

Victory: V

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

Date: August 23, 2014

Results

VICTORY V

Segment

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of Living in Americaby 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 Rumor Man' Stan Davis and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Davis: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA dot com! I'm Stan Davis and with me is my fellow Livewire co-host, and lovely as ever, Jennifer Williams.

Williams: Why thank you Stan. As always it's a pleasure to be here and I'm looking forward to another great edition of Victory.

Davis: Oh, me too Jennifer. Tonight is huge as we kick off what is sure to be the hottest weekend in professional wrestling this summer, Ring King weekend. Victory, Wrestleshow, and the Ring King pay per view all somehow crammed into one explosive weekend of professional wrestling!

Williams: That's right, and it all begins tonight as we have TWO exiting matches featuring three debuting Superstars... and Blackbeard the Pirate.

Davis: Blackbeard coming off a surprise win over Apollo Cain, will meet up with Madman Szalinski associate and new signee Graham Clauson in tonight's main event.

Williams: You've got to wonder how Blackbeard will do tonight. Apollo Cain did not give him any room to breath when they faced, so we have still not seen Blackbeard really have a chance to show us any of his skill set.

Davis: Well, I've asked around Jennifer, and from what I have gathered, Blackbeard can be a hand full as he is ruthless as the pirates you have read about in the storybooks.

Williams: But before that match, we have the debuting Exley Grace taking on another newcomer, Thatcher Rex. I'm most excited to see T-Rex myself Stan as I've followed his career.

Davis: Thatcher is potentially one of the biggest game changing signees this year to the UTA. I'm proud to say that I had a hand in recruiting him from the independent scene and from what I watched, we could have another superstar on our hands.

Williams: All of our talent here in the UTA are superstars Stan, but I get what you are saying.

Davis: Tonight on Victory, we will kick this weekend off right! Are you ready Jennifer?

Williams: I was born ready Stan.

Davis: Then lets get started... here... on Saturday Night... Victory!

We roll to a video package, starting with Wrestleshow #15....

Ace: Tonight Jason, we move forward as the Ring King 2014 Tournament begins!

Blackfront: That's right. Tonight will be the first round in the tournament that will see the winner go on for a chance to capture the UTA Championship. A title in which we do not know the future of as we sit.

Ace: Lets take a look at the brackets.

Blackfront: The line up for tonight's show alone is one that will ensure a show that may be bigger than anything we've done before!

FADE

Perfection smile begins to fade to more hostile as he is starting to walk towards the camera and approaching close to Jamie Sawyers.

Perfection: This company, this mockery of intelligence....will...not....stand...if you want me down in VCW, FINE. I'll go down and serve my little punishment but that isn't going to stop me from getting what belongs to me! That won't stop me from getting through these gates one week and making it known who the one being screwed around here is!

The guard asserts his position, not letting Perfection through.

Perfection: I'll find my way to the championship Ring King or not, I WILL have my moment to grab MY belt and if that means breaking every single athlete in VCW until they kick me back up to UTA for insubordinationSO BE IT!

Perfection jams the microphone so hard into the chest of Jamie Sawyers that we can hear the thump through the pickup. Perfection nods at the security guard almost asking him to get involved and begins to walk backwards a few steps before turning around and heading towards a parked limo nearby.

Sawyers: Wait! So does that mean you plan to cause harm to VCW stars? Are you returning back to UTA? Who is your first intended target?!....Perfection!

The camera turns back to Saywers who is obviously being ignored at a distance.

Sawyer: Back to you guys!

FADE

Blackfront: Sean Jackson once again, struggling, but able to lift Yoshii to his feet.

Jackson grabs Yoshii's left arm, pushes him back and yanks back himself.

Blackfront: Irish whi... reversed! Yoshii sends Sean Jackson into the corner!

Jackson hits the corner hard, his body jolting forward from the impact. Yoshii yells and runs.

Blackfront: YOSHII FLATTENS SEAN JACKSON IN THE CORNER!

As Yoshii hits, he steps back, and watches as Sean Jackson falls face first to the mat.

Ace: It's like a tree being cut down!

Yoshii walks over, using his foot to turn Jackson over. Once Sean is on his back, Yoshii puts a foot on his chest and motions for the referee.

She steps a little off to the side as the camera focuses now on Harris and Perfection, we can catch the final moments of the one on one.

Harris: Some would say that you have no right to demand a shot at the title, what do you say to those people.

Perfection: I say they have no right wasting oxygen on brain cells clearly not working.

Harris: Alright, Perfection, thanks for your time.

