikes with a haymaker.

Williams: Kendrix slugs Smith with a massive right hook!

Fury: Dick never hates to say that he told you so!

Pin returns fire with a haymaker of his own. Kendrix fires back with a hard right, then Pin smashes his own right swing into Kendrix's face. The fans are going nuts.

Williams: The two men are just throwing it all out there and drilling each other back and forth! The crowd is going nuts as this slugfest ensues!

Fury: Dick loves throwing himself out there. It is the shortest way to impress.

Pin dodges Kendrix's full swing and lands another hard right hand to the Brit's face. Smith quickly follows by grabbing Kendrix and landing a Dragon Suplex as the fans erupt again.

Williams: ANGRY DRAGON!!! That was amazingly sick! Pin hooks a leg for the cover!

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Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....KICKOUT!!!

Fury: Smith couldn't close it out there. The kid just doesn't have it down yet, but Kendrix needs to get his form back or it could be a shocking upset!

Williams: You really think this would be an upset?

Fury: Of course. Kendrix is someone we know can perform well. This kid hasn't really shown much yet.

Williams: We obviously are not watching the same match.

Fury: Whatever. Dick's opinion is still gold.

Pin doesn't react to the near fall. He gets up and pulls Kendrix up by the head, throwing the arm over and lifting Kendrix with a vertical lift only to drop him with a brainbuster DDT.

Williams: Smith continues the offense and literally brains Kendrix into the canvas.

Fury: Well look at you with your little play on words there.

Williams: Stop being such an ass.

Fury: What? Dick points out something you did well and you decide to get pissed? Please.

Smith doesn't go for another pin attempt. Instead, he grabs the legs of his shorter opponent and locks in a Boston Crab.

Williams: Boston Crab by Pin Smith!

Fury: This is what I was talking about earlier. Smith's four inch height advantage really turns a hold like this into a very dangerous weapon.

Williams: So you switching your pick now?

Fury: Just pointing out the obvious and calling the match. It is the job Dick was hired to do.

Smith's height advantage actually lifts Kendrix awkwardly off the mat and gives the hold extreme leverage. Pin is leaning back as Kendrix is yelping with every jerk motion. The referee continues checking if Kendrix submits, but he refuses.

Williams: Look at the leverage Pin is getting on that hold! He is really leaning back.

Fury: That is the kind of leverage that can destroy knees.

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Williams: Please don't make a sleazy reference to how many women whose knees you have smashed doing depraved things.

Fury: Dick doesn't have to. It is nice to know how quickly is sprung to your mind though. Dick thanks you for your fantasies.

Williams: The longer this lasts, the more you have to say Kendrix is in deep trouble. The legs can only take so much punishment.

Fury: This is true. Knees are not made for extreme torque like this.

Kendrix can't move the hold with his arms. He can't push up with any force because of how far back Pin is leaning in the hold. The referee continues to ask Kendrix if he submits and the Brit responds with words that aren't fit for air, so we hear a bleep.

Williams: Smith is leaning so far back that the back of his head is actually touching Kendrix's head!

Fury: That is the height difference at work. Kendrix may never walk right again after this match.

Williams: That is a very distinct possibility with how hard Smith seems to be working this hold. That long frame of his really makes it impossible to escape.

Fury: Dick is sure Kendrix can find a way, being so technically sound and all.

Finally, Pin leans back so far that Kendrix actually reaches back and grabs a hand full of his hair. Kendrix holds onto the hair for dear life as Smith yelps.

Fury: Dick told you so again!

Williams: That isn't a technical hold! He's pulling hair to escape the hold!

Fury: Semantics!

This finally breaks the hold and Smith lets go of Kendrix's legs to escape the illegal move.

Williams: Smith finally lets go of the hold to escape the hair pulling.

Fury: Pin would have been bald, or at least scalped had he not let go. Smart move to release Kendrix at that point.

Pin, looking pretty angry now, rushes back over and puts the boots to Kendrix. He kicks his ribs, his shoulder, and even stomps on his left hand for good measure.

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Williams: Kendrix taking shot after shot. Smith showing his angry side now!

Fury: This is the Pin Smith that Dick could get behind!

Williams: What?

Fury: Nothing.

Smith pulls Kendrix up and grabs him, performing a release German Suplex that gets a rise out of the crowd.

