

Victory: XXX

May 11, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Victory XXX

INTRODUCTION

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 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 Monday 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: Dick is back... in Orlando, gotta love it!

Williams: This is the first televised UTA event since Wrestleshow, where we saw some shocking moments that have been talked about all week.

Fury: Indeed, Jennifer. The Machine continues to grow and Dynasty regained it's strength here in the UTA.

Williams: John Sektor was revealed as the newest member of The Machine... Then James Wingate comes out and fires Joshua Jones, the UTA Wildfire Champion.

Fury: Then... it gets even more crazy. Wingate gives the title back to Perfection in a shocking moment that no one saw coming. As the night continues, so do the surprises.

Williams: In the Main Event, just when it looked like Chris Hopper was going to put away La Flama Blanca and win the Legacy Championship, Dynasty made an appearance.

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Cameras cut to different spots of the arena picking up the crowd interaction.

Fury: Dynasty was joined by an old face, Jennifer. Claude Baptiste Ranier came back and made an impact.

Williams: CBR jumped the barricade and helped Dynasty lay out Chris Hopper. Dynasty is back at full strength, will the paths of these two teams cross?

We cut back to Williams and Fury at ring side.

Fury: Dick hopes so.

Williams: We're kicking tonight off with a bang! Cecil Farthington of The Machine takes on Kendrix in singles competition. That's got the makings of a classic.

Fury: One Hundred Percent, Jennifer. Kendrix is going to welcome The Candle Maker to the UTA just fine.

Williams: In a grudge match, David Hightower takes on King Pin in singles competition.

Fury: These two have crossed paths and we see what happens tonight here on Victory between these two top superstars.

Graphics appear on your screen going over the rest of the card.

Williams: We will also see Alex Beckman in singles competition. Lew Smith faces Apollo Cain and Leyenda de Ocho goes one on one with Bobby Dean.

Fury: Don't forget about our Main Event, Jennifer. The UTA Prodigy Champion is on the line as Ron Hall defends his title against Number One Contender, Lamond Alexander Robertson.

Williams: Will "The Southern Rebel" hold onto the title or will we have a new champion? Don't go anywhere.... THIS... IS.... VICTORY!!!!!!

RISE OF THE MACHINE

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The camera fires up, showing off the black backdrop of a special interview set. It's non-descript, with nothing particularly fancy to draw the eye, aside from the colorful cast of characters on the screen. Special UTA interviewer, The Machine's own employed Cassandra Walsh, sits in a black desk chair, a notebook in her hands and a microphone clipped to the lapel of her blouse.

She crosses her legs politely in front of her as she taps a pen against her notebook.

With long orange-red hair, a set of thick hipster glasses, and a branding across the chest via a MACHINE logo on her t-shirt, the personal interviewer of The Machine-- and former employee of Michael Best's back in Chicago-- smiles into the camera.

Walsh: Hello everyone, I'm Cassie Walsh. I'm joined tonight live with four of the most talked about faces in the United Toughness Alliance. Alex Beckman, John Sektor, Cecilworth Farthington, and Michael Best-- collectively known as The Machine.

The camera now pans out, revealing the introduced quartet, all adorned in their street clothes. Michael Best has a microphone clipped to the collar of his dark red dress shirt, his tie patterned from top to bottom in gears and cogs. Behind him, seated on a long black couch, sit his three clients-- Sektor, Beckman, and Farthington.

Walsh: I'd like to thank you for joining me tonight, Mr. Best.

Michael leans forward, supporting his weight by placing his elbows on his knees. He cuts her a knowing smile, though it comes off more like a bemused smirk than a genuine greeting.

Best: Thank you, Cassandra. It's a pleasure to be here.

Back on the couch, John Sektor kicks his feet up onto the small black coffee table in front of him, leaning back to stretch out, while Alex Beckman cracks her knuckles and stares at Cassie Walsh with what can best be described as protective jealousy. Cecilworth Farthington just looks happy to be there.

Cassie looks briefly down at her notes, before promptly continuing.

Walsh: For the better part of the last month, The Machine has slowly assembled itself across the United Toughness Alliance. You have personally promised an explanation, but up until now you haven't exactly kept your word. Are you ready at this time to make good on that promise?

Now, the smile has definitely widened into a smirk-- there is absolutely no disputing that. Michael clasps his hands together in front of him, giving a knowing glance back to his clients behind him, as each of them nod back at him in turn.

Best: Cassie, we are not a complex machine. For anyone who was expecting some kind of an earth shattering revelation tonight, I have the unfortunate job of letting them down. We are not an invasion. We are not a movement. There is no higher power, no ulterior motive, and no shocking twists. We are The Machine,

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and we have chosen that name for a very particular reason.

Cassandra nods her head, urging him to continue.

Best: John Sektor, the Wrestling Machine. Cecilworth Farthington, the Heat Machine. Alex Beckman, the Human Submission Machine. Three basic components that make up the whole, each serving their own distinct and vital function, and I am the Engineer of The Machine. I don't wanna be that guy and call myself a mastermind, or a wrestling genius... but yeah, I'm both of those things.

Cassandra scribbles something down in her notes, while crossing something else out on the paper. She switches her crossed legs, leaning forward and looking at Michael from the top of her glasses.

Walsh: Last week, you told us what The Machine is not. This week, you've seemingly given us it's definition. It seems as though you're evading the real point at hand-- why are you in the United Toughness Alliance?

Tenting his fingers in front of him and tapping his index fingers on his chin, Michael slowly nods as he debates how to finally answer the question that everyone has been asking. After a few seconds of quiet contemplation, he looks back up at Cassie, his smile returning.

Best: The UTA is the single greatest entity within professional wrestling, and yet it truly is a case of a whole being greater than the sum of it's parts. The top talent in this company simply... exists. There is no drive. There is no focus. They play at alliances, they play at forming their armies, but at the end of the day, they're doing just that-- they're playing. Their egos get in the way. Their pride can't take that backseat. They lack any kind of a unified force. I look at the three greatest athletes in pro wrestling today, the three athletes seated behind me, and I see a unified force. A see a Machine.

Walsh: I think that we've established that, but you're avoiding the question. Why are you in the UTA, and why are you being so evasive about answering that?

There is a tense moment, as Michael drops the smile entirely. Now that he's no longer hiding behind it, there is a viciousness in his eyes-- he selected this interviewer for a reason, and there is an anger behind his expression that shows he isn't pleased with her persistence.

And then, in a flash, the smile returns.

Best: You want the blunt, honest truth, Ms. Walsh?

He raises an eyebrow, staring at his hand-selected interviewer. His smile takes on a sinister edge, as he leans forward and stares directly into her eyes.

Best: We're here to destroy Dynasty.

With those words, the live feed cuts to black. No further explanations. No follow up questions. The fans at

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home stare at a black screen for several seconds, before Monday Night Victory continues with it's regularly scheduled programming.

A RUN IN

A RUN IN

The camera fades in from black as we follow at a low angle to the footsteps of someone in white trousers. Going through a hallway, the camera moves up to the shoulders and long hair of Lew Smith. He makes his way through the corridor slowly as he stretches every now and then, clearly preparing for his match later on in the evening. He turns the corner and to his surprise, Kendrix is spotted halfway down the hall, leaning up against the wall. Lew comes slowly to a stop, humming in the process. The camera continues to follow Lew as he pretends to talk to the camera about insignificant things, to no avail, he fails to slip by Kendrix. Kendrix pushes off the wall and grinds Lew to a halt.

Kendrix: Maybe: Well, well, well. What do we 'ave 'ere? A moron move by Lew Smith? I 'eard everything mate. It's bad enough that I gotta be around all these idiot 'mericans. Seems like all their stupidity has rubbed off on ya or somethin'.

The camera moves across to get both men in shot.

Smith: I was only trying to get by. No need to verbally abuse this country's people. This sort of language does not do well for our country's image. At least keep some of it to yourself.

Kendrix: Suck it up, bruv, It's the harsh truth. England has always been and always will be better than this place. Seriously. It's people like you that are making our country seem like a bunch of ponses. If there's anyone who pisses me off as much as the fat, lazy, stupid morons in the stands it's posh boys like you and my opponent tonight.

The fans can be heard booing in the background;

Smith: Cecilworth? I'm quite sure he's not as posh as his name is making it out to be. Just because we're from posh areas doesn't make us posh, to each their own, but with myself I'd like to think I'm well educated, have a clear dialect and a kind nature for everyone to enjoy and get on with. No clue why we don't click. Maybe because it's an 'Essex thing'. Much like the 'Jersey thing'. It may sound hypocritical of me but stop

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being so stereotypical about it.

Kendrix: Leave it out, maaattteee! Typical posh boy argument. Using words in a fancy tone to win fights. 'Aven't got the bollocks to 'ave a go with fists. Mental. I'll 'ave you know that our country has developed from glove duelling nancies in Victorian suspenders to football 'ooligan rioters for good reason! Damn Americans using guns instead, bunch of pussies, bruv, I tell ya! And then there's you lot who are the male equivalent to nail breaking women who cry like they're on their period. You need to man up like me, maaattteee. Cecilworth's an idiot, just like you, and I'll be sure to make it clear that I am the representation of the UK's fighting capabilities. Ha, besides, my attitude works wonders in that ring.

Smith: Huh, that's strange. Because it seems to me that someone like myself kicked your ass at your debut. Your attitude sucks.

The camera pans around again getting a close up on Kendrix's face. He looks into the camera and nudges it away.

Kendrix: Listen yeah, I would've 'ad you, bruv! You weren't particularly great that match neither! It just so happened to be your lucky day I was jet lagged, of course things ain't gonna go in my favour. So watch it.

Smith: You wouldn't have won! You were so sloppy that match. Guaranteed that you brought a strong game with you, but it was just incredibly laughable.

Kendrix: I said watch it, bruv! I've warned you already!

Smith: Yeah? What's going to happen?

Kendrix lunges forward and grapples with Lew. Lew, taken aback, grabs onto Kendrix's arms and tries to repel him. The camera follows the two men as they engage in a lock. Lew swings Kendrix around and bumps into the camera man, knocking it back. Just sounds of struggle and thuds can be heard until the camera recovers to see Lew push Kendrix up against the wall and presses hard up against his chest, leaning in toward his face. The camera zooms in on them both.

Smith: Good luck for later...if you're wasting your energy now, there's a smaller chance you'll win. Take this as a fair warning. Don't underestimate us 'posh boys'. We could very well be a nightmare to handle. Again, good luck. You'll need it.

Kendrix stares menacingly into Lew's eyes and with the grip he has on Lew's top he tightens and launches Lew off and against the other side of the corridor. Bigging himself up and dusting himself off. Lew slowly walks away whilst tidying his shirt. The camera tails Lew but focuses on Kendrix. He shouts down the hall.

Kendrix: Same to you. Good luck, 'cause I've got my eye on you now, bruv."

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PAYBACK

PAYBACK

We cut to a shot of the almighty employee entrance of the UTA Wrestlezone where King Smith approaches wearing a casual black leather jacket. He stops at the man with the clipboard and grins.

King: So are you the new Big Cheese around here? At least until, y'know, Wingate fires you... then rehires you...

Pin glances at the other two and draws a chuckle while the main dude scans his clipboard, marking something next to the name, and nodding.

UTA Guard: You're all s- *HEY!*

Pin flies by the guards violently and tumbles to the ground with a thud. Cameras swing back to see the Toughest Dog in the Yard glaring down at him, shirtless, with a rage in his eyes. He clobbers the security guards as they try to get in his way, throwing one into the chairs and the other two into each other face first.

Williams: David Hightower's looking for payback, Dick!

Fury: Dick is always available to help you get some payback if you need Jen.

King jumps to his feet and whips off the leather jacket, smiling, and eggs Hightower to come at him. Hightower cracks his knuckles and snarls like a bull about to charge.

King: That's right, big fella. Let's get this over with. *RIGHT NOW!*

Hightower charges Pin and swings his right hand but misses, Smith ducking and coming up behind Hightower. He wraps his arms around him and clings on with a chokehold. Hightower whips his arms around and tries to grab Smith but can't latch on as the hold becomes tighter and tighter.

King: Niiice try, buddy. We're gonna settle this in the ring.

Smith laughs and finds time to shoot a wink to the fans at home as Hightower drops to a knee.

Williams: I guess- HE JUST JUMPED BACKWARDS INTO THE WALL!

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OOOOOOOHHHHHHH

The fans let out a sympathetic sound as they watch on the UTatron and Smith's body crunches under Hightower's weight being flung into the concrete wall. The hold is obviously, most definitely, certainly broke and Hightower picks Smith up, sneering at him for a second.

Williams: HIGHTOWER THROWS HIM BACK INTO THE WALL!

Fury: This is great!

Williams: Not again!

After the third time the body of King Smith hits the wall, Hightower unleashes countless kicks into Smith's ribs and torso. King tries to stand but David grabs him by the back of the neck and drives a fist straight into his face, stunning him greatly. He proceeds to unload a dozen or so more shots to Smith before reinforcements arrive from the security team, EMTs and arena staff in tow. Three men tackle Hightower just as he stands to stomp on Smith's head.

Fury: Awwwww, come on! That was awesome. I think I'm hard, Jen!

Williams: We haven't even seen the first match yet and already, David Hightower's on a warpath.

Fury: Should have let Hightower beat Lew's head in. I'm just sayin'...

Williams: Victory Thirty is about to kick off with our first match folks, this is gonna be a good one!

[CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON VS. KENDRIX](#)

The lights go out in the arena as the opening lead up to *Let 'em come* by Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as the camera pans the centre of the stage by the ramp, we immediately see Kendrix appear at the top center of the stage, his back facing the ring. Wearing a white England Football Jersey with 'JFK' and '#Bruv' emblazoned in red on it, a Union Jack Hackett Scarf and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace and the line "no one likes us but we don't care hits", he rotates his neck twice to stretch it before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

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Williams: Folks, it's time for the opening match of tonight's episode of VICTORY! That Union Jack is usually a sure fire sign that Kendrix is about to hit the ring, but TONIGHT..he faces a fellow Brit in the form of newcomer..Cecilworth Farthington!

Dick Fury: Newest UTA signing, joining forces with Mike Best in the Machine! You know, Dick knows a thing or two about being a machine...perhaps Mike wants Dick to join?

Williams: Why...cause you're a LOVE machine?

Dick: Well...Dick guesses that's the PG version of what he was thinking.

As the shot returns to the center of the stage, zoomed back out fixed on Kendrix, Red colored pyro, the colors of the English National Flag, explodes from the ramp as the chorus kicks in;

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp slowly towards the ring, looking at the fans with a disgusted look on his face.

Announcer: Hailing from London, England

Kendrix stops in front of one young fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and takes the pen. He then takes from another young fan, a large poster they've brought from home of one of there UTA heroes and rips it to pieces. He signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face. 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.

Announcer: Standing at 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighing in at 218lbs

He climbs up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp. Looking around at all the fans shaking his head with a disapproving look on his face he looks down at the English Crest on the left side of his shirt.

Announcer: JFK...KENDRIX!

"If the bad times are coming, let 'em come!"

Kendrix raises his head up proudly he beats his right fist on the crest twice before opening his arms out wide while shouting out words that can't be repeated on TV while making a "wanker" sign with his fist and pointing at the fans with the other hand.

Williams: Classy as ever..

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Fury: Hey, it's what he does in the ring that counts. Wait till you get a load of Farthington, though. Pure class!

He takes his shirt and scarf off and looks like he is ready to chuck them into the crowd. Instead he chuckles to himself and just leaves them in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck. Arriving dead in the center of the ring he hops from toe to toe, ready to face his opponent.

Williams: No matter what your opinion of this young man is, he's been on a hot run lately in UTA. He was unfortunate not to win the number one contenders spot for the Prodigy title a few weeks back, but bounced back the following week with a crushing Victory over Emily Koresh.

Fury: He's a hot talent, Jennifer. And Dick's looking forward to finding out who the BEST of British is tonight!

When The Going Gets Tough by Billy Ocean BOOMS over the speaker system as out from the back, with a ten mile grin, bounds Cecilworth Farthington. Not long behind Farthington is the manager of the aristocratic, Mike Best. As Farthington stands atop the entranceway, Mike Best presents his client to a crowd who aren't exactly greeting him with open arms.. Farthington is also proudly carrying the Icon title over his shoulder, patting it with his hand

Fury: Dick is so excited right now, Jennifer..

Williams: Just don't poke me with it..

Fury: HAAAAAAAAAAAA!!! Oh my gawd, that was actually FUNNY! Good for you girl!

Williams: Ha, I don't know what came over me..

Fury: THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID!!!

Cecilworth gives a regal wave to an unhappy audience, continuing to smile all the way down the ramp, oblivious to the negative reaction and the concept of human emotion.

Announcer: Hailing from Buckinghamshire, England

Mike Best hops on the apron and opens the ropes for Cecilworth. Cecilworth walks up the steps, dabbing his sweet cherub cheeks with his Farthington Family towel as he pivots into the action zone.

Announcer: Standing at SIX FOOT THREE INCHES and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds...

Cecilworth climbs atop the middle rope, smiling and giving another regal wave towards the fans.

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Announcer: Representing The Machine...He is the ICON... CECILWORTH FARTHINGTON!

Cecilworth jumps off the ropes and turns his attention back towards Mike Best. Mike and Cecilworth have a small conference in their corner, violently gesturing in a variety of directions.

Williams: Cecilworth Farthing, very exciting talent who we're all looking forward to making his debut right here and right now. But he's facing tough opposition tonight in Kendrix. Is that the ICON championship he is carrying? Is he allowed to do that?

Fury: What do you mean? He never lost the title so why wouldn't he be able. Anyway, It's a great night for British wrestling, Jennifer. That's what we should be focussing on here.

Mike Best steps out of the ring as Cecilworth leans up against the turnbuckle, giving the crowd a big ole V for Victory, which is very Churchillian. Finally, he slips the Icon championship off his shoulder and holds it up in the air, gazing up at it and slowly lowering it to his lips for a kiss.

Williams: This should be a very interesting contest as both men prepare to being the match. Both are technical minded wrestlers with a tendency to bend the rules.

Fury: Rules are made to be broken...at least that's what Dick tells his parole officer..

DING DING!!!

The crowd let out mixed reactions as the two Brits begin to circle one another in the ring. Almost at the same time they step forward and lock up.

Williams: Arm elbow tie up to kick things off, Farthington gets the leverage on his opponent..

Farthington pulls Kendrix into a side headlock, wrenching his forearms underneath his nose a couple of times, before Kendrix slips free and reverses it into a hammer lock, before instantly clubbing Cecil in the back of the head with a forearm. Farthington stumbles forward and goes to turn, but Kendrix rushes over and drives a knee into his gut.