Harris stands up and now Jennifer Williams moves in for the kill, camera coming close as she sits where Ryan Harris has left. Perfection looks at her half rolling his eyes and then half checking out the bare legs she crosses in a skirt.

Williams: Perfection, it has been over a month since you've appeared on Wrestleshow or in the UTA. During that time Mr. Wingate sent you down to our development league Valor Championship Wrestling, for a lack of better term, reeducation. How does it feel to be back and not only that be in a Wild Card match for Ring King?

Perfection smirks a little folding his arms

Perfection: First of all, Jennifer, I'd say that is a lack of a better term. I was sent to VCW not because I need to be reeducated but because someone upstairs doesn't see raw talent when it's handed to him! Because someone upstairs thinks I need to earn my way to a title shot. Funny isn't it?

Jennifer now looks at Perfection a little confused

Williams: What's funny?

Perfection: That in one show, James Ranger has given me a contention match for the Internet Championship of VCW while your boss tries every trick up his sleeve to jack me around! One week I carry CBR in VCW in a tag team match the next week I'm headlining Anarchy- which will be live for purchase on Pay Per View.

Williams nods in agreement as Perfection points at her microphone, she again gives him a confused stare as he now reaches towards her microphone.

FADE

He quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind him, Perfection uses the table to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As Blanca begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. La Flama Blanca sees him and waits.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

Blanca shoots forward, throwing his leg up.

Blackfront: SUPERKIC...

Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing La Flama Blanca under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling La Flama Blanca over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold La Flama Blanca down as the referee drops to count.

Blackfront: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

La Flama Blanca kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time and the bell begins to sound. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Perfection pulling off a surprise victory here tonight securing his spot in the upcoming Wild Card match. Boy, that's got to really tear La Flama Blanca's spirits down. he wanted to advance so badly.

Ace: Well, want in one hand and sh...

Blackfront: TOMMY!

Announcer: Your winner as a result of a pin fall.... PERFECCTTTIIIONNN!!!

Perfection's music begins to play and he leaps to his feet celebrating. La Flama Blanca just rolls over and sits up, ahnging his head.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca brought it tonight, but it just wasn't enough. You have to feel bad for the guy.

Ace: No you don't Jason. He just isn't the better man, ever.

Blackfront: Now that's not true at all Tommy.

Perfection continues to gloat, shouting how he is the best in the UTA as we fade away from ring side.

FADE

As Yoshii moves backward, CBR falls, twisting in the motion and lands on his back when he hits the mat. Yoshii looks out to the crowd who has a very loud Yoshii chant going.

Blackfront: these people love Yoshii. Jed Dye may be questionable, but Yoshii is someone the fans can get behind. Especially facing a self centered, egotistical jerk like CBR.

Ace: Wait, what is this idiot doing now?

Yoshii, over by the turnbuckle now, begins to climb it.

Blackfront: Yoshii, almost six hundred pounds of man, is CLIMBING THE TURNBUCKLE!

He gets to the second rope where he always does his Bonzai drop and pauses... before looking out and taking the power of the fans energy to climb up higher...

Blackfront: MY LORD! HE IS GOING UP TOP!

Ace: GET THAT FOOL DOWN!

Jed Dye frantically runs around the ring yelling No, but it's too late.. Somehow, some way.. Yoshii has made it to the top turnbuckle. Even more amazing, somehow, someway... he begins to stand up, keeping his balance.

Blackfront: I have never see.... HOLY HELL!!!!

ACE: WHAT THE FU....

Yoshii clinches his fist, bends his knees a bit and leaps backward as he throws his legs out and yells BONZAI! The roof may as well have came off from the reaction.

As he lands, and he does.. hitting his mark of CBR's chest.. it happens...

All four ring post buckle and fly out, and the ring crashes under his weight violently to the floor.

Blackfront: CBR has to be dead!

Ace: Did that really happen or did I get into the wrong brownies backstage?

The fans now go into a Holy Shit! chant. Yoshii is jolted to the side, off of CBR who holds his chest and is kicking in pain. The referee has been tossed to the side of the ring and had fell out as it crashed.

Blackfront: What carnage. What devastation. Never before have I witness something of this magnitude.

Ace: I'm not even playing, someone needs to check CBR, I think he may be dying!

Blackfront: There is no way this can continue! None what so ever!

Ace: Does this mean we have a fatale four way on the next show?

Blackfront: I don't know what this means other than the future of CBR may be in more doubt than that of Madman Szalinski.

The referee uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. he motions to the time keeper to sound the bell, which he does.

Blackfront: The referee is calling this one, it's over. There's no way to continue.

