

Victory: XXXI

May 25, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

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: We have another stellar show lined up for you tonight... Dick tell the nice people about tonight's show.

Fury: Dick loves telling people about the show...

The Monday Night Victory logo appears on your screen. Graphics involving tonight's in ring talent.

Fury: Tonight we will see the UTA debut of Eric Dane. Dane takes on Kendrix in singles competition. Cecilworth Farthington will be in action as he takes on Pin Smith.

Williams: Pin Smith looking to continue his winning ways before he takes on Perfection for the UTA Wildfire Championship at Black Horizon.

Fury: That has Match of the Night written all over it.

Graphic after graphic hits your tube.

Fury: Also in action this evening, Apollo Cain takes Leyenda de Ocho in singles competition. Alex Beckman faces a new face to the UTA, the Frenchmen Jacque Laroque.

Williams: You have to think, will Beckman be dominant tonight or could this be the first time we see Beckman lose?

Victory: XXXI

Cameras swing all around the arena showing the fans still popping in the WrestleZone.

Fury: You know Dick's stance on women in wrestling... there shouldn't be. In our Main Event of the evening... Bobby Dean squares off with Lew Smith. That's sure to be... a match of some sorts.

Williams: Also, don't forget about Sean Jackson and La Flama Blanca... both men will be here tonight to discuss their showdown at Black Horizon. In that match Jackson puts his UTA World Championship on the line.

Cameras cut back to Williams and Fury.

Fury: This is the final show before Black Horizon, make this one count!

Williams: Don't go anywhere, folks! THIS... IS... VICTORY!

It's A Machine's World

Backstage in the WrestleZone, the familiar backdrop of Monday Night Victory greets the eyes of both the Florida trailer trash in live attendance as well as the poor people around the world who couldn't afford to watch it on anything but television. While the fans have no ability to boo the scene description, they have plenty of cause to get loud and rowdy as UTA subcontracted employee-- and interviewer to The Machine-- Cassandra Walsh steps into the shot with a microphone in her hand.

They aren't booing Ms. Walsh-- they're booing what undoubtedly comes with her.

Walsh: Ladies and gentlemen, I am joined at this time... by The Machine.

As soon as she says the words, it heralds the arrival of the single most enviable stable in the history of the United Toughness Alliance.

Michael Best steps into the frame, suit looking fresh with his tie game on point. At his left flank, as always, is the BTKO Killer herself, the she-beast known as Alex Beckman. On the other side, John Sektor tries to smooth the wrinkles out of his cheap pressed grey suit, complete with a gold undershirt and a gaudy looking gold chain around his neck.

Finally, punctual as always, Cecilworth Farthington is the last to step into the frame. He tries to shoehorn himself in as though he's been there the entire time, but Best is clearly staring right at him. He blinks, unamused, before slowly turning back toward the camera.

Walsh: Mr. Best, two weeks ago you--

Shaking his head, Michael slowly puts his index finger to his lips.

Victory: XXXI

Best: ...shhhh. It's quiet time.

He puts his hand softly down on top of the microphone, lowering it away from Cassandra Walsh. She looks confused, but silently takes a step back. Michael takes the center stage, where he goddamned belongs, and carefully takes the microphone away from his hired interviewer.

Best: BEHOLD, THE MACHINE. Does that work for you? No, that sucks. THE RISE OF THE MACHINE IS AT-- no, just gonna be more Terminator jokes. How about...

He stops for a moment, tapping his chin with his finger as though he's in deep thought. It's of course very over-exaggerated, like a mime or the reports of "hype" behind an All-Dynasty World Title match.

Best: ...you know what? Why don't we skip the branding and just get down to the truth. Because I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that the truth is far more terrifying than anything you can cut up and put on the back of a cheaply made t-shirt.

He runs a hand through his hair.

It's not so much because his head needed grooming, but because he had just spoken for several seconds.

Best: The truth is, there are not three people standing behind me... there is one Machine.

He gestures behind him, to the three cogs in The Machine. Though all three personalities are very different, all stand in solidarity of the cause.

Best: The truth is, The Machine is undefeated in the UTA. The truth is, at Black Horizon, The Machine will capture it's first singles championship. The truth is, The Machine will win Ring King and bring some goddamned dignity back to the UTA World Championship. The truth is... that Dynasty doesn't like these truths.

He shakes his head, adjusting his tie before continuing.

Best: Because you see, the TRUTH IS... that the era of coasting at the top of the card is OVER. The era of Dynasty claiming the top spot by default is OVER. I'm sure that La Flama Blanca is sitting in the Dynasty locker room right now, checking his watch to see how many minutes we've been in the UTA, but it doesn't change the TRUTH.

A leering sneer comes over the face of Alex Beckman, as John Sektor pats Michael Best on the back approvingly. All four members of this group don't need a microphone for ten minutes each to make their point, because they are a goddamned unit.

Best: Dynasty... they aren't taking us seriously. They're pretending like they don't know who we were before we signed on James Wingate's dotted line. But the truth, ladies and gentlemen? The truth is that while

Victory: XXXI

Dynasty basks in the overwhelming aura of bland toleration this company has for them, a new power is rising and it's rising pretty damned fast.

He takes a step forward, more aggressively now.

Best: Dynasties END. The Ming Dynasty, the Qin Dynasty-- hell, the TELEVISION SHOW Dynasty... they all came to an end. It's in the nature of dynasties to fall, and we are The Machine that will assure that Dynasty meets it's... destiny.

He cracks his knuckles, the hunger in his eyes showing through to the camera and all of the people watching. Michael Best looks positively excited at the prospect of being the man to bring down the top dogs in the United Toughness Alliance.

Best: So please, continue to play at being a bunch of immortals. Continue to brush us away while you sit on your thrones and think that it's going to last forever. I understand that the art of subtlety is lost on you people, and apparently I have to hit you over the head with a big fat brick to get through to you, so allow me to be blunt...