Williams: Kendrix not wasting time getting into a grappling contest and dives straight into the offense.

Fury: He looks in the mood tonight, Jennifer. Almost as though all the hype surrounding Farthington and the Machine has lit a fire inside him.

Kendrix works on the newcomer in the corner, driving shoulders into the midsection before pulling him out and executing a perfect vertical suplex. He swoons over for the cover but only manages a one count.

Williams: Farthington kicking out after ONE! That was a good point you made just then, Dick. A lot of rumours are flying backstage of resentment from some of the wrestlers regarding the "special" treatment

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some of these new wrestlers and also members of Dynasty have been getting from James Wingate..

Fury: Well then they have two options..knuckle down and work hard like Kendrix is doing..or LEAVE!

Kendrix has hold of Cecil's left arm and is stomping away at the shoulder, before driving the knee into it and applying pressure. Mike Best bangs on the canvas from the outside and yells out words of encouragement for his client.

Williams: Kendrix is seemingly targeting that left shoulder of Cecilworth. Has he spotted a weakness?

Fury: Dick thinks he's just setting up for his crossface...perhaps he feels a submission victory will put the the exclamation point on the statement he's trying to make tonight.

Kendrix has brought Cecil up to his feet but he receives a cheeky thumb to the eyes, forcing him to blindly stumble into the ropes. The referee tries to warn Cecil, but he completely ignores him and rushes up behind Kendrix, executing a german suplex with a bridge..

ONE

TWO

Williams: Kendrix kicks out! Cecilworth was lucky not to get disqualified for that thumb to the eye!

Fury: He's a smart man, he knows where the line is..

Mike claps proudly from the outside as Farthington viciously stomps all over Kendrix as he lies on the canvas. He relentlessly targets every limb ,wildly slamming his foot down all over him as though he was playing "Whack-a-Mole."

Farthington drops knee across his face and holds it there, pressing down and causing Kendrix to kick his legs in the air as he feels his skull being pressed into the canvas. Eventually he pulls him up to his feet and tosses his arm around his neck, smirking at the crowd and posing before hoisting him up vertically into the air. He holds him there, allowing the blood to rush to his head..

Williams: Farthington looking for a stalling brainbuster, Kendrix might be in trouble.

Fury: He calls it "The Aristocratic Oath!"

Williams: What does that mean?

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Fury: Dick has NO idea, Jennifer..but it sounds pretty smart!

The crowd boo as Cecil holds him in the air, but Kendrix begins to squirm and manages to drop behind Farthington, jumping up and executing a double knee backbreaker!

Williams: Back breaker! Excellent reversal by Kendrix to get out of a tight spot!

Both men lie on the canvas, Cecil holding his back and Kendrix looking to recover from the earlier assault. The ten count begins, but both men make it back to their feet within a few seconds.

Williams: Cecilworth comes forward, holding his lower back...goes for a right hand but Kendrix ducks out of the way, catching Farthington on the turn around with a BIG TIME super kick!

Fury: La Flama Blanca would be proud of that one..and probably annoyed..

Kendrix quickly covers.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Williams: KICKOUT! Just in time.

Best holds his hands on the side of his head, realising how close that was and then clutches his chest as though he's having palpitations. The look of nerves don't dissapear as Kendrix gets back to his feet, looking all amped up as he drops an elbow across the left shoulder of Farthington.

Williams: Still targeting that shoulder..

Kendrix takes a step back and screams at Farthington to get up as he keeps paints an invisible cross-hair on him. Farthington eventually makes it up and Kendrix goes to move forward, but Mike Best grabs his foot from the outside, just doing enough to distract him. The fans instantly boo the antics of the manager.

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Williams: Oh come on, REF!

Fury: He saw it, he saw it...he's giving Mike a piece of his mind right now..

Kendrix and the Ref yell at Mike over the ropes, causing yet more distraction as Farthington ducks behind Kendrix and delivers a low blow.

Fury: OHHHH, Dick's got sympathy pains right now, Jen! Right in her majesty's crowd jewels..

Williams: This is the advantage of having a man at ringside who is quite happy to cheat..

Kendrix, on his knee's and cupping his crotch, is unable to defend himself as Farthington kicks him sharply in the back of the skull.

The ref turns around and see's Kendrix lying on his front, wondering what he's missed. Farthington looks to take advantage, waiting for Kendrix to roll over so that he can wipe his foot on his face. Best applauds his client from the outside, looking proud as a peacock from what he is seeing.

Farthington moves around to Kendrix's legs, spreading them wide and smirking to the crowd before dropping a fist down into his crotch.

Fury: Fist right to the taint! Which, Dick is pretty sure is the technical name for that move.

Williams: Regardless, Farthington seems to be on thin ice and pushing his luck with the referee.

Farthington just smiles at the Ref's warning and spreads his arms wide to the crowd, giving them a little bow which only fuels their hatred. He then positions himself in front of Kendrix's head and pulls him up into a dragon sleeper, dragging him away from the ropes.

Williams: Drag sleeper locked in, centre of the ring. Kendrix is in real trouble now.

However, Kendrix reaches up with his free hand and feels around Farthingtons face, raking his fingers over his eyes.

Fury: Hey now! Dick is pretty sure raking that posh guys eyes is illegal, Jen!

Williams: Kendrix is fighting fire with fire..

Fury: Could be worse...Dick supposes he could be wearing an eyepatch like some of his old friends?

Kendrix brushes the referee aside, charging at the blinded Farthington and taking him down with a strong lariat. Farthington springs up but only to be knocked back down by another.

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Williams: Some of this Wrestlezone crowd are getting behind Kendrix now as he starts a comeback!

After the third time of asking, Farthington ducks a lariat, throws one of own, which Kendrix ducks...kicking him in the gut and dropping him with a facebreaker DDT!

Williams: HUGE DDT! This could be it..

ONE

TWO

THR..

Fury: FARTHINGTON KICKS OUT!

Kendrix slams his fists on the mat and grabs hold of Farthington by his head, yanking him up to his feet.

Out of nowhere, Farthington catches him with a European uppercut, daising JFK before running to the ropes. He comes back looking for a clothesline but Kendrix catches his arm and takes him down to the canvas with a Fujiwar armbar. He doesn;t stop there, turning the hold into a cross-face!

Williams: KENDRIX CROSS! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

Farthington's eyes bulge as Kendrix wrenches on his neck and already weakened left shoulder, closing his eyes as he puts every ounce of energy he has into it. Farthington holds out his free arms, clawing at the canvas and making small movements towards the ropes.

Fury: Dick doesn't think he's gonna make it.

Williams: He's going to have to tap soon! He can't last much longer..

The ref is down and facing Farthington, looking him in the eyes and repeatedly asking him the question. Farthington makes it a hands-length away from the ropes but his arm seems to be losing power.

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Fury: He's gonna TAP!

Suddenly, Mike Best reaches into the ring and grabs Farthington's arm, pulling his hand onto the bottom rope and yelling at the ref who didn't see it.

Williams: OH COME...ON!

The ref notices his hand and tells Kendrix to release the hold, beginning to count him out. Kendrix almost instantly lets go, having seen what Mike did and letting him know that he's not pleased with what he saw.

Fury: Don't lose your cool now, Kendrix..

Cecilworth has pulled himself up in the corner, holding onto his neck and looking to be in a fair amount of discomfort. Kendrix grits his teeth at the referee and shakes his head, before turning his attention back to his opponent.

He approaches and throws a wild forearm towards Farthington, but Farthington swoops out of the way and executes a standing dropkick, planting Kendrix sternum first into the corner turnbuckle. Kendrix bounces out, holding his mid-section as the wind gets knocked out of him, and Farthington acting quickly rolls him up into a school oy.

Williams: Roll up from FARTHINGTON!

ONE

TWO

THREE

Fury: MAN!! That was close..

Some members of the crowd gasp in relief as he Kendrix kicks out just in time. Both men separate and

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Kendrix throws a fist, but Farthington ducks it and side steps behind, locking in a tight sleeper hold.

Kendrix struggles to breath as Cecil squeezes his trachea like an anaconda, doing everything he can to make his opponent blackout.

Williams: Farthington wearing his opponent down now. Kendrix is already looking fatigued and now the oxygen to his brain is slowly being cut off...

Fury: Dick sometimes chokes himself when I'm..

Williams: KENDRIX FIGHTING OUT OF IT!

Kendrix begins to amp up, swinging his arm back rapidly and catching Farthington three times in the middle of his forehead. Looking dazed, the the self proclaimed 'Aristocrat' releases his grasp on Kendrix, allowing him to take a few deep breaths of air before taking the fight back to Farthington.

Williams: Kendrix looks like he's gotten a big ole shot of adrenaline as he comes firing back at Farthington...hitting him with a hard and accurate lefts and rights..

Farthington's head snaps in five different directions as Kendrix unloads on him, throwing everything he has at him before galloping back to the ropes to gather momentum. He thunders back across the ring towards Farthington..

Williams: OHHH! Farthington catches him with a HUGE uppercut!

Fury: Damn! He might have loosened a few teeth with that one..

Kendrix stumbles around and Farthington shakes off the cobwebs, sprinting past him and coming back at him from behind with a huge wrist-clutch lariat to the back of his skull.

Fury: Man, Farthington really likes to deliver it from behind doesn't he?

Farthington pull Kendrix onto his knees by his hair, keeping hold of his head with one arm as he holds out his other wide from his body.

Williams: Oh we saw him use this move last week on Joshua Jones..

Fury: You mean, when he 'Butchered the Baker with a Candlestick Maker?'

Farthington: OFF WITH HIS HEAD!!

Most of the crowd boo's as he yells this and Farthington swings his forearm towards the side of Kendrix's head.

Victory: XXX

But Kendrix ducks and springs up to his feet, almost decapitating Farthington with a European uppercut of his own.

Williams: AGAIN Kendrix turns things around. What a fantastic back and forth match this is turning out to be.

Kendrix blasts Farthington with a few jabs before gripping hold of his wrist and whipping him to the ropes. He reaches out as he returns but catches nothing but fresh air as Farthington army rolls on the canvas and rolls him up into another schoolboy pin.

ONE

TWO

Farthington reaches out a free arm through the ropes and Mike pulls on it for leverage.

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!!!

The entire arena erupts into boo's as Farthington makes a hasty exit out of the ring, straight into the arms of his managers as he tosses his arms in the air for his VICTORY.

Williams: WHAT? Ref...

Fury: He didn't see it, Jen..

Victory: XXX

Announcer: Your winner of the match via pinfall...THE ICON...CECILWORTH...FARTHINGTON!!

Mike raises Farthington's arm in the air and Farthington holds up the Icon title with the other, practically giggling with joy as though he just pulled off a clean victory.

In the ring Kendrix is obviously looking annoyed by the methods Farthington used, but manages to give the two men a bemused smile and sarcastic round of applause.

Williams: Well, the victory may have been cheap, but it doesn't take away from a great match and awesome way to kick off tonight's show.

Fury: First victory of the night for the Machine. Can that Beckman chick with the hot abs follow suit in a little while?

Williams: She certainly looks like a force and Mike Best has assembled what looks to be a well oiled MACHINE.

Mike and Cecilworth gloat to the fans, looking completely proud of themselves as they back their way up the ramp.

[HAPPY LATE MOTHER'S DAY BECHDEL](#)

HAPPY LATE MOTHER'S DAY BECHDEL

The big screen flickers to life and as it does, the UTA world champion and Vanessa are standing in front of a UTA banner in the backstage area. Sean is wearing an expensive Armani suit while his Vietnamese valet is wearing a skin tight white dress that stops halfway between her hips and knees. She is bladed to one side, her curves showing up nicely.

With the UTA world championship draped over his shoulder, Sean wastes little time in getting started.

Jackson: Zhalia Fears...

His voice is regular, but a look of disappointment is on his face.

Victory: XXX

Jackson: It must be nice, to be so healthy that you can prepare for our match in Detroit.

A smirk begins to form.

Jackson: Even though your so called best friend Kush has a broken neck....

Boos begin to fill the Wrestlezone.

Jackson: And couldn't even celebrate Mother's Day the way she wanted.

His free hand is raised, the index finger and thumb stroking his chin.

Jackson: I bet it was quite the scene in the Kush household. Momma Kush, trying to console little Bechdel. Trying to convince her that everything was going to be okay...

Sean drops his hand ever so slightly, the index finger now pointing towards the camera.

Jackson: Did you even bother to visit Bechdel yesterday?

After waiting a moment, as if a response would come to his rhetorical question, Sean shrugs and continues.

Jackson: My guess is that you didn't, but what else is new? You probably had no problem visiting 2C's mom, latching on to her in the same manner that you have 2C, and had no time for a crippled nobody such as Bechdel Kush...

tsk, tsk

The smirk has evolved into a full grown smile.

Jackson: You see Bechdel, Zhalia was never a friend of yours. She stood right there and watched as Second Coming purposely dropped you on your head, fracturing vertebrae in your neck...

He points towards his own neck.

Jackson: ending your career. But what gets me....

He stretches his arms outward, a confused look replaces the smile. Sort of.

Jackson: Is that despite it all, you've never taken the opportunity to call out Zhalia for abandoning you in the most selfish way possible?

Sean stares into the camera, his eyes cold, without any feeling.

Victory: XXX

Jackson: After Second Coming did what she had to do, showing her allegiance to La Flama Blanca and Dynasty. Zhalia fell right in line, completely forgetting all about you because she felt that you had nothing left.

Sean turns to face Vanessa, who has remained stoic, no facial expressions or body language to speak of.

Jackson: Even Vanessa noticed it Bechdel. Isn't that right?

Vanessa nods. Still showing no facial expressions. Sean turns his attention back to the camera.

Jackson: But not to worry Bechdel, I will take care of the problem for you. Tonight I will expose Zhalia for the liar she's always been. She can give front row tickets to strangers, she can help little girls against the torment of their older brothers...

He pauses for only a moment, letting his words sink in to everyone listening.

Jackson: But for some reason, can't bring herself to finally admit the truth to you. Just like a woman with no class....

He stops as his cell phone rings. Reaching into his pocket, Sean takes it out and immediately checks the number. He gets a surprised look on his face and quickly answers it.

Jackson: Why hello, to what pleasure do I owe this call?

As he listens intently, his eyes widen.

Jackson: Why yes, I can do that for you....

He turns to face the camera.

Jackson: I'll be happy to end Zhalia's career for you.

Sean and Vanessa walk away from the camera, the big screen staying on just long enough for the fans to hear something inaudible and the screen fades to black.

[AN UNEXPECTED WELCOMING](#)

AN UNEXPECTED WELCOMING

Victory: XXX

The cameras cut backstage once more. The uncomfortable face of one of the crew members is visible in front of the large framed hoodie wearing Canadian, Claude Baptiste Ranier. CBR is clearly questioning the man and presses a finger into his shoulder forcible pushing him back.

??: Hey there.

CBR swivels his head to the left to get an eye full of the cheery form of Zhalia Fears clad in a slip-over 'Yo! Noid' hoodie, before he turns back and continues his discussion. She of course was less interested in the discussion and steps up within arms length of the two, leaning over to him and taps his shoulder.

Fears: Hey

Claude looks Fears up and down with an upturned lip and look of confusion on his face.

CBR: And you are? Autographs are after the show, Marshall Owens takes orders.

She laughs and taps him on the shoulder again.

CBR: Fine. What? I'm busy here - oh right, it's you...

Fears: Yeah I see that Claude, but still-

Zhalia pauses and waits for him to turn around.

Fears: I really just wanted to welcome you back to the UTA. I know I said it on Social Media, but seriously hun, welcome back.

CBR chuckles and waves the worker off for the time being.

CBR: Yeah, thanks Ungrateful. The UTA just got a bit brighter again thanks to The Canadian Star.

Fears: Uh, yeah sure.

She smiles and shrugs at being called an ungrateful.

Fears: Longest reigning Internet Champion. Hard to deny that impact. Your Dynasty buddy La Flama Blanca has that championship now. Well the Legacy title anyhow.

CBR folds his arms and smirks.

CBR: Of course he does. No one else on this pathetic roster would be good enough to hold that belt.

Victory: XXX

Fears: Plan to go back after it? I mean you could be the UTA World Champion, but Sean Jackson has that. And with Perfection back as well, no doubt even with being handed a title, his eye is on that same prize too. But the Legacy title was built off of your success as the Internet Champion.

CBR looks at her trying to figure out what game she is playing. Her poker face, as it was, however gave way to nothing but innocence.

Fears: Look, they are not around here, Claude. Be honest with me.

CBR: Unfortunately Zhalia, that's not how Dynasty works. Sure, I'll get my shot at that belt again one day - but not whilst one of my own wears it. The only way *that* match would happen would be if James Wingate himself forced it to - spirit of good competition and all, kinda like you and Kush? Oh wait...

Fears: Good to hear. (she continues on ignoring her friends mention) Definitely a match I want to be front row for! Okay well then welcome back Claude.

She smiles once more and turns to take a step away before CBR calls out.

CBR: Wait.

Stopping her in her tracks. She turns back and crooks her head slightly to look back at him.

CBR: You do realize you're going up against Sean Jackson next week right?

He looks her up and down in mild disgust.

CBR: If I recall after Season's Beatings Perfection and I laid waste to your little group - you can't seriously expect anything different to happen when you go up against the World Champ...alone?

With a shrug she steps to the side and leans up against the wall next to him.

Fears: You never know unless you try, right? I mean sure. Sean Jackson. This guy survived and came back after a match that could have been ripped straight out of a fighting video game. Might as well call him the T1000, right?

CBR couldn't help but smirk at that.

Fears: Buuuuut, he is the ultimate test in UTA right now. For the championship or not. I plan to use this opportunity to its fullest extent.

CBR: I don't think you quite understand...

She pushes herself back off the wall and takes a few steps away. Her back to him she continues.

Victory: XXX

Fears: I know the odds are against me Claude. I know Dynasty will be right around that corner, including yourself. I know what I am getting myself into.

She turns slightly back and smiles while looking at him over her shoulder.

Fears: Still, what kind of fool turns away opportunities like this? Since when do I run away from a challenge or challenging situation? It is what it is.

CBR shakes his head while Zhalia smiles back at him.

CBR: Alright, that's enough. Shoo...

He steps threateningly towards her and waves his hand as if to emphasize his point. Zhalia turns and heads off, skipping her way down the hallway as the crew member returns to resume the details with CBR and the scene fades out.

[BROUGHT TO YOU BY](#)

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

[WE ARE WATCHING YOU](#)

WE ARE WATCHING YOU

Victory: XXX

We come back from commercial break to see the undefeated Alex Beckman and her manager, the HOW Hall of Famer Mike Best walking through the back towards the ring for her upcoming match. The fans inside the arena catch the feed as it comes up on the big screen.

They boo the HOW alums as they appear to be discussing the upcoming match. Cameras follow them with a pan and then the two stop. From the right side of the shot, La Flama Blanca and CBR step into frame. The fans in the arena cheer, not for Dynasty but for the UTA representing.

The only sounds you hear are from the crowd watching the big screen. La Flama Blanca walks slowly towards The Machine members, adjusting hit title while doing so. CBR follows his faction mate and takes powerful steps towards Beckman and Best.

Williams: This is getting interesting, Dick. Dynasty no doubt heard what The Machine spoke about earlier tonight. That they were going to "Destroy Dynasty"...

La Flama Blanca looks Mike Best up and down, as if he can't believe the two are in the same place at the same time. No one mutters a thing. You can feel the tension building and building.

Fury: Let's stay on this guys...

La Flama Blanca stands still and extends his hand out. Mike Best and Alex Beckman don't know what to think. The thought of not shaking La Flama Blanca's hand crosses Mike's mind.

Fury: What in the?

Blanca keeps his hand extended as the tension seems to intensify. Finally The Luchador is engaged by the HOW Hall of Famer. The two shake hands like gentlemen.

La Flama Blanca: I have a lot of respect for you...

Mike Best still seems to have reservations about all this. Alex Beckman has her game face on, ready for anything. CBR notices this and cracks a smile, waiting for her to make a move. Mike Best responds back to The Luchador with his classic charm.

Best: I'm glad to hear that.

Best smiles at LFB. Blanca's tone gets more serious, sending a clear message to Mike Best and the rest of The Machine.

LFB: With that said, you're not going to walk in here and call the shots. This is OUR home, WE run the UTA.

CBR nods his head as his eyes stay on Beckman. The Best and LFB release the hand shake. Before The Machine members can take a step, Blanca hits them with another one liner.

Victory: XXX

LFB: You're not going to destroy anything... but your legacy.

The Machine members look to take the comment with a grain of salt. They walk off leaving the Dynasty members staring at them go down the hall.

LFB: We are watching you... and I'm watching you, Mike.

CBR pats LFB on the back before the feed gets cut. Cameras cut back to Williams and Fury by their announce table.

Fury: Wow...

Williams: That was intense. These two groups are going to be seeing a lot of each other in the coming weeks.

Fury: Look at it like this, Jennifer... Dynasty is the UTA, they're not going to let The Machine come in here and try to run what is theirs.

Williams: James Wingate runs the UTA, Dick.

Fury: Sure, he does. Stay tuned, Alex Beckman is in one on one action next!

[PLAY WITH ME](#)

PLAY WITH ME

There is a knock on the door, causing LDO to look up from tying his laces. Already in his tights, with his mask adorned in a nice snug fit, LDO is finishing his routine, preparing for a match that is still quite a bit away. Before he can rise out of his chair to open the door, the door suddenly bursts open and in walks a smiling Bobby Dean, black box tucked away under his arm.

Ocho: Bobby?

Dean: LDO?

Victory: XXX

Ocho: What are you doing here?

Dean: What are you doing here?

Ocho: Are you just copying me?

Dean: Are you just copying me?

Ocho: I like salad.

Dean: I like.... Arg! That's not fair!

LDO smiles triumphantly as Bobby stamps his foot at the mere mention of the S word.

Ocho: What do you want Bobby?

Dean: As you know, you and I are facing each other tonight. You may also be aware of the fact that I'm not what some consider, proficient in the art of wrestling.

Ocho: Yeah, that's putting it lightly.

Bobby Dean laughs.

Dean: I suck, I know. So, I've come here to offer you an alternative.

Ocho: Alternative?

Dean: Are you copying me now?

Ocho: What do you have in mind?

Dean: Well, I figure instead of settling this out in the ring later, how about we settle things right here, right now?

LDO suddenly looks at Bobby with apprehension, could the big guy be here to attack like a sneak? Suddenly Bobby brings forth the black box from under his arm and holds it up high before an astonished LOD, who slowly begins to smile.

Ocho: Is that...

Dean: PONG!

LDO and Bobby team up, as the two of them work together to get the old Atari system hooked up to the

Victory: XXX

television monitor that just so happens to be conveniently nearby. After the system is hooked up and powered on, LDO and Bobby, controllers in hand, get settled in.

Dean: Ready!?

Ocho: Begin!

The ball begins to drift across the screen as the game gets underway.

ALEX BECKMAN VS. TO BE DETERMINED

The Only Way I Know by Jason Aldean feat. Luke Bryan and Eric Church began to blare out of the arenas Public Announce System speakers as the lights in the building dimmed to black. At the entrance, red and yellow strobe lights flashed back and forth in every direction. The fans in the arena cheered and clapped. Then, some one who looks like Kid Inertia II burst through the curtain full of energy.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Macon, Georgia... Standing five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... KID.... INNNEERTIIIAAA THREEEEEEE!!!!

Kid Inertia slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

Williams: Kid Inertia III reminding me very much of Kid Inertia II who only had a couple of matches in the UTA before disappearing into obscurity

Fury: Prison. That's what Dick heard. He heard Kid Inertia II purposely went to prison so he could find love.

Kid Inertia II gets ready for the match as his music ends. *Go To Sleep* by Eminem begins to play throughout the arena, inciting the crowd into a frenzy of boos as Alex Beckman makes her way out from behind the curtain, escorted by Mike Best.

Her fight robe covering her head at the top of the ramp, she hops in place and stares down toward the ring with very little fanfare. On her right side, Mike gestures toward her and tauntingly plays the crowd, smirking and berating them for not receiving her warmly.

Williams: Alex Beckman has been nothing but a dominate force since arriving in the UTA, looking to continue that dominance as we get closer to Ring King.

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Fury: Dick digs chicks like Alex Beckman.

As the tempo of her music kicks into second gear, Alex stops limbering up at the top of the stage and begins to descend down the ramp. She ignores the fans at ringside, walking slowly down to the ring. Michael Best goes on ahead of her, stopping the announcer before he can announce her arrival and instead taking the microphone for himself.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, do not adjust your television sets, what you are about to see is REAL. Hailing from Camp Kinser, Okinawa, Japan by way of Chicago, Illinois...

The booing only intensifies as Michael Best arrogantly heralds his client. She stops at the bottom of the ramp, resuming her hopping and stretching routine as she awaits the rest of her lavish introduction. Fans, mostly male, try to reach over the guard rail to harass and grope at her.

Best: ...she is a mind blowing physical specimen, standing at five foot seven inches and weighing in at lean, mean one hundred thirty five pounds...

Alex steps forward toward the apron, climbing up the steps and holding onto the turnbuckle as she leans on the ropes.

Best: ...she is the Thai-breaker, the BTKO Killer... she is the single most dominant woman in the history of women and domination... get on your knees and pay your respects to ALEX.... BECKKKKKKKKMANNNNNN!

At the announcement of her name, Alex spins on the apron to face the ramp, ripping the hood back off of her head. In one fluid motion, she ducks backward beneath the rope, as Michael Lee Best holds it open for her, and finally she steps inside of the ring.

Williams: Beckman taking on Kid Inertia III here tonight.

Fury: Anyone named Kid Inertia is stupid. It's almost as stupid of a name as Jordan.

Alex Beckman takes her corner, slowly removing her robe and handing it off to Michael Best. He in turn hands it off to the actual ring announcer, telling him to do something with it since he just had the last two minutes off.

As she stretches out on the ropes, *Go To Sleep* begins to fade from the PA system in the arena. She prepares for the beginning of the match, talking to Michael like he's her corner man as she impatiently awaits the opening bell.

Fury: Dick hopes this is as quick as her last match.

Kid Inertia II looks ready as the bell rings.

Victory: XXX

Williams: Her we go, inter-gender action on Victory.

Fury: Inter-gender? Dick thought it was a basic women's match.

Stepping forward, Alex Beckman offers to tap fists with Kid Inertia III who does.

Unfortunately for Kid Inertia III, she takes the opportunity to take him down.

Fury: What a Moron. Do you think Alex Beckman cares to show you respect?

A snap front kick collides with Inertia's jaw, knocking him back and onto his ass as the stunned crowd clearly didn't see that clearly didn't watch her do the same thing to Jackson Brown in her last match.. He tries to pull himself back up, but in a flash, Beckman runs up his chest and clamps on with a Shining Triangle hold, locking it on in the center of the ring!

Williams: There it is! The BTKO! Alex Beckman refusing to waist time in her matches, locking it on out of the gate.

Fury: Yep. Dick saw this coming. Kid Inertia III going to do what Kid Inertia II never would when being man handled... tap out.

Unable to make it to the ropes, Inertia can feel himself starting to fade, and after a few seconds in the hold he slams his hand against the canvas, tapping out in the opening seconds of this match. The bell rings, and this one is all over.

Williams: Another one bites the dust as Alex Beckman adds to her growing list of people in the UTA who have fallen victim to the BTKO.

Beckman climbs up from the hold, allowing the referee to raise her arm in the middle of the ring. She doesn't even smile, just nodding her head and looking as angry and intense as she did when she got into the ring.

Announcer: Here is your winner by submission, in 0:13.... ALEX.... BECKMAAAAAAANNNN!

Suddenly, Beckman tears her arm away from the referee as she looks back down at Kid Inertia III, out cold on the canvas. Mike Best smiles and claps as he enters the ring. Beckman just stands, arms crossed and a look of hate across her face as we get a replay of the BTKO.

[BROUGHT TO YOU BY](#)

Victory: XXX

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

[THREE STRIKES](#)

THREE STRIKES

We cut to the backstage, where Kate Kincaid is standing in front of a UTA banner, microphone in hand.

Kate **Kincaid:** I'm fortunate enough to be standing here with one half of the current UTA World Tag Team Champions, the Second Coming.

At the announcement, the Second Coming steps into frame, sans hoodie but with the tag team championship belt over her shoulder.

Kincaid: Thanks for taking the time out with me today. If I may ask, you and your partner, the current reigning UTA Legacy Champion La Flama Blanca are defending those World Tag Team Championship belts in one week, against three tough teams. There's Spawn - Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic, there's Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes, representing the WTFc, and there's Team Danger, who managed to defeat you and Zhalia Fears a few weeks ago in tag team action. Do you think Team Danger has any sort of advantage they could press? Beyond that, how do you see this match unfolding?

The Second Coming stops and looks at her for a second before answering.

Victory: XXX

Coming: Do I see... What kinda question is that? Blanca and I are the best team in this company, and the title belts aren't goin' anywhere. Tag Team of the Damned wins. Period, stop.

Kate looks around, evidently unprepared for the abrupt finish.

Kincaid: Your opponents would surely disagree with that statement.

They lock eyes.

Coming: I'm sure they would. But who are they? Hashtag Dubya Tee Eff? Will Haynes calls in every bit of luck and karma he can to come in second at All or Nothing, claims to have been robbed of the UTA World Title... then proceeds to get his nuts kicked in at every opportunity until La Flama Blanca puts to rest the #1 Contender debate and liberates him of the Legacy Title. Mikey Unlikely? Jesus f(tape delay!)king christ, how many more times is this company going to give him a shot at a title belt, only for him to come up short? It's to the point where the UTA is like a battered spouse, suffering from Stockholm syndrome over how many times Wingate is convinced that 'it'll be different this time.'

She looks straight into the camera.

Coming: No it won't.

Beat.

Coming: Spawn? Foundations of the UTA? Weren't they supposed to come here and show us kids how it's done? If I remember what Jerry said back at Black Horizon, they were coming in to take on Dynasty.

She adjusts the World Tag Team Championship belt over her shoulder.

Coming: Number of Dynasty members 'handled' by Spawn? Zero. Number of championships won by Spawn? Counting their former member Ron Hall? One. Number of current or former Champions on Dynasty's roster? All. Who handled whom, gentlemen? And why would next week be any different?

Kincaid: At the risk of playing Devil's Advocate, it was Spawn - Crimson Lord and Mr. Fantastic - who defeated Team Danger, the team that defeated you and Zhalia Fears not too long ago.

The Second Coming exhales.

Coming: Zhalia's great. I love her to death but she doesn't belong in the wrestling business. She's far too nice of a person - far too innocent a soul - to do what we do and do what we have to do. Yes, Team Danger got the win over Zhalia and myself, but like I said then -

She holds the title belt up.

Victory: XXX

Coming: Zhalia and I are not the World Tag Team Champions. La Flama Blanca and I are the best tag team in the world, so says these title belts. As far as I'm concerned. Team Danger has no advantage here.

Kincaid: Strong words, for sure. Any final thoughts on next week's big Main Event?

The Second Coming stares down the camera.

Coming: Those of you who don't already have Championship belts... are going to be very, very disappointed.

She leaves the area, and we move elsewhere.

[VIDEO PACKAGE](#)

VIDEO PACKAGE

The UTAttron flickers to life, your tv screen overtaken by a UTA promotional video. The WrestleUTA logo flashes up then fades, the black screen moving to one of hills, a lake in the background and a bagpiper in full Scottish regalia starting the tune of Scotland The Brave.

Bold letters appear across the screen in chrome colouring, fading away each time.

A destiny born of a promise

The screen changes to images of Lamond Alexander Robertson training before his UTA debut presumably.

Fortitude forged in courage

Visions of LAR bringing down Jay Valliant on Proving Grounds with a victory. This is followed by him in the ring the week before on the turnbuckle enthusiastically shouting to the crowd.

The challenge of an icon

Images of Ron Hall standing face to face with Perfection then of the Hall of Famer lifting the Prodigy Title after beating Kush.

Victory: XXX

A war to become a prodigy

Images flick between LAR spearing multiple superstars to Ron Hall's Country Chin Music on well recognised names.

Live with Everything

LAR roaring from the top of a turnbuckle after a victory on Victory

Love with Everything

Ron Hall on Wrestleshow lifting his Prodigy belt and images of him with Spawn Members with and against them.

Fight with Everything

An image of Hall and LAR standing face to face last week backstage.

Lamond Alexander Robertson vs Ron Hall

An image of the Prodigy Title appears and grows larger in the screen as we zoom slowly in until it fills the whole picture.

Two men...One Prodigy...One Champion

The music and the picture fade slowly back to the crowd who errupt in cheers or anticipation for the night ahead.

The UTatron flickers to life, your tv screen overtaken by a UTA promotional video. The WrestleUTA logo flashes up then fades, the black screen moving to one or hills, a lake in the background and a bagpiper in full Scottish regalia starting the tune of Scotland The Brave.

[PLAY WITH ME II](#)

PLAY WITH ME II

Victory: XXX

DING

DING

DING

DING

BONG!

Bobby Dean: NO! Come on!

LDO: Don't take it so bad, buddy. I've been playing Pong since I was like 4 years old!

Bobby Dean: Yeah, well, this isn't over! Best 3 out of 4! Come on!

LDO: Okay...

DING

DING

[LEW SMITH VS. APOLLO CAIN](#)

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of *If You Want Peace, Prepare for War* by Children 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!

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!

Victory: XXX

The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the center 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 the ring.

Williams: Here comes a man on a mission, looking to continue the a most impressive 2015.

Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

Williams: Lew Smith has all the right tools for what it takes to succeed in this business. All he needs is the opportunity to show it.

Fury: Dick remembers. Dick had his fair share of battles with the Pompous Angel.

What ya Life Like by Beanie Sigel begins to play. The eerie sounds of a prison door closing welcomes the sinister horns as Apollo Cain bursts through the curtain.

Williams: Apollo Cain coming off a loss to Bobby Dean, looking to get back on track here tonight.

Fury: The Black Hulk is no easy opponent. Lew Smith has his hands full tonight.

Apollo waits out the horns and when the bass drops pyros stream up from both sides of the entrance. Sparks rain down on Apollo as he raises his closed fist to the sky. Nodding his head, focused on the ground.

Announcer: Hailing from Norfolk, Virginia...

Apollo stalks slowly to the ring, sneering at the fans. He stops at ringside and lunges toward a UTA fan making him fall back in fear. Cain just chuckles and steps directly onto the apron, pulling himself up by the ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 8 inches tall and weighing in at 285 pounds

Apollo rolls his shoulders and cracks his neck. Sweat drips from his body and his stare is intense.

Announcer: APOOOOOLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOO CAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIN

Apollo rushes to the turnbuckle and leaps to the second rope. He pounds his heart with his right hand three times before letting out a viscous roar to the crowd and stretching his arms wide to a chorus of boos!

Fury: These two are about to bring it with a passion.

The bell rings and immediately Lew Smith tries to tie up with Cain, but Cain is ready for it and kicks Lew Smith in the midsection.

Victory: XXX

Williams: Several kicks to the midsection here courtesy of Cain. You were right Dick, these two just shot right out of the gates!

Fury: Let the pain begin!

Lew Smith bends over and Cain hits him over the head once, twice, one more time, and Lew Smith drops to his knees. Cain then pulls Lew Smith to his feet by his knot and gets him in a standing headlock in the center of the ring.

Williams: Cain testing Lew Smith here.

The referee checks in on Lew Smith, but Lew Smith shakes his head. Lew Smith punches Cain in the stomach, then again, then once more. He pushes Cain into the ropes and as he returns Cain runs straight into Lew Smith, knocking him over with a shoulder block.

Williams: Cain with the impressive shoulder block here. If Lew Smith wants to survive he's going to have to use those deadly kicks of his.

Fury: Yeah, hey, Lew Smith should be coming out to that song from Karate Kid, not Bobby Dean!

Cain quickly runs off the ropes for momentum and goes for the elbow drop, but hits nothing but matt as Lew Smith rolls out of the way. Cain rises and Lew Smith kicks him in the back of the right leg, Cain staggers. Lew Smith then kicks Cain in the back of his right leg.

Fury: Has Lew Smith got an earpiece in? He's taking your advice perfectly.

Lew Smith flips Cain over and kicks him once stiff in the spine. Cain grimaces only to get a dropkick to the back of the head courtesy of Lew Smith. Lew Smith then scrambles to the canvas and covers Cain.

Williams: We've got a pin, One... two. . . No! Cain is too close to the ropes!

Fury: What a rookie-like mistake there by Lew Smith, you've got to know where you are in the ring at all times, Jennifer.

Lew Smith lifts Cain to his feet, gives him a swift elbow to the back of the head, but Cain is unfazed and responds with a left haymaker. Lew Smith staggers and to finish him off Cain raises his boot and connects with Lew Smith's face. Lew Smith hits the canvas grabbing his face.