Williams: Smith with a gorgeous German Suplex and he is in complete control!

Fury: And the crowd is his weakness. You can see it already.

Pin is up again and pointing to the corner. He goes over and begins to climb the turnbuckles and reach the top. He stands and perches there as the fans continue cheering him on.

Williams: The crowd urging him on as he gets tot he top turnbuckle.

Fury: He was tall already, but him standing up there is a little daunting.

Pin leaps for his shooting star press, but lands on the raised knees of Kendrix. The crowd lets loose of a collective "OHHHH!" on the landing.

Williams: KING PIN PRESS....OHHHH!!!

Fury: All he found were those knees of Kendrix.

Williams: That was devastating for both men!

Fury: No doubt about it! Kendrix's knees were already roughed up, but that impact had to hurt them more.

Both men are down and struggling to move to the closest set of ropes to them.

Williams: And Smith probably broke a rib or two landing the press on top of them the way he did.

Fury: Dick would choose to walk with a limp for the rest of a match always over not being able to breath fully. Kendrix has the advantage now.

They reach the ropes and begins tugging to pull themselves up.

Williams: Neither of them really have an advantage as both are simply trying to get to their feet. The referee has started the ten count until one of them gets to their feet.

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Fury: Why does this happen? Has any match EVER been decided by this stupid count?

Williams: Uh.... umm...

Fury: NO! The answer is no. Why do we even bother?

Smith is the first one to his feet and he staggers over to Kendrix, only to get punched in the groin for his trouble. Kendrix then pokes him in the eye once he is doubled over.

Williams: Kendrix suckered him in and then gets the cheap blows.

Fury: A man after Dick's own heart right there!

Williams: Because he was willing to cheat or because I called them "cheap blows."

Fury: You pick! As good a reason as any!

Kendrix is up and he grabs Smith from behind, lifting and nailing his own German Suplex, but he rolls through and gets up to lift and nail a second German Suplex.

Williams: Kendrix on a roll now as he is connecting with this series of German Suplexes.

Fury: Pin Smith is in terrible shape now. This one is all but over!

Kendrix rolls through and stands to go for number three, hitting a textbook release German Suplex on the taller man to complete the trilogy.

Williams: Three German Suplexes and Pin Smith is crushed right in the middle of the ring!

Fury: To say that Kendrix just showed the kid how to properly do the suplex might be an understatement. He is so technically sound it is frightening.

Williams: Looks like he is far from done!

Fury: What is he doing there?

Kendrix doesn't wait for crowd responses or approval. He goes immediately to the corner and climbs to the top, perching long enough to do his wanker gesture at the crowd before leaping...

Williams: FROG SPLASH! He nailed it and actually bounced over a foot above Pin's torso on the landing!

Fury: Now that is an impact! Damn!

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Williams: Kendrix with the cover!

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

Fury: What?!?!?

Williams: Pin Smith survives at the last possible second! I can't believe it!

Fury: Dick is amazed, but also knows the referee screwed up right there.

Kendrix is really pissed at the near fall. He is up and yelling at the referee for what he felt was a slow count. He calls him a bigot for hating he is British.

Williams: Kendrix agrees with you as he is really tearing into the referee right now, claiming it was a slow count.

Fury: It was.

Williams: It was not!

The referee finally begins yelling back at Kendrix to shut up and focus on the match. Kendrix actually looks like he may take a swing at the referee, but thinks twice.

Fury: Don't do that! It would be stupid to have such control and then give it up to a disqualification.

Williams: Kendrix is smarter than that. At least I would hope so.

Fury: He is. That was the kind of stupid thing done by amateurs who no longer work here.

Kendrix, still muttering toward the referee, turns and begins picking Pin Smith off the canvas.

Williams: Kendrix is going back to work now.

Fury: This match is about to be finished.

Kendrix sets up for a vertical suplex and goes for the lift, but Smith's long leg wraps around and blocks it. Another try and Pin blocks it again.

Williams: Smith blocks the suplex lift! He is still trying to fight back!

Fury: Long legs can be a wonderful asset.

Finally Pin reverses the hold and lifts, landing a vertical suplex of his own.

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Williams: Vertical Suplex by Pin Smith!

Fury: But did he use all the energy he had left to pull it off?

Pin doesn't let go of Kendrix's head and swivels around almost seamlessly, locking his long legs around the Brit's torso and turning it into a rear naked choke. The fans erupt.

Williams: He has the rear naked choke locked in!

Fury: This is bad news for Kendrix. That length is something Dick understands and length ALWAYS finds a way to win.

Williams: Kendrix is fighting hard, but that hold seems to get tighter the more he fights against it.

Fury: A hold like this is like quick sand...the more you struggle against it the faster it sucks you in and kills you.

Kendrix immediately begins struggling against the hold, but Pin has it cinched in under his chin pretty well. The referee is watching both men closely as every movement of Smith puts his torso against the mat as well.

Williams: Pin Smith is in perfect position now and has it locked in hard!

Fury: The Brit is fighting back, but he can't escape! Dick hates watching things like this!

Pin has total control of the hold, but Kendrix is pushing back every way he can to try and get his hands under the long arms of Pin Smith. He shoves back and the referee drops down and actually counts.

Williams: The referee is counting! Why?

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....

Fury: The shoulders must be down some how!

Referee: THREE!!!!

Kendrix's hands start frantically tapping Smith's arms to submit as the referee hits his third count. He obviously cannot breathe at all and is about to pass out.

Williams: Kendrix tapped out! Kendrix tapped out! This one is over!

Fury: Don't be so sure.

Williams: We saw Kendrix tapping the arm and everyone knows that means the match is over and he has

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given up to avoid injury!

Pin releases the hold, knowing Kendrix tapped out and he raises his hands in victory only to look at the referee raising Kendrix's arm.

Fury: See?

Williams: What?

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this bout by pinfall.....KENDRIX!!!

Williams: But he tapped out!

Fury: Obviously he tapped out after the three count. What a shocking reversal of fortunes for poor Pin Smith!

Pin is up and telling the referee that Kendrix tapped out, but the referee simply makes the three count motion as he talks to the fan favorite, letting him know that his shoulders were on the mat.

Williams: Pin is in the same boat I am right now. I do not know how you can lose a match while performing a submission hold.

Fury: It doesn't happen often, but how many times have you seen a referee count the shoulders down during a figure four leg lock?

Williams: yeah but it usually doesn't get counted against the guy performing the hold.

Fury: Perhaps UTA referees are the best in the world for a reason, then?

Kendrix walks up the aisle rubbing his neck and giving a cheeky grin as he raises his arm in victory.

Williams: Smith is still looking curious and disappointed in the ring as the lunatic Brit grins after his victory.

Fury: You have to always be mindful of where you are and what is happening in the ring. Kendrix did what he should have and Smith wasn't ready or able to counter. Inexperience is a pain sometimes.

Williams: What a match this was to kick off the show and Kendrix with another win here on Victory.

Brought to You By

No "Has-Beens" Allowed

The scene opens up to the locker room area as we see Brian Styles. Styles dressed in a pair of black lightweight mesh boxing shorts, cut just above the knees. Black boots laced tightly, while covering just above

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his ankle. His wrists wrapped in black tape, as a black MMA gloves were strapped tightly around his wrists. His icy blue eyes stared into a mirror as he bounced side to side, his jaw clenched while his nostrils flared. His lips finally parted as he readied, and psyched himself out for his first one on one match up in his UTA career. Styles: No peace talks... No white flags NO ... MERCY ... Time for VICTIM NUMBER ONE!

His jaw clenched tight once again, as he bounced side to side preparing for a violent war, in his mind.. Voice: Hey there. The camera swivels to see "Too Cool" Chris Hopper standing in a pair of blue jeans and one of his classic "Nose Bleed Pie" T-shirts. He has a congenial smile on his face as he looks at the Wrestle UTA newcomer. Hopper: Styles, right?

The UTA newcomer, 'Pandemonium' Brian Styles stopped the side to side bounce and turned to see the man who entered the locker room. Before responding, Styles stood with a stare with an awkward silence.