He cranes his neck toward the camera, pulling at his tie to get a little bit of room to breath. A layer of flop sweat has formed at the peaks of his forehead, a symptom of the hot lights and intense emotion in his voice.

Best: WE ARE GOING TO END YOU. You cannot stop it. You can not slow it down. In this war for supremacy you will soon find yourselves obsolete. You will watch us take your championships, you will watch us take your livelihoods, and you will watch us take your place. The fears of your fathers and your father's fathers has come to live-- this is the era when man is truly to be replaced by machine, and we ARE that Machine. And yet you preach to the choir about how long we have been in the United Toughness Alliance, when in truth?

Michael looks at his watch, sneering into the camera as he pulls it off his wrist. Unceremoniously, he smashes it against the ground and grinds it into the concrete with his heel.

Best: ...perhaps you should ask how long you have left.

He flips the microphone sideways, as Cassandra Walsh becomes un-entranced long enough to awkwardly fumble and catch it before it hits the ground. One force-- one unit-- step out from the front of the backdrop, leaving the interviewer to stand awkwardly in front of the camera.

UTA Monday Night Victory resumes it's regularly scheduled programming.

Dead Silence

Crimson Lord is seen backstage dressed in a black Under Armor shirt, with a long black trenchcoat with a vampire skull on the back of the coat. He has jeans, with timberland boots on. His hair now a midnight blue,

Victory: XXXI

dark purple, and black hanging over his face drenched in water.

James Tidus and Carlos Bengate; two up and coming indie stars are chatting back and forth. Crimson just pushes his way in between them without so much as an excuse me.

Tidus: Hey!

Crimson stops and slowly looks over his shoulder.

Crimson:

Crimson slowly turns toward the two and immediately notices a Second Coming T-shirt on Bengate. Without any response and seemingly no provocation, Crimson quickly attacks Carlos!

Williams: Crimson Lord will take on Second Coming at Black Horizon, but it appears Crimson doesn't seem to be in the cheeriest of moods tonight.

Fury: These two guys, Dick does not see them making it to the big time.

James has jumped in but his attacks hardly phase the monster. As Crimson tosses Carlos repeatedly into the brick of the hallway he stops if only for a second, acknowledging James attempt to save his friend. James offense is quickly countered by a vicious haymaker across Tidus's forehead.

Williams: Crimson is assaulting these two young stars.

Fury: Mr. Tidus should of not opened his mouth Dick thinks.

Crimson mounts Tidus and starts to viciously assault him with punches. After a few minutes of the onslaught on the defenseless Tidus. Crimson stands up and looks over at Carlos who is slowly getting to his feet in immense pain. Crimson slams his foot in the face of Bengate. The back of Carlos head slams against the brick and he slowly falls to the ground.

Williams: My god please stop Crimson! You have made your point!

Fury: Dick wonders what The Second Coming thinks of signing that death certificate to face him at Black Horizon now.

Crimson stands over Carlos. Crimson looks down at him. He reaches down and begins to rip The Second Coming shirt off of him. Crimson stares at the ripped shirt and with a muffled voice says.

Crimson: Hero.

Crimson drops the shirt and walks off camera.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: We need to get some help for those guys back there.

Fury: 2C how do you even expect to beat this monster?

We head back ring side.

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.

Williams: That union Jack means Kendrix has hit the scene!

Fury: This young man is one of Dick's favorites because he doesn't care about anything except being the best and he has the tools to make it happen in that ring.

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.

Victory: XXXI

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: I still cannot believe he gets away with that gesture on television.

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: For one so young, Kendrix is already an astute ring general but his attitude to others, especially that last gesture, is a disgrace.

Fury: I think he's just a misunderstood young man, you've got it all wrong Jennifer. He's just shaking the dice because every match in UTA is a gamble. That's what that gesture means over in England!

The lights drop and the crowd starts to buzz as a bluesy bass-riff plays over the P.A. system, as it comes to a crescendo it's accompanied by a pyrotechnic explosion as "Heavy is the Head" gets to the chorus and "The Only Star" bursts onto the stage.

Announcer: Now making his way to the ring, hailing from New Orleans...

Eric Dane makes his way toward the ring as Zac Brown and Chris Cornell work their way through the song.

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

He slides under the bottom rope and comes up spinning with both arms held out wide above his head, taking in the raucous reaction from the UTA fans in attendance.

Announcer: ERIC... DAAAANNNEEE!!!

The song fades as Dane does a few last minute stretches, awaiting the referee to start the match.

Williams: Here we go, the first official match of the two thousand and fifteen Ring King tournament is about to be underway.

Fury: As much as Dick despises Eric Dane, this is the best way to make your in ring debut in the UTA right here. You have everything to gain and nothing really to lose.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: I agree. If Dane can win his debut match, he will be one step closer to making a huge impact in the UTA in a short time frame.

Fury: But we can't count Kendrix out. This guy has been on one hell of a roll since coming into the promotion himself. What better title to compete for as your first, than the UTA World Championship?

The bell begins to sound as both men circle.

Williams: Here we go! The fans are on their feet as the action is about to begin.

Both men come forward and lock up.

Williams: Collar to elbow tie up. Eric Dane using his slight size advantage to push Kendrix back.

He forces Kendrix into the ropes, causing him to put his hands up. The referee warns Dane who releases him and takes one step back.

Williams: Dane releasing Kendrix now... quick jab to the eyes of Eric Dane by Kendrix!

Fury: Using the situation to his advantage there.

Dane grabs his eyes and stumbles as he turns away from Kendrix who comes forward with a couple of heavy forearms across his back.

Williams: Kendrix taking control now as he brings his arm across the back of a temporarily blinded Eric Dane.

Fury: You have to be aggressive like this. Especially with everything that is on the line in the Ring King tournament. Once you're out of the tournament this year, you are out. There are no wild cards.

Williams: Kendrix now standing Dane up. He pulls back.. heavy chop across the chest of Eric Dane.

Kendrix follows up with another big chop causing Eric Dane to stumble back a bit.

Williams: A third big chop... now Kendrix takes off. Off of the ropes and on the return... big boot crashes into the face of Eric Dane, sending him to the canvas.

The fans boo Kendrix as he waves them off, turning back toward Eric Dane who lays on the canvas holding his face.

Fury: This Kendrix cat is mean, and Dick likes it. You have to keep bringing the pain.

Williams: Kendrix with a couple of hard stomps to the lower back of Eric Dane before grabbing him by the

Victory: XXXI

head, and lifting Dane to his feet.

Fury: Now, if Eric Dane wins or loses this, he is still in that big tag match at Black Horizon in less than one week. How will his health be though if Kendrix continues this domination we are seeing?

Williams: It is a big IF to consider Dick. Dane needs to protect himself if for any other reason than to be able to go into Black Horizon at one hundred percent.

Kendrix drags Dane over, pushing him back first into the corner. Kendrix grabs the middle ropes and uses them to pull himself into the mid section of Dane.

Williams: Kendrix with those shoulders into Eric Dane's gut, trying to wear the veteran down.

Fury: Dick's impressed here tonight with Kendrix. It's no secret Dick and Dane have their own problems, but Eric Dane is no easy opponent. Unless you do like Kendrix is and stay on him, Eric Dane can be one of the most deadly competitors in the industry.

Kendrix comes forward with yet another huge chop across the chest of Eric Dane whom is still stuck in the corner.

Williams: Those chops, leaving Eric Dane's chest glowing.

Kendrix now begins to climb the ropes around Eric Dane, stopping on the middle. He holds Eric's head with his left hand as he brings his right fist down into the forehead of Dane.

Williams: Kendrix with repeated punches into the head of Eric Dane now.

The referee warns Kendrix who leaps back down to the canvas, turning and threatening the official momentarily, before placing his attention back on Eric Dane.

Williams: Kendrix now pulling Eric Dane from the corner.

As he directs him out of the corner, turning Dane around, Kendrix comes up with a boot to his mid section. He pulls one of Dane's arms under his legs, while his other up and back, before lifting him in the air and driving Eric Dane to the canvas.

Williams: Pump handle slam by Kendrix, who now covers Eric Dane.

The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Williams: Kick out at two by Eric Dane who is still in this folks.

Kendrix quickly gets up and into the face of the official, slamming his hand on his other three times rapidly as

Victory: XXXI

if to tell the referee it was a slow count.

Williams: Kendrix arguing with the referee after believing he had the three count there.

Fury: Kendrix has controlled this entire match, arguing with the referee may not be the best thing right now if he wants to keep that control.

Eric Dane rolls over to the ropes, using them to pull himself to one knee as he holds his back with his free arm.

Williams: Eric Dane trying to gather his bearings here in this tournament match.

Kendrix turns from the referee and sees Dane no longer on the canvas.

Williams: Kendrix takes off. He throws a boot out.. DANE MOVES!

As Eric Dane leaps out of the way, Kendrix's leg goes through the ropes. Eric Dane grabs the ropes on the opposite side, and uses them to pull himself to his feet. As Kendrix bring shis leg from between the ropes, Eric Dane heads toward him.

Williams: Kendrix turns.. Eric Dane connects with a quick right hand, now a left.

Eric Dane does a little shimmy before sending another big right into the face of Kendrix, sending him to the canvas.

Williams: Kendrix sent off of his feet there by Eric Dane.

The fans begin to cheer for Dane who grabs Kendrix by the head, and pulls back as he brings him up to his feet.

Williams: Dane hooking the tights of Kendrix.. lifts him up vertically.... big suplex by Eric Dane!

The ring shakes as the fans quake. Eric Dane rolls over and pushes up to his feet, soaking in th cheers.

Williams: Eric Dane now with a second wind here in this match up.

Fury: You just can not give Eric Dane a chance to recover. Kendrix is finding that out right now.

Kendrix pushes up to his knees as Eric Dane takes off, hitting the ropes.

Williams: Dane off of the ropes, and on the return.

He brings his leg up hard as he plows through Kendrix with a Shining Wizard.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: Eric Dane with that patented Shining Star variation of a Shining Wizard, running through Kendrix.

Wasting no time, Eric Dane spins around and grabs Kendrix by the head, lifting him into an arch like position, with his feet on the canvas, and his head between the arms of Eric Dane. Dane grabs his tights and lifts him up and over, slamming Kendrix to the canvas with authority.

Williams: Quick inverted snap suplex from an arch by Eric Dane who refuses to slow down now.

Dane moves down toward Kendrix's legs, grabbing his left leg as he stands up. Dane lifts Kendrix's leg up, pulling his lower body off on the canvas, before driving his knee hard back down.

Williams: Eric Dane driving the knee of Kendrix into the canvas now with force.

Fury: You take away your opponent's legs, and it just makes it that much easier to keep them down.

Williams: Eric Dane lifting the leg again... plows Kendrix's knee into the canvas for a second time before letting go.

Kendrix holds his left knee as he rolls around on the canvas. Dane moves forward, leaning down and grabbing him by the head before pulling Kendrix back to his feet.

Williams: Eric Dane holds the head of Kendrix as he grabs his tights, lifting him vertically up yet again.

Fury: Look at the hang time there. Pure power and strength by Eric Dane being displayed.

Dane holds Kendrix up vertically for what seems forever, before dropping him straight down on his head with a stalling sheer drop vertical brainbuster.

Williams: The Stardriver! The Stardiver by Eric Dane! The fans are on their feet!

Dane covers Kendrix, hooking his leg. The fans count along as the referee's hand hits the canvas three consecutive times. The bell begins to sound as Dane gets to his feet, and raises a fist high in the sky.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall, and moving into the second round of the Ring king tournament.... ERIC.... DAAAANNNEEE!!!!

Dane moves toward the ropes, putting a foot on the bottom and lifting himself up just a bit as he screams to the fans celebratory remarks.

Williams: Eric Dane will move on and face the winner of Marie Van Claudio and Samuel Owens who will face in two weeks, here on Victory.

