

Victory: X

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Results

VICTORY

Segment

Victory X

27 Sep 2014

Untelevised, Untelevised (seats)

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of by James Brown begins. The logo pulses until we get to the first chorus. As it fades out we get a shot of screaming fans. We pan across, getting a good luck at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly a series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The theme music continues to go off as the camera changes angles. We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul.

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where Gil Parquet and Lucius Cashmere are standing by.

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

Cashmere: You say always, but as we grow closer to the end of the Demigod tournament, I just don't think always will last much longer.

Parquet: Lets not be negative again this week Lucius. This is just the start of our UTA tenure.

Cashmere: That's a fine delusion for you and all, but I'm already filling out my resume.

Parquet: While Lucius is being a negative Nancy, let's run down tonight's exciting episode of Victory! Rodney Marney makes his official UTA debut against a non VCW alumni debut, Nigma.

Cashmere: At least he still has a job. Can't say the same about Fill and Hex Girl.

Parquet: Come on Lucius, be positive. Following that match, former VCW Champion, Lew Smith, goes one on one with the UTA's La Flama Blanca in what certainly will be an exciting match.

Cashmere: Let's not forget the third match. The only one that still screams VCW.

Parquet: That's correct. The finals of the VCW Demigod tournament we will see The Second Coming facing Santa. The winner of this match will go on to face the VCW Champion, Dick Fury for the right to possibly be the final VCW Champion!

Cashmere: Seems like wasted effort to me.

Parquet: In tonight's main event the current VCW Champion, Dick Fury, will face former UTA Champion, Madman Szalinski, in non title action.

Cashmere: I hope Dick obliterates Szalinski.

Parquet: Why's that?

Cashmere: Just one final show of force for VCW as what's left of us are left to find new jobs.

Parquet: I really don't understand why you are so negative.

Cashmere: Lets talk in three weeks when James Ranger is no longer signing the paychecks and we'll see how you feel then.

Parquet: Well, Lucius' negativity aside, tonight's going to be huge. Let's not delay the action anymore as we get ready to kick start another edition of Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA.com!

Can Christmas Come Early

We head to the back where Santa Claus is walking down the hall with his bag in tow.

Blanca: Santa! Santa!

It's La Flama Blanca running from behind as Santa stops, turns and sits his bag down on the floor.

Claus: Ho Ho Ho!

La Flama Blanca reaches Old Saint Nick and stop. He pants a bit before he begins to speak.

Claus: What can Santa do for you Eduardo.

Blanca: Look Santa, I'm so glad you are now in the UTA!

Claus: Ho Ho Ho! Me and Mrs. Claus too!

Blanca: I hate to bother you, I really do. It being your official UTA debut and all tonight in the finals of the Demigod Tournament.

Claus: Whatever it is, it's no bother for a good little boy such as yourself.

Blanca: Santa, I've had some rough weeks as of late.

Claus: Oh I know. Mrs. Claus has been so very upset.

Blanca: Is there any way you can make Christmas come early for me Santa? I really, really need this win.

Claus: Ho Ho Ho. It doesn't work like that Eduardo.

La Flama Blanca looks down sadly.

Claus: Don't be sad, for the miracle isn't in my bag. It's inside of you! Powered by each and every little boy and girl out there screaming your name give you the power to make that happen!

Blanca looks up at Santa.

Blanca: Well, that's just great. Their cheers haven't been there for me lately.

He sighs.

Blanca: Thanks anyway.

As La Flama Blanca begins to walk off, he mumbles something about Santa not being real anyway. Santa just looks at him and smiles. He twinkles his nose and his cheeks grow rosey for tonight, he would like all of La Flama Blanca's dreams to come true because Santa is real... damn real.

The opening to Psycho Circus as the arena goes dark. A single spotlight shines in the ring as Ringmaster Kennedy is lowered slowly into the ring. Just as the carnival music is about to transition into the song it stops and Kennedy has a mic in hand

Kennedy: Welcome, to the greatest show that you have ever seen. For I, Ringmaster Kennedy proudly present, from the Psych Ward.....Rodney "The Carney" Marney!

Pyro goes off as Ace Frehley yells. As the pyro dies down Marney is standing tall at the top of the ramp. When "Here I am, here we are, we are one" plays Marney makes his way to the ring. Upon entering the ring, Kennedy nods her head before exiting

The lights go out as "Scarecrow" From Ministry starts up as the strobe lights starts to flickers in the arena as Nigma walks out in his Scarecrow costume, He stops at the ramp and looks out as he lifts his noose from his neck and mock hangs himself as starts to stumble down to the ring.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from parts unknown. Standing five foot eight and weighing in at one hunderd and eighty five pounds.... NIIGGMMMAAAAA

The Screens behind him light up with various clips of experiments and fear images of spiders, clowns, heights, darkness, and other various things. Nigma's name comes on the screen as it cuts to his face staring at the crowd. He stops half way and removes his hat as he looks out to the crowd and continues to the ring, He stops at the steps and walks up as he stops and wipes his feet on the canvas before he enters.

The lights return as he enters the ring and walks around with a slow pace and is ready for the match to begin.

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

Parquet: Nigma has a huge obstacle in his way tonight as he and Rodney Marney lock up.

Cashmere: I wouldn't want to be Nigma right now.

Parquet: Marney taking control early, he whips Nigma into the ropes.

As Nigma returns, he slides underneath the legs of Rodney Marney.

Parquet: Nigma slides.

He gets up as Marney turns around.

Blackfont: Nigma leaps, grabbing the head of Rodney Marney.

Nigma attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Marney just shoves him off and down to the canvas.

Parquet: DDT attempt doesn't pay off.

Cashmere: Rodney Marney didn't get where he is today by being easily taken down.

Parquet: Rodney Marney now stomping away at Nigma.

He bends down and grabs Nigma, pulling violently to his feet. Ringmaster Kennedy watches on from the outside in approval.

Parquet: Marney directing Nigma to the corner. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Nigma's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Marney turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Parquet: Rodney Marney now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Nigma.

The referee starts counting.

Cashmere: Rodney Marney wants to do as much damage as he can. He has a point to prove that he can hang here in the UTA.

Parquet: Marney releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Nigma.

Cashmere: That made my chest hurt just watching!

Parquet: Marney now using that foot across the throat of Nigma to choke him again.

Cashmere: He's resourceful.

Parquet: Marney releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Rodney Marney grabs the left arm of Nigma and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

Parquet: Irish whip across the ring, Marney follows Nigma.

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

Parquet: Nigma with a kick into the face of Rodney Marney!

The fans cheer as Marney hits the canvas. Nigma lays face down on the canvas himself, breathing heavily.

Parquet: That may not be enough to give Nigma the advantage he needs to come back.

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

Marney shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Nigma uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Parquet: Marney rushes Nigma.

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

Parquet: Nigma thinks he has tossed Rodney Marney out of the ring.

Cashmere: Turn around Nigma!

Nigma turns as Rodney Marney uses the top rope to pull down and push himself up. For a split second he stands on the top rope before leaping off.

Parquet: Clothesline from the outside of the ropes!

Cashmere: That was amazing. How was that large of a man able to fly like that?!

Nigma just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Rodney Marney rolls over covering him.

Parquet: Nigma able to somehow kick out at two.

Cashmere: Just stay down Nigma and this will be all over quick.

Parquet: Rodney Marney getting up, Nigma in hand.

Cashmere: You've got to think that right now Rodney is not happy and Nigma is going to feel that here.

Parquet: Rodney Marney whips Nigma into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Nigma MOVES! Nigma MOVES!

Rodney Marney crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Nigma holds onto the top rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks to the corner.

Parquet: Rodney Marney could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Cashmere: He needs to be paying attention to Nigma. What is he doing?

Parquet: A worn out and battered Nigma climbing the turnbuckle.

Rodney stumbles around toward Nigma who jumps.

Parquet: Nigma jumps and connects.. drop kick from the top rope!

The fans pop loudly.

Cashmere: Did you see the air he got!

Nigma quickly gets up and runs over to Marney.

Parquet: Nigma wants to capitalize now and he may be able to do it!

He quickly grabs Rodney's head and yanks him up halfway. He reaches over and grabs Rodney's arm.

Parquet: Nigma looking to end this one now and beat Rodney Marney here in his UTA debut!

Marney fights back, yanking his arms free. He grabs Nigma and lifts him up and over. Nigma hits the canvas hard.

Parquet: Did you see that reversal?!

Cashmere: It was beautiful.

Nigma is bounced into a sitting position. He reaches around and grabs his back as his face tells the story of pain.

Parquet: Rodney Marney now pulling Nigma to his feet.

Halfway up, Marney lifts Nigma's lower half up.

Parquet: It looks like Rodney is going to end this now with a piledriver!

Cashmere: Or maybe three!

Nigma starts kicking his legs.

Parquet: Nigma fighting back.

He is able to bring his legs back down to the canvas.

Parquet: Nigma with several shots to the side of Marney. Grabs his arm.. Whi... NO! Reversed! Nigma sent into the ropes. On the return.

Rodney Marney bends down to catch Nigma. However as he returns he leaps up and brings his leg down across the back of Rodney's neck, sending his face crashing into the canvas.

Parquet: Nigma taking Rodney Marney out! I think this one is over!

Cashmere: No!

Nigma puts all of his weight into turning Rodney Marney over to his back, covering him. The referee drops.

Parquet: Nigma going for the pin. The referee counts.. one.. two... He's done it! Nigma has done it!

The bell starts to sound.

Cashmere: NO! I bet all of my Wrestle UTA dot com UTA Bux on Marney! This can't be happening.

Parquet: Oh, come on. Those are just fantasy dollars.

Cashmere: Fantasy dollars I was going to cash in for a new avatar on my profile!

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

Parquet: Nigma picks up a huge debut win over Rodney Marney who this was his first UTA match after an amazing run in VCW.

A SURPRISE VISIT

KVT's dressing room at Victory. Kathryn is laid face down on a massage table. A black towel covers her lower, leaving her back exposed ready for the masseur. Under the table she plays with her phone, more than likely checking TMZ or

Perez or some other gossip rag website. Off screen a door can be heard opening and closing.

KVT: It's about bloody time Lance, you know better than to keep me waiting.

She pauses as we look up we notice two bodies entering the doorway. Kathryn doesn't bother looking up as one of the bodies gets closer to her stopping at her side. The other body is seen moving further from the table.

KVT: Don't say anything just get on with it.

We watch as a pair of hands slowly begin to caress and massage the back of the first lady of UTA, however as we pan out we slowly follow up the arms that belong to said pair of hands to see none other than new comer to UTA, Reaper. Reaper has on red jeans and a black tight muscle shirt. We naturally assume the other body had to belong to that of De Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereux.

KVT: Lance, are you using a different lotion or something your hands feel... Different.

Reaper: Mhm

Reaper starts going all deep tissue with the massage using his elbow down the spine of the KVT. His face contorts and strains as he's obviously putting some effort into this. Meanwhile we pan out further and see in the distance Tobias rummaging through some of KVT's belongings obviously looking for something specific.

KVT: Can you work the knots out in my lower back? They've been giving me hell since my last match.

KVT has absolutely no idea that it's not her masseur, she's too busy concentrating on her phone to even care.

Reaper: Mhm

Reaper still refusing to talk as he knows whoever Lance may be he does not in any way cut it sounds like a "Lance". Reaper works his hands down the spine of KVT getting to just above her hips and buttocks region and starts really working his fingers into the lower part of her back. He knew those three semesters in community college for massage therapist years ago would pay off one day...and this was it.

KVT: Bastard!

Reaper freezes for a moment as the sudden outburst from KVT. Meanwhile Tobias snaps his head up from her stuff with a deer in the headlights look and mouthing explicit words to Reaper. Kathryn throws her phone across the room, well, as well as she can still laying face down on the table.

KVT: I can't believe he proposed to her. Well Mr. Aldean, you have just lost yourself this piece of ass.

Reaper slowly goes back into massaging KVT as Tobias rolls his eyes at his ex's diva tantrum. Tobias finally pulls something from the pile of stuff as his eyes shine with joy. He walks past Reaper and nods that they've achieved what they came for. Reaper just nods for him to keep on, Reaper had started a job and he intended to finish it, after all these knots wouldn't work themselves out. As Tobias opens the door, it makes a louder than expected click. KVT perks her head up, she certainly wasn't expecting anyone to interrupt her massage. As she turns to see De Cajun Sensation stood at the door, she scowls.

KVT: What in the blue hell are you doing here?

She doesn't sit up from the table and doesn't look behind her to see that her masseur isn't who she thought it was.

Reaper just keeps right on with the massage and just looks at Tobias like "yea, how you going to explain this one Mr. Smooth McGroove".

Devereux: Ello chere, I taught yews might of missed me. So I comes by to congratulate yews on de string of victories here in the Ew Tee Aye. I mean I of course wouldn't expect anything else from yews.

KVT: Cut the bull crap Tobias. We both know you don't just stop by. What do you want? I'm kind of in the middle of something here.

Devereux: Fine, I's tryin to be civil with yews, dat all. I mean technically speakin I's no reason not to be utta dan yews try to ruin me all de time. Howeva I's kind of amused by dis whole Dynasty ting. Leave it to yew to quickly latch onto de alpha males and try and take over.

Tobias leans against the door frame, making sure the item he procured from her room stays well hidden under his coat.

Devereux: It reminded me of when yews came to Es Vee Oh for a bit, yew and me running together trying to rule the place for a while, well up until you stabbed me in de back for dat Bobby Dean fellow, wonda if'n dat Perfection fella knows your tendency for such tings.

