

Victory: XVII

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

VICTORY

Segment

Victory XVII

6 Dec 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 as always, I am joined by Dick Fury.

Fury: Thank you, Jennifer. Dick's holding out on some other offers right now, so Victory is his gig.

Williams: Well thanks, Dick.

Fury: You're welcome. This show needs Dick.

Williams: This is the first UTA event post The Anniversary Show with the huge five on five between The Shoot Kings, Chris Hopper and Ariel and their opponents, Dynasty.

Fury: Another big weekend in the UTA.

Williams: Dynasty retaining the UTA Tag Team titles in a dramatic and chaotic fashion.

Fury: People will be talking about Wrestleshow 27 for a long time.

Williams: Big winners last weekend... Gentleman Jack, J Stevenson, and The Second Coming.

Fury: You got to keep your eyes on everyone in the UTA.

Williams: Another action packed show on our road to Season's Beatings. Action you have come to expect from the United Toughness Alliance.

Fury: Tonight's Victory gets kicked off with Harry Eastman and Kid Inertia II. Two new guys that really need to prove they belong.

Williams: In our second matchup, Will Haynes goes head to head with Al Envy.

Fury: Dick's excited about that one. Dick want to see Haynes hit the Kush.

Williams: Okay... and in our Main Event of the evening, "The Natural" Dan Benson faces David Hightower.

Fury: Hightower is making his push. Benson could stop him in his tracks and come away with a huge upset..

Williams: We're almost ready for our...

from Mega Man begins to play in the UTA Arena. The crowd starts to stir as they await Madman Szalinski. A roar is heard in the stands as they await their hero. A few seconds guy by.

Williams: Madman Szalinski on his way to the ring... That's not Madman Szalinski.

Fury: No it is not, it's La Flama Blanca!

The Luchador walks from the back laughing as he smiles. He stands on the top of the entrance ramp holding his UTA Tag Title in the air as the fans booing starts almost immediately.

Fury: Good! Nobody wants to hear from that dope head, Szalinski. Blanca is the jumping bean Victory needed. This show was getting boring already. Dick can't do all the work himself.

Williams: One half of the Tag Team champions, La Flama Blanca is gracing us with his presence. Coming to the ring with his former friends music.

Fury: Dick heard they are still friends.

Blanca begins walking down the ramp as Szakinski's music still plays. The fans disappointed it seems. Most fans boo him as he walks but Blanca notices some fans in Dynasty garb. He slaps their hands as he passes.

Williams: Blanca found some fans in the arena.

Fury: Dynasty gets a bad rap but they are the best in the UTA. Only because Dick retired.

Blanca stops in the middle of the ramp and raises his arms in the air to a shower of boos.

Fury: The Mexican is here on Victory.

Williams: Come on, Dick!

Dick Fury smirks at his play by play partner.

Blanca gets close to the ring and stops to attempt to smack a fan but pulls himself back. He points his finger in the face of another fan.

Williams: La Flama Blanca was involved in the big five on five tag match that main evented Wrestleshow.

Fury: Involved he was.

Williams: Walking out of Wrestleshow as co-owner of the UTA Tag Team titles.

Fury: Dynasty showed why they are the best. Making history each and every show.

Williams: Blanca, fresh off two huge wins in consecutive Wrestleshows, first in the steel cage versus The Spectre, then last Sunday the Tag Team championship victory.

Fury: Blanca proved a lot these last few weeks. He is the real deal.

Blanca walks up the ring steps and steps into the ring.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

Fury: Dick wonder how long this is going to last. These pukes need to shut up and listen!

He walks from side to side in the ring with his UTA Tag Title high in the air, looking into crowd of mouth breathers as they boo him. La Flama Blanca walks over to the ring announcer and is handed a microphone.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

He is not giving the fans any attention.

Williams: Let's hear what La Flama Blanca has to say.

Fury: Dick wonders if he can roll burritos.

The Cruiserweight begins to speak.

La Flama Blanca: How funny was it when Madman's music came on and then I walked out? Pretty funny. I laughed.

The fans boo loudly straight at the man in the center of the ring. They begin to chant sell out at the top of their lungs.

La Flama Blanca: Sell out? Wouldn't you sell out for this?!

The Luchador taps on his UTA Tag Title.

La Flama Blanca: You'd sell your mothers out for this!

The fans continue to boo him.

La Flama Blanca: Can you please shut up?! I have a mic. I'll just talk over you.

The fans boo.

La Flama Blanca: What a month, what a month... First... I walk into a steel cage and beat The Spectre. Then I walk into a ten person tag match... winning the match for Dynasty. This title you see across my shoulder... is a sign of dedication, heart, and preserverance. You can hate me all you want but you know I deserve this belt!

The cheers of La Flama Blanca and Dynasty are drowned out by boos.

La Flama Blanca: Dynasty as always made history. During that match where Dynasty retained possession of the UTA Tag Team titles there was one person I never had a chance to face...

Williams: Blanca and Szalinski never got an opportunity to fight during the five on five.

Fury: There were a few times it looked like it was going to happen and it never came to fruition.

La Flama Blanca: Madman Szalinski... I don't think I can wait any longer for us to face each other one on one right here in a UTA ring. I was looking forward to settling the score tonight on Victory but you conveniently aren't in the arena. Seems to be a normal thing for you. Not showing up.

Fury: Ohhh, low blow by The Mexican.

Williams: Of course, talk some game Blanca, when you know Madman Szalinski isn't at the arena tonight.

Fury: He should be here! What the hell is he getting paid to do?! Smoke blunts and pet dogs?!

Blanca circles the ring.

La Flama Blanca: I remember Victory 3. When my match with Madman Szalinski was interrupted by Perfection and Sean Jackson, deep in my mind I knew... I knew you weren't as good as I thought you were. Don't judge a book by it's cover. You seemed poised to go on a long title defense, you were looking good and then I don't know...

The Luchador pauses and looks up towards the ceiling.

La Flama Blanca: Maybe you folded under the pressure. Maybe, the spotlight was just too much.

Fans: What?!

La Flama Blanca: To carry the UTA.

Fans: What?!

Blanca closes his eyes and holds his tongue.

Fury: That's annoying.

La Flama Blanca: You just don't have it in you.

Fans: What?!

La Flama Blanca: That's what sets us apart Szalinski.

Fans: What?!

Blanca gets angry at the non stop barrage.

La Flama Blanca: What?! What?! What?! Whether you like it or not, my time has come... I will make this promotion look good. Having champions, they can be proud of. We all want it but only some can handle it.

Fans: Sell out! Sell out!

Williams: The fans letting Blanca have some medicine.

Fury: He's right though. Dick was a former champ. Not everyone is made to be top dog and Szalinski... Dick doesn't know.

The luchador walks towards the center of the ring again. He cuts the unruly fans off from chanting.

La Flama Blanca: Madman, if you wake up from your weed nap any time soon, put your gear on and meet me at the end of the show. I'm calling you out. I know you are in town. Come down here and let's settle this. I know one of your little buddies will call you. Szalinski, be a man for the first time in your life and face a threat. I will be back here later on tonight. I hope to not be standing in this ring alone.

The Cruiserweight's music hits and he begins to exit the ring. The fans boo him as he steps through the ropes and down the ring steps.

Williams: A possible showdown between La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski?

Fury: That's how you open a show! Major head games being played by The Luchador. Hope it doesn't blow up in his face.

Blanca starts jawing with some fans and waves his hand at them.

Williams: A challenge put out by Blanca. Will Madman get wind and come to the arena?

Fury: Dick has a feeling Szalinski will hear about this. The ball is in Madman's court. Stay tuned, folks!

Commercial

Suddenly the screen turns to static and the screen turns to David Hightower sitting in his recliner with a bottle of beer in his hand.

Hightower: Hello... I am David Hightower... I got one question to ask ya... Has anyone in yer life ever truly pissed ya off to the point ya just wanted to kick the livin crap outta them? Has someone screwed ya over? Ya know... That bloated wind bag of a boss ya got that makes more money for doin next to nothin? Or do ya simply want to see someone get their ass kicked?

