

Victory: XXIX

April 27, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

We pick up the action already in progress. Cameras follow a stretch Lincoln Towncar as it pulls into the WrestleZone backstage lot. It travels at a slow speed and comes to a stop.

The driver exits the vehicle and hustles to the door to release his very important cargo, champions. He swings the door open and a foot steps out onto the pavement.

Marshall Owens emerges from the vehicle looking as sleazy as ever, holding the UTA Tag Team title, La Flama Blanca's UTA Tag Team title. He fixes his tie and smiles at the title. He takes a few steps forward before turning around to watch UTA World Champion Sean Jackson step foot on UTA soil.

He adjusts his Italian made suit and then looks at the title in his hand and takes a look back towards the car. Sean Jackson smiles at Marshall Owens, looking way too happy. He nods at Marshall before stopping and turn around to face the last person to exit the Lincoln... One half of the UTA Tag Team Champions and your new UTA Legacy Champion, La Flama Blanca.

The Luchador stands outside the vehicle, and gets a standing ovation from Jackson and Owens. The UTA Legacy Title proudly on display in his arms. He too is dressed for the occasion. It's a special night.

The Luchador pats both men on the shoulder, and they start walking towards the stage.

La Flama Blanca: Let's start this show off right.

Blanca buttons the top bottom on his suit jacket as the group pass your screen. The cameras continue to film as the three men leave the picture but microphones pick up the laughs of all of them.

The feed gets cut.

As the stream fades up from black, the Monday 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 luck 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 play as the camera changes angles.

We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul. From the ring posts, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. The music soon stops.

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Short Change Hero by the Heavy begins to play. As the opening riffs begin Marshall Owens out onto the stage to be serenaded with boos from the Florida UTA faithful. He stops after walking a few yards.

UTA World Champion Sean Jackson and NEW UTA Legacy Champion La Flama Blanca, walk out on the stage ramp walking in tandem down stopping by Owens. Williams: Welcome everyone! Jennifer Williams and Dick Fury here with you live. The show kicking off immediately. Thank you for joining us!

Fury: Now this is how we need to start every show. Dynasty looking good here in the WrestleZone!

The members of Dynasty don't even bother with the fans along the entrance ramp. A few looks into the sea of ungrateful mouth breathers but they focus on the ring.

Williams: Victory being kicked off here with Dynasty coming to the ring. The current UTA World Champion and the NEW Legacy Champion, La Flama Blanca.

Cameras cut to our announce team.

Fury: It was a great match between Will Haynes and LFB. Blanca just wanted it more.

Cameras switch to catch Owens walking up the ring steps and stepping into the ring. Jackson and La Flama Blanca are slow moving behind him. Williams: It's been a long time since we've seen Dynasty together in any way here since the Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca no go on Wrestleshow a few weeks ago.

Fury: A lot has gone on in that camp. Perfection being suspended and ultimately fired, the Main Event as it is right now... with La Flama Blanca facing the current and Dick stresses current, UTA World Champion Sean Jackson.

La Flama Blanca holds his UTA Legacy title high in the air as Sean Jackson walks up the ring stairs and enters in through the top and second rope. Fury: Let's not forget the UTA World Champ, Jennifer. Williams: You can't forget about Sean Jackson. He to is coming of a big one at Wrestleshow where he defeated Abdul bin Hussain.

La Flama Blanca gets focused and makes his way up the steel steps and into the ring to join his group.

Williams: Dynasty has been losing as much as they've been winning.

Fury: They are still a force. You know those men have something cooking.

Williams: You're probably right. Marshall Owens calling for a microphone.

Owens still holding La Flama Blanca's tag team title walks back towards Dynasty in the center of the ring. The boos echo inside the WrestleZone.

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Owens: My name... is Marshall Owens.

Fans: Boo!

Owens smirks holding the microphone to his mouth. Blanca and Jackson look out into the crowd, both adjusting their championship titles.

Owens: I am the lawyer to the stars. I represent Dynasty, these two men standing just behind me. I represent Dynasty, two men that own most of the gold in the UTA.

Fans boos grow louder and louder. Both members of Dynasty nod in agreement with their attorney.

Owens: Tonight, I speak briefly for Sean Jackson. Sean has a bit of a sore throat and sadly, has lost his voice.

Jackson holds his throat in pain. The fans begin to cheer. Sean Jackson doesn't find it funny. He goes to lift his arm up but is stopped by The Luchador.

Owens: Sean Jackson will speak about his opponent for Wrestleshow, Mikey Unlikely... On Wrestleshow.

The fans pop for Unlikely, the WTFC member as well as crowd favorite.

Fans: Mikey! Mikey! Mikey!

Sean Jackson closes his eyes and rubs his eyebrows in frustration.

Owens: Orlando... be lucky that Sean can't speak. I'm sure the champ would love to tear you apart.

Jackson mouths "I do" to the crowd and then he holds his throat to give it relief. Owens takes a look around the sold out WrestleZone in the Universal Studios lot in beautiful Orlando, Florida.

Owens: Now... it is my honor to introduce to you... the man who walked into a steel cage and walked out a champion. It is my honor to introduce to you... the man who is going to defend his title next Monday night on Wrestleshow. It is my honor to introduce to you...

Williams: Get on with it...

Owens: Your NEW Legacy Champion... LA FLAMA BLANCA!

Owens moves his arm to present La Flama Blanca to the world and something begins to fall from the ceiling.

Williams: Confetti... balloons... really?

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White, gold and black pieces of confetti fall onto the sold out crowd and fall on the champion, who all this is for. The white, black and gold balloons fill up the ring. He says something to Jackson and Owens.

La Flama Blanca: You guys!

The Luchador gives both Owens and Jackson hugs as the fans boo this atrocity in the ring.

Williams: What are you doing, Dick?

Fury: Dick is trying to hit the balloons.

Fans in the WrestleZone do the same, hitting the balloons back into the air. Blanca puts his head down and appears to be emotional. The confetti and balloons falling from the rafters come to an end.

Fury: LFB deserved this celebration. He's a great man, and a great champion!

Williams: When did you become such a big fan of The Luchador?

Fury: The second he won the Legacy title.

Blanca is handed the microphone by Owens and patted on the back. Blanca looks out into the crowd of angry people, who just hate his guts. He clears his throat audibly into the microphone.

LFB: Your... Legacy Champion is speaking...

Fans: Boo!

The Cruiserweight laughs it off. He holds his title in his left arm, close to his chest. The fans in the WrestleZone give him a thumbs down.

LFB: You will all give me the proper respect that I deserve!

The fans continue to roar and scream at the man in the center of the ring, holding the microphone.

LFB: I'd like to thank Sean and Marshall and all of you for being here to witness greatness!

The fans fill the arena with boos.

LFB: Thanks to Sean and Marshall for the party. I am very grateful to be around these two. Hey shut your mouths!

Fans: Boo!

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Cameras film the irritated and hostile UTA crowd.

LFB: Now... This is the point of the show where you all just shut your mouths and listen to what the champ has to say...

Williams: The fans here in the WrestleZone are letting the newly crowned Legacy Champion have it.

Fury: He doesn't look phased by it.

Williams: He's wearing a mask.

Fury: Whatever.

LFB: It seems to be a common theme around the UTA, a constant that Dynasty gets screwed, left and right. Perfection, fired, wished the best in all his future endeavors.

The fans in the WrestleZone go nuts and begin to sing.

Fans: Na-na-na-na Na-na-na-na Hey-hey-hey Goodbye!

Fury: Always hated that song.

The fans continue to echo out in the arena.

Williams: They can probably here that out in Disney World!

The Luchador has had enough.

LFB: But onto more important business... In about six weeks time, I will be fighting for the UTA World Title at Black Horizon. A fact that pisses off the whole UTA locker room. But hey, do something about it.

Fans: Boo!

LFB: Boo me all you want. I said a long time ago, all this... the boos, the hate mail, the negativity on the web... It drives me. While all you turds have been trolling on the innernet, I've just been taking care of my business and business is booming.

Blanca takes a second and looks at his championship belt.

LFB: This title is in a good home. The past... holder, seemed upset that he lost it, which is fair. But... throwing dirt at the title. This is a classless move. This is the UTA, where every title is important.

Blanca points back at Owens holding the UTA Tag Team title.

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LFB: That Tag Team title means as much to me as the Legacy does. I will defend both until I don't have anymore fight left in me.

Blanca stops and gets a round of applause from Jackson and Owens. The Luchador and takes a few steps and looks out into the crowd.

Williams: La Flama Blanca will be busy in the coming future with many title matches on his plate.

Fury: Someone really wants to punish this guy.

LFB gets back into it.

LFB: James WIngate... this little game you're playing with La Flama Blanca, I don't like it. Even though I don't like it, I'll play along. Just know, I'll beat you at your own game. Now onto my first title defense against Chris Hopper.

The fans cheer one of their favorites.

LFB: You dumb bastards. Chris Hopper, you praise? This snake who somehow hides in plain sight. Give me a break. He doesn't care about you... He's too lost in himself but news flash, Chris... you fizzled out.

Williams: Some strong words from The Luchador.

The fans boo the comments by La Flama Blanca.

Fury: Chris Hopper is like the turkey from Christmas Vacation, all dried up. Dick was going to go with another anecdote but was advised by UTA Authority to not say on air and keep to myself.

Williams: Thank god.

The Luchador goes to say something and is cut off by the opening to "TNT" by AC/DC. The fans get on their feet as Chris Hopper walks out onto the Victory entrance ramp, wearing blue jeans and a vintage "Master of the Icebreaker" T-Shirt. He raises the mic to speak.

Hopper: Easy there, Seabiscuit.

Blanca and the rest of Dynasty seem beside themselves. The fans cheer on Hopper.

LFB: I don't remember you being invited to the party... So you can turn right back around and go back to whatever hole you crawled out of!

The fans boo Blanca. Chris Hopper chuckles on the stage as the Big Screen behind him catches the men in the ring.

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Hopper: Sorry I crashed the "party" but this whole thing is making me and everyone here in the WrestleZone sick!

Fans erupt again, but quickly quiet down as Chris raises his hand to shush them.

Hopper: Listen, I hear you chin-wagging out here and claiming that you think you know everything there is to know about me. How I'm washed up...

On the big screen behind Chris, we see La Flama Blanca nodding his head after each remark.

Hopper: ...how I can't hack it...

Another La Flama Blanca nod in agreement. He puts the microphone to his mouth.

LFB: You can't, but continue...

Hopper pauses and shakes his head in defiance.

Hopper: ...and how I fizzled out.

Another LFB nod and Blanca looks like he is going to speak, but Hopper cuts him off.

Hopper: Do us all a favor and SHUT THE HELL UP!

The crowd cheers as Blanca acts unhappy with the sentiment of Hopper's words. Blanca rushes to the ring ropes but is held back by the UTA World Champion.

Hopper: You come out here and insult my fans. You step out here and insult my love of the fans. That is bad enough in itself. You may have forgotten what it was like to even HAVE fans out there, so perhaps it is understandable. But what angers me most...

Blanca interjects.

LFB: You came on the scene hot and people lost interest in you. You cry about not getting the treatment you deserve. This isn't Two Thousand anymore, Chris. We just don't care anymore

Blanca doesn't pause for long and talks over the crowds negativity.

LFB: You don't care about the fans. You are no different than the rest of us, narcissistic, egotistical, and overly confident. It's about business and your stock... is dropping. So come out here, get the Universe to remember you exist.

The fans in the arena don't agree with The Cruiserweight's comments. Hopper pauses a second and then

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looks back up at Blanca from the entrance stage.

Hopper: I do care, and that is what separates me from a piece of trash like you! And what really pisses me off is when you come out here and insult my integrity by calling me a snake that hides in plain site.

He pauses and the anticipation begins building in the arena.

Hopper: I have heard it all...how can he claim to be a lover of women when he tries to hold them down? How can he claim to be a fan favorite when he acts like such an arrogant dick? Why should anyone believe in him because all he wants is the glory of a title.

The glare on his face is almost steel in its intensity..

Hopper: And that is what YOU want to believe about me, but it isn't the real truth. So let me give you some proper information.

He points toward the Legacy Champion standing in the ring

Hopper: The only snake in this ring is wearing a mask.

The fans cheer. Blanca flicks his wrist at Hopper. Not amused by his comments.

Hopper: To act like a friend to many and then turn his back and join a group that is so hellbent on destruction that it actually leads its own members to be destroyed. You are the snake, Blanca. And it's time someone cut your head off and taught you the lesson you so richly deserve...

The fans erupt again. Blanca begins conversing with Owens and Jackson.

Hopper: And at Wrestleshow, that lesson will be taught and you will have to watch me cement the title that is rightfully mine.....the Legacy Title.....when I take you down a notch or two. I'll see you there, champ.

Hopper's music starts back up as he pretends to put a title around his waist. La Flama Blanca appears to be losing it inside the ring. Owens and Jackson try their best to calm him down.

Williams: Chris Hopper, doing his best to jab at the champion.

Fury: Chris Hopper is a bonafide "Party Pooper". Hopper was probably the one kid at the party who would pop the balloons and smear the cake.

Cameras cut to a two shot with Williams and Fury behind the play-by-play desk. The fans behind them go crazy, waving and showing cameras their signs.

Williams: Thank you for tuning in, folks. Action packed show this evening start us off, Dick.

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Fury: Our opening match is going to be a battle of polar opposites... Lew Smith takes on David Hightower.

Williams: You have to wonder, Dick... will Old Man Hightower get involved.

Fury: He might be on Smith's side tonight, Old Man Hightower is unpredictable. After that we will see the "Eight Bit Superstar" Leyenda de Ocho square off with Pin Smith. Should be an exciting one.

Williams: Pin Smith is moving up the ranks as of late. Will his winning ways continue? Stay tuned. A big match in the Wildfire division, Kendrix and Koresh go head to head.

Fury: Kendrix has looked impressive since debuting in the UTA. Tonight is going to be a gimme.

Williams: After that a grudge match of sorts, when Bobby Dean takes on Apollo Cain.

Fury: These men had a run in a week ago. Dick doesn't want to imagine Bobby Dean in a bra. Apollo must be lonely.

Williams: Due to the recent firing of Perfection by James Wingate, the boss changed the next match. Now Lamond Alexander Robertson takes on Alex Beckman.

Fury: Beckman isn't going to be fighting a midget this time. She's in for a world of hurt when the Scott gets her in the ring.

Williams: Will Robertson actually fight her? That match is later and in our Main Event...

The graphic changes to the combatants in the tag team match.

Williams: Two Bad Ass For A Name, Zhalia Fears and The Second Coming take on Stephen Greer and Tyrone Walker, Team Danger.

Fury: If Team Danger wants to be noticed and taken seriously, winning this match will do it.

Williams: You have a point. The Second Coming is one half of the UTA Tag Team Champions. Now with that being said, will La Flama Blanca have a role to play in this match?

Fury: He very well could. Team Danger are a potential threat for the Tag Team titles, anything is possible.

Williams: Let's get this show moving... THIS IS... VICTORY!!!!

Brownies?!

Knock_knock_knock

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The scene opens to a typical brown door. You know the type, you've seen one you've seen a million of them. Knocking can be heard but nobody is present. The camera slowly pans to the ground, where we see one of the newest members of the UTA, in all it's glory. The Roomba, "Bobby Clean."

However, Bobby is carrying something that smells absolutely delicious! Go ahead, scratch your monitors and take a whiff, smell that wonderful smell. Resting atop the sweeping device, is a large baking pan full of what appears to be brownies. The tasty treat with chocolate frosting and rainbow sprinkles is accompanied by a white card sticking out of one end. The card is not one of the many you see that are in every supermarket nationwide. A half naked man wearing only a 'banana hammock' stands. He is very well built, and holding a cake in one hand. I wonder who picked this card out... The roomba continuously backs up and runs into the door. Making the knocking sound. Finally the door opens swiftly and a UTA Referee sticks his head out. He takes a look in both directions before closing the door again. Bobby Clean knocks again once the door is closed. This time the referee is ready. He opens it, when the reflection of the tin catches his eye. He looks to the ground and see's our friend. He reaches down and plucks out the card.

"Courtesy of Us, cause we're awesome!

- Dynasty"

Referee #1: Awesome. Brownies!

The referee grabs a brownie and immediately begins to scarf it down.

Referee #1: Mmmmmmm! He calls out to the rest of the crew behind him, with brownie crumbs and bits flying out of his open mouth. Referee #1: Guys, check it out! These are the best brownies ever! A couple more of the referees come to the door to see what the commotion was about. Referee #2: Wow! This is a first! Referee #3: Catering stepping up! Referee #1: No man, the card says from DYNASTY!

Referee #3: But, I thought those guys were supposed to be a bunch of a-holes? Referee #2: I'm lactose intolerant, but these look too tasty to pass up! Referee #4: I'll take one! I'm on my way to the ring! The referees dive into the tasty treat, ripping them to shreds, as Bobby Clean, backs up, and wheels off. The camera follows his path until it hits a pair of large boots. The camera goes up to reveal Bobby Dean. Dean picks up the robot and pets it lovingly. Bobby Dean: Good boy, Bobby! Mikey Unlikely is standing behind Bobby Dean, laughing hysterically. He is rubbing his hands together ominously. Almost as if... some plan... that has been building for weeks... is finally coming together... Some would call it, a MASTER Plan!

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of If You Want Peace, Prepare for War by Childern of Boom.. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colors that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

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The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Brimley, England, weighing in at two hundred and sixteen pounds, Lew Smith!

The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides