

Victory: VIII

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VICTORY

Victory VIII

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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 Gil Parquet and Lucius Cashmere are standing by.

Parquet: Welcome everyone to Saturday Night Victory! I'm Gil Parquet and along side of me, as always, Lucius Cashmere!

Cashmere: It feels weird being here at Victory and not on Rage.

Parquet: It's different alright, but change is good!

Cashmere: You're just trying to suck up so you aren't fired once the Demigod tournament is over.

Parquet: That's not the case at all!

Cashmere: I've already got my unemployment paperwork filled out.

Parquet: Well, that is unnecessary.

Cashmere: You say that now....

Parquet: Anyways, we have a good show lined up for you tonight as the Demigod tournament continues! Lets get this show on the road!

Victory: VIII

THE SECOND COMING VERSUS HEX GIRL

Hex Girl is already in the ring awaiting as all the lights go out as the air raid siren at the start of the song sounds out. The fans immediately put their attention toward the entryway.

Ann: Introducing from New York...

As the song proper begins, a single spotlight shines on the Second Coming, her head down, her hands behind her back. She starts toward the ring literally on the line "Tell my mother I loved her, I didn't suffer."

Ann: Weighing in at 140 pounds...she is THE SECOND...COMING~!

She is wearing a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood over her head, baggy fatigue pants, combat boots, elbow pads, and electrical tape all around her hands, wrists, and forearms.

Gil: With VCW merged with UTA, and the Demigod Challenge still ongoing, Mary has a chance to prove that she is a force to be reckoned with. Tonight she faces Hex Girl.

Lucius: The same Hex Girl who last Victory failed to capture the VCW Wildfire Championship from Conrad Teller, who MIND you...was already weakened from his Steel Cage match with Apollo Cain. I say Mary has it in the bag.

When she gets to the ring she slides under the bottom rope, staring down Hex Girl who returns the stare intensely, but is held back by the ref as Mary merely rises up from the mat to stand up.

Gil: I would never count out the weakened Hex Girl out after her ladder match titleshot. Who knows what is going through her mind right now.

The ref finally looks both over before he signal for the bell. The two females wrestlers immediately begin circling the ring before meeting up in the middle. Hex and Mary switch power advantage til Hex manages to gain the advantage, pushing her towards the corner. The ref notices the hold, orders her to release.

The ref begins the count. At four, Hex releases, but takes a moment to slap Mary across the face, getting a cruel response from the fans and a look of rage from Mary as she backs away.

Gil: Hex Girl mocking Mary here tonight at the offset of the match.

Mary charges for Hex, catching her off her game as she pounces on her, forcing her to fall on her back. She begins to unleash open hand strikes onto Hex's face and chest, before the ref begins to count. At the count of three, Hex manages to reverse the attack, getting her off, Mary connects with a reassuring kick to the face that stuns her.

Lucius: Mary with the counter on Hex, she covers!

Victory: VIII

Mary takes to the moment, her anger still showing as she covers.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Hex kicks out at half second before the third, only serving to fuel Mary's rage as she picks up her opponent. She hugs Hex tightly as she lifts and slams her to the mat with a belly to belly suplex.

She looks down with intense disgust as she plays to the fans in the arena a bit before turning back around, into a schoolboy rollup by Hex...

ONE~!

TWO~mary kicks out and the pair distance themselves a bit in the ring, the excitement kicking up as the two size each other.

Hex and Mary lock up again but Hex with the advantage, connect with a knee to Mary's chest, she follows it up with a stiff forearm to the bridge of her nose. She steps back quickly looking to connect with Enzuigiri, but Mary ducks.

Hex lands on all fours, but Mary is waiting as she quickly grabs Hex's head from behind, setting her up for the HOLY EXPERIENCE, she clenches tightly as she sets up the reverse DDT, but drops to her knees, applying the pressure, screaming all the while for her to tap.

The ref checks Hex's response to the pressure, as it clearly looks that she refuses to tap as Mary only increases the pressure, eventually her eyes roll up in her head.

Gil: Sweet Dreams Hex Girl!

Lucius: She can't feel pain, but her body knew when to quit.

The ref takes notice of her eyes, signalling for the bell as Mary lets go and backs away.

Ann: Your winner and advancing into the Demigod Challenge Finals....THE SECOND COMING~!

Gil: It goes without question that while Hex may have the experience going for it, it just wasn't enough to break out of Mary's lethal submission hold.

Lucius: Not only that she could be facing either Santa Claus or Lew Smith in the finals. I hope either one was watching her match.