David takes a drink from his bottle of beer and smiles.

Hightower: Well I have good news fer ya! Look no further than good ole David Hightower! Mercenary Fer Hire! That's right! This is a hell of an offer! Hire me and i'll whip whatever ass ya want! Whether it's some jackass who took yer girl friend or hell maybe that annoyin mother inlaw is comin over and someone needs to shut her trap! Truthfully I don't give a crap about who the person is or why they need a West Memphis style ass kickin! What I care about is payment!

David clears his throat before he finishes off his bottle of beer!

Hightower: WHISKEY!!!!

Whiskey walks into the scene carrying a bottle of beer in his mouth.

Hightower: Heh... It's like the dog already knew! Good boy!

David says before he pops the cap off and takes a drink.

Hightower: But anywho... As far as payment goes I'm not that hard to please... I accept cash, check, gift cards, beer, Arby's Coupons, Slim Jims, Marie Calendar's Chicken Pot Pies, and dog treats!

Whiskey lets out a bark wagging his tail.

Hightower: Whiskey loves them god dang treats I tell ya! The number to call is 1 900 WHOOPASS! That's 1 900 W O O P A S S! Or is it w h o o p.... Oh hell I ain't no english major! I'm an ass kicker! Hurry and place yer order now!

Suddenly the phone rings and David reaches over and answers it clearing his throat.

Hightower: David Hightower ass kicker fer hire! Oh really? Husband cheated on ya huh? A case of Slim Jims? Yer dang right ya got a deal!

David hangs up the phone and stands up.

Hightower: C'mon Whiskey! We got an ass to kick!

David walks out of the scene with Whiskey before the screen turns to static.

by Jason Aldean feat. Luke Bryan and Eric Church began to blare out of the arenas Public Announce System speakers as the lights in the building dimmed to black. At the entrance, red and yellow strobe lights flashed back and forth in every direction. The fans in the arena cheered and clapped. Then, Kid Inertia II burst through the curtain full of energy.

Fury: This guy gets the crowd going.

Williams: It's because he's exciting to watch. Lightening quick, flies nearly to the rafters and he's a talented technical wrestler to boot.

Kid Inertia II headed down the aisle towards the ring, slapping the hands of fans and little kids.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Macon, Georgia... Standing five foot ten and weighing in at two hunderd and twenty pounds.... KID.... INNNEERTIIIAAA!!!!

Kid Inertia slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

Williams: Kid Inertia II in only his second match in the UTA. A hot free agent brought in.

Fury: Hot free agent? Dick heard that he's on the chopping block already.

by Jim Johnston begins to play. Harry Eastman steps out from the back, a smug look on his face. the fans begin to boo and he just wags his finger at them before staring down the ramp.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from Cotswolds,England. Standing at six foot one and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds.... HARRY... EAASSTMMMAANNNN!!

Williams: Harry Eastman making his second appearance here in the UTA also, has one win under his belt looking for a

second.

Fury: It's also something noteworthy that he is undefeated in his career and was the first and only Paragon World Champion.

Williams: Look at you, full of knowledge today.

Fury: Well, The Teacher Harry Eastman cornered Dick for an hour before the show, teaching him his history.

Eastman walks up the steps and across the edge of the apron before entering the ring.

Williams: Great action to kick off Victory here as Harry Eastman goes one on one with Kid Inertia.

As the two prepare in the ring, the fans start to get loud. Finally, the bell sounds to signal the start of the match. Harry Eastman and Kid Inertia lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand. Harry Eastman raises Kid's arms upward before kicking him in the knee. Inertia drops to his knees.

Williams: Kick by Harry Eastman after the power struggle.

Harry Eastman steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Kid Inertia. Inertia goes limp and falls to the mat holding the side of his head.

Williams: WHAT A KICK BY Harry Eastman! He nearly took his head off with that one!

Fury: That'll make your ears ring.

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Harry Eastman makes his way over to Kid Inertia and bends at the waist, grabbing his head. Harry pulls Inertia to a seated position, grabbing him around the head, and draping an arm across the throat.

Fury: Rear Headlock here by Eastman.

Harry wrenches the hold, raising his free hand and bringing it down across the head of Kid Inertia as he releases the hold. Kid falls to the mat, grabbing his head.

Fury: That's more like it... quick punch there by Harry Eastman, and from the looks of Kid Inertia, a stiff one too.

Harry Eastman then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Kid Inertia.

Williams: Elbow drop by Harry!

Fury: He has to stay on him if he plans on winning this match.

Harry Eastman gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Kid Inertia.

Williams: And another!

Harry Eastman then scrambles over to Kid Inertia and hooks his leg, going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Williams: Quick pin here... No! Kick out there by Kid Inertia.

Harry Eastman gets to his feet and stomps Kid Inertia several times before bringing him to his feet. Inertia rises with a punch to the face of Harry Eastman, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Harry Eastman then grabs Kid Inertia by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Williams: Irish whip here by Harry--No! Reversal.

Harry Eastman hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Inertia, knocking him to the mat.

Williams: Rolling Lariat by Harry Eastman! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Fury: Dick's impressed. Harry Eastman is really showing his skill set off here against Kid Inertia.

Eastman walks forward towards the ropes, mouthing to the fans and pointing backwards at Kid.

Williams: Harry Eastman needs to focus on this match while he has the upper hand.

Meanwhile Kid Inertia slowly gets to his feet and as Harry Eastman turns around. Inertia charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Williams: Kid Inertia with the offense now.

Fury: Was it worth gloating Teach?

The punches work Harry Eastman into the corner, and Kid Inertia switches to stomps, stomping Harry Eastman in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Williams: Harry Eastman caught in that corner now, Kid Inertia stomping away at the gut.

Kid Inertia then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Harry Eastman. Using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Williams: Kid Inertia choking Harry Eastman now!

The referee counts in the corner causing Kid Inertia to bring his foot down. Harry Eastman falls to the seated position in the corner, holding his throat and gasping for air. The referee gets up in Kid Inertia's face warning him about the choke.

Williams: Kid Inertia needs to make sure not to get disqualified here if he wants to beat Harry Eastman.

Inertia makes his way over to the fallen Harry Eastman and grabs him by an ankle, dragging him into the center of the ring. Kid then drops to his knees, instructing the referee to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. The ref complies and goes for the count.

Williams: Kid Inertia trying to end this one now.

Kid Inertia gets up stands over Harry Eastman, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Inertia laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Harry's hand and bringing it down right across his fingers.

Williams: Kid Inertia stomping the fingers of Harry Eastman now. That's a good way to break a finger!

Fury: It's a good way to establish his dominance in this match.

Harry Eastman wrings out the injured hand in question, grimacing in pain. Eastman tries to crawl again and again Kid Inertia raises up a boot and brings it down on Harry's digits.

Williams: And another stomp to the fingers of Harry Eastman—Kid Inertia is actually enjoying Harry's punishment.

Kid Inertia laughs once more before grabbing Harry Eastman around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Inertia grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Williams: Irish whip by Kid Inertia... off goes Harry.

Eastman hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Kid Inertia stands with an arm extended. Harry Eastman collides with the arm, falling backward to the mat.

Williams: Clothesline by Kid Inertia!

Fury: He has full control of this match.

Kid then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Harry over onto his stomach. He straddles Harry's upper back

and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Williams: Kid Inertia locking in a mounted face lock... he's got all his weight on the back of Harry Eastman.

Fury: Dick doesn't know how The teacher is going to get out of this one.

Inertia wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as the referee bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Harry's face, asking him if would like to submit. Harry Eastman cries out in response and shakes his head.

Fury: Harry Eastman in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won't submit!

Williams: I'll give it to him, he just wont give up.

The crowd buzzes as Kid Inertia keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Harry Eastman in half if he really wanted to. The referee continues to check with Eastman, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Fury: Harry there is no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting Dick just watching it!

