

Victory: XII

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

Date: November 1, 2014

Results

VICTORY

Segment

Victory XII

1 Nov 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 former VCW Champion, Dick Fury, and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentleman to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA Dot Com! I'm Jennifer Williams and joining me as my new partner here on Victory, the former VCW Champion... Dick Fury! Welcome to the booth Dick.

Fury: Dick is happy to be here, sitting next to a sexy mocha sistah like yourself Jennifer.

Taken back a bit, Jennifer breaks the uncomfortable silence following Dick's introduction.

Williams: Well... uh... thank you.

Fury: No problem chocolate mama.

A few more moments of uncomfortable silence.

Williams: Well, after a few weeks off, Victory is back with three exciting matches sure to set the UTA Universe on fire.

Fury: Exciting? What? Is Dick booked in all three matches tonight? That's the only way any of them could be half way decent.

Williams: This coming from the man who lost a submission match just two weeks ago to The Second Coming.

Fury: The Second Coming cheated, just like a woman. The things she did were across the line and she should be fired! Dick's little Fury will never be the same again...

Williams: Well, th-

Fury: Want to see Jennifer?

Williams: Umm... no?

Fury: Yea you do.

Jennifer just sighs, mentioning under her breath something about missing Stan before she continues.

Williams: In our first match tonight, former VCW Internet Champion, Tommy Lipton, returns to face a legend in the sport. Tonight, Turk makes his UTA debut against Tommy Lipton.

Fury: Tommy Lipton.. Don't make Dick laugh. That guy is a joke.

Williams: Pot calling kettle...

Fury: Huh?

Williams: Our second match is an UTA Women's match as The Second Coming takes on Zhalia Fears in Fear's debut match. I bet this match makes you happy, huh Dick?

Fury: No.

Williams: But it's two women at the same time.

Fury: Dick doesn't care.

Williams: Is it because The Second Coming beat you?

Fury: Look Jennifer! How many times does Dick have to say it? She cheated! The referee cheated! Dick did not submit! There was no submission hold put into place!

Williams: You quit though.

Fury: Whatever.

Jennifer chuckles a little, knowing she now has a way to get under Dick's skin a bit, then continues.

Williams: Tonight's main even puts one half of The Good Friends, Uncle Rocky, against the debuting Kid Inertia II.

Fury: Dick hasn't even heard of Kid Inertia I. Why does this goober get a main event match? Then there is Uncle Rocky... that guy has a screw or two loose too. At least he isn't bad as the guy who wears a Robot Suit all of the time. Who does that?

Williams: I love Robot Pete! We all wish him a quick recovery after that vicious attack two weeks ago by Kathryn Vermont Thomas and a bottle of water.

Fury: That just sounds dumb to Dick.

Williams: Well, you do know how dumb Dick sounds to everyone else, right?

Fury: Who? Lesbians?

Jennifer just sighs.

Williams: It's time to kick Victory off as we get ready to get into the action.

Fury: Dick likes the sound of that.

We hear a clinging.

Williams: What are you doing?!

Fury: Dick's taking his belt off. It's time for action, isn't it?

Williams: Are you kidding me? Stop that!

Fury: What?

Williams: Let's get to the first match.

We head up to the top of the stage.

hits and pyros explode as Tommy walks out in his ring attire.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring first. From Toronto, Ontario. He stands at six foot five and weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty six pounds... The former VCW internet Champion... Tommy.... LIIPPPPTTTOONNN!!!

Williams: Lipton with a huge obstacle ahead of him as he takes on a legendary man, Turk.

Fury: What's so legendary about him?

Williams: Just look back at Legacy of Champions, The Asylum, and Universal Wrestling!

Fury: Why? The UTA is all that matters Jennifer. Dick urinates on the graves of those places.

Williams: I really miss Stan.

Tommy enters the ring, mounting the turnbuckles and raising his hands to the fans as his music fades out.

The drums of by Suicide Silence erupt through darkness as spotlights highlight one of the most unhinged men in professional wrestling - Turk.

Announcer: Hailing from Chicago, Illinois...

Back to the crowd, his leg begins pounding time into the stage with the growing drum line of the music, until the quick crescendo as he leaps into the air turning the face the jeers that follow him everywhere.

Announcer: Standing at six foot three... and weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds...

Turk begins down the ramp toward the ring.

Announcer: The Psycho.... TURRRRRKKKKKK!!!!!!

Turk reaches the ring. In one fluid motion, he leaps to the apron, grabbing the ropes as his feet plant on the edge of the ring. A series of pyrotechnics shoot from all four corners of the ring, catching Tommy Lipton by surprise.

Williams: Big time entrance by the debuting Turk here in the UTA!

Fury: Is Dick supposed to be impressed? All he is is a monkey doing his little dance for these idiots out here.

Williams: You are so negative.

Fury: You're damn right Dick is negative. He has the papers from the doctor to prove it!

We hear paper rustling through the microphone as Turk enters the ring.

Williams: First off, why do you carry this with you? Secondly... it's from two thousand and two...

Fury: Those things are like condoms, they never expire.

Williams: Wow... Just wow....

As the music begins to fade out, Turk stomps around the ring.

Williams: Turk is ready folks. You can see it in his eyes and body language. Although about the same size, Turk seems to have tunnel vision. That vision? An injured Tommy Lipton.

Fury: Retard strength Jennifer. That's what Turk has.

Williams: Really Dick?

As the bell sounds, Turk begins to stomp quickly toward Tommy Lipton.

Williams: Lipton charging Turk.

As he runs toward Turk, the legend just comes forward with an elbow to the face of Lipton, halting him.

Williams: Turk with another elbow to the head of Lipton.

He grabs Tommy's head and comes forward with a head butt.

Williams: Head butt by Turk.

Lipton stumbles back, toward the ropes. He finds himself landing onto the ropes, hanging onto the top one, trying to shake the stars off.

Williams: Turk not giving up as he continues toward Tommy Lipton.

Turk turns Lipton around and begins to slam rights and lefts into his mid section. Tommy's back is held up by the ropes as he tries to cover up.

Williams: Heavy shots to the mid section of Tommy Lipton. Now a right to the face, followed by a left. Tommy Lipton unable to block Turk's offense.

The referee quickly gets between the two, trying to push Turk back.

Williams: Tommy Lipton being given a moment to breath as the referee holds Turk off.

Fury: Who needs a moment to breath? These guy was your VCW Internet Champion folks. Dick just thinks he is an idiot.

Williams: You think everyone is an idiot.

Fury: Fair enough.

Turk finally pushes through the referee, and grabs the head of Tommy Lipton. Holding the back of his head, Turk slides the eyes of Lipton across the top rope. The referee yells at him.

Williams: Turk letting go, but the damage may be done and Tommy Lipton may be blinded.

Fury: It's not like he could see how much of a joke he was already anyway.

Turk takes a few steps back before charging Lipton yet again.

Williams: Turk charges Tommy Lipton. He throws his foot up... Big boot catches a blinded Tommy Lipton in the face!

Tommy is sent backward into the ropes, his body tumbling over the top one and falling to the floor.

Fury: Dick is pretty sure, that's not the first time Tommy Lipton has taken a hard shot to the face, and not the last time either.

Williams: Wasting no time, Turk heading to the ropes.

Turk climbs to the apron and leaps down to the floor.

Williams: Turk lifting Lipton to his feet. The former VCW Internet Champion sent hard into the steel steps out here!

As Tommy hits the steps, an echoing sound is heard ring out.

Fury: Why keep calling him the former Internet Champion? What does it matter? He was stripped of the title for not being any good. Where's the pride in that? At least Dick defended his title like a man.

Williams: And lost to a woman.

Fury: Do you ever shut up?

Turk continues his assault, lifting the left arm of Tommy Lipton and stomping the inside of his arm.

Williams: Turk not allowing any offense from Lipton here in this opening match.

Fury: Dick didn't know he was going to sit along side of Captain Obvious tonight or he would have wore his sidekick cape.

Williams: Lipton now pulled back to his feet, being rolled into the ring.

Once Tommy is rolled into the ring, Turk kneels down and lifts the apron, digging under neath of it.

Williams: Turk seems to be looking for something to introduce into this. I hope he knows that this is a normal match and he could be disqualified.

Fury: Who cares? At least Dick will get the pleasure of seeing Tommy Lipton hurt. You know how Dick loves pleasure.

You can almost hear the rolling of Jennifer's eyes. From under the ring, Turk begins to pull a table.

Williams: Things are not looking good for Tommy Lipton as Turk slides a table into the ring!

Turk grabs the ropes and pulls himself to the apron before heading into the ring.

Williams: Turk back in the ring as Tommy Lipton is still down.

Fury: Story of his life.

Turk lifts one edge of the table and pulls down the legs, securing them. He then drags it to the corner, propping the table up in the corner, using the legs for support. The referee tries to warn Turk, who ignores him as he makes his way over to Tommy.

Williams: The debuting Turk now pulling Tommy Lipton to his feet. He could be on his road to disqualification here!

Turk grabs Lipton's arm and begins to set in motion a whip, however the referee jumps into action getting between the two and the table. His hands are up and he is yelling for Turk to stop. Letting go of Lipton, Turk begins to yell at the referee to move.

Williams: Lipton seems to be trying to recover as Turk argues with the referee.

Frustrated, Turk turns back to Lipton who quickly rushes into play. He throws his arm across Turk's chest, his other hand grabbing the back of him.

Williams: TOMMY LIPTON GOING FOR THE LIPTON SLAM!

His attempt is thwarted as Turk slams his elbow into the side of Tommy's head, and follows up with a boot to his stomach.

Williams: Lipton unable to capitalize.

Fury: Just like his entire career.

He shoves Tommy's head between his legs. Turk lifts each arm of Tommy and leaps up. As he comes down to his knees, Tommy Lipton's head is planted into the canvas.

Williams: The Split Personality! This one is over.

Fury: Wasn't it from the start?

Turk rolls Tommy over and covers him. the referee slides to the canvas and begins his count.

Williams: There's the three. Turk beating former VCW In-

Fury: That again? Who cares?!

The referee begins to call for the bell.

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

Williams: Turk takes home the victory here in his debut match. But it doesn't look like he is done.

Turk stands, pulling Tommy with him. He wraps his arm around Tommy's neck, and grabs the side of his tights before lifting Lipton vertically. He holds him for a few moments, before falling backward, sending Tommy Lipton into the propped up table.

Williams: Vertical suplex through the table as Turk establishes nothing but dominance in this opening bout!

Fury: Whatever. Dick is better than him.

Williams: Why don't you tell that to him to his face?

Fury: Why? Dick's done wrestling. He doesn't need this nobody trying to drag him back into the ring. These fans can't handle any more Dick. They're all Dicked out!

Turk's music begins to play yet again as he stands in the middle of the ring, looking down at his handy work. The referee checks on Tommy Lipton. Turk walks over, pulling the referee up and out of the way.

Williams: Is he not done?

Turk begins to unlace Tommy's boots before he begins to pull them off.

Williams: Wait.. he's... taking Tommy Lipton's boots?

Dick: He will probably put them to better use than Lipton ever did.