Williams: Apollo Cain controlling the match.

Cain saunters over to Lew Smith, bringing him slowly to his feet by the knot at the back of his head. Cain hits Lew Smith with a left haymaker, the force of the blow bringing Lew Smith to the mat. Cain stomps Lew Smith in the back and then picks him up, wringing his right arm.

Victory: XXX

Williams: Submission here by Cain.

Lew Smith reverses the hold, in doing so wringing Cain arm. Lew Smith then bends Cain at the waist and places his leg over Cain' right shoulder. With his other leg he spins and kicks Cain straight in the face. Cain falls and hits the mat.

Fury: That's a high impact offensive, Jennifer. Dick would hate to get a Lew Smith kick to the face.

Lew Smith goes for the cover.

Williams: Lew Smith going for another pin here! Get on it ref! He's counting... No! Kick out at two! Cain kicks out!

Both men get up, Cain taking refuge in the corner. Not wasting anytime, Lew Smith ascends upon him and promptly elbows Cain in the face.

Fury: Look out its raining elbows Jennifer!

Williams: Cain in trouble in the corner, taking every shot!

Lew Smith elbows Cain again, and again, three or four times before stepping back and drop kicking Cain right in the chest.

Williams: What's this, what's Lew Smith doing?

Lew Smith runs to the opposite corner, and then charges Cain, building up speed. With his momentum he runs and uses Cain' own knee to jump up and kick him in the face.

Williams: Shinning Wizard! Shinning Wizard by Lew Smith!

Cain stumbles out of the corner as the crowd pops to the massive blow, and falls comically flat on his face. Lew Smith then covers Cain.

Williams: Yet another pin attempt by Lew Smith! The referee counts... one... two.. No, another kickout!

Cain starts to get to his feet, but Lew Smith applies a side headlock. Cain progress however is not stopped, and Cain reaches his feet, with Lew Smith still clinging to his head.

Williams: Cain pushes Lew Smith, Lew Smith is up against the ropes. Lew Smith returns, Cain with the big boot--no, Lew Smith ducks!

Lew Smith stops dead in his tracks. Cain turns around and charges, and Lew Smith catches him, flipping him over with a Japanese arm drag.

Victory: XXX

Williams: Arm drag by Lew Smith! But Lew Smith keeps his hold on Cain! He's wrenching his arm on the canvas!

Fury: Lew Smith with some ground game.

Cain quickly gets out of it and lands a stiff right to Lew Smith's face.

Fury: Never mind.

Cain then grabs Lew Smith by the left arm and pulls him toward himself. He goes for the clothesline but Lew Smith ducks, and Cain turns around just in time to get a kick to the side of the head from Lew Smith.

Williams: Massive kick from Lew Smith! Look at those educated feet Dick!

Fury: That's Lew Smith's problem, his feet are smarter than his head.

Cain staggers backwards, inching closer to the ropes. Lew Smith charges Cain, drop kicking him into, and over the top rope out of the ring.

Williams: Cain goes flying out of the ring now.

Cain sprawls around on the floor trying to regain his feet as Lew Smith amps himself up for a dive outside of the ring. The fans come alive with anticipation.

Fury: High risk time. This kid don't know when to quit!

Williams: I sure love it though, don't you Dick?

Cain starts to get to his feet as Lew Smith turns in the opposite direction, runs and bounces off the ropes for extra momentum and upon returning dives right through the ropes with a suicide dive.

Williams: My God the suicide dive!

The momentum of the dive carries them into the empty secondary announcers table nearby.

Fury: Well there's a reason they call it a suicide dive. Lew Smith just hurt himself more than he hurt Apollo!

Lew Smith gets to his feet, selling the injury, picking up Cain before taking him over and rolling him into the ring. He then climbs to the apron and heads to the turnbuckle.

Williams: Lew Smith going up top...

He leaps with a cross body.

Victory: XXX

Williams: We've got yet another pin after that cross body! One... two.... ANOTHER KICK OUT BY APOLLO CAIN!

Cain gets to his feet, as Lew Smith does as well. Lew Smith goes for a kick to the kidneys but Cain blocks it and in desperation tosses Lew Smith out of the ring with one easy throw over the top rope.

Williams: Cain doesn't know Lew Smith didn't fall out of the ring! He doesn't see him standing on the apron Dick!

Fury: Well, Apollo is screwed.

Cain turns around to rest, not knowing that Lew Smith held onto the rope and is now standing on the apron. Cain turns around, just as Lew Smith jumps on the top rope and dives at Cain. But Cain reacts fast enough and puts his foot up and Lew Smith gets a face full of boot.

Fury: Or not. . .

Cain picks out Lew Smith and slams him to the mat with a fall away slam. Quickly Cain covers him.

Williams: We've got a pin by Cain! Lew Smith kicks out!

Cain sits on his knees, his face red, his chest heaving as he gulps in large quantities of air. He pounds the mat in frustration as Lew Smith continues to writhe on the canvas.

Fury: Apollo Cain is getting frustrated! Last time he got this mad was when the family shop ran out of Brisket for Passover!

Cain picks up Lew Smith, hooks his arm over his head, slamming him to the mat with a suplex. He goes for the pin.

Williams: Lew Smith kicks out at two. How can these two men keep kicking out?!

Fury: The fight in both these competitors is impressive Jennifer.

Lew Smith crawls to the corner but Cain already on his feet reaches him first and pulls him to his feet. Grabbing Lew Smith's arm he wrenches it backward, stretching out his shoulder and chest muscles. Cain wrenches the hold violently, pulling back with the remainder of his strength, causing Lew Smith to wince in pain.

Williams: The strength Dick, the strength! Cain looking like he's trying to rip Lew Smith's shoulder right out of its socket!

Fury: Do it Apollo! Do it!

Victory: XXX

The ref checks on Lew Smith, saying something inaudible to him. Lew Smith can be seen emphatically shaking his head. In frustration Cain slams Lew Smith to the canvas turning the hold into a pin.

Williams: Yet one more kick out by Lew Smith. Have they got anything left ladies and gentlemen?

Quickly Cain picks up Lew Smith and clotheslines him to the mat. He then bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow right onto the heart of Lew Smith. Lew Smith sells the elbow and Cain goes for the quick pin.

Williams: Another pin by Cain! Frustration setting in! No! Only a two count there.

Fury: Now way, this match is over. That was three ref! Three!

Lew Smith gets to the seated position, but his further progress toward standing is impeded by a stiff forearm to Lew Smith's back. Lew Smith quickly fights back, punching Cain in the abdomen, then once more. Cain doubles over by quickly throws a right to Lew Smith that rocks him back.

Williams: Stiff haymaker from Lew Smith, that one caught him by surprise!

Seizing the opportunity Cain picks up Lew Smith, stretching him on his back in a torture rack.

Williams: The dreaded Torture Rack!

Fury: That's pretty old school Jennifer.

Cain wrenches Lew Smith on his back. Lew begins to kick.

Williams: Lew Smith trying to get free.

Finally, he does something no one saw coming as Lew kicks his feet up and over Apollo's head, swinging around and coming down.

Williams: I HAVE NO IDEA HOW HE DID IT, BUT LEW SMITH JUST TURNED THE TORTURE RACK INTO A MASSIVE DDT!

Fury: Dick's never seen anything like that before!

Williams: Lew Smith going for yet another pin. Was that enough to put away Apollo Cain?!

The referee slides into position and begins the count. His hand hits the canvas for a third and final time, as the bell begins to sound.

Williams: Lew Smith does it! HUGE win over Apollo Cain here tonight on Victory!

Victory: XXX

Fury: Smith is on fire, simple as that.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... LEW... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!!

Lew celebrates in the ring as Apollo lays on the canvas, holding his head.

LADY SPAWN & THE REBEL

LADY SPAWN & THE REBEL

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, the UTA Prodigy Champion. Ron Hall! (Fans cheer as Ron walks into the interview set, wearing a blue singlet and sporting the UTA Prodigy Championship on his left shoulder). So Ron tonight you will face LAR, Lamond Alexander Robertson in a much anticipated match for...

???: Double..double, toil and trouble.....

Ron and Jamie look off camera. In steps Lady Gaze with black boots with a green rose on the side of the boots. Ripped black jeans, and a green v-neck shirt, covered by her Spawn leather jacket. Her hair slicked back, behind her head and ears. She has tan glasses on with green lipstick over her lips.

Sawyers: Wh.. (Based on last week, as Sawyers realizes who it is, he's about to wet himself)

Gaze steps into view and stares at Ron. She moves Harley in front of her and leans on the handle. She slowly looks toward Jamie with a devilishly smile.

Gaze: So Ronnie..

She slowly looks away from Jamie who looks very uncomfortable to be around her. Lady Gaze looks up toward Ron to talk to him.

Gaze: Has it sunk in yet?

Gaze waits for a response from Ron.

Ron: (a little frustrated) Gaze, can we please talk about this later?

Victory: XXX

Gaze slowly looks down and shakes her head for a moment. Gaze then slowly looks up at him with her eyes.

Gaze: What is it going to take, for you to realize this company does not care about you? He (pointing at Sawyers with Harley) can't even address you properly. Your "name" is The Southern Rebel! (Her voice rising to a scream) You are a former UTA World Champion and along with that joke TS Woods, were part of the first ever UTA Hall of Fame class in 2003!!!

Gaze: (returns to normal) Have they thought about that? Do they mention that at one point (points at him with Harley) YOU spared the UTA from Woods as Champion or talk about the greatest rivalry in UTA history, without which there is NO UTA today?! HELL NO THEY DON'T!! They don't care if you walk to the ring on fire or where to get hit by a car! Instead all they care about is Dynasty, and now their new flavor of the month this.....

Gaze slowly looks toward Jamie in a very skulduggery way. She starts towards Jamie only for Ron to get between them and raise his hand in a "stop" manner. It seems her respect for him is the only thing that is keeping her from trying to flatten Sawyers again.

Gaze: What do you call them Jamie?

Jamie staggers with his words...

Sawyers: Th...the....Mach...Machine?

Gaze stares at Jamie disgusted with all the ballyhoo that now this new faction are receiving. She slowly looks toward Ron again.

Gaze: Do you see Ron, everyone is out to make that statement, trying to become relevant in this business. In the UTA, the place WE built! Once again, we the builders of this great company are being brushed under the rug like dirt!

Ron: (Looking at Sawyers with a look that says "don't talk" in one eye and looking at Gaze knowing what she's capable of with Harley in another) Gaze, it's.. (Choking on his words, trying to be some what diplomatic) it's ok. ... (Like he doesn't even believe himself, his words sounding empty, a little hollow)

Gaze: You see it I know you do. Think about it with Robertson, he doesn't even think you have it anymore. He can hide behind all those empty words he has used over the past week, deep down though he does not respect you. No one in the UTA does! He will never openly say it, but we have been in this business long enough to figure out who a phony really is!

Gaze stands straight up and puts Harley over her left shoulder.

Ron: (struggles for a moment with her words, tries to move things along) Gaze... I have an interview to do and a match with Robinson tonight. Can we...

Victory: XXX

Gaze: (interrupts but realizes it's time to walk away) Just think about it Ronnie.....that is all I ask.

Stares at Ron for a moment and then whistles while she walks past the two of them.

Sawyers: (Trying to go on like nothing happened or that anything's wrong) Now Ron, tonight you will face LAR in a highly anticipated match for the Prodigy championship. Many people feel he's a star on the rise, how do you feel about facing this incredible new comer?

Ron stands there for a moment, his mind still preoccupied with Gaze's comments. He doesn't say anything. His face slowly revealing some kind of frustration. His left hand slowly going through his hair, almost as if she struck a cord, or nerve.

Sawyers: Ron? Ron? Are you... (Ron takes the mic and in an uncharacteristically cool, almost cold tone)

Ron: Excuse me (walks off with the Prodigy championship, leaving Sawyers a little dumbstruck as to what's going on)

[I'M BACK](#)

I'M BACK

The UTAttron flickers to static before opening backstage, or perhaps offsite. The scene opens to an office, a thick mahogany desk with a Turkish rug underneath, bookcase littered with works of fiction, fitness magazines and wrestling autobiographies and technique books. The other side a small wooden table with a decanter of whisky and set of crystal glasses, beside which a telephone and a set of chairs were neatly positioned.

On the table at center screen, a pair of Asic trainers, black and luminous yellow are crossed over one another, beneath a pair of jeans that lead up to a black hoodie framing the relaxed figure of one Claude Baptiste Ranier, arms behind his head as he leans back in the black leather chair. Flagrant disregard for whoever's office this might be, he looks at the camera, the pearly whites shining into the screen and syndical smile crossing the fresh Canadian face.

CBR: Hello UTA...you miss me?

Victory: XXX

The grin widens as Ranier stretches in his seat, arching his back a little.

CBR: Aaahh feels good to be back! And hell, what a re-entrance huh?

He winks at the camera and retrieves a toothpick from his hoodie pocket, using it to withdraw some remnants of dinner and flick it onto the carpet just below a UTA Black

Horizon poster.

CBR: You know, three months ago when I left, the business was in a good shape. Perfection was the UTA Champ, Kush was on fire, Spawn were coming together, Madman Szalinski was gone and I left my belt in the hands of a man the fans hand picked.

Ranier shakes his head, a patronising smile leaving his lips.

CBR: Of course I should have known better. I left to have a break, despite whatever rumours you all might be propagating on the internet about a certain press conference - what conference? - and thought the business was in its most healthy state ever...then the fans got a hold of the product and we all know what happened, hey?

He reaches across to the edge of the table, taking a bottle of water and taking a long swig.

CBR: You all got inside James Wintate's head.

Claude raps his temple with his knuckles as if to accentuate the word.

CBR: It was *your* fault he put the Legacy Title on Will Haynes; *your* fault that one my best friends had to tag with that arrogant BLEEEP Second Coming; *your* fault that Perfection got suspended the night after the biggest pay per view of the year to date and *your* fault that Kush, Gentleman Jack and all your other heroes left.

Ranier pulls his feet off the table, letting them fall to the floor. He leans forward, planting his elbows on the wooden surface and leaning to the camera.

CBR: And hell it was even your fault that a selection of cretins left a burning pit of ash and dust to bring their second tier product here wasn't it? But we don't talk about that...it's been swept under the carpet.

He smiles again, the foods in his hoodie sleeves creasing up towards his elbow as he slides his forearms forwards.

CBR: And you wanna know a secret? We knew it would happen...

A scoff follows Ranier sitting back in the leather chair, back straight, eyes fixed on the lens.

Victory: XXX

CBR: You see, you can't function without order; this *business* can't *survive* without it. Dynasty is that order and whilst I was gone and Perfection was enjoying a few cocktails in isolation, Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca showed that. The belts we left behind they took up - because afterall, in this roster of pretenders, wash-outs and jokes who else could have but the only men who were our equals?

The grin returns, as Ranier folds his arms.

CBR: And I'm sure I heard a few of you assholes cheer when I jumped over the barricade and clocked Chris Hopper in the face with eighteen inches of steel? I'm sure those of you who boo'd out of brainwashed servitude really wanted to cheer? Because Dynasty is your guilty pleasure isn't it? A selection of the world's greatest who you can look up to and aspire to be like whilst we piss all over the icons you're encouraged to love.

Claude lifts his arms into the air, a surprised expression on his face.

CBR: No? Oh well! The point is - I'm back. And with Dynasty at full strength once again, there's nothing anyone in the back can do about it. Hopper? Give me a break - go find an old tape of Season's Beatings to see how that story ends. Madman? The guy can hardly walk - he'll be gone by Ring King, with our without a little push (and not the good kind).

Ranier once again leans forward.

CBR: The truth is there's no one here who can stop us from keeping the belts, winning the tournaments and monopolising your main event.

He whispers, as if criminally quiet into the camera.

CBR: So Hopper? You want another shot at greatness? You know where to find me. Haynes? You think I've forgotten what transpired when I beat you last year, and your recent verbal diarrhoea on Twitter? Think again. Madman, you think you can weasel your way to another title shot you claim you don't want? Nope...

Ranier sits back in his leather seat, feet once more rising onto the mahogany table.

CBR: This is the UTA kids...this ain't no place...for no heroes...

[PLAY WITH ME III](#)

Victory: XXX

PLAY WITH ME III

Bobby Dean: Okay, okay, how about best 36 out of 37?

LDO: Come on Bobby, just admit defeat!

Bobby Dean: Never!

LDO looks at Bobby with a smug smile as Bobby pleads for another shot.

LDO: Fine, but it's best 36 out of 71, not 37.

Bobby looks at LDO with a new respect.

Bobby Dean: What are you, the smartest man in UTA? No, really, are you the smartest?

DING

DING

Suddenly the door swings open and a stagehand walks in huffing and puffing. He looks at Bobby and LDO with a look of exasperation on his face.

Stagehand: There you two are! We've been looking everywhere for you! You guys are up! NOW!

Bobby and LDO look at each other, then towards the ongoing game, then back to each other. The two men jump to their feet at the same time and head towards the door, blowing past the stagehand. The two men arrive at the door at the same time and bump into each other as they both try to go through first. LDO steps back and non to gently shoves Bobby through before following in his wake. Both men run down the hall, LDO slowing his stride to keep in line with an already tiring Bobby Dean.

Bobby Dean: Draw...

LDO: What?

Bobby Dean: It... Was... A... Draw...

LDO: No way! I beat you 35 times Bobby!

Bobby Dean: Doesn't... Count...

Victory: XXX

LDO: And why not?

Bobby Dean: Last.. Game... Was... For... All the... Marbles! Draw.

LDO: You're unbelievable, you know that!?

Bobby Dean: Thank... You...

[BROUGHT TO YOU BY](#)

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

[MORE THAN JUST PAYBACK](#)

MORE THAN JUST PAYBACK

The shot opens outside the arena, by a dumpster, with Pin Smith smoking a cigarette with a guard and nurse stood on each side. He takes a drag, noticing the nurse roll her eyes, and shakes his head before glancing at the both of them.

Williams: That's Pin Smith, ladies and gentlemen, and he seems to have recovered from that brutal attack

Victory: XXX

from Hightower earlier tonight.

Pin looks at the camera.

King: Look gang, I'm fine. Got a little roughed up... I'll be alright. I don't need two babysitters to watch me have a smoke.

He winces a bit as the words roll out almost smooth enough to convince his entourage he's telling the truth. As he exhales a plume of smoke into the air, he jerks upright as pain shoots down his back. The guard disagrees and folds his arms over his broad chest.

Guard: Orders of Mr. Wingate. He doesn't want any more surprises like what happened earlier.

King: Gotta protect his investments, right? Well when I get to that ring tonight, I'm-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Williams: It's Hightower! It's Hightower!