Harry Eastman reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Kid's head grabbing his hair.

Fury: AH! Harry Eastman with a handful of hair! This punk is vicious... he's going to make Kid Inertia uglier than he already is!

Harry Eastman lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Kid Inertia cries out as Harry pulls his hair. He loses his hold as tufts of hair come out.

Fury: He's done it! And you thought only chicks pull hair...well you're wrong, only chicks and Harry Eastman pull hair!

Williams: Well, you said in situations like this you have to do anything to win, didn't you?

Fury: Sure did, and Harry Eastman just proved that point. Dick approves.

Kid Inertia releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his head, growing angry.

Fury: And Kid Inertia has realized it... and does not like it! Hey don't worry guy, you can hardly notice the bald spot!

Kid Inertia stomps his way over to Harry Eastman, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Inertia stomps him in the small of the back and Harry Eastman cries out, going limp.

Williams: Kid Inertia letting out a little aggression on Harry Eastman now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Fury: He ripped his hair out. That is more than a little bit of aggression.

Kid Inertia stomps him again, and again, the rage filling him. He stomps away as Harry Eastman lies there on the mat taking all of them. As Inertia tires of the stomping, he bends at the waist and grabs Harry by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Williams: Kid brings Harry to his feet after that vicious flurry of stomps.

Inertia kicks Harry in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Harry's head to the mat.

Williams: DDT! DDT by Kid Inertia after the kick to the gut!

Kid Inertia then turns and covers Harry Eastman, hooking his leg and pulling Harry into a folded position, his legs over his head. The referee slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Williams: Pin now by Kid Inertia after that DDT! NO!

Fury: That was a close one Jennifer, but he still couldn't put Harry Eastman away who is giving him one hell of a fight while he can.

The crowd dies down as Kid Inertia turns to check with the referee, who shoves two fingers in his face. Inertia pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in dismay as Harry Eastman slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Williams: Kid Inertia cannot believe it, but this match is still going on. Harry trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Inertia makes his way over to Harry, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Kid reaches him and Harry Eastman rises up with a strike to the throat.

Fury: What a palm strike by Harry Eastman, right to the throat of Kid Inertia. You know that'll hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam's apple like that.

Williams: He's repaying him for that brutal choke earlier.

Inertia reaches up and grabs his throat and bends over, trying to breath. Harry Eastman makes his way out of the corner and grabs Kid by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Williams: Kid Inertia stuck in the corner now. . .

Fury: Its time for some retribution.

Harry Eastman faces Kid Inertia and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Eastman then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Inertia.

Fury: Knife edge chop by Harry Eastman! Did you hear that one?!

Harry Eastman leans back and chops Kid Inertia once again, this time the sound produced even louder.

Fury: In case you didn't, there's another! What a chop by The Teacher.

Harry Eastman chops him a third and final time. Harry Eastman steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Inertia.

Williams: What a kick by Harry Eastman! My God what a shot!

Kid Inertia stumbles comically out of the corner and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. Eastman makes his way to the corner.

Williams: Kid Inertia is dead in the ring after that one—but what is Harry doing now?

Fury: He's about to grade Kid Inertia's performance!

Eastman lifts Kid Inertia to his feet, grabbing his head and trunks before picking him up vertically. Harry Eastman holds him momentarily before dropping Kid Inertia on his head with a brainbuster.

Fury: Dick told you! The F Grade!

Eastman covers Kid inertia and the referee drops to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pinfall.... HARRY... EASSSTTTMMAAANN!!!

Williams: The Teacher securing his second straight win here in the UTA in this opening match right here on Victory!

Fury: Someone get that piece of crap Kid inertia out of the ring.

Shadows

Most of the night David had kept to the shadows, watching scenes on security monitors, eavesdropping on conversations unintended for him. Whiskey padded along at heel as he crept closer to his mark - Turk.

Second Coming had made the deal, and paid the cash needed to seal the Psycho's fate. Now all that had to happen was the opportunity.

Turk was locked in a very animated conversation with manager Bill Daley.

Turk: It's working! Look at the dirt sheets! Look at the rumor sites! Look at twitter. They love this ME. They love it.

Bill: (massaging his temples) Turk, you got us locked in TSA detention on the way to Ohio, you punched a bouncer at a meet and greet Wednesday. Now, tonight I can only assume you're dead set on causing more havoc. It's ruining everything.

Turk: It's making everything happen. we -I- was bottom of the barrell, mid-card at best before three weeks ago. Now, win or lose - those people love to hate me. You're damn right I'm going to cause more trouble here tonight, Bill.

Turk shoved Bill backward and walked away Bill looked after him as he disappeared around the corner wondering where he went from here.

David kept to the shadows, but something caught Bill's attention.

Whiskey's tail.

Bill looked into the dark doorway...

Bill: I'm sure we both know why you're there. And I think I know who put you up to it. I won't pay you, but I won't stop you either. You may just be saving this show for UTA. If he continues on this path - the only result is destruction of everything, and it will not only destroy him, you...me - it could takedown Victory altogether.

Bill stepped toward the dark doorway and was met with a low growl from Whiskey.

Bill: ...you do what you need to. I'm not stopping you.

Bill took a quick look around and walked away quickly.

Celebrations

The arena is buzzing with excitement following an epic Wrestleshow last week. Signs are up and chants are already beginning as we are getting ready for another episode of the weekly show approaching its 20th installment.

Williams: What a week it's been Dick. Second Coming has earned herself a title shot and we have new Tag Team Champions!

Fury: Dick loves Second Coming. Dick loves third, fourth and fifth coming too. Dick just loves coming...but Dick doesn't like The Second Coming.

Williams: Yes. Well...anyway, tonight we have three great matches for you, ending with David Hightower versus the former WeWA Champion, Dan Benson!

Fury: Dick approves

Williams: As far as I know it's the first time these two have stepped into the ring one on one together. Hightower has been on a roll recently, it will be interesting to see how he stacks up against someone like Benson

Before the interlude can continue, the lights dim as the opening riff of hits the PA System. From the back, steps the UTA Internet Champion, Claude Baptiste Ranier, his title slung over his shoulder. CBR wears an Avenged Sevenfold black t-shirt, blue jeans and dark shoes, with a pair of purple tinted sunglasses covering his eyes. His blonde hair is tied back, a platinum watch hanging from his wrist.

CBR makes his way towards the ring, fans booing the Canadian Star, who simply ignores the outstretched hands, a cocky smile on his face. He gets to the ring, climbing the ring steps and into the squared circle, taking a mic from ringside and slowly wandering around the ring, the boos growing in the small arena.

CBR: Another week, another dollar and another inevitable Dynasty victory?

He smiles and feigns a clap, looking around the crowd. The noise dies down a bit leaving little pockets of shouts.

CBR: You know, last week was nothing short of historic. On Wrestleshow, once again, Dynasty overcame tremendous odds and showed that the underdog ALWAYS has a chance. Despite everything that James Whine-Gate throws at a group of noble men, you can not keep down good talent - hard work and perseverance always shine through.

Claude grins as he raises his eyebrows and shrugs towards the crowd, from whom boos ring out once again.

CBR: I mean, what fortitude, what heart...it took from my friends Perfection and La Flama Blanca to overcome the deck stacked so unfairly against us...to become the new Tag Team Champions and to ensure the brass around here didn't take another well deserved belt away from deserving champions and the group that TRULY represents the people, your heroes...Dynasty.

The smirk rises on CBR's face, as further boos ring out and a Hopper chant begins.

Williams: Group of the people? Really? Sarcasm is the lowest form of wit...

CBR: And please, people, can we stand and pay true gratitude to a man of morals, a man of distinction and a man of principle. It takes real courage to stand up to a tyrant. It takes a man of vision to see through the rhetoric of a melancholy despot to do what's best for the business and for that, Kevin Hawk - and I'm sure I speak for everyone here tonight - you have our eternal gratitude.

Ranier looks up the ramp and claps the mic on his hand repeatedly, mouthing 'thank you'. The fans start a "Hawk Sold Out" chant, but Ranier ignores them, walking over to the corner of the ring and laying his Internet Title over the top rope, leaning beside it with his forearms on the rope.

CBR: But that's not all we had to celebrate last week. No, it was also the one year anniversary of the UTA since returning in 2013. What a celebration! And in one year, we've seen so many faces, so many great matches...

Claude stands, looking around the arena.

CBR: Exceptional spots, epic feuds, huge names and the best talent this business has to offer!!

The fans' boing stops into a "UTA" chant.

CBR: One year lighting the beacon for other companies to follow, one year of changing the game and one year of being the pinnacle of this industry.

Ranier nods slowly as he walks slowly back to his corner.

CBR: And yes, that was great, but today...today we celebrate something even greater.

Claude takes the Internet Championship in his right hand, slowly wandering back to the centre of the ring.

CBR: Today we celebrate history. Because, last Monday, on the first of December, I had officially held this...

He holds up the title slowly into the air, slowly turning to face all sections of the crowd.

CBR:...for six months. Ever since taking this belt from Yoshii at Black Horizon, Claude Baptiste Ranier has been unstoppable, the greatest champion alive today and the man who successfully defended this belt week in, week out. That's right, I have been a fighting champion, a true example for this business to follow.

Claude smiles, letting the belt once more rest over his shoulder.

Fury: Six months is impressive.

Williams: It is. I'm not sure about being a fighting champion though!

CBR: And that's why tonight, tonight is a celebration of success. Tonight is a celebration of overcoming the odds. Tonight is a celebration of...me, the Canadian Star, CBR!

He points his mic to the stage as the lights dim right down and a high guitar solo begins. The stage opens up and a lower platform starts to rise, with what looks like a band on it. Symbols join the guitar as the titantron flickers red and white. The platform fully raises as power chords chime in and the crowd pops at the appearance of the rock band, Avenged Sevenfold! Claude, loving every moment, claps in the ring with a bright smile on his face and the letters CBR appear on the screen, fading into a video package of the Canadian Star. Images of him beating Bobby Dean, Esteban Awesome, Yoshii, Dan Benson and Max Burke flood into the image of the Internet Title.

The image then fades and just as the chorus hits, the picture of CBR holding the Internet Title up at Black Horizon after beating Yoshii is accompanied by the sheer explosion of the chorus.

"Hail to the king!

Hail to the One!

Kneel to the Crown!

Stand in the Sun!"

The video package continues as the song does, various in ring and out of the ring moments of Ranier, who leans against the corner turnbuckle, nodding his head to the music, the title raised above his head.

Finally the song finishes, and CBR nods to the group.

CBR: Avenged Sevenfold everyone!

The crowd pops again as the band bows and makes their way off stage, ring hands taking gear and equipment.

CBR: Now, I just wanted to...

Before he can continue, the big screen springs to life again, with the image of Perfection holding one of the tag team titles, KVT and Sean Jackson the 'Dolls House', Kathryn Vermont Thomas' place of business. Ranier looks up, almost surprised to see the other members of Dynasty there. Perfection smiles and speaks.

Perfection: I heard there was a celebration in order. Figure since all of us are here in New York we'd join you in .

He looks to his left, nodding to the rest of the group before looking back at the camera.

Perfection: It takes a lot of skill and talent to be able to do what you have. Six months without a single challenger taken that belt from you will forever be engraved in UTA history.

Perfection turns to the side as KVT speaks.

KVT: We're sorry we can't be with you directly, but know the celebrations will continue til you join us, where we can officially raise a glass; as a team; as friends; as Dynasty.

The group claps and nods down at the crowd and CBR in the ring, who raises his hand in appreciation, the smile wide on his face. Before he can speak, ring hands from the back appear with a large cake, slowly bringing it down to the ring.

Perfection: But what's a celebration without cake? Congratulations my friend!

Ranier glows as he watches the cake come towards the ring, before looking back up at the screen.

CBR: Friends, I don't know what to say!

The multiple ring hands bring the cake into the ring, careful to hoist it over the top rope with many hands and effort, seeming far heavier than it looks, bringing the large 5ft cake to rest before CBR. Ranier takes a finger into the cake and tastes it, nodding in approval.

CBR: You see people? This is true family, THIS is why Dynasty is unstoppable. THIS is why...

Suddenly, and without warning, the cake explodes. A huge figure bursts out, grabbing CBR's head and driving it down to the canvas over the cake hard with a devastating Ice Breaker!

Williams: Hopper! It's Chris Hopper!

Fury: The Cake!

Hopper gets to his feet slowly, looking down at CBR face down in the mess, pausing for a moment and taking the mic from the mat.

Hopper: Nobody is unstoppable Ranier....NOBODY!

The crowd erupts as Hopper paces the ring a little, obviously amped up from spiking CBR into the cake with an icebreaker.

Hopper: I've listened to you run your mouth for weeks on end since I arrived here. You and your whole pansy-ass group talking about how great you are, but all I see are men who have to hide. They hide behind whatever they can hide behind, whether it be a title, higher ups who back them, or even each other while holding chairs in your hands.

He finally stops pacing and stares down at Claude for a second before looking at the crowd and shaking his head in disgust.

Hopper: You're the worst, Claude. You come out here holding up a title and claim to be the greatest champion in the UTA. Yet when I step out and challenge your supposed invincibility, I am attacked. When you try to mess with those who work to get us on the air, I am demeaned. And when you finally have a chance to mix it up and show just how you could stack up against me inside the squared circle....you hide and don't get into the match.

The fans begin a Hopper chant, and the veteran looks appreciative with a sly grin.

Hopper: I am making it my mission now to tear at Dynasty piece by piece and Ranier is the first mark on my list. The workhorse of the group. The guy they usually send out to fight when they want to hide backstage. I am going to make sure you do not finish the calendar year with that title around your waist. I believe next week you have a match defending that title against Gentleman Jack...

The fans begin to chant "referee" as if they know what is coming. We hear our announcers over the view.

Williams: Looks like Ranier's reign is in jeopardy.

Fury: I just hope they get sick of this special referee shtick at some point.

Chris smiles and shakes his head as if to say "no" before continuing.

Hopper: No, I'm not refereeing the match and I won't be doing some commentary either. I'm focusing on making sure Jack gets the by-the-book title shot he deserves. I'm going to bring out a chair...

The crowd erupts as the thought of the violence.

Hopper: And I'm going to sit it right down there...

He points to the aisle way that empties into the ringside area.

Hopper: And I am going to make sure nobody can run down to help you out. Jack gets a fair shot without Dynasty

sticking their noses into it. I will take down anybody who tries to cause issues in the match...that includes Perfection, Jackson...even Hawk is he tries to get involved. But you can take this as my personal guarantee that one way or another...

Ranier is up to his feet, face covered in cake. Before he can truly realize what has happened, Hopper grabs his head again and drops him to the mat hard with another icebreaker as the crowd erupts with a massive pop. He stands up and takes the Internet Title and holds it at shoulder level.

Hopper: You won't have this for much longer...I'll see you next week.

As by AC/DC begins to blare over the PA system, Hopper drops the title on top of Ranier and steps out of the ring. The announcers are going crazy at what they just saw.

An unlikely Surprise

Will Haynes' match with Al Envy is rapidly approaching and the American THRILL Ride has a case of the nerves. He's outside the arena getting some fresh air. He wears his ring attire because he's on next. They could call his name at any second.

And by his side, per the usual, is Coleslaw Jenkins, fresh off a paid gig over in some OTHER federation that doesn't deserve mention on UTA TV. Slaw has a hand rolled smoke pressed to his lips and his eyes closed enjoying himself.

Coleslaw Jenkins: Dis be the Gospel, brother. You best be gettin' a hit a' this 'fore you head out t' crack some skulls.

Haynes holds up a hand and shakes his head.

Will Haynes: I have a match next idiot. I wanna beat this guy.

Coleslaw Jenkins: You could beat dis fool with one hand tied behind your back.

Will Haynes: Yeah I know that. But tonight I just wanna be focus....

Will trails off because someone just stepped into their conversation. His appearance here could be categorized as unlikely, maybe even HIGHLY UNLIKELY. If you were into that sort of thing. Mikey Unlikely steps in the scene wearing a pair of jeans and a WrestleUTA Hoodie on. He has a big smile on his face.

Mikey Unlikely: Heyyy Fellas! How's it going?

Mikey points behind him. Turns and looks before turning back.

Mikey Unlikely: I was headin' in the back door here, when suddenly a delicious smelling cloud smacked me in face. Toucan Sam always told me to follow my nose, so here I am!

Mikey makes a nervous glance at the rolled smoke in Coleslaw's hand. Both just stare at the newcomer. Mikey nods towards Jenkins.

Mikey Unlikely: May I?

Coleslaw looks over at Will Haynes, who just shrugs. Coleslaw hands it to Mikey. The image pans out, as Mikey puts the smoke to his lips.

Mikey Unlikely: I love fruit loops! (Snickers), Actually, there was something else I wanted to talk to you about...

The scene fades to black.

Can I Leave You With Some Literature?

We cut to a scene outside of the arena. Specifically, a door that says "NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY". After a moment, the door opens and we see James Wingate step out. He props the door with a piece of cardboard and leans against the wall, his eyes closed.

James Wingate: Ah... Just need a little peace and quiet. Just five freaking minutes to myself...

James calmly breathes, his warm breath creating clouds in the cool night air. After a few moments, we see what appears to be a pamphlet appear from off-screen. Of course, James has his eyes closed and is trying to block out the world, so he doesn't notice. After a few moments, the pamphlet starts to shake impatiently - still, no response from Wingate.

Finally, we hear a VERY loud clearing of a throat. Wingate is startled and he opens his eyes to look at the pamphlet. His eyes follow the arm off-screen, and he gets an annoyed look on his face.

James Wingate: Oh, come on...

Off-screen: HELLO FRIEND!

The camera follows the arm, and we can see that it's Uncle Rocky, dressed in a merry orange Yuletide sweater and matching orange hat, with a HUGE grin on his face. Robot Pete is next to him, carrying a large box of pamphlets. Pete's monitor-face has a candy cane on it, with a big red X crossing it out.

Rocky shakes the pamphlet again, his grinning eyes never leaving Wingate's sour-puss face.

James Wingate: What do you fruitcakes want?

Uncle Rocky: Have you heard the good news about a Santa-Free Christmas?

James Wingate: Wha... No, and I don't want to!

Uncle Rocky: Oh, come on now! It only takes a moment of your time to read this handy dandy pamphlet!

James Wingate: Just... Summarize it for me, and then go away.

Robot Pete: Oh boy! I LOVE summarizing things! The pamphlet tells the story of how Santa is a nasty, bearded enemy of health and free will, and why we should all reject the negative influence that this fictional symbol of greed and obesity has on the world!

Uncle Rocky: In addition to telling the heart-warming tale of why Santa is secretly plotting to separate all children from their parents' love, it's also lovingly illustrated by several artist friends I know, and we even added a picture of Santa Claus wearing devil-horns and spitting on holy symbols that kids can color in!

Robot Pete: OH! And it also has a 20% coupon for the UTA Merchandise Table, perfect for gift-giving!

James Wingate: WHAT?! I DIDN'T APPROVE THAT!

Uncle Rocky: Really?

Robot Pete: It's true! He did not!

Uncle Rocky: But you told me we got permission to do a discount coupon!

Robot Pete: We did... from ME! I hereby give permission to ALL UTA fans to receive massive Yuletide discounts on UTA Merchandise!

James Wingate: ...YOU DON'T HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO DO THAT!

Robot Pete: Gasp! You're RIGHT!

Uncle Rocky: Peeeeeeeete...

Robot Pete: I sure do hope we can collect up all the pamphlets we put on everyone's cars after handing them to everyone walking into the arena tonight!

James Wingate: YOU DID WHAT?!

Uncle Rocky: Er, NOTHING! He did nothing! Now if you'll excuse us-

Robot Pete: I wouldn't exactly call "handing out pamphlets to every car on the freeway for the past hour" NOTHING, now...

Uncle Rocky: NOTHING NEVERMIND LET'S GO NOW!!!

Robot Pete: Fair enough! ROBOT PETE AWAAAAAYYY!

The duo scurry off camera, leaving James with a single pamphlet in his hand. He begins flipping through it, a look of reddest, purest anger in his eyes.

As we return to ring side for the rest of the previously taped show, Al Envy is already in it, ready for the match.

The arena goes dark as by Jack White comes over the PA. The song jams along as white smoke fills the entrance way. The piano solo starts leaving the crowd waiting, after it's finished and the song returns to it's rock roots out of the back steps Will 'The Thrill' Haynes.

Announcer: Making his way now, from Athens, Georgia... He stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty pounds...

The song continues to build and jam as Thrill makes his way down the ramp and to the ring.

Announcer: He is... WILL... THE THRILL... HAYYNNNNEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring. A few moments later the two men re ready to start the match. As the bell sounds, Al Envy puts his hand out to shake Haynes.

Williams: Good gesture of sportsmanship by Al Envy in this random match tonight..

Will pushes Envy's hand away and then pushes Al in the chest. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in Haynes' face. The crowd buzzes in excitement.

Williams: Come on Will, can't you just be civil for two seconds?

Fury: Well, this is a wrestling match Jennifer. Why should he not be aggressive from the get go?

Williams: He doesn't have to be a jerk though.

Thrill pushes Envy again, but this time Envy retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends Thrill immediately to the mat. The fans go crazy

Williams: Al Envy is as tired of Will Haynes' cockiness as everyone else is.

Haynes quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Envy then motions for Will to come at him. Haynes complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand with Envy quickly gaining it, using his strength to bend Will Haynes backward toward the canvas.

Williams: Will Haynes sent off of his feet again. He needs to try and take Envy in another way as Al is the stronger of the two.

Will Haynes then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Envy, the blow causing Envy to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. Thrill raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Envy's head.

Williams: Will Haynes now in control.

Fury: He just needed to re-evaluate the situation, that's all. But now he needs to continue if he plans to capitalize.

He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Williams: Will Haynes working the back Al Envy.

Fury: Focus on one area, and use that against him later with something larger.

Haynes grabs his arm and Irish whips Al Envy into the ropes. As he returns, Thrill drops to the mat, Envy jumping over him to the other side of the ring. Envy then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns this time, he lifts a foot and kicks Haynes square in the head.

Williams: Big boot from Al Envy, and Will Haynes is down!

Fury: The fans are loving it as support for Al Envy can be heard throughout the crowd although he is typically booed

Williams: This is definitely an anti-Will Haynes crowd tonight.

Envy raises his arms as Thrill gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin. Haynes and Envy lock up in the center of the ring again. Al Envy quickly rolls behind Haynes with a rear lock.

Williams: Envy with that bear like grip on Will Haynes.

Haynes makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold. He pushes back, putting Envy into the ropes. Haynes moves forward, breaking out of the hold. As he turns around, Al Envy runs at him. Will Haynes quickly spins around with an elbow catching Envy in the face and sending him to the canvas.

Williams: Counter by Haynes, sending Envy to the mat with that elbow smash.

Fury: You have to admit that Will Haynes has an arsenal in his tool box and can handle almost any situation, such as that one right there.

He makes his way to Envy, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Williams: Will Haynes going to work now.

Haynes Irish whips Envy into the ropes. As he returns, Thrill hooks Envy's arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

Williams: Hip Toss by Will 'The Thrill' Haynes! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Al Envy right to the canvas.

The Thrill taunts the crowd and is rewarded with a chorus of boos.

Williams: Will Haynes has been outspoken as of recent in the direction he has been going, and honestly the fans are just tired of it.

Haynes takes Envy's head and drapes it across the bottom rope. He looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Envy, standing across the shoulder blades. Haynes grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Al.

Williams: Will Haynes using the ropes to choke Al Envy! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and Haynes is mercilessly choking him!

Fury: See, he is still the Will Haynes we all know.

The referee quickly makes the count. Will Haynes breaks the hold at four. The ref warns Haynes yet again with a finger in his face.

Williams: That choke doing damage to Al Envy.

As Al lays on the canvas, he holds his throat. Envy swallows once, with it appearing quite difficult.

Williams: Envy is struggling to swallow after being choked by Will Haynes.

Will Haynes climbs up the corner post and raises his arms. Al Envy slowly gets to his feet as Haynes gets down and turns to face down toward him.

Williams: Will Haynes more interested in inflating his own ego than wrestling in this match.

Haynes jumps down to the canvas.

Fury: Well, he isn't one to steer away from his ego, we all know this.

After a few moments, after Al Envy is able to get back to his feet, the two men lock up in the center of the ring yet again.

Williams: Starting back from square one, Al Envy needs to get some sort of momentum going if he expects to win.

Fury: Well he already has everything going against him.

Will Haynes takes control, switching to a side headlock.

Fury: Dick's just not sure if tonight is the night Al Envy beats Will Haynes.

Al Envy takes several steps backwards. He hits the ropes, using the momentum to toss Haynes off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. Will returns, meeting the arm of Al Envy.

Williams: Envy with the clothesline! He may be turning this around.

Fury: He needs to stay on Haynes though. You can't let someone like Will Haynes even have a moment to rest.

Haynes quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes for momentum. As he returns, Haynes goes for the shoulder block but Envy out powers him, the blow causing Will Haynes to fall to the canvas instead.

Williams: Al Envy with the shoulder block. Errr... well Will Haynes with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Will Haynes gets back to his feet, stumbling into the ropes. He regains his composure and charges Al Envy. Envy catches Haynes, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press before tossing him back to the mat.

Williams: Huge military press there by Envy.

Fury: Dick may have been wrong. This may be the night of Envy.

Envy stomps Haynes a few more times before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. The referee hits the mat to make the count.

Williams: We've got a pin ladies and gentlemen... NO! Kick out. Will Haynes kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Fury: He needs to try and not get into a position that he can be pinned like that if Haynes expects to get the upper hand. All it takes is the referee's hand hitting the canvas three times.

Al Envy checks with the referee who signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count.

Williams: Al Envy can't believe it wasn't three.

He gets slowly to his feet. Al reaches down, grabbing the head of Will Haynes and pulling him to his feet with it.

Williams: Al Envy grabs the arm of The Thrill. Irish whi... NO.. Reversed! Envy off of the ropes.. Haynes leaps...

He grabs bringing Al down with a cutter.

Williams: THE KUSH OUT OF NOWHERE!

Haynes quickly covers Al Envy and the referee begins to count. The bell begins to sound.

Williams: The Kush can be hit anytime and anywhere, and tonight The Thrill proved that to get the win!

Announcer: The winner of this match.... WILL... THE THRILLLLLLLLLL.... HAAAAYYYNNNEEESSS!!!

Williams: Big win here for Will Haynes.

The Thrill celebrates in the ring.

Reactions

Backstage, Jamie Sawyers is standing in front of the camera, microphone in his hand, wearing a crisp grey suit and blue tie.

Sawyers: What a night so far! I a moment I will be joined by...

Before he can finish, a hand launches in, grabbing Sawyers' throat. The arm is followed by the body of a furious CBR, shirtless wearing his pair of jeans and a towel over his shoulders, still some traces of the cake on his arms. Ranier grabs the mic from Sawyers and hurls the interviewer against the wall, turning to face the camera, breathing fast and hard.

CBR: Hopper! You want to insert yourself into MY business? You want to ruin MY celebration? Humiliate the Canadian Star?

His face full of rage, Claude leans into the camera, his left hand holding it steady as his face threatens to explode.

CBR: I don't give a damn who you are or what you've done and I don't give a damn what your agenda is. You want a piece of the greatest champion in this business? You want a piece of me? Title, no title, I don't give a damn. Once I've dismantled Gentleman Jack, I want you Hopper. I want you at Season's Beatings you son of a BLEEP!!

Ranier throws the mic down, Jamie Sawyers coming back into view correcting his tie and the buttons on his shirt that were messed up in the exchange.

Sawyers: Yes, um...Claude Baptiste Ranier everyone. And it looks like we've got a challenge for...for Season's Beatings!

Collateral Damage

Turk stalked the halls of Victory like he'd become so accustomed. He enjoyed being the big fish in the little pond. Although he didn't see it that way at all. He'd become comfortable here. Comfortable to stalk his prey and feel at ease he was in control. Tonight had felt different, though. Different as he felt eyes peering at him. Somewhere in the shadows, he chalked it up to more enemies, and more fans watching his every move.

Two weeks ago he'd struck a chord that rang through all of UTA, not just Victory. He'd laid waste to a legend. Doozer spread at his feet out cold. Then it was Second Coming. The rampage of showing Bill Daley how wrong he was. How off-base his plan was. Turk was good guy. Turk was a monster. He'd proven in the last few shows of UTA that evil can prevail. He didn't need to be like them. He stalked the bowels of the Victory backstage rolling through an inner-monologue confirming his plan. Confirming Bill was so, so wrong.

Turk grinned when he saw him. Turk had found this week's target, and it would resonate even deeper than Doozer or SecondComing. For the past few shows this man was on the forefront of being everyone's smile. Everyone's chuckle. Everyone's good guy.

Turk crept nearer and nearer thinking;

Turk: Just a few more steps

The target's royal blue boots and robe draping over his rotund frame swished with his movement. He was clearly very engaged in his current activity.

Turk sprang from the shadows and plowed an elbow into the base of the target's skull. The large man went nearly limp,

and his knees buckled. Turk caught him and whispered;

Turk: No, not yet.

Turk grabbed the back of the almost-unconscious prey's head and guided it between his knees, clasped his arms behind the victim's back and sent the unwitting soul crashing to the concrete head first in a perfectly executed Split finishing maneuver.

Turk pushed himself off the concrete and noticed... Eggs.

Broken eggs splattered everywhere just like when he hit Doozer.

It didn't matter, he heard footsteps coming, and quickly exited the scene.

Doozer: Bobby, you finished your egg inventory? I have two-hundred...BOBBY!

Bobby Dean laid splattered on the floor just like his eggs.

Doozer: GET THE MEDICS!

He turns his full attention to Bobby.

Doozer: Hey! You there?

He kneels next to his friend, and cradles his head.

Doozer: Hey! You okay?

Doozer looked at the entire scene and immediately knew the culprit.

Doozer: I hear you loud and clear, you bastard. Loud and clear.

David Hightower, with Whiskey close at his heel, watched on a closed circuit security monitor near the gorilla position before walking out to his match. He nodded to a shocked production assistant as he stepped away.

by Falco beings to play over the main speakers. On the screen, "It's only Natural" scrolls across in gold letters on a black background.

Blackfront: Dan Benson hoping to pick up a win here after his recent encounter on the last Wrestleshow with Santa Claus.

Ace: What a joke.

Dan makes his way to the entrance and pauses for a moment looking amongst the disapproving crowd. His blue sequins robe sparkles when the light hits it just right he makes his way down to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Minneapolis, Minnesota.. he stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty three pounds... DAN... BEEENNNSSSOOONNN!!!

Inscribed on the back of his robe reads "SHOCK THE WORLD!" in gold letters. He doesn't stop at all, and when he gets into the ring he holds his arms out showing off as the crowd disapproves of Dan. He removes his robe, and hands it to an attendant outside the ring.

by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play over the loudspeakers and David Hightower casually walks out with his dog Whiskey trotting along beside him. David has a steel chair in hand, dragging it along with him.

Announcer: Now on his way to the ring. From West Memphis, Arkansas. Standing at six foot and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds.... DAVID.... HIIIGGHHHTTOOOOWWERRRR!!

Williams: David Hightower is bringing a chair with him! This can not be good!

Fury: Everyone saw the damage done to Chris Hopper last time David brought a toy with him.

As he reaches the area where the floor begins, David turns, lifts the chair, and begins beating the top of the barrier with it. Horrified, yet excited fans, jump back and scream as he swings.

Williams: This is a normal match David, you can't have that chair out here!

Fury: If he comes this way, Dick is out.

Williams: You're not leaving me alone with a crazy man on the loose.

David Hightower begins toward the ring, lifting and pointing the chair toward Benson, whom in the ring, is yelling at the referee to get the chair from him.

Williams: Dan Benson wants nothing to do with that chair.

Fury: Do you blame him?

Williams: Not at all.

David gets ringside, and throws the chair over the top rope into the ring. As it almost hits Dan Benson, he and the referee jump back as David Hightower rolls in.

Williams: Get that chair before Da..

Fury: It's too late.

Hightower grabs the chair and stomps toward the men, who both quickly drop and roll out of the ring. He begins to wildly swing it, hitting the top rope in the direction of Dan Benson.

Williams: I believe David Hightower is clinically insane.

Fury: He's never been to a clinic in his life Jennifer.

Benson yells at the referee to do something again. The referee gets to the apron and yells for Hightower to drop the chair, but immediately leaps back to the ground as David swings it in his direction before letting out a deranged laugh.

Williams: We need to get some order so we can begin this match.

Fury: Are you going to get the chair from him Jennifer? Dick's sure not.

Dan Benson sprints toward the ring, attempting to slide in, but quickly stops in his tracks and jumps back before falling to a sitting position as Hightower swings in his direction.

Williams: If Hightower isn't careful, there won't be a match.

Fury: Dick doesn't think he cares Jen.

David Hightower finally stops, and throws the bent chair over the top rope and down at Dan Benson who is barely able to roll out of the way. As Dan Benson gets on his hands and knees to get up, Hightower exits to the apron through the ropes.

Williams: David Hightower heading outside.

Fury: Dick doesn't see this match actually becoming a match.

Hightower's feet hit the ground as Dan Benson gets up. As he goes to turn, David Hightower grabs the back of his head.

Williams: David Hightower has Dan Benson.

Fury: Oh, this can't be good.

As Hightower directs Benson, his face shows no bits of sanity, his mouth open, his eyes wide. He sends Dan Benson's head into the commentator's table.

Williams: Come of David, get him in the ring and start this match!

David Hightower turns Benson toward the ring and drags Dan Benson. However, he stops and instead sends Benson toward the steel steps. Dan's knees hit the steps and he flies over them, tumbling to the other side.

Fury: This is a lost cause.

Hightower stomps over, and yanks the steps away from the corner post. Dan Benson rolls around, holding his knee as David Hightower lifts the steps.

Williams: Why is nobody stopping this?!

As David Hightower steps forward, the referee quickly slides between him and Dan Benson, yelling for David to drop the steps.

Fury: There's no way the referee can get David Hightower under control.

Every time David Hightower tries to side step the referee, he moves with him. Finally, Hightower drops the steps and pushes by the referee, grabbing Dan Benson off of the ground.

Williams: The referee may have just saved Dan Benson from feeling the wrath of that unforgiving steel.

David sends Benson into the ring under the bottom rope before reaching up, grabbing it himself and using it to pull himself to the apron.

Williams: At least this is finally heading into the ring.

Fury: Yea, but you can't start a match with Dan Benson in this condition Jennifer.

As David Hightower enters the ring he holds his arms out, with his hands wide open and yells as he stomps toward Dan Benson who is desperately attempting to crawl away.

Williams: Hightower grabs the head of Benson, yanking him backwards and to his feet.

Fury: Dick can't watch this.

David turns Benson around before grabbing him by the sides, lifting him, and twisting to throw him into the nearby corner. As Dan Benson hits, David Hightower runs at him and leaps with a splash.

Williams: Yea, this is over before it even began.

David Hightower backs away and lets Dan Benson fall to the mat. He begins to yell at the referee.

Fury: It looks like David wants the referee to start this match, but Dick doesn't see how he can.

The referee yells back at David Hightower who grows tired of him and steps toward the referee who stumbles back before turning and calling for the bell.

Williams: It's one of those situations where you either do what you're told or have that maniac rip your head off.

David Hightower kicks Dan Benson in the ribs, causing him to roll over in pain. Hightower stomps Benson's hurt ribs a few times before stepping onto his chest with all of his bodyweight and then off.

Williams: This is just brutal to watch.

Fury: It's a massacre.

Hightower drops down to his knees and covers Dan Benson. The referee drops instantly and quickly counts to three.

Williams: A fast count by the referee who just wants this nightmare to end.

Fury: Dick doesn't blame him in the slightest.

Announcer: The winner., via pin fall.... DAAAVVVIIIDDDD... HIIIGHHTOOOWWWEEERRRR!!!!

Williams: David Hightower showing quite a scary side of himself.

Impromptu To Say The Least

Jennifer Williams and Dick Fury appear in a two shot at their commentary table by ring side.

Williams: Thank you for watching Victory... wait, I'm getting word...

We cut to the back and Madman Szalinski is walking through the back entrance of the arena. He throws a cigarette out onto the parking lot pavement angrily before flinging the doors open to the actual back portion of the building. The fans stay in their seats as Szalinski pops up on the Tough Tron walking into the arena. He makes no slowdown to greet or acknowledge anybody standing in his way; he simply marches on straight down the hallway.

Fury: The former champ is in the building.

Williams: He knows he was called out tonight by La Flama Blanca. Madman isn't going to duck out, especially not when it comes to his former friend.

Fury: Don't go anywhere folks!

Szalinski, with no baggage and only wearing a blue hoodie over a plain red mask and jeans, starts to shuffle his feet as La Flama Blanca flies in out of nowhere with a flying forearm shot, connecting to send Madman tumbling forward onto the floor.

Williams: Blanca comes out of nowhere and attacks Madman Szalinski!

Fury: Blanca is all business these days.

Blanca continues stomping on the lower back of Szalinski. He then grabs Madman by the mask bringing him to his feet. Blanca still grabbing Szalinski by the mask tosses Madman into the wall, back first. He throws a pair of punches from either hand.

Fury: Blanca dominating Madman.

Madman catches one of Blanca's fists, pushing him back until he is now against the wall. Madman's eyes nearly bug out of his skull as he starts to laugh, putting a hand against La Flama Blanca's chin and throat.

Madman: OH YEAH! No more talk! No more games! My turn now!

Szalinski runs La Flama Blanca forward, slamming him into a table by the back of the neck. He steps back, laughing louder.

Williams: Madman slams La Flama Blanca's head into that table!

Madman Szalinski smashes Blanca's head one more time into the table with a loud thud, then holds his head up to quietly yell in his ear.

Madman: I told you! Didn't I tell you, this was what was gonna happen! But no...nobody wants to listen!

Madman steps forward a bit, pulling La Flama Blanca to his feet and gripping the back of the neck again, along with the elbow.

Madman: The stoner with the cute little puppy's kicking your ass now, huh? Payback's a Peach isn't it? Come on, Eddy, let's go tell it on the mountain...

Madman points at the nearby curtain leading to the entrance ramp, then brings Blanca into an open area out of the hallway, singing out loud.

Madman: Over the hills, and every-where....

Madman looks to size Blanca up but The Luchador is able to poke Madman in the eye.

Fury: Smart, very smart.

Williams: Cheap tactics by La Flama Blanca. Blanca now on the offense continuing his attack on Szalinski.

La Flama Blanca kicks Madman in the behind, forcing him to stumble out and away, towards another door, He throws Madman into it, and he stumbles outside onto his knees. He points over at a nearby vehicle.

Blanca: I got something for your little stoner ass.

The car, with the Madman Szalinski blue and red mask on the front plate, is Madman's 1989 Lincoln Towncar. Blanca takes Madman's head in his hands, ramming his face into the spoke rim as Madman tries to stand.

La Flama Blanca: Take that you piece of garbage!

LFB pulls away, pulling Madman up and back away from the car to his feet. He attempts an Irish Whip but is reversed. Madman Szalinski's Irish Whip is also reversed. Madman is sent into the parked Towncar, with the quiet of the secluded area giving way to the loud impact and the men's trash talk.

La Flama Blanca: Face it, your career is over.

LFB comes back in, but Madman is able to flip him over in a judo takedown onto the hood of his car.

Williams: These two are going at it like animals.

Blanca turns on lay on his back kicking his feet at Szalinski, catching him with one that sends him back a few steps. Blanca gets off the car and runs at Madman Szalinski hitting a Clothesline. Both men fall to the cement floor.

Williams: Blanca with a headbutt on Szalinski. Another headbutt.

Blanca: Get up, dope head!

Both men are vertical once again. Blanca tries to use the car as a weapon once more but Madman is able to whip Blanca into side of the car, between the passenger's side doors. LFB stops at the last second, jumping to the roof of Madman's car. Madman stops, lifting up a middle finger to a unlooking LFB.

Madman: THAT'S A RAG TOP, YOU MOTHER F-

Williams: Blanca runs full speed and launches himself and hits a Moonsault on Szalinski! Both men are down! This impromptu battle is waging on.

Fury: Impromptu to say the least.

Both men lay on the ground but start gathering themselves.

Fury: Incredible! This brawl is just getting good. Both men still fighting on the ground.

Madman lays on the concrete, laughing, as Blanca stirs around and sits up, moving up to his feet. Madman continues laughing, looking straight ahead at LFB.

Madman: Has it sank in yet just how truly screwed you are, Eddy? I'm having the time of my life right now!

LFB takes a moment to cock his head and look at Madman strangely. Madman rolls over a little bit, coughing in between laughs. Madman winks at LFB.

Madman: I feel special, you wore that sexy new mask for me...

Angrily, LFB runs up and stomps down on Madman's right knee. Madman sits up, growling as he holds the leg. LFB pulls Madman up hastily, grabbing him by the throat.

La Flama Blanca: You should have stood at the hotel... I'm ending you TONIGHT!

Madman chuckles through the gasps for air. Blanca begins to tow Madman in a side headlock, back through the hallway and towards the curtain, heading into the arena.

Williams: This impromptu battle is waging on... I think they're coming down here.

Fury: Is this a match?!

Williams: If they get into the ring it will be!

Blanca leads Madman up the stairs to the top of the entrance ramp. The two walk out as the crowd goes crazy. All fifteen thousand in attendance have been viewing this fight since it started backstage. Blanca lands a hard right fist that sends Madman crashing to the ramp. Blanca pauses as the fans boo him.

Williams: Blanca showing off in front of the fans now.

Fury: Get back on Szalinski!

Madman, from a kneeling position, explodes towards La Flama Blanca.

Williams: HOLY CRAP!

Fury: That was nothing. Dick slaps women's asses harder!

Williams: I hope not! Madman just rocked La Flama Blanca with that open hand in the face!

Fury: Still a misdemeanor, Madman. Dick would have gotten a felony if he slapped someone like that.

Szalinski shoves LFB down, controlling him with a side mount once he is on his back. LFB moves to get up, and Madman locks both of his legs around LFB's waist. LFB moves to his knees quickly, standing up before Madman can grab his head. Madman unlocks his legs, getting to his feet as well.

Williams: He almost locked in that Deathtrap!

Fury: Is Madman still laughing?

LFB picks Madman up with one arm, setting him over his shoulder. Madman still laughs, the camera catching some small pieces of his rambling.

Madman: TAKE ME ON THE ROLLER COASTER DADDY!

Williams: I think Madman's finally snapped.

Fury: NOW Madman's finally snapped!

LFB steps back after having ran Madman back-first into the ToughTron's steel legs, just on either side of the curtain to the back. LFB steps in again, putting an elbow into Madman's chest.

Williams: Strong man...

Fury: Blanca going back to work on Szalinski...

LFB pulls Madman out, pushing him down the ramp. Madman rolls a couple of times, with LFB right behind him. Madman stops at the ring apron on the outside, pulling himself to his feet with a couple of assorted chuckles in between breaths.

Fury: Blanca taking his time. Big mistake...

Williams: This fight has finally gotten to ring side!

Fury: Who knows if they ever get into the ring!

Szalinski is up and shaking off the cobwebs. Blanca stalks his prey and runs at Madman.

Williams: Blanca with a running start...Szalinski ducks the cross body!

Fury: The ring apron sure didn't!

Szalinski catches his breath as Blanca writhes in pain on the mat by ringside. Szalinski is on his knees as the fans begin to cheer him.

Williams: The fans getting behind Szalinski...

Madman grabs LFB, yanking him up and throwing him back against the railing swiftly. The fans roar their approval as Madman stops smiling and laughing in his maniacal haze, instead stopping to appear completely focused and intent on sighting down LFB.

Williams: I've seen Madman for a year now in the UTA, but this is the closest I've ever seen him to his namesake...

Madman grabs LFB's wrist, swinging it around and snapping it down. LFB drops to a knee, and Madman gets his smile back, letting his tongue hang in a zany frame of mind.

Madman: Shoot, I almost forgot what I was doing there...

The camera, inches away, gets all of the audio as Madman pulls LFB back up by the wrist, and flips LFB into a fireman's carry. With no ring steps in this particular corner, Madman has sent LFB groin first into the ringpost, either foot landing on the ring apron. Madman competes standing up as the crowd "ooh"s while LFB falls to the floor.

Williams: A fireman's carry...into the ringpost?

Fury: Dick didn't know you could do that!

Madman steps back a bit, grabbing onto the railing. He breathes heavily,

Fans: UTA! UTA!

Williams: The fans are on their feet.

Fury: They are loving what they are seeing.

Blanca laying on the floor is stalked by Madman Szalinski. Madman walks over, intending to pull La Flama Blanca to his feet. In doing so, Blanca reacts quickly by picking Szalinski up by the waist, moving behind him.

Williams: These two former fr-OH!

Fury: That's got to hurt.

Williams: I guess Madman did start it...

Madman, in obvious pain, still sits on the guard rail. Blanca, seeing an opportunity, goes to the ring apron.

Fury: The Mexican is going for something... this doesn't look good for Szalinski.

La Flama Blanca runs off the ring apron, the crowd scattering as he makes his mark.

Williams: Off the ring apron with the running clothesline!

Fury: This is crazy! They haven't even stepped into the ring yet!

Williams: They weren't supposed to, Dick!

Fury: Hey. You watch your mouth when you talk to Dick. And Dick knows this wasn't a scheduled match. Maybe Kevin Hawk has decided to pencil it into the schedule.

Williams: This is an outright brawl that needs to be stopped! NOW!

Both men lay beaten and tired on the mats outside the ring. UTA Security makes there way down the entrance ramp. Six guards rush the two men as they continue to throw punches on wably legs.

Williams: UTA Security finally come down to break up this brawl between these two arch rivals.

Fury: This keeps getting more and more intense.

Williams: La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski continue to claw at each other as UTA Security is finally able to seperate the two men.

Fury: This isn't over between the two former friends.

Williams: Blanca being brough up the ramp by Security...

Two guards carry La Flama Blanca underhook style with his arms as a third guard walks foot steps behind them. Blanca yells something to Madman who is still by the ringside area.

La Flama Blanca: I'm going to end your career!

Szalinski stands with UTA Security as he takes deep breathes. He kneels over and spits onto the mat by his feet. The fans are a mix of cheer for Madman and boos for The Luchador.

La Flama Blanca: I'm going to end your CAREER, Madman!

Blanca laughs as he continues to stare down at Szalinski.

Williams: Thank you for joining us on another amazing episode of Saturday Night Victory!

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