KVT: I think your time in the nut house has clouded your memory. I did not stab you in the back for Bobby Dean. Bobby Dean was just another joe for another job. Perfection knows most things about me, why do you think he asked to me join him in Dynasty?

Devereux: Because every king needs de queen, don't tink yew's dat special chere. At de end of de day yew are used for de same reason as any utta lady in a group like dis, de distraction and de bargaining chip. Or else did yew not do the flirty ting with Hate or de whole suck up to de boss man so he'd work wit yall? Yew just anutta pawn in de game chere. Just dis time I dont tink yew de one playin de puppet masta...

Tobias smirks real big and starts out the door.

Devereux: And dat chere, make dis ole cajun happy as can be.

KVT: Think what you want Tobias but just remember, I was the brains, you were the braun. I know EXACTLY what I'm doing. You think I'm the pawn in all this? You are sadly mistaken. You should know better than anyone, I'll do what it take to stay on top, if that means having to suck up to the boss, so be it. But don't you ever, for one minute, think YOU can ever get the upper hand on me.

Tobias already halfway out the door when she started just throws up a hand and walks away and down the hall as she goes on her rant. Meanwhile Reaper just keeps right on working on the shoulders of the first lady of UTA, trying his best not to laugh at this whole exchange. Kathryn lays her head back onto the table.

KVT: So help me Lance, if you don't get this stress out of my shoulders, you are fired.

The door swings open once again and in stumbles a six foot muscular, almost Viking like blonde.

MAN: Kathryn, I'm so sorry I'm late...

KVT: Wait what? Lance?

Kathryn shoots up from the table. She pulls the towel that had been covering her lower half up to cover the entirety of her body.

KVT: If it's not you...

She turns slowly to see Reaper stood on the other side of the table. Reaper waves at Kathryn with a big smile as he speaks in his best Swedish accent.

Reaper: Yousa like de rub rub...no?

KVT: YOU LITTLE....

She secures the towel around herself and clammers over the table in an effort to grab Reaper.

Reaper: Oh, yousa no touch Sven, Sven is too sexy for the likesa yous.

Reaper scurries over and hides himself behind the viking like Lance. Suddenly going back to his normal western american accent.

Reaper: Save me Lance! Sacrifice yourself so that I may live!

KVT struggles to keep the towel up and chase after Reaper, instead she instructs Lance.

KVT: Get. Him. Out of here. NOW!

Reaper: But he JUST got here! Why you hate on Lance so, he's such a large muscular manly man.

Reaper steps back and in his best sassy voice.

Reaper: Ruuudddeeeeee

Reaper swivels on his heels and heads out of the door, peeking his head in back for a moment.

Reaper: Lance...call me!

Lance smiles, blushing at the attention from Reaper, that is until he sees the scowl on KVT's face.

Lance: I'm sorry Kathryn.

KVT: Leave. Just. Leave.

Reaper still has his head in the door and smirks, going back into his swedish accent.

Reaper: I's free for de rub rub!

KVT: BOTH OF YOU, GO, NOW!

KVT pushes Lance out of the door, into Reaper and slams it closed behind them. Clearly frustrated and extremely pissed she heads to the other side of the dressing room to where her once neatly piled clothes were now strewn across the table and floor. The scowl turns even more fierce realizing that someone had clearly been through her things.

KVT: You bastard. You wouldn't.

Frantically she searches through everything but it's to no avail. It's gone. Kathryn never left her Crucifix just anywhere. It had been with her Jimmy Choos. But it wasn't there now. She grabs the vase of roses that had been left for her on the table and screams as she throws them at the door...

FADE OUT.

Brought to You By

Are you not in the official UTA Skype chat? Why not?! With over twenty active superstars currently in the chat room, you are missing out on 24/7 fun and excitement. Request access today!

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. 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 colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Announcer: Coming to the ring. Hailing from Frimley, England. He stands at six foot one and weighs in at two hundred and fifteen pounds.... LEW... SMIITTTTHHH!!!

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. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre 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. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring now, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca has had a bit of a down streak as of late, but hopes to change that around tonight as he faces former VCW Champion, Lew Smith.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring.

Parquet: This should be an interesting match here with the different styles of competitors that both of these men are.

Both men meet in the center of the ring as the bell sounds. Lew Smith comes forward with a palm strike to the chest of La Flama Blanca. He grabs his chest and stumbles back as Smith leaps forward, coming up with his left leg, bringing it down and shooting his right up for a direct kick to the sternum of Blanca, who continues to stumble back, this time into the ropes which catch him.

Parquet: The martial arts training of Lew Smith coming in handy here as he faces La Flama Blanca.

Cashmere: Not just that. Lew is the former VCW Champion. What has La Flama Blanca done? Nothing.

Blanca, still leaning on the ropes and holding his chest looks up at Lew who comes toward him. Smith takes a swing at La Flama Blanca's head, but misses as Blanca ducks down and slides behind Lew.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca using his speed to quickly getting out of harms way.

Cashmere: Only momentarily. Wait until Lew gets his hands on him again.

Lew turns quickly toward Blanca. As he moves in for the attack again, La Flama Blanca side steps and jets toward the ropes. Lew, once again finding himself needing to turn toward his opponent, does so just in time to see La Flama Blanca leap to the second rope and use it to launch himself with a quarter turn moon sault.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca caught by Lew Smith.

Cashmere: That's a champion right there, always keeping vigilant.

Parquet: Lew Smith drops La Flama Blanca across his knee for a vicious back breaker.

La Flama Blanca holds his back in pain on the canvas as Lew Smith springs back into action, coming down with a devastating stomp.

Parquet: Lew Smith in complete control. I'm unsure if La Flama Blanca will be able to withstand much more from the former VCW Champion.

Smith reaches down, lifting La Flama Blanca up by his head and left arm.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca now back on his feet. Lew Smith follows up with a series of knife edge chops to his already glowing chest.

Smith strikes again, this time La Flama Blanca moves slightly to the side, catching his arm and using his own momentum, to drag Lew Smith over. The fans cheer wildly.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca with an arm drag, getting his first real bit of offense in for this match.

Cashmere: It will take a lot more than a lucky break to stop the damage already done by the former VCW Champion.

Lew rolls over and pops up as quickly as he was taken down. He burst forward and into yet another arm drag by the

waiting La Flama Blanca.

Parquet: Another arm drag. La Flama Blanca now starting to build an offense. Can he turn this around?

Both men get up. Blanca quickly shoots forward with a kick of his own.

Parquet: Lew Smith catches the foot of la Flama Blanca. It was a good tr... Blanca turns it into an Enziguri!

As his foot connects with the side of Lew Smith's head, Smith lets go and falls to the side, hitting the canvas.

Parquet: Spot on kick by La Flama Blanca who may have changed the tides here in our bout.

Blanca runs, hitting the ropes. As he returns he drops down.

Parquet: Baseball slide connecting with the head of Lew Smith.

Cashmere: Once he gets going, Blanca is quick as a lightning strike. I'm all for Lew winning this one, but he's got to slow Blanca down.

Parquet: Lew Smith focused on La Flama Blanca's upper body, leaving his most valuable assets, his legs for speed, open. Now La Fama Blanca using that to his advantage.

The fans cheer as La Flama Blanca pops back to his feet. Slowly, Lew Smith turns over holding his head. He gets to a knee as La Flama Blanca backs away.

Parquet: Lew Smith getting to his feet. La Flama Blanca is ready...

Blanca comes forward with a beautifully executed superkick, connecting perfectly as Smith rises.

Parquet: The Estupendo Kick!

Cashmere: Oh, that's it for Lew Smith. It has to be.

La Flama Blanca heads toward the turnbuckle post.

Parquet: A perfectly perfected superkick may have ended this one for Lew Smith!

Blanca climbs the corner. As he reaches the top rope, he turns toward Lew Smith. The fans cheer and the cameras flash.

Parquet: La Flama Blanca going for a high risk move now.

Cashmere: I don't know about this being a smart move. It's called a high risk for a reason!

He leaps, turning into a smooth 450 Splash that hits his mark with precision.

Parquet: Ay Dios Mio! Ay Dios Mio!

The referee drops as La Flama Blanca covers the former VCW Champion.

Parquet: This one is over! This one is over! La Flama Blanca defeats the former VCW Champion, Lew Smith!

The bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall.... LA FLAMA.... BLLLLAANNNCCAAA!!!!

Cashmere: Well, it did pay off, I have to give him that.

La Flama Blanca has his hand held high by the referee as he celebrates a huge victory in the ring.

WALKING THE HALLS

We move to the back where we see Sean Jackson, dressed in street clothes, walking through the back with a chair in hand. He stops and looks at the camera.

Jackson: Get that damn camera out of my face.

The camera man just moves slightly to the side. Obviously not enough for Sean's liking.

Jackson: I warned you.

He lifts the chair and charges the camera. The camera man stumbles back and falls. The camera angle flies around before just shooting up. Jackson steps over it and holds the chair toward the camera.

Jackson: If I catch you following me again... you will regret it.

He kicks the camera over, and our view is now the wall as we only suspect he is continuing to his initial destination.

"Clap Your Hands" by They Might Be Giants blasts through the arena! Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete, UTA's "GOOD FRIENDS", step rhythmically onto the entrance ramp, dancing like complete goobers. A chorus of BOOOs come from the audience, likely from folks still upset about last week's tarnished victory against Red & Ted. However, this doesn't seem to bother Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete as they part the ropes.

After a few more moments of goofy dancing, the duo each reach for microphones. The music dies down and Uncle Rocky turns to the capacity crowd.

Uncle Rocky: HELLO FRIENDS!

The crowd BOOOOOOOOOs in response. Robot Pete chuckles and wags a disapproving robot finger at the audience.

Uncle Rocky: Welcome to the first episode of UNCLE ROCKY'S FRIENDZONE! This is the show where we get to know our GOOD FRIENDS in the UTA Universe!

Robot Pete: It sure is, Uncle Rocky! And I know everyone here will enjoy it! Of course, out of respect for your fellow GOOD FRIENDS in the audience, and especially out of respect for Uncle Rocky, I must ask that everyone here keep their voices down when Uncle Rocky is sharing his wisdom!

As expected, this gets a round of BOOOs from the audience, as well as an audible "YOU SUCK" from some loudmouth in the front row. Uncle Rocky pouts and wipes a tear dramatically from his eye, and Robot Pete gives him a hug. As the booing dies down, Rocky & Pete laugh it off and continue.

Uncle Rocky: Well, I sure am excited about today's lesson! Today, we're going to learn about HYGEINE!

Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky, what is hygiene?

Uncle Rocky: Hygeine is when we take care of ourselves, so that we don't offend our GOOD FRIENDS by being stinky!

Robot Pete: Oh boy! I can't wait to teach that to our GOOD FRIENDS in the audience here! If my video inputs were turned off right now, I could have sworn we walked through a cheese recycling plant on our way to the ring! It's almost like--

Robot Pete gets cut off by a HUGE wall of BOOOs, which Uncle Rocky sells by jumping and holding his chest while looking around wide-eyed. Robot Pete makes a "calm down, calm down" motion with his hands.

Robot Pete: Please, friends, let me finish! I'm on YOUR side!

Uncle Rocky: Please, continue!

Robot Pete: As I was saying, it's almost like our GOOD FRIENDS have an allergy to common household hygiene products SEE I'M COVERING FOR YOU FRIENDS!!!

The crowd does not agree. Thanks to a few especially loud voices in the front row, the BOOs are occasionally drowned out by loud BEEPs (courtesy of the censors). Uncle Rocky puts a hand on one hip and gives the crowd Disapproving Look #4.

Uncle Rocky: Now, Robot Pete, it's not polite to assume people's hygiene issues are because of physical ailments. That's very rude.

Robot Pete: Oh, gasp! I did not mean to offend!

Uncle Rocky: After all, it could just as easily be mental illness or stupidity causing them to--

BOOOOOOOOOOOOs all around again. Robot Pete doubles over, holding his gut and laughing cheerfully. Uncle Rocky just smirks and scratches his head. He motions for Robot Pete to open his chest compartment, then reaches in and pulls out a bag.

Uncle Rocky: Now, while there are plenty of terrific Uncle Rocky souvenirs at the merchandise tables--

Robot Pete: -such as shirts, hats, and sweatpants-

Uncle Rocky: -Robot Pete and I wanted to give out some free samples of our personal favorite item!

Robot Pete: See? Free gifts! Free gifts for our GOOD FRIENDS!

Uncle Rocky: Not only is it fun AND practical, but if you bought an Uncle Rocky t-shirt or hat, it might just protect that investment!

Robot Pete: Check it out! UNCLE ROCKY THREE-IN ONE BODY WASH!

Rocky and Pete reach onto the bag and start pulling six-ounce sample sized bottles of 3-in-1 body wash out, and tossing them at the BOOing audience (some of whom still reach out for it because, hey, free stuff).

Uncle Rocky: It's shampoo, conditioner, AND body wash!

Robot Pete: With a bold citrus smell made from REAL orange and lemon zest!

Uncle Rocky: In addition to making you smell just as fresh and fragrant as a well-scrubbed orange grove, it also contains aloe and vitamin E to keep your skin soft and silky!

Robot Pete: Good health STARTS with good skin! But Uncle Rocky... what if this is the first personal care product they have ever seen?

Uncle Rocky: How likely! Well then maybe we should give them a demonstration on how to use it! Robot Pete... HYGIENE MODE!

Robot Pete: Gasp! That's my favorite non-combat mode!