Williams: You just can't steal someone's boots like that!

Turk finishes removing the boots, admiring them as we fade.

"Beautiful" Bobb...

A large, and when I say large, I mean fat, obnoxiously fat, man walks up to Sawyers in a pair of california blue speedos, matching blue wrestling boots with white laces, and a very snug and very bright pink "I LOVE DICK" Dick Fury t-shirt, that appears to be four sizes too small. He walks right up to an exasperated and very confused Sawyers.

Sawyers: ...

BBD: Ah, it's so nice to be back, in the wonderful world of UTA, what did UTA stand for again?

Sawyers: United Toughn...

BBD: Anyway, like I was saying, it's wonderful to be back. I'm excited to pick up where I left off, for those of you that don't know me, I'm the undefeated one, "Beautiful" Bobb...

Sawyers: Undefeated?

BBD: Yea, undefeated, according to my bio page on the website I'm the 1-0, "Beautiful" Bobb...

Sawyers: Are you dyslexic or what? You're 0-1.

BBD: Dyslexic? Is that where you're afraid of playing the lottery?

Sawyers: No, that's arithmophobia.

BBD: Is dyslexic where you have a fear of people's opinions?

Sawyers: That's allodoxaphobia, wanna try again, or would you like to listen to the answer?

BBD: Oh, then it's got to be the fear of knees. I've definitely got a fear of those things! They're so wrinkled and ugly looking. Have you seen KVT's knees? Oh man, they keep me up at night with nightmares! They're so WHITE!

Bobby shudders simply thinking of her knobby pale knees. Good thing she covers them up most of the time.

Sawyers: No, that's genophobia. Dyslexia is where letters and numbers are re-organized when you're reading them. 0-1, 1-0...

BBD: So, wait a minute, you're telling me I'm really not undefeated?

Sawyers: Yes, you lost to CBR in your only match in UTA. It was just about 3 seconds, to be honest, it was one of the most horrendous and lopsided matches in UTA history! I'm surprised you're even able to show your face around here! Then again, it looks like your new face ate your old face, four times over, sheesh, how many chins do you have there?

Bobby looks at her with confusion and simply asks.

BBD: Who?

Sawyers rolls her eyes, it's like dealing with a mentally handicapped child. It takes patience and understanding, only Bobby isn't mentally handicapped, so it's more just a matter of refraining yourself from punching him in the mouth. Sawyers is struggling at this point.

Sawyers: The Candian Star, Claude Baptiste Ranier, the current UTA Internet Champion, member of Dynasty.

BBD: I can't believe this, I thought I was undefeated! This ruins my whole schtick! I was going to make my triumphant return, challenge Yoshii to a wet t-shirt match for the UTA Championship, and you know, sign women's boobs and have people buy me drinks cause I'm so famous...

Sawyers: Yeah, no.

BBD: And you're saying this CBR fellow used me as a stepping stone to get the Internet title? Well, that there sounds like fightin' words to me! Where is that dirty rotten scoundrel? Sounds like we've got ourselves some unfinished business to attend to, no one used "Beautiful" Bobb...

Sawyers interrupts Bobby again, quickly holding up her hand in Bobby's face.

Sawyers: I don't think that's a good idea.

BBD: What? You said this way?

Bobby begins to walk off, punching his fist into his open palm, an obvious sign of aggression.

Sawyers: Well, there you have it folks, "Beautiful" Bobb...

BBD: I think I'm going the wrong way...

Bobby interrupts Sawyers as he turns around and heads back in the opposite direction. Sawyers simply looks into the camera and rolls her eyes.

Sawyers: Back in the UTA. Oh joy.

UTA - Your Preliminary Test

The camera swings sideways to show a man in a modern but minimalist black and white suit, complete with a golden pen tucked into his shirt pocket. The man - suntanned, well-groomed - simply stares for a moment with a cocky smile. He is Harry Eastman.

Eastman: So you know who I am. You don't need the big dramatic introduction where I rush to the ring, assault one of your heroes and the commentators scream "OH MY GOD! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S HERE!" and all that malarkey.

He smiles.

Eastman: I don't need that kind of push, I push myself. You already know who is standing before you...THE TEACHER HARRY EASTMAN! And you know that like any good teacher, I give tests. UTA, your first test has already begun.

Eastman leans forward and speaks sibilantly.

Eastman: Can you survive? No, no, I don't mean I'm some seven foot ogre that's gonna plod my way through matches that I win by bear hugging or choke holds. I mean, can you handle my presence? You see, GEW couldn't. They went under less than a month after I arrived. Paragon couldn't, they went under a week after I won the world title.

Eastman reaches down and pulls a belt up off the floor.

Eastman: This world belt is now useless. You see, wherever I go, I cause shock waves, I don't play politics, I don't kiss ass backstage. I just test the roster. So UTA, I hope you have a strong, stable set up because The Teacher is here and this time, I plan to stick around, whether you have the finances to handle meor not.

Eastman leans back again.

Eastman: Start taking notes..... class begins soon.

We fade.

Every light in the arena suddenly shuts off while handheld phones and devices illuminate the darkness. They are joined by a lone dark orange light that shines down upon the ring as by Jefferson Airplane starts up.

Before the lyrics can get started a slow puffing of smoke on either-side of the entrance way requests attention.

Williams: This woman truly creeps me out. She's like a batch of bad acid mixed with the worse cocktail imaginable.

Fury: You kidding? Back when Dick was a kid that is the stuff he tripped on tripped on!

A LOUD screech interrupted the music just before the lyrics kicked in once more. The curtains burst open as a woman holding her hair by the sides ran down the aisle and collided headfirst into the ring apron with a resounding thud.