Styles:Who are you exactly? Chris grins wider with the response as he steps closer and holds out his hand. Hopper: I'm Chris Hopper. I just wanted to drop by and wish you best of luck in UTA. Styles looked out at the extended hand of Hopper and quickly slaps it away.. Obviously the smile on the veteran's face disappears immediately. Styles: I don't need your hand or your welcome. If that's your way of extending the olive branch, I wouldn't suggest it. Next time, I'll snap it off and start a fire. Hopper: I'm not certain you know who you're talking to right now, son. Styles' face contorts to a cocky stare as he moves even closer to the legend's face. Styles' face stretched with an arrogant grin, seemingly not phased by Hopper. Styles: Oh I know who you are, Cool. I faced one of your trainees and violated him. The last thing I want right now is for some has-been, whose grasping at the final straws of a fading career to step into MY locker room and wish me good luck. Luck is for losers, Hopper, that's how you've made it this far.... Luck. He stares Hopper up and down before continuing. Styles: So if you know what is good for you, old dog, I'd turn around and walk out of here before your luck runs out and I put you down... Chris actually smiles at the remarks, even allowing one solitary chuckle to escape his lips. Hopper: It's good to see Wingate and Jiles bring guys in here with fire. I know who you are too, Styles... He smirks toward the younger wrestler. Hopper: I watched my boy, Clayton Hawke take your TV title in that indy promotion. I was there in the stands. I know you are a tough customer and I'm going to let you get away with talking this way right now.

Styles huffed and grinned, as the two men were within inches from one another.

Styles: Like I said, Hop .. Clayton got lucky, he caught me on a giving night. He didn't beat me, I let him have it. I've got...

Styles sneered and let out a solitaire laugh, looking Hopper up and down.

Styles: Bigger fish to fry.

Chris' smile is obvious, though not sure if it is because he likes the moxy of the younger wrestler or if he is contemplating teaching him a lesson.

Hopper: I'm sure. Just be careful because most of us "big fish" might just be more than your ego can handle.

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Enjoy Dave out there, kid.

Chris walks away.

Hopper: I hope he does us all a favor and drops you like a sack of garbage.

Screen fades to black as Hopper exits the locker room and leaves Styles looking ominous in the locker room.

Mindbender

Crimson Lord is standing in a hallway staring at a promo poster for Black Horizon. Gaze walks up very slowly.

Gaze: Love...?

Without so much as a look he responds.

Crimson: What?

She gathers her thoughts and responds.

Gaze: I forgive you. I know how you get.

Crimson looks up from the poster responding softly.

Crimson: You know how I get.

Crimson lowers his head back to the poster then slightly looks toward her.

Crimson: Gaze I only want to know one thing.....Why?

Gaze realizing she has kept him in the dark long enough sighs for a moment and lets it all out.

Gaze: Alright, if it will clear the air I'll tell you.

Crimson turns to her noticing she is having a hard time coming up with the words. He crosses his arms and begins to grow impatient with her.

Crimson: Pills?

Gaze: You sure you want to hear this story?

Crimson nods his head.

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Gaze: Ok, you were diagnosed with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde disorder. Pretty much the voices you think you're hearing is your mind battling between what is pure and what is impure.

Crimson obviously not believing a word she just said.

Crimson: What!

Gaze turns from him and moves her arms over her stomach.

Gaze: When we did not resign with the UTA back in 2004, your mind began to break down. I was forced to take you to a doctor. However every doctor we saw the end result was always the same you would threaten the doctor. In turn they would refuse to help. Your condition grew worse as the months past. It took me having to fake your condition to trick a doctor to prescribing me the medication that would help balance your mind out.

Gaze looked up then turned back toward him.

Gaze: When you relapsed at All or Nothing, The Spawn became the furthest thing from your mind. The only thing you were concerned about was that damn world title!

Crimson uncrosses his arms and stares coldly at her.

Crimson: If I am not here for the golden goblet, then what the hell was the point of returning!

Gaze: This isn't about the world title. It's about you and your instability, because once again your arrogance has clouded your judgment again! When you disposed of the only bottle I had of medication for you, you set a war between your pure self and your impure self. This war has been running rampant in your mind. That war being waged in your head results in these episodes you have been experiencing. I know this because I witnessed it before and its happening again.

Crimson turns from her and returns his glance once more at the promo poster.

Crimson: Well, seems to be working pretty well for me.

Gaze: You think huh? Crimson your bull headed!

He looks toward her.

Gaze: There I said it all you do is hate. You fill your very being with anger and this hate and refuse to accept any other type of pure nature. There is more to life then anger and hate! You must have some sort of purity inside you. Somewhere in that black heart of yours you felt love for me. To the point it was strong enough for you to marry me.

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Gaze starts to show signs of a breakdown.

Gaze: You know when I came back to the UTA. For once I was happy. I was a part of something that had history and was relevant in the history books of this company. Since All or Nothing you have begun to take away what I have cherished so much over the past few months. First the man I love, and your pig-headed ways moved to Mr. Fantastic and now Ron.

He quickly interrupts her.

Crimson: To hell with Ron!

She gives him a stern look her eyes have slowly started to water.

Gaze: See there you go again filled with hate! You're blinded by it! I gave you the medication to help you! Maybe help you realize that deep down inside you, behind the darkness. YOU respect the hell out of Ron! I know its there and if Spectre brought it out of you, I know Ron would too!

He looks back at the poster.

Crimson: Is this soap opera over yet?

A tear finally falls from Gaze's eyes.

Gaze: You really do not care anymore? I have enjoyed my time with Fantastic, and over the past month even Ronnie. You three are breaking my heart...I....I...can't take this anymore....

She wipes the tears from her eyes.

Gaze: When was the last time you accepted a friend in your life?

Crimson looks toward his distraught wife.

Crimson: I do not need "friends" I never needed to rely on people beneath me!!

Gaze sniffs

Gaze: Same old hateful mistrusting Crimson Lord. You know what I can't.... I can't...

Gaze runs off Crimson returns to the poster waving his hand toward her.

Blackfront: Kicking us off in a few minutes is a match between two men who excel in submissions. The Brit, Kendrix, and newcomer Pin Smith.

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Ace: Yawn. I wish they'd get out here and get this-

All I do is win, win, win

No matter what

Blackfront: Looks like you're a step late, hoss. Here comes Pin Smith right now.

The Real Deal steps through the curtain with enthusiasm, bouncing up and down to the beat of DJ Khaled's "All I Do Is Win" anthem of awesomeness.

Got money on my mind

I can never get enough

Ace: Glad he's so eager to hit the showers. He'll be headin' home in an hour.

And every time I step up in the buildin'

Everybody's hands go up...

Pin throws his hands in the air along with some of the fans, mostly familiar with the song instead of unrelenting support for King Pin. After the song indicates him to throw his hands up and down, thrice, he slaps some hands to those in the prestigious front row on his way to the ring and flashes a smile at that megababe in the third row.

Ace: Check out the set on that dame, Kev. Hypothetically speaking, if I were this Bowling Pin kid, I'd be hard right now.

Blackfront: ...

Ace: You know, hypothetically speaking.

Pin flashes the look of a kid caught red handed before continuing to shuffle down the aisle like a rhythmic wizard. Before sliding under the ropes, Pin throws his hand in the air and mouths a charismatic call to Jonathan Franklin. Franklin stands up and tosses a microphone into the air. Smith hops to his feet simultaneously, catching the mic above his head, and the music cuts out.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans, Ace. They like this kid.

Ace: What the hell's he waiting for? Get on with it, Pinny.

Seemingly frozen, Pin continues to hold the mic above his head like a statue amongst a raucous, freshly

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energized 1,400 UTA fans. His eyes dart around the arena, keeping still the best he can, breathing deep. He slowly lowers the microphone, his head tilted backard, and eyes to the sky.

Pin: WHAAAAT'S UP, YOOOOOTAAAA CREEEEEWWWW???

His nickname affectionately dawned upon the fans of the UTA, or as his pronunciation implies, "Yoota," resonates off the wrestleZone walls. Most fans shrug, unclear when Victory will start, and consider taking a piss.

Pin: And just... like... that...

A smile spreads over Pin's face.

Pin: VICTORY! IS! LIVE!

RAAAHHHHHHH

A cheap pop from those in attendance for the UTA newcomer. He reacts with volumes of energy, nodding his head in agreement.

Pin: I know! Pretty fBEEPckin' exciting, isn't, kids!?

UTA!

UTA!

UTA!

Pin grins ever wider. He begins to stroll around the ring, head up, and hand casually in the air. It becomes clear he'll need a few seconds to let these crazy cats calm down from the madness that all things UTA create.

Pin: Where to begin? All or Nothing was...

RAHHHHHHH

Pin: Well, it was what the name suggests. A night where we saw all but one UTA title change hands... except that whole Commish Cool retire a title, then instate a new one, which he probably rubbed his butt on, and gave to the new UTA World Champion... Sean Jackson.

BOOOOOOOO

Ace: That's Mr. Jackson, to you, plebe! Damn kids.

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DYNASTY SUCKS

DYNASTY SUCKS

Pin holds up a calm hand to quell the crowd. He shakes his head, side to side.

Pin: Now, now... show some respect, people. Each member is a prestigious, unrivaled, world famous champion...

Ace: Damn right! I like this kid.

Pin: ...at sucking dBEEEEPck.

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Ace: Jesus, he can't say that! Can he say that?!

Pin: I, however, am not a huge fan of sucking, anything. Ever. You can all rest assured that whenever you see me in the ring, wherever they want me, and however many people I have to go through... I play to win, each and every day!

The crowd pops for Pin's assessment of his path to the upper tier of the UTA talent pool.

Pin: Now, what brings me out here a few minutes before I get the privilege of kicking off Victory Twenty Seven off with yet another battle of attrition...

Pin pauses for the cheap pop of the idea that wrestling is just a few, itty-bitty minutes away.

Pin: Is this... idea... that everyone around here deserves something. Judging by the way the majority of the people in the back are acting, the only thing I think they deserve would be a good 'n stern face poundin'!

The fans pop again at the idea this guy can do anything to change the way they're treated by some of the UTA's premier players.

Pin: I'm not just talking about Dynasty, either. I'm talking about... no. I'm talking to anyone in the back who thinks they can come out here and disrespect these good people, the people who line your pockets. I've been here for a few weeks, sure, but I've heard just about enough shit talkin' thrown around about these fans... my fans!

A better than average cheer swarms through the crowd. Pin stops strolling around, raising a finger to the rafters above.

Pin: There a more than a few guilty of it, save some names that I can count on a single hand. I just don't get

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how you can take this... all of you... for granted.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ace: Oh, please. Can anyone here even name this guy?

Pin: They come out here, walk into world famous arenas, and scoff at the idea of talking to Jim from Jacksonville. Well, let me tell you what, people. I met Jim from Jacksonville on my way out here. Guess what? Jim kicks ass!

A few fans cheer because they actually know a Jim from Jacksonville! Oh! There's Jim! Right there! Oops. That's Joe.

Pin: JUST LIKE ALL OF YOU!

RAHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Blackfront: This crowd seems to be receiving Pin Smith well tonight, Ace.

Ace: Wake me up when you refill my flask.

Pin: I don't rape people's brains. I don't set anyone on fire after they beat me, fair and square. I prefer my bare knuckles over a robot or a chainsaw to threaten the little ones.

Pin pauses briefly to the cheers and jeers for his list that, hopefully, has a point. We know he's not any of those things.

Pin: I'm the guy who loves what he does. The guy who loves who he does it for. I'm the guy who like's to fight 'til it hurts... then do it again.

WHOOOOOOOOOOO

Ace: James Wingate? Pin's got a mancrush on the boss!

Another pop for the up and comer. Pin nods, raising a fist to the crowd, before turning his attention to the entrance area.

Pin: Now, come on out here, Biscuit. Time to see if you scream with an accent.

Biscuit... English muffin... England... bakery snacks... get it? Pin tosses the mic toward the apron, not really knowing where he's aiming, before locking tightly on the top rope to do a quick stretch.

Ace: I hope they keep the shot of that chick in the crowd before they edit this out of the show.

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Blackfront: Doubt it, Ace. Highly doubt it.

The show returns to live air, as Paladin steps through the ropes to enter the ring. Williams: We're back with more Wrestleshow! Coming up next is Paladin, the white knight, against our own personal queen of extreme, Emily Koresh! Fury: Paladin should have been more patient, perhaps he'd have gotten his entrance televised! "Crystalized" cuts to silence over the PA system as Paladin bounces off the ropes a couple of times, swinging his arms around. Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! In the ring, from The Heavens Above, weighing in at 235 pounds...Paladin! The Big Screen comes to life with just static. The static seems to zoom back, revealing a television. A small blonde haired girl, Heather O'Rourke, sits looking at the television. She seems mesmeriz