

Late Night D: 06.18.2015

June 18, 2015 | Studio

LATE NIGHT D

As the stream begins to play, a studio band begins to play an instrumental version of *My Dick* by Mickey Avalon. The camera pans across a small studio audience who are clapping and cheering before zooming across the Late Night D stage, resting on it.

Through the curtains, Dick Fury comes out, note cards in hand. The studio claps even more as he rocks a nice white suit set topped off with a red shirt. Dick raises his hands to quiet the audience, smiling as he stands.

Fury: Thank you, thank you. It's always good knowing how much everybody loves Dick!

Finally the clapping subsides as Dick adjust the cards.

Fury: Welcome everybody to Late Night D, back by popular demand! You asked for more Dick so you will get all the Dick you can handle!

More clapping before Dick raises his hand to quiet them.

Fury: Tonight Dick has a very special guest. But first... your weekly top ten...

Dick briefly glances at the note cards before lowering his hands and thrusting his hips out while pointing to his crotch area. More clapping. Dick gives a cheesy grin before pulling the cards back up to read them.

Fury: The category tonight, the top ten reasons why Bobby Dean will win Ring King.

The fans hoot and holler. Dick quiets them down.

Fury: Number ten...

He looks at the card.

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Fury: He is so clumsy, he will fall on each person he faces and cause them to not be able to get free before the count of three.

The fans clap.

Fury: Number nine... because of number ten, he will inadvertently kill Abdul bin Hussain, thus doing the country a favor and everyone on the roster will owe it to him to give him the win.

A small *USA* chant breaks out.

Fury: Number eight...

Dick flips through the cards.

Fury: This is boring. The number one reason Bobby Dean will win Ring King... how can he not with his massive chesticles?!

The fans cheer and clap as Dick throws the cards out toward them before turning and heading around his desk and sitting down.

He adjust himself, taking a sip from the mug filled with what we can only suspect is Irish coffee his assistant had prepared for him. As he sits the mug down, he nods off screen as if saying that this is good.

Fury: Thank you everybody for coming to see Dick tonight. He has a very special guest joining him shortly. This guest is a champion in the United Toughness Alliance.

A small *LFB* chant breaks out. Dick raises his hand to calm them down.

Fury: No, no.. Not La Flama Blanca.

A small *Second Coming* chant begins. Onces again, Dick motions for the fans to stop.

Fury: Not it either.

Dick smiles big.

Fury: This champion is the hottest new person to hit the UTA, but has yet to let Dick hit her...

The fans clap and cheer.

Fury: That's right.. Coming right up is the United Toughness Alliance's own.. Alex Beckman.

Cheers, claps, and a few boos as Dick turns and looks into the camera.

Fury: We'll be right back with Alex Beckman. Don't go anywhere.

We fade into a shot of Dick Fury in an empty ring. It is obviously a small venue as the seats are close. The camera zooms in on him.

Fury: Do you like Dick?

A giant **YES** zooms in and hits the screen before going away.

Fury: Do you want to tell the world how much you enjoy Dick?

Another **YES** swoops in from the side of screen and continues as it heads out the other side.

Fury: Then put Dick on your chest! That's right. For the low price of twenty nine ninety five you too can join the millions who have already put Dick on their chest and purchase of the two new Dick Fury t-shirts!

We get a shot of the shirts.

Fury: In both men's, and women's, from size zero to XXXL for those big and beautiful bitches who love Dick on their chest... the new officially licensed Dick Fury t-shirts.

A number comes across the screen.

Fury: So put Dick on your chest and call 1-800-GiveMeD today! Kids... don't bother asking your parents.. you too can get Dick on your chest! Just call and charge it to your parent's phone bill!

We switch to a busty blonde woman wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Woman: I love Dick!

She jumps up and down before we go to a very good looking man, also wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Man: I really... REALLY.. like Dick.

We head back to Fury.

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Fury: So if you like Dick, like these two like Dick.. get your own Dick Fury shirt today as supplies are limited!

A small print warning comes up. It goes back very quick, but we can only assume it says that kids should not call and charge shirts to their parent's phone bills.

As we return to the show the fans clap and Dick holds his hand up.

Fury: Alright ladies and gentlemen lets bring out the United Toughness Alliance Prodigy champion, Alex Beckman!

He stands up and claps as a stage hand assist Alex Beckman and her manager, Michael Lee Best to the stage. Dick shakes Mike's hand and motions for them to have a seat. As they do, the fans continue to cheer.

Fury: Welcome Alex. Everyone knew it was only a matter of time before you did Late Night D.

She gives him a sharp look.

Fury: Welcome to you as well Mike.

Best: Yea, thanks. It's goo...

Fury: No one cares.

Best, taken back a bit, just gives Dick a look that could kill.

Fury: Prodigy Champion in the house.

The fans clap as Alex nods slightly.

Fury: It's the lowest championship in the UTA of course, but hey.. everyone has to start somewhere. Right?

Best: You know.. you keep running your mou...

Dick throws a finger up to silence Best.

Fury: Shhhh... you're too pretty to talk. It takes away all of the magic.

Michael looks at Dick with a mixture of disgust as well as what could be argued is flattery.

Fury: Tonight is all about the champion here, so lets get right to it. Alex, you come from a mixed martial arts background. At the height of your undefeated MMA career, you suddenly dropped off. There have been a lot of rumors as to why. Can you clear that up now?

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Best: Wow, no small talk. Dick just slips right in there without any warning, huh? Look, Alex doesn't like to talk about--

Beckman: I killed a guy. I mean, it was an accident. But I killed a guy, in Taiwan. That's, uh... that's why they call me the Thai-Breaker.

Dick puffs his lip out slightly and nods, almost as he fully understands and has been there before.

Fury: When you returned to the United States, you then enrolled into Chicago's Five Time Academy, training under veteran fighter Darren Washington and HOW Hall of Famer Mike Best here, learning the craft of professional wrestling. Why the change to pro wrestling?

Beckman: Michael scouted me out in Vegas. Said he'd been watching my career in Japan. When it all fell apart and I came home, I got a little bit lost. I always wanted to be the best, and he promised me the tools and the avenues to do exactly that. It was the easiest decision that I ever made.

Fury: Ok, good good.. Well, you made your wrestling debut in High Octane Wrestling where you seemed to have sizzled out pretty quick. What happened there?

Best: Well see, that's kind of my fault. See, the old man needed me to--

Alex throws a hand up to stop him.

Beckman: It's fine. You don't... have to keep doing that. The fact of the matter is that I hurt my knee. HOW went on a Canadian tour and, well... by the time they got back, Mike was the HOW World Champion, and Lee Best saw me as a distraction. He said that I was getting in the way of his son's future. So... he told me to sit at home and take my checks.

Dick leans in a little bit and smiles.

Fury: So what your saying is you refused to orally please the management because your knees hurt and they decided not to keep you around?

Alex stands up from the chair in a huff, glaring at Dick. Mike puts his hand between them, looking at her eyes and silently talking her down.

Best: Unless you want everyone in the audience to see a shriveled, circumcised Dick... I'd be real careful with that. I'm a BTKO seatbelt-- I might save your life but I can't promise she won't disfigure the hell out of you.

Dick scoffs.

Fury: There is nothing shriveled about Dick, he can assure you of that.

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Best: How about you just stick to the questions worthy of being asked to a champion like Alex Beckman?

Fury: Fair enough. Alex, what brought you to the UTA after your run in HOW?

Beckman: Michael Best.

Fury: Hmm... Seems pretty specific. Care to elaborate?

Mike whispers into Alex's ear before he answers for her.

Best: The fact is that my old man was never going to let Alex become the phenomenon that she has been in the UTA. She was undefeated there, just like she is here, and he's just got her sitting at home doing nothing. It was a waste. My personal reasons for coming to the UTA are-- well, personal. But I can tell you that number one on that list was to see Alex Beckman live up to her astounding potential.

Fury: Lets talk about that potential. Your first match saw you get an impressive win over Lamond Alexander Robertson, but then you had a series of matches against nobodies and local talent. Do you feel this lowered your stock coming in any?

Best: It's not Becks' fault that James Wingate couldn't find anybody willing to face Alex. Can you blame them? In her first match, she beat LAR so bad that the referee had to stop the match. I wouldn't have lined up to face her.

Beckman: I beat two FORMER Prodigy Champions at Black Horizon, and pinned a UTA Hall of Famer. I don't really give a damn what people speculate about my stock.

Fury: At Black Horizon, after only a few matches you won the Prodigy Championship when you faced both of those former champions. How does that make you feel?

Beckman: It's, uh....

Alex looks a little bit uncomfortable, and lowers her eyes from Dick and the camera.

Best: ...uh, great. We're all very proud of her, Dick. And she knows what a great honor it is. In fact, if you check out The Mike Check this week on WrestleUTA.com, you can see her answer that very question herself in *(UN)DISPUTED*.

Fury: There's been a lot of talk amongst the other superstars backstage since winning. What do you say to the critics who don't believe you deserve the title because you faced nobodies on your way to get it?

The fire in Beckman's eyes returns.

Beckman: I'd tell them to say that to LAR's face, because he's the "nobody" who earned me my title shot.

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Best: Maybe she should have worked harder and REALLY earned it. You know, like Perfection's hard fought climb to the Wildfire Championship.

The crowd can be heard going Ooooooooooooo.... in the background as if they can't believe he went there. Dick uses two fingers to pull his collar from his neck before continuing.

Fury: You're facing Lamond Alexander Robertson on the next Victory for the third time since coming into the UTA in a Ring King match. You also will be defending your title. What do you feel about your chances of walking out the winner when you have everything to lose in this match?

Best: Alex is 100% prepared, and this match is going to go the same way that the first two went. In fact, I'm so confident that--

Beckman: I have everything to lose.

Best: Alex, why don't you--

Beckman: No. Let's just put it out on the table. I've been undefeated since I had my first amateur fight ten years ago. I don't know what it feels like to lose. I don't know what it feels like to be beaten. I don't intend to find out, and the pressure on my shoulders right now is weighing me down so hard that I feel it strengthening me. I have EVERYTHING to lose on Monday night, and I think that makes me the least confident that I have ever been in my life. And that... that's what makes me the most dangerous.

Fury: Moving on past this match, Dick has to ask... do you seriously think you're going to win Ring King? Like... it's Ring King, not Ring Queen. Is there something maybe you're not telling us about you?

Beckman: You know what, Dick? Just say it. Just say that you think I have a penis, because I've been hearing that same tired joke from the same tired old men since I got into professional wrestling. "Oh, Beckman is a tranny".

She stands from her chair, stepping toward Dick Fury. Dick Fury reacts with a mixture of fear and arousal.

Beckman: You boys are all the same as you were in high school. The head cheerleader won't screw you, so you tell everyone that she's a slut. Alex Beckman comes into the UTA and starts tearing arms out of their sockets, and you tiny sack cowards have to make me out to be a man since you can handle being DOMINATED by a woman.

Best: I think what she's trying to say is--

Beckman: I'm saying I'm going to win Ring King and I'm going to put my streak on the line against La Flama Blanca. And you can talk all the trash in the world on my path to get there, but this tournament only ends in two ways: Either I win it all, or I go home without the word "UNDEFEATED" in front of my name. End of story.

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Dick stands up, clapping with the fans and nodding his head.

Fury: On the cool though, so what you're saying is.. all your bits and pieces are those of a woman?

Beckman quickly throws her hand forward and down, grabbing Dick by his Little Fury, squeezing as hard as she can as she pulls him, his legs slamming into his desk. He begins to scream like a little girl as she legitimately tries to rip his manhood off. Michael grabs her arms and pulls her back causing Dick to just be pulled, completely by his groin area, on top of his desk kicking his coffee mug to the floor.

Best: Alex! Come on Alex! He gets the point!

She yanks one more time, releasing him as she does, causing Dick to roll over off of the desk and to the floor. He grabs himself in pain as he curls into a ball. Beckman looks down at him and shakes her head before her and Mike step over him and walk off of the stage as the fans clap. The camera zooms in on Dick's face which is full of pain as he mumbles his closing lines.

Fury: This... (sniffles) Has been... (sniffles) Late Night... (sniffles again) D... See you next time...

He closes his eyes tight as he continues to roll on the floor. We fade to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "LATE NIGHT D" - Written by Ben, best.

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