Announcer: Currently on leave from the Broadmoor Hospital in Crowthorne, UK!

She steps back from the ring and gives a slight shake either direction of her head. Running her hands down her hair strands and releasing them. Her palms crossing one over the other as she felt forward to the apron mouthing quietly to herself: Real.

Announcer: Standing at five foot eight, and weighing in at one hundred and forty-two pounds...

Her face as pale as a ghost she reaches up and grips the bottom rope and with a tug mouths: Real, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes to the closest corner and leans forward onto it.

Announcer: She is... 'KIMERA'... ZHALIA FEARS!

Zhalia heard her name but gave no heed to it choosing instead to rest her head down upon the top turnbuckle. Tilting slightly to view the entrance aisle as the final words of the lyrics played out.

Williams: She's taking the whole 'Feed your Head' thing a bit too serious.

Fury: Kimera is an apt name for her. That woman looks like she's never seen sunlight in her life.

The air raid siren sounds off as by OTEP starts up. The lights go down and a single spotlight shines on the entryway.

After several seconds of anticipation, The Second Coming walks through the curtain and stops just after entry. Her entire head is obscured by the hood of her sweatshirt, and her gaze is focused down.

Williams: Hey Dick, it's your favorite superstar! The new VCW Champion is here!

Fury: This chick is still employed? I thought now that VCW was totally gone, she'd be in the unemployment line with the rest of the nobodies.

She took several cleansing breaths, as if she's psyching herself up for the evening's match.

Announcer: Hailing from New York, New York!

2C walked the aisle in the very center, consciously oblivious to the cheering fans on either side of her. The black hoodie, black pants, black boots and black face mask nearly obscured her completely, though her confidence - filled walk implied that her nondescript appearance was not to be taken lightly.

Announcer: Standing at five feet nine inches, and weighing in at one hundred and forty pounds...

There was no pageantry or fuss as the Second Coming stepped through the ropes. She paced the perimeter a step away from the ropes like a caged animal, flexing her tape - covered hands and wrists as the lights started to come up.

Announcer: THE... SECOOOOND... COMING!

As the fans cheered 2C's name, she unzipped the hoodie, the VCW Championship around her waist, and waited.

Williams: Look at that belt. Isn't it great Dick?

Fury: Dick's seen the belt around quite a few lady's waist Jennifer. But they were usually naked and it was a part of a roleplay session.

The music died down and the Second Coming had her eyes focused on her opponent, waiting for the bell to ring after handing the title off.

Williams: The Second Coming, the current VCW Champion, will have a chance to select either the Wildfire or UTA Internet Championship to turn it in for. Which title do you think she will go for Dick?

Fury: Which title? Well, is filthy wh-

Williams: Whoh! Just stop right there.

Fury: Dick was just going to say, she already has that title.

As the bell sounds to begin the match, both women begin to circle before locking up.

Williams: Collar to elbow tie up to kick us off here.

Second Coming swings Zhalia's arm to the side and twists it once into an arm ringer, moving behind and turning the wrist up into a hammerlock. Zhalia is quick to duck low and turn to the side, breaking loose and slipping Second Coming into a side headlock after spinning free.

Williams: Zhalia Fears debuting against a tough opponent tonight.

Fury: The Second Coming isn't so tough.

Williams: You lost to her.

Fury: She kicked Dick in the ba-

Williams: Excuses, excuses Dick.

Fury: Keep it up Jennifer. Dick will make a phone call to his buddy Mike Best who knows how to handle mouthy women like you.

During Jennifer and Dick's argument, The Second Coming has broken out of the side headlock by putting the wristlock/hammerlock combination back on, switching back and forth between the two as Zhalia does not allow her to keep either hold in place for very long.

Williams: The Second Coming is working the arm of Fears.

Fury: Fears needs to get out of that and break her neck.

With a side headlock being firmly applied, Second Coming pulls Zhalia back to the ropes with her and pushes off, sending her opponent running to the ropes across the ring. Second Coming steps into Zhalia with her hip, grabbing her around the shoulders and flipping her over by hooking a leg with her foot and sweeping it out from underneath.

Williams: Second Coming with the judo takedown!

Second Coming goes to wrench on the head and arm together, but a headscissors with the legs brings her back down. Zhalia holds on, but Second Coming is about to move about and eventually headstand her way out of the move, landing back on her feet. Second Coming steps back, backpedaling all the way into the corner.

Fury: And she's tired already!

Williams: No, she is not, she's giving her a clean break.

Zhalia wastes no time coming to her feet. Second Coming comes in to lock up, but her hands are slapped away roughly. Paying no mind, Second Coming keeps coming in. Zhalia even jabs a slap towards her face, but Second Coming keeps moving in closer with the hands coming in. When Second Coming reaches in, Zhalia swims through her hands to break them, clinches in, and drives a European uppercut into Second Coming's upper chest.

Fury: Here we go!

Williams: Zhalia Fears's coming with the offense now!

Fury: Get her!

Zhalia uses the recoil to lock Second Coming in a front face lock, swinging the arm up and over the head quickly. She easily gets Second Coming up and down with a loud snap suplex.

Fury: THERE we go! And she's hanging on...

Zhalia rolls the duo over, pulling Second Coming and herself to a standing base...only to slam Second Coming down with an even louder snap suplex, a slightly audible curse coming from Second Coming when she hits the canvas.

Williams: Two! And she's going for the third one!

Fury: Hey Zhalia! When you're done with her, why don't you meet Dick backstage and lock up with him! This is great!

Zhalia prepares to snap Second Coming for a third suplex. She goes to bring Second Coming up, but Second Coming curls her knees and blocks the attempt. Second Coming then twirls Zhalia hard, dropping her quickly with a swinging neckbreaker out of nowhere.

Williams: Amazing reversal!

Fury: Dick's seen better,

Second Coming pulls Zhalia up with the neck by using a three-quarter nelson, then a light front face lock to set up a second swinging neckbreaker.

Williams: Second Coming wants one more! She wants one more!

Second Coming points high into the air, but Zhalia escapes just as Second Coming starts turning her for the third swinging neckbreaker.

Fury: That's what you get when you try to show off.

Williams: Zhalia Fears gets out!

When Second Coming turns all the way around to face Zhalia, a standing dropkick awaits her. Second Coming stumbles back a bit against the ropes, but a two-step running clothesline flips her backwards, over and onto the floor where she lands onto her feet, falling back against the railing. Zhalia stays in the ring, getting a little bit of a bounce to her while turning her body towards the ropes across the ring, but keeping her eyes on Second Coming as she pulls herself to her feet by using the railing.

Williams: What's Zhalia Fears about to do here?

Zhalia runs across the ring, looking to hit a suicide dive. Second Coming pulls back at the last second, prompting Zhalia to grab the ropes and do the same.

Fury: Close!...

Zhalia slides through underneath the bottom with a baseball slide anyway, but Second Coming sidesteps. Zhalia comes out onto the floor, where Second Coming meets her.

Williams: They're going at it on the floor now, not even slowing down...

Second Coming attempts to whip Zhalia into the ringpost, but Zhalia jukes around and leapfrogs onto the apron on the adjacent side of the ringpost. Second Coming comes around the ringpost, but Zhalia turns the corner with a springboard rounding crossbody from the apron!

Williams: What a move by Zhalia Fears! Now they have to slow down!

Fury: Why? Dick loves his women fast! Easy too, but fast!

Second Coming and Zhalia move around on the floor, the ref now at two in his ten-count. Second Coming pulls herself to all fours with the bottom of the railing as Zhalia crawls up from the ring apron.

Williams: The champ's getting to her feet...

Second Coming is leaning over the railing, now on her feet. Zhalia sits on the ring apron, swinging her legs through to break the count.

Williams: Now Second Coming is getting back into the ring....Zhalia Fears is waiting for her to get back to her feet...

Zhalia shoves Second Coming back into the nearest corner, quickly whipping her across the ring into the opposite corner. Second Coming jumps up to the middle rope, but Zhalia ducks through underneath when she leaps off with a Bionic elbow.

Williams: She almost got Zhalia Fears there... SPINNING HEEL KICK OUT OF NOWHERE! SECOND COMING DUCKS!

Zhalia gets up quickly after missing the kick, but Second Coming does not miss when she throws a stiff open hand to Zhalia's cheek. Second Coming uses a forearm to hit her again, and shove her back into the corner.

Williams: What a slap by The Second Coming!

Second Coming attempts to whip Zhalia out, but Zhalia reverses and squashes Second Coming in the same corner, throwing a short right hand to the head after doing so. Zhalia jumps onto Second Coming, hooking her legs into the ropes while on the middle ropes with her knees, throwing more short punches.

Williams: Second Coming's in BIG trouble now!

Fury: This is great!

Zhalia widens her shots a little more, but Second Coming can do little to deflect them. Zhalia holds Second Coming's head back to hit her again.

Fury: Dick is in love!

Second Coming traps Zhalia's arm, and pulls her in close. Zhalia loses balance, and one of her feet slips from being hooked on the rope. Second Coming walks out of the corner, holding Zhalia over her left shoulder.

Williams: How did The Second Coming get out of that?

Second Coming takes a couple of steps forward, turning around and dropping back to put Zhalia down with a waterwheel suplex. Sitting up, Second Coming holds her head and falls over to one side, while Zhalia is still laid out.

Williams: And now we've got both of them down...the first one to make a mistake will lose this one.

The camera looks over at Second Coming, still holding her head while curled up on the mat. Meanwhile, Zhalia rolls over to push herself up onto her knees.

Williams: Fears getting to her feet, pulling The Second Coming up with her.

Zhalia grabs the left arm of The Second Coming, pulling back.

Williams: Second Coming whi- NO! She reversed. Zhalia Fears sent into the ropes. On the return. Second Coming ducks a clothesline.

As she does, she turns around and quickly throws her right arm up and around Zhalia's neck in mid run. In one swift move, Second Coming pulls back hard while pushing down. Zhalia drops to her knees as Second Coming holds her in a reverse DDT like hold without dropping her.

Williams: Second Coming with The Holy Experience! Holy Experience! She's applying pressure now! Can Zhalia Fears get free?! She may have to tap!

Fury: Don't do it! Don't get her the satisfaction!

Williams: Second Coming still holding on tight. The back of Zhalia Fears can't take much more.

Fears begins to tap and the referee calls for the bell as The Second Coming lets go.

Williams: She's done it! Second Coming, the VCW Champion, has come out victorious!

Announcer: The winner of this match by way of submission.... THE... SECOND... COMMMINNNGGGGG!!!!

Williams: Two matches in a row, Second Coming has won by her opponent giving up.

Fury: Dick didn't give up damn it!

Williams: That's not what I saw Dick. That's not what the world saw.

Fury: Well you need to get your eyes check. Dick never stops coming when he's in that ring.

The Second Coming is handed the VCW Championship. She walks over to the ropes and holds it up high, facing Fury at the booth and just staring.

Fury: What? Is Dick supposed to be impressed?

She brings the title in and holds it close to her chest as her music continues and we fade.

Oh, Ain't That a Kick in the Head?

Ariel cold-opens the shot, standing in front of a locker room door. Yelling can be heard from the other side of the door.