Pin bounces off the dumpster much the same way he did the wall earlier in the night.

Fury: So much for that plan!

Hightower turns toward the guard as the nurse heads for the hills. The guard tries to restrain the larger Hightower, only to catch a stern headbutt in the face. Hightower stomps at Pin twice as the guard gets to his feet and clobbers him with a clothesline.

Williams: David Hightower has absolutely lost it tonight, Dick.

Fury: If you don't use it, you definitely lose it.

Hightower stands over Pin, a smile stretching from ear to ear born out of violence, and jerks him off the ground by his shirt. He performs an Irish Whip into the dumpster before catching him from behind and slamming Smith down on the asphalt with a fallaway slam. Both men hit the concrete with a smack.

Williams: Somebody get out there and stop this. Hightower is gonna cripple him, Dick.

Fury: Crippin' Dick... catchy! And descriptive!

As Smith lay writhing in pain, clutching his back and head, Hightower lifts the top plastic flap of the trash dumpster. He turns back and sneers at Pin with more anger and violence spewing from his ears. He lifts Pin to life and grabs him by the throat.

Victory: XXX

Fury: This might get uglier than Emily Koresh's 8th grade picture, Jen!

Hightower throws Smith's arm over his head and lifts him up in a suplex position. He launches Smith forward and into the dumpster, Pin's midsection landing directly on the edge of the steel object, and folding backwards. The sound of plastic bags and trash crumpling under Smith's bodyweight bring an accomplished smile to Hightower's face.

Fury: Just another blue collar boy, takin' out the trash! Dick loves this!

The Toughest Dog in the Yard spins on his heel, turning back to the arena, and strolls past the camera. The shot remains on the dumpster for a few more seconds.

Williams: Somebody get out there and help him out!

Viewers are taken back to a camera locked onto the announce table. Fury is reclined with a sleeping mask as Jennifer Williams shakes her head with disgust.

[PREPARATIONS](#)

PREPARATIONS

Backstage at Victory, in generic locker room number one, we see the large frame of the Scottish Claymore, Lamond Alexander Robertson sitting on an unfolded steel chair. Wearing his trademark Robertson tartan Kilt with dark boots and a UTA Black Horizon t-shirt over his torso, Lamond is taping up his wrists and palms in preparation presumably for the title fight tonight.

From off screen a figure in a UTA staff shirt appears and stops beside Robertson, who looks up, almost immediately springing to his feet.

LAR: Dr Emo! I mean, Mr Emo, I mean...what a pleasure to meet you sir!

Lamond extends his hand to the UTA road agent who laughs at the response and shakes the Scot's hand.

EMO: Hey Lamond. I just wanted to come by and wish you good luck for your title match tonight.

Victory: XXX

Robertson nods enthusiastically.

LAR: Aye, thanks. It's going to be huge - and I'm ready for it.

Dr Emo folds his arms and nods.

EMO: I've been watching you since you came to the UTA son and I have to say you've impressed me. It's that passion and drive that got you where you are tonight, don't lose that alright?

Robertson nods, taking in the moment with the former UTA Champion.

LAR: Thank you.

Dr Emo places his hand on LAR's shoulder.

EMO: You've got a chance to make a name for yourself kid, don't let the occasion get to you. Good luck out there ok?

Lamond nods again and once more shakes Dr Emo's hand, watching him leave off picture

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[LEYENDA DE OCHO VS. BOBBY DEAN](#)

The camera cuts back to the top of the ramp as the music switches over to *You're the Best Around* by Joe Esposito The fans start to cheer as Bobby Dean comes through the curtain on his scooter. He stops at the top of the ramp and waves to the crowd smiling.

Williams: There is no doubt who the fans are behind in this one!

Fury: That's because it's impossible to get around Bobby Dean!

Williams: Ugh, This is going to be a long night.

Fury: Dick always makes sure to have long nights.

Victory: XXX

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

Dean starts down the ramp. He keeps his foot firmly on the brake this week, pushing it and coming to a stop every 5 feet or so. He isn't hitting the ring like last week. He has his eyes hooked on Apollo. Bobby starts frowning as he nears the bottom of the ramp.

Announcer: Weighing in at 399 ½ lbs. Standing 6 feet 1 Inch. Representing #WTFC...

Bobby gets off the scooter, and slowly makes his way to the ring steps. Never taking his eyes off the big man. He climbs into the ring and stays in his corner.

Announcer: This is 'Beautiful' BOBBY DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEA AAAAAAAAAAN!

The lights are dark as the piano melody tinkles through; once the electric guitar kicks in, flashing lights in alternating white and green pulsate through the arena with a gold spotlight on LDO, head down, hands forming the shape of a triangle at chest-height.

Williams: LDO is a man with a real reputation outside of the UTA...it's no wonder he's getting this kind of ovation!

Fury: Yeah, but he's done nothing HERE. He's bottom rung on the bottom latter on the bottom floor. Badass music does not net you victories here.

He marches to the ring, pumping up the crowd and high fiving fans like a house of fire.

Announcer: Hailing from CHICAGO, ILLINOIS!

LDO hops over the top rope and begins bouncing from foot to foot.

Announcer: Standing at 5'8" and weighing in at 188 pounds...

LDO raises 8 fingers to the crowd.

Announcer: Leyenda de Ocho!!

Williams: No matter what he's said or done, this is a man who's got all the talent in the world - it's all a matter of when he decides to put it all together, because he can do some of the craziest things I've ever SEEN in the ring!

LDO pounds his right fist into his left palm as he stares down his opponent.

Williams: Things are about pop off here in this exciting match up!

Victory: XXX

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Williams: Here we go! Leyenda de Ocho charges Bobby Dean!

Bobby swings his arm out for a sloppy clothesline, which Leyenda ducks.

Williams: Ocho under the arm of Dean.

Fury: Watch out for his arm fat hanging low! You'll knock yourself out!

Williams: Ocho off of the ropes as Bobby Dean turns around. Leyenda de Ocho slides under his legs...

Bobby looks down, confused at how quick LDO is as Ocho leaps to his feet behind him.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho know with quick and hard kicks to the back of Bobby Dean's knees with precision.

Bobby stumbles forward, LDO continuing to following and swinging his leg around to kick him. Bobby turns as he tumbles around, falling backward and into the ropes. His arms, which have went between the top and middle ropes, flop over the top.

Williams: Bobby Dean falling into the ropes.

He struggles, but can't get free.

Williams: Dean caught in the ropes. Ocho now with an opportunity to make a big impact here early into this match.

Fury: What a bumbling fool. He's not even tied up in the damn ropes! His arms are just hanging over the top! Move them back and down you idiot!

Bobby begins to freak out as LDO watches him. He kicks and screams for help, unable to get free. Leyenda de Ocho looks at Bobby then back at the ropes behind him.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho forming a plan.

He takes off toward the ropes behind him.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho off of the ropes with that speed. on the return toward Bobby Dean.

Bobby's face is one of worry and fear as he watches Leyenda de Ocho approach. Finally, he just closes his eyes to accept his fate.

Victory: XXX

Williams: Ocho leaps!

Leyenda de Ocho lands across Bobby Dean with his legs hitting Dean across the chest. As LDO drops to the canvas and rolls away and up, Bobby's body bounces in place as his arms are still "caught."

Williams: LDO to his feet, now bringing high kicks across and into the mid section of Bobby Dean!

The fans count along as Leyenda de Ocho repeatedly kicks Bobby Dean who bellows out in pain. Finally the referee gets in between them, holding his hands up and telling LDO to back off, which he does.

Williams: The referee pulling Leyenda de Ocho back before turning and assisting Bobby from the ropes.

The referee pushes one of Bobby's arms up just a bit and back. Bobby sees how easy it came "untangled" and pulls his other arm free. He continues to lean on the ropes as he holds his stomach from the kicks.

Williams: Bobby Dean is free, but the damage has already been done.

Fury: If Dick were LDO, he wouldn't kick Bobby Dean's stomach like that. If he spews, who knows what might come up. We could see a bent up license plate for all we know.

Bobby tries to walk forward, but is unable to do so very well. Leyenda de Ocho runs to the side ropes, popping off of them. As he returns, he leaps up and to the right, pushing off of the ropes behind Bobby Dean. His body flies up as LDO grabs Bobby's neck. He spins around his body thrusting his legs up and locking onto Bobby's neck as he releases his arms. In one quick motion, LDO twist his upper body up, causing Bobby Dean to go forward and over, hitting the canvas very hard.

Williams: The quick acting Leyenda de Ocho with a speedy springboard hurricarrana!

Fury: No easy task flipping someone the size of a cow.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho to his feet again. Runs to the ropes, leaps up.. moonsault from the ropes... hits his mark!

The fans go crazy as Leyenda de Ocho stays on top of Bobby Dean and the referee slides into place.

Williams: THIS ONE COULD BE OVER!

Fury: Calm down Jennifer, it's just a pin. Now, when Dick pins *you* then you can scream in excitement.

Williams: In your dreams. Kick out by Bobby Dean at two.

LDO doesn't get discouraged as he quickly rolls off of Bobby Dean and gets to his feet. Dean rolls over and tries to push himself up, but is only able to get to his hands and knees before LDO comes off of the ropes and

Victory: XXX

leaps up with a double leg kick to the face. Dean's body flops over and to the canvas as the fans continue to cheer.

Williams: Amazingly, I don't think Bobby Dean has had ANY offense in this match!

Fury: Does he ever?

Leyenda de Ocho rolls over and gets t his feet yet again. The fans cheer for him. He looks to the corner and then back to Bobby Dean.

Williams: LDO getting an idea.

Fury: You already have him down, just go for the win.

Williams: Leyenda de Ocho now climbing the corner turnbuckle. He's going up top.

Leyenda de Ocho stands on the rop rope, making sure he has his balance as he holds his arms out. The lights flash and the fans cheer.

Williams: LDO now with a leap of faith... Five Star Frig Splas-- NOOO!

Bobby Dean simply rolls out of the way as Leyenda de Ocho crashes hard into the canvas with enough force to pop him over to his back.

Williams: Bobby Dean moved!

Fury: Of course he did.

Dean rolls back over, right on top of Leyenda de Ocho who begins to struggle, but the sheer weight of Bobby Dean is too much and he can not get free.

Williams: Bobby Dean almost three times the weight of Leyenda de Ocho, has him pinned.

Fury: Oh come on! The little guy can't breath! Get up!

The referee counts. His hand hits the canvas for a third time as the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this patch via pin fall.... BOBBY... DEEEAAANNN!!!

Bobby rolls off of a flattened LDO and out of the ring. As he slides to the floor, he holds himself up on the apron.

Williams: Bobby Dean wins by just his massive size.

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Fury: He was too fat for Leyenda de Ocho to kick out! Get it right!

Bobby realizes he won, and throws his arms out as he jogs slowly and sloppily outside of the ring.

[HAPPY LATE MOTHER'S DAY BECHDEL PART 2](#)

HAPPY LATE MOTHER'S DAY BECHDEL PART 2

The big screen flickers to life and as it does, the UTA world champion and Vanessa are again standing in front of a UTA banner in the backstage area. Sean is wearing an expensive Armani suit with the UTA world championship draped over his shoulder while his Vietnamese valet is wearing a skin tight white dress that stops halfway between her hips and knees. She is standing to his side and has a microphone in her hand.

As she turns to face him, the mic is raised to her lips.

Vanessa: Ladies and Gentlemen, your UTA world champion Sean Jackson.

The Wrestlezone is filled with boos.

Vanessa: They simply love you here in Orlando, don't they?

Sean smiles as he taps the faceplate with his hand.

Jackson: Of course they do Vanessa, because when you're the UTA world champion, everyone on the planet either wants to be you...

He motions up and down with his hands, drawing attention to the expensive suit.

Jackson: Or they want to be WITH you.

He does take a step away from Vanessa before making a slow turn, drawing more boos and some whistles from the women. He maybe hated, but there is something to be said about a man with money. After making the turn, his eyes find their way back to the camera.

Jackson: But enough about them, right now I want to address Bechdel Kush.

Victory: XXX

As he pushes his arms outward, the sleeves riding upward just a bit to expose the solid gold watch on his wrist.

Jackson: You know Bechdel, when Vanessa and I visited you on Mother's Day. I could see the disappointment in your eyes. Even though you wanted every bit of Sean Jackson...

Sean points to the wedding ring on his finger, a smile beginning to form as he does.

Jackson: I didn't feel like giving you a broken hip, to go along with that broken neck. But even though you would have loved the attention, it just wouldn't have been proper considering what Second Coming and Zhalia Fears did to you....

More boos.

Jackson: But what I did give you was the pleasure of seeing me, in all my magnificence, instead of being alone because of that lying little ingrate Zhalia Fears.

As the boos get louder, Sean gets a surprised look on his face. Okay, it's a fake surprised look, but a surprised look none the less.

Jackson: Listen to them Vanessa, still unwilling to believe that one of their heroes would lie to them.

Vanessa shakes her head from side to side, a frown shows her disapproval of the pro Zhalia Fears crowd.

Jackson: That one of their heroes would do such a horrible thing. Well people, I hate to break the news to you, but Zhalia isn't a saint. Oh, she may have given away some front row seats, but that was just to paint a false picture of who she really was.

As Sean is speaking, Vanessa begins nodding, completely over-selling the approval.

Jackson: At least Dynasty had the decency to be up front with you people. When we stepped into the Wrestlezone, you knew who and what we were all about. We didn't give away tickets, and we sure as hell didn't care about the weak....

His voice starts to rise ever so slightly.

Jackson: Caring for the weak is what got Bechdel hurt, and now she finds herself totally dependent...

Now Sean is pointing towards the camera, which on the big screen shows him pointing towards the fans.

Jackson: Just like you ungratefals.

Even more boos, it is really loud now.

Victory: XXX

Jackson: Hey, don't boo me for telling the truth, boo yourselves for proving me to be right. Matter of fact, how many of you mouth breathers even gave one thought to Bechdel yesterday?

Oops. Now he's touched a nerve.

Jackson: And no, I'm not talking about you perverts who love a woman with a broken neck. I'm talking about the so called hashtag Kush Push fan base who caused 2C and Zhalia to turn on her in the first place?

Yep, that did it. Easily the loudest boos of the night.

Jackson: You people no longer have the right to boo. There's a young woman laid up, paralyzed from the waist down and it's all your fault. Of course Second Coming was going to protect the tag team titles, of course she was going to do what was best for her....

Now Sean's voice is high and animated. He even thrusts an index finger towards the camera once again.

Jackson: But you Zhalia, you don't have any excuses. You took Bechdel away from her mother, just like yours was taken away. But that's to be expected from a jealous back stabbing little wench such as yourself.

The camera pans in tight.

Jackson: Which is why I'm going to destroy you Zhalia. Bechdel might have been a goody two shoe, she might have brought it all on herself by being overly trusting of you. But she didn't deserve to have her career ended.

He runs his hand through his hair, catching it at the very top, almost pulling.

Jackson: She didn't deserve to have her career ripped away in the manner that it was. She trusted you Zhalia, and because of that ill placed trust, she'll never know the feeling of giving birth and being a mother to a child of her own.

Vanessa gives a shame, shame expression. They are really playing up the fact that Mother's Day was yesterday.

Jackson: So that's why I'm going to give her a late could have been Mother's Day present.

Sean smiles.

Jackson: That's right, I'm going to keep my promise to Bechdel, and drill my knee into the back of Zhalia's skull. Just like she called and asked me to do.

Sean is all smiles. He knows that no one is going to believe the lie, but it's the fact he's willing to say it, that makes it a success. He knows that it's going to affect Zhalia in a negative way, and that is what he's counting

Victory: XXX

on.

As they once again step away, the screen fades to black.

[JAMIE SAWYERS HERE](#)

JAMIE SAWYERS HERE

We find Jamie Sawyers standing in front of a WRESTLEUTA backdrop. His black suit makes him pop in front of the backround. He seems to be given the green light that he's live.

Sawyers: Jamie Sawyers here... reminding you that Black Horizon is in just four weeks. The UTA takes over Arlington, Texas for the biggest show of the year.

A graphic comes on screen going over the scheduled matches for the Pay Per View.

Sawyers: Both the Prodigy and Wildfire titles will be on the line. The winner of the Prodigy Championship here tonight, will defend his gold at Black Horizon. Perfection will defend his Wildfire Championship.

Abdul bin Hussain and John Sektor are up next.

Sawyers: We will also see the next chapter of Abdul bin Hussain and John Sektor as these two men battle one on one. This heated rivalry has taken the UTA Universe on a wild ride. It continues at Black Horizon.

Cameras come back to Sawyers as he continues to run over Black Horizon.

Sawyers: We will see Crimson Lord in action, he has put out a challenge that up till now has not been accepted. Who will challenge Crimson Lord, keep watching UTA every Monday to find out.

Sawyers pauses for a moment and moves on.

Sawyers: We will also see a big Six Man Tag Team match as WTFC face Team Danger and a partner of their chosing. Lot of rumors as to who will be that tag team partner.

Sawyers is up to the big daddy of them all. The Main Event.

Victory: XXX

Sawyers: To finish the night... The Main Event. Sean Jackson defends his UTA World Title against fellow Dynasty member, La Flama Blanca. La Flama Blanca won the Fatal Four Way Match to be the Number One Contender for the UTA World Title.

Cameras zoom in on Sawyers.

Sawyers: Dynasty have been quiet as of late. Who knows how they are dealing with this internally. Will we see Dynasty play games like they've been known to do or will we see what we saw at All Or Nothing?

Jamies closes his eyes for a second, cameras keep rolling.

Sawyers: You are going to have to tune in to find out, folks! Join us for Black Horizon, May Thirty First. LIVE on Pay Per View!

We cut to commercial.

[A THANKS](#)

A THANKS

The camera fades in from black. We see Lew jogging through the halls frantically steering around the corners. Jumping by people, missing them by mere centimeters, nudging into a few on the way down. He comes to a dead end and stops to take a breather. The camera stops and gets in close to Lew.

L. Smith: I can't find him.

Aching from his match earlier, Lew sits down against the dead end and rests. Around the corner, distant footsteps can be heard, the camera turns and Jordan is running down the hallway too.

L. Smith: Any luck?

Jordan: Nope, we'll need to keep looking.

L. Smith: Where do you think he'll be? I'm running slowly out of time.

Victory: XXX

Jordan: We've been everywhere he could be hanging out.

L. Smith: We need to keep looking, help me up.

Jordan picks Lew up and backs into the camera as they open a set of doors next to them and carry on going. The camera man follows closely.

Jordan: How long have we got?

