

# Victory: XXXIII

June 22, 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: Here to give everybody what they want... MORE DICK!

Williams: I highly doubt anyone is asking for that.

Fury: Maybe not the ladies who like ladies... but Dick sure loves them types.

Williams: I'm sure you do. Tonight we have a huge show for you as not only do we continue the road to Ring King, La Flama Blanca defends his UTA World Championship for the very first time live here in the Wrestlezone!

Fury: You mean La Flama Blanca retains his title here tonight in the Wrestlezone.

Williams: Don't count Lew Smith out Dick. Much like yourself, Lew is a former VCW Champion. With the year he has had, anything can happen!

Fury: Please, never compare Lew and Dick ever again. The two are not even in the same league.

Williams: You're right. People actually like Lew.

Fury: Huh?

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Williams: Never mind. Lets get straight to the action! Are you ready?

Fury: Dick is always ready Jennifer!

Williams: Then lets do this!

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: There she is. Dick isn't sure who she... convinced... to give her a shot at the World Championship, but in two weeks right here on Victory Marie Van Claudio puts those knees back to work as she faces La Flama Blanca for the strap!

Williams: Correction, for the Championship Title and it could be Lew Smith if he is able to capture the win here tonight in the main event.

Fury: Never will happen.

Williams: We'll see.

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 he better not mess up her match this time.

Announcer: MARIEEEE... VAN... CLAAUUUDDIIIOOOO!!!!

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

Fury: Dick still doesn't get how someone who couldn't hack it in Ring King gets a shot at the biggest championship in the industry. But, oh well.

Marie moves back and forth while waiting for the bell to ring as the unfamiliar theme of Monster by Skillet begins to play over the arenas sound system as the UTA fans in attendance turn their attention towards the entrance way. As the instrumental beginning merges into the opening lyrics, Colton Thorpe backs out from

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the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an unimpressed expression.

Williams: Colton Thorpe making his UTA television debut here tonight on Victory.

Fury: Dick's heard a lot of good things about this guy. Looking forward to his crushing defeat of Marie Van Claudio.

Williams: Ugh. Are you going to be like this all night?

Fury: Yes.

Announcer: Hailing from Cleveland, Ohio...

Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, looking out into the mass of people as the red and white strobe lighting lights the rampway. His appearance is disheveled: Hair is unkempt, soaked with water dripping down his face. Sports a black jacket which has the sleeves torn off, the initials "CT" appear to be spray painted onto the left breast pocket. His walk is slower, and is constantly adjusting his neck and rolling his shoulders.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 228 lbs...

Thorpe walks around towards the left side of the ring with a lack of acknowledgement for the ringside fans. The audiences reaction towards the UTA newcomer is mostly silent, yet boos and jeers can be heard from various sections in the arena. He climbs up the onto the apron, and takes off his jacket, tossing it onto the floor outside the ring.

Announcer: COOOOLTOOOON THOOOORRRRRPPPPPEEEE!

Williams: Colton Thorpe could really move up quick if he is able to topple Marie Van Claudio tonight.

Fury: Dick hears any guy can topple her any night.

Hearing his name brings the slightest of a smirk to his face, but very little emotion is shown. He splits the ropes into the ring and begins to pace back and forth, throwing phantom punches as a type of pre fight/match routine. He adjusts to the center of the ring bouncing up and down, shifting his weight from left to right. Staring at the entranceway awaiting his opponent, focused on the fight he is about to engage in.

The bell sounds.

Williams: Victory is brought to over seventy countries on Pure Sports Entertainment, the fastest growing sports network on cable TV and is live here in Orlando from the Wrestlezone.

Fury: Until after Ring King, when Victory goes on the road!

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Williams: Here we go. Marie Van Claudio and Colton Thorpe lock up in the center of the ring.

Colton uses his size advantage to push Marie backwards and into the ropes. As he holds her there, she puts her arms up. The referee warns Colton who lets go and steps back.

Williams: Colton Thorpe taking control early on in this match up over powering Marie Van Claudio.

Fury: Of course he does. He's a man and she's a woman. Men are by far, always stronger than women.

Williams: Is that so? From the looks of things on the last episode of Late Night D, Alex Beckman may have something to say about that.

Marie and Colton lock up yet again in the center of the ring.

Williams: Thorpe taking control once again as he puts Marie Van Claudio in a side headlock.

Colton pulls his arm in tighter, applying extra pressure around her neck.

Williams: Thorpe with that headlock firmly into position, continuing to hold Claudio stationary.

Marie takes her foot, moves it forward, and brings it back between Colton's feet. She wraps her arms around his waist and attempts to pick him up, by lifting up and back.

Williams: Claudio fighting back, trying to overcome Colton Thorpe.

She is unable to get him up. However, his grip begins to loosen. As it does, she is able to pull her head free, and come back with an elbow into his face.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio able to get free. She quickly grabs Thorpe... side Russian leg sweep takes Thorpe down!

Marie rolls over and pushes up as does Colton.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio charges Colton Thorpe. Thorpe catches her... arm drag.

As Marie's rump hits the canvas the fans pop. Colton quickly rolls over and gets to a ready stance.

Williams: Claudio over and up. Charges Thorpe again... he catches her.. lifts... SPINEBUSTER!

Fury: Just like every guy who gets ahold of Marie Van Claudio, quickly slamming her down on her back.

Williams: You're a pig.

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Fury: Oink oink baby, yea!

Williams: Oh come on Dick. That's disgusting.

Colton pushes to his feet as Marie Van Claudio lies on the canvas, holding her back in agony.

Williams: Thorpe positioning himself, ready to strike once Claudio gets to her feet. She begins to move. This one could be over quickly as Thorpe looks to make an impressive showing in his debut.

Fury: If beating MVC is impressive, Dick would hate to see what is counted as not impressive.

As Marie stands up, Colton runs toward the ropes. As he returns, he throws an arm out.

Williams: CLOTHS-

Marie ducks. As she does, she brings her knee up and throws her hands behind Thorpe to help push his momentum into her knee more.

Williams: CLAUDIO COUNTERS!

As Colton is bent over, Marie throws his arm over her neck and lifts his leg. She lifts with all of her might, snapping Colton over to the canvas and bridging into a pin.

Williams: CRADLE SUPLEX BY CLAUDIO! SHE HAS THE PIN!

Fury: How embarrassing for Thorpe!

The referee drops and begins his count.

Williams: Thorpe able to kick out at two!

The fans clap and cheer as Colton is able to get free.

Williams: Colton Thorpe possibly underestimating his opponent tonight.

Fury: Easy to do and almost always true when it's Marie Van Claudio you're talking about.

Williams: Oh come on Dick. MVC is one of the top talents here in the UTA!

Fury: In who's books?!

Williams: Every ones! I mean, she does get a championship shot in two weeks!

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Fury: Like Dick said... It's all i the knees.

Marie rolls over and gets to her feet as Colton begins to get up as well, a little slower than he has up to this point.

Williams: This match continues.

Marie walks over and grabs Colton's arm, helping him up.

Williams: Thorpe to his feet. Claudio with the whi- No! Reversed by Colton Thorpe. Marie is sent toward the corner. Colton runs behind her.

As Marie enters the corner, she grabs the top ropes and pushes her body up and over Colton's head as his momentum sends him past her. Colton hits the turnbuckle full force with his chest as Marie's feet come down to the canvas.

Williams: Colton Thorpe right into that corner there. Can Marie Van Claudio capitalize?

Colton stumbles around, turning toward Marie who is waiting.

Williams: Marie runs.. leaps up with a high knee catching Colton Thorpe!

As she hits with force, Colton is shot back into the corner again, but his quick thinking allows him to grab her as she connects. Colton steps out of the corner and leaps up and forward, slamming all of his weight down on top of Marie Van Claudio. The fans cheer.

Williams: Colton Thorpe able to turn a bad situation around, but it may be too late.

He rolls off of Marie and lays on the canvas in pain as she is as well. The referee stands over both of them and begins to count.

Williams: One of these two need to make it to their feet before the referee can count to ten or this one is over!

As the referee continues to count, both opponents begin to move, rolling to their sides.

Williams: Who is going to make it up first?

Fury: Well, seeing how Marie is used to staying down... or is that going do-

Williams: DICK!

They both reach their feet in time. The fans cheer.

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Williams: Both up! We will continue!

Colton nods at Marie, almost a sign of respect and him being impressed with her so far.

Williams: Marie runs at Colton... He catches her and lifts again...

This time when he lifts her up, Marie throws her legs up, pushing on his shoulders to get some air. Her legs wrap around his neck, and she leans back.

Williams: Van Claudio counters... hurricar- NO! Thorpe doesn't budge!

He uses her momentum to grab up under her arms and toss her down, hard to the canvas.

Williams: Powerbomb by Colton Thorpe!

The fans clap and cheer as Colton drops to one knee, catching his breath. Marie holds her back in pain from hitting the canvas yet again. Colton leans forward and grabs her arm, pulling it back. As he does, he throws his left leg over her neck and yanks back.

Williams: Colton Thorpe locking in Marie's arm. Can she hold out or will she need to tap?

Fury: No matter who you are, a move like this applied long enough can do permanent damage to your shoulder. It's best to just tap out now and live to lift with your arm another day.

Williams: Colton Thorpe pulling hard. Marie Van Claudio has to give up.

She yells in pain as he yanks back hard once again before letting go.

Williams: Thorpe not looking for the submission her as he rolls over and pushes to his feet.

Fury: That's the same arm that was injured previously. Colton may have just killed all dreams Marie had in her title match in two weeks if he re-injured her arm.

Marie sits up, holding her arm in pain as Colton runs past her. He bounces off of the ropes. As he returns, he drops down forward with an elbow catching her hard.

Williams: Colt Magnum elbow there. This one is over as Colton Thorpe covers Marie Van Claudio.

The referee drops down and begins his count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, he quickly gets to his knees and calls for the bell which begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... COLTON... THOOORPPPEEE!!!

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Williams: Colton Thorpe gets a big win over Marie Van Claudio who now could be in a bad place as she prepares for what may be the biggest match of her career.

Fury: Just now in a bad place? Come on Jennifer. It's freaking Marie Van Claudio you're talking about here!

Williams: You are just the worst!

Colton's arm is raised by the referee as he celebrates his victory, leaving Marie Van Claudio on the canvas, clutching her injured arm.

Brought to You By

Why Do We Hide Ourselves?

The camera turns static and then suddenly it turns to a beach the camera pans around showing the waves as they crash down and come to shore. The camera turns back to reveal Lisil Jackson walking down the beach wearing a hawaiian shirt, some khaki shorts, a white phantom mask, and a long black cape.

L. Jackson: Eyyy Mon! I know what yee be thinkin. Why is Lisil Jackon wearin such a ludicrous outfit? Well... Open ya ears my bruddas! Dis is anotta lesson from dee words of Lisil Jackson!

Lisil spreads his arms looking up into the sky before looking back into the camera.

L. Jackson: Open ya eyes UTA! Take a good look around ya! Look at what surrounds ya cuz my bruddas tings are not what dey appear! In matter of fact pull out ya binoculars and take a look at da top of dat mountain! What do ya see? Ya see a mon who hides his shame behind a mask!

Lisil says pointing out to a mountain out in the distance.

L. Jackson: Da only reason one would hide his own face from da world is cuz he has fear. He has shame... He doesn't want dee world to recognize him. Ya have to ask yaself what does such a man have to hide? But ya see... Ya don't have to be wearin a mask to hide yaself... Like look at some of da names people go by. As an example... Crimson Lord! We all know dat isn't a real name or a real persona... Only a mon who is ashamed of who he really is would lie about his name.

Jackson says shaking his head.

L. Jackson: UTA It is time dat we stand up and take off da masks dat we hide behind!

Lisil Jackson slides off the mask revealing his own face.

L. Jackson: It is time dat we stop lyin to ourselves and stop bein ashamed o' who we really are! We aren't some sorta monsta or walk around like what ya see in a comic book! No! We are who we are! We are what

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we are meant ta be!

Jackson slides off the cape.

L. Jackson: It's time to be real... It's time we let da demons and da masks we hide behind just drift out ta sea....

Jackson says as he throws the cape and the mask into the tide. The camera zooms in as they get taken off into the sea.

L. Jackson: My bruddas! Dis has been anotta lesson from dee words of Lisil Jackson! Rememba! Betta must come! Today is one day but tomorrow is anotta! I am because you are!

LISIL JACKSON COMING TO THE UTA SOON!

As we return ring side, The Pirate King from The Pirates of Penzance begins to play as a group of men dressed in rags all walk out, chained together with shackles. The chains are all linked behind them and the men pull the chains and a large litter, where the Dread Pirate King, Blackbeard stands.

Announcer: Hailing from the Seven Seas... he stands six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and sixty two pounds..... BLAAACCKKKKBBBEEEAARRDDDD!!!

A fearsome look is in his good eye as he snarls at the men. He has a live, talking parrot on his shoulder he calls Parley, a black eye patch over his bad eye, a hook over his left hand, and a thick black beard that trails to the center of his chest. Blackbeard climbs down from the litter and climbs in the ring.

Williams: Announced on UTA Radio last week, this has been made a Wildfire Championship match. Could we be looking at the next Wildfire Champion here?

Fury: Couldn't be any worse than almost everyone else who's held the belt.

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.

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Announcer: On his way to the ring... from Main Street, USA... by way of Sin City, Nevada...

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: He is the current UTA Wildfire Champion..... "King"... PIN... SMIIITTTTHHHH!!!!

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.

The bell begins to ring.

Williams: As the bell sounds beginning the match, Pin wastes no time trying to take Blackbeard's legs out from under him. Pin delivers some stiff kicks to the right leg of Blackbeard, but the pirate shrugs it off by pushing Pin backwards.

Pin grits his teeth in determination as he goes back to the right leg of Blackbeard with kicks.

Williams: Blackbeard grabs Pin by the throat and lifts him up off the ground.

He quickly slams Pin down to the canvas hard and then shakes his right leg as if to shake the pain out of it. Pin slowly gets up holding his head.

Williams: The Wildfire Champion coming to now.

Fury: Pin Smith is going to have to turn it up a notch if he wants to keep his championship.

Pin has the same determined look upon his face and he starts to charge toward Blackbeard. Blackbeard lifts up his left foot which sent Pin straight down to the canvas in pain. Blackbeard goes for a quick cover, but Pin kicks out before the referee can get his hand down for the count of one.

Fury: Dick doesn't really see Pin winning this match after that big boot. Hopefully he said goodbye to his belt backstage.

Blackbeard attempts to hook in a cross face on Pin as soon as the ref said there wasn't even a count of one, but Pin begins to wriggle free from the move.

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Williams: Pin is able to roll over on his back, delivering some right and left hands to Blackbeard.

These send the challenger off of Pin briefly.

Williams: Blackbeard the smaller of the two in this match, which is not what you usually see. But quite frankly, the more aggressive.

Fury: Only in height, he still has a weight advantage on Pin. Either way, he's a pirate. Pirates are just mean Jennifer.

Williams: And how many pirates do you actually know Dick to make that assumption?

Fury: Seven.

Williams: Huh? You know what.. never mind.

Pin is able to get to one knee and keeps on delivering punches to Blackbeard whom tries to block them.

Williams: Blackbeard gets one knee before Pin gets to both feet. Pin now back to the strikes and kicks that he is known for.

Pin delivers some stiff kicks to the chest and back of Blackbeard, as Blackbeard attempts to stand up, Pin delivers a stiff kick to his right knee which sends the big man down to the canvas again on one knee.

Williams: The Wildfire Champion firing on all cylinders here as he attempts to retain his championship.

Fury: How much does he have though? I don't think he will make it much longer against Blackbeard.

Pin then attempts to lock in the Texas Cloverleaf on Blackbeard. Blackbeard tries to wriggle free, but Pin releases the hold and delivers some more elbows to Blackbeard, which has the pirate king reeling and trying to block the elbows.

Williams: Do you think Pin has nothing left in him now? He is attempting to go for the Texas Cloverleaf one more time!

Pin attempts to roll Blackbeard over for the Texas Cloverleaf but the lack of strength Pin has won't allow him to get his opponent over. Pin lets go and motions to the crowd that he is going to finish it. Blackbeard starts to gain his senses and he begins to get back to his feet as Pin starts to get the crowd behind him.

Fury: The moron doesn't have Blackbeard weak enough. If he couldn't lock in the cloverleaf, what makes you think he can do anything else? Blackbeard is already getting to his feet, so that can be bad for the champion up there.

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Williams: Oh shut up for a moment and listen to this crowd! Pin is making his way on the apron to attempt a high risk move. He is up...

As Blackbeard makes his way to his feet, Pin turns around to see that he is up. Pin smirks and leaps off the top rope with a double axe handle as Blackbeard is turning around. When Blackbeard does see that Pin is on the top rope, Blackbeard quickly lifts up his foot again and connects with a boot to Pin's face. The fans jeer as Blackbeard just shrugs off the boos. Blackbeard covers Pin...

Williams: The referee is down for the count. Blackbeard may have it here... KICKOUT AT TWO!

Blackbeard looks at the ref and motions that was a three count. The ref said it was two and Blackbeard argues with the ref for a few brief moments.

Williams: Arguing with the referee wont help you win this match.

Fury: It couldn't hurt.

Pin slowly moves his head and grabshis left jaw as he is trying to come to. Blackbeard takes this chance to capitalize on this heads back over to Pin. Blackbeard picks Pin up by his head, lifting him up for a tombstone pile driver.

Williams: Smith trying to fight back.

Pin tries to get out of the maneuver by hitting Blackbeard in the midsection, but Blackbeard drops and connects with the pile driver before going for another pinfall...

Williams: Now it has to be over. The referee counts... ANOTHER KICK OUT! This kid has some spunk in him!

Fury: He won't make it now! No one can after a tombstone pile driver like that!

Blackbeard has a shocked look upon his face as he slowly gets up. He motions to the referee that the count should have been three and the ref calmly holds up two fingers and says it was two.

Williams: I have to say, I am unsure how he was unable to keep Smith down after that myself.

Blackbeard shoves the referee and the ref shoves him back reminding the pirate that he could be disqualified if he shoved him again. Blackbeard walks back over and bends down to pick Pin up again, but Pin rolls up Blackbeard in a small package.

Williams: Somehow, Pin Smith able to roll Blackbeard up into a pin!

Blackbeard kicked out of the package and both men make it to a standing position.

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Williams: Blackbeard runs at Pin in a clothesline attempt, Pin ducks. Blackbeard off the ropes and attempts another clothesline, which Pin ducks again.

As Blackbeard hits the ropes and attempts a clothesline a third time, Pin connects with a spinning heel kick into the midsection, which only causes Blackbeard to stagger backwards back into the ropes.

Williams: That kick not enough to put The Pirate King down!

Pin quickly make his way over to Blackbeard who has retreated to a corner to catch his breath. Pin goes back to the right knee that he worked on earlier and kicks it out from under Blackbeard.

Williams: This kid has a lot of heart in him. He just won't quit as he keeps working on that right knee of Blackbeard.

Pin let his frustration get the better of him and as Blackbeard starts to pull himself up using the ropes. Pin begins to send more elbows and fists to Blackbeard who lets go of the ropes and tries to block the shots once more as the ref starts a five count for Pin to get out of the ropes and off of Blackbeard.

Williams: The champion frustrated and rightfully so. He backs off as the referee hits four.

Pin quickly gets up off of Blackbeard and the fans start chanting Pin's name. Pin goes to the ropes that are directly across from Blackbeard and signals that this was the end of the match.

Williams: Pin looking to finish this one...

He runs, passing Blackbeard, and leaping to the second rope. As he does, he springboards back, twisting and hitting a scissor kick.

Williams: The Pin Kick by the champion! He goes for the cover....

The referee drops and counts the three. As he finishes the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match and STILL Wild Fire Champion as well as advancing to round three of the Ring King tournament... PIN... SMIIITTTTHHH!!

Williams: Big win for the champion who is able to move forward as well as retain here tonight on Victory.

Fury: Too bad. Dick would have loved to see Blackbeard with gold.

Pin celebrates in the ring as we move away.

Ruthless Aggression

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The camera switches to another location backstage where the one and only Zhalia Fears, dressed in her old-school Yo! Noid T-Shirt and shorts, sat atop a stack of three shipping crates -- putting her above most wrestlers' height's. Her back to the wall, her legs pulled in while she held her tablet up in front of her. Swiping across the screen browsing some of her usual websites; while the camera pulls back and we see one-half the main event of the night walking down the corridor.

Perky as always Fears kicked her legs out over the crate edge and calls forth.

Fears: Hey Lew! Ready to kick some butt!?

Stopping in his tracks he smiles and looks up at her.

Smith: Hey, Zhalia. You know it! That was an incredible match last week against Haynes, unfortunate about the outcome though! Same as me! Ha! What are you getting up to up there?

Fears: Yeah-

She sets her tablet down on her lap and leans down to better address Lew Smith.

Fears: I believe the old verbiage is 'he wanted it more, needed it more'? I am not sure. I wonder though if I were in Dynasty or the Machine, could I blame my loss on the fact that the match was switched up? Heh. But no matter. The better person won that night. Not going to talk his accomplishment down.

Smith: Ha! Figured as much.

Fears: Anyhow just looking at some of the tweets and posts on social media from Monday during WrestleShow. Guess I got carried away about the whole Main Event thing. Nice to know our co-workers want to focus on that rather than their own matches. I really should not have expected anybody else to understand what it meant to me, personally, to be booked to headline the show -- alone, against Will. Tag teams, multiforms and such are a different focus after all.

Smith: I agree, but it is what it is, Zhalia. We all get our big chances but in the end, a match is a match no matter where it is in the evening.

Fears: Grr.

She smiles and playfully kicks at his head from above, but misses.

Fears: Why must everyone use my mantra! (smiles) Hah. But anyhow, that was last week, that is a yesterday issue. Moving forward, you know. Always moving forward.

Smith: Like next week when you join The Second Coming in that Championship Scramble match for the Legacy title?

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Fears: Sure. Like I said, moving forward. Ever so forward. BUT, quit talking about me sir! Tonight is your night dude! You. You, Mister Lew friggen Smith are in the Main Event, unless that changes within the next hour of course. (shrugs) Against the UTA Champion, La Flama Blanca. Come on dude!

Smith: Moving forward indeed! I am but a jealous figure, the Legacy title was in my sights but now I have been bestowed with something else. One may argue about what's more important or more symbolic but hey ho, right? La Flama Blanca...second time in the ring with him. So much time has passed where I've gone and done my thing and then watched from the sidelines of what that guy and his team are capable of...

Fears: Lew, Come on!

Smith: I appreciate your enthusiasm. Many other wrestlers here have better chances or should have been given the chance more than me to go for it. But, to be honest, it's a honour! I look forward to being able to become the UTA World Champion! He was one of the first to mould me into the UTA...let's see what he's created.

Fears: You tend to be a bit too easy going, Lew. With a guy like LFB, as with any of those Dynasty groupies or even the rusted machine, you gotta get your A game face on. You need to be...

She pauses and gives a shrug.

Fears: Well for lack of a better word - Ruthless. In the UTA, you need to be focused and ruthless, especially against a champion of Dynasty like LFB if you want to have a FAIR shot. It sounds weird coming from me I know, but still.

Smith: It's not weird coming from you at all. An opinion is still an opinion and with the right words, can alter how someone thinks ahead. Dynasty in itself is probably UTA's most dominant force of all time. There are some personalities which resonate well with wrestling style...it just seems that brutality goes well with this team...granted that my easy-goingness will most likely hinder me in my chances, but it's always that thought of good against evil which boosts my hopes. I looked up to Blanca as a role model when I came here...little did I know that I was wrong. Anything can happen from now to the victor of that match. We'll see how my attitude changes.

Lew smiles and Fears smirks, she leans back against the wall again.

Fears: I will stop keeping you, Lew. Just good luck out there tonight. Let us see a NEW UTA World Champion being crowned. Alright?

Smith: Absolutely! No doubt I'll be rooting for you on your road to next week's scramble too! Thank you for your confidence boost. I needed it.

With a nod of his head Smith continues on down the corridor as Fears pulls the tablet back up and starts swiping screens once more - stopping as a smile appears on her face.

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Fears: Oooh. Brutefist Handsomeface made his glorious return to the AWFL!

Fade.

Brought to You By

Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc hits the PA system and Ron Hall walks out from the back . He's sporting a Olympic Wrestling T Shirt tonight over his singlet.

Fans give a mix of cheers and boos.

Williams: Here comes the Southern Rebel, and Hall of Famer.

Fury: Hall of Famer of what? Dick thinks this man is way past his prime, and should just throw in the towel.

Announcer: Introducing from the Heart of the Appalachian Mountains... Standing five foot and eleven inches, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds...

Ron waves to the fans as he continues down the ramp towards the ring, He is focused, and ready for a fight it would seem.

Announcer: Ladies and gentleman "The Southern Rebel" Ronnn Hall!!!!!!!

Williams: Ron is a wrestler we've come to know you cannot count out at anytime.

Fury: Of course you can count him out, anyone can be counted out Jennifer. We show no allegiance in the UTA!

Ron slowly steps up the steps entering the ring. He walks over to the corner and climbs to the second rope, he poses to his fans as he awaits his opponent.

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.

## Victory: XXXIII

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.

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 st