Ariel: Hey, everyone....Ariel here...I know this really isn't my thing...

She shrugs, showing off the Shoot Kings T-shirt underneath her denim jacket.

Ariel: But here's what's going on. The Shoot Kings are just on the other side of this door, but if you can't tell...

A crash is heard on the other side of the door, followed by an unrepeatable expletive (thankfully muffled.) Ariel barely glances back to notice.

Ariel: My husband is still a little bit upset after the events of Wrestleshow #25 just a couple of weeks ago from Mexico.

She reaches out for the doorknob slowly. Peach is heard barking in the room beyond.

Ariel: This might not be a good idea, but it'll be fun anyway. Let's go see how things are going in there.

With a slow turn, Ariel opens the grey metal door. Inside the locker room, Madman is slapping a closed locker while Peach barks at him, with Graham standing a few feet away with Thatcher sitting on a nearby bench.

Graham: Let it out, Madman.

Thatcher: You're an animal!

Peach: BARK!

Madman darts his glance over, looking through his black and gold mask.

Madman: This isn't funny, Bowser. I'm seriously going to hurt the little...

Madman stutters and stammers, before hitting the locker again.

Madman: DAMN IT!

Graham paces a bit, looking back up at Madman.

Graham: You think you're mad? I should be getting mad too...

Graham sits down next to Thatcher.

Graham: Everyone talking about La Flama Blance and how he turned on Madman Szalinski, his best friend...

Graham throws his hands up, then points back at himself. Thatcher makes an approving gesture with his face and hands.

Graham: Shoot, I'm the one who sat by your side when you were a vegetable with a title belt draped over the bed railing. I'm the one who helped you detox off painkillers.

Madman: I know all that, dude, I KNOW! Okay?

Madman starts to pace a bit himself.

Madman: You just...look, do I really need to explain this? We let this piece of trash into our lives, our homes.

Graham: I know.

Thatcher: I tried to tell you, I didn't like him from the start...

Graham: You're just mad because you don't know when we're talking about you in Spanish.

Thatcher: We speak English in my hometown, bro.

Ariel: Guys!

The boys all quit arguing and look up at Ariel. Peach jumps up onto the bench, laying down beside Graham.

Peach: RUFF!

Ariel: Too much going on for us to be infighting and all that.

Madman: She's right. We got to stay strong. Especially with Wrestleshow being Dynasty Night and all that.

Madman walks over to his wife, putting an arm around her.

Madman: We'll figure that out when we get to it.

Graham: Not much to figure out. We have to face each other, and then you get slaughtered by half of UTA immediately after.

Madman: Look...you guys worry about yourselves. I'll be fine. As for LFB...he's mine.

Madman turns from Ariel and stares at his locker for a second or two, then drives his hand into the locker one more time. Graham and Thatcher look on nodding, while Ariel stand back. Peach doesn't even budge from the bench.

Peach: BARK!

The camera backs away from the locker room, and the door is closed to end the scene.

Pre-Match Confidence

The action of Victory XII had been exciting all night long, the only match left in the show was the Main Event and it was sure to be a barn-burner. One of the most established, hated and entertaining stars in Wrestle UTA; Uncle Rocky would be going against the debuting high-flyer, Kid Inertia II.

Tonight's match would be unique in that Uncle Rocky would be without his trusty side kick and best friend; Robot Pete. This left many questions as to how capable Uncle Rocky would be in the ring tonight. Would his attention be on other things? Would there be a void? Apparently not, as Aunt Betty was set to be in the corner for Uncle Rocky.

Backstage, Wrestle UTA had an interview stage setup. Standing in the bright shining lights waiting for her interview segment was Jamie Sawyers. He hadn't had to wait long when the feed switched over to her and the producer of the segment gave her the signal to begin.

Sawyers: Up next on Victory XII we have our Main Event between newcomer to Wrestle UTA, Kid Inertia II and the despised Uncle Rocky. My guest at this time is one of the newest stars of Wrestle UTA; Kid Inertia II.

As Jamie Sawyers finished with his scripted dialogue, Kid Inertia II appeared from just off the edge of the camera's view and into the picture. Kid Inertia II stood next to Jamie. His outfit was quite intricate, but nothing to flashy or extraordinary. As was always the case with Kid Inertia II, his face was covered up by his Lucha style mask.

Sawyers: Thanks for joining me. Tonight you go up against one of the brightest stars in Wrestle UTA, Uncle Rocky. As has been reported all week, the status of Robot Pete was in question and we now know that he will no longer be in the corner of Uncle Rocky for this match. What are your thoughts?

Kid Inertia II held up a plastic Best Buy bag full of Computer Software discs/boxes. He looked from Jamie Sawyers to the camera, then spoke.

Inertia: No Robot Pete means I wasted some extra money. That's okay though, we'll just have to have a free give away out there tonight. I'm sure anyone in the crowd who has a Computer knows how annoying they can be, as annoying as Robot Pete; so I'll just be donating all of these products so you at home can fix your Computers too.

Kid Inertia II reached inside the plastic bag and pulled out a handful of Computer discs, fanned them out in front of the camera then spoke again.

Inertia: No Robot Pete also means that Uncle Rocky won't be on his game tonight. I'm sure Uncle Rocky has Robot Pete programmed to spit out some tech-bubble mumbo-jumbo strategy guide on each of his opponents. Without him, I don't see how he could possibly have a chance.

Kid Inertia II dropped the discs back into the sack, and then focused in on the camera.

Inertia: Delusional? You think I'm delusional because I know I can beat you? You make fun of my humble meager beginnings in this business? The best Professional Wrestlers in the history of this business busted their asses in front

Williams: Aunt Betty stepping in for Robot Pete tonight after that vicious attack two weeks ago when Kathryn Vermont Thomas pour water on him!