L. Smith: Not very long. From what happened at last Victory, I have this gut feeling that the worst has happened. The chances of finding him in such open spaces as this are slim.

They proceed through a number of doors, checking rooms but not seeming to find who they're looking for.

Jordan: If what we think has happened...do you think he'll make it to his match?

L. Smith: Not sure...all depends on if it actually happened. If he indeed has been ambushed and not found already then he could be anywhere. If he was found, no doubt he would've been given attention and the officials be told. But there's no word of cancel...that I know of. Where could he be!?

Jordan and Lew search intensely for the person, the camera following behind checking the spaces they had just looked in and then catching up. They reach a dimly lit corridor which is having some work done. A flickering light at the end is where Lew heads to. With hope so low, he puts his hands on his hips and sighs, giving up his search. Jordan and the camera man catch up and observe the area.

L. Smith: Dang it. I think we're nearly out of time.

Jordan: Hey, wait. Listen!

Further down the dark corridor, some moans, slow shuffling and slapping of the concrete walls can be heard. They investigate the noises and come to another dimly lit turn, where half way down the hall, a man can be seen hugging the wall, slouched over, weak at the knees and holding his midsection.

Jordan: That's got to be him!

Lew sprints down the hall as the figure collapses to his knees. They reach him eventually and when Lew turns him over, it's none other than Pin Smith.

L. Smith: What happened man!? Who did this to you?

Jordan: We couldn't have done much. After your run in with Kendrix and your own match, it was better to stay away from everyone else just incase you suffered the same fate. Why is it that when you want to wish someone luck for their match, something like this happens?

Victory: XXX

L. Smith: Come on. Jords, help me get him up.

The camera follows Lew and Jordan as they lift Pin up. He grimaces before noticing who has given him the assist.

L. Smith: I know it hurts man, but we're going to be quick. Let's get you sorted.

King: Much obliged, gentlemen. Which way to the saloon?

Pin buckles as his eyes roll, dropping to one knee and clasping at a flat wall for support.

Jordan: He doesn't look so hot.

L. Smith: After what he did for me last week, I owe him. Grab his other arm.

The camera fades as they take him to safety, it fades back in when they reach a locker room. Jordan and Lew slowly let down Pin on a bench and tend to him.

L. Smith: Damn it, man. I feel terrible. I don't feel that this is the price you should pay for stopping David's attacks on me at last Victory. This is not cool and I'll do what I can to help. Are you able to wrestle soon? Your match is literally right around the corner.

Pin lifts his hand, rubbing his jaw, and winces. He finally looks up at Jorden, then Lew, and smiles.

King: It's the price we pay, right? I knew this was comin'... just didn't know when. Now it's my... turn.

Pin tries to stand and clenches at his side, doubling over as Lew and Jordan give each other a nervous glance.

L. Smith: Jordan, go find an official or an on site doc, he needs to be looked at.

Jordan nods and runs off, the camera turns to see Jordan run and pans back slowly.

L. Smith: It sucks, it really does. Before our match with Bobby Dean, I never thought that you were too keen on me. Little did I know, huh?

Pin wriggles in pain as Lew tries to steady him on the bench. The exasperating night causes something inside Pin Smith's head to cock to the side and, strangely enough, let out a boisterous laugh before clutching his side again.

King: I guess... Smith's stick together... especially when a nutjob like Hightower starts throwin' his weight around.

Victory: XXX

L. Smith: Never mind about that for now. Let's get you ready. You don't have much time.

King: Thanks again, Angelboy.

Jordan comes back with a doc, who helps Pin up and out the room. Lew hangs back and sighs, shaking his head. Shortly after, Lew follows and the camera fades to black.

[TAKE NOTICE](#)

TAKE NOTICE

Back at ringside, the atmosphere suddenly turns hostile as *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* by AC/DC blasts through the PA system.

Williams: That sound can only mean one thing..

Fury: John FFFFFREAKIN Sektor!

Williams: But he's not scheduled to compete tonight?

Sektor soon emerges onto the stage, accompanied by Mike Best. The two men stand powerfully side by side, both suited and booted to the nines. Sektor is wearing a grey suit with an open collar Gold shirt underneath, smiling proudly at the side of his former nemesis now turned manager.

Fury: He's not dressed for it either..

Williams: The Machine have been all over tonight's show, clearly wanting to assert themselves as the new force here in UTA.

Fury: They're marking their territory, Jennifer. Something Dick knows a thing or two about.

As the two Hall of Famers make their way down the ramp, they laugh at the booing and gesturing of the crowd, feeding off it as though it's music to their ears.

Best is the first to enter the ring, followed by Sektor who still wipes his feet on the outer canvas before

Victory: XXX

entering. His new manager retrieves the microphone and waits for the music to fade out, although the sounds of hatred from the crowd still reigns strong.

Best: Your attention please, while I introduce to you a very--

The booing crowd isn't giving him their attention, much less any sort of common courtesy. The manager of The Machine grits his teeth, forcing himself to continue despite the disrespect.

Best: KEEP BOOING IF YOU'RE SEXUALLY ATTRACTED TO BOBBY DEAN.

Most of the crowd, though strangely not one man in the front row, immediately quiet down. Because the crowd is full of sheep, and one fan of peculiar taste.

Best: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time I give you The Gold Standard. The Sultan of the Stache. The next and rightful UTA Wildfire Champion and an overall terrible human being... Please give your adoration and rightful hero worship to Mr. John Sektor.

Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The camera zooms in on one guys in the front row who is yelling and chanting "THANK YOU LEE!" The fans around him soon catch on and begin to throw their concessions at him, including drinks, popcorn and even a few of Bobby's foot-longs.

Sektor smirks as he retrieves the microphone from Mike, loosely bring it up to his lips and rubbing his hand over his moustache.

Sektor: Thank you Michael..

Sektor looks around and struggles to be heard over the crowd, raising an eyebrow now as it starts to wear a bit thin.

Williams: You'd think being only a stone's throw away from his home town of Miami, that he would get at least a few cheers?

Fury: This is Florida, Jennifer. Home of the white trash..

Sektor smiles and closes his eyes for a moment, taking in a long and deep breath through his nose and letting it out with gusto.

Sektor: Hmm. Trust me when I say..that the sound of all this hatred and hostility is music to my ears.

This seems to intrigue the crowd enough to quiet down a little.

Victory: XXX

Sektor: I'm much more comfortable with hatred. At least you know where you stand with it..and believe me..the thought of any of you white trash cockroaches coming up to me, breathing on me, trying to touch me? Well, it makes me kind of nauseous..

He and Mike both look at each other and laugh as the crowd explodes with resentment.

Williams: Saying stuff like that won't make them quiet down, John..

Fury: Dick thinks these guys love this kind of stuff..

Sektor: Now. You just heard my good friend Michael here mention the Wildfire championship. And while it is true that I am still feeling aggrieved for not being champion..especially after dominating and crushing your previous champion...Joshua Jones!

The crowd barely reacts at the mention of the Baker's name.

Sektor: ..that is not why I am here tonight. No, I'm here to once again discuss the demands I made to a certain..Abdul bin Hussain a few weeks back.

The mention of Abdul's name strangely gets a few cheers from the crowd, obviously choosing to side with the Butcher of Basra for once.

Sektor: Abdul..I'm beginning to think that you don't actually care about your boy, Rafiq. I mean, I've had him in my custody for two weeks now and you've YET to respond to my demands. It's confusing really, I thought it was us AMERICANS who didn't negotiate with terrorists..not the other way around?

Mike and Sektor both laugh again.

Fury: ZINGA!

Sektor: But seriously, I'm running out of patience. It's getting to the point where I may lose interest in you and this whole idea of the two of us ripping each other apart at Black Horizon. So I may just have to let Rafiq suffer instead..

The huge screen in the arena suddenly comes to life as the sound of loud static gets everybody's attention. Both Mike and Sektor turn towards it with confused expressions, curiously waiting to see what it is.

Video Footage

A video package begins to roll, showing a suburban setting with a quiet street and row of big houses. The weather is sunny and clear and palm tree's sit at the ends of most lawns and driveways, suggesting that footage was taken somewhere in Florida.

Victory: XXX

??: Is it rolling?

The voice asking the question is male with an arabic accent.

??: Yes..that's her.

The second voice is female and sounds closer to the camera, which soon turns slightly, showing a little girl with dark hair, drawing pictures on the floor with chalk.

Arena

The camera inside the arena shows Sektor's eyes bulge as he recognises the little girl instantly.

Footage

We see a figure step out in front of the camera with a traditional Muslim robe hanging down to his ankles. It soon becomes clear that it's Abdul bin Hussain, and that he is approaching the little girl.

Arena

Sektor covers his mouth and has a genuinely nervous expression on his face. Mike also looks worried as he too recognises the girl, and even plants a firm hand on Sektor's shoulder for support.

Footage

ABH: Chloe..is it?

The little girl looks up from her drawing and appears shocked by the sight of the strange looking man in a dress standing in front of her.

Chloe: Touch me and I'll scream!

ABH: Woah, relax!

Abdul brings up his hands slowly and calmly in an attempt not to alarm the girl.

ABH: You are Chloe Sektor, correct? Daughter of John Sektor?

Chloe frowns, looking Abdul up and down.

Chloe: How do you know my Dad?

Arena

Victory: XXX

Fury: Sektor looks ready to blow up!

Sektor is pacing back and forth as he watches, screaming threats at the screen.

Footage

ABH: I'm a friend of his! He and I work together..

Chloe raises her eyebrow, looking too wise to fall for such a ploy.

Chloe: Well, that's a lie! My Dad doesn't have any friends...and he certainly wouldn't be seen dead with someone like YOU!

ABH struggles to hide the anger on his face, Chloe clearly hitting one of his many nerves.

ABH: Ha..

He tries to laugh it off.

ABH: You are wise not to trust me, little girl. But I do in fact work with your father. Tell me. When did you last speak with him?

Chloe shrugs.

Chloe: Iunno...about a few months ago..

ABH: Right..so you won't have heard that he has signed for a new wrestling company. The United Toughness Alliance..

Chloe: I don't care..

Chloe stands up and folds her arms.

ABH: Well that is why I am here. You see, I have learned about the situation with you and how you have been taken into foster care. I know that your father has failed you..

Arena

Sektor gazes up at the screen with a sadness in his eyes.

Footage

ABH: So I am here to help him, because I know he would want to hear from you. So perhaps you would like

Victory: XXX

to send him a message?

Chloe just shakes her head.

Chloe: I have nothing to say to him..

??: CHLOE! DINNERS READY..

Chloe gives Abdul one last look of disgust before turning and running towards a house. He watches to see which house she goes into before slowly turning to face the camera with a big dirt-eating smile.

ABH: Hmmm..what does it say about a man, who has lost all respect from his own daughter?

Abdul plays with his beard and chuckles to himself, looking as though he is enjoying the thought of what this will be doing to Sektor.

ABH: Do I have your attention, Mr Sektor? Because you have gone to great lengths to get mine..

Arena

Sektor narrows his eyes and breathes heavily as though he's looking directly into Abdul's eyes.

Footage

ABH: You want me at Black Horizon, Mr Sektor? You want it to be a No Disqualification match? YOU GOT IT!

Abdul's face turns sour.

ABH: But that is merely a match, Mr Sektor. But when you took my friend and manager, Rafiq, as a prisoner of this petty war...you took it to a new level of personal. But you obviously don't know me very well...because when somebody threatens me? I fight fire with FIRE!

Abdul's eyes twitch with anger as he growls out his final word with grit in his tone.

ABH: We all have people we care about, Mr Sektor. Even you..

He smiles and looks over his shoulder to where Chloe had ran too.

ABH: The difference between you and I, Mr Sektor? Is the same difference between America and Iraq...

He laughs.

Victory: XXX

ABH: We don't bring idle threats....only VIOLENCE!

He laughs maniacally into the camera before the feed goes dead.

Arena

The crowd is murmuring uncomfortably after what they just watched, whilst Sektor is looking livid from inside the ring.

Williams: Wow! What must be going through the mind of Sektor, right now? Abdul making threats towards his DAUGHTER?

Fury: Yeah, Dick is on the hit list of many fathers around the World...all of age...at least that's what they told me...if there's grass on the pitch..

Williams: Just stop talking..

Mike Best tries to calm him down and reassure him in the ring, but the Gold Standard just kicks the bottom rope and makes a hasty exit, heading out of the ring and back up the ramp with purpose.

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[DAVID HIGHTOWER VS. PIN SMITH](#)

Victory: XXX

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! Did we get bought out by MTV again? What's happening to Dick's ears!?

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 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.

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play and David Hightower walks out slowly. The fans boo as he begins down the ramp.

Williams: David Hightower out alone tonight as James Wingate has banned Whiskey from ringside.

Fury: About time! That dog is a safety hazard!

David continues down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from West Memphis Arkansas

David slides into the ring.

Victory: XXX

Announcer: Standing at six feet and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...

David storms around the ring before he slams his own head into one of the turnbuckles getting himself hyped.

Announcer: He is "The Toughest Dog In The Yard" David Hightower!

David punches himself in the face a few times before he raises his fist in the air.

Williams: Big match here for Pin Smith. These two have been brawling all night. One has to wonder though, is Pin Smith at 100% coming into this?

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

Williams: Just two weeks ago, Pin Smith saved Lew Smith from David Hightower's rampage. Tonight he has a chance to go one on one with him.

Smith runs forward and hits the back of Hightower with forearms as the referee calls for the bell to get the match started.

Williams: Pin Smith with a flurry of shots to the back of Hightower.

Pin steps back and comes forward with a big right hand to the face of David Hightower.

Williams: Now Smith with a series of rights.

He swings again, but this time David Hightower catches his arm and kicks him hard in the ribs.

Fury: That will crack a rib right there.

Williams: Sure will.

Pin holds his side as he turns around away from Hightower.

Williams: Hightower with a rake across the back of Pin Smith.

Fury: He's going to need a tetanus shot now! Who knows where David Hightower's nails have been!

Hightower grabs the hair of Smith and yanks back, causing him to fly backwards and down to the mat. The referee warns him about the hair pulling.

Williams: David Hightower ignoring the referee's warning as he begins to stomp the lower back of Pin Smith.

Victory: XXX

Fury: Well, that quick momentum has just hit a brick wall.

Williams: Hightower lifting Smith to his feet. He scoops him up.

Hightower, with Pin Smith in a full scoop, runs toward the corner post.

Williams: Smith slammed into that turnbuckle.

Fury: The Toughest Dog in the Yard is showing no remorse!

As Hightower moves away, Smith falls to the mat.

Williams: David Hightower grabbing the hair of Pin Smith again, using it to pull him out of the corner to the middle of the ring.

The referee warns Hightower again.

Fury: Dick don't think Hightower cares. He just enjoys causing pain.

Williams: David Hightower is a madman, that is for sure.

Hightower begins to stomp Smith again, this time in the head.

Williams: Those massive boots striking the head of Pin Smith.

The referee tries to get Hightower to back off a bit, but he continues to stomp, yelling like a maniac with each time he brings his foot down.

Williams: David Hightower pulling Pin Smith to his feet once more by the hair.

The referee gets in Hightower's face again about the hair pulling.

Fury: The UTA referees sure have some guts. Hightower is the type of guy you just let him do what he's going to do until he gets bored so you don't get hurt as well!

Williams: He's close to being disqualified if he continues to pull Smith's hair.

Hightower yells at the referee who jumps back. Hightower stomps toward him, backing the referee into the ropes. Behind him, Pin Smith holds his head as he gathers his bearings.

Williams: Smith taking this opportunity to somehow get ahead.

Pin comes up behind Hightower as the referee jumps out of the way. He pushes him forward into the ropes,

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leaning down and grabbing the massive tree trunk of a leg and lifting with all of his might.

Williams: Pin Smith digging deep! He does it! Pin Smith is able to lift David Hightower over that top rope!

Hightower awkwardly rolls over the top rope, hitting the side of the apron before the ground. Pin Smith collapses to his knees and grabs his head.

Williams: This may have just bought Pin Smith the time he needs to regroup.

Fury: But if he doesn't stay on David Hightower now, all he will do is feel the wrath of the toughest dog! when he gets back into the ring!

Pin Smith gets to his feet and exits the ring through the ropes to the apron. He looks down at Hightower who begins to get up.

Williams: Smith going for a risky move here... he jumps.. Drop kick from the apron catching David Hightower in the face!

Hightower is shocked back, turning toward the barricade and falling mouth first onto it. Pin Smith holds his ankle as he lies on the floor.

Williams: Pin Smith may have twisted his ankle.

Fury: Not good Jennifer. It's like a wounded animal with David Hightower being the hungry bear.

Hightower gets up and turns toward the camera, blood coming from his mouth. he smiles evilly into the screen showing his crimson soaked teeth.

Williams: This man is sadistic!

Hightower pulls Pin up and sends him hard, shoulder first into the steel steps.

Fury: Pin Smith in a place no man wants to be. Dick bets right now he is wishing he was facing his original opponent.

Smith is propped up on the steps and David Hightower pulls back and comes forward with a huge punch toward Smith's face, who ducks.

Williams: Smith ducks the fist!

Fury: That would have knocked him out!

Pin crawls away from David Hightower who turns toward him and yells.

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Fury: Dick thinks he just angered David Hightower.

Williams: Just angered him? You mean he hasn't been angry until now?

David Hightower stomps toward Pin, bending down and grabbing his foot, yanking him backward.

Williams: Hightower has Smith.

Fury: These two need to get back into the ring.

Pin turns over and throws his other leg up. As Hightower holds his one leg, Smith uses his free leg to push the large man back, causing him to release. David stumbles backward as Smith starts to push himself up, grabbing onto the edge of the apron as he gets to his feet.

Williams: Pin Smith needing to change the momentum here.

David Hightower runs toward Pin who moves forward bending down. He catches Hightower by the waist using his own momentum against him as he lifts.

Williams: Pin Smith WITH A BACK BODY DROP TO David Hightower OUTSIDE OF THE RING!

Pin falls to a knee. The referee hits eight on his count.

Williams: Smith needs to get back in before it's too late.

He pushes up and quickly heads over to the apron, rolling in under the bottom rope and then back out.

Williams: And he does! Smith restarts the count.

Fury: You had this one won! Why would he roll back out?!

Williams: Smith not wanting to win by count out, limps over to David Hightower.

He grabs David by the head as he pulls up. Grabbing the back of Hightower's trunks, Smith spins around, rolling him into the ring underneath the bottom rope. Hightower's head lays on the edge of the ring.

Williams: Smith steps back... comes forward now with an elbow down across the forehead of David Hightower.

Pin smirks as he begins to rebuild his confidence. He then grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up to the apron, re-entering the ring.