A compartment opens in the back of Robot Pete's head, revealing a shower head. Robot Pete pulls a small plastic item out of his chest compartment and pulls a cord, revealing that it's an inflatable raft! After the raft is set in the center of the ring, Robot Pete turns around so that the shower head is facing the raft.

Robot Pete: Tee-hee! No peeking! But Uncle Rocky... Who are we going to demonstrate on?

Uncle Rocky: A fantastic question, my cybernetic chum! Fortunately, I already thought of that before the show. Let's welcome... BATH-TIME BETTY!

The spotlight hits the entrance ramp, as "It Takes Two" by Rob Bass hits the arena speakers. A VERY busty and attractive black woman, dressed in an orange and yellow bikini, and wearing Uncle Rocky's signature hat and glasses over her big natural afro, steps onto the ramp amidst plenty of hooting and cat-calls. Over one shoulder she has a towel. She leans to one side, one hand on her hip, the other holding up a bottle of Uncle Rocky's 3-In-1 Body Wash. She looks coyly at the audience, before strutting her fine self to the ring in time with the music. Two cameramen are following her closely, for reasons that could only be professional, amirite?

Robot Pete: Uncle Rocky, I hear cheering! Can I turn around please?

Uncle Rocky: No peeking while in Hygeine Mode!

Robot Pete: Oh well, I take the good with the bad I suppose! I can't wait to start squirting my hot steamy goodness all over our volunteer!

Uncle Rocky: That makes two of us, my positronic pal! Of course, we can't let our volunteer get COMPLETELY naked...

Robot Pete: Because your below-the-belt no-nos are nobody's business but your own, right Uncle Rocky?

Uncle Rocky: CORRECT-A-MUNDO! That's why for this demonstration, our assistant will only be taking off their top!

This gets another HUGE cheer from the audience, which Bathtime Betty responds to with more waving, coy poses, and a playful nibble on her finger. She gets down to ringside and leans on the apron, the two cameramen following her now backing off respectably.

Uncle Rocky: So, Bathtime Betty, are you ready to help us with this demonstration?

Bathtime Betty: I don't know, maybe... Perhaps I could get a little... convincing... from the audience?

The crowd CHEERS MADLY for this! Bathtime Betty laughs and rolls into the ring, followed by her entourage of cameramen.

Bathtime Betty: Oh, but I'm just so nervous, Uncle Rocky! I've never done this before - I mean, not in front of so many people...

Bathtime Betty leans on the turnbuckle, twirling the drawstrings on the front of her bikini. Uncle Rocky laughs and leans whimsically on one of the cameramen.

Uncle Rocky: It's okay, Bathtime Betty! It'll be just like when you do it in private, only THIS time the underwear stays on! If you like, I can even help you!

Bathtime Betty: Oh, Uncle Rocky... Would you help me?

The crowd cheers some more. Uncle Rocky gets a silly smirk on his face and winks at the cameraman he's leaning on, before turning to Bathtime Betty.

Uncle Rocky: I think you forgot the magic word...

Bathtime Betty gets even closer to Uncle Rocky, amidst more and more cat-calling. Her nose is just an inch from his.

Bathtime Betty: Pretty please will you help me?

The crowd is now clamoring for it! Uncle Rocky takes Bathtime Betty's hand very slowly... AND PLACES IT ON THE CAMERAMAN'S CHEST!

Uncle Rocky: NOW!

Bathtime Betty RIPS the cameraman's shirt open, revealing his gross, fat, hairy stomach! Uncle Rocky RIPS the cameraman's pants off - within a mere second, the pasty cameraman is down to his skid-marked tighty-whities! Uncle Rocky grabs the camera and quickly ducks down to all fours behind the cameraman, and Bathtime Betty pushes the cameraman so that he trips over Uncle Rocky and lands in the raft!

Uncle Rocky: It's HYGEINE TIME Robot Pete!

Robot Pete: Squee!

Steaming hot water begins gushing out of the nozzle, onto the confused cameraman and into the makeshift tub! As the cameraman struggles to regain his footing, Bathtime Betty squirts the entire bottle of Uncle Rocky's 3-in-1 Body Wash all over him! Uncle Rocky then reaches into Robot Pete's chest compartment and pulls out a shower scrubber! Rocky

holds the cameraman down with one hand and scrubs all that jiggly, pimped, hairy flesh with the brush in his other hand. After several moments of this, accompanied by HUGE amounts of BOOing, Uncle Rocky taps Robot Pete on the shoulder and asks for the water to stop, while Bathtime Betty tosses a towel at the cameraman's face.

The cameraman scrambles out of the tub immediately, trying desperately to wrap the towel around his waist but it's too small and only keeps falling at one end. Frustrated, he crawls out of the ring and hides under the announcer table. As Robot Pete stows away the bath supplies, Bathtime Betty slips on an Uncle Rocky t-shirt and matching pair of sweatpants.

Uncle Rocky: And THAT, my GOOD FRIENDS, is how you use body wash!

Robot Pete: Of course, with practice, you might even be able to take one whole shower without so much screaming and kicking!

The BOOOOOOs are rattling the arena. Uncle Rocky puts his arms around Bathtime Betty and Robot Pete.

Uncle Rocky: Thanks for laughing and learning with us today on UNCLE ROCKY'S FRIENDZONE! See you next time, friends!

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All the lights go out as the air raid siren at the start of the song sounds out. The fans immediately put their attention toward the entryway.

Cashmere: Here is the Dark Horse appearing right now...

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

Parquet: While joining VCW before it shutdown, she has displayed an ever-growing level of skill in the ring. She's shown that she's more than capable of holding the VCW Championship in its last moments under UTA.

Cashmere: But naysayers can easily argue that she is far too inexperienced, having no prior championship experience under here belt since signing up with VCW.

Parquet: But then why would James Ranger allow her to be in VCW if that was the case?

She is wearing a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood over her head, baggy fatigue pants, combat boots, elbow pads, and electrical tape all around her hands, wrists, and forearms. When she gets to the ring she slides under the bottom rope and paces once, waiting for her opponent while facing the entryway.

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere.

Parquet: Got the hot chocolate ready?

Cashmere: (passes a hot bottle) Already prepared.

A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reins and stands up in the sleigh.

Parquet: To be frank, this man was signed into VCW...not UTA...with three various championship belts and the in-ring experience to boot. Despite not being placed at the forefront of facing Dick Fury for the strap right away as some critic might claim, he was placed into the tournament.

Cashmere: While he lost, he did manage to secure a win over the reigning VCW Champion Dick Fury, which in James Ranger's eyes was reason enough to grant him the second chance to propelled him into the finals after beating former VCW Champion Lew Smith.

Parquet: The real question is...was the match he lost to Second Coming truly a fluke or was that shades of in-ring skill that was not shown prior to her arrival in VCW?

He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder. He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring.

He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty "HO..... HO..... HO!" at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him.

Mary and Santa stand firm, making eye contact as the ref stands between them. Neither is moving as the fans begin chanting their support for both of them.

Parquet: The winner in this match...advances to face Dick Fury. Both have everything to gain from this matchup, but everything to lose.

Cashmere: Its a matter of who wants it more and i can't wait to see it unfold tonight.

The ref takes a step back, signalling for the bell, the fans reach mid-pitch level of excitement as the two wrestlers circle the ring.

Santa is the first to attack, forcing Mary back against the corner, crossing her arms as he does. He connects with a knee to the gut, before whipping her across the ring. She connects with the turnbuckle corner as Santa comes from behind, connecting with a body splash.

Parquet: Pre-emptive assault by Santa, displaying his mettle as someone of championship pedigree.

Mary falls flat to the mat, allowing Santa to quickly flip her over and cover.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Mary kicks out with energy as Ms. Claus stands outside the ring visibly annoyed as Santa merely shrugs it off, grabbing his opponent by her hair, he lifts her up and body slams her back down to the ground. He proceeds to cover her once more.

Cashmere: I just gotta ask...

Parquet: What?

Cashmere: Where did he find Ms. Claus? How did she keep her figure?

ONE~!

TWO~!

Mary again kicks out, but this time with less force. Santa merely smirks as he stands up. He motions to the crowd, getting a decent response from the crowd in supporting him.

Mary stirs and moves away from Santa as he turns around, his wife pointing towards his adversary. He grabs for her left leg as she attempts to stand against the ropes. He attempts to pull her towards him but she holds on. On the second attempt she flows with the momentum, connecting with a dropkick to his chest that stumbles him back.

The fans begin to cheer in support for her as she gets up and ducks a clothesline by Santa, she runs across the ring, bouncing off the ropes, baseball slides under Santa's second attempted clotheslines, kicks the back of Santa's right leg, sending him buckling down to one knee.

Mary quickly applies the inverted DDT hold, dropping him on his back. Not wasting a moment, she quickly hops up to the top ropes, the her fans cheering for her, while Santa's fans boo as loud as they can.

She readies and jumps leapfrog off the top, landing on Santa's chest with knees connecting. The crowd pops as Santa groans in pain as she rolls off his chest, but quickly covers.

Cashmere: UNO~!

Parquet: DOS~!

T~Santa kicks out, much to the relief of Ms. Claus and his fans as Mary quickly gets up and claps her hands together a couple of times, the fans seemingly getting the message and doing it with her.

Mary readies as the clapping gets more intense, Santa stands on one knee, she charges for a superkick....

But Santa grabs her foot, pulling towards him and clean-cutting her down with a gruesome clothesline. He pauses to gain energy as Mary rolls over, her eyes seemingly spinning in their sockets as she tries to regain control of herself.

Santa grabs ahold of Mary, whipping her over to the corner, he follows, connecting with a body splash. He quickly hops back to push back in the corner. He smiles at his wife real quick before laying it into Mary with a flurry of punches.

The ref tries to interject but is chased off by Santa, but the second was all Mary needed to regain her strength as he turns around, connecting with a high kick to the head, the stuns momentarily. The fans reverse in their cheers as Mary jumps at Santa in a mad rush, but only allowing Santa to hoist her up and into position for the Yuletide Cheer.

Parquet: Sweet Christmas its coming!

Cashmere: The road to VCW Championship gold ends now!

Santa lifts her up to drop her down into a backbreaker, but Second Coming reverses it into a DDT hold, spinning it in place for more leverage and dropping to her knees. The fans roar as Santa now struggles to get out of the submission hold.

Cashmere: Shades of their first match against each other. Can he power out?

Santa tries to use his weight to reverse it and break free, but Mary merely screams in joy as she continues to wench back on his neck, supressing the blood to his brain as the seconds count by. The fans begin chanting "Tap Santa Tap!" as Santa continues to struggle. His hands rise up as if to tap on Second Coming's shoulder, but they merely ball into fists as they try to reach her. She finally drops him with the inverted DDT, but gets back on her knees and pulls back even more.

After a few more seconds, Santa finally succumbs and passes out, the ref looks over Santa's body as he grabs ahold of his left arm.

He raises it into the air.....he drops it once.....

He raises it into the air again....he drops it twice....

He raises it into the air again....

It drops back down firmly onto the mat as the fans cheer loud and proud as the ref signals for the bell. Second Coming releases the hold as falls backwards in relief as her theme song comes on.

Ann: And your winner by submission and #1 Contender to the VCW Championship....THE SECOND~~~ COMING~~!

Parquet: Damn she did it!

Cashmere: Not just did it, she proved Santa wrong and sends a powerful message to the VCW Champion in the process.

Parquet: Question is can she pull it off again in the championship match?

Cashmere: Anything can happen folks...up next is the dream match up of past and present: VCW Champion Dick Fury facing former UTA Heavyweight Champion Madman Szalinski in the main event! NEXT!

Got Your Back

We head to the back into The Shoot Kings locker room where Graham Clauson, Thatcher Rex, Madman Szalinski, and Ariel are.

Szalinski: Look, we know at least two members of Dynasty are here. Where there's two, there's got to be the others.

Clauson: No worries, Thatcher and I. We got your back.

Rex: Want us to come out with you?

Szalinski: Nah brother, I've this. I need to go out there and win this match on my own. If you could, just make sure there's no surprises during.

Clauson: No worries. Go out there and handle your business.

Rex: We'll be watching from in here.

Thatcher using his thumb to point to the monitor behind him. Ariel hugs on Madman, kissing him on the cheek through his mask.

Ariel: I'll be out there with you. No one will get through.

Madman laughs and pats her on the hand.

Szalinski: I know you can hold your own dear. You've proved that last week. I just want this to be a one on one fair match with the better man winning.

Clauson: There's no question, you got this and like I said, we got you.

Madman nods.

Szalinski: Thank you brother. Now, I've got to get ready for this match.

He turns and places his boot up on the bench, lowering his head in prayer as we fade from the back.

Brought to You By

Madman Szalinski is the official spokesperson. Do you have to have any other reason to become an official burrito taster?

THE SEARCH CONTINUES

The camera cuts backstage, a now fully made up and dressed KVT is storming through the corridors pounding on

every door in an attempt to find Tobias and Reaper.

KVT: I know you're around here somewhere Tobias, now get your cajun ass out here.

KVT grabs the collar of a nearby stage hand. She gives him a look that could kill. The kid says nothing and just points to a room. She shoves him back and heads to the door he pointed at. She stops herself from bursting in and takes a deep breathe.

KVT: Stay calm.

She wraps her knuckles on the door's surface.

KVT: Oh Tobias....

As the door slowly opens we see the room is completely dark. There is a very strong musk smell in the air that hits Kathryn in the nose like a straight jab. KVT sours her face as we hear from inside the room a couple grunting noises. KVT quickly starts to put two and two together as she hears a voice from over her shoulder.

Devereux: Chere, I don't tink yews want to interrupt him during his special rub rub time as he put it.

Kathryn spins on her heels, pulling the door shut and stepping back out of the room. She puts her hand out in front of her.

KVT: Hand it over.

Devereux: Hand over wat chere?

KVT: Don't try to be cute. You know damn well what. Hand it over and I'll forget you ever took it.

Devereux: I hasn't the foggiest what yew talkin bout chere. Are yew sure yew didn't misplace whatever it was?

KVT taps her foot impatiently. She was trying her damn hardest to stay as calm as possible.

KVT: You are the only person in this building that would know where to find it. You know it's not something I just misplace. Hand the Crucifix over or this is going to get very messy. Very quickly.

Tobias' face goes to one of complete and utter shock.

Devereux: Someone took de cross? What sort of low down no good villain would steal a cross?

KVT: The Cajun kind, clearly.

Tobias puts his hand over his heart and looks hurt.

Tobias: yew...yew cut me to the core chere! I'd do a many of tings but never would I steal a cross! I's raised good ole catholic yews know dat, I never disgrace de visage of our lord and savior.

Tobias stood up normal and just smirked, even he couldn't buy into this act.

Tobias: Tells yew what dough, yew more dan welcome to search me, just mind the fun bits.

KVT: You know as well as I do what's in that cross. How about I call the cops and let them search you...

Devereux: Dat fine to, I might get a little happy ending from one of de cute lady officers round heres. Too bad dough dat I no have yew cross. I mean if yew want, yew can even go into de locker room and search. If yews feel like interrupting sweaty stinky man couitious. Though I warn yews, if yew interrupt, he'll just try and get yew to join.

KVT pushes him against the wall, keeping a hand against his chest.

KVT: I am losing my patience Tobias. Don't make me do something you will regret.

Devereux: Chere please, not in de hall, I likes it wild and rough as yew know but not in de hall.

Tobias puts a hand tenderly over KVT's hand on his chest.

Devereux: I don't have it, seriously chere, I don't.

KVT slaps him across the face, hard.

KVT: You ass. You're going to pay for this. You're going to go into that locker room, interrupt whatever the hell they are getting up to in there and you're going to get me my damned cross!

Tobias just smiles.

Tobias: No...I'm not, it's not in dere and if'n yews want it so bad, yew can go in dere and look.

KVT: I'm not one of your dumb blonde conquests. I know you have it. Now where. Is. It.

Tobias: Finneeeee, yew do know how to ruin a guys good time.

Tobias knocks on the door three times then waits a second and does three more raps on the door. A couple moments pass and the door opens revealing a very sweaty Reaper who's dressed in a pair of boxers that are red with little black roses on them.

Reaper: Que?

Devereux: Hand it over.

Reaper: Really?

Devereux: Yea, de woman is too smart for de likes of us.

Reaper: Finnnneeeee.

Reaper whistles as from the darkness comes Poncho. Reaper grabs the sombrero of the donkey and lifts it up off his head. Turning it upside down Reaper reaches into the hat and pulls out the crucifix. Reaper hands it over like a pouting child.

Reaper: Here....meanie butt.

KVT Rolls her eyes at the childish insult and snatches the Crucifix from his hand. She starts to walk away but stops and turns to face Tobias one last time.

KVT: You ever try anything like this again, I will not be so calm and it won't just be me you're dealing with.

Reaper: Yes Mom...we'll be good lil boys.

Reaper turns around and goes back inside the locker room as Tobias just nods at KVT as he heads down the hallway to give Reaper his needed alone time.

Dick Fury is already in the ring. As the hi-hats count off four to start off "Dr. Wily Part One", Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Parquet: Main event action here tonight as the former UTA Champion goes one on one against the VCW Champion, Dick Fury.

Cashmere: Lets see, former champion who lost on his first defense against the current and reigning champion, who has defeated almost everyone who's stepped in the ring with him? This isn't a tough choice at all.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows... weighing in at one hundred eighty-seven pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope.

Announcer: MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air. Ariel stands near the ropes.

Parquet: Madman looking for the win tonight, but we know for a fact that Kathryn Vermont Thomas and Sean Jackson of Dynasty are in the building. You have to think this is weighing in on his mind as well.

Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and remains there for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning to face his opponent. Ariel walks up to Madman to say some last minute words.

As she exits the ring, the two men get ready for the match and the bell sounds.

Parquet: Here we go. They lock up. Dick Fury taking control, putting Madman Szalinski into a headlock.

Cashmere: The former champion with a lot to prove tonight.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski is able to escape, stomping the foot of Dick Fury.

Szalinski rolls around behind Dick Fury, wrapping his arms around the waist of the VCW Champion.

Parquet: Belly to back by Madman Szalinski.

Dick Fury tries to rip Madman's fingers apart. Finally, he is able to slip his own fingers in and begins to pull Madman's hands to the sides.

Parquet: Dick Fury trying to escape the grasp of Szalinski.

Cashmere: He is almost free.

Dick Fury holds Madman's arms up and to the side on each side. He begins to twist around as he bends down, still holding onto Madman's hands. All the way around now, he still holds the hands of Madman Szalinski who is arched backward, his head toward Fury.

Parquet: Dick Fury now in control.

Fury yanks back, collapsing Madman to the mat. He quickly takes off, running forward. He jumps off Szalinski then leaps up to the second rope, grabbing the top and throwing his legs out. However, Madman Szalinski rolls out of the way.

Parquet: Dick Fury sees Madman Szalinski in time to catch himself and land on his feet.

Cashmere: Quick thinking by Madman and an even quicker reaction by Dick Fury.

Fury turns around and steps forward as Madman rolls up to his knees and in one movement, catches Dick Fury into a fireman's carry, slamming him to his opposite side and leading into an arm bar.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski stretching the arm of Dick Fury

Fury pushes up and twist his arm, using Madman's gasp to pull him into a side knee. As Szalinski bends over, Dick Fury spins around with a back kick into the knees of Madman.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski collapses after that kick to the back of his knees.

Cashmere: The back and forward so far has been great.

Parquet: Dick Fury runs past Madman Szalinski who is on his knees. Fury off of the ropes and on the return.

As Dick Fury goes for a shining wizard, Madman quickly springs up, wrapping his arm under Fury's leg and taking him over.

Parquet: Dragon screw leg take down by Madman Szalinski.

Cashmere: Great counter there by the Madman.

Fury rolls over quickly and pushes his way up as madman gets up as well. Both men nod at each other out of respect.

Parquet: These two men are hot tonight.

Cashmere: This has that big match feel to it, I can dig this.

Parquet: Both men charge each other.

Madman ducks down as Dick Fury leaps over him.

Parquet: Leap frog by Fury. Both off of the ropes again.

As they return, Dick Fury stops and shoots his leg up for a super kick. Madman Szalinski sees it in time and is able to stop his in motion run, with his head pulling back in almost cartoonish fashion, just inches away from the foot of his opponent.

Parquet: Dick Fury went for a superkick and almost ended this now.

Cashmere: He wanted to outshine La Flama Blanca's superkick from earlier tonight.

Szalinski spins to his right and ducks down, while going behind Dick Fury. He steps up grabbing Fury quickly and lifting him up and back.

Parquet: German suplex by Madman Szalinski!

Dick Fury hits the canvas and rolls to his stomach, quickly scurrying back on the mat, keeping his eyes on Madman who turns over and gets to a knee.

Parquet: Dick Fury pushes up, runs toward Madman. Szalinski springs to his feet.

As Dick Fury charges, he stays semi low. Szalinski charges as well.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski leaps....

As he jumps over Dick Fury, he slides down head first, grabbing around Fury's waste and pulling him over with him.

Parquet: Sunset flip into a pin by Madmand Szalinski!

Cashmere: No!

The referee drops and begins to count as Dick Fury kicks his feet.

Parquet: Kickout at one. Dick Fury escaping a potential bad situation.

Cashmere: Madman Szalinski setting the pace here.

Parquet: Dick Fury holding his own though, showing why he is the VCW Champion.

Both men once again roll over and shoot up, running toward each other. Fury leaps up, turning side ways.

Parquet: Cross body by Dick Fury!

As they hit the mat, Fury quickly hooks Madman's leg.

Parquet: Fury now going for a pin.

Cashmere: These two men are really wanting to put each other out.

Parquet: Kickout at two!

Cashmere: That was close.

The fans are cheering for the match as both men continue to put on a great match. They both get to their feet yet again. Fury quickly moves forward with a kick that Madman Szalinski catches.

Parquet: Madman catches that kick attempt by Fury.

Dick Fury looks surprised for a moment and then spins around, connecting with the head of Madman Szalinski.

Parquet: Enziguri by Fury!

Cashmere: He almost took his head off.

Dick Fury quickly pushes up and runs to the corner.

Parquet: Dick Fury climbing the turnbuckle.

Cashmere: Fury going up top.

Parquet: He leaps...

Cashmere: Fury is flying have way across the ring!

Dick Fury comes down with a flying elbow drop, that connects.

Parquet: What an elbow drop!

Cashmere: Look out ladies, there is a flying Dick in the building!

Dick Fury quickly pins Madman Szalinski again.

Parquet: He may have it.

Cashmere: I don't know how Madman can continue. The impact of that elbow shook the ring.

Parquet: I don't know how Dick Fury was able to fly so far.

The referee's hand hits the mat.

Parquet: Kickout in just a split second before the three!

The fans are on their feet. Dick Fury can't believe that Madman Szalinski kicked out again. Ariel is in disbelief outside of the ring as well.

Parquet: This match certainly.... wait!

As Dick Fury begins to get up, Madman Szalinski sits up, wrapping his arm around Fury's head, and pulling back, locking his legs around the waist of Dick.

Parquet: Guillotine choke!

Cashmere: Whatever you do, don't tap Dick!

Parquet: He's got the Deathtrap locked in!

Madman Szalinski laughs manically as he pulls tighter. Ariel is jumping up and down on the outside as the referee watches closely.

Parquet: Fury has to tap! he has to!

Cashmere: No regular man can withstand that!

Dick Fury tries to get away, but he just allows Madman to get a tighter hold.

Parquet: Come on Dick, tap!

Dick Fury refuses to tap, still trying to escape. However, shortly his body goes limp.

Parquet: It seems that Dick Fury is unconscious. Madman Szalinski has wo...

In the Air Tonight by Phil Collins begins to play over the PA System.

Parquet: That's Sean Jackson's theme! Where is he though?!

Cashmere: Business is about to pick up.

Madman lets go of Dick and quickly slides out of the ring and begins up the ramp.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski heading to meet Sean Jackson head on, but I see no Jackson! The referee is counting.

Cashmere: The mind games by Dynasty are on full force here.

Beside the ring, Ariel yells for Madman to come back. However, from the crowd, we see Kathryn Vermont Thomas jump the barrier.

Parquet: KVT! It's KVT!

She yanks the time keeper out of his chair and picks it up, folding it flat.

Parquet: Madman! Get back to the ring!

Kathryn Vermont Thomas runs behind Ariel, swinging the chair up before coming down, slamming her into the back with force. Ariel lets out a shriek before crumbling to the floor. KVT brings the chair up and begins to smash Madman Szalinski's wife across the back more. Szalinski looks back and sees what is going on. Fear rushes through his body as he turns and starts to head back to the ring.

Parquet: It may be too late. The damage may be done already as Kathryn Vermont Thomas continues to hit Ariel with that chair.

The referee continues to count, now at eight.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski trying to get to his wife, but unable to as KVT is holding the former UTA Champion off with that chair.

She holds it up and yells for Madman to bring it. His eyes tell the story of a man who desperately wants to just get to his wife. The bell begins to ring. Madman quickly looks up at the referee who has counted him out.

Parquet: This one is over. Dynasty has done what the... OH MY GOD!

As Madman is distracted, Kathryn Vermont Thomas comes forward and swings the chair down. Madman turns his head back just in time for the steel to come down across the top of his head. The former UTA Champion goes down and Kathryn Vermont Thomas begins to laugh.

Parquet: Madman Szalinski was distracted and he has paid the cost. Where are The Shoot Kings? Why is no one out here to help him?!

Cashmere: They are just showing what kind of team that The Shoot Kings are, that's all. Not as close as Dynasty.

Parquet: There has to be more to this than that!

KVT holds the chair up displaying the dents in it as her music takes over. The camera zooms in on Madman and Ariel,

both on the floor holding their bodies.

Announcer: The winner of this match via count out.... the VCW Champion... DICK... FUUURRRYYYYY!!!!

The referee helps Dick to his feet, holding his arm up. Dick looks around, unsure what has happened.

Parquet: A win for Dick Fury who had all but lost this one. He doesn't know what is going on and maybe even where he is after that match with madman Szalinski.

Cashmere: Hey, a win is a win, and the VCW Champion is going into his upcoming title match against The Second Coming with momentum.

KVT stands at the top of the stage, chair in hand as Sean Jackson steps out from the back joining her.

Parquet: There is Jackson. But where are The Shoot Kings?

Our answer comes in the form of the big screen going to the back. A door labeled "Shoot Kings" is seen. Up against it is a chair under neath the door handle. From inside we hear banging. The door moves but doesn't open as the chair just fits more firmly into position to keep the door handle from moving down.

Parquet: That's where Sean Jackson was. Making sure that there would be no interruptions. Tonight Dynasty stands tall.

Cashmere: As it should be!

Parquet: That's all the time we have. Tune in next week here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com for another episode of Victory and then catch Wrestleshow live on PSE! Have a great night!

The camera zooms in on KVT laughing as Sean Jackson pats her on the shoulder for a good job as we fade to black.

Show Credits

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