Fury: He's a guy... in a robot costume...

Williams: And you talk in third person, what's the difference?

Rocky & Betty start stepping rhythmically towards the squared circle. As the duo approach the ring, clapping their hands to the beat, Rocky dances and smiles at the booing crowd, pausing to wag a shameful finger at an especially belligerent member of the audience.

Announcer: Hailing from Eugene, Oregon...

Once they reach ringside, Uncle Rocky and Aunt Betty give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before Rocky rolls into the ring and jumps to his feet.

Announcer: Standing at six feet one inch, and weighing in at 240 pounds...

Uncle Rocky crouches down, waiting to hear his name...

Announcer:Uncle... ROCKY!!!!

Uncle Rocky LEAPS into the air, arms outstretched, to a chorus of BOOs. Rocky cups his hand to his ear, pretending that the crowd is actually cheering for him, which only seems to make them boo louder.

Williams: The fans not behind Uncle Rocky as usual.

As Uncle Rocky's music fades, he dances over to his corner and waits for the bell.

Williams: This should be an interesting match as Kid inertia II looks to get a big win against Uncle Rocky who two weeks ago was close to securing the tag team championships for The Good Friends.

The bell sounds and both participants begin to circle. Aunt Betty cheers on Uncle Rocky from outside of the ring.

Williams: You have to wonder if Uncle Rocky is a little off tonight without Robot Pete here. But at least he has a good friend in his corner!

Fury: Good friend huh? Dick knows what kind of friend Aunt Betty is. She's Uncle Rocky's really good friend.

Uncle Rocky swipes at Kid inertia who leaps back. Rocky pops into a standing position with his hands on his hips and smiles, mouthing I was just testing you to Kid Inertia II. He extends his hand to Kid Inertia II.

Williams: Uncle Rocky offering to shake the hand of Kid Inertia II here.

Fury: Yea, that seems like something that's going to work out for Kid Inertia.

Kid Inertia II looks at Uncle Rocky then out the crowd which is unanimously yelling for him not to do it.

Williams: Listen to the fans Kid!

Kid Inertia cautiously extends his hand. Uncle Rocky begins to shake it, patting Kid on the shoulder with his free hand. Kid begins to step away, but Uncle Rocky tightens his grip and pulls Kid toward him. Inertia's face is one of shock, which is overtaken with pain as Uncle Rocky comes forward with a head butt.

Williams: Trickery as usual with Uncle Rocky.

Kid Inertia grabs his forehead and stumbles back a couple of steps. Uncle Rocky smiles before taking off toward him. Inertia looks up in time to see Rocky, side stepping with enough time to take him down with a drop toe hold.

Williams: Kid Inertia not letting Uncle Rocky's tom foolery get to him, takes Rocky off of his feet.

Uncle Rocky and Kid Inertia II both quickly get to their feet. Rocky stares at Inertia as if trying to figure out where that came from. The serious look on his face once again goes to light hearted and all smiles.

Williams: Kid inertia came to prove and point, and I'm unsure Uncle Rocky was expecting that.

Uncle Rocky puts his hands out and shrugs while smiling, before the smile disappears and his hands slowly start to move down. Then, with the swiftness of a cheetah, Rocky brings his right hand up and across the face of Kid Inertia II. The fans boo even louder.

Williams: Open handed slap by Uncle Rocky. The referee is warning him now.

Fury: Well, sometimes you gotta put them in their place Jennifer. Dick's sure you know that.

Kid Inertia II's jaw drops as he rubs his cheek. Uncle Rocky looks confused as the referee tells him that he can't slap his opponent. Aunt Betty stands near the ring watching on, as Uncle Rocky moves his eyes quickly to her, but she doesn't spring into any form of action.

Williams: Kid Inertia can't believe he was just slapped.

Inertia steps in and ask the referee is he is going to do anything about the slap.

Fury: Be a man!

Uncle Rocky uses this as his time, to grab Kid inertia's arm. He yanks back, sending Inertia into the ropes.

Williams: Inertia sent into the ropes. Uncle Rocky follows. Inertia on the return... Rocky jumps.. spins.. spinning heel kick connects!

Kid Inertia II slams into the canvas back first as Uncle Rocky quickly leaps over and covers him. The referee slides into action, however Kid Inertia is able to kick out right as the referee's hand hits the canvas for the first time.

Williams: Kick out at one. Not enough to keep Inertia down in this main event match.

Uncle Rocky quickly gets to his feet, pulling Kid Inertia with him.

Williams: Rocky sends Inertia into the nearby corner now.

Uncle Rocky runs, hitting Kid Inertia with a medium amount of force. As he backs away, Rocky bring his hand up and comes across Kid's chest hard.

Williams: Hard chop by Uncle Rocky, followed by another.

Fury: Dick's not gonna lie, a good classic chop like that hurts like catching yourself in your zipper.

Williams: Rocky with a third chop. Now grabs the arm of Kid Inertia.

He pulls back to send Inertia on his way.

Williams: Inertia reverses. Uncle Rocky sent across the ring. Kind Inertia right behind him.

As Uncle Rocky reaches the opposite corner, he throws his hands up to grab the top rope to stop him and in one swift move pushes himself up. Kid Inertia runs under Rocky, but puts the brakes on just in time, so he doesn't slam into the corner. Rocky reaches forward, grabs Kid Inertia's head and yanks back.

Williams: Kid Inertia sent to the canvas again.

Uncle Rocky quickly heads into the corner, turns around, and climbs to the second rope as Kid inertia begins to push up.