Williams: Smith back in the ring, pulling David Hightower back up to his feet.

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He grabs David's arm and yanks back.

Williams: Irish wh- NO! David Hightower reverses. Smith sent across ring into the corner hard. Hightower runs... he leaps...

Williams: BIG SPL- Smith MOVES! Smith MOVES!

Pin Smith drops down to the canvas as David Hightower hits the turnbuckle chest first. He bounces back, stumbling as Pin quickly rolls over behind him, hooking underneath his leg. He pulls back, causing David to tumble backwards and to the canvas as Smith holds him down.

Williams: Schoolboy pin.. the referee counts... two.. THREE! Pin Smith DOES IT!

Fury: He stole a win from David Hightower just like he did Frank Dylan James several weeks ago!

Williams: Pin Smith making a name for himself of taking out men bigger and meaner than him. Not a bad way to move up the ranks of the UTA!

The bell begins to sound as Smith quickly lets go and leaps over toward the ropes, dropping down and rolling out of the ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall... Pin.... SMIIIIITTHHHH!!!!

Ruster stands and begins to celebrate in the ring.

[PRE MATCH INTERVIEW WITH LAR](#)

PRE MATCH INTERVIEW WITH LAR

Backstage, the crowd are still hot after the Pin Smith match moments ago, we see Jamie Sawyers standing, microphone in hand looking around the lockerrooms. He turns a corner and then motions for the camera to follow him quickly.

Sawyers: Come on!

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He jogs down the hall to catch up to a figure walking towards the ring entrance area and finally makes it, catching his breath.

Sawyers: Lamond...a few...words?

The figure of LAR stops and turns to face Sawyers, placing his hands on the interviewers arms.

LAR: *Compose yourself man!*

Sawyers nods and takes a moment, before turning to the camera and adjusting his tie before looking back to Lamond.

Sawyers: With me right now is Lamond Alexander Robertson, relative newcomer to the UTA. Lamond, how are you feeling going into your big title match tonight?

Robertson smiles, standing up straight and lifting Jamie's arm so the mic reaches his mouth.

LAR: Well, Jamie, I guess I'm feeling a wee bit overwhelmed by it all. A few months ago I was a trainee with a dream, today I'm going one on one with one of the first ever hall of famers in UTA history. I suppose it's a bit much to take in all at once!

Sawyers nods and lowers the mic.

Sawyers: Yeah and let's not forget it's for the Prodigy Title! How do you feel about your first title match of your career?

Lamond laughs a little, shaking his head.

LAR: I still can't believe it Jamie. This is what we train for, moments like this. I don't care who you are on the roster, if you say you're not here to win titles you're lying. This is the culmination of all my hard work and I'm just pleased that James Wingate has given me this opportunity...that *you*...

He takes the mic from Sawyers, pointing at the camera, stepping forward and leaving Jamie scrambling beside him.

LAR: That all of *you* have given me this opportunity. You know, Ron Hall is a great man and we haven't quite seen eye to eye this past week or two, but I will show him every bit of courtesy he shows me in the ring. I want a good match, a *clean* match where the best man walks out with the the title. This is *my* moment and I won't let anything get in my way.

Robertson continues to step forward, the cameraman stepping slowly back as his voice rises.

LAR: I mean Ron, I won't let *anything* stand in my way...do you hear me? Do you hear me Ron? I'm going

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out there to be the best I can bloody well be and no' you, no' Crimson and no' Mr Fantastic will take my opportunity.

The cameraman backs onto a wall, Roberston now inches from his lens.

LAR: This is the start of my new career, my chance to show my son what a *true* man can achieve and fulfil my promise to my wife many years ago that I would every day *live* with everything, *love* with everything and *FIGHT with...everything!*

He breathes hard out onto the lens before backing off and looks at Jamie Sawyers, pressing the mic back into his hand and looking at the interviewer for a few moments before walking off again towards the ring.

Sawyers: I guess...I guess we got our answer.

[WHY SPAWN? WHY?](#)

WHY SPAWN? WHY

The new Spawn theme begins to play as the fans rise to their feet. Gaze appears first dressed in black leather jeans with the name of "**The Spawn**" going down her left leg. She has a green corset top with her black, blue and green highlight hair in side ponytails with a black leather coat with the lapel up. Gaze's new friend, the mallet known as "Harley" is resting on top of her left shoulder.

It's a mixed reaction from the sold out crowd at the Wrestlezone, as the lights flashes off and on. Smoke rises from the stage as Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord emerge from the backstage area. The men are dressed in leather coats with the name "*The Spawn*" on the back and their respective logos on the front.

Crimson's hair is tied behind his head in a ponytail, he is sporting black sunglasses with the skull emblem on the front. Mr. Fantastic dressed in dress slacks with loafers. He has a button down white shirt behind the leather coat he is wearing also sports sunglasses.

Williams: Here comes The Spawn, and judging by the reaction their receiving here in Orlando, their actions last week on Wrestleshow have really struck a nerve with the fans.

Fury: Dick thinks they did what needed to be done to beat Team Danger.

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Gaze leads her men to the ring.

Announcer: Coming to the ring at this time, accompanied by Gaze.... Mr. Fantastic and Crimson Lord. They are THE SPAWN! (Fans boo loud)

Gaze slides Harley under the bottom rope, then enters herself. Gaze stands up and hops on the top mid rope. She then locks her ankles under the second rope and bends over the top rope. Crimson Lord walks toward Gaze and they share a kiss while she is upside down. Mr. Fantastic walks to the stairs and climbs up the steps towards the ring.

Williams: The fans here in Orlando and all over the UTA feel that the three of them have some explaining to do!

Gaze sits back up onto the ropes and hops down getting a hold of Harley again. Fantastic wipes his feet on the apron and steps through the second rope. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up on the apron and steps over the top rope. Mr. Fantastic moves to the center of the ring, followed by Crimson. Gaze gets in front of Mr. Fantastic and sets Harley up to lean on with her other leg outstretched.

Mr. Fantastic quickly raises his hands up into a V. Towering behind Fantastic is Crimson who slowly raises his arms from his sides. Gaze looks at Mr. Fantastic, and smirks at Crimson. Gaze pulls a microphone from her jacket looking out to the sea of fans now booing her, a look of contempt crosses her face as she slowly puts the microphone to her mouth.

Gaze: Thank you for that warm reception. It seems that the internet has been buzzing this past week. How could The Spawn use such tactics against Team Danger? We have not seen this side of Mr. Fantastic before.

Camera zooms in on Fantastic who stands there staring blankly into the camera. The camera goes back to Gaze.

Gaze: Oh you have seen that side of him before, but most of you were probably still either in the womb or shitting in your pants when he was being just that FANTASTIC!

Fans slowly start booing her from that remark. Fantastic just smirks as he looks out into the crowd.

Gaze: I guess the age old question is how I (motions with her finger in a half a circle motion) spun one hundred and eighty degrees!

Williams: Yes, why the sudden change of heart Gaze?

Gaze: I have sat back since returning to this company and let people verbally just disrespect me! I blame myself for allowing it to come this far!

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She looks out into the fans disgusted.

Gaze: Day by day, night after night, month by month all you peasants! You all treated me with utter disrespect! My name is LADY Gaze! I have sat by and listen to everyone get comfortable with calling me Gaze. That is going to stop right now!

Williams: She has got to be kidding?

Fury: Dick thinks she is not joking around.

Gaze: I am above all you peasants! However it is NOT the only thing that is bothering me. What else could be? (Looks into the camera) I want someone to pay attention, namely you Wingate! I am talking directly to you right now! You and your decrepit family have forsaken me for years now! Thirteen to be exact!

Gaze looks at her hand, more specifically her ring finger.

Gaze: Where is MY Hall of Fame ring!? The only reason your pathetic family gave Dark Angel one was she was on her knees for most of her time here! You have forgotten me just like today this company has forgot about this man!

Gaze points behind her toward Mr. Fantastic, then looks back at the camera.

Gaze: The final slap in the face is when I come back and I see these bimbos in this company claim a title that never belong to them! (Gaze points at her chest) KVT and MVC the so called "First Lady of the UTA" (She looks around for a moment then stares coldly at the camera) Last I checked bitches, you two were not in this company around 2000, were you?

She paces back and forth and raises a finger.

Gaze: Oh I get it, apparently all the bumps I took than, or even now, were for my own benefit? Take a look Zhalia Fears, MVC and The Second Coming at the TRUE "First Lady of the UTA!" Anyone that claims otherwise is a fucking liar!

Gaze looks up at Crimson who looks down at her.

Gaze: So now we got The Second Coming, wanting to make herself worthy to be in the presence of the legends of this company! Well child, I believe my beloved has something to say to that!

Gaze hands the microphone to Crimson, who immediately gets a resounding chorus of boos. Crimson gives Harley back to Gaze.

Crimson: Second Coming, it's funny, you spoke the truth when you said the agenda for The Spawn was to remove Dynasty. Of course if you really knew us, you would have known the three of us, you would have

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known that was never our main objective.

Crimson: We were pulled into The Spectre, Jeremiah Woods or whatever the hell he wants to call himself AND HIS problems. His twisted mind wanted Dynasty removed from this company. It was all about HIS agenda, me and The Fantastic One were just happy to be back in this ring doing what we loved so much back in the golden age!

Crimson gets a soft pop from that remark while he looks out into the fans.

Crimson: Here is where I hit you with the cold hard truth. Championships, you say we have none... you are right that neither me or Fantastic have one right now. You ask about Ron Hall and what about him and the Prodigy Championship?

Crimson: Even though Ron and I have settled our differences, Ron is not in Spawn. He is an ally though, so you're right Spawn does not have a championship. What you fail to realize is we have been there and we have done that! We do not need a title belt to feel we are relevant in this company!

Crimson looks over at Fantastic and the two exchange a stare, Crimson returns his stare to the camera.

Crimson: Speaking of championships though, next week, The Spawn is going to take your little title away little girl. It is only a matter of time before La Flama Blanca turns on you. He has bigger things to concern himself with than allowing you to hold onto that championship you hold so dear! There is no one in this company that will stop The Spawn from taking what you....

"You must die! I alone am best!"

The familiar theme song of #WTFc belts out through the arena as the interrupted Crimson Lord moves towards the ropes angrily. The three in the ring turn their attention to the stage as #WTFc members Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes come through the curtain to a rousing ovation.

Fury: Mr. Hollywood himself.

Williams: Hey Now, Mikey got a part in a major motion picture. Don't be so down on the guy, why didn't you get a part?

Fury: Dick only acts in movies that take place in his bedroom.

Mikey is wearing his ring gear and a cut off black t-shirt that reads "Bobby Dean 2015" across the front. Will Haynes also sports his ring gear, and his signature leather jacket. Holding the microphone Mikey brings it to his lips as the music dies out.

Mikey: Well Well Well... If it isn't Count Chocula, Boo Berry, and the Yummy Mummy!

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Haynes begins laughing as the crowd loses it as well. Unlikely allows the laughter to die down before continuing.

Mikey: Listen here fellas and lady. I am only going to say this once...

He pauses and holds up one finger. Not that one finger.

Mikey: I RESPECT YOU!

Williams: Wow! Thats not what I was expecting. Unlikely coming out and showing support of Spawn.

Mikey: I respect the dedication you three have shown us, I respect the position we are all in today, is all thanks to you and the many other pioneers of this great and inspired company.

Haynes looks over at his buddy and raises an eyebrow, confused.

Mikey: Every time we take a fall in that ring, or get a win, we have to think about what got us here. What made the UTA what it is today. For that we thank you.

Mikey puts the mic in his armpit and begins clapping with his newly freed hands. Some fans follow suit, others wait for the punchline.

Mikey: Now that I got that out of the way...

Fury: Uh-oh

Mikey: I think you three, need to learn to respect #WTFC. You see, while your 'legendary' asses were parked on a sofa, or a bar stool, or a coffin, or wherever the hell you people sit, the members of WTFC were here, in the UTA kicking ass.

Haynes nods vehemently and pulls out a mic from his back pocket.

Haynes: You got that right.

Mikey: While you were riding the coattails of your past success, what were we doing?

Haynes: Kicking ass!

Mikey: When you were watching Mr Rogers Neighborhood and eating churros, what were we doing?

Haynes: Kicking ass!

Mikey: While you were busy sucking on each others necks, when your little friend Gaze caught you... What

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was WTFc doing?

Haynes: Kicking ass!

Mikey: When you made your return and demanded title shots for no reason at all, other than you used to work here, who was passed up? Who was pushed down, despite their success?

Haynes: We were.

Mikey: The time is now guys! You think you can just come back and the rest of the roster has to watch you take what we've been working for for months on end? I think thats... HIGHLY UNLIKELY! Tell em Will!

Haynes: Look at it like dis. You used t' be the big fish 'round here, n' UTA back then well it was a little pound. But now - but now we got folks comin' t' us from all over the place. We gotta people watchin' around the whole damn world. N' at a time like that what does the UTA want, what does it need?

Haynes: Does it need a few aging superstars leadin' the charge? Does it need two masked lunatics in a bad romance runnin' 'round leadin' the charge? Does it need two recoverin' pyromaniacs n' Eric Dane leadin' the charge? HELL to the NO. This time - this time it's ours.

Haynes pounds his chest.

Haynes: You think you guys scare us? You ever seen Bobby Dean at the Strip Club Buffet? Nothin' scarier than that!

The crowd once again burst into laughter.

Haynes: Fact a' the matter is that Dubya TEE EFF CEE is walkin' out the doors a' Wrestleshow wit gold on our shoulders, cash in our pockets, n' a girl on each arm. Team Danger, the odd Couple, and you guys - Gloon n' Doom, can't stop us. So with that said Mikey, let's get the hell outta here but rest assured next Monday - we're comin'.

The Spawn look at #WTFc confused.

Both men put their arms to the side and simultaneously 'drop the mic' ... *Shut it Down* hits the pa and all five of the rings occupants look toward the entranceway as the one, the only, the Supreme Super Team of Tag Team Terrorism that is known the world over by one name: Team Danger.

Fury: Oh... Oooh boy.

Williams: Well, looks like a couple of someones have something to say about this little interlude.

The fans pop for the legendary "outsiders" that are Tyrone Walker and Stephen Greer, who methodically and

Victory: XXX

confidently step out on to the stage amidst a storm of cheers. Their expressions are ones of amusement for the little display that has already gone on down in the ring.

Fury: Yes, Dick thinks this is going to get... *dangerous*.

Williams: Nice one, Horatio.

As the music hits one of its valleys after the opening chorus, the notorious partners in crime make their way down to the ring. With fans reaching out to touch, grab and pull at them, they never let their focus waver from the ring, especially on Gaze, who had a big hand in their defeat last week.

Williams: This could be bad, Dick, those two have a pretty infamous history when it comes to women and their sights are firmly locked on to Gaze.

Fury: Maybe they are just admiring her outfit tonight? Dick is feeling a rising in his pants imagining that ensemble on my hotel room floor.

Williams: You're disgusting.

Fury: Thank you, it's one of Dick's finer qualities.

Reaching the ringside area, Greer and Walker climb up on to the apron and peer into the ring at all five of their future opponents assembled. Greer and Walker give Unlikely and Haynes a look, causing them to back away from the ropes before finally entering this little shindig that has popped off in the middle of your scheduled rassleman drama.

Looking down at the mat, Walker locates the mic that Haynes attempted to drop like a boss and picks it back up. A couple pats on it's receiver to ensure it's in working order and he begins.

Walker: Sup y'all...

He says as he gives the four men an easy going look, until his gaze returns to, you guessed it, Gaze and a nefarious smirk curls his lips. She tries to make like it's nothing, but just be sure, Gaze moves a little closer to her man, the largest in the ring, Lord Crimson, which only makes Walker's smirk sharpen as Greer cackles.

Walker: Aww don't run, baby, you an' I was jus' gettin' started with the foreplay last week... I like my womens rough an' nasty, shows ya got some spirit, kna'mean?

Ty gives Gaze a pervy smirk, which gets Crimson's goat as he grinds his teeth. Ty snickers and feigns innocence before clapping his hands together in mock praise.

Walker: ...oh yeah, thanks again for the job, Crim...

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He looks at Mr. Fantastic and he is completely unimpressed.

Walker: You too, Fantastic... *I guess.*

Ty snorts his nose and turns his neck.

Walker: For real tho', as far as last week goes, it's whatever y'all. You got one over on us, we've done it so many times before to other folks that it was bound to happen to us eventually. Well done.

Team Danger slow claps for The Spawn, who are not at all amused.

Walker: But see, me an' Stevie here know that it just don't matter all that much, now does it? All that matters is that in one week, one very short week, we're gonna get in this ring an' take what's *ours*. The UTA World Tag Team Championship.

Greer has collected the other live microphone amidst the grandstanding. He steps to the center of the ring and eyes his opposition.

Greer: He's right. Last week, last year, everything you've ever done here in the UTA? None of it matters when you step into the ring with Team Danger when the gold is on the line. Fifteen times we've come to the ring as challengers for tag team championships and fifteen times we've left the ring with gold in our possession.

Mr. Fantastic shrugs his shoulders and starts yelling at Greer. Greer laughs.

Greer: Fantastic, shut it down, I'll never be able to take a man wearing a leather jacket and Dockers seriously. You look like the guy trying to be the "cool dad." It's embarrassing.

The fans laugh along as Fantastic screams for them to shut up. Gaze tries to talk him down as Crimson Lord steps in front of his partner and hulking over Greer.

Greer: What, you want me to break it off for you too, big guy?

Crimson takes a step toward Team Danger, who both drop their microphones and cut the distance in half. The nearly forgotten members of WTFC interject themselves between Crimson Lord, Greer, Walker and Mr. Fantastic, now with his jacket removed and sleeves rolled up.

Williams: It looks like it's getting ugly in there, Dick.

Haynes and Unlikely get boxed out of the Team Danger and The Spawn showdown, only to force their way back into the center. The three teams start shoving and jockeying for position as several UTA referees flood the ring and push them apart before punches can be thrown.

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Williams: This is going to be a hell of a match next week at Wrestleshow! Three teams who are ready to tear into each other already and you add La Flama Blanca and The Second Coming into it? We're going to have fireworks in Detroit!

All three teams stare at each other, none of them backing down as the fans cheer on their favorite team.

Fury: The champs have their hands full Dick thinks.

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[LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON VS RON HALL](#)

A slow drum beat begins from the PA system, repeating itself as the crowd dies down to hear it. The Ultra-tron flickers into life, fading in with the image of a hill, cloudy blue skies above and a Robertsonge steel Claymore sword buried into the grassy surface. A Scottish flag sits behind it, the wooden pole deep in the soil as well, waving effortlessly in the wind.

Announcer: The following is for the Prodigy Championship...Introducing first he is the challenger...

And suddenly, the sound of the rich violin bursts into the silence, playing it's quick repeating verse as 'Promontory' by Trevor Jones begins to play.

As the violin repeats itself, from the back slowly steps the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson, a bright

Victory: XXX

smile on his face as he taps his foot to the music. Coming onto the stage, Robertson turns slowly, taking in the lights, the rafters and sheer production value of the show, arms outstretched in the moment as he turns back to face the ring and the crowd.

Williams: The last time these two met, Hall ruined what was a great match between LAR and Mr. Fantastic.

Fury: Dick feels Robertson is no where near the caliber of a legend in this company!

A second violin joins the first in the unending repetition, as Robertson walks down the ramp, stepping over to one side of the crowd and taking their outstretched hands in his, shaking each one. He shares a few words with each fan, a laugh with some before moving to the other side of the ramp and repeating with a few there.

Announcer: Making his way down to the ring, hailing from Pockton, Scotland.

Robertson walks his way around the ring on the outside, shaking hands with fans. He gets to one fan with his son, placing his hand on the father's shoulder and whispering something to the boy before shuffling his hair and moving on. Lamond makes a point to shake hands with the announcers and the time keeper before stepping up onto the apron and into the ring.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and sixty seven pounds...

Robertson immediately walks to the corner, dropping to one knee and lifting a necklace he wears around his neck. He kisses the front of it, saying a few words with his head bowed and eyes closed before standing and turning to face the rest of the ring, slapping his left arm with his right hand.

Announcer: Lamond...Alexander...Robertson!!

Fans cheer loudly!

He places the necklace on the outside of the ring, as well as taking his t-shirt off, standing proudly in the Robertson tartan kilt.

Williams: Lamond better be ready. His opponent has made an impact in the UTA for years.

Robertson lowers down, using the rope to keep himself steady, almost sitting on his heels as he waits for the champion.

"Gold Medal" Tha Trademarc hits the PA.

Announcer: and his opponent....he is the current Prodigy Champion!!!

Williams: Here comes the Champion!

Victory: XXX

Announcer: Standing five foot eleven inches. Weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds!

Ron Hall steps from backstage the Prodigy Championship around his waist.

Announcer: "The Southern Rebel" Rooonnnn Halllllll!

Fury: Dick sees this match going in favor of Hall.

Hall reaches the ring absorbing the huge ovation for him.

Robertson respectfully extends his hand. Hall looks down at his hand then back at him and backs away. The two begin to circle the ring not taking their eyes off one another.

Williams: Ron refusing the handshake. Could Gaze be..

Dick interrupts Jennifer mid sentence.

Fury: Dick says you mean Lady Gaze, don't you Williams?

Williams: (sighs) Yes, of course "Lady" Gaze. Well, apparently she might have gotten into Ron's head here.

They lock up! Both men trying to gain the advantage. They start to spin in the ring hitting the ropes, still locked. Hall is finally pushed into the corner and the ref calls for the break. Robertson backs off with his hands up. He then extends his hand once more Hall just stares at the hand, and then looks up at LAR. He slaps his shoulders a few times while they circle once more. They lock up once more. This time Hall pushes Robertson into the corner. The ref forces the break and Hall backs off, and getting off a quick cheap shot.

Williams: Yup she has gotten in his head it looks.

Fury: Dick sees no harm in this Ron has a title to defend here this is no mere exhibition match.

They go for another lock but this time Hall quickly gets a knee lift into Lamond's stomach. He locks Robertson into a suplex and quickly floats over upon impact.

Ref: 1... kickout!

Fans cheer loudly!

Williams: Hall quickly to his feet.

Fury: So is Robertson.

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The two exchange a look and once again lock up! This time Robertson gets the advantage and executes a body slam, quickly followed by a elbow drop and a pin himself!

Ref: 1... kickout!

Fans cheer loudly!

Both men jump to their feet once more. Each sharing a nod toward one another. They circle once more and again as they go for the lock up. This time Robertson takes a page from Hall's book and delivers a knee lift to Hall's gut!

Williams: LAR seems to be feeling out Hall's style.

Fury: Robertson is nothing more than a copycat!

Robertson, wasting no time, quickly locks in a gutwrench suplex! He hits it! Lamond picks up a stunned Hall and throws him off the ropes. He ducks his head but Hall put on the brakes and swift kicks into the face of LAR. His head whips backward and Hall lunges with a flying clothesline!

Williams: Robertson miscalculated there.

Fury: Hall using the experience, now its time for LAR to be taken to school!

Hall picks up Robertson and grabs him from behind into a Atomic Drop! LAR backflips over Ron's shoulder in mid motion. LAR quickly grabs Ron by the waist and lifts a stunned Hall up!

Williams: German Suplex pin! What a reversal!

Fury: Lamond obviously came prepared for this match tonight!

Ref: 1...2 kickout!

Fans cheer loudly!

Hall slowly gets to his feet, Robertson poised to attack. He charges at his stunned opponent! Hall ducks and Robertson is caught immediately with a neckbreaker! Hall gets to his feet he goes off the ropes and drives his knee down on the forehead of Lamond. LAR turns over holding his head. Hall does not waste any time and goes for the cover hooking the leg!

Williams: Hall trying to end this quick!

Ref: 1...2...kickout!

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Fans cheer loudly!

Williams: LAR is slow to get to his feet.

Hall is complaining about the count to the ref.

Fury: Dick says Ron needs to stay on Robertson.

LAR gets to his feet, Hall turns around and grabs LAR locking in a suplex. He lifts him up and Lamond flips behind Ron. Ron runs toward the ropes as Robertson tries to small package Hall. Ron grabs the top rope and Robertson falls on his backside. Ron turns around and bounces off the ropes waiting for Robertson to get up.

Williams: Lamond better get ready hall is poised to attack.

Fury: Just like Dick said earlier Robertson is completely outmatched!

Lamond gets to his feet and Hall charges! LAR quickly responds ducking Ron's clothesline, Ron turns around and LAR with a impressive standing dropkick! Hall quickly gets up and charges LAR who arm drags Hall over to the mat and holds the armbar.

Williams: Lamond is no pushover Dick, if Ron is smart he will not underestimate him.

Ron slaps his arm in the armbar. and gets to his feet. He pulls on hair of LAR the ref warns him. Ron quickly reverse it sending LAR to the mat.

Fury: Ron can out wrestle the best of them!

LAR with a impressive hop up to his feet, this time he reverses the armbar! He quickly turns it into a chickenwing! he takes his right arm and wraps it around the front of Ron's neck and falls forward! Ron's arm still in the chickenwing slams into the mat. Ron quickly responses to the pain in his left arm.

Williams: LAR pulling out a impressive move there!

Fury: Lets see if he capitalizes on it!

LAR quickly gets on top of Ron and locks in a armbar on Ron's injured arm! The ref asking Ron's about if he wants to give up. Ron refuses constantly as LAR pulls back on the armbar. Ron starts crawling for the ropes and finally reaches them. LAR quickly lets go of the armbar.

Williams: Ron doesn't look to happy at Lamond.

Fury: The kid thinks he has a chance at gold Dick thinks he is delusional.

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Ron quickly exits the ring holding his left arm. He slowly paces back and forth while the ref begins to count. LAR puts his hands on his knees waiting for Ron to enter the ring. Ron waits until the ref is about to count ten and slides in the ring. LAR stands up and extends his hand to Ron. Ron stares at his hand then slaps it with a nod of approval.

Williams: First sign of respect coming from Ron.

Fury: If that is what you call it.

The two circle and soon lockup! LAR quickly gets the advantage with a hip toss! Ron hops to his feet, and LAR moves in for the attack unloading with repeated european uppercuts! Ron is stunned! LAR tosses Hall off the ropes. Hall returns, LAR with a tilt a whirl slam on the champion! He goes for the cover!

Ref: 1.....2.....2 ½ ! kickout!

Williams: So close!

Fury: Dick sees this ref counting fast.

LAR looks out into the fans disappointed. He slowly gets to his feet picking up Ron on his way up. He unloads with more european uppercuts driving Ron into the corner. He hops on the turnbuckle looking to the fans for approval. LAR starts to unload with fist blows to the head while the fans count the punches.

Fans: 1....2.....3.....4.....5.....6

Ron grabs a hold of LAR by the waist and pushes forward into a sitdown powerbomb!

Williams: Ron quickly regaining his composure, with a show of force with that sitdown powerbomb!

Fury: Lamond is now going to see why Ron is the champ, and he is nothing more than a bottom feeder!

Both men are down as the ref begins to count. Ron slowly gets to his feet at the five count. LAR moves to his hands and knees. Ron looks over and soccer style kicks LAR in the gut. Ron tumbles backward to the ropes for a moment. While LAR holds his midsection, Ron moves in and drops a forward elbow drop to Robertson!

Williams: The champ, getting his second wind here.

Fury: Dick knew that Ron was toying with Lamond all this time!

Ron picks up Robertson and lifts him up into a powerslam he runs across the ring slamming Robertson hard on the mat and stays on top of him for the cover!

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Ref: 1.....2.....2 ½ ! knockout!

Ron gets to his feet and unloads with boots to LAR's midsection. He picks up Robertson and suplexes him over. He gets up and looks out into the fans for a decent pop. Ron returns to LAR and picks him up quickly locking in a belly to back suplex. Ron quickly gets up and drives an elbow into the lower back of Robertson!

Williams: Ron focusing on Robertson's lower back.

Fury: The sign of a true veteran focusing on one body part Dick approves!

Ron steps over LAR locking his ankles behind his shins and slaps him on the sides of his chest and grabbing his arms. Ron locks in a surfboard! LAR shouts in pain as Ron continues the pressure on LAR's lower back.

Williams: The champ digging into his submission repertoire, Lamond is in trouble here fans!

Fury: Now just give up LAR you have no chance of winning this!

LAR refuses to give up as Ron continues to hold the submission.

Williams: Robertson refusing to give up here fans! He wants this win badly!

Fury: Too bad he is not going to get what he wants tonight.

Ron finally breaks the hold Robertson clearly favoring his lower back as Ron gets to a vertical base. He picks up Lamond and nails a powerbomb, but does not let go. He executes four more powerbombs the final one he pins LAR!

Ref: 1.....2.....2 ¾ ! LAR rolls a shoulder!

Williams: Unbelievable Lamond was able to kick out this kid wants that win badly!

Fury: Dick feels he is nothing more than a glutton for punishment.

Ron extreme unhappy with the ref! He begins to argue with the ref while LAR rives in pain on the mat. Ron constantly slaps his hand mimicking a three count to the ref. The ref refuses to back down telling him it was only two. Ron turns around and LAR is trying to pull himself up to a vertical base with the ropes. Ron picks him off the ground and drags him to the center of the ring and now puts LAR into a torture rack!

Williams: The champ again with more pressure on Robertson's lower back!

Fury: Dick thinks Lamond should give up.

The ref checking on LAR who is in immense pain. Ron keeps on tossing Robertson up and down on his

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shoulders.

Williams: The fans are trying to get behind LAR here.

Fans: LAR...LAR...LAR...LAR!!!!

Fury: Pointless Dick wonders how these fans can ever hope to help LAR break a wrestling hold.

Lamond tries to maneuver his body, as he does he tries to change the momentum after a few tries he is able to take Ron off balance into a crucifix pin!

Ref: 1...2! kickout!

Williams: What a reversal by Lamond! He even caught the legend off balance!

Fury: This kid has a deathwish!

Ron quickly hops to his feet rather upset. He begins to stomp on LAR's lower back once more. He finally picks up Lamond and tosses him off the ropes and tries for a clothesline. LAR ducks and bounces off the ropes again Ron ducks his head looking for a back body drop! LAR leap frogs over Ron. Ron quickly turns around as LAR comes back off the ropes the two both clothesline each other!

Williams: Both men are down here! This fans though are firmly behind LAR right now!

Fans: LAR...LAR...LAR...LAR!!!!

Fury: Get up Ron, Dick sees your championship is in jeopardy!

The ref begins the standing ten count. He reaches nine and both men are back to their feet. Ron swings at LAR and hits him, Lamond returns with a punch of his own. The two begin to brawl back and forth! LAR starts to get the advantage and drives the champion back with a barrage of punches and european uppercuts! He grabs Ron and tosses him off the ropes. LAR goes off the opposite ropes and runs right at Ron hitting him with a boot!

Williams: These fans are on their feet as Lamond is just absorbing the reaction for him!

Fury: Get up champ, don't let this bottom feeder beat you!

LAR feels the momentum has changed and starts to feel the adrenaline coming from the fans! Ron gets to his feet and Robertson quickly kicks him in the gut, and locks in a pump handle slam and nails it! He quickly goes for the cover nodding his head with each count from the ref!

Ref: 1.....2.....2 $\frac{3}{4}$! Ron rolls a shoulder up!

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Lamond puts his hands through his hair in disbelief.

Williams: Lamond can't believe it, and frankly neither can I Hall was able to kickout!

Fury: Dick feels it's now a matter of who wants it more.

LAR picks up Ron and sets him up for the throwing his head between his legs setting up the Pikedriver! Ron tries to block the move but finally LAR is able to get him up into the move....and nails it!

Williams: LAR with his Pikedriver, a speciality he uses this could be it fans .

LAR quickly goes for the cover again!

Fury: Kickout out Ron!

Ref: 1.....2.....2 $\frac{3}{4}$! Ron rolls the shoulder again!

Williams: I don't believe it Hall escaped!

Fury: Dick never had any doubt!

LAR can't believe it, he gets up and moves to the corner waiting for Ron to stand up. Ron staggers to his feet, as Robertson waits for Ron to turn around. Ron slowly does LAR charges out of the corner with a spear. Hall dives out of the way and the ref is struck by LAR!

Williams: The ref is down! Lamond just realized what he did and is trying to check on the ref.

Fury: Right there is the sign of inexperience!

LAR gets up in disbelief as he quickly checks on the ref, not realizing Ron is poised for Country Chin Music! LAR stands up and turns around Ron lets his foot fly! LAR quickly reacts and catches Ron's foot. He spins Ron's foot around and gets Ron up on his shoulders and sets him up for The Clansedge! LAR nails the move! He quickly goes for the cover!

Fans: 1..2...3...4...5

Williams: LAR has this match won! The ref is unconscious though fans!

Fury: Serves this kid right for striking a official.

Gaze runs down to the ring. The fans quickly boo her as she races around the ring where Ron is unconscious. LAR is trying to revive the ref. Ron starts to come around as Gaze shouts at him to get up! Ron staggers to his feet LAR seems to have finally gotten the ref to come to. Gaze tosses Harley into the

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ring. Ron catches the mallet and looks at it then at her.

Williams: Please not like this. This woman has been a nuisance for people against The Spawn!

Fury: End this champ, do the right thing and clobber this bottom feeder!

Ron looks at LAR who is getting to his feet. Robertson is totally oblivious to what Ron has in his hand. Gaze continues to scream at Ron to use it! Ron tosses the hammer back out to her and shakes his head at her.

Williams: The fans are on their feet cheering, Ron refused to use Gaze's weapon!

Fury: Look out you fake champion!

He turns around completely distracted again LAR gets him up on his shoulders again! THE CLANSEEDGE! LAR again with the quick cover hooking the leg! The ref crawls over to the pinfall.

Williams: The Clansedge!! LAR has it here!!!

Fury: Lady Gaze do something!

Gaze stares at Ron in disbelief.

Ref & Fans: 1.....2.....3!!!

The bell rings as prometroy hits the PA!

Announcer: The winner of this match.....AND NEW PRODIGY CHAMPION!

Williams: Lamond has done it fans he is the NEW Prodigy Champion!!!

Lamond is on his knees with his head in the mat, the ref is handed the title as he staggers over to Robertson still disoriented. He hands LAR the title!

Announcer: LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON!!!!!!

Fury: Hall Dick thinks your a moron!

LAR puts the title in his lap then slowly moves the title over his face in celebration! He slowly stands on his feet. The ref raises his hand in victory! LAR gets a huge ovation he walks to a turnbuckle and climbs it and raises the championship to a standing ovation from the fans!

Williams: Here comes Lady Gaze, and she does not look too happy with Ron.

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Fury: Dick feels if Ron would of used the mallet he would still of been champion right now. Ron Hall was made a fool of by a young kid.

LAR exits the ring celebrating with the fans with his championship. As he walks up the ramp. Gaze enters the ring as Ron is sitting in the ring shaking his head in disappointment. Gaze looks down at Ron and starts berating him pointing to Harley. Ron gets to his feet and starts to argue back with her.

Williams: Robertson has done it!! He is the NEW Prodigy Champion here in the UTA!

Fury: Dick thinks he came up big in his first opportunity here on Victory!

LAR has reached the top of the ramp. He turns around and raises the championship high in the air to a huge ovation! Ron looks up toward him and claps his hands at him. Gaze rolls her eyes in disgust with Ron. Gaze leaves the ring while Ron stares at LAR at the top of the ramp shaking her head at him as she leaves.

Williams: Gaze doesn't seem to happy with Ron's reaction to losing the match or the title here tonight.

Fury: Dick doesn't think she should be. Ron had it all in hand, then she tried to interfere and hand Ron something he didn't need. Dick thinks she should have done it for him.

Williams: (Replay of the match finish is shown) Ron tried to be a man and be a man of his word. He allowed himself to get distracted and (Ron gets nailed with The Clansedge) right there is what it cost him.

(Backstage, it's Jamie Sawyers waiting in the interview area and to everyone's surprise, in walks Ron Hall, the now former Prodigy champion. He has a very frustrated look on his face)

Jamie: Ron, just a quick comment if we can, we all saw Gaze's attempt at helping you backfire and it cost you the (Ron grabs the mic and shoves Sawyers off to the side)

Ron: Thank you Captain Obvious! Of course I lost the match! Of course he's the Prodigy Champion! Of course I'm not happy with how this match went! You want to know how I feel about Gaze's attempt at assistance and how this all went right?

Sawyers nods yes, a little fearful of Ron's frame of mind at this point.

Ron: That's not the point right now, this is NOT relevant! What is the point is that I'm not waiting for someone else to make this right! I have a rematch clause in the contract. (Looks into the camera) Robertson! At Black Horizon, without any dumb luck, without any unintentional assistance, I am taking back what is rightfully mine! Enjoy your fifteen minutes of fame, enjoy your rental on that belt!

Jams the microphone into Sawyers chest and walks off in an aggravated huff. The copyright comes up as Jamie's face is one of concern and confusion as we fade to black.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Victory XXX" - Written by Ben.

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