

# Victory: XXXII

June 8, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

## VICTORY

A black screen.

ONE WEEK AGO

With the referee count at eight, the Second Coming's shaky left hand wraps around the bottom rope, which is sufficient life for the count to stop.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans get behind the Second Coming as she climbs back into the - CRIMSON LORD OFF THE ROPES!

Between Crimson Lord's weight advantage, his momentum, and the fact that the Second Coming clearly didn't have the wits about her to have a good grip on the ropes, she flew off the apron much farther than she normally may have.

She lands in the wreckage of the destroyed Spanish announce table, however her head bounces off the concrete floor.

It was at this point that the bell rings.

Blackfront: Finally! This match needs to be thrown out.

Ace: I'm not sure what the result will be, but I think this was both the right call and too freakin' late. What's wrong with this referee?

Blackfront: I'm not sure, but the Second Coming is still crawling toward the ring! Gaze has joined Crimson Lord between the ropes, and they're trying to get the referee's attention!

Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please!

The fans quiet down, for the most part. Most of them want to hear the decision.

Franklin: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please.

Crimson Lord pays as much attention as everyone else in the arena. On the floor, the Second Coming has reached the ring steps, and is putting one hand in front of the other to get back into the ring. Nobody is counting, but if they were, the referee would have counted her out at least ten seconds ago.

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Franklin: Even though there has been no pinfall recorded, nor a submission heard - the referee has elected to end this match -

The fans boo, loudly.

Franklin: --and award the decision, by virtue of the referee decision... to CRIMSON LORD!

At least ninety nine percent of the arena boo, and slowly start to chant 'Se-Cond-Co-Ming!' over and over again.

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Blackfront: CBR now choking Hopper as the referee warns him.

Ace: oh come on... it's a match surrounded by an electrified cell! How can choking not be legal?!

CBR releases at the count of four as Chris Hopper grabs his throat trying to capture a breath.

Blackfront: CBR now mounting the ropes around Chris Hopper.

As he stands on the middle ropes, CBR holds Hopper's head and begins to bring down a series of rights.

Blackfront: Repeated punches by CBR, trying to wear Chris Hopper down.

As Hopper is rocked by each punch, he throws his arms up and around CBR's legs lifting him up. CBR panics, trying to keep his balance, but as Hopper pulls back on his legs and lets go, CBR is sent forward into the cell. Out of instinct, he grabs the fencing, holding on as electricity is shot through his body.

Blackfront: CBR into the side of that cell!

Sparks begin to fly from the top of the cell as Chris Hopper walks forward and turns. CBR finally flies backward off of the cell side, turning in the air. As he comes down, Chris Hopper leaps up and grabs his head and neck, falling to the canvas.

Blackfront: ICE BREAKER! ICE BREAKER!

Ace: NOOOO!!!!

The fans go crazy as Chris Hopper rolls CBR over and covers him.

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Bobby steps foot into the ring, Mikey watching from the outside. Haynes dazed by the ring stairs. Mikey

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holds out his hand for Bobby, urging him to tag him in. "Let me," Mikey says. Bobby does, but he doesn't leave the ring. Mikey enters the ring, Greer ducks a clothesline attempt from him, Mikey ducks one from Greer, and then Bobby spins Mikey around and knees him in the gut stopping him in his tracks.

Blackfront: What just happened?

Bobby nods to Greer, who smiles. He tags in Ty Walker. They've got big, big plans for this. Dane smiles from the outside, and rubs his hands together before giving Bobby a brief thumbs up.

Greer motions for Bobby to serve Mikey up like last night's prime rib. Bobby pushes him towards Greer. Greer bends him over for the powerbomb portion of the hellacious finisher that is Simon Says Die. The fans start to boo.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean just turned on WTF, I can't believe this.

Ace: This is the best part of the show so far!!

Greer puts Mikey into the air with his portion of the finisher as Ty comes over for his Neckbreaker finish and Greer sits out. Simon Says Die on Mikey Unlikely as his neck takes an awkward angle on impact.

Ace: That's all she wrote.

Ty rolls ontop for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Haynes charges but Greer sees him coming and...

Blackfront: HELL FIRE LARIAT! Haynes flips in the air. Jesus Christ!

Ace: Wow, this just keeps getting better and better.

THREE...

Announcer: Your winners by pinfall....TEAMMMMMMM DANGGGGGGER.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean leaving the ring as Team Danger celebrates. Why did you do it Bobby? Why?!

Team Danger continue to celebrate in the ring.

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As if following orders, Beckman creates a bit of clearance between herself and LAR and goes for the stiff kick right to the gut of the champion. LAR tries to react fast and grabs hold of Beckman's leg but struggles with his grip. Hall jumps back up from the prior takedown as observes what's happening, Beckman and Hall eying each other as Beckman tries to break free to LAR's grasp. Trying to use to situation to her advantage, Beckman nails LAR with a stiff uppercut, breaking her free from his grasp. As LAR staggers on his feet, Hall decides that he's going to make his presence in the match known and begins to position himself in front of the stagger champion. As LAR spins around, Hall catches him fast, before either LAR can defend himself or Beckman can react...

Blackfront: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! Hall saw an opening and went right for it!

Ace: Already! Amazing scenes in the opening bout of this contest. This could be over as quickly as it began!

LAR falls backwards to the mat as Ron Hall looks on in complete disbelief that it worked, LAR now crumpled up on the mat.

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Mike Best is yelling for the official to count from the floor on the outside. LAR is slowly beginning to pull himself up and himself back under the bottom rope as the official slams the mat for the count of one.

Blackfront: THIS COULD BE IT! ONE! TWO!

Ace: The champ is finger tips away from breaking up the fall. JUST USE THAT THICK SCOTTISH HEAD OF YOURS!

The official slams his hand to the mat for the final count of three just as LAR is about to slam himself down to break the cover. The referee signals for the bell.

Announcer: Your winner by pinfall... at a time of fourteen minutes and eight seconds and THE NEWWWWWWW UTA PRODIGY CHAMPION... THE THAI BREAKER... ALEX BECKMANNNNNNNN!

Mike Best manages to scramble to his feet, almost in disbelief at what he has just witnessed. A horrified Lamond Alexander Robertson is leaned up against the ropes in shock as Best demands the Prodigy championship from the timekeeper on the outside of the ring. Snatching the belt like an ungrateful child, Best straightens his tie and leaps into the ring as Beckman pulls herself back up to vertical base.

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The fans boo as Pin goes down in a heap and Perfection flips him over, spreading the legs and circling around the bad knee..

Ace: Here it comes!

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But as Perfection turns, Pin uses his good leg to push him away, sparking some hope from the crowd. Perfection turns and charges back towards Pin who takes him down by the bad elbow with a Fujiwar armbar. He then quickly moves his body over the back of Perfection and locks in a double trap armbar (Rings of Saturn).

Blackfront: Smith has a double trap armbar locked in! Perfection has nowhere to go and no way of escaping and that elbow is about to break!

The fans are shaking the roof of the AT&T arena as Perfection screams. The referee is lying in front of him and asking him the question. Perfection begins nodding his head vigorously..

Blackfront: Is he..

The referee jumps up and begins waving his hand..

DING DING DING!!!

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Blackfront: HE'S DONE IT! PIN SMITH IS THE NEW WILDFIRE CHAMPION!

Pin lets go of the hold and collapses on his back, completely exhausted...whilst Perfection rolls away and clutches his elbow.

Ace: HOW? PERFECTION NEVER TAPPED!

Blackfront: THE REF MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING!

Announcer: Your winner of the match via submission...and NEW..UTA WILDFIRE CHAMPION....KING...PIN...SMITH!!

Ace: NO! HE DIDN'T TAP! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

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Hussain takes a breath before reaching down to grab John Sektor by the head, pulling him up halfway. He lets go and runs toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Hussain off of the ropes... on the return... PRAY TO AL- NO!

Sektor swings his arm up with the electric prod, catching Hussain in the out stretched groin. As Hussain falls to the canvas, Sektor slams the prod down into his groin again.

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Blackfront: JOHN SEKTOR IS PURE EVIL!

Ace: He's just doing the world a favor and making sure Hussain never reproduces!

John Sektor finally lets up, holding the prod up and smiling. Mike Best claps from outside of the cell as Abdul bin Hussain holds himself. Looking down at him, Sektor drops the prod and grabs Hussain by the head.

Blackfront: John Sektor lifting a very badly injured Abdul bin Hussain to his feet, hooks his arms... and lifts him vertically...

Sektor holds Hussain and walks around before dropping him face first to the canvas as John sits out.

Blackfront: The C-SEKTION! C-SEKTION!

Ace: A vasectomy and a c-section live here tonight!

Blackfront: You're sick Tommy.

He turns Hussain over and covers him. The referee slides into place and begins to count.

Blackfront: Sektor with the cover.. two.. THREE! JOHN SEKTOR DOES IT!

Ace: Like there was ever any doubt.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... JOHN... SEKKKTTOORRR!!!

Mike Best claps excitedly, stepping over a still out cold Rafiq. Sektor gets to his knees and throws his hands out to the side, his head looking up.

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The bell sounds. Both Jackson and Blanca stare at each other. As the crowd goes nuts, Jackson turns his head to the left as Blanca turns his to the right, before they both inverse, taking in every bit of emotion that the prominently Texas crowd is giving them.

Blackfront: I don't think I have ever felt chills like I am right now.

They exchange one last inaudible word before, La Flama Blanca pulls his right hand back and comes up with a right to the side of Jackson's head.

Blackfront: Here we go! La Flama Blanca with the first show, Jackson reciprocates with his own. Another from Blanca, followed by another from Jackson as these two exchange shots in the center of the ring!

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Sean Jackson takes the lead as his final return shot is followed by a second and third in succession.

Blackfront: Jackson with multiple rights, catching La Flama Blanca now.

Jackson grabs Blanca's arm and pushes him backward and into the ropes, before yanking the arm and sending him across the ring.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca off of the ropes now and on the return... Jackson catches him... up, and turns... HUGE spinbuster!

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Sean grabs his face and stumbles back. La Flama Blanca quickly looks back to see where he is before leaping directly up and landing feet first on the top of the barricade, and then pushing up and off, turning in the air and crashing down on top of the champion.

Blackfront: MOONSAULT FROM THE BARRICADE BY LA FLAMA BLANCA!

The fans go crazy. A back and forward chant of Lets Go Blanca and Lets Go Jackson breaks out. Both men lay on the floor, rolling around before La Flama Blanca begins to push himself up.

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Blanca looks up to the ring, before turning and heading toward it.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca on the apron now, climbing the turnbuckle from the outside.

Ace: What is he going to do?

Blanca makes sure to keep his balance as he faces out toward Jackson, visually lining up the distance.

Blackfront: Sean Jackson has to be at least ten feet from the ring.

The camera shows Jackson still laying on top of the table. Suddenly, La Flama Blanca leaps far and forward, tucking in as he begins to come down. His body spins around in a ball before he throws his limbs out and comes down, crashing hard on top of Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: AY DIOS MIO FROM THE RING TO OUR TABLE OUT HERE! HE CONNECTS!

La Flama Blanca rolls off of Jackson, the debris now even more spread out. Jackson rolls to his side, barely able to breath as La Flama Blanca holds his midsection.

Blackfront: Simply amazing. Ay Dios Mio connects from ten feet away. I can not believe what we just saw.

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The referee checking on the two, moves over to Sean Jackson. Suddenly he begins to throw his fingers at the time keeper's table.

Blackfront: Wait... I think the referee is calling the match!

Ace: He is!

The referee heads over to inform the announcer of his decision as the camera moves behind to see the back of Sean Jackson, a gash seen coming across his back with blood pouring out.

Announcer: The winner of this match and NEEEEWWWW..... UTA WORLD CHAMPION..... LA FLAMA...  
BLANCA!

Medical staff run over to Sean Jackson with towels as La Flama Blanca knees beside the ring, using the apron to hold himself up. The referee heads toward him, title in hand.

LIVE

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 lookk 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: Everyone knows you love you some Dick Jennifer!

Williams: Funny. Anyways, we are one week removed from Black Horizon, maybe the biggest even the UTA has ever had!

Fury: It was the largest event we have ever had! A sold out crowd in the AT&T Stadium. Over one hundred thousand who all came because they wanted Dick!

Williams: What a night it truly was! Ever singles title changed hands, including the UTA World Championship! We had two Shock Therapy matches, a submission match, and a first blood match!

Fury: The entire night was just the UTA doing big things like they always do!

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Williams: Tonight, the Ring King tournament continues with more round one matches as Lew Smith and Lamond Alexander Robertson meet in singles action.

Fury: Marie Van Claudio gets her a taste of Chicago after that as she faces Samuel Adams in a first round match!

Williams: Owens.

Fury: Huh?

Williams: Never mind. In non Ring King action, Jaque LaRoque goes against Kendrix.

Fury: When did Wingate start hiring only people with stupid names?

Jennifer lets out a loud, audible sigh.

Williams: Returning to Ring King action, The Pirate King... Blackbeard takes on the 8-bit Legend himself, Leyenda de Ocho.

Fury: LEEEEEEYYEEENNNNDDDDDDAAA DEEEEEE OCCCHHOOOOOO!!!!

Williams: You sure love saying his name, don't you Dick?

Fury: Sure do.

Williams: In a match originally set for the last Victory, the former Internet and Legacy Champion, CBR, goes one on one with the former Prodigy Champion Ron Hall.

Fury: Don't forget, Hall has been a tag champion, World Champion, and is a hall of fame member too!

Williams: CBR has his work cut out for him indeed. Then, in our main event tonight... 'Too Cool' Chris Hopper will face the former UTA Champion himself...

Fury: And...

Williams: AND... former Wildfire Champion as well as Tag Champion...

Fury: Don't forget member of Dynasty and last year's Ring King winner...

Jennifer sighs yet again.

Williams: That too... Hopper is set to face Perfection tonight live on Victory!

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Fury: What a packed show!

Williams: It sure is Dick! Now it's time to get to it!

Fury: Dick loves getting to it!

The camera moves up to the top of the ramp.

Williams: We now get ready for our first match tonight fans as we continue the Ring King tournament first round!

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of If You Want Peace, Prepare for War by Children of Boom.. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colors that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word GO!.

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a first round Ring King tournament match....

The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Brimley, England, weighing in at two hundred and sixteen pounds, LEWWWW..... SMIIIIITTTTHHHHHH!!!

The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the center to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring.

Williams: Lew Smith has been on a roll in two thousand and fifteen and now he gets a chance to advance in the Ring King tournament.

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

Williams: I've heard rumblings that Lew will also be one of the superstars going for the now vacant Legacy Championship sometime soon.

Fury: If he doesn't advance that is. Why go for a lower title when you're on the road for the big belt?

Williams: Either way, Lew Smith is in prime position to hit it big here in the UTA.

A slow drum beat begins from the PA system, repeating itself as the crowd dies down to hear it. The Utatron flickers into life, fading in with the image of a hill, cloudy blue skies above and a large steel Claymore sword buried into the grassy surface. A Scottish flag sits behind it, the wooden pole deep in the soil as well, waving

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effortlessly in the wind.

And suddenly, the sound of the rich violin bursts into the silence, playing its quick repeating verse as Promontory by Trevor Jones begins to play.

As the violin repeats itself, from the back slowly steps the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson, a bright smile on his face as he taps his foot to the music. Coming onto the stage, Robertson turns slowly, taking in the lights, the rafters and sheer production value of the show, arms outstretched in the moment as he turns back to face the ring and the crowd.

Williams: The former Prodigy Champion, one week removed from holding gold looking tonight to bounce back.

Fury: As much as Dick thinks Lew Smith is an idiot, he can't deny beating Smith to advance tonight would be just what Robertson needs. Smith is on fire and a win over him would be huge. Especially in a singles match where Lew prevails.

A second violin joins the first in the unending repetition, as LAR walks down the ramp, stepping over to one side of the crowd and taking their outstretched hands in his, shaking each one. He shares a few words with each fan, a laugh with some before moving to the other side of the ramp and repeating with a few there.

Announcer: Making his way down to the ring, hailing from Pockton, Scotland.

Robertson walks his way around the ring on the outside, shaking hands with fans. He gets to one fan with his son, placing his hand on the father's shoulder and whispering something to the boy before shuffling his hair and moving on. Lamond makes a point to shake hands with the announcers and the time keeper before stepping up onto the apron and into the ring.

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

LAR immediately walks to the corner, dropping to one knee and lifting a necklace he wears around his neck. He kisses the front of it, saying a few words with his head bowed and eyes closed before standing and turning to face the rest of the ring, slapping his left arm with his right hand.

Announcer: Lamond...Alexander...Robbbberrrrtsssooonnn!!!!

He places the necklace on the outside of the ring, as well as taking his t-shirt off, standing proudly in the Robertson tartan kilt.

Williams: This is how you open a show right here. Big match time.

Robertson lowers down, using the rope to keep himself steady, almost sitting on his heels as he waits.

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Williams: Lamond Robertson with a noticeable size difference over cruiser weight, Lew Smith.

Fury: Different styles too Jennifer. Should make for an interesting match.

As the bell sounds, both men get to their feet and head in toward the middle of the ring.

Williams: Good sportsmanship here as they touch hands.

Backing away after touching hands, they come in for a collar to elbow lock up.

Williams: And they tie up... Lamond Robertson using his size advantage to take control early, shoving Lew Smith to the canvas.

Fury: With ease at that.

Lew quickly kips up to his feet. Robertson charges him.

Williams: Lew Smith back to his feet. Lamond Robertson runs... Smith moves quickly. Robertson into the ropes.

As Lamond Robertson misses Lew and hits the ropes, Lew leaps up and twist, placing a perfectly executed spinning heel kick into his midsection, dropping Lamond Robertson to his knees, grabbing his stomach.

Williams: Lew Smith with quick thinking taking Robertson to his knees.

Smith turns around and with Lamond to his knees, brings a hard right chop down diagonally across his chest before following with a left in the same manner.

Williams: Double chop to the chest of Lamond Alexander Robertson now.

Fury: Lew knows how to use those hands as weapons.

Lew quickly takes off past Lamond, and leaps up the the second rope. As he does, he grabs the top rope and presses down to lunge himself back with an elbow that catches Lamond in the back of the head, putting him hard to the canvas. The fans cheer.

Williams: Lew Smith with a springboard elbow to the back of Lamond Alexander Robertson's head, showing that size does not matter in a match like this with such high stakes.

Fury: Oh Jen... size does matter. Ask any woman who's ever had a night out with Dick.

Williams: Is that why they are usually not repeat offenders?

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Fury: Uh.. um.. this match here is exciting, isn't it?

Williams: Lew Smith on his feet now, pumping his fist to the crowd who is behind this superstar here tonight.

A giant smile crosses his face as he pumps his fist one last time to the cheering crowd before turning back to Lamond Robertson, bending down and grabbing him by the head.

Fury: For someone who is no rookie any more, that's a rookie mistake wasting time like that.

Williams: The fans love him and he loves the fans Dick!

As he lifts Robertson up, Lamond brings a right under and into his rib cage catching Lew by surprise.

Fury: You were saying?

Williams: Lamond Robertson now with a left fist to the ribs of Lew Smith.

He reaches up, grabbing Lew's head and placing his own under Lew's chin before leaping up and dropping to his knees. Lew Smith pops up and back to the canvas.

Williams: Jawbreaker by Lamond Alexander Robertson who now pushes back to his feet.

Fury: It can all be gone in a second, just like that. That's why Dick never waste time in the ring.

Williams: That's what I hear.. Dick Fury the man who waste no time and is done in less than a minute.

Fury: Dick don't know who you've been talking to, but you're way off Jennifer.

Williams: Lamond Rober.....

Fury: It's at least three minutes.

Williams: Oh come on Dick! Focus on the match!

Robertson has a leg lifted of Lew Smith, holding it for a moment, before leaping up and twisting around, coming down with his own leg across the inner thigh of Lew Smith.

Williams: Robertson now trying to take the legs of Lew Smith out of the equation.

Fury: That's smart. Lew's legs are one major factor into why he is so successful. That with his quickness and agility. You take those away and he's just the same old Lew Smith Dick beat for the VCW Championship.

Williams: The same one you lost to The Second Coming.

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Fury: Pay attention to the match Jennifer!

Lamond pulls Lew's other leg up as he gets to his feet, still holding Smith's original leg. As he is fully up, Robertson yanks Lew's legs in opposite directions before letting go, turning around and stepping away. Lew rolls to his side in pain.

Williams: Lamond Robertson systematically tearing Lew Smith down now, setting a slow pace and taking Lew out of his element.

Lamond Robertson pushes Lew over to his stomach, throwing a leg over him. He bends down and slides his hands under Lew's chin, locking his fingers in together and pulling back with force.

Williams: Lamond Alexander Robertson now stretching Lew Smith, contorting his upper body with a strong chin lock.

Fury: Dick thinks it's weird this guy wears a dress to the ring, but he can get behind his ring work.

Williams: It's a kilt.

Fury: Whatever it is called, he shouldn't be wearing dresses to the ring.

Lew Smith rocks his arms forward, reaching for the bottom rope as Lamond Robertson applies more pressure.

Williams: Smith reaching... and.. he's got it! Lamond Robertson has to break the hold.

He lets go, getting to his feet and stepping back at the direction of the referee. Lamond holds his hands up, allowing Lew to pull himself to the ropes, reach up and grab the second. He then begins to use them to get to his feet.

Williams: Robertson letting Lew Smith get up.

Fury: Dick hates this. There is no room for good guys in this industry.

Williams: And yet another reason why you'll never have a good woman Dick.

Fury: Dick has you doesn't he?

Jennifer giggles a little.

Williams: Yea Dick, every other Monday right here on Victory.

Lew tells the referee he's ok to continue, limping slightly as he moves away from the ropes.

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Williams: This match will continue!

Fury: That's one thing about Lew Smith... He doesn't give up.

Williams: Looks like they are going to lock up again...

As they move in to do so, Lew slides under Lamond's arms and behind him, grabbing his waist.

Williams: Belly to back now by Lew Smith.

Robertson grabs Lew's hands and begins to pry them apart before slamming a foot back and on top of Lew's causing him to let go completely.

Williams: Lamond now reverses the position, behind Lew Smith now.

He lifts Lew up and over.

Williams: GERMAN SUP..... NO! Smith lands on his feet!

The fans cheer as Lew charges forward and jumps up, drop kicking Lamond Robertson in the back causing him to stumble forward and down to the canvas.

Williams: There is that agility we were talking about.

Fury: Yes, but look at Lew. His legs are in pain and that didn't help any.

Lew takes a step forward, wincing in pain before going to one knee, grabbing his other.

Williams: You're right, it looks like Lew Smith may be hurt!

Lamond rolls over, still holding his back before maneuvering his hands to start to push back up.

Williams: Robertson to his feet, Lew Smith could be in trouble.

Fury: He was in trouble when he thought he was going to actually have a chance to win Ring King.

Williams: Just a few moments ago you were saying that Lamond would have a tough time beating Lew.

Fury: That's before he reminded Dick how weak he is.

Robertson grabs Lew Smith by the head, pulling him to his feet.

Williams: Robertson sends Lew Smith across the ring. Smith on the return...

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Lamond bends down catching him, lifting Lew up and over.

Williams: Back body drop sends Lew Smith hard to the mat.

Lamond Robertson heads over to the corner, reaching back and grabbing the top ropes with his hands as he bends down. The fans begin to get loud as he yells and motions for Lew to get up.

Williams: Lamond Robertson ready to strike as Lew Smith begins to get to his feet here.

Lew slowly gets up. As he slowly turns, obviously not 100%, Lamond lunges forward, catching him hard. The fans pop loudly.

Williams: HUGE SPEAR BY LAMOND ROBERTSON!

Fury: He just broke him in half!

Lamond rolls over and gets up, pulling Lew up with him.

Williams: Lamond Robertson to his feet, pulling the hurt Lew Smith up.

He bends over, lifting Lew Smith up on his shoulders. He holds him for a moment, before turning Lew over and bringing him down as he himself drops in a sit out position.

Williams: The Clansedge! Lamond Robertson hits The Clansedge!

Fury: This one is over!

The fans cheer as Lamond Robertson floats over, covering Lew Smith. The referee slides into position.

Williams: Lamond Robertson looking to put Lew Smith away now and continue on the path to become the two thousand and fifteen Ring King...

The referee's hand hits the canvas for a third and final time as the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and advancing to the second round of Ring King.... LAMOND... ALEXANDER... ROBBBBERRRTTTSSOOONNN!!!!

Williams: Lamond Robertson will continue his journey while Lew Smith's has come to an end here tonight at Victory.

Lamond stands near the ropes, running his hand through his hair with the look that a lot has been removed from his shoulders. He looks into the camera and we can see him inaudibly tell his son that he loves him before we move away the ring.

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Brought to You By

Post Match

Backstage we see Lamond Alexander Robertson after his match. His head down, he is removing the tape to his wrists from the opening match of the night, when he looks up and stops in his tracks. The camera pans round to see what he's looking at and the new Prodigy Champion Alex Beckman is slowly walking towards him, the title over her shoulder and the figure of Mike Best standing beside her, a smile etched upon his face.

Robertson thinks for a moment then steps in front of Beckman, the tension rising as the crowd in the arena pops in expectation of something to happen. LAR pauses a moment...

LAR: Alex, I just wanted to say...

He extends his hand, palm open.

LAR: Good match last week, the best competitor won. Congratulations.

Beckman pauses herself for a moment, looking down at the outstretched hand, then up at Lamond before scoffing and walking around the Scot, followed by Mike Best who looks back for a second in appreciation of the moment then continues with his charge. Robertson's arm falls by his side and he folds his arms, watching the two walk off.

Jamie Sawyers appears on the scene, mic in hand as Lamond turns to leave.

Sawyers: Lamond....Lamond!

Robertson turns back to face Sawyers, with a "what?" look on his face.

Sawyers: What was that all about?

Lamond looks down, then up at Sawyers, shrugging.

LAR: I guess I must have been doing it wrong, it is like this isn't it Sawyers?

Lamond offers his hand, which Jamie shakes and nods.

Sawyers: I have to ask Lamond, how are you feeling after last week's loss?

The handshake breaks and Robertson just stares at Sawyers, silent, looking back down at his hands and resuming taping them up.

Sawyers: Right, and what about tonight? You're first match in Ring King is over and you are moving to round

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two, how are you feeling about that?

Lamond looks back up, the smile returning to his face.

LAR: Lew is a great competitor Jamie. It was a greta match and I have a lot of respect for him. But, now, if you'll excuse me please...

Robertson shuffles past Sawyers and continues down the hallway towards the locker room.

Got Your Back

Victory cuts backstage, where Samuel Owens is approaching the curtain, as he prepares to head out for his UTA debut. Looking a little nervous, Owens stops for a moment to take a deep breath. As he begins to take another step towards the curtain, a familiar voice calls out behind him.

Townsend: Hey man.

Owens turns on his heel; snapping his head in the direction of the Welshman's voice. Townsend is sporting a smile, or at least as much of a smile as Samuel has ever seen from his fellow Ground Zero member. Dressed casually in a pair of jeans and a Ground Zero t-shirt, Rhys walks up to Owens and taps him on the chest.

Townsend: Feeling good?

Owens shrugs, before shaking his head.

Owens: I guess. I'm a little nervous.

Rhys frowns, quizzically; just enough for Owens to answer the question that is on the Welshman's mind.

Owens: It's all... new. I know how to win in the Indy's, but UTA? It's a whole new ball game.

Townsend smirks at his ally's response, before placing a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

Townsend: Just relax. I've known you a long time, I've shared a ring with you... You're better than this chick. Go out there, do what you do...

Townsend takes a step back and shrugs.

Townsend: ... And win the match, man.

The bald-headed monster pulls a spliff and a lighter from his pocket and proceeds to light up, as Owens mulls over his words of encouragement. Rhys takes a long pull, before exhaling slowly; allowing the smoke to rise up against his face. His understated tone does not seem to have had much of an effect on Owens,

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however, as he looks on, anxiously.

Owens: You're not one for inspiring speeches, are you?

Townsend smirks once more, before shrugging.

Townsend: Not when it's not needed. Don't worry, I've got your back.

Rhys smiles again and this time, his confidence in Owens seems to rub off. Nodding his head, Samuel is visibly reassured as he begins to bounce on the ball of his feet.

Owens: Alright...

He pats Townsend on the chest and looks him in the eye.

Owens: Let's do this...

He turns and takes another step towards the curtain, as UTA cuts away once more...

Figure It Out by Royal Blood blasts around the arena, and the crowd greets the imminent arrival of Samuel Owens with a mixed reaction. Owens walks out from behind the curtain, pausing at the top of the ramp for a moment to scan the crowd. Williams: Well, this is the debut of another ex-Chicago wrestler in Samuel Owens. He arrived with Rhys Townsend, who's scheduled to debut next week, and he will surely be looking to make an impression on his debut here. Fury: Dick's heard he's a nice guy...so Dick hates him already. Owens begins his walk down the ramp, ignoring the outstretched hands of the fans trying to touch him as he passes, looking focused. Announcer: Making his way to the ring, hailing from Los Angeles, California... Owens reaches ringside and quickly climbs the steps, as the announcer concludes his introduction. Announcer: Standing at six feet, two inches and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds... Owens stretches in the ring, pulling on the ropes as he warms up for the match ahead. Announcer: SAMUEL... OWENS!!! Owens finally acknowledges the crowd, raising his arms in the air briefly at the sound of his own name. Williams: A rather quick judgment there, Dick. Owens bounces on the spot for a moment, as he waits for the referee to make his final checks and begin the match. Fury: Dick's never too quick, Jennifer. Williams: Well, I think that judging someone before they've even wrestled may well be too quick, Dick. Fury: Like Dick said...Dick is never too quick. The Bitch Is Back by Elton John plays as the fans are booing. Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she walks onto the ramp while flipping her hair around. Marie dusts off and walks to the ring as the fans boo her. Fury: Now this is more Dick's style...Dick could totally do some Yoga with MVC. Williams: I'm not surprised by that one bit. Still, this is a big opportunity for MVC here...she's been picking up some momentum here in the UTA recently, and this would be another chance for her to add to that momentum, especially since some consider her to be the underdog here against Owens. Marie keeps on walking to the ring as the fans are booing at her gets on the apron while wiping her feet. Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada Marie gets right in the ring and looks at everyone yelling at her before yelling at the top of her lungs that they better RESPECT her. Announcer: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds... Marie looks at the referee and yells at him that

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he better not mess up her match this time. Announcer: Marie Van Claudio Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing. Fury: Well, Dick thinks she looks ready to go cause the upset. Marie moves back and forth while waiting for the bell to ring. Williams: I get the feeling she's going to have to be ready to go. She can't underestimate someone with the experience of Owens, even if this is his debut here in UTA. Fury: Dick sees nothing wrong with underestimating someone who's never even wrestled here before. The bright lights might blind him! Williams: Somehow, Dick, I think Owens has more than enough experience of wrestling under bright lights. The bell rings, and the two wrestlers carefully circle each other, before they both reach in and grab a collar and elbow tie up. It doesn't last long, Owens' near hundred pound advantage allowing him to quickly take the advantage and back MVC into the corner. The referee quickly calls for the break, and Owens is happy to raise his arms above his head and back off. Williams: Owens is using that significant weight disparity to his advantage right there. Fury: Dick thinks that's just the smart thing to do, Jennifer. Owens might be new here, but he's been around. Again, the two start to circle each other, and this time, as Owens reaches in for the collar and elbow, MVC ducks out the way, and quickly slides through Owens' legs. She grabs a rear waist lock, and starts trying to pick up the much larger man, but the veteran is having none of it, slowly, but surely pulling himself to the ropes. Williams: So far, both wrestlers have ended up having their early attempts at offence ended by a rope break. Again, there's a brief détente between the two, before Owens lunges, like he's going for a third collar and elbow, but instead, turns it into an elbow strike! MVC wasn't expecting it, and Owens keeps firing away, until she's backed into the turnbuckles. Williams: Owens finally taking control of the match, after neither wrestler seemed to be able to get any kind of traction in the early going. Owens doesn't immediately back off, firing a few forearms into Van Claudio's face, before he grabs her wrist and hurls her off into the ropes. She rebounds off, leaping through the air, bringing her knee up to connect clean with Owens' jaw! Williams: That's what MVC has to do in this match - she has to push the pace, try and take advantage of the fact that she's much younger than Owens, and hasn't put in the miles that he has. The veteran stumbles back, as Van Claudio unleashes a vicious, stinging chop to the chest of Owens! He goes to clutch at his chest, but MVC unleashes another chop...and another...and finally, a huge third one, sending Owens crashing to the canvas! Williams: Marie is continuing to push the pace here, delivering some devastating chops to Owens! Fury: Dick thinks that having a bright red chest is a pretty good look for Owens. Owens pops back up quickly, but Van Claudio quickly hooks him up for a suplex! She tries to take him up and over, but he doesn't want to be taken up and over, and the hundred pound weight disparity is clearly obvious as he shoves her away! Williams: Perhaps MVC was looking for that suplex a little too early in the match there! Van Claudio comes flying back at Owens, looking for another knee, but he sidesteps out of the way, watching as she connects with nothing but air! And again! MVC turns back to face Owens, but the veteran is clearly prepared for her, and quickly drives her into the canvas with a DDT! Van Claudio doesn't get an opportunity to get back to her feet, as Owens quickly drops an elbow right into her sternum! He doesn't stop at one though, quickly dropping a second! Williams: Owens looking to work the midsection here. Smart strategy, to take away Van Claudio's clear speed advantage. Van Claudio pulls herself back to her feet, but Owens has the situation well in hand and absolutely hurls her into the opposite turnbuckle! She crashes chest first into the turnbuckles, and staggers backwards, right into an Owens back body drop! Williams: A huge back body drop from Owens there! Fury: Dick thinks that, annoyingly, he's doing smart things. Owens starts stomping away at Van Claudio's midsection, continuing to work her over, trying to ensure that the match is going to take place at the slow, methodical pace he obviously favors. Eventually, the ref steps in, separating Owens, as he goes in to check on Van Claudio. Williams: The referee obviously wants to check that Van Claudio is still good to go

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after the beating Owens is putting on her midsection. Van Claudio slowly pulls herself back up, clutching at the midsection Owens has been working over throughout the match. Owens unleashes a resounding chop, as Van Claudio staggers. He reaches in and grabs a waistlock, before he hurls her overhead with a belly to belly suplex! Van Claudio goes down hard, as Owens wastes no time in going in for yet another elbow drop! Williams: Owens is really insistant on working over her midsection here, Dick. Fury: Dick thinks it's a wise tactic, Jennifer. Dick thinks that if MVC has no breath left, then there's no way she can use her speed advantage on Owens. MVC's still prone on the canvas, as Owens takes a moment to point upwards, to the roar of the crowd! With a smile on his face, the veteran takes his time in climbing up the turnbuckles, steadying himself once he reaches the top. Leaping off, legs outstretched, he's looking to connect with a devastating leg drop...but Van Claudio rolls out of the way! Williams: Big miscalculation from Owens right there! Owens slowly but surely sits up, clutching at his lower back as he does so, but he sits right up into a vicious kick to the head from Van Claudio! He snaps back down to the canvas, as Van Claudio rebounds off the ropes and drops a knee right on his head! Williams: Van Claudio has an opportunity to take control of the match right here, Dick. Fury: Dick