Williams: Rocky leaps!

Kid Inertia sees him and moves out of the way pushing Uncle Rocky in the back to "help" him on his way into the canvas.

Williams: Inertia quickly thinking, avoids being hit with a double axe handle, and gains a bit of momentum in this contest.

Fury: About time.

Inertia waste no time, running to the side of the ring. He hits the ropes. As he returns, he leaps, throwing both feet out, catching Uncle Rocky in the side of the face as he was trying to push back up.

Williams: Double leg drop kick by Inertia who is now getting to show the UTA Universe what he has to offer.

Inertia quickly back to his feet. The fans begin to get behind him. Outside of the ring, Aunt Betty gives Kid Inertia a double thumbs down.

Williams: Kid Inertia back to his feet, refusing to slow down as he runs to the ropes.

Inertia hits the ropes. As he heads back, he drops and slides feet first into the head of Uncle Rocky. The fans erupt.

Williams: Baseball slide by Kid Inertia keeps Uncle Rocky down.

He quickly turns Rocky over and covers him.

Williams: Kid Inertia going for the pin.

The referee drops down and begins to count.

Williams: Rocky kicks out at two.

Fury: This kid think he can keep Uncle Rocky down that easy? Get out of here.

Kid Inertia II begins to get up, pulling Uncle Rocky with him.

Williams: Inertia sends Uncle Rocky across the ring.

Uncle Rocky grabs the top rope, to stop himself. He then props up, trying to recover his bearings a bit.

Williams: Uncle Rocky is out of it folks. Kid Inertia needs to capitalize.

Kid Inertia sees Rocky and charges him.

Williams: Kid Inertia runs.. clothesli-

Uncle Rocky pulls down the top rope just as Kid Inertia reaches him.

Williams: NO! Kid Inertia over the top rope and down to the floor!

The fans boo as Kid Inertia hits the floor at the feet of Aunt Betty. Inside the ring, Uncle Rocky heads over to the referee. He holds his head and seems to be complaining of pain. Rocky walks around the referee, who turns to check Uncle Rocky giving Aunt Betty time to do some work on Kid Inertia II outside of the ring.

Except she doesn't.

Williams: Kid Inertia coming to outside of the ring.

Fury: What is that broad doing? Kick him! Do something! If Robot Pete was here, he would be dismantling Kid Inertia!

Uncle Rocky, assuming Aunt Betty is doing her job, doesn't see Kid Inertia climbs up to the apron. He heads across and begins to climb the corner post from outside of the ropes. Uncle Rocky looks over and sees Aunt Betty but no Kid Inertia.

Williams: Rocky unaware that Inertia is on the top rope.

Rocky pushes passed the confused referee, heading to the ropes. He looks out and throws his arms out as if to ask Aunt Betty where Inertia is. She points up. As Rocky turns and looks, Kid Inertia leaps off the top turnbuckle. His legs wrap around Uncle Rocky's neck as he twist down to the canvas.

Williams: FLYING HEAD SCISSORS! Uncle Rocky is down again!

Kid Inertia pops up to his feet and looks around excited. He runs and leaps to the second rope, using it to bounce up, and back, twisting and coming down across Uncle Rocky.

Williams: MOONSAULT FROM THE ROPES! He may have it!

Fury: It might be his only chance.

Kid Inertia re-adjust, putting Uncle Rocky into a pin, hooking his leg. The referee drops and begins to count.

Williams: This one's over! This one's over! Kid Inertia has- KICK OUT! KICK OUT! Uncle Rocky kicks out right before the three!

Kid Inertia gets to his knees holding his head in shock.

Williams: Kid Inertia can't believe it.

Fury: Well he needs to believe it.

Williams: Like you need to believe that The Second Coming beat you and took the VCW Championship away?

Fury: No, like you need to believe that if you keep bringing that up, Dick is going to fill your mouth so you can't say anything.

Williams: You're gross.

Kid Inertia gets to his feet and double checks with the referee that it wasn't three. Behind him, Uncle Rocky begins to get up. Inertia turns back to Rocky who, as he begins to get up, grabs Kid Inertia II's legs and lifts him up. He takes a step back, before dropping backward. Kid Inertia flies forward, his legs still being held by Uncle Rocky, as his throat comes down across the top rope.

Williams: Brutal move there by Uncle Rocky!

Inertia, now on the canvas, holds his throat as Uncle Rocky lifts Inertia's legs, and applies pressure down, pinning his shoulders tot he canvas. The referee drops to count and Uncle Rocky uses this as his chance to throw his own legs up on the nearby ropes for leverage.

Williams: Uncle Rocky's legs are on the ropes! Come on ref! Do your job!

Fury: He is! He's counting.

As the referee's hand hits the canvas for the third time, Uncle Rocky quickly pulls his legs down before the referee can see. The bell begins to sound.

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

Uncle Rocky's music begins to play, however instead of celebrating he just rolls out of the ring where Aunt Betty is waiting to greet him. She jumps up and down, clapping. However, Uncle Rocky doesn't look as happy as he begins to ask Aunt Betty what happened earlier in the match.

Williams: Uncle Rocky pulls off the win, but Robot Pete not being here effected him and it showed.

Fury: More like Aunt Betty not doing her job almost cost him the match.

Williams: Her job? She did exactly what she was supposed to do, and that's accompany him to the ring!

Uncle Rocky is obviously aggravated as he and Aunt Betty continue up the ramp toward the back.

Williams: Well folks, that's going to do it for tonight. I'm Jennifer Williams along side Dick Fury saying.. thank you for tuning in to Saturday Night Victory! Good night.

Fury: Speak for yourself.

We fade to black.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite