

Victory: XVI

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VICTORY

Victory XVI

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Untelevised, Untelevised (seats)

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of by James Brown begins. The logo pulses until we get to the first chorus. As it fades out we get a shot of screaming fans. We pan across, getting a good look at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly a series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The theme music continues to go off as the camera changes angles. We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul.

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where former VCW Champion, Dick Fury, and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentleman to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA Dot Com! I'm Jennifer Williams and joining me as my new partner here on Victory Dick Fury! Welcome back to the booth Dick.

Fury: How could Dick miss an opportunity to be near a beautiful mocha lady like yourself?

Williams: Why thank you.

Fury: Dick loves the taste of chocolate, can he have one?

Williams: What?!

Jennifer sits in shock for a few moments before continuing.

Williams: Well... umm... Fans, Victory will be another great show tonight as we have a couple of debut matches to bring to you, highlighted by our increasingly popular women's division here in the UTA.

Fury: Dick loves the ladies.

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Williams: I'm sure you do. As always, Victory streams exclusively here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as ' by Jefferson Airplane starts up. Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Williams: Zhalia Fears about to come out to the ring.

Fury: Does Dick smell fire?

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out.

Williams: Fears has looked impressive her short time here in the UTA.

Fury: The Stunners the UTA has are really opening up people's eyes. Dick can't take his eyes off them.

by Aerosmith plays as the fans start booing.

Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks to the ring and ignoring the fans as she's walking down.

Fury: Look at this hot box of rocks.

Williams: Van Claudio is trying to rebound off her loss against Bechdel Kush.

Marie mouths off that she is the hottest Women's Wrestler here in UTA and that nobody can't deny is as she flips her hair.

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Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Marie gets on the apron and gets in the ring, but she stops and leans out and saying that the fans won't get to see her goods.

Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie spins around and walks to the ropes and leans on them with her hair back as she listens to her theme music.

Announcer: Marie Van Claudio!!!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing.

Williams: This is our opening match here on Saturday Night Victory. Zhalia Fears and Marie Van Claudio.

Marie checks her nails before looking up to see her opponent.

Williams: Referee Velazquez making sure both wrestlers are ready.

Fury: Dick is ready.

The bell sounds.

Fears wastes no time and goes right for her opponent. Landing a Forearm Smash that sends Van Claudio backwards. She drops and rolls back and then comes back with her own Forearm Smash. Fears rolls back much like Van Claudio. Fears comes back at Marie and is sent to the mat with an Armdrag Takedown. Fears makes one more rush.

Williams: Fast paced action to start Victory. Van Claudio with a Drop Toe Hold on Fears.

Van Claudio shows some mat skills and spins to lock Zhalia Fears in a Headlock. Fears brings both Stunners to their feet and lands a Over the Head Suplex into a pin attempt.

Williams: Van Claudio kicks out at two! That was close!

Fury: Explosive action to kick this Victory off!

Van Claudio is first to her feet. She hits the ropes and comes back to Fears. Zhalia is the recipient of a Big Boot to the side of the head.

Fury: Zhalia Fears sent to the outside by the Big Boot.

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Claudio goes to the ring apron and walks to the closest corner. Van Claudio is waiting for Fears to turn around.

Williams: Van Claudio stalking her opponent.

Referee: One!

Van Claudio runs off the apron and goes for a Flying Cross Body... Zhalia Fears lands a huge Dropkick to the mid section of her opponent. Both women are on the floor! The fans go wild!

Fury: These women are getting Dick excited.

Williams: Good grief!

Both women start to stir as the ref keeps counting.

Referee: Five!

Van Claudio brings Fears to her feet and rolls her into the ring. Fears turns the burners on and lands fast and hard rights and lefts to Van Claudio as she enters the ring. Zhalia Fears hits the ropes and leaps frogs over Van Claudio. Marie Van Claudio drops to the mat as Fears runs over her. Van Claudio connects with a Dropkick sending Fears to the mat.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio keeps the attack coming.

Fury: Dick loves hair pulling!

Van Claudio grabbing Fears hair slams her head into the mat. The referee gets involved and gives Van Claudio a warning. The fans boo Van Claudio and she continues to attack her opponent.

Williams: Van Claudio hits the ropes...

Fury: Big time Elbow Drop. The cover...

Ref: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Williams: Fears with the kickout.

Fury: Van Claudio goes for the pin again.

Fears kick out once more. Van Claudio gets up in starts jawing with the ref on his counting speed.

Williams: Fears is on her feet!

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Marie Van Claudio moves passed the referee and takes off running. Fears hooks Marie's legs and runs into the corner. Fears slams Van Claudio into the turnbuckles. Fears lands some hard fists on Van Claudio. Zhalia stands and walks around the ring pumping the crowd up.

Williams: These fans are on Fears' side for sure!

Fans: Fears! Fears! Fears!

Fears goes for Marie Van Claudio and is meet with a boot to the gut. Van Claudio takes Fears by the hand and pushes her into the ropes and sends her off to the races. Fears reverses the Irish Whip and waits for Van Claudio to get to the middle of the ring.

Fury: A great looking Hurricanrana!

Williams: Fears is turning it into a pin.

Ref: One... Two... Kickout!

Williams: Van Claudio just won't stay down.

Fury: MVC is legit.

Both women fight in the middle of the ring, exchanging hard rights. Fears runs away from MVC but is slammed to the ground after MVC pulls Fears hair.

Fury: Very dirty!

Williams: Marie Van Claudio playing dirty. She's been warned again.

Fury: Spank her Velazquez! Spank her!

Williams: Referee Juan Velazquez will do no such thing!

MVC now locks Zhalia Fears in a Headlock as the two are on the mat. Van Claudio puts her weight on the back of Fears. Griping her hands as tight as she can to cut off the oxygen to Zhalia Fears.

Fury: Fears is going out.

Williams: Zhalia Fears might be out cold.

The fans begin clapping for Fears. MVC yells at them to knock it off.

Williams: Fears is coming to!

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Fury: Fears is still in this match.

Fears brings both women to their feet. She grabs MVC by the waist and hits a Backbreaker to even the match.

Williams: MVC is down. Fears shouldn't even still be in this match!

The fans begin cheering and start a chant.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Fury: Only on Victory!

Fears sits on her knees beside Marie Van Claudio. Fears takes her time and pulls MVC to her feet. Fears goes for another Backbreaker and connects. Van Claudio grabs at her back and writhes in pain. Fears taking a few seconds and is breathing hard.

Williams: This match has taken a lot out of these two UTA stars.

Fury: This match has taken a lot of out...

Williams: Don't say it, Dick!

Fury: Okay... It's taken a lot out of Dick!

Zhalia Fears goes for one last Backbreaker. She is stopped by MVC. Van Claudio grabs Fears by the hair and swings her over head, slamming her on her backside. Marie Van Claudio hits the ropes and comes back with a hard kick to the center of Zhalia's back.

Williams: MVC with another big kick.

Fury: That sound was sickening.

Williams: Who is going to win this match? Will we even have a winner?!

Fury: Dick has no clue. This match has been very solid. Let's see who wants this one more... Fears or Van Claudio.

Zhalia slowly begins to get up, holding her back. MVC leaps up on her back, wrapping her arms around Zhalia's neck and her legs around her waist.

Williams: Claudio looking to choke Zhalia Fears out.

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Fears walks in a semi circle before reaching back and grabbing her opponent's head. She takes a few quick steps forward, jumping up and coming down with her legs out, cracking MVC's chin on the top of her head in a backpack stunner.

Williams: THE OFFERING! IT'S THE OFFERING TO THE WHITE RABBIT!

Zhalia turns over and slowly climbs toward Marie Van Claudio, throwing her arm over her chest as the referee drops and begins to count. The fans count along with him as his hand hits the canvas for the third and final time, followed by the bell ringing.

Williams: Zhalia Fears pulling a win out of nowhere there as she hits The Offering on Marie Van Claudio.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... ZHALIAAA.... FEEEAARRRRSSS!!!

Fury: What a good match Jennifer.

Williams: It sure was.

Fury: The only thing that would have made it better, is if it was in a pit of mud.

Williams: Oh Dick...

Fury: Sure you can Jennifer...

Williams: Oh my God, ewww...

Zhalia Fears has one of her hands raised by the referee as she holds her back with the other.

A Word With La Flama Blanca

As we head backstage, Jamie Sawyers stands in front of a backdrop.

Sawyers: Folks, I'm being joined now by Dynasty member, La Flama Blanca.

La Flama Blanca steps into the scene, wearing a new outfit. He looks at Jamie who turns to him.

Sawyers: Blanca... tomorrow night on Pure Sports Entertainment you will join your fellow Dynasty members as you take on Madman Szalinski, The Shoot Kings, Ariel, and Chris Hopper. What are your thoughts going into this match.

La Flama Blanca tilts his head at Jamie, just staring, before he turns and leaves the scene. Jamie Sawyers holds his hands up, not knowing what to say.

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Sawyers: Well folks, I gue-

Suddenly a foot comes into the scene, catching Jamie under the jaw. As the camera leaps back we see La Flama Blanca with a picture perfect super kick.

As he stands over Jamie Sawyers admiring his work, we hear a loud yell from out of the scene. La Flama Blanca turns and through his mask eye holes you can see his eyes grow large. Madman Szalinski leaps and tackles La Flama Blanca.

As he mounts Blanca, Madman brings hard rights down catching his former friend. Finally, we have a group of stage hands and officials run in and pull the two apart, who are now rolling around on the ground.

Szalinski: I'm going to kill you! I'm going to kill you!

La Flama Blanca yanks his body away the officials and motions for Madman to bring it.

Blanca: I'm right here!

Szalinski: Let me go! Let me go!

As they are held apart, we fade.

Marie's Point of Mind

The scene starts with Marie Van Claudio, sitting down as she's icing her lip as she looks at the cameras again. Marie looks at her mouth again as she checks to see if anything is busted.

Marie Van Claudio: You know, I shouldn't bite where the bulldog would bite. I kind of under estimated Zhalia Fears, but I have to say that she's one tough cookie to do that type of stuff. My hats off to her for our match, but I'm annoyed. I'm annoyed to the point where I'm sick and tired of people making a mock and laughing at me.

Marie Van Claudio slams her ice down on the ground as the cameras are rolling at her as she looks with a pissed off look.

Marie Van Claudio: And this is where I draw the line! You people out there laugh at me for a reason that is unknown, I'm really getting pissed off about what is going on why. Why on earth is it all the time that everytime that the Van Claudio family goes in the ring and we do things the right way, we get mocked at? We are put down? Because we are French-Canadian and we aren't American?

Marie pushes her hair out of the way as again, she gets annoyed tone.

Marie Van Claudio: Or do we have to kiss some ass to the fans to get respect here. Do you think that we

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have to be the loveable ones in UTA to mark our mark?! Do I have to be in a group to get myself out there? What do I have to do to get known here? You guys think I'm the so called "Barbie Doll" that cares about her looks! I was the MAIN EVENT on this show a couple of weeks back and I have to clean up my things?!

Marie walks to the mirror as she looks at it as she fixes her hair.

Marie Van Claudio: I maybe the hottest Women's Wrestler here, but I'm far from a Barbie Doll! I come from a wrestling family and I deserve respect like them! You guys need to treat me with respect because if you don't!

Marie looks at the mirror one more time as she grabs something from the dresser. Marie throws it and the mirror shatters.

Marie Van Claudio: Je vais briser tous qui est dans ma façon de se faire respecter!

The scene ends as Marie walks away as we see the mirror broken as the scene fades to black.

The opening notes to by Amon Tobin begin to play, and the big screen cuts to Bechdel Kush backstage, doing stretches while reading her Kindle. After a few moments of this, her father Asok runs up to her and starts tapping her on the shoulder, motioning towards the entrance.

Bechdel gets a panicked look on her face. She rises to her feet quickly and starts running towards the gorilla position. Asok yells something at her, and she screeches to a stop, takes off her glasses, and thrusts them into Asok's hands, before turning and running again.

As the music builds, Bechdel goes from a sprint into a full run. A few feet from the curtain, Bechdel launches her body forward into a handspring...

...BURSTS through the curtain in a full forward flip...

And hits the entrance stage in a three-point-stance RIGHT as the drums hit!

Announcer: Hailing from Columbia Maryland...

Bechdel nods her head to the beat, a "whoa, I totally just pulled that off!" look on her face, as she makes her way to the ring. She reaches out and gives high-fives to any fans that have their hand out.

Announcer: Standing at five feet ten inches, and weighing in at 170 pounds...

When Bechdel gets to the ring, she swiftly scales the turnbuckle - without using her hands. Once she reaches the top, she raises both hands, fingers outstretched, and then waves at the crowd in a friendly way, before doing a backflip into the ring.

Announcer: BECHDEL... KUSH!!!

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Bechdel raises her arms once more and smiles. As the crowd reaction dies down, Bechdel makes her way to her corner and waits for the action to begin.

The drums of by Suicide Silence erupt through darkness as spotlights highlight one of the most unhinged men in professional wrestling - Turk.

Announcer: Hailing from Chicago, Illinois...

Back to the crowd, his leg begins pounding time into the stage with the growing drum line of the music, until the quick crescendo as he leaps into the air turning the face the jeers that follow him everywhere.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three... and weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds...

Turk begins down the ramp toward the ring.

Announcer: The Psycho.... TURRRRRKKKKKK!!!!!!

Turk reaches the ring. In one fluid motion, he leaps to the apron, grabbing the ropes as his feet plant on the edge of the ring. A series of pyrotechnics shoot from all four corners of the ring, catching Tommy Lipton by surprise.

Williams: Turk coming off a major showing in that seven person inter-gender ladder match just one week ago.

Fury: Dick is looking forward to this. There's too many guys in the locker room who cry and complain about having to face a woman. The way Dick sees it, they want to step in that ring, it's the men's jobs to face them.. and show them why they belong in the kitchen instead.

Williams: Like you did Second Coming?

Fury: Dick's still not convinced Second Coming isn't a man Jennifer.

Williams: Whatever helps you sleep at night.

As the music begins to fade out, Turk stomps around the ring.

Williams: Turk much larger than Bechdel Kush, who hopes that her unorthodox style is enough for her to survive in the ring with this beast.

Fury: She's what.. a buck.. a buck twenty? Turk is six foot three and two sixty five. He's going to destroy her!

Williams: Turk rushes Kush. Bechdel ducks.

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As Turk stops and turns Bechdel throws a leg out and twist around with her foot connecting with his head.

Williams: OH! RIGHT OUT OF THE GATE WITH THAT CAPOEIRA STYLE KICK!

Fury: What?!

Turk stumbles back and into the ropes. Bechdel runs and leaps up, bringing her knees into him as she pulls back on his head.

Williams: Bechdel using that Maui Thai training to try and take the big man out!

As she hops back, Turk stumbles forward off of the ropes and begins to fall forward. Bechdel leaps from one leg, high up, and spins around with both legs coming down into the back of Turk's head.

Williams: ENVERGADO! ENVERGADO!

Fury: YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING!

As Turk's face hits the canvas, he holds the back of his head. He rolls to his side and we see a little bit of blood coming from his nose. Bechdel's eyes grow and she begins to breath hard and rapid, holding her chest.

Williams: It seems Bechdel, shocked at how quickly the match progressed, may be having a panic attack. The sight of Turk's blood conflicting Bechdel.

Fury: She probably just realized she left the stove on.

Williams: Shut up Dick.

Still holding his head, Turk rolls to the edge of the ring on the apron. The referee begins to check on Bechdel, who is trying to calm down.

Williams: The referee making sure Bechdel is OK and can continue.

Fury: Maybe he should check on Turk?! He's the one down.

Turk rolls to the floor and leans on the side of the apron. He checks his nose, wiping the little bit of blood away which causes him to lose it. He bends down and begins digging under the ring.

Williams: Turk looking for a weapon. Bechdel! Calm down!

He pulls out a chair and slides into the ring. The referee turns around as Turk comes forward and slams the edge of the chair into Kush's stomach. As she bends over he brings it down across her back hard. the referee starts to call for the bell.

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Williams: Turk attacking Bechdel with that chair! Someone help!

He raises the chair up again as the fans start to scream loud. Turk turns to see what the commotion is and sees Doozer running down from the back.

Williams: IT'S DOOZER! IT'S DOOZER! Turk throws the chair to the canvas and drops down, sliding out as Doozer hits the ring.

Turk backs away as Doozer stands yelling at him. Turk just smiles. Doozer ready for anything, realizes that tonight is not the night, but these two will meet. He turns and kneels down checking on Bechdel as Turk just laughs, backing up the ramp.

Williams: Bechdel Kush gets the win, and thankfully Doozer was in the building and could make sure things did not escalate further than they did. This was just despicable. You do not treat women like Turk has!

Fury: Dick's tired of this battle fo the sexes thing. Everyone who steps in that ring is a professional wrestler! they know the risk.

Williams: So you condone hitting someone that much smaller than you with a chair?

Fury: You step forward to Dick, and no matter if you're a man or woman, you get all of Dick.

Williams: I see.

Fury: Wait.. that came out wrong...

Doozer helps Bechdel up in the ring as we fade to the back.

Ejected

We head backstage where Bryan Wingate and Kevin Hawk are escorting Madman Szalinski through the parking garage.

Hawk: Look Jeremy...

They stop walking. Kevin places his hand on Madman's shoulder.

Hawk: You can't keep going into business for yourself.

Madman throws his hand sup.

Szalinski: What do yuo want me to do?! That little Chihuahua needs to be put down!

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Hawk: I can understand your frustration, I really can. But save it for tomorrow night. Five on five main event on Pure Sports Entertainment. You will get your hands on him then.

Szalinski: I'm going to kill him!

Hawk: Jeremy.. save your anger for tomorrow during the Anniversary show. But tonight, I need you to leave and cool down.

Szalinski: He super kicks Jamie Sawyers and I have to leave?

Kevin sighs.

Hawk: He'll be reprimanded for that too. But you need to just wait twenty four hours.

Madman sighs.

Szalinski: Whatever Kevin.

Madman Szalinski turns and begins walking away as Kevin hawk and Bryan Wingate share a look of concern.

Uncomfortably Numb

Backstage, Rumor Man Stan is being followed by a cameraman. He walks into the first aid room, where we can see Bechdel Kush being tended to by the staff physician. The doctor appears to be making sure Bechdel hasn't broken any ribs, but he's having some problems because Bechdel keeps shying away from his touch.

Rumor Man Stan: Bechdel, Bechdel, can I get a word with you about tonight's match?

He tries to approach, and as we do, we can see that Bechdel is still in the throes of what appears to be a panic attack: wide-eyed, staring into space, and breathing heavily. She glances in Stan's direction with a vacant look on her face.

Bechdel Kush: . . .

Rumor Man Stan: Bechdel, can I get a word with you about that vicious chair attack?

Bechdel Kush: . . .

Bechdel continues to stare vacantly past Rumor Man Stan. The doctor continues his work in silence. After a few moments of silence, Stan clears his throat, again to no response.

Rumor Man Stan: Bechdel? Um... BECKY?

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This gets her attention. She looks at Stan, tears welling up in her eyes. Her lower lip quivers a little.

Bechdel Kush: Is... Is Ryan going to be okay?

Now it's Rumor Man Stan's turn to be stunned. Bechdel pleads with her eyes for an answer. She weakly extends a hand towards Stan.

Bechdel Kush: Please tell Ryan I'm sorry... I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm SO sorry omigod omigod omigod...

Bechdel goes once again into full-on panic attack mode. The doctor stops what he's doing long enough to grab her hand, firmly but not maliciously, and touches her face to get her attention.

Doctor: Shhhh, Becky, you need to calm down, you have a cracked rib and this hyperventilating is no good for it...

Bechdel Kush: I'M SORRY RYAN!

The doctor motions for Bechdel to lay down, which she does absently, while still weeping, shaking her head, and murmuring "I'm sorry Ryan... I'm sorry..." Rumor Man Stan looks at the camera and shrugs.

Rumor Man Stan: ...Ryan?

Doctor: Turk's other personality. Now please clear out of here, she needs her privacy.

The camera starts to back out of the room as the scene fades.

Friendship is Magic

Mikey!

At the sound of his name, Mikey Unlikely stops walking and turns around.

Mikey Unlikely: Yo....Don't you ever take that off?

The person who called his name steps into view: it's The Second Coming. She's wearing a plain facemask and a short sleeved blood splattered shirt with the slogan 'This is my ZOMBIE KILLING shirt' on the front. Clearly she's not dressed for a match.

Except for the facemask, of course.

The Second Coming: Not when there's cameras around.

She gave a slight nod of the head to 'the fourth wall.'

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2C: Anyways, Mikey. I felt bad that I didn't get a chance to talk to you in Naples like I promised at the signing. Got some time tonight, though - can we cash in the raincheck?

Unlikely: Sure, sure. Actually I'm waiting for someone right now, and we were gonna go get a few beers. You're absolutely welcome to join us.

He extended his hand and 2C shook.

2C: I don't drink, but as long as I can get a cup of coffee or something, that's cool. Who are you waiting for?

Unlikely: It's actually a really funny story. So I was on Craigslist--

2C put her hand up to stop Mikey from continuing.

2C: If this is a gross story involving swingers, we can skip the drink and go right to the vomiting.

Mikey laughs.

Unlikely: Naaah, it doesn't. Funny enough, he works for the UTA. So he was looking for a partner--

2C: That doesn't convince me that the story isn't going to take a turn.

Mikey laughs again.

Unlikely: He can explain it better, I think. Hey, Bobby!

From behind the Second Coming, "Beautiful" Bobby Dean walks into view. He's wearing a two - sizes - too - small shirt with the slogan "Don't hate me because I'm Beautiful" on the front.

Bobby Dean: Hey there, sweet - tits. Mikey, I thought we were gonna go to the strip club later, but I like your style, you bring the strippers to you, but buddy, can you, uh, loan be a few bucks? I left my wallet in my other pants.

Unlikely: That's not -

2C: Him? You were waiting for him?

Bobby Dean puts an arm around the Second Coming's shoulder, which is immediately shrugged off, leaving a slimy sweat trail along 2C's shirt.

BBD: C'mon, sweetie, turn that frown upside down. Actually... are you even frowning?

2C: You know, he's my opponent tomorrow night.

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Bobby Dean looks aghast, looking between the Second Coming and Mikey, then back, suddenly he points at her in shock.

BBD: Holy crap! Wait a minute, you're him? I mean, her? I mean, you're THAT Second Coming?

2C completely ignores his ramblings, looking at Mikey with a glare.

2C: You know, he told the Twitterverse that I should get raped.

Mikey winces, as Bobby simply shrugs his shoulders as if he doesn't understand the problem.

BBD: So... that was wrong? Rape is frowned upon in these parts?

The Second Coming looks at Bobby with a dead - eyed 'thousand yard stare,' then looks back at Mikey Unlikely.

2C: He's the one who tried to convince the UTA and its fans that I'm a porn star.

Mikey facepalms, and Bobby Dean gets a dreamy kind of look on his face.

BBD: You gotta admit you looked pretty hot on that box cover. Hey, Mikey, have you ever seen a girl orgasm for 8 hours? I'm ready to sleep after one!

Mikey throws his arms up in the air in surrender, while the Second Coming steps away from both men.

2C: This was a bad idea.

She turns and walks past Mikey Unlikely, intentionally shoulder - blocking him as she walks. Mikey watches her go, looks at Bobby Dean, then looks back toward the Second Coming.

BBD: So, she's not taking her clothes off for us?

Mikey looks at Bobby as if he's lost his mind, Bobby simply stands there watching the Second Coming walk away.

BBD: She's at least meeting us at the strip club, right?

Wreckage

The Second Coming was still walking away from Mikey Unlikely and Bobby Dean, shaking her head. The Second Coming: Stupid, stupid... Just swallow your pride and give peace a chance. Mikey's good people. She turned a corner, nearly running into a brick wall. A wall named Turk. Turk's wheels turned inside his head and realized this was one of the people Daley had mentioned; "We need you to be more like that girl,

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going by the Second Coming or whatever..." Turk's head cocked to the side as he approached her from behind. Turk: You're Second Coming? She spun and looked directly at him.

The Second Coming: ...Yeah? And you're T-- Turk didn't even wait for her to finish: he thrust forward with a crushing elbow to her face. 2C stumbled backward and Turk attacked, claspings the sides of her head between his hands he crashed his forehead into hers. 2C's world went blurry and she tried to hold her ground. Two undefended blows from a man this powerful was not something she'd planned on tonight. She was quickly aware he was charging her again and she swung desperately, connecting flush with a solid left hook that stunned him. The side of Turk's head stung and his ears rang, she was far stronger than he expected. He kicked her in the stomach and she bent forward allowing him to wrap her arms behind her own back as he placed his knees on either side of her head... Daley: TURK STOP! Turk heard Daley running up behind them. He knew what he'd say. He just didn't care. No one understood. No one could comprehend what he was. He was a monster. He was something that couldn't be cured. He couldn't be fixed. He was a predator, it was all he knew. He could never be like her. Like Doozer. Like any of them. He was a monster. As he crunched 2C's head into the floor with his finisher, The Split, he thought; "It's all I'll ever be." Daley: (screaming) YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING! Turk stood and looked over his handiwork. The Second Coming was unconscious at his feet. Witnesses murmured behind him, around them all. The wreckage at his feet was when he felt most at home. Most real. Alive. Daley: (grabbing Turk's shoulder) You can't do this! We'll never... Turk: (shrugging him off) There is no "we", Bill! This is me! This what I am! Look at her (gesturing to 2C motionless on the floor in front of them) This is what you want me to be? Look at it! Carnage! This heap is what I'm supposed to aspire to?! You're fucking nuts! Not me! I couldn't be the crazy one! I have the plan, Bill. I'll work my own damn plan! Turk shoved Daley away and stalked down the hall as the witnesses parted for him.

by Audioslave begins to play. The arena goes dark as the drums build early in the song.

Williams: J Stevenson on his way to the ring for our Main Event.

Fury: This is the guy to keep an eye on.

Stevenson slows walks out from the back and is given a round of boos.

Announcer: Hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania...

Stevenson arrives at the top of the ramp as the song starts its first verse and stops. He slowly begins walking down the ramp, carefully avoiding contact with anyone in the stands.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds....

J reaches the ring, climbs the turnbuckle, and steps through the middle ropes.

Announcer: J Stevenson!

Victory: XVI

Stevenson jumps up and down in place, performing some dynamic stretches before his match.

Williams: Another big main event match in the UTA. J Stevenson taking on Lew Smith.

Fury: Stevenson can't overlook his opponent tonight. Those Brits know how to wrestle. J Stevenson looking ready for action.

Williams: J Stevenson awaits his opponent.

by Children Of Bodom begins to play. Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Williams: Here comes Smith. A man you are no stranger to.

Fury: Smith is quite a character. Dick had a few run ins with Lew Smith. Cracked a coffee mug over his head once. Took his VCW title. Good times.

Williams: Both men could use the win, tonight.

Announcer: Coming to the ring. Hailing from Frimley, England. He stands at six foot one and weighs in at two hundred and fifteen pounds....

Fury: Dick had a wild night in Frimley.

Announcer: THIS IS... LEW... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!

Williams: The former VCW Champion has made an impression on the UTA Universe.

Fury: Weird guy. Dick is no fan.

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. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse.

Williams: Stevenson moving out of the way of Lew Smith.

Fury: Smith playing some head games but Stevenson doesn't seem to be phased.

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

Victory: XVI

Williams: Both competitors now in the ring.

Fury: Ring the bell! I got places to be!

The bell sounds.

J Stevenson moves in quick to land a Running Boot but misses Smith completely. Stevenson charges Smith again and is sent to the mat with an Armdrag Takedown.

Williams: Another Armdrag Takedown sends J Stevenson to the canvas.

Stevenson snaps back up. Smith now lands some hard lefts pushing Stevenson in the corner. Working his mid section with combinations.

Williams: Smith taking it to Stevenson.

Stevenson tosses Smith into the corner. He throws Lew's arms behind the top rope.

Fury: Knife Edge Chops!

Fans: Woooooo!

Stevenson begins taking Smith to town with Knife Edge Chops. Pausing in between.

Fans: Wooooo!

Williams: Stevenson lands a Headbutt on Smith chasing him from the corner.

Smith walks towards the ropes leaning his body across the top rope as he walks. Stevenson sends Smith into the ropes and across the ring. Smith comes back at Stevenson and flips around putting his legs around the waist of J Stevenson. Stevenson raises Smith up and slams him face first to the mat.

Williams: Big time reversal by Stevenson.

Fury: Smith was denied.

Stevenson goes on the attack kicking at the knees of Lew Smith. Stevenson picks up the right leg of Lew Smith and smashes it into the canvas.

Fury: Smart move. Take Smith's legs out of the equation and force him to wrestle his way to a decision.

Stevenson smashes the same leg into the mat again. The fans boo Stevenson and he yells at the crowd.

Victory: XVI

Williams: These fans seem to be getting to J Stevenson.

Fury: The fans definitely get into the guy's heads.

Stevenson grabs one of Smith's legs and locks in a Single Leg Boston Crab.

Williams: Smith is in the middle of the ring. No where to go.

Fury: This might be a quick one.

Smith slams his hands on the mat in pain. J Stevenson leans back further putting even more strain on the lower back of Lew Smith.

Williams: Smith is not giving up.

Fury: He can't take much more of this.

Lew Smith pushes himself up and begins stepping with his hands closer and closer to the ropes.

Williams: Smith is almost to the ropes.

Smith lunges himself to the bottom rope and grabs it.

Williams: Stevenson forced to break the hold.

Fury: Stevenson not letting the hold go. Taking the count to four.

Stevenson lets Smith's leg go and stands over Lew. Stevenson gets cocky and stops his offense.

Fury: Come on J. Finish this bum.

Stevenson watches Smith get to his feet close to the ring ropes. J Stevenson hits the ropes and comes at Lew Smith.

Williams: Smith ducks and pulls down the top rope!

Fury: Stevenson crashing to the outside. These fans are loud.

Stevenson holds his head as he lay on his back on the mat on top the cement floor. Smith lay on the mat taking a blow.

Williams: Smith needs to take advantage of this.

Victory: XVI

Smith finally gets to his feet. You can tell he is feeling the effects of the submission move. Smith steps through the ropes and now stands on the ring apron. He braces himself for impact.

Williams: Asai Moonsault by Lew Smith!

Fury: Insane! Both men are down!

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Both men lay broken beside the guard rail. Smith caught major air on the Moonsault. Stevenson's head smashing off the guardrail.

Referee: One!

Williams: Referee starting his ten count. Big aerial move from Lew Smith.

Fury: The fans are enjoying this one!

The referee already now on five as the combatants begin to rise to their feet. Smith knees Stevenson in the gut and rolls him into the ring. Smith stands on the apron. He grabs the top rope and springboards himself over and lands a Leg Drop.

Fury: Smith with the cover...

Referee: One... Two... Kickout!

Williams: Smith almost just won this match.

Fury: Almost only counts on a VD test.

Williams: What?!

Fury: Or is it Hand Grenades and Horse Shoes?

Smith picks Stevenson up by the hair. Lew takes Stevenson's back attempting a German Suplex.

Williams: Stevenson fighting Smith. Lew pushing J Stevenson forward into the ropes.

Stevenson grabs the top rope as Smith is sent backwards rolling on the mat and coming back at Stevenson. Smith goes for a would be tackle but flies outside the ring and to the floor.

Fury: Stevenson moves at the last second.

Victory: XVI

Williams: Smith now on the outside.

Referee: One!

Stevenson lays in the ring propping his upper half up against the bottom turnbuckle and rope. Stevenson pushes his hair back and takes a breath.

Williams: These two UTA stars are really giving it their all!

Fury: Dick wouldn't call either of them stars.

Stevenson gets to a vertical base. He stands by the corner holding onto the top rope on each side of the turnbuckle. He sees Smith on the outside just getting to his feet.

Williams: Stevenson going up top.

J Stevenson perches himself atop the top rope waiting for his moment. Smith turns to face him and Stevenson takes off.

Fury: Double Axe Handle off the top rope.

J Stevenson crashes down on Lew Smith sending Smith back to the floor. The referee continues to count. Stevenson grabs Smith and sends him back into the ring.

Williams: Stevenson looks in control of this one.

J Stevenson stands above Lew Smith. He stomps on the lower back of Lew Smith. Stevenson goes to pull Smith to his feet and is caught with a Jawbreaker.

Fury: Jawbreaker keeps Smith in this match.

Stevenson shaky on his feet stumbles into the ropes. Smith runs into the ring ropes and heads right for J Stevenson.

Williams: Big time collision!

Fury: Both men down after a Double Clothesline.

Referee: One!

Williams: Non stop action. These two men putting it all on the line here on Victory.

Fury: Lot of respect for these men. Lot of heart in that ring.

Victory: XVI

Referee: Three!

Both men show no signs of movement. The fans begin chanting.

Fans: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Williams: Smith showing signs of life.

Fury: The fans are on their feet!

The fans loud cheering powers both athletes. Lew Smith turns over to now rest on his stomach. J Stevenson rolls to his side. Smith goes and crawls over to Stevenson. The two trying to get to their feet.

Referee: Seven!

Williams: Both men are on their feet...

Both men stagger in the ring. Smith lands the first punch. Stevenson returns with a hard left hand. Smith comes back at Stevenson with a right hand.

Fury: Both men returning punches.

Lew Smith boots J Stevenson in the gut, before running back to the ropes.

Williams: Smith off of the ropes, looking to put J Stevenson away now.

As he returns he bends down and shoots toward J Stevenson, who quickly moves to the side, and grabs his head as he approaches.

Williams: Caught by Stevenson!

Fury: Lew Smith is an idiot and it shows right there.

J Stevenson lifts the arm of Lew Smith and drags him around before dropping backward to the canvas with an Evenflow DDT.

Williams: THE HIGHLIGHT REEL!

He turns Smith over and covers him. The referee drops to count.

Williams: J Stevenson has done it! He's done it!

The bell begins to sound.

Victory: XVI

Fury: If he couldn't put Lew Smith away then he shouldn't be here anyway.

J Stevenson stands and holds his arms in the air.

Williams: The man who sent FKA packing, has finally done it. He's won a main event match right here on Victory!

Fury: Maybe Lew Smith will disappear like FKA did.

Williams: Now that's not nice.

Stevenson climbs a turnbuckle and throws his arms out, celebrating.

Williams: Well, that's all the time we have for this fans. Make sure to tune into Pure Sports Entertainment tomorrow night as the UTA celebrates one year since their return! Thank you for joining us here on Victory!

Fury: Good night.

The camera zooms in on J Stevenson still on the turnbuckle celebrating as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.