Fury: Dick don't like Dane, but there's no denying he respects him.

Victory: XXXI

Eric Dane continues to celebrate as we move from the ring.

Hanging Around

Fears: Hello UTA land!

The smiling form of Zhalia Fears greeted the viewers at home and in the arena. However something was a bit off as the view was upside down; her hair standing straight up. Likely she set the camera up wrong. Technology and all that.

Fears: So I was hanging around back here and thinking. You guys know I beat the UTA World Champion last Monday, right?

The fans in the arena cheer in response.

Fears: Hah. Well okay, maybe beat is the wrong choice of words. I did win. At least that is the part that counts for the record books. Mind you I may not have been fully aware by the time that announcement was made...

With a shrug her hair continues to sway back and forth.

Fears: Right so. Well... I was thinking about this and realized something. Your former prodigy champion, never beaten mind you, does not even have a match at Black Horizon.

She smirks at the boo's that rang out of the audience.

Fears: The thing I should do right now is demand my title match, right? Or demand a title handed to me? Or was it you leave first then have it handed to you? I get those two confused. But that is how it is done, right? Demand my spot?

Zhalia grins and leans up (down) for a moment before dropping back down (up).

Fears: Dang feet are getting sore. Buuuut anyhow, I could do that. Sure. I mean I beat THE champion of UTA in a non-title match which should get me a actual title match in the near future. At least from what I have learned and come to know in this sport. So how about at Black Horizon - Blanca vs Jackson vs Fears!

The cheers grow but even while appreciating the response she shakes her head.

Fears: I would never push myself into a match like that. That is fine though. I will take to the sidelines, aka the front row, and cheer on my sister of the ninjatude attitude, The Second Coming.

She bends up (down) once more, then suddenly drops to her feet before the camera. Never once having it rotated or flipped, and standing upright in clear view. Yep, she was hanging around like a monkey. ... for

Victory: XXXI

some reason.

Fears: Sean, I do want you. Sometime. Be it if I have to make it through Ring King to earn an additional shot to pin those shoulders to the mat proper; or we manage to tangle up sometime between now and the end of the year.

Always the bright one she grins and laughs.

Fears: Right then. Good luck Sean. And good luck to you too the second to the Tag Team of the Damned, Tag Champ, La Flama Blanca. Bring the house down; do not do that Dynasty thing gentlemen.

With a smile she steps forward and hits the off button causing the clip to cut out.

Brought to You By

Thanks

We open up the scene with the camera focused right on a door with a plaque that says "Main Office." The door opens and out comes CBR, followed by Perfection in a grey armani suit, white dress shirt, and gold tie. Once they exit into the hallway Wingate steps into the threshold as Perfection folds up a piece of paper, which he slips into his suit jacket pocket.

Wingate: I don't approve of the way you guys go about your business, but it's your business to take care of.

Perfection smiles wide with CBR smirking deviously behind him. Perfection: I see this relationship going a long way, Jim. Our new found friendship can benefit us both, no need to resort back to former hostilities. This...

He taps his suit jacket. Perfection: Solidifies our partnership. Witherhold starts to turn to walk away just as Wingate opens his mouth. Wingate: Don't forget what you still owe me...Perfection. The Wildfire champ stops and turns back with a snide grin. He nods, unconcerned and continues his walk away from the boss' office. CBR still stands there with a smug look on his face smiling at the owner of UTA.

CBR: Thanks, Jimmy.

Ranier walks away in the same direction as Perfection leaving Wingate shaking his head. Williams: More backroom deals between the head of the UTA and Dynasty? Fury: Did you say backdoor deals? Reminds Dick of Shanghai, Eighty-Eight... Williams: Well it makes me think that this cannot be a good thing.

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 not exactly pleased to see either man.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: The Machine live here at The WrestleZone.

Fury: Tonight they keep rolling on!

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.

Announcer: Representing The Machine... 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 Farthington looks ready.

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.

Williams: This should be a good match.

Fury: This will be a great match like ONLY the UTA can bring you!

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: Dick hates this music.

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 slaps 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...

Victory: XXXI

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.

Williams: Our second first round Ring King tournament match as The Machine looking to make an impact here with Cecilworth Farthington.

Fury: Look, it's not even close. Cecilworth takes this one, Pin Smith goes into Black Horizon and loses to Perfection, then he disappears into obscurity like if he was Esteban Awesome or The Kung Fu Mechanic. Another bland nobody who never really did anything.

The bell sounds to start the match.

Williams: As the bell rings, we get ready for Ring King action here. Mike Best watching on from outside of the ring.

The two men circle, their arms extended and their fingers twitching. Cecilworth raises his arms, challenging Pin Smith to a test of strength, which Smith accepts.

Williams: Test of strength here as both men trying to take control early on.

Both men trying to out power the other. Finally, it seems as if Pin Smith gets the upper hand as he forces Cecilworth's arms down toward his side before bringing his leg up, catching Farthington with a side knee.

Williams: Knee into the midsection of Cecilworth Farthington, followed by a side headlock by Pin Smith.

Smith clasp his hands together tightly to secure his hold, pulling his arm up under Cecilworth's jaw, tightening the lock around his throat.

Williams: Smith with control early.

Mike Best slaps the canvas, yelling for Farthington to get free.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: Pin Smith using his power to hold Cecilworth steady.

Fury: Yes. Because a side head ok is such a devastating maneuver Jennifer.

Cecilworth struggles a bit before finally moving his leg in front of Pin's, and bringing his foot down on top of his aggressor's to break the lock.

Williams: Farthington stomps the toes of Smith and is able to get free. Rolls behind Smith, belly-to-back as he grabs him around his waist. Pin Smith struggles to get free... is able to pull Farthington's hands away.

Pin rolls under Cecilworth's arm and behind him.

Williams: Smith now behind Farthington, he lifts...German suplex to the canvas by Pin Smith.

The fans pop a bit as Mike Best yells at them to shut their dirty mouths. Inside the ring, Pin doesn't release Farthington, picking him back up.