Ace: How did that baboon do that? What made him think that was even remotely a good idea?

Blackfront: History has just been made folks!

Medical staff begin running down from the back, it's all out chaos as they hit the ring checking on CBR. Jed Dye quickly enters and begins scolding Yoshii who has yet to move either.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #18

Teller is sent up and back, hitting the turnbuckle then falling to a sitting position. La Flama Blanca points to the chamber hanging high and the crowd pops.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca running to the opposite corner... He sets up... runs...

Blanca leaps and throws both feet out, catching Conrad teller in the face.

Blackfront: He connected fully!

Ace: Seriously, what does it take to put this guy out?

La Flama Blanca rolls over and pushes up to his feet. He grabs Conrad's feet and yanks him away from the corner.

Blackfront: Blanca pulling Teller from the corner, I think he may be going to end this one now!

From the crowd we hear a rumbling. La Flama Blanca begins to climb the turnbuckle, looking to put an end to the match. The camera catches someone leaping over the barricade.

Blackfront: That... that's Perfection! What's he doing out here? He's supposed to be getting ready for the chamber tonight!

Blanca, standing on the top of the ropes, prepares for his 450 Splash entitled the Ay Dios Mio. Perfection, quickly, runs up the steps to the apron. La Flama Blanca looks over, seeing him and almost loses his balance.

Blackfront: Perfection is out here to distract La Flama Blanca. But why?

Ace: Maybe he wants Blanca out of the chamber since Conrad obviously isn't as tough as he looks and I thought he was. He can't even put down a masked idiot like Blanca.

The referee runs over and begins to yell at Perfection on the apron. perfection throws his hands up as to say he's not out to cause trouble. La Flama Blanca turns his attention back to the downed Conrad in the ring. Perfection grabs the top rope and begins to shake it like crazy before leaping to the floor. La Flama Blanca begins to swing his arms and falls forward, slipping in the air and landing back first to the mat. The fans begin to boo.

Blackfront: Oh come on! He caused La Flama Blanca to fall!

Ace: He never touched him Jason!

Perfection just grins as he walks around the ring, pulling away from outreaching fans. As he gets to the stage, Perfection walks up backwards, watching Conrad Teller, who has no idea what happened, rolling over, arm stretched out, and laying it across La Flama Blanca.

Perfection tries to grab the corner of his pod door and pulling it tighter as Jackson stands and walks slowly his way. Behind him, Teller is helped out of the main door. Suddenly the lights begin to move over the pods. Jackson stops and waits.

Wingate: Perfection almost seems relieved.

Szalinski: Wouldn't you be?

The light stops over the mystery opponent cell. Sean Jackson's eyes open wide as he steps toward it and waits.

FADE

Perfection looks cautiously from outside of the ropes before slowly entering back into the ring. He walks over, slowly, to the hole and looks down. Perfection looks back up and around, holding his arms up as to show he has no idea where they went.

Szalinski: If they don't get back into the ring, does the match never end?

Wingate: I would assume it would be a forfeit?

Szalinski: You're the boss, your rules.

Wingate: I trust my officials Madman.

The lights begin to flash over the pods once more landing on the final pod. It begins to open and Will Haynes is ready.

Wingate: The Thrill itching to get into this, in probably the best spot of the match!

As he gets out of the pod and enters the ring, Will Haynes charges Perfection, trying to tackle him immediately to the mat.

Wingate: Will Haynes hot out of the gate looking to end this quick and regain his much needed momentum, however Perfection is ready for him and hammers down on the back of his head with a double axe handle.

He hits another and then grabs him by the head, slamming him head first into the nearest turnbuckle.

Wingate: Perfection gives Will Haynes a face full of turnbuckle.

Szalinski: The Thrill came into this thing ready to go, but so was Perfection after avoiding the match until now, and now The Thrill finds himself in a bad position here.

Will Haynes's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as he turns Perfection tackles him into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of Will Haynes, Perfection shoulders him in the gut multiple times.

Wingate: I have to admit, Perfection wants to win this one.

FADE

Will Haynes stops the run with his hands and pushes off of the pod, jumping backward with an elbow catching Perfection directly in the face. The fans pop like crazy.

Wingate: Will Haynes once again able to stop the assault!

He quickly gets to his feet, still favoring that arm. Behind him, Perfection uses the ropes to pull himself up. Groggy, he continues until he is standing.

Wingate: Will Haynes dropping down and rolling into the ring now as Perfection follows.

As The Thrill begins to get to his feet, perfection slides into the rope. Will Haynes sees him and waits.

Wingate: Will Haynes waiting.. Perfection to his feet...

The Thrill shoots forward with a kick. Perfection quickly drops down, grabbing Will Haynes under his leg, and whipping him to the mat, rolling Will Haynes over and into a pin. Perfection uses his legs to push down and hold Will Haynes down as the referee drops to count.

Wingate: PERFECTION COUNTERS WITH A LEG WHIP INTO A PIN! THIS COULD BE OVER!

Szalinski: He's going to do it!

Will Haynes kicks but it's too late as the referee's hand hits the mat for the third time. The fans begin to boo.

Wingate: I.. can't... believe it!

Suddenly, Sean Jackson's arm reaches up and he begins to pull himself out of the hole. A crimson mask of blood covers his face. Perfection looks at him in amazement.

Szalinski: Whoah! Jackson is ba...

Behind him, The Spectre raises up, grabbing his head and laughing sadistically as he pushes Sean Jackson back into the abyss. The referee runs over and looks into the hole. He gets to the mat and puts his head down inside. A few moments later he gets up and starts calling for the bell.

Szalinski: I have to say it, one more time, and I hope we don't get fined, but.. GOD... DAMN... SON.

Perfection has his hand raised by the referee.

Announcer: The winner of this match and Ring King Wild Card finalist.... PERRRRFEEECCTTTIIIOOONNN!!!!

Perfection just stares at James Wingate through the chamber, and smiles.

Szalinski: I think he's staring at you Boss.

Wingate: Yea, I can see that.

FADE.WRESTLESHOW #19

The bell sounds.

Blackfront: Here we go, the main event of the night. One of these men will be named Ring King and go on to face Madman Szalinski at the pay per view, and one man will not. I can say, the performance of both of these guys in the last two months, no matter who wins, they both have told a story like no other.

Ace: I've got to admit, whomever loses I still see getting a shot at the title in the near future. I'm with you Jason, that these two have been the superstars of the last three months.

Blackfront: Perfection doing what he does best, mouthing off to Yoshii. He does realize the man is more than double his size right?

Ace: Look, when you're as good as Perfection, it doesn't matter.

Perfection pumps his chest out and steps in, standing toe to toe with the enormous Yoshii who just tilts his head to the side and looks at Perfection.

Blackfront: He does have a set of brass on him.

Outside of the ring, Jed Dye yells at Yoshii to get him. Perfection steps to the side and yells at Jed Dye.

FADE

Perfection sees his opportunity and strikes, quickly moving back into the ring. He runs and leaps up on Yoshii's back, throwing his arms around Yoshii's head and wrapping his legs around him as best as he can.

Blackfront: Perfection seized an opportunity and is now trying to apply a sleeper hold on Yoshii who seems to not be able to get him off of him.

Jed Dye grabs his hair and yanks it in distress, not able to comprehend how ignorant Yoshii is.

Blackfront: Yoshii trying to to grab Perfection who is on his back, but unable to.

Perfection continues to hold on as Yoshii swings his arms and stumbles around.

Ace: I can't believe how glorious this is!

Yoshii stops struggling. He reaches back and grabs the legs of Perfection, who's eyes grow again.

Ace: Oh no.

FADE

He turns around as Perfection uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up. A glazed look covers his face. it quickly turns into horrified as he sees Yoshii running toward him.

Blackfront: HE LEAPS! BIG SPLASH!

Ace: No! Please be OK!

The fans go crazy as Yoshii steps back, and Perfection slides to a sitting position yet again.

Blackfront: Yoshii runs... big kick to the chest of Perfection!

Perfection's chest looks as if it almost caved in, as every bit of air rushes out of his body and he goes limp.

Blackfront: Yoshii grabbing the leg of Perfection... he's dragging him away from the corner. We've seen this one before! I think it's almost over. We might have our Ring King here in just a few moments!

Ace: Get up. Oh please, get up! Where's Sean Jackson!

Blackfront: Still looking for Spectre I'd assume.

Yoshii begins to climb the turnbuckle. Jed Dye runs like a bat out of hell around the ring, cheering his client on.

Blackfront: Yoshii is on the second rope.. we've seen this countless times. Perfection is out cold! We have our winner once he does it... There he goes!!!! Yoshii leaps backward!!! YOSHII BOMB! YOSHII BOMB!!! YOSHII BOMB!!!

FADE

Blackfront: Your two thousand and fourteen Ring King is....

The referee's hand raises the third and final time....

Blackfront: YOSH-

Perfection throws is leg up and over the rope, barely making it in time. If only Yoshii would have landed a few inches further back.

Blackfront: NO!!!!

Ace: YESSS!!!

Blackfront: No one can believe it! Yoshii can not believe it! Jed Dye can not believe it! I can not believe it!

FADE

Once up, Perfection takes a deep breath, wincing as it hurts to do so. Suddenly, he shakes his head and runs toward the group of people.

Blackfront: perfection runs... right hand to the side of Jed Dye's head! He didn't see it coming!

Jed Dye twist and flies from the apron, hitting the floor hard. Yoshii yells and charges forward, but accidentally slams into the referee along the way. he stops and looks down as the referee falls, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: Yoshii takes out the referee!

Ace: DISQUALIFY HIM!

Blackfront: It was an accident!

Ace: Was it Jason? Was it?

Yoshii looks at the referee with such sorrow, then down at Jed Dye with even more concern. Perfection drops to his knees, and with his good arm brings it up, catching Yoshii between his legs. Yoshii's eyes grow big and he stumbles around and away from perfection, who drops and slides out fo the ring.

Blackfront: The referee is down and Yoshii suffers a low blow. This is the man you want as your Ring King Tommy?

Ace: YES!

Perfection steps over the barrier and threatens a fan to move. He grabs the fan's chair and heads back over the barrier.

Blackfront: Despicable.

Perfection slides back in the ring with the chair, and gets up. You can tell one arm is hurt bad as his face shows it lifting the chair. He swings, hitting Yoshii right across the back. The big man flies forward and down, hitting the canvas.

Blackfront: I'm embarrassed for us right now. This is not right.

Ace: But it works!

Perfection brings the chair down across Yoshii's back again, followed by another. He lays it on top of Yoshii's head and looks around.

Blackfront: Oh now,w hat is he going to do?

Ace: YES! DO IT!

Perfection runs past Yoshii, hits the ropes, and on his return drops, sliding feet first into the chair leaned across Yoshii's head. The fans boo. Trash begins to fly.

Blackfront: I can't believe this.

The referee starts to move and Perfection quickly slides the chair out of the ring. He begins pushing Yoshii with all of his might, trying to turn him over.

Ace: PUT YOUR BACK INTO IT!

Perfection lets out a loud yell as Yoshii begins to turn, finally falling on his back. Perfection quickly covers him, yelling at the now awake referee. The referee scoot sover and raises his hand.

Blackfront: Very slow count, but I think Yoshii is out.

Ace: I know he is!

The referee raises his hand again, Perfection yells to hurry, but the referee is still hurt.

Blackfront: Just one away from three!

The referee raises his hand one more time. The boos are incredible as it comes down and strikes for a third time.

Ace: HE'S DONE IT! HE'S DONE IT!

Blackfront: he did it alright.

The bell begins to sound and Perfection smiles. The referee, now on his feet, helps Perfection up, raising his hand.

Announcer: The winner of this match by pin fall... the two thousand and fourteen Ring King... and the man who will go on to face Madman Szalinski for the UTA Championship.... in a....

Announcer:... sixty minute... IRON MAAAANNNN MAAAATTTCCCHHH....

Blackfront: WHAT?!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING?!

Perfection's eyes grow yet again as he can't believe what he just heard.

Announcer: PERRRRFEEECCTTTIIIOONNNN!!!!!!

Blackfront: perfection can not believe what he just heard, and neither can I. We heard rumblings of a stipulation already being chosen, but an Iron man match at Ring King?!

Ace: After what he went through tonight? That's not fair!

Blackfront: No, using a chair on Yoshii is not fair!

Perfection's music cues up, and holding one arm against his body, his other raised, he knows the toughest match of his career is coming in two weeks.

The lights in the arena fade to a lime green color. Then the song Happy begins to play and then yellow spotlights cover the entranceway. A very happy and ecstatic Exley walks out. He is amazed by everyone that is in the stands. He walks slowly. He turns a lot to look at all the fans.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Mebane, North Carolina...

As he gets closer to the ring he starts waving at them spastically. He spots one lucky fan runs to then and gives them a hug.

Announcer: Standing at six foot one and weighing in at one hunderd and fifty pounds.... EXLEY.... GRAAACCCEEE!!!!

He slides into the ring and waves again before hugging the referee and waiting for the match to begin.

Davis: Exley Grace making his UTA debut tonight against another new signee, that we recently saw has a histroy with the UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski.

Williams: I've followed Thatcher Rex's career Stan, and I will say things could get pretty interesting with him signed here to the UTA.

The roar of a Tyrannosaur erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into Seprentine by Disturbed. The cheers increase as Thatcher emerges from the mist, his head turning first to the left, then to the right before striding down the ramp, eyes fixated upon the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now. From Helena, Montana. He stands at six foot three and is weighing in at two hunderd and forty five pounds... THATCHER.... REEEEXXXXXX!!!!!!

He climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes. He takes two strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He throws his arms wide, fists clenched, and releases a phenomenal roar before hopping back down to

canvas.

Davis: This should be an interesting match.

Williams: It sure should with Thatcher Rex at about a hundred pounds heavier and two inches taller than Exley Grace, you have to think he has a strong advantage here.

Davis: Not to mention that Rex is well known for his methodical brawler style. Grace may be quick on his feet, but may be in some trouble if the Tyrant king gets ahold of him.

Thatcher pops his neck as the bell sounds.

Davis: Here we go, the first match tonight on Victory kicking off a huge weekend as we head into Sunday Night's Ring King pay per view that follows the Wrestleshow pre-show.

Thatcher stomps toward Exley Grace, who quickly runs toward him, and ducking under his grasp.

Davis: Grace off of the ropes and on the return. He leaps with a cross body... right into the arms of Thatcher Rex.

Williams: Not a place you want to be Stan.

Thatcher steps forward, bringing Exley down across his knee, which is now extended in front of him as he lowers himself.

Davis: Backbreaker by Thatcher Rex.

As Exley Grace rolls off of Thatcher's leg and to the canvas, he holds his back in pain.

Davis: Thatcher Rex now pulling Exley Grace back to his feet.

Once Grace is up, Thatcher hits him with a right hand, before grabbing Grace's left arm and pushing into his chest until Exley is on the ropes.

Davis: Thatcher Grace using the ropes to send Exley across the ring.

Rex runs behind him. As Exley gets towards the ropes, he leaps up to the second, and uses it to jump backwards.

Davis: SPINGBOARD CLOTHESL....

Thatcher side steps and catches Exley in mid air. His right arm goes over Exley's left shoulder as he ducks below Grace's right arm, throwing his left around Exley's back before lifting up and slamming Exley Grace down with force.

Davis: TEN THOUSAND VOLTS BY THATCHER REX!

Williams: Did you see how he caught him in mid air like that?!

Davis: Thatcher Rex establishing himself here tonight right out of the gate.

Thatcher gets to his knees and looks dead into the camera and just smirks before pushing to his feet.

Davis: Thatcher Rex could go ahead and end this one right here. I don't see how the much smaller Exley Grace can turn things around.

Williams: Yea, he's done. This match is over as soon as Thatcher Rex decides to go for the pin.

Thatcher grabs Exley's head again, pulling him halfway up, but leaving him hunched over. He turns, placing Exley's head between his legs. He reaches back, hooking Grace's arms, before turning over and bending down in order to bring Grace up as he raises up. Exley is upside down across Thatcher's back as Thatcher takes a couple steps and leaps up, coming down in a sit down position, slamming Grace's head into the canvas.

Davis: MASS EXTINCTION!!!

Williams: Wow. Thatcher Rex has established his dominance tonight with very little offense as if sending a message to the rest of the locker room that he is here.

Davis: I couldn't agree more. Everyone has to be in the back right now, watching this. They have been put on notice it seems.

Thatcher rolls around and covers Exley as the referee drops and begins the count. As his hand hits three, the crowd explodes and the bell sounds.

Davis: Thatcher Rex dominating his debut match right here on Victory.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... THATCHER..... REEEXXXX!!!!

His music begins to play as he gets to his feet. The referee checks on Exley Grace who is out cold before heading over and raising Thatcher's arm in the sky in victory.

The camera pans to our commentators.

Davis: Jennifer, you had an interesting week didn't you?

Williams: I did Stan. I was at Allenwood Penitentiary, where I spoke with an inmate who goes by the name of Big Bruce.

Davis: Lets roll the video of the meeting now.

The camera cuts to a shot of Jennifer Williams sitting at a small table inside a dimly lit room. Across from her, dressed in prison orange, his hands and feet cuffed together, is a man that looks like a dead ringer for a "Big Bruce". The words Live From Allenwood hoover in the corner.

Jennifer Williams: Hello everyone. I'm here today with Allenwood inmate 34118 dash 024, known to his friends inside as Big Bruce. Bruce, thanks for joining me today.

Big Bruce: The pleasure is all mine, Jennifer.

Big Bruce stares at Jennifer the way a starving wolf stares at weak prey.

Jennifer: Big Bruce here spent a lot of time inside these walls - living right alongside both UTA Superstar's Conrad Teller AND Apollo Cain. Two men that face of in a Steel Cage match this Sunday at Ring King!

Jennifer gives the fans a moment to cheer.

Jennifer: No one else currently available for comment is as much an expert on Con and Apollo as he. So tell us, Bruce, who do you think is going to walk out of Ring King the winner? Conrad, or Apollo?

Big Bruce sighs.

Big Bruce: Bruce could care less, Jennifer. I'm more interested in what you think.

Jennifer grins.

Jennifer: That's nice of you, Bruce, but I'm not the expert. You are. So tell us, who has the advantage?

Big Bruce: Well Misses Williams...

Jennifer: It's Miss, Williams.

Bruce smiles wide.

Big Bruce: I was hoping it might be.

Jennifer looks to be getting more and more uncomfortable as the seconds pass.

Big Bruce: So, who has the advantage? Hmm, I don't know, Jenn. Apollo is ruthless. He's aggressive and dangerous... but Conrad is smart. Strong and calculated. I guess it just depends what day of the week it is.

Jennifer doesn't look quite satisfied with that response but moves on none the less.

Jennifer: Knowing Conrad and Apollo for as long as you have - do you believe either has a weakness? One that might get exploited this weekend?

Bruce seems to ponder the thought for more than seems necessary.

Big Bruce: After spending as much time as we have behind bars, you learn real good how to hide your weakness. It's the only way to survive. If either of those boys has any kind of discernible weakness, it's that neither knows when to give up.

Jennifer: Are you saying, despite the outcome of Sunday's match at Ring King, that neither Teller or Cain will give up this battle... this war?

Big Bruce: I doubt it. That is, IF, both manage to walk out of the Steel Cage at all.

Jennifer nods, acknowledging that she understands what Bruce is trying to say... that one, if not both of these men could see their very last match this weekend, the way they're going at it.

Jennifer: If you were a betting man, Bruce, who would your money be on this weekend?

Big Bruce pauses - once again for an unnecessary amount of time.

Big Bruce: My money would be on anyone that watches this brawl Sunday night... no matter which way it goes, those people are going to be the winners.

Jennifer nods her head in agreement, somewhat happy with what she got here today.

Jennifer: Well Bruce, thanks for joining us. Don't forget to tune in this Sunday night, folks, for Ring King... when Conrad Teller and Apollo Cain will go one on one inside a Steel Cage! Back to you, Jason.

The camera cuts back live ringside.

Davis: Well, an interesting insight to this Sunday's match at Ring King. But now, lets continue the action right here on Victory!

The stage lights in the arena begin to turn a combination of red and gold as Waterwings (And Other Poolside Fashion Faux Pas) by Alexisonfire begins to play through the arena. From the entrance way to the stage, Graham Clauson bursts out from the back in his ring gear, a black baseball cap and black, collared and sleeveless vest.

Davis: Main event time here as Graham Clauson makes his in ring debut here in the United Toughness Alliance.

He stops at the beginning of the aisle, smirking as he looks around at the fans before standing with his side facing towards the ring, making the appearance of a gun with his hand. Extending his arm, he then makes the appearance of shooting this gun by making his arm recoil upwards into the air, causing an explosion of white pyrotechnic flares going off on each side of the stage simultaneously.

Announcer: From Cincinnati, Ohio, weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds... GRAHAM CLAUSSOOOOOON!

Graham begins to walk down the aisle, keeping his focus towards ringside.

Williams: We've already seen one match tonight where a debuting Thatcher Rex destroyed Exley Grace. Will we see the same from Graham Clauson?

Right before reaching ringside, he begins to run before hopping up and sliding under the bottom rope. As he slides, Graham swings his body around in a way that upon the stop of the slide he stands right up. He runs towards the ropes, bouncing off once before he then runs over to a turnbuckle. He jumps up onto the second turnbuckle, making the shape of a gun once again but with both hands. He extends both arms, but then hops back down.

Davis: Graham Clauson former tag team partner of Madman Szalinski, calling themselves The Shoot Kings. Could we see the two re-unite here in the UTA?

Graham then slings the vest off of him quickly, tossing it to the outside of the ring. Immediately afterwards, he then takes his hat and throws it into the crowd before facing his opponent and appearing ready to jump into the action.

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..... BLAAACCKKKKBBBEEEEAAARRDDDD!!!

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. The Dread Pirate debuts tonight in just moments as we get ready to kick off the action here on Wrestleshaw.

The music dies down and the referee calls for the bell.

Davis: Graham Clauson has an obstacle to overcome tonight as he and Blackbeard lock up.

Williams: Blackbeard is coming in with a win on his record, and quite frankly he just looks scary.

Davis: Blackbeard taking control early, he whips Graham Clauson into the ropes.

As Graham Clauson returns, he slides underneath the legs of Blackbeard.

Davis: Clauson slides.

He gets up as Blackbeard turns around.

Blackfont: Clauson leaps, grabbing the head of Blackbeard.

Graham Clauson attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Blackbeard just shoves him off and down to the mat. Blackbeard snarls at Clauson.

Davis: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Williams: Blackbeard looking to show doubters that they are wrong tonight.

Davis: Blackbeard now stomping away at Clauson.

He bends down and grabs Graham Clauson, pulling violently to his feet.

Davis: Blackbeard directing Clauson to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Graham Clauson's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Blackbeard turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Davis: The Pirate King now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Graham Clauson.

The referee starts counting.

Williams: Blackbeard wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove and I have a feeling he'll prove that by showing just a purely mean side of him.

Davis: Blackbeard releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Graham Clauson.

Williams: You almost have to wonder if Blackbeard is sending a direct message to Apollo Cain that their last match was a fluke and that Blackbeard can hold his own.

Davis: Blackbeard now using that foot across the throat of Graham Clauson to choke him again.

Williams: He's resourceful.

Davis: Blackbeard releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Blackbeard grabs the left arm of Graham Clauson and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Davis: Irish whip across the ring, Blackbeard follows Clauson.

Graham Clauson leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Davis: Graham Clauson with a kick into the face of Blackbeard!

The fans cheer as Blackbeard hits the canvas. Graham Clauson lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Davis: That may not be enough to give Clauson the advantage he needs to come back.

Williams: Maybe not, but he is wisely resting, conserving what energy he has left.

Blackbeard shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Graham Clauson uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Davis: The Pirate King rushes Graham Clauson.

He bends down and lifts Blackbeard up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Blackbeard was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Davis: Graham Clauson thinks he has tossed Blackbeard out of the ring.

Williams: Turn around Graham!

Graham Clauson turns as Blackbeard climbs back into the ring and leaps forward with an arm extended.

Davis: Clothesline by Blackbeard!

Graham Clauson just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Blackbeard rolls over covering him.

Davis: Clauson able to somehow kick out at two.

Williams: He's been around for a while Stan, he just doesn't give up that easy.

Davis: Blackbeard getting up, Graham Clauson in hand.

Williams: You've got to think that right now The Pirate King is not happy and Graham Clauson is going to feel that here.

Davis: Blackbeard whips Graham Clauson into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Graham Clauson MOVES! Graham Clauson MOVES!

Blackbeard crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Graham Clauson holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks toward the center of the ring.

Davis: Blackbeard could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Williams: He needs to be paying attention to Graham Clauson. What is he doing?

Davis: I'm unsure Jennifer.

Graham pushes his back into the ropes and uses them to launch himself off. Right as he reaches Blackbeard, he stops just for a split second, and leaps up, twisting backwards and landing across the chest of his opponent.

Davis: Running shooting star press!

The crowd goes crazy.

Williams: How did he pull that off?!

Graham leaps up and runs forward toward the ropes. He grabs the top ropes and yanks them with excitement as the fans continue to get loud.

Davis: Graham Clauson has hit a second wind here.

Williams: He's turned up!

Behind him, Blackbeard begins to get up. Graham turns, sees him, and runs. He grabs Blackbeard's neck, and leaps, turning in air.

Davis: Swinging neck breaker by Graham Clauson.

The fans yell and cheer as Graham, quickly gets back up.

Davis: Clauson runs to the ropes, he leaps to the middle and back.. LIONSAULT!

Williams: He hit his mark!

Graham quickly throws his arms under Blackbeard's legs and holds them up and he covers. The referee drops and begins his count.

Davis: Graham going for the cover.

Williams: Somehow he has come back from being dominated by Blackbeard to this.

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

Davis: Graham Clauson wins his debut match here in the United Toughness Alliance!

Williams: Blackbeard dominated early on, but a second wind helped Graham secure a victory here tonight as we kick off the biggest weekend of the summer!

Graham's arm is lifted by the referee.

Davis: Well folks, that's all the time we have tonight here on Victory. I'm Stan Davis.

Williams: And I am Jennifer Williams.

Davis: Thank you for tuning in right here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com. We'll see you Sunday night at Ring King!

Williams: Good night everyone!

The copyright comes up and we fade to black.

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