VICTORY CRASHING

Victory: VIII

Cameras rush to the rear entrance in response to a commotion. Apollo Cain stands with Bryan Wingate and two burly security officers.

Cain: Well I'm not understanding Bryan, why in the world do you think I'm gonna cause a stir?

Apollo stands facing the camera and Bryan and his detail stand with their backs to the shot.

Wingate: C'mon Apollo. Conrad Teller is in the Main Event tonight in a big match with Dick Fury

Apollo feigns surprise, throwing his hands up to his face.

Cain: AWESOME! That's a great main event...I guess the fans are gonna get their money's worth tonight.

Wingate: I know you know that Apollo, Conrad's your worst enemy, AND you just went out with Dick the other night!

Cain: What do you know about that?! I didn't *whistles* any midgets that night, we were just talking!

Apollo waves his hands in front of him, deflecting the non-accusation.

Wingate: Uh, I didn't say anything like that Apollo.

Cain: Well, I'm just saying. I just love coming out and seeing the new talent, I'm gonna get my shot at Conrad. You know I'm a fan of Victory!

The double steel doors burst open behind Apollo and in walks Dick Fury. He raises his arms like people were chanting his name or something.

Cain: DICK!

Fury: Ah, Apollo still likes Dick, huh!

Apollo stops walking and gives Dick Fury a quizzical look.

Apollo: What?!

Fury: Cometo Dick brotha, bring it in.

Dick reaches out and bro hugs Apollo, Apollo reluctantly throws a quick arm around.

Apollo tries to walk with Dick Fury past Bryan and security...Bryan doesn't fall for it.

Wingate: Apollo! I can't let you in; you're not on the card. You're not a manager, you don't HAVE a ticket.

Victory: VIII

You're only here to cause trouble.

Dick throws his hand up and Bryan stops speaking.

Fury: Apollo's taking Dick tonight...

Dick taps his fingers on his chin, thinking of an answer

Cain: What?!

Wingate: WHAT?!

Fury: ...to the ring. What?

Apollo hangs his head slightly and shakes it, he huffs and rolls his eyes.

Cain: See Bryan. I'm rolling with him tonight!

Fury: With Dick!

Cain: With you.

Fury: Dick can take it, can you take it?

Cain:What?!

Fury: Dick! It's going to be a long night. Dick's supposed to meet Jamal after the match.

Cain: Jamal?!

Fury: Yeah man, Dick's no racist. Grow up Apollo!!

Apollo starts to speak and stops, he just shakes his head.

Apollo: Sorry Bryan. Gonna have to go tell Daddy I got official business here.

Bryan turns as Apollo walks past him, his face is red and flustered. He angrily shakes his head and his security guards fold their arms.

Cain: Y'all two can get it whenever you want to!

Apollo jumps at the men and they both flinch.

Victory: VIII

Cain: Chumps!

Cain belly laughs and grabs at his crotch, he turns and he walks with Dick Fury. Cameras keep in front of the pair and Apollo leans toward it and waves.

Cain: See ya later tonight Conrad!

As they begin to walk away, Dick leans over.

Fury: Dick actually doesn't need you to go to the ring with him. You know that, right?

Cain: No worries man. I'll be watching closely from the back.

SANTA CLAUS VERSUS LEW SMITH

Lew Smith stands his corner as Santa removes his coat and hat, handing it to his wife, Ms. Claus. They kiss as she accepts his belongings, stepping away from the ring as he faces Lew Smith.

As the ref notices them both stepping out of their corners the ref signals for the bell.

Lew and Santa lock up immediately, but with a display of strength shown before, he shoves Lew back, stops the momentum by crouching on the mat.

The staredown continues as Lew gets up, a smirk on his face as gauges his chances with the jolly man as the two attempt yet another lockup, but Lew follows up with a stiff knee to Santa's chest, breaking the hold.

Lew follows up with a stiff european uppercut, but it merely knocks some fluff out of santa's beard as he returns the gesture with one of his own. The move stuns Lew as Santa follows it up with a lethal clothesline, sending the former VCW Champion down.

Santa covers Lew, but gets a one count as Lew raises the shoulder up. Santa grabs ahold of Lew, foricbly whipping him across the ring. Lew rebounds back, ducking under the attempted clothesline...

Lew rebounds for a dropkick, that makes him fall on his back, the impact from the attack on Santa's chest sends Santa stumbling back on his ass. Lew hits for the ropes comes back for another dropkick to the upper chest of Santa, sending down.

Lew covers for the pin, but Santa kicks out at two.

Gil: Trying to wear him out the former VCW Champion is trying to do.

Lew looks to the turnbuckle and then the ceiling as the fans get siked for him as he quickly climbs up, attempting a body splash. He readies himself as aims, then leaps off the turnbuckle.

Victory: VIII

Lucius: Nobody is home~!

He misses barely as Santa rolls away, bouncing off the mat and clutching his chest as Santa gets to his knees. Santa takes advantage as he gets up. A look of anger as Lew gets up, Santa grabs ahold of Lew, lifting him up...

Santa connects with the Yuletide Cheer, sending Lew back down to the mat in more pain. He flips Lew over like a hotcake and covers....

ONE~!

TW~Lew kicks out as the fans seemingly stand behind him loud and proud, much to the disapproval of Ms. Claus on the outside. Santa just sits there with disbelief as the ref shows a two count to him.

Gil: That same look he had when he fought Dick Fury is there again folks.

Santa immediately picks up Lew, setting him up into the Mistletoe Madness, dropping back down to the mat with a sickening thud. The look on his face says it all as the fans get excited for what's to come.

Lucius: Lew has been very naughty and he's about to get his coal to-NIGHT!

Santa picks up Lew, tucking him under...he hooks both arms and lifts him up, dropping him down onto the mat with Sleigh Ride.

Gil: Lew is down folks! Santa with the cover~!

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell rings as Santa gets up, motioning all for the VCW Championship belt around his waist as Lew Smith recovers.

Gil: Trouble is brewing heading into the finals as we now know that it will be Santa Claus once again facing off against The Second Coming for a chance to face Dick Fury for the VCW Championship.

Lucius: Up next folks on Victory, we have the marquee main event of VCW Wildfire Champion Conrad Teller against the reigning VCW Champion himself....DICK FURY~!

THE TOUGHEST DOG IN THE YARD

Victory: VIII

Suddenly the entire show turns to static before the camera comes back to focus at what appears to be a river. The camera pans up and down spotting a deer roaming around nearby. Finally the camera stops at the man himself David Hightower. He's parked in a lawn chair dressed in a pair of jeans and a black shirt with a Harley Davidson logo on it. He takes a long drink from his beer as he casts out his fishing line.

Hightower: UTA... Ya know it's been a while since good ole David Hightower got to come out and actually spend some time thinkin to myself. Just me, a bottle of beer, my fishin pole, and my dog... Where the god dang hell did he wander off to anyway... WHISKEY! Get yer furry butt over here!

Whiskey strolls into the picture carrying a fish in his mouth. David lets out a laugh as he takes the fish and examines it.

Hightower: Hey good boy Whiskey! Still looks edible to me!

David opens up his cooler and tosses the fish into it.

Hightower: See I know what everyone is thinkin around these parts... They seen me... They seen what I had to say on Wrestleshow... And now the proverbial pool of sharks think that I'm easy pickin... They think that because I have no trainin under my belt that David Hightower stands now chance in hell in the UTA... They all think that I'm goin to be the laughin stock of this here company...

David lets out a laugh before finishing off his beer. He casually tosses the bottle into the river clearly not caring at all where it lands.

Hightower: Whiskey! Beer!

Whiskey lets out a bark before he runs off screen.

Hightower: There are 2 types of people in my eyes... There are the young pups who think they are all bark and no bite And there are the dogs who back up their own bark with a bite! I sit here and see all these dumb sumbitches who walk around actin like they are so tough... Look at people like Conrad Teller... A guy who walks around wearin the same pair of pants that he got the day he was locked up! A guy who thinks he's tough because he has tattoos and a couple scars... Let me tell ya somethin... I served my time...

David stands up and slides off his shirt and turns his back to the camera revealing the massive diagonal scar going from his shoulder to his lower back.

Hightower: You boys think yer so tough just because ya did time in the joint? It will take a lot more than that to impress me!

David turns back to the camera.

Hightower: The 20th of September... Be ready... Because that is when The Toughest Dog In The Yard will be

Victory: VIII

woken up!

Whiskey runs into the scene with a bottle of beer in his mouth. David takes the beer and pops the cap off with his teeth. He spits the cap out before taking a drink.

Hightower: Get yer alarm clocks ready... Because The Toughest Dog In The Yard is goin to put ya down!

David finishes off the bottle of beer...

SMASH!!!

And turns around and shatters the bottle over his own head letting out a laugh as the scene turns back to static.

DICK FURY VERSUS CONRAD TELLER

As we return ringside, both men are in the ring. A few moments later, the bell rings to start the match.

Parquet: This should be an interesting match up here as Dick Fury and Conrad Teller have never faced each other. Fury is the reigning VCW Champion while Teller the Wildfire Champion.

Cashmere: Top title... bottom title... Gee, I wonder how this is going to go?

Parquet: Come on Lucius. The Wildfire Championship is just as prestigious as the VCW Championship. Both of these men are ring leaders in their own way. It should be a great match.

Cashmere: Ring leaders? The only thing Conrad has led is prison riots.

Parquet: Well, that's just wrong. The match is underway as they lock up. Fury taking control early, pushing Conrad Teller back and into the ropes.

Using the ropes for momentum, Dick pulls Conrad's left arm into a whip.

Parquet: Whip... no reversed. Dick Fury sent across the ring.

As Dick hits the ropes and returns, Conrad runs.

Parquet: Teller with a high knee that connects!

Dick is sent over his knee and hits the mat.

Parquet: Teller in control early on against the champion.

Victory: VIII

Teller pulls Dick up by his head. As Dick rises, he reaches out, grabbing Conrad's legs and yanking back, taking him off of his feet.

Parquet: Fury able to counter, putting Teller on his back and slowing down his offense.

Conrad quickly rolls over and pushes his way back to his feet.

Cashmere: Yea, he sure slowed him down.

Parquet: Both men with a nod to each other as they circle and lock up once again.

Immediately Fury gains the upper hand once more, putting Conrad Teller into a side head lock.

Parquet: Fury showing that experience of his once again.

Dick Fury wrenches on Conrad before he moves him toward the ropes yet again. Before sending him off, he grinds a little into Conrad's legs.

Parquet: Irish whip by Fury, no.. REVERSAL AGAIN! Dick Fury on the return ducks a clothesline.

Cashmere: Conrad wants to take his head off for reminding him of late nights with his cell mate.

Fury hits the ropes on the other side of the ring now. As he returns Conrad Teller falls to his back and lifts Fury up into the air, sending him down to the mat.

Parquet: Conrad Teller showing how quick he is to make a decision and it paid off, using his leg strength to send Fury to the mat.

Both men roll over and get to their feet. Fury steps toward Conrad Teller, who grabs Fury's arm and sends him into the nearby corner.

Parquet: Fury in the corner now.

Cashmere: If I was him, I'd just walk away now. Fury is the type of guy that strikes me as he would forcefully take you before trying to pin you.

Parquet: Oh come on. Have you been hanging out with Tommy Ace?

Teller makes his way to the corner of the ring.

Parquet: Teller grabbing the head of Dick Fury... snapmare, taking Fury over to the mat.

Conrad then follows up by grabbing Fury around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

Victory: VIII

Parquet: Reverse chin lock by Conrad Teller. Wonderful placement here by Teller, with Fury stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Conrad Teller wrenches back on Fury's head, Fury wincing from the pain. The ref gets down and checks on Fury, who shakes his head No. Fury then slowly begins to get to his feet, one foot at a time and elbows Conrad Teller in the gut twice, before whipping Teller into the ropes.

Parquet: Fury out of the hold, sending Teller into the ropes.

As Conrad returns, he kicks Fury in the gut, causing him to bend over. Teller then hooks his arms DDTing him to the mat.

Parquet: Impressive DDT by Conrad Teller.

Cashmere: Lucky strike is all.

Conrad then covers Fury, going for the pin. The referee drops down to go for the count.

Parquet: We've got a quick pin, this thing could be over! No! Kickout at two by Dick Fury.

He gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down, lifting Fury's legs and placing him in a Boston crab.

Parquet: Submission move here by Conrad Teller, but Dick Fury is too close to the ropes!

Fury reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He begins to count. Teller finally breaks the hold. Conrad quickly drags Fury by the leg and goes for another pin in the center of the ring.

Parquet: Another pin by Conrad Teller... and yet another kickout by Dick Fury.

Cashmere: Told you! He's not VCW Champion because of nothing.

Frustrated Conrad Teller pushes down Fury' raised shoulder and goes for another pin, yelling at the ref.

Parquet: Yet another and a kickout at one. Frustration building in Conrad Teller.

Conrad Teller gets up begins to ask the referee why he is counting slowly. Behind him Dick pushes up and waits. As Conrad turns around, Dick comes forward, raising his arm directly up, catching Teller in the jaw.

Parquet: Massive uppercut by Dick Fury! Conrad Teller should pay more attention to the man in the ring than the referee. That could have cost him his momentum.

Cashmere: Smart thinking by the champ!

Victory: VIII

Fury shakes his head to get the cobwebs out and then goes to Conrad Teller, pulling him to his feet. Dick begins to deliver a series of rights.

Parquet: Fury unloading on Teller.

Cashmere: Dick is always unloading on someone!

Teller stumbles away from Fury to the other side of the ring. Dick follows him, then tosses Conrad into the ropes. As Conrad returns Fury charges him and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block.

Parquet: Running shoulder block by Fury. The VCW champion now with the momentum.

Dick quickly leaps over, mounting Conrad, and begins punching him.

Parquet: Dick Fury giving Conrad Teller a taste of his own medicine with those vicious mounted punches!

Conrad tries to block the punches. Using his right arm, he moves it up and under the throat of Dick and pushes back. The fans, who can not make up their mind who to support scream for both.

Parquet: Conrad Teller fighting back now.

He continues to push Dick back, bringing his left fist around and clocking Fury in the side of the head. Dick's upper body moves up and he falls over to the mat.

Parquet: Conrad Teller able to get Dick Fury off of him.

Conrad rolls over on top of Dick, mounting him, and begins to return the favor with a series of rights and lefts.

Parquet: Conrad Teller now showing those skills. These two men are giving it their all tonight!

Teller stops, and begins to stand up over Fury. Once up, he reaches down and grabs Dick by his head, pulling him up to his feet.

Parquet: Dick Fury pulled to his feet. Forearm shot to the face by Conrad Teller, another!

Dick stumbles back, his arms flailing as he tries to keep his balance.

Parquet: Conrad Teller runs... CLOTHESLINE! The same massive clothesline that took Dick Fury down in that lumberjack match a few months ago.

Conrad leaps over Dick and runs to the ropes. As he bounces off, using them for momentum and

Victory: VIII

approaches Fury, leaping up with his leg extended.

Parquet: Big leg drop by Conrad Teller!

Cashmere: It can't end like this!

Parquet: Conrad over and into a pin.. he hooks the leg of Dick Fury!

The referee quickly slides into position and raises his hand to begin the count. The fans count along with him.

Parquet: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! Dick Fury KICKS OUT!

Cashmere: YES!

Conrad's eyes grow huge as he is now on his knees near Dick.

Parquet: Dick Fury taking Conrad to school tonight.

Conrad gets to his feet and looks down at Dick, his hands on his hips.

Parquet: I think Conrad Teller is amazed at the passion that keeps Dick Fury kicking.

Cashmere: He's a fighting champion.

Dick begins to push his way up. Conrad quickly heads toward him, grabbing his head as he is halfway up. Suddenly, "What ya life Like" Beanie Sigel hits the PA system. Apollo Cain is seen heading from the back.

Parquet: Apollo Cain, friend of Dick Fury and enemy of Conrad Teller, on his way to the ring.

Cashmere: Business is about to pick up.

Conrad lets go of Dick and runs to the ropes. Apollo takes off, rushing the ring as well. The referee quickly jumps into action pushing Teller back from the ropes and throwing his hand up to stop Apollo who has leaped to the apron.

Parquet: Anything can happen here as Apollo Cain makes his presence known!

Fury looks around and sees what is going on. Quickly he moves into action.

Parquet: Fury taking advantage.

Cashmere: As he should!

Victory: VIII

Dick quickly wraps his arms around the waist of Conrad Teller. He thrust his hips before lifting up and falling backward into an arching pin.

Parquet: Belly-to-back suplex into a pin! The referee drops!

He begins to count, hitting the three. The bell starts to sound and Apollo enters the ring.

Parquet: Thanks to Apollo Cain, the VCW Champion able to pull off a win.

Cashmere: No, it's because of how great he is!

Fury quickly lets go of the arch and gets out of the ring as quick as possible as Conrad Teller, flips over and yells, realizing he has just lost.

Parquet: Teller is undoubtedly upset folks.

Cashmere: Maybe he should have been the better man.

Apollo stalks Conrad from behind as Teller stands up.

Parquet: Teller on his feet, he turns.. Apollo runs.. SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

Cain crashes through the midsection of Conrad Teller as Dick Fury nods and claps on the outside, his title over his shoulder.

Parquet: Apollo Cain and Conrad Teller are far from over when it comes to facing each other. Tonight Dick Fury got a win he shouldn't have thanks to that man right there.

The camera zooms in on Apollo Cain standing over Conrad Teller.

Parquet: But that's all the time we have for tonight. We'll see you next time!

The copyright comes up and as we focus on Cain over Teller, we fade to black.