Williams: Not releasing, another German suplex.

Fury: Come on now, we've already seen John Sektor go to Suplex city on someone else. Quit trying to steal The Machine's own tactics.

Pin refuses to release Cecilworth, picking him up again. However, this time Cecilworth just drops down into a sitting position, that breaks the hold.

Williams: Sit out by Cecilworth.

He turns around, grabbing the legs of Pin Smith and yanking back as he stands up.

Williams: Farthington takes Pin Smith down by his legs.

Cecilworth holds both of Pin Smith's legs directly up, pressing down on them to lift himself up. As he does, he throws his legs forward, and drops down.

Williams: Farthington dropping his legs down across the inner thigh of Pin Smith.

Fury: Dick thinks that was a little more toward the groin area. But hey, if the referee doesn't see it, it didn't happen.

Cecilworth rolls down. As he begins to get up, he pulls Pin's legs up with him one more time.

Williams: Cecilworth with pin's legs again.

Victory: XXXI

He keeps them straight as the fans boo. Cecilworth just smiles as he leans back, dropping to the canvas.

Williams: Slingshot by Farthington. Pin Smith shot forward... and into the ropes.

As Pin slams into the top rope chest first, his body bounces up and back. He twist around as his footing is unable to be caught, causing him to hunch over as he turns. At this moment, Cecilworth rolls over and up, coming forward while grabbing his head and leaping up and down.

Williams: Smith into a swinging neck breaker by Cecilworth Farthington!

Mike Best claps outside of the ring to the disdain of the fans at ring side.

Williams: We started off with a good back and forward display, but now Cecilworth Farthington in control.

Fury: It's deeper then that Jennifer.

Williams: How so Dick?

Fury: In reality this match is a showing of how in reality, The Machine is in control of those who stood in the UTA ring before. Pin Smith represents them. While they will fight hard to show that they have earned their spot, The Machine will come back and show them that the best never was really here to start with.

Williams: That would include you though, wouldn't it Dick?

Fury: Nah babe. Dick's the greatest no matter where he is. Don't throw him in with the likes of Pin Smith.

As the two banter, Cecilworth rolls to his feet.

Williams: Farthington back up... quick elbow drop to the chest of Pin Smith.

Fury: Dick would say that kid has heart, except Cecilworth just smashed it into obscurity.

Williams: Farthington back up.. another quick and precise elbow drop to the chest of Pin Smith.

Cecilworth gets to his feet again. Mike Best claps approvingly outside as Cecilworth runs and hits the ropes.

Williams: Farthington off of the ropes and on the return...

He raises a fist up and stops briefly as he arrives at Smith, dropping down to his knees with the fist connecting with the head of Pin Smith.

Williams: Fist drop hits it's mark.

Victory: XXXI

Fury: Maybe that knocked some sense into Pin Smith. Maybe now he'll realize this isn't the world for him.

Williams: Farthington pulling Smith to his feet now. So much is on the line here in this Ring King tournament match.

Holding Pin's head, he directs him toward the ropes. As they reach them, Cecilworth runs Pin's eyes across the top rope toward the middle of the ring. The fans boo loudly.

Williams: Cecilworth using the ropes to try and blind his opponenet.

The referee warns Cecilworth who turns to him and attempts to play dumb.

Williams: Oh come on Cecilworth, you know you can not do that.

Smith is on one knee, one hand holding his eyes, the other holding him up on the ropes. The referee continues to warn Cecilworth who is now arguing. He walks around the referee, who turns to follow him, continuing to warn Cecilworth to play by the rules. Behind them, Mike Best heads over, and crawls up to the apron. As he reaches in and grabs Pin's head, he pulls it out through the ropes. Best drops to the floor and pulls down hard, causing Smith to be choked across them.

Williams: Mike Best taking advantage of the referee being distracted.

Fury: THAT is how you become a great manager. Dick wonders if Mike can manage him in Red Line Wrestling. Idiots like Eric Dane would never be an issue again!

As the referee turns away from Cecilworth, Mike lets go of Pin and bends down, hurrying away. Smith falls back, dropping to the canvas holding his throat.

Williams: The referee now suspicious, as he should be.

Fury: Maybe he should pay attention then and do his job.

He points at best who throws his hands up and proclaims he didn't do anything. Cecilworth runs past the referee, grabbing the top rope and holding it as he begins to stomp the downed Pin Smith. The fans boo even louder.

Williams: The Machine bullying their way through this Ring King tournament match.

Fury: To be a true king of the ring, you have to show you are willing to do whatever it takes. That is what The Machine is doing here tonight and that is why the Ring King will be someone from The Machine. Mark Dick's words.

Williams: The referee now getting between the two, pushing Cecilworth away from Pin Smith.

Victory: XXXI

As he does, Mike Best hurries back over. He reaches in and grabs Pin's head, pulling him toward the apron. Best then brings an elbow down across the forehead of Pin Smith before walking off just in time as the referee turns back around.

Williams: Mike Best continuing to skew the odds here tonight.

Cecilworth stomps over, grabbing the feet of Pin Smith, and dragging him back fully into the ring. As he bends down to grab Pin, Smith reaches up, grabbing him around his head and bringing him over into a cradle pin. The fans go nuts. Mike Best freaks out. It is wonderful.

Williams: Pin Smith with a pin... kick out at the last moment by Cecilworth Farthington!

Both men roll over and begin to get up.

Williams: Cecilworth to his feet first, charges Pin Smith. Smith drops down. Farthington leaps over him. Across the ring, off of the ropes again and on the return... Pin Smith catches Cecilworth into an arm drag!

However, Smith doesn't release as he holds Farthington's arm outstretched, applying pressure by placing his knee into the back of Cecilworth.

Williams: Pin Smith holding that arm tight of Farthington, stretching him.

Cecilworth plants his feet, and begins to push up, arching his back as he does, causing Pin Smith to try and hold on. As he raises, Cecilworth rolls under Smith's arm, pulling it backward, and into a hammerlock.

Williams: Farthington able to recover, not holding the arm of Pin Smith behind him.

Smith bends down and rolls back, reversing the lock into his own. The fans cheer.

Williams: Smith with the reversal. Farthington now using his free arm to bring his elbow back, catching Pin Smith in the face.

A second shot causes Pin to let go. Cecilworth runs forward and hits the ropes.

Williams: Farthing off of the ropes.. raising knee to the midsection of Pin Smith!

Fury: Cecilworth is just always on top of his game. Always better than those he faces and tonight is no different.

Williams: Cecilworth now following up with an European uppercut, catching Pin Smith.

Pin Smith stumbles backward. Cecilworth comes toward him, however, Pin grabs his arm in transition, and pulls back, sending Cecilworth into the ropes.

Victory: XXXI

Williams: Pin Smith trying to gather himself for a come back, sends Cecilworth into the ropes. Farthington on the return. Pin Smith comes forward with a clothesline... Farthington ducks.

Both men turn toward each other quickly.

Williams: Pin Smith now forward with another clothesline attempt...

Cecilworth ducks, but this time slides his arms up and around each of Pin's, leaning forward, causing Smith to slide across his back and down to the canvas shoulder first.

Williams: Reversed into a pin attempt.. The referee counts...

Pin Smith kicks free, breaking the pin before three. The fans cheer. Mike Best yells in anger outside of the ring.

Williams: Farthington wasting now time as he gets to his feet. Pin Smith now getting up as well.

Fury: Dick thinks it's time for Cecilworth to just put this idiot away.

Williams: Farthington tired of playing, comes forward with a barrage of rights and lefts, backing Pin into the ropes.

Pin blocks a shot from Cecilworth, using the brief moment to reach forward, grab his head and send him face first around and into the turnbuckle.

Williams: Pin Smith slamming Cecilworth's head into that turnbuckle now.

Cecilworth turns around, back first into the corner.

Williams: Now following up with har rights and lefts into the midsection of Cecilworth.

Mike Best angrily stomps over, and threatening the time keeper who gets out of his seat. Grabbing his chair, he folds it and turns to head back to the ring.

Williams: Mike Best has that chair! If he uses it, Cecilworth will be disqualified!

Fury: Only if he gets caught, and Mike Best is too smart to get caught.

Mike quickly slides the chair into the ring behind the referee, running around the corner and leaping up to the apron. The referee turns to him, heading over.

Williams: Best now distracting the referee.

Victory: XXXI

Pin Smith takes a step back, before turning and running toward Cecilworth.

Williams: Farthington drops down.. Pin Smith hard into the corner!

Cecilworth crawls forward toward the chair. As he reaches it, he grabs it and waits. Mike Best continues to keep the referee distracted as Pin Smith turns and heads toward Cecilworth.

Williams: Smith doesn't see the chair...

As Pin approaches, Cecilworth pushes up and turns around winging the chair wildly as it slams into the arm of Pin Smith who stumbles over and bumps into the referee. At this time the referee ignores Mike Best and turns around in time to see Cecilworth bring the chair down across the head of Pin Smith. Immediately he begins to call for the bell.

Williams: The referee saw him! the referee saw him!

Mike Best's face is one of shock. Cecilworth drops the chair, yelling to the referee that it wasn't him.

Williams: Wasn't you? He saw you Cecilworth! You hit Pin Smith right in front of the referee!

Announcer: The winner of this match via disqualification and moving to the second round of the Ring King tournament... PIN... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!

Cecilworth begins to stomp like a kid throwing a fit, as Pin Smith rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope, holding his head as he slides to the floor. Mike Best enters the ring to try and console Cecilworth as we get a repeat of the chair shot.

A Slight Deviation

As we go back live, we see two of Dynasty's own jetting down the ramp.

Williams: Perfection and CBR are running down the ramp, CBR has a steel pipe in his hand! Fury: That man just loves big long pipes in his hand. Farthington and Best slides out of the ring wanting nothing to do with what is about to happen, as they exits Perfection and CBR slide in. Pin, who is now up, immediately goes to punch at Perfection but is brought down quickly when CBR slams the steel pipe into the same knee he attacked on Wrestleshow a week earlier. Williams: Another shot to the knee of Pin Smith! I don't know if he is going to be able to wrestle at Black Horizon at this point. Perfection smiles and waves his hand at CBR to strike the knee again, and CBR does. Pin screams out in pain as the crowd reacts in a downpour of boos. The Canadian Star wraps the pipe against Pin's throat with a knee to his back holding him there. James walks over to the ropes and yells for a microphone, the ringside attendant quickly brings one over to him. Perfection: I... IMPERFECT! IMPERFECT! IMPERFECT! The crowd is chanting and booing making Perfection cease his talking. He begins to pace the ring, his agitation growing while CBR looks at Perfection shaking his head and mouthing "ignore them". Williams: The fans here in Orlando doing the right thing and

Victory: XXXI

keeping Perfection's mouth shut. Fury: And if you look down here Jen, I will give you a reason to open yours. Witherhold decides to walk back over to the ropes and points at the fans in the front having a little back and forth before pulling the microphone to his lips still pointing at them.

Perfection: Some Ungrateful right over there just told me we "have no business here"..to "leave Pin alone", Claude!

Perfection turns back to CBR before they share a little laugh.

William: And that fan is right! Save it for Black Horizon, Perfection. Have some pride at least.

Fury: No, get it over with now so Dick can go home early Sunday.

Perfection: Well, I do have business here, Pin. On Sunday, you and I will meet at Black Horizon to compete for MY belt! Not only do I want to make sure you're in PEAK physical condition...

He grins sadistically.

Perfection: But I also want to make sure that our match is fair- because fair business, Pin...is good business.

James reaches into his suit jacket pocket pulling out a folded white document. He holds it up, assuming Smith and someone in Orlando can read.

Perfection: I have here, by orders of my friend, James Wingate...a little deviation from our match at Black Horizon to ensure our match is fair...

The crowd starts to murmur in jeering.

Williams: What has he done now...

Fury: They're going to wrestle here tonight, CBR is the special referee, the possibilities are endless.

Perfection smiles and nods towards CBR who let's go of Pin Smith only to again hit him with the steel pipe on the injured knee. Pin rolls across ring in pain right in front of Perfection who looks down at him smiling ear to ear.

Perfection: Our match, Pin....is now...

He pauses, building anticipation of the good news to come.

Perfection: A Submission Match.

Williams: What a cheat! No wonder they have been attacking that knee! I can't believe Mr. Wingate approved

Victory: XXXI

this!

Fury: Okay, I officially love these guys as much as you love Dick, Jen. So much!

The crowd is hysterical in boos as CBR begins to walk over towards Pin to hit him again with the pipe. Then the crowd suddenly changes to a roar of cheering which stops CBR in his tracks.

Williams: What the?

RAHHHHHHHH

The fans pop the roof off as "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper jumps over the barricade from the crowd. He slides into the ring and clubs CBR from behind, making him drop the steel pipe.

Williams: Chris Hopper! "The King of Cool" has just disrupted Dynasty's beat down and is trading shots with CBR!

Pin Smith spots the pipe just as Perfection does and both make a dive for it. Smith rolls to reach it first and kicks the pipe out of the ring - then sweeps Perfection's legs out from under him.

Fury: Pin Smith saw Perfection eyeing that pipe and knew he had to get rid of it!

Perfection falls to the mat as the fans throw up a cheer. Smith rolls on top, still unable to fully use his knee, and hammers down a few shots before slipping to Perfection's back and wraps his arms over his head. It's not until he locks his fingers together and wrenches back that we get what's going on.

YEEEEEAHHHH Williams: Zugzwang! Zugzwang! Pin Smith has that submission locked in on the champ!

Fury: That son of a bitch! Pin Smith... FIRED!

UTA! UTA! UTA!

Williams: The champ wanted a submission match and tonight, he's getting a taste of his own medicine. CBR finally gets the upper hand on Hopper and connects with a desperate stomp to Smith's beaten knee. Smith moans in agony as both CBR and Perfection slide out of the ring and regroup at ringside. Shaking their heads CBR picks his pipe back up before they head back up the rampway. Fury: Just when things got good Chris Hopper has to spoil the fun. Perfection turns back, a fire in his eyes, and mouths more vitriol toward "King" Smith, who is being helped up by "The King of Cool" Chris Hopper.

Williams: I'm thankful the cameras can't pick up what that man is saying. Perfection is just volatile. Fury: Pin Smith is lucky he is conscious- Hopper just had to stick his nose in Dynasty business again.

Smith limps to the ropes, perching his foot on the bottom to alleviate the pain and leans his straight arm over

Victory: XXXI

the top. With Hopper trying to restrain him from hurting himself more, Pin begins to fire back shots at Perfection. Williams: Perfection isn't even half way up the ramp before these two want to start back up. CBR is now pushing Perfection back up the rampway. The dialogue can't be made out but Smith makes it clear what the hot topic is when he points at Perfection, then to himself, then to the middle of the ring before running both hands over his waist. Perfection spits toward the ring and laughs. Williams: I think Perfection and CBR got a taste of what their sneak attacks feel like, Dick. But what does this mean for Pin Smith and his knee in a Submission Match at Black Horizon? Especially now that Perfection and CBR have done their damage to it? Fury: Perfection wins, duh.

Brought to You By

Foul Mood

Jennifer puts her hand on the headset she has on.

Williams: I am being told Jamie Sawyers has caught up with Crimson Lord backstage.

Fury: Clearly people haven't gotten the picture yet, Dick thinks Crimson does not want to be bothered tonight.

Williams: We go back live to Jamie Sawyers who is standing by.

Backstage Crimson Lord is staring coldly at Jamie and the backstage interview set.

Sawyers: Crimson I am glad you are willing to have a word with me and the UTA fans here in Orlando.

It's the obligatory cheap hometown pop for Sawyers.

Sawyers: You are coming off a hard loss in the tag tea....

Crimson interrupts immediately.

Crimson: ...Loss? I was never beaten!

Sawyers: Yes you were I am afraid to tell you.

Williams: Jamie this might not be a good time to develop a backbone.

Crimson: You are mistaken Jamie, for your sake I suggest you restate your opening to this little interview of yours.

Sawyers takes a deep gulp down his throat and stands by his opening statement.

Victory: XXXI

Sawyers: As a journalist Crimson, please let me show you. Maybe you got caught up in the heat of the moment. Let me direct you to the monitor and what happened last week at Wrestleshow. Sawyers points at the monitor. Crimson slowly looks toward the monitor as a replay from last week plays.

Video replay from Wrestleshow last week

No sooner does the WTFc support staff send Tyrone Walker back into the ring, than the Second Coming mule kicks Crimson Lord, causing him to let go of her hair!

Blackfront: Hard clothesline by the Second Coming just sent Mister Fantastic to the mat! She covers Walker!

Ace: Haynes rolls up Crimson Lord!

The referee, along with everyone in the arena, counts aloud.

ONE... TWO...

Crimson quickly grabs Sawyers by the throat.

Crimson: You meatbags in the truck turn this crap off NOW! Or I will snap his neck like a twig!

The replay is cut off quickly. Sawyers eyes are wide with fear. Crimson slowly removes his hand from Sawyers neck. He snatches the microphone from Sawyers hands and faces the camera with a very cold, sadistic look toward the arena.

Crimson: Let's get one thing straight I tripped over Haynes! I was never pinned!

The fans boo as Crimson even more enraged by their response.

Crimson: I said I tripped!! This is all The Second Coming's fault, has she not low blowed me like a common cheat she is! I wouldn't have tripped over Haynes!

2C gets a decent pop from the fans!

Crimson: What you meatbags like that, praise the hero! The hero that thinks she has a remote chance of beating me at Black Horizon! Those two meatbags I decimated earlier tonight joined an elite club. This elite club is called my Blood Legion! And YOU!

Crimson points at the camera!

Crimson: Ms. Second Coming I will make a charter member of at Black Horizon, when I drag your lifeless corpse up and down that ring in a pool of your own...

Victory: XXXI

Crimson gets up close to the camera and shakes with rage as he says.

Crimson: BLOOD!

Crimson slowly backs from the camera and slams the microphone into the chest of Sawyers. Jamie gasp for air as Crimson slowly walks from him. Jamie tries in vain to get a closing statement.

Sawyers: Crimson Lord vs the Second Coming at Black Horizon fans.

Sawyers coughs a bit still trying to catch his breath before continuing his closing statement.

Sawyers: I wish you the best of luck 2C I...

Without warning Crimson has returned and viciously strikes Sawyers. He mounts Sawyers now and starts to unload on Sawyers now without remorse as Jamie screams in agony.

Williams: Come on! Someone stop this maniac! Jamie was just trying to do his job!

Fury: Dick told you to leave him alone but did you listen?

Crimson picks up Jamie, blood now coming from Jamie's nose. Crimson viciously whips Jamie into the backdrop knocking it down with his collision. Jamie lies in rubble of the interview set. Crimson picks up the microphone from the ground and slowly turns sideways toward the camera and slowly brings up the microphone to his mouth.

Crimson: Yet another victim that has joined my Blood Legion, where is your hero UTA? Come out Two-Cee, or I will continue to build my Legion maybe next time I'll get to someone you actually give a [CENSORED] about!

Crimson drops the microphone and walks off camera. When they know it's safe, medical attention rushes to Sawyers aid.

Williams: Fans we will have news on Jamie's condition either tonight later on during the broadcast or on Wrestleuta.com following Victory.

Fury: Better show yourself 2C, Dick knows this man is a man of his word.

The Plot Thickens

Backstage, we see Lamond Alexander Robertson standing at the monitors watching Victory. He's dressed in a Scotland Rugby jersey with a pair of blue jeans and brown shoes, he wears the Prodigy Title around his waist, powerful arms folded across his chest. Lamond stands beside a couple of crew hands, watching the action unfold, sharing a couple of jokes with one of the production specialists.

Victory: XXXI

Before any further jovial chat can be shared, the unmistakable figure of Mike Best walks into the picture, dressed in a Greg Lauren suit and shoes with a wry smile across his face.

Best: Mr. Robertson, Prodigy Champion.

Robertson immediately turns to face Best, unfolding his arms and clenching a fist. He narrows his eyes, one hand on the title as if to keep it safe. Best steps forward a little, a couple of feet away from Lamond, safely out of reach of the Prodigy Champ.

Best: Oh, I just figured I'd say it one more time. You know, get it out for the record before it's all over next week. Here, I'll say it again: Lamond Alexander Robertson... UTA Prodigy Champion.

Robertson steps forward himself.

LAR: Oh aye, is that right? I heard what you had to say last week and if you think...

Suddenly Lamond drops down, his body going limp as he collapses to the floor below. The camera backs up to reveal the figure of Alex Beckman, a smirk across her face as she lowers her leg from a vicious kick to the back of LAR's head. Best steps over beside his client.

Best: If we think what, Lamond? I'm sorry, I didn't catch the end of that sentence. (Loud boos are heard in the arena)

He prods his polished shoe toe onto the Prodigy Title

Best: ...as long as we are committing things to memory, Mr. Robertson, maybe this is one more Kodak moment for the scrapbook. This thing you're feeling? This helplessness? This is what my client does.

He leans down, brushing the hair from LAR's face, an insincere smile coming over his face.

Best: This is what she did to you on the night of her debut. This is what she's going to do to you at Black Horizon. And that Prodigy Title that you cling so desperately to? Well, my client is going to--

Before Mike Best can finish the last statement, a gruff cough comes from behind him, the camera panning around to see the figure of Ron Hall, dressed in the usual attire. Jeans, a pair of Reeboks and a USA Olympic Wrestling T Shirt, standing behind Best and Beckman, the crowd in the arena lifting to a high volume cheer.

Hall: If you think that either of you are walking out of Black Horizon with that belt...

He laughs.

Hall: You're only fooling yourselves!

Victory: XXXI

Best turns to face Hall, holding his arm out to stop Beckman from moving forward.

Best: No need, Alex. You handled the champion, so allow me to deal with the third wheel.

With a snide smirk, Michael holds his hand out for a gentleman's handshake.

Best: I don't believe we have met. Do you work here?

He speaks the words intentionally condescendingly, clearly knowing who Ron is and why he's here. Hall doesn't look impressed, as he takes a step forward with intensity in his eyes.

Hall: We're trying to be funny are we? Didn't they teach you any manners in that developmental territory you came from?

Best: The territories? Oh, you poor thing. You probably think it's 1983 and we're in a Bob Evans right now, don't you? Let me tell you something, hotshot..

Michael leans in close, gritting his teeth as he pokes Hall directly in the chest. The tension is palpable.

Best: I'm sure you were really something back when white folks had their own bathrooms, but you're looking at a real Hall of Famer and you'd better show me some goddamned respect before you get yourself hurt.

At this point, Hall's glasses come off, his face tightening up. His tone is the calm before the storm, and he's absolutely furious.

Hall: How cute, how unoriginal. You--

He aggressively puts his finger into Best's chest.

Hall: ...are the wanna be from the minor leagues, trying to be a star in the UTA... the major leagues!

His voice starts to rise a little, giving away what's going through his mind.

Hall: Let me offer you some advice about this "old man" no one bothered to give you. You need to get out of my face before something bad happens to you. I'll hurt you and enjoy myself while I'm doing it. You AND that little transvestite who wormed her way into my title match.

Best: Oh really? Cause I've got ten grand at Black Horizon that says you can't.

Just then, Beckman slips free of Mike Best's arm and goes for a right hook to Ron who side steps and launches a vicious Country Chin Music back! Beckman dodges it instinctively, leaving Ron's foot to hit M