

# Victory: XVIII

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** December 13, 2014

## Results

### VICTORY

Segment

Victory XVIII

13 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: Dick Fury is back on Victory! Dick is excited for tonight!

Williams: Another big weekend for the UTA. Victory tonight and tomorrow Wrestleshow on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Fury: Multiple title matches this weekend, the first is tonight when UTA Internet Champion, Claude Baptiste Ranier takes on the challenger Gentleman Jack.

Williams: One hell of a Main Event! Before that we have Bechdel Kush going head to head with Zhalia Fears!

Fury: Dick loves the women here in the UTA. They put on one hell of a show!

Williams: We are going to kick tonight off with Lew Smith and Santa Claus.

Fury: Santa looking to bounce back off from his loss by the hands of the UTA Champion.

Williams: We are just moments...

The Luchador appears on the Tough Tron smiling as stands backstage in the arena. The UTA backdrop hangs proudly behind La Flama Blanca. The fans inside the arena give him hell. The sound is intense.

Fury: It's The Mexican!

Williams: Oh god.

Blanca looks straight at the camera and begins to speak.

La Flama Blanca: One half of your UTA Tag Team champions is speaking...

The fans erupt in a massive boo.

Fury: Shut up and listen to the champ!

The camera goes from a close up on La Flama Blanca and slowly pulls back. Cameras move inside the arena as the fans watch the big screen. The boos seem to get louder.

La Flama Blanca: The UTA is breaking new ground in the coming future. Taking Sports Entertainment and the Pure Sports Entertainment to new heights. Dynasty is going to new heights.

The Cruiserweight laughs as the fans boo him more and more. They in unison begin to chant.

Fans: You sold out! You sold out!

La Flama Blanca: Shut your mouths you pack of beat nuts! You are listening to The Luchador! You are listening to the Best From South of the Border! You are listening to the man who is going to retain the UTA Tag Team titles on Sunday!

Williams: Dynasty, La Flama Blanca and Perfection facing The Shoot Kings, Graham Clauson and Thatcher Rex on Wrestleshow.

The Cruiserweight pauses with his mouth slightly open and his hand raised by his face in front of him.

La Flama Blanca: The Quicken Loans Arena is in store for a show... The UTA is in store for a show. When you have Dynasty booked on the card... Dynasty gives no doubt as to why we run this place.

Inhale. Exhale.

La Flama Blanca: This Sunday, Dynasty and The Shoot Kings face once again.

Fury: Again?

La Flama Blanca: Just like when I conquered The Spectre. Just like when Dynasty conquered five UTA stars to retain our Tag Team titles, we will conquer The Shoot Kings again. Just like how I'm going to conquer Madman Szalinski...

Blanca's eyes pierce through his mask and look directly into the camera. He points his index finger towards the rolling cameras.

La Flama Blanca: I'm making this one short and sweet... Sunday, we continue our reign. The Real Shoot Kings are going to keep the UTA Tag Team titles in Cinncy not the Jokers in Rex and Clauson. Four men walk into Wrestleshow, two are kings of the castle and the other two are soiled fools.

Blanca pauses.

La Flama Blanca: You know which side Dynasty will be on.

Blanca smiles as his face is all over the big screen.

La Flama Blanca: In closing, forget The Shoot Kings... Hail the new kings.

The video footage fades to black.

The snappy drum solo from "Clap Your Hands" by They Might Be Giants starts playing...

Uh huh

Uh huh uh huh

Uh huh

Then, loud and clear, we hear a voice command the audience:

**CLAP YOUR HANDS!**

Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete leap out from behind the curtain, dancing and smiling from ear to ear! Sparkling rainbow pyros burst from the ceiling, dropping colorful confetti onto the entrance ramp. The crowd responds almost instantly with an audible round of BOOs.

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. Meanwhile, Robot Pete pulls bananas, apples, and other healthy snacks out of his chest compartment, trying to give the snacks to children in the audience. For the most part, horrified parents keep pulling their kids away.

The duo turn to each other, give each other high fives and a BIG hug, before rolling into the ring. They each reach for a microphone as their music dies down. Uncle Rocky is the first to address the crowd.

Uncle Rocky: HELLO FRIENDS! Welcome to another episode of educational excellence known as THE FRIENDZONE!

Robot Pete: What a fun-tastic time we're going to be having today! Just remember, all this BIG IMPORTANT information will absorb into those atrophied little human brains of yours SO much better, if you remember to listen politely and be VERY QUIET!

The crowd unleashes a chorus of BOOS for this. Uncle Rocky laughs and shakes his head at Robot Pete in disbelief.

Uncle Rocky: Well, okay then! Today, we're going to learn about GIFTS!

Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky, what is a gift?

Uncle Rocky: A gift is a special thing that you can give to a GOOD FRIEND, as a fun surprise!

Robot Pete: Oh, so is that like how you always give me a healthy snack every day? Because I sure do feel special when you cut the crusts off my sandwiches just the way I like them!

Uncle Rocky: Well, that is not a good example, because I make you a healthy snack every day! However, a gift is only given on SPECIAL occasions!

Robot Pete: Oh! You must mean like on holidays, such as that upcoming CHRISTMAS thing Fox News says we are at war with!

Uncle Rocky: Indeed we are, Robot Pete! For you see, it is a Christmas tradition to give loved ones gifts on Christmas! But that tradition has been pushed to the side by the most evil thing to ever happen to Christmas... SANTA CLAUS!

Robot Pete: Gasp! Santa Claus is EVIL? Why, just this morning, I saw parents literally lining up just to place their children in Santa's lap! I have never really thought highly of the intelligence, common sense, or hygienic habits of our audience, but even THEY wouldn't-

Oh, the crowd does not like this, and they let Robot Pete know with a resounding chorus of BOOs. Uncle Rocky jumps a little and pantomimes like his heart just skipped a beat, before cracking a smile and laughing. As the booing dies down, Robot Pete continues.

Robot Pete: AS I WAS SAYING... Even THESE people wouldn't POSSIBLY be stupid enough to lay their precious little bundles of poop-snot, upon the lap of a globe-trotting supervillain, would they?

Uncle Rocky: They WOULD! But let's not judge them too harshly, for you see... Santa Claus has TRICKED all of them into thinking he is kind and good! And he has done this, through his warped and twisted version of giving GIFTS!

Robot Pete: Are you saying that Santa Claus does not give gifts in the correct way? I find this unlikely like Mikey! After all, he wraps them in pretty paper and only gives them one day of the year! He even only gives them to GOOD little girls and boys!

Uncle Rocky: Is that so? Tell me this... Have you ever heard of a child who did NOT get presents from Santa Claus every year?

Robot Pete: Come to think of it... Didn't that little brat Carlos, the one that used to always dent our mailbox with his baseball bat, get that VERY SAME baseball bat from Santa? In fact, isn't it true that before he got the baseball bat, he was using a five-iron to dent our mailbox?

Uncle Rocky: NOW you see what I'm getting at! But that's not the REAL problem with Santa's gift giving!

Robot Pete: Really? Because the baseball bat leaves significantly larger dents-

Uncle Rocky: NO! What I mean is, Santa always brings children what they ASK for! Children write him letters, with lists of Christmas goodies that they want, and Santa brings them!

Robot Pete: I don't understand... How is that a bad thing? Shouldn't EVERYONE get what they want as a gift?

Uncle Rocky: No, and I'll tell you why before you even ask!

Robot Pete: Hooray! Efficiency!

Uncle Rocky: First of all, getting everything you want simply by asking a magic man to bring it to you, fills a child with a misplaced sense of entitlement!

Robot Pete: But Uncle Rocky, what is a mis-faced sense of whatever-that-last-big-word-was?

Uncle Rocky: ENTITLEMENT! It's when you think you deserve things that you do not truly deserve!

Robot Pete: This would be a good place for a joke about our GOOD FRIENDS in Dynasty!

This does get some laughs from the audience, but Uncle Rocky is quick to shush Robot Pete.

Uncle Rocky: No, no, no, Robot Pete! They're awesome like us, remember?

Robot Pete: Oh, right! So anyways, when Santa grants children their Christmas wishes, he's actually corrupting their little child minds, so that they'll grow up thinking they deserve to get their every desire fulfilled! Well, that CERTAINLY sheds a new light on this audience's pooppy attitude! I mean, maybe if Santa didn't-

Again, Robot Pete is cut off by a chorus of BOOs from the audience. Robot Pete laughs, while Uncle Rocky taps his foot, pantomimes checking his watch, and looks at the audience impatiently. As the booing subsides, Robot Pete continues.

Robot Pete: Look, friends, it's NOT YOUR FAULT that Santa turned you all into greedy little goblins when you were kids, we don't blame you, in fact...

Robot Pete & Uncle Rocky put their arms around each other's shoulders, and in unison:

Uncle Rocky & Robot Pete: WE FORGIVE YOOOOOOOOOOOU!!!

More loud booing, about ten seconds of it. Something has to be BLEEPed out by the censors. Rocky & Pete remain motionless, big grins on their faces, and the booing dies down.

Robot Pete: So what can we teach these poor misguided souls about Christmas gift-giving?

Uncle Rocky: It's simple, really - children should not get the gifts they want... They should get the gifts they NEED! In the long run, EVERYONE will be happier!

Robot Pete: Gosh! I really wish we had a way to show people how this works!

Uncle Rocky: In fact, WE DO!!! It just so happens that I have intercep- er, borrowed, THREE letters to Santa Claus, from THREE actual children in the audience tonight! And, I'm going to give them the VERY BEST Christmas gift ever,

by inviting them to this ring to receive A GIFT FROM US!

Robot Pete: Oh yeah! You DID load some presents into my chest-chamber earlier! I can't wait to give them out!

Uncle Rocky pulls out a stack of papers and adjusts his glasses.

Uncle Rocky: This first one is from Dwayne T.! Dwayne writes, Dear Santa! I have been a VERY GOOD BOY this year! I ate ALL my vegetables, and I got good grades in school! Please send me a copy of the video game Mario Kart 8! Aw, how sweet! Dwayne, come on down!

A young boy, about the age of 7, is escorted down to the ring by his parents. With a little help, they are able to get Dwayne into the ring. Both Dwayne and the parents are grinning from ear to ear. Uncle Rocky shakes the father's hand, while Robot Pete kisses the mother's hand. Dwayne looks very excited to be in the ring with Uncle Rocky. Uncle Rocky gets down on one knee so that he's eye level with Dwayne.

Uncle Rocky: So nice to meet you Dwayne! I read your letter, and I understand you've been a VERY GOOD BOY, is that true?

Dwayne: YU-HUH! I BEEN REAL GOOD!

Uncle Rocky: And it also says you eat your vegetables and get good grades in school!

Dwayne: I DID! I GOT A A-PLUS IN MATH!

Uncle Rocky: Wow! A whole A-plus in 3rd Grade Math, outstanding! I bet you can add ALL the numbers, huh?

Dwayne: WANT ME TO?

Uncle Rocky: No, that's okay, I just want to know something... Why do you think these things mean you are VERY good?

Dwayne is silent for a moment, like he doesn't understand the question. Uncle Rocky cocks his eyebrow at the little boy.

Uncle Rocky: I mean, getting good grades and eating your vegetables are things you are SUPPOSED to be doing, right mom and dad?

Rocky looks up at the parents, who nod, begrudgingly admitting that these behaviors are generally expected of children. Dwayne seems a little lost at this point.

Uncle Rocky: Dwayne, I'm definitely going to give you a gift, because EVERYONE is special in their own way, and you are still my GOOD FRIEND. But a video game about making people crash by throwing banana peels at them? That is not a good game for a GOOD BOY to be playing! So, instead, I got you... THIS video game!

Uncle Rocky hands it to Dwayne, who takes it, but doesn't seem happy about it.

Uncle Rocky: In THIS game, you learn the skills and values that TRULY make you a good little boy - hard work, friendship, and how to live on the meager salary of a migrant worker!

Robot Pete: It is quite challenging! I finally got to Level Two Dollars An Hour after only three months of playing!

Uncle Rocky: WOW! I'd say you have some work ahead of you - but it's totally worth it!

Dwayne looks like he's about to cry. The parents are now a little dumbfounded themselves. Robot Pete jumps in.

Robot Pete: Oh no! The small one is leaking salt-water from his face! Surely this generous gift isn't making him... SAD?!

Uncle Rocky: Ah! I know why Dwayne is upset, of course!

Uncle Rocky snatches the game box away, signs it, and hands it back to Dwayne.

Uncle Rocky: There you go, little guy! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Robot Pete assists with shoing the family out of the ring. Uncle Rocky picks up his stack of letters and prepares to read a second one.

Uncle Rocky: This NEXT letter is from Haley R, and SHE writes, "Dear Santa, I want a pony! Sincerely..." Wait...

Robot Pete: That is the whole letter?

Uncle Rocky: It is! Just, "I want a pony"!

Robot Pete: Not even a list of meager accomplishments?

Uncle Rocky: Nope! Oh well, let's get her out here! COME ON DOWN, HALEY!

A little girl comes down to the ring with her mother and father. Again, they're all smiles (clearly they haven't been watching the show). Uncle Rocky shakes the father's hand, then gets down to eye-level with Haley.

Uncle Rocky: Nice to meet you Haley! I understand you like ponies!

Haley: I SURE DO UNCA ROCKY!

Robot Pete: Me too! I have ALL the My Little Ponies! My favorite one is-

Uncle Rocky: Ut! Ut! Ut! We're here to help HALEY with her unnatural desire for animals, we'll address yours after the show!

Robot Pete: Oh, farts...

Uncle Rocky: Let me ask you this, Haley... Do you have a very big field for the pony to live in?

Haley thinks for a second, then looks at her parents. They shrug and say something we can't quite hear.

Uncle Rocky: Oh, a WHOLE quarter acre of back yard, huh? And tell me, how much does it cost to feed and take care of a pony?

Haley is again thinking about it, but Uncle Rocky cuts her off.

Uncle Rocky: I'll help you with that answer, because you're my GOOD FRIEND! The answer is, it takes a LOT of money! And judging by your father's shoes, your family doesn't make nearly enough!

The father looks like he's about to protest, but Robot Pete steps in the way. Let's not forget; despite the silliness, Robot Pete is still a physically large individual and he's wearing what looks like metal armor, so the father backs down.

Uncle Rocky: Tell you what Haley - I'm going to give you a gift that's EVEN BETTER than a pony - it's a gift that's going to help you learn the value of a dollar! And here it is:

Haley looks at the game box with some confusion. Uncle Rocky continues:

Uncle Rocky: You see Haley, once you play this game, you'll realize that getting even a little money is a LOT of hard work! And once you have that money, you might not be so willing to part with it in exchange for a big creature that will cost even MORE money to feed! Enjoy the life-enriching lessons of that fun video game!

Robot Pete "helps" the family out of the ring again. Haley is still kind of dumbstruck, not quite registering what happened. Uncle Rocky picks up the last letter and squints at it.

Uncle Rocky: Oh my... This next one comes to us from, uh... Hmmm. Jaymell? Jermal? Ja- JAMAL! Hah! It's Jamal!

Robot Pete: That shouldn't be a hard name to pronounce, Uncle Rocky!

Uncle Rocky shows the letter to Robot Pete, who nods in understanding.

Robot Pete: Oh, I see! It's almost illegible! That is TERRIBLE handwriting!

Uncle Rocky: And he writes, "Dera.. de-deeeeer Santa? SANTA... I half.. ha-HAVE been' a gu-goud boyee?" Uh... You know what? Let's just send this kid some gift certificates for a tutor and move on!

Robot Pete: But I think he drew a picture of what he wants! It's a DINOSAUR!

Uncle Rocky: Yup! Gift certificates for tutoring in handwriting AND natural history! STAY BACK THERE JAMAL, WE'LL GET YOU THOSE GIFT CERTIFICATES RIGHT AWAY! Oh, and send him a copy of the game as well - a sale's a sale!

Robot Pete: We just quadrupled our distribution numbers in under FIVE MINUTES!

Uncle Rocky: AND we taught some important lessons about why Santa's selfish and sadistic methods are corrupting your children!

Robot Pete: You'll thank us in fifteen years when your kids aren't asking you for money all the time - they may even become so independent that they never speak to you again!

Uncle Rocky: That's all the time we have for the Friendzone tonight friends!

Robot Pete: I hope you learned as much as I did about the CORRECT way to give gifts to those spoiled little sociopath womb-fruits of yours!

Uncle Rocky: GOOD NIGHT from your GOOD FRIENDS, Uncle Rocky and Robot Pete! See you next time, friends!

"Clap Your Hands" starts playing again, to a final chorus of BOOs, as the scene fades to black.

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!".

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall!

The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Brimley, England, weighing in at 216 pounds, Lew Smith!

The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring.

Williams: Lew Smith out here for our next match, he's been a mainstay here in UTA this year.

Fury: Dick remembers beating him in VCW. But Dick beat everybody there.

Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

Williams: Lew Smith is a great competitor, but can he compete with the Christmas cheer tonight?

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere. A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reins and stands up in the sleigh. He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and

bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Announcer: And his opponent, from the North Pole, weighing in at 600 pounds...Santa Claus!

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

Fury: Dick would get more cheers too, if Dick handed out free stuff.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty "HO..... HO..... HO!" at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him. Mrs. Claus jumps off the apron quickly as Lew Smith rushes in, throwing wild rights and lefts to start the match with the ring of the bell.

Williams: And Lew Smith starts off taking it to Saint Nick!

Fury: Jolly he is not, at the moment...

Lew pushes Santa back into the corner, driving a boot into his midsection to keep him down.

Williams: With Christmas around the corner, you have to wonder what we're going to see from Santa Claus here in the next few days...

Fury: Dick got his Christmas list turned in already, Jennifer.

Smith whips the much larger man out of the corner, aiming him to rebound against the ropes. Santa comes back to meet a back elbow, knocking him backwards a step.

Fury: Dick didn't wish for that, though.

Williams: Lew's going to try it again!

Lew runs to the opposite ropes, bouncing back to drive a shoulder into Santa. Santa clutches his stomach, blurting out "HO HO HO!" in pain when he bends down against the ropes, a camera from the outside looking on.

Fury: Dick thinks Santa's cheeks look a bit more rosy than normal after that one!

Lew pulls Santa back, away from the ropes. He locks Santa into his grasp, bringing him down with a Russian leg sweep. Lew quickly kneels down, going for a cover.

Williams: The first pin of the match! Lew looking to end it quickly...

Santa gets a shoulder up at two.

Fury: Not yet. Dick didn't think it was that time just yet, either. Santa is still in this match.

Lew brings Santa to his feet, locking in a side headlock. Stepping back, Santa pulls Lew to the ropes and pushes him off.

Williams: Do you believe in Christmas magic, Dick?

Fury: Dick believes in what he sees. And what Dick sees is Lew Smith taking the fight to him.

Santa whiffs with a short lariat strike, as Lew ducks low to avoid it. Lew continues to the ropes, ready to come back and try again.

Williams: Come on, it's Santa!

Fury: Santa is at the mall right now being peed on by some bratty kids. This schmuck in the ring is just unfortunate to be here.

On this line, Lew Smith leaps high at Santa for a crossbody, but Santa catches him. The fans cheer as Santa's face lights up with cheer.

Williams: Santa catches him!

Santa: HO...HO...HO!

The fans "HO HO HO!" along with Santa, who drops down with a front powerslam on Lew Smith. Santa slowly rises up from his knees, not going for a cover.

Williams: Santa has another trick in his bag...

Santa backs away, then steps in to lift a leg high and drop it.

Fury: Lew moved!

Williams: Santa hits nothing but canvas, and Lew Smith stays in this thing!

Lew throws a stomp at Santa, then another. Lew Smith takes a moment to establish his position by standing over Santa.

Fury: Dick's seen enough. Put Santa back inside the snow globe already!

Lew attempts to lock Santa into a full nelson, and pull him up to his feet.

Williams: Lew is wanting Heaven's Judgement here...

Lew steps back from the ropes a bit, still pulling back on Santa. He jumps up locking his legs around Santa in a legscissors.

Williams: He's got it locked in...

Santa stumbles a bit, with the crowd desperately cheering him on.

Fury: He's going down...

Santa falls back, stumbling over his own two feet, until he lands back-first into the corner to smash Lew Smith. The crowd cheers at this.

Williams: Santa comes back!

Santa steps out of the corner, turning around to grab Lew Smith's head with one hand. With the crowd firmly behind him, Santa drives a right hand into Smith. He follows up with another, which is followed in turn by another.

Williams: Seasons' Beatings comes early for one Lew Smith!

The crowd roars its approval for Santa Claus as Santa backs away, Irish whipping Lew across the ring to the other turnbuckles. Santa charges into the corner, flattening Lew with a body splash.

Williams: Santa Claus just nailed him to the turnbuckles with that splash!

Lew staggers out from the corner, but Santa forces him to bend his head down. Santa hooks the arms, the crowd getting firmly behind Santa now.

Williams: Could be time for a Sleigh Ride...

Santa lands the double underhook piledriver, and this time goes for a cover.

Williams: There's a pin...it could be over...

Fury: It's over.

Cheery as ever, Santa smiles ear-to-ear as the bell rings once again.

Announcer: The winner of this match, Santa Claus!

Williams: Santa Claus pulls one out over Lew Smith here on Victory!

Fury: Dick knows about pull out game. Dick knows that well.

Williams: Well, what we don't know is what to expect from Santa at Season's Beatings! More Victory still coming at you, stay tuned!

The Babysitters Club

We shoot backstage where Kush is sitting in the lotus position, meditating. Her manager, the ever-bubbly Awesome Ava, stands in front of her with her back to the door.

Awesome Ava: Yeah, Grasshopper. Feel that Zen.

Kush: Ah... you're not helping?

Awesome Ava: FEEL IT!

The light rap against the door acquires Ava's attention and she calls out: "Who goes there?" Kush cringes at Ava's shouting so loudly right next to her.

Voice: Hey, got a moment?

Ava: WHO... GOES... THERE?!

Voice: Listen, I wanted to talk with Bechdel. Mind opening the door?

Awesome Ava looks over at Kush, who seems to be deep in trance at the moment (or simply ignoring her on purpose). With a heavy sigh she sticks her head back out the door.

Awesome Ava: You're welcome to try, but she's OOF ACK WHAT THE-

A sudden force opens the door. She gets knocked to the side as two kids barrel inside but are quickly pulled back by the young woman holding their hands - Zhalia Fears.

ZF: Thanks. And sorry about that.

Awesome Ava: Gah! Rugrats! Keep them off my lady bits! HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM, MUNCHKINS!

ZF: Relax. Sally and Brittany here wanted to see one of the wrestlers for a minute. I can't take these kids to the men's locker when a guy like Bobby Dean is in there, so figured I would kill off two birds with a single stone throw and visit Bechdel. Alright, Alluring Ava?

Awesome Ava: AWESOME Ava, and yeah, I'm feeling you there - that fatso thinks "consent" is something you get from deodorant. But you're booked for a match tonight - why are you walking around with kids?

ZF: Favor. Their mother had to take their baby sister back to the car for a diaper change moments after they got in the door with their tickets. So hey, free tour for the wee ones!

Awesome Ava grumbles.

Meanwhile, one of the kids squirms their way free again and tackles Kush with a HUGE hug. Kush snaps out of her trance, and instinctively wraps her arms around the little one, flips the child onto her shoulders horsey-ride style, and gallops around the room quickly. Both Fears & Ava seem surprised that this was Kush's automatic reaction to being tackled mid-meditation by a toddler, but there you have it. After two laps, Kush gently removes the child from her

shoulder, holds it at arm's length, and looks at Fears.

Kush: This, ah... Is this one yours?

Awesome Ava: She's babysitting.

Kush: Ava, can you, ah... Maaaaaaaybe can you take these kids, ah... Take them across the hall for a sec?

Awesome Ava: What, to the craft service table?

Kush: Yeah. You, ah... You kids like donuts?

The kids yell "DONUTS!" in unison and run towards Awesome Ava. Ava squats down, getting eye level with the kids and grinning madly.

Awesome Ava: I'm gonna eat ALL the donuts before you can! OM NOM NOM NOM!

Kids: Nuh uh! Hee hee hee hee!

Ava dashes out of the room, the kids laughing and following her. Fears, now alone with Kush, turns to her opponent for the evening.

ZF: Bechdel, listen. I know you have your detractors. I know I have my own as well. We both want to make it up to the top, and rightfully so. So tonight, let's show the folks in the back here, and the higher-up's that we can hold our own and put on a great match.

Kush nods, but doesn't respond. She starts hugging her arms nervously. Fears continues what she was saying:

ZF: The Second Coming is leading the charge at the forefront, but I think we need to show that we're here just as well. It is no single prong attack. Like a trident, the three of us will pierce through everything and everybody that is put before us.

Kush: ...yes.

ZF: Good luck out there tonight, alright. Let's burn the house down!

Zhalia goes to shake the hand of Kush. Kush looks at her hand, then suddenly breaks into a BIG smile, and jumps on Fears, giving her a BIG hug. Fears looks surprised for a moment, then smiles warmly, returning the friendly gesture.

After a few moments, Ava comes back inside, her arms full of sugar-crushing toddlers.

Awesome Ava: Alright, munchkins! What do we say to Auntie Ava for wrestling the BEST donuts away from Bobby Dean?

Kids: THANK YOU AUNTIE AVAAAAAA!

Fears & Kush release their hug

ZF: Alright girls, let's get back up there and see if your mother is back. I got a match to get ready for after all!

Kush waves goodbye to Fears as they walk out. Awesome Ava frowns and gives Kush a stink eye. She plants one fist on her hip, and uses the other (which is holding a drink cup) to point at Kush.

Awesome Ava: Enough cavorting with the enemy, soldier! I don't see you feeling that Zen!

Kush: That's not how meditation works!

Awesome Ava: LESS SASS-BACK, MORE ZEN-FEELING!

Ava leans in and takes a loud slurp from her drink. Kush just looks confused as the scene fades.

Commitments Met

David Hightower had ran his ad, he'd asked for this. And now the time had come to put in the work. He'd stalked Turk for over a week. Watching his every move, even being found out by his manager Bill Daley. It didn't matter. It was time to go to work. She'd paid good money - and David was going to make good.

Turk wasn't booked, but had become comfortable in the backstage of Victory. He stood talking with Bill Daley.

Bill: ...you just need to focus on the endpoint. You're losing sight of where we need to be.

Turk: (shaking his head) No, no - I see it. I see everything.

Bill's eyes widened and backed away.

Turk: What?

A low growl rumbled behind Turk and a look of reservation to an end swept across his face.

Turk turned to see David Hightower

BLAM!

The folded chair rattled across his jaw. Turk's vision blurred and he stumbled. Quickly he was hit with a strong right hand that buckled his knees and he crumpled to the concrete. Then, repeated kicks met his midsection. And an unending line of dogs barking.

He tasted his own blood.

His ears rang as he tried to gather himself.

Another punch crashed into his temple.

Turk heard someone yelling. He couldn't make out what was going on anymore. It was just a blur of lighting.

When he regained his awareness there was a figure between Hightower and himself.

It was...

Doozer.

The DREAM Hall of Famer grabbed the chair, just before Hightower could throw it down toward Turk, and yanked it away.

Doozer: This isn't the way to handle punks like Turk! I don't know who you are, man, but you're letting this douche dictate what we do!

Turk began to laugh a wicked chuckle. He spat blood on the concrete as he gathered his legs underneath him.

Doozer: See! This is what he wants! I've dealt with plenty of asshats like him before..

Hightower didn't make a sound. Whiskey growled again.

Doozer turned to Turk, now laughing even harder. Spitting blood intermittently, blood trickling from the corner of his left eye.

Doozer: What the hell is so funny, you woman beating waste of space?

Turk: You are... and you're also right on cue.

Without any more warning Turk sprang at Doozer and smashed his elbow into his face. Doozer's eyes watered, and he stumbled backward. Hightower side-stepped the falling hero, making no attempt to help him. Turk charged in and connected with repeated right hands until two referees and facility security swarmed the scene and dragged Turk away from an unconscious Doozer.

Turk: (screaming) You'll give in, Dooze! You'll all give in to the evil! You can't stop me! I'll destroy everything! I'll destroy all of you! The Second Coming, Bobby Dean, David Hightower, - ALL of you! UTA needs me! They need the darkness!

The scene then filled with medics for Doozer. Hightower walks over and looking past the medics, over their shoulders assess Doozer.

Hightower: See? This here is why I was paid to whoop his ass! That sumbitch needs to know I'm a nastier dog than he ever will be! Next time let me do my job or I'll be the one laying yer sorry ass out!

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: White Rabbit can only mean one thing...

Fury: Heroin reference?

Williams: I was referring to the coming of the Kimera herself!

Fury: I guess Dick didn't see that coming.

A LOUD screech interrupts the music just before the lyrics kick in once more. The curtains burst open as Zhalia Fears steps out. She gives a single arc wave to the fans.

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

She crooks her head at the ring and then she makes a dash toward the ring.

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, before rolling in underneath. She walks alongside the ropes and spots the two kids from earlier, pointing over at them and they both hoist up a hand clutching a donut back toward her. With a smile she slides across the ring and 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: Fears has been trading friendly words with her opponent tonight, first on Twitter, and now backstage before this match!

Fury: Dick does enjoy it when the ladies play nice with one another. But this is why women are ruining this sport.

Williams: You think it's bad for business that Fears & Kush respect one another?

Fury: Just saying, Dick never had a male opponent who gave any love to Dick before a match.

The opening notes to " by Amon Tobin begin to play, and the big screen cuts to Kush backstage, doing stretches while reading her Kindle. Her father, Asok Kush, is eating food from the craft table. After a few moments of this, her manager, "Awesome Ava", runs up to her and starts tapping her on the shoulder, motioning towards the entrance.

Kush gets a panicked look on her face. She rises to her feet quickly and starts running towards the gorilla position. Awesome Ava yells something at her, and she screeches to a stop, takes off her glasses, and thrusts them into her father Asok's hands, before turning and running again.

Fury: Dick thinks that girl needs to get her head in the game.

Williams: Hurry up, Kush, your match is about to start!

As the music builds, Kush goes from a sprint into a full run. Awesome Ava is running after her, breathing heavily. A few feet from the curtain, Kush launches her body forward into a handspring...

...BURSTS through the curtain in a full forward flip...

And hits the entrance stage in a three-point-stance RIGHT as the drums hit!

ANNOUNCER: Hailing from Columbia Maryland...

Kush nods her head to the beat, a "whoa, I totally just pulled that off!" look on her face, as she makes her way to the ring. Awesome Ava parts the curtains a second later, looking flushed but manages to smile as well. As Kush walks towards the ring, she reaches out and gives high-fives to any fans that have their hand out.

ANNOUNCER: Standing at five feet ten inches, and weighing in at 170 pounds...

When Kush gets to the ring, she gives Awesome Ava a high-five, and then swiftly scales the turnbuckle - from the outside, and without using her hands. Once she reaches the top, she raises both hands, fingers outstretched, and then waves at the crowd in a friendly way, before doing a backflip into the ring.

ANNOUNCER: The Unorthodox... KUSH!!!

Kush raises her arms once more and smiles. Awesome Ava is clapping and hollering for her.

Williams: Kush promising to "bring the venue down" in her last promo, let's see if these two deliver.

Fury: Dick has heard a lot of empty promises in this business.

As the crowd reaction dies down, we see Awesome Ava make her way to the announce table, making flirty-eyes at Dick Fury. As she gets to the table, she gingerly picks up an announcer's headset of her own, and then starts playfully brushing Fury's thigh with her hand.

Fury: Hey, hey, what are you doing to Dick?

Ava: Just clearing myself off a place to sit. It IS okay if I join you boys, right?

Williams: Well, actually, we didn't plan on-

Fury: By all means, have a seat on Dick.

Williams: But-

Fury: The lady wants to sit on Dick, let her sit on Dick.

Fears & Kush square off in the center of the ring, however before the referee can call for the bell, "" by Suicide Silence hits the PA! Both competitors roll their eyes and look to the entrance ramp, striking a fighting pose... But nobody appears. The song continues to play for a few moments, with Fears & Kush looking in all directions...

Williams: That's definitely Turk's music, but where is he?

Ava: That jack-ass is probably playing mind games or something.

Fury: Hey everyone, look where Dick is pointing.

Williams & Ava follow Fury's pointed finger to one of the audience entrances, and a spotlight soon follows. Turk is walking down the steps in the audience, a huge evil grin on his face, carrying a metal folding chair in one hand, a six-pack in the other (a six-pack of what, we aren't sure yet), and wearing a "Cleveland Is For Lovers" shirt, with the V scribbled out and replaced with an S. He sees Kush & Fears in fight-ready poses, looking at him, but just laughs it off and heads to the front row. Once he gets there, he takes another look at Fears & Kush, then down to the front row

seats. There's a family of four sitting in the front row. Turk sets his chair and drinks down, says something to the family, and points towards the aisle.

Williams: What the heck is Turk doing over there?

Fury: Dick does remember seeing on Twitter that Turk promised to be in the front row.

Ava: So, what, he forgot to buy a ticket or something?

Fury: Maybe they're sitting in Turk's spot. People make mistakes, especially stupid people. Besides, Dick respects a man that makes good on his promises.

Ava: ...whatever.

The family stares at Turk dumbfounded. Turk places a hand on his hip and starts tapping his foot. He impatiently makes the same arm-motion towards the door. One of the children starts gathering their things, but the father tells the child to sit down. He begins to stand, but before he can fully get to his feet, Turk stomps on his foot, then in one fluid motion pushes the father into the entire front row of folding chairs!

This sets off Fears & Kush, who start to head towards the ring steps, but the referee stops them. The father swiftly picks himself and his belongings back up, and motions to his kids that "it's time to go". Turk snatches the bucket of popcorn out of the younger child's hand and waves "goodbye" sarcastically, then moves his single folding chair into the now-empty row. He nonchalantly kicks his feet up onto the barrier, eats a huge mouthful of popcorn, and then motions to the referee as if to say "you may now start the match".

Williams: The official points to the timekeeper to get things started, and there's the bell!

Ava: GO KUSH GO!

Fury: You don't need to shout, Dick is sitting right here.

Exasperated, both Kush & Fears take positions in center ring, and start things up with a collar-and-elbow tie up.

Williams: Fears with the first wrist lock... No, now it's Kush reversing into a reverse elbow lock... Now it's Fears with a judo flip into an armbar... WHOA!

Kush's leg comes up and finds its mark, kicking Fears in the side of the head - the armbar is released! Kush kippups to a standing position and readies herself... Fears rises, Kush looking for another kick-NO! Fears blocks and counters with a chop... Kush blocks it, going for a Muay Thai style knee... SKILLFUL shin block by Fears, even Kush seems surprised, and that moment is all Fears needs to hit a HUGE standing clothesline!

Fury: Nice little combo. Dick could still do better though.

Ava: Is that so? How do you figure?

Fury: Nobody does it better than Dick.

Williams: What?

Fury: Scientific fact.

Williams: Fears with the advantage, looking to capitalize, she lifts Kush to a vertical base... Irish whip...

As Kush heads for the ropes, we hear Turk shout something (we aren't sure what because most of it has to be bleeped out by the censors). Fears snaps her head around to look at Turk, and Kush COLLIDES into Fears! The duo crumple to the mat in a clumsy heap. Turk laughs his ass off, and the crowd murmurs a few "boos".

Williams: Turk just killed the momentum of this match with his outburst!

Fury: Dick would never lose focus like that. Dick knows you're supposed to ignore the crowd.

Ava: C'MON, GIRLS, IGNORE THAT PIG!

Fury: ...still right here, babe.

Kush and Fears finally untangle themselves from each other, shake their heads, and get back to a ready position. Fears goes for another collar-and-elbow, but Kush slides to the side and goes for a rear waist lock... Fears reverses it and now has Kush in a rear waist lock, she goes for a German suplex... Kush slips free, flips to her feet, and manages to hit a textbook shoulder block to Fears' back! As Fears shakes the cobwebs off, Kush continues the onslaught by leaping onto Fears' shoulders, hooking her legs, and flipping forward into a pin!

Williams: This could be it- NO! Kickout at two!

Fury: Dick's really liking what Dick sees.

Ava: Oh believe me, Kush is just getting started!

Fury: No, Dick means that your chest is blocking Dick's view of this boring match.

Williams: Kush gets to her feet and pulls Fears to hers... Kush with the Irish whip... Oh WHAT is Turk doing now?!?!

Turk is now on his feet, yelling something ELSE that has to be blocked by the censors. This gets Kush's attention... she turns to yell something back at Turk... meanwhile, Fears has gotten her senses back, she bounces off the ropes, and comes back with a flying forearm smash... Kush turns to face her, and Fears catches Kush RIGHT in the eye with her elbow - but it looks like Fears wasn't expecting this, as she loses balance, and once again, the duo crash and burn! Fears lands clumsily on the top rope, while Kush flops out of the ring and lands hard on her face!

Williams: Turk is enjoying this a little too much! LOOK at the way he's alughing at them!

Ava: He's laughing at Kush! What a complete dick!

Fury: Hey, Turk is good, but he's no Dick.

Williams: Hey, aren't you her manager, shouldn't you be out there helping her?

Ava: She made me promise I wouldn't. Besides, I'm comfortable here.

Fury: You don't hear Dick complaining.

As Kush rises, we can see that her right eye socket is turning purple. She pats it a few times with her hand, and then scowls at Turk, who leans over the barrier and mocks her with "wah wah" crying motions. Fears covers her mouth with her hands, looking sorry for the cheap shot, and offers Kush an arm to get her back in the ring. Kush accepts the assistance and climbs back into the ring. Once again, the duo square off in the center of the ring, ready to begin.

Despite everything that has happened so far, the fans are not appreciating the slow pace of the match so far. The reactions range from light booing to complete silence.

Williams: I have to admit, the momentum of this match has been slow at best.

Ava: I think we all know who to blame for that one. Someone needs to get Turk out of here!

Fury: If one of UTA's top monsters is involved and the match is STILL a stinker, Dick thinks these ladies have nobody to blame but themselves.

Williams: Kush and Fears tying up again... Still tied up...

Fears & Kush remain in a collar and elbow tie-up for about twenty seconds. The crowd is now chanting "BOOOOOO-RING! BOOOOOO-RING!". Turk leans back in his chair, a smug look on his face as he continues to chow popcorn and drink... whatever's in those cans.

Fury: Dick thinks this love-fest needs to end soon before Wingate starts handing out pink slips.

Williams: Finally starting to see some motion here... Kush goes for the Irish whip... Fears reverses it...

Kush hits the ropes, bounces back... Fears ducks, Kush leapfrogs her... Kush LEAPS onto the top rope, springs high into the air, heading towards the audience... KUSH HITS A 360 AXE HANDLE ON TURK IN THE AUDIENCE!

Williams: OH MY GOD!

Ava: HOLY [BLEEP]!

Kush and Turk lie in a heap of crumpled chairs! The contents of the six-pack cans are spraying EVERYWHERE! The crowd is screaming "HOLY [BLEEP]! HOLY [BLEEP]! HOLY [BLEEP]!" Fears mounts a turnbuckle and shouts something at Kush, who gets to her senses a fraction of a second quicker than Turk and manages to scramble away before she can be grabbed! Kush hops the barrier, while Turk grabs his folding chair, his eyes burning red-hot with murder... Fears leaps down and backs away as Kush slides into the ring and gets vertical...

Fury: Turk is stalking Kush, Dick don't need to be psychic to know what happens next.

Williams: Turk brandishing that chair, getting ready for another devastating shot to the ribs!

Turk is now in the ring and has Kush cornered off... Nowhere left for Kush to go... The referee is getting ready to end the match the second Turk lands a hit... Turk lashes out with a gut shot- NO! Kush leaps into the air, gets her feet onto the chair, and stomps down! The chair is forced out of Turk's hands and slams into the mat under Kush's feet! Turk rolls his eyes, unimpressed, and takes a swing at Kush - who ducks the punch, pulling the top rope down as she does... Turk spins around... MASSIVE SPINNING WHEEL KICK- but wait... Turk still on his feet... Fears goes for broke with a big dropkick that sends Turk backwards and tumbling over the rope that Kush has pulled down! Turk goes crashing into the arena floor!

Williams: The monster is down!

Fury: Dick thinks you're only pissing him off.

Ava: Hey, HE started it!

Fury: It's not about who starts it, it's about who finishes it.

The referee is yelling for security. Six uniformed security members dash to ringside and surround Turk. He manages to get to his feet and shove one of them down by the face, then punch two others, before all six dog-pile onto Turk and take him down. They work in unison to pull Turk, kicking and yelling, out of the ringside area. Kush & Fears look on, waving goodbye and smiling. After about a minute, the security members finally manage to get Turk backstage. Kush & Fears turn to each other and shake hands, before getting back to a neutral position in the center of the ring.

Williams: A fine show of respect by these competitors!

Fury: Well, at this point, they have no excuses.

Williams: Getting things started now with a collar-and-elbow... Fears with the arm drag, setting up for a dropkick- NO!

Fears performs a dropkick, but Kush bends backwards, narrowly avoiding the attack! Fears alnds, gets her footing again... Kush goes into a handstand and hits two spinning kicks to the chest, then leaps to her feet with a Japanese palm strike - the KUSH PUSH! Fears stumbles back, clutching her chest... Kush takes a step back, gets a running start, and unleashes a capoeira style spinning kick to Fears! Fears flips to the mat!

Williams: Kush with a pin attempt... Fears kicks out at one!

Fury: Kush is pretty far from getting the job done.

Kush rises, and pulls Fears to a vertical base. She goes for a Muay Thai knee strike- Countered by Fears! Zhalia capitalizes on the opening with a spinning backfist, which spins Kush around... Fears wraps her arm around Kush's

head... Reverse DDT! Fears opts against the pin attempt, instead going for the corner... Corkscrew senton! Kush clutches her ribs and coughs, as Zhalia stands and raises a fist in the air, giving a shout! The crowd shouts along with her!

Williams: They're certainly winning the crowd back!

Ava: See? THIS is why Turk needed to leave!

Fury: Whatever. Crowds are fickle. In about two minutes they're gonna be heading for the concession stand to buy popcorn and quality Dick Fury merchandise.

Williams: Fears still not capitalizing, she's stalking Kush, waiting for the Unorthodox One to rise...

Kush finally stirs and makes it to her feet. Fears measures up for a leg-scissor takedown, she leaps and wraps her legs around Kush's head... Kush clutches Fears' ankles and takes her for a ride - Airplane spin! After four revolutions, Kush hits a sitdown slam to the mat! Fears hits the mat back-first! Kush rushes to the ropes... Boosts of the middle rope... BIG double leg drop on Fears! Wasting no time, Kush sits Fears up, and locks in the Kudzu Klutch, her signature lotus lock!

Ava: Oh it's over! Fears is never getting out of this!

Williams: She certainly doesn't look happy to be there!

Fury: Dick's been locked up between a woman's legs many times. It's not that bad.

Ava: How MANY times, hm?

Fury: Dick stopped counting when the number reached triple digits.

Kush applies pressure with her legs... The referee dips down to check on Fears... Fears is gritting her teeth and sweating it out... Kush adjusts her weight and pours on the pressure... The referee asks if Zhalia wants to quit... Fears shakes her head and yells "NO!"... Kush moves in closer for more leverage... Fears feels the brief release but can't squirm free in time... The referee continues to check on Fears & Kush to make sure everything is above-board... Fears feels Kush making another adjustment and manages to kick herself a little closer to the ropes... Her toe is only an inch away... Kush reaches back with her arms, trying to pull Fears away... The referee seeing if Fears wants to quit again, gets another "no"... Fears feels another break in the pressure and makes another leap... Fears manages to get her foot on the rope- NO! It falls off!... Kush determined to keep the pressure on no matter what... Fears fights through the pain, draws on her inner strength, and goes for one more push...

Williams: Fears did it! She made it to the ropes!

Ava: Oh, give me a break!

Fury: Yes, that's what the referee is doing now.

Ava: No, I meant-

Fury: Dick likes to be taken literally.

Kush releases the hold immediately rather than waiting for the ref to count to 2. Fears pulls herself up with the ropes, and happens to see Kush setting up for a strike... Kush starts her run, goes for a Muai Thai kick... Fears ducks it and pulls the rope down! Kush's leg gets caught in the rope! Fears counters with a kick of her own - it connects, sending Kush tumbling out of the ring! Kush flops around, hits the ground with her feet, but stumbles back into the barricade! The referee begins his count...

Ava: C'mon, Kush, get up...

Williams: Kush fighting to get her head back in the match... Zhalia Fears looks like she's getting ready to go high-risk...

As Kush finally pushes herself to a standing position, Fears is on the top rope... She leaps... DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE! Fears hits her signature corkscrew moonsault, plowing BOTH competitors right into the barricade! The crowd POPS for this!

The referee starts his count over, as both competitors struggle to get to their feet... Zhalia is the first to rise, she gives Kush an elbow to the face for good measure, then rolls in and out of the ring to break the count... She heads back to Kush, and pulls her to a standing position- WAIT! Kush fires off a shot to Fears' gut! Stunned, Fears lowers her head, Kush kicks past Fears' head, hooks her leg, and traps Fears' head between her thigh and calf... Kush pushes off... KUSH TUSH! Kush rolls to her feet and climbs the barrier... Fears gets to her feet as well... Kush runs along the top of the barricade and LEAPS... HURRICANRANA INTO THE ARENA FLOOR!

Fury: Some friendship, these two are going to kill each other.

Williams: The referee is up to six, these two better take it back into the ring...

Kush pulls Fears to a standing position... Irish whip towards the ring- WAIT! REVERSE! Kush is now heading for the ring - but she leaps and slides in at the last possible moment! Kush rolls to a standing position, just in time for Fears to get to the apron and boost off the top rope - HURRICANRANA! Fears returns fire, leaving Kush in the center of the mat!

Fury: Copycat.

Williams: Both of these competitors are using everything in their arsenal to get an advantage!

Ava: No, Dick's right. Fears is totally copying my client.

Fury: Can't go wrong agreeing with Dick.

The crowd is now solidly behind these two competitors, trading chants of "LET'S GO ZHALIA!" "LET'S GO KUSH!" Fears is feeding off that energy as she stalks Kush... She heads for the corner, and starts slamming her head into the turnbuckle repeatedly...

Williams: You know what that means!

Fury: What, that Fears is trying to scramble her own eggs?

Williams: No, it means she's signaling the-

As if on cue, Kush gets to her feet... Fears grabs her arm and delivers a STUNNING short-arm whip into a headbutt - the LOBOTOMY! Kush's already-bruised eye takes the brunt of the damage, and she crumples to the mat!

Williams: That right eye of Kush is starting to swell shut, this could be bad news for the high-flyer...

Ava: Whatever, she's had worse.

Fury: Dick's been given a shiner before. All it did was piss Dick off. Everyone fears the one-eyed monster Dick.

Kush is on the ground, holding her face. Fears pulls Kush up to a vertical position and sets up for The Offering- WAIT! Kush headbutts the back of Fears' neck! This stuns Fears long enough to flip around onto her hands, loop both legs through Fears' arms, and deliver a powerbomb-style move with her legs! This does very little damage though, so Fears is already recovering... Kush's legs and back both arched, still on her hands... Kush hits a double-foot uppercut style move to Fears! As Fears drops, Kush pushes off and back onto her feet... she runs, hits the opposite ropes... bounces, comes back...

Williams: ENVERGADO! ENVERGADO!

Fury: Did you see the air she got?

Williams: I did!

The referee drops as Kush covers Zhalia. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell begins to sound. The fans cheer.

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

Williams: Kush picks up the win here tonight on Victory in a very good match.

Kush's arm is held up by the referee as Zhalia Fears rolls over and holds her head. Kush turns to her as the referee lets her hand go and heads over to Zhalia.

Williams: Kush helping Zhalia to her feet now. These two ladies gave us a heck of a match.

She helps her up and checks on her before they hug. The fans cheer more as they pull away and Zhalia holds Kush's arm in the sky.

Williams: Great sportsmanship by both Kush and Zhalia Fears.

Ava: Well, it's been fun, boys! See you later...

Awesome Ava hops off of Dick Fury's lap and heads for Kush. As she walks away Dick appears to be feeling his pockets.

Fury: Hey, where did Dick's wallet go?

Williams: Are you sure you brought it with you?

Fury: Don't question Dick! Dick always has Dick's wallet in Dick's right pocket, and now it- oh wait...

Dick Fury reaches into his left pocket and finds his wallet. He frowns.

Fury: Better make sure that bitch didn't take anything... Wait... There's actually EXTRA condoms in Dick's wallet now.

Williams: I wonder what that means...?

Fury: It means Dick needs to educate that girl. These aren't Dick's brand!

Williams merely shakes his head and rolls his eyes as the scene fades out.

All I Want for Christmas

Will Haynes: Hey you!

Santa is walking down the hallway. Busy time of year for the man but he's at Victory anyway. Santa turns quickly. Will takes a few steps towards the jolly ol' elf. Coleslaw Jenkins by his side. Both men are dressed casually.

Will Haynes: Now I know normally people do this on Christmas and what not, but I couldn't wait. I wrote you a little something.

Santa looks confused.

Coleslaw Jenkins: Look just let the man do this. He been workin' on it for a while now.

Santa nods his head and presents Will the space to perform.

Will Haynes: Alright, here goes -

Thrill clears his throat.

Will Haynes: T'was the night of Victory and here in this room  
Smoke is blowing out of my ears it's beginning to fume  
Santa if you hear me there's one thing I need

And I know what you're all thinking - no it's not weed

It's not presents, or gifts, I have a lot of things  
I want that piece of shit Muslim, ascending to heaven with wings  
He's been a thorn in my side since he decided to comeback  
Santa, grant us a match so I can put him down for a LONG dirt nap

This could be longer but Santa the message is clear  
I want a match with Abudl, I'm going to beat that queer  
Pay Per View or not that isn't the point  
After I beat him I'm gonna smoke a fat -

Coleslaw Jenkins cuts across his throat indicating that the American Thrill Ride shouldn't finish the last line of his Christmas poem.

Santa shrugs his shoulders and walks away.

Will Haynes: So think he'll deliver.

Coleslaw Jenkins: It was worth a shot.

Fade.

On the Town

The scene opens to the outside of a club. The moon reflects in the puddles that rest on the alley pavement. Few lights are on or working, and it seems to be a very seedy area.

The red brick building looks very plain save for the neon sign above the door that showed a bright blue martini glass with an olive on the rim. A sorry looking building, cracked and torn from years of weather and abuse.

A dark brown door, sits ominous beneath the neon lights. Very few cars litter the parking lot, as it seems to be a slow night for business. Suddenly the door bursts open. Out comes an angry looking Mikey Unlikely.

He pushed the door open with both arms, and walks quickly outside. He takes a long deep breath of the humid and moist air. He turns around looking back at the door, just before it slams shut, someone else begins to come through it.

Unlikely: Are you crazy? What in the hell were you thinking Bobby!

Mikey yells back at the door.

'Beautiful' Bobby Dean comes tumbling through the door uneasily behind Mikey. He looks distraught and slightly confused.

Dean: I don't get it, what's the problem Mikey?

Bobby asks, and shugs inquisitively.

Mikey's jaw drops.

Unlikely: Are you kidding me? You said we were going to strip club Bobby, I was ready for a good time!

Dean: This is a strip club!

Bobby says, licking his fingers now.

Dean: With a great buffet I may add.

Mikey now even more furious gets tense.

Unlikely: Shemales, Bobby! They're SHEMALES!!!

Mikey screams.

Dean: Hey, it's the best of both worlds buddy! And never forget, lady-boys need some love'n too, and you never specified what kind of strip club...

Mikey's face was incredulous. 'You're never picking the club again Bobby! Get in the car, we're going to the Diamond'

Dean: The Diamond? That place is a little pricey, and their selection is sooo limited!

Bobby pouted at the thought.

Unlikely: Oh, it's on me, no worries, as long as when the strippers take off their bottoms, there are no men parts bouncing around, I'll pay whatever.

Mikey said begrudgingly.

Dean: I tell ya, you're too picky! Set your standards a little lower, don't limit yourself so much! But who am I to complain, I just hope they have a buffet too!

Bobby Dean says climbing into Mikey's Suburban SUV. The sport utility vehicle leans heavily to the passenger side, once Bobby Dean is in place. Mikey jumps in and starts the engine.

Unlikely: Did I really just see.... was that... what!?' Mikey sits wide-eyed staring out the windshield, thinking back on the horrific scene he just witnessed inside.

Dean: It's all natural man!

Bobby Dean assured him.

Unlikely: There's nothing natural about THAT! That was just weird...

Dean: You call it weird, I call it God's gift.

Bobby Dean says from the passenger seat, He pulls a king sized candy bar from his pocket as Mikey gives him a look of intrigue.

Dean: Don't worry, it's just the appetizer, something to hold me over, until we get there!'

Mikey shakes his head.

Unlikely: Listen, let's talk about this, partnership, or whatever it is we're trying to do here... '

Fade out

As the familiar notes of Pomp and Circumstance by Sir Edwin Elgar play throughout the arena, Gentleman Jack steