

Victory: XXVIII

April 12, 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: Thank you for joining us here on Pure Sports Entertainment. Another stacked card that features some big matches.

Fury: Tonight we will see a huge Number One Contender match for the Prodigy Title when Lamond Robertson, Kendrix, Emily Koresh and David Hightower square off.

The graphic with all the entrants in the Fata Four Way match appear on your screen. The UTA logo pulsates on the bottom corner.

Williams: We will also see the debut of Team Danger... they're opponents are still a mystery.

We cut to our announce team with fans going hysterical behind them.

Fury: TBD is their name. Dick has never heard of them but they must be good if they're in the UTA.

Jennifer Williams rolls her eyes.

Williams: To Be Determined, Dick. We don't know who their opponents will be.

Fury: Oh... Dick must have had a brain fart on that one.

Williams: Kicking the night off is a Triple Threat match between both Lew and Pin Smith and the "Beautiful" one, Bobby Dean.

Dick Fury adjusts the microphone on his headset.

Victory: XXVIII

Fury: Dick can't believe the UTA let that slob back onto the roster. If Dick wasn't getting so much money to hang out in Orlando and sleep during matches, he'd quit.

Williams: Whatever, Dick. Do you know what this is? THIS... IS... VICTORY!

What's in a Name

The scene cuts to the back, we see a standard locker room, painted a dull beige color, that blends in the lockers well. The camera is at a very odd angle however. It appears to be resting on the ground.

We can see the underside of the long wooden treated bench. It is covered in marks, dust, and ABC gum (already been chewed). Finally a short whirring noise can be heard. From across the room a brief movement is captured although it was so fast, it was hard to tell what it was. Eventually it happens again.

WHURRRRRR Now we can see the moving object, because it is coming straight at the camera. At a breakneck speed of almost 2 mph, the #WTFC's new pet, rolls toward the lens. The Roomba, comes within inches of striking the camera, when a pair of hands reach down and stop it in its tracks. The hands grab at the sides of the tiny device and lift it into the air. As the camera rises with the machine, we see that Mikey Unlikely is the owner of the well manicured hands. Unlikely: I love this thing! He turns it upside down, examining the machine, whose wheels have stopped spinning. Unlikely: What a great little guy! Coleslaw Jenkins speaks up offering up a question. Coleslaw: 'Ey, how can ya be sure it's a' dude? The rapper turned wrestler, ignores the comments made, and continues to give the machine the googly eyes. Unlikely: You're ready for a treat! aren't ya!?

He says in his best excited puppy dog like voice. He places the roomba back on the floor, and reaches into his pocket. He has tiny dog treats in his jeans pocket. Although they are shaped like bones, they seem to be the size of a small vitamin. Unlikely drops the animal treat to the floor. He presses a button on the Roomba with his foot. One of its lights light up, and it scans the area, finding the bone, it rolls it over, picking it up. Mikey celebrates as the Roomba passes and the 'bone' is gone. The Thrill speaks up from the corner. Haynes: Come on boys, did we even name dis thing yet?

Doozer shakes his head from a nearby bench. The camera zooms out revealing the 3 members of #WTFC as well as their respective managers. All are getting ready for their upcoming matches, save for Mikey who just sits entranced. Doozer: Nah, but it shouldn't be too hard. We can get it done before our match, man. What about Cabana Boy or Plum? The Dude, used to standing behind Doozer, scoffs. The Dude: Those are awful suggestions... Doozer glances at him. Doozer: Ok, Hotshot, what would you name him!?

The Dude confident in his robot naming skills announces his idea. The Dude: What if we named it something relevant, ya'll ever been Catfished? Mikey immediately making the connection, busts out laughing. The Dude looks at him and smirks knowingly. The Dude: I was thinking we call it Meagan and just put one over on everyone! They will think its all dude like, then BAM surprise! The gang busts out laughing. The Dude smiles wide, proud of his joke. Mikey: Nah, thats hilarious but we need this name to SCREAM hashtag WTFC! Hmmmm.... He brings his hand to his chin thinking. Finally Doozer says... Doozer: What if we named it... nah, thats stupid. He fades off, but Mikey looks at him. Unlikely: What is it buddy? We're all

Victory: XXVIII

on the same team, nothing is too stupid for this group!... that didn't come out right. A reassured Doozer spills the beans, so to speak. (He didn't really spill anything, but if he did, we have a Roomba for that now) Doozer: What if we call it... I mean if it's ok with you guys... Bobby Clean! Like an explosion went off, the entire room lifts its head. Smiles all around as they nod to themselves. Unlikely: Hmmm, Bobby Clean! Not bad at all! Mikey puts up his hand, and Doozer high fives it. Just then a voice is heard behind the camera. The male voice seems to be in the locker room doorway. ?????: I like that name! The entire group looks up, and every jaw hits the floor. Will Haynes: Oh my.... Mikey Unlikely: He's Back!

The camera pans around to show Beautiful Bobby Dean smiling ear to ear.

Brought to You By

Not This Again

Cameras zoom around the WrestleZone. Pans cut to close ups of signs in the crowd.

Williams: We're just moments away from our opening match.

Fury: Dick is looking forward to Bobby Dean making an absolute ass of himself.

Williams: Cool-

A familiar voice is heard throughout the arena.

Owens: May I have your attention, please.

The UTA faithful in Orlando erupt with boos. Marshall Owens appears on the big screen. Looking as sleezy as ever. Discount store suit that looks more expensive than it was.

Williams: Marshall Owens making the crowd cringe.

Fury: The big screen is not kind to Marshall.

We cut backstage to Owens standing behind a WRESTLEUTA backdrop.

Owens: My name... is Marshall Owens. I am the lawyer to the stars. I have been asked to come out here by one of my clients. This client is the one who is going to walk into a steel cage and win the Legacy title.

The fans know who he is referring to. They continue to boo Owens.

Owens: This client is also one half of the number one Tag Team in the UTA.

Fury: Wonder who he's talking about?

Victory: XXVIII

Cameras pick up the fan reaction inside the WrestleZone. Fans watch the big screen over the entrance ramp with intent.

Owens: This client... is the number one contender for the UTA World Title... this client is none other than La Flama Blanca.

The fans continue to boo.

Owens: Mr. Blanca has told me to make a statement on his behalf.

Owens pulls out a piece of paper and begins to read it.

Owens: I greatly apologize to all my great fans for not being in attendance at Victory, tonight... Period, stop.

Williams: Not this again.

Owens: I intended to come out in front of all you mouth breathers and talk about my win in the Fatal Four Way match and how I am the better man... Period, stop.

Cameras go backstage to pick up Marshall continuing the dictated statement.

Owens: I planned on ripping Will Haynes a new one and telling him how I was going to beat him in the steel cage and take his Legacy title away from him... Period, stop.

Fury: Dick likes that... Period, stop.

Owens: Know this Will Haynes... once we are locked inside the steel cage, there is nothing, nothing that will keep me from destroying you... Period, stop.

Owens fixes his tie as the fans inside the WrestleZone boo so loud he can hear them in the back.

Owens: I would like you all to know one thing... La Flama Blanca is the future of the UTA... and the future begins April Twentieth...

The camera moves up to get a close up of Owens face. Marshall licks his lips and smiles into the camera.

Owens: Period, stop.

The feed cuts and cameras cut back to our play by play announce team.

Williams: Does the future begin after Wrestleshow? Does La Flama Blanca defeat Will Haynes in the steel cage?

Victory: XXVIII

Fury: You're going to have to tune into Pure Sports Entertainment next Monday to find out!

Williams: Without any further ado... here's our first match. Lew Smith versus Pin Smith vs Bobby Dean.

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: Oh no, not this guy again.

Williams: Here comes a young man, who has a bright future in the U.T.A. Fury: ...Of laying on his back.

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 6'6" and weighing in at 220 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. The music fades out as King turns his attention to the task at hand. Suddenly pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of the intro of If You Want Peace...Prepare For War by Children Of Bodom. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!". Announcer: Coming to the ring, hailing from Frimley, England. Standing 6'1", weighing in at 216 lbs. The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. Announcer: The "Ominous Angel" Lew Smith! Fury: My god, is this a family reunion? Williams: Just two very talented young men, who happen to share one of the most common last names. Fury: Sounds fishy to Dick, and we all know Dick doesn't like something that smells too fishy!! The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, He removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out

Victory: XXVIII

the ring. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight. The camera moves back up to the top of the stage. The screens light up, showing an in shape and simply beautiful Bobby Dean on them. Joe Esposito's You're the Best Around begins to play throughout the sound system. Williams: He's back! Fury: Dick thought we got rid of this slob. Williams: You didn't miss Bobby Dean? Fury: Let Dick give you some truth! No one has ever missed Bobby Dean. Williams: I didn't mean it like that, and you know it! From the curtains, we see it. Bobby Dean rides out of the back and onto the stage in the WTF Cart. This time his friends are not with him. Bobby Dean honks the horn on the mobile as he stops at the top of the ramp. Announcer: Driving to the ring, from Houston, Texas. Weighing in at 399 ½ Lbs. Standing 6 feet tall... Bobby waves, and rides the cart down to the ring. He smiles at the fans as they cheer for him. He isn't paying attention to where he is going, as he picks up momentum. The guys in the ring notice, and all grab the ropes. Fury: What is this bozo doing!? He's going to kill someone! Williams: Watch Out! The announcer jumps through the ropes before he can finish, and backs up from the ring. Meanwhile Bobby is still oblivious as he smiles. Finally it happens, Bobby hits the ring with the cart as he reaches the bottom of the ramp. The ring barely moves, as Bobby comes forward and hits the steering wheel. He falls out of the cart sideways, clutching his head. The referee regains his balance, and goes outside to check on Bobby.

The other two participants don't know what to do, so they stay in respective corners. The referee helps up Bobby Dean slowly. Very very slowly. Finally Dean is able to roll himself under the bottom rope and into the ring. Where he never gets up, just lies under the turnbuckle. Holding his neck with one hand, and yelling for his lawyer. Announcer: "Beautiful" Bobby Dean! The crowd laughs as the referee calls for the bell. Fury: Dick thinks that was embarrassing.

Williams: Either way, here we go! Both Smiths lock up as Dean still feeling the effects of the accident. Pin hits Lew with a quick armdrag from the lockup. Lew is up quick and the two lockup again. Lew goes for a quick shin kick, but Pin dodges it before spinning around the back of Lew with a hammerlock. Lew turns his arm around and spins. Down to his knees, then does a flip off his head onto his feet, and the two stare each other down as the crowd cheers. Bobby Dean gives a thumbs up from the corner. As Pin goes to lock up again, with that long reach, Lew hits him in the gut with a back spin kick. Lew hits the ropes and comes back, King leapfrogs his opponent on the return. Off the opposing ropes come the Brit. Pin drops to a knee, and hits Lew with a back elbow to the gut, bending over the Ominous Angel, before Pin pops up with a knee, followed by a quick DDT. Williams: Nice back and forth action here between these two! Fury: Yea, Dick has learned that sometimes you have to give in order to receive. Williams: Oh My... Pin back up, he looks over at Bobby and waves him off. He picks up Lew and backs him into the corner. Quick strikes to the gut by Pin, before he lifts him up to be seated on the top turnbuckle.

Fury: It's a little too early for this. Williams: He's got him where he wants him. Fury: We'll see. Pin punches Lew in the head, as Lew appears to be dazed. An excited Pin Smith plays to the crowd. They cheer, excited by the action thus far. Pin begins to climb as well. As he does, Lew gets back at him with a knife edge chop, quickly followed up by a forearm to the head. He reels back and hits another forearm before knocking Pin off the turnbuckle with a big morotezuki. Williams: Pin lands on his feet! Lew is standing up on the turnbuckle! Here he comes, LEW SMITH WITH A HUGE CROSSBODY! Fury: Dick is always right. The fans go nuts, after seeing the ridiculous height and hangtime Lew had on that move. Both men are down, feeling the effects. In the corner, Bobby Dean is finally making it to his feet. Lew is the first Smith to reach his feet as

Victory: XXVIII

well. He runs at Bobby who puts his hands off to ward off the hit. Bobby Yells at Lew at the top of his lungs, as Lew reels back for a big martial arts punch. Bobby Dean: STOP! He braces for impact, but Lew does in fact stop! Fury: What is this? Bobby, finally realizing the punch isn't coming, opens his eyes. Lew is just standing there, Bobby Dean relaxes and thanks Lew. Pats him on the shoulder. Suddenly Smith reaches into his ring gear, and comes out with a one dollar bill. Williams: He is offering the dollar to Bobby! Dean thinking it over. He accepts! Dean takes the dollar, opens the front of his trunks, and drops it in! Fury: Dick would not want to be the waiter tipped with that dollar. Dean drops his hands, and puts his chin forward, and closes his eyes. Lew smiles, and then hits Bobby with the Uraken Uchi back fist. Dean falls back against the ropes holding his face. Fury: What an idiot. Williams: Don't look now but Pin Smith has made it to his feet. Here he comes at Lew smith. Lew moves and Pin clotheslines Bobby Dean. Bobby goes up, but not with enough velocity to go over! Wait Lew catches a leg, and the two of them dump Bobby Dean to the outside! Pin Smith quickly capitalizes, as he sweeps the leg out from underneath Lew. He drops a quick knee on the head of Lew Smith. The superstar is trying to fend off stomps and he rolls out of the ring, tripping over a sprawled out Bobby Dean. Williams: Both men down on the outside! The referee begins his count. What is Pin doing? Fury: He's climbing up to the top rope. Isn't that obvious? Pin reaches the top, as the two competitors outside climb to their feet. Bobby Dean using Lew as leverage to get to his feet. Pin plays to the crowd who all stand up in anticipation. Pin stands up straight and leaps! Williams: KINGPIN PRESS! TO THE OUTSIDE! The fans begin to chant "That was awesome! Clap clap clapclapclapclap" All three men are down as the referee restarts his count. Pin is up first and slides Lew in the ring, and goes for a pinfall. Williams: One! Two! No! Not enough to end this one just yet. Bobby Dean is up on the outside and walks away from the ring, He rests against the barrier and is greeted by some fans in #WTFC shirts. Fury: Dick didn't think WTFC had fans? Bobby Dean grabs a corndog and a soda from a couple fans who were offering. He drinks some of the soda before spitting some out and pouring the remainder on his head like a prize fighter. He consumes the corndog in one bite and yells 'Dooze' at the camera with a mouthful. Fury: That's disgusting. Inside the ring both men have made it to their feet as they exchange blows. Excellent side kicks from Lew smith have Pin reeling until he catches Lew with a high kick of his own. Both men are exhausted. The run off the opposing ropes on each side of the ring. Lew goes for a running yakuza kick, however Pin ducks it! Williams: Off the ropes again goes Pin. Back at Lew and....KINGS CROWN! He nailed it! Fury: Lew Smith is dead! The only thing that hurt worse was when Dick beat him down in V.C.W. Williams: Here comes the count. One... Two... What was that? Suddenly a soda cup bursts against Pin Smiths face. A plastic cup with a plastic lid, much like you get your soda in from any fast food restaurant was thrown into the ring from the outside. Pin gets off Lew to wipe his face. The referee goes to yell at Bobby who points to a #WTFC fan next to him and shrugging. Williams: Bobby trying to point the blame elsewhere. Fury: Change the record Jennifer. Williams: Looks like Bobby is finally ready to get in the ring again. Slowly climbing the ring apron. Pin walks over, and gives the big man a slap to the chest. Bobby grabs his chest as he howls in pain. Pin hooks Bobby's head under his arm and tries to suplex him back into the ring. Fury: Not going to happen. Williams: Wait, here comes Lew. Lew smith trying to help suplex Bobby into the ring. They get him about a quarter of the way up, before his feet find the apron again. Bobby breaks out, and hits Pin with a big overhead chop. Followed by a backhand chop to Lew, back and forth here, folks! Bobby Dean has found some offense! As both men stumble away Bobby smiles and climbs into the ring. Lew comes at him and Bobby kicks him in the shin. When Lew grabs his shin, Bobby stomps on his other foot. Lews legs are hurting, finally Bobby grabs his arm. He stands there holding his arm, wondering what to do next, it had been a long time since he had applied a submission. He falls down, and uses his weight to pull down Lew. He has Lews arm, and wraps his

Victory: XXVIII

legs around Lews head. Williams: Oh my... It can't be!? Bobby Dean has applied an actual submission hold! A triangle choke to be exact, I can't believe my eyes! Neither can Bobby who is so excited he barely hangs on. Fury: Dick doesn't know which is worse, the fact that Lew is in a submission, or the fact that Bobbys fat legs are likely to smother him before Lew can give up. Pin Smith sees what is happening and walks over to break the hold, he stomps on Bobby who rolls off. He grabs Bobby's head, pulling up as Dean rises.

Williams: Pin Smith helps Dean up. Big right, followed by another. Smith grabs his arm.. Dean whipped toward the ropes...

Bobby slows down as he approaches the ropes, stopping fully at them, and breathing hard. Pin just shakes his head and takes off. Dean turns around as Pin leaps.

Williams: Pin Smith with a drop kick!

Bobby Dean stumbles and fumbles as he goes through the ropes, crashing to the outside. Pin sprints over and takes advantage of Dean wering Lew Down, wrapping him into a Canadian Crosswing.

Williams: Pin Smith applies the Zugzwang... LEW TAPS QUICK! LEW SMITH TAPS!

Fury: Bobby Dean already wore him down.

Williams: Pin Smith takes the advantage and will walk home with a win!

The bell sounds.

Announcer: The winner of this match... PIN... SMIIITHHH!!

Pin lets go and rolls over popping up. The referee raises his hand as he celebrates.

Deal with the Devil?

We fade to Cancer Jiles who is in his office, writing something down on a piece of paper. The door opens and he looks up to the figure off camera. He sets his pen down.

Jiles: Ah, yes, there you are. I have been meaning to talk to you.

Jiles finishes what he is writing and looks up toward the person.

Jiles: I have been given authorization by Mr. Wingate to offer a proposal to you.

Jiles slides the piece of paper across the desk and smiles up at the person. A hand reaches out and grabs the paper and pulls it off the desk and off camera. Jiles sits back in his chair twirling his pen waiting for a response.

Victory: XXVIII

Voice: You want me to...

Jiles drops the pen on the desk. Jiles leans forward and rests his forearms on the desk.

Jiles: Yes. Get rid of a problem that Mr. Woods brought into this company at Season's Beatings.

The voice responds.

Voice: You do realize I AM one of those "problems" he brought back.

The fans know exactly who it is now. The camera shows Crimson Lord standing in a long black trench coat.

Jiles: Yes, I do realize this. So does Mr. Wingate. However, the fans have really grown to appreciate you and your wife, Gaze. Which is why he has told me if you rid this company of Mr. Fantastic and...for your own personal pleasure...Ron Hall, he will make you a offer you will not be able to refuse.

Crimson lowers the paper from his view and stares coldly at Jiles.

Crimson: Which is?

Jiles leans back in pressing his finger tips together in front of him.

Jiles: You will get a one on one match with the UTA World Champion!

Crimson's eyes widen. Shortly there after a sick smile comes across his face.

Jiles: I take it you accept the offer.

Crimson does not respond as he looks at the paper.

Jiles: Have a look at the contract. It has already been approved by Mr. Wingate. Just remember, though, if you do not rid this company of them, you void the contract.

Crimson stares at the contract once more and then folds it up. He places it in his coat pocket and leaves the office and Jiles grins from ear to ear.

Jiles: (Satisfied with himself) I knew he couldn't resist.

Back in the arena.

Williams: You have got to be kidding me! Ron and Fantastic had enough to worry about just with Crimson being the ref. Now Jiles is putting a price on them and will have Crimson rid the company of all the legends but Crimson and...

Victory: XXVIII

Fury: Don't mention his name! Dick thinks Jiles, has a plan to perhaps remove "him" from the picture as well.

Williams: Only one problem with that plan is that their both nut cases!

Backstage Shenanigans

Backstage at the Wrestlezone, we see a shot at the rear entrance of the backstage area. One of the doors suddenly opens and in walks the Gold Standard, John Sektor. He's dressed casually in black pants and a white cotton shirt with the top button undone, hair and moustache groomed to perfection. His face is calm and somber as he makes his way through the corridor, springing into life as backstage reporter Kate Kincaid rushes up to him, yielding a microphone as though it were a weapon.

Kincaid: John, JOHN! A moment for your thoughts please..

Sektor frowns but ends up breaking a smile as she stops him in his tracks.

Sektor: Jeeze! You really are Molly on the spot, huh? What can I do ya for Kate?

Kate blushes as Sektor mentions her eagerness, but does her best to stiffen up and stay professional.

Kincaid: Well obviously, like last week, you are unscheduled to compete tonight here at Victory. Do you have an agenda here tonight?

Sektor just smiles and even laughs a little.

Sektor: Agenda? No, I'm just here to watch some wrestling. Like I told you last week, Orlando is only a stones throw from my home, so why not pop by and see what's going on?

Kincaid looks a little confused and disappointed by this answer.

Kincaid: Really? Because I thought you might have been here in hopes of running into Abdul bin Hussain. After all, you talked a big game heading into your match with him last week at Wrestleshow, but the two of you were unable to be separated and the match resulted in a draw. That must be frustrating, not winning your debut match here in UTA after all the hype you came in with?

Kincaid does her best to keep a straight face with such probing questions, but Sektor just smiles, as though well used to reporters at this stage in his career.

Sektor: You know, it WAS disappointing. I not only wanted to beat Abdul and win my debut match, but I wanted to shut up that hate hole of his.

Sektor pauses and grits his teeth together, looking bitterly disappointed with himself.

Victory: XXVIII

Sektor: But I was unable to do either of those things and now we're left in a kind of limbo situation. Its frustrating for me, because I now have this itch deep under the surface of my skin to get that rematch and find out who should have won.

Kincaid: Were you surprised by the result?

Sektor puffs his cheeks out.

Sektor: You know what? He brought it last week. I have this nasty habit of forcing people to step up their game and that's exactly what he did. That's why they call me the Standard bearer. But I can't settle for a draw, so I don't know when it's going to happen, but at some point he and I will have a rematch. But for now, it's onwards and upwards and I have to put it to the back of my mind.

Sektor shrugs as though he has no choice in the matter.

Kincaid: Well, speaking of moving on, next week on Wrestleshow you face another returning superstar in the form of BLACKBEARD!

She says his name with such enthusiasm, as though she's a mark. Sektor on the other hand rolls his eyes.

Kincaid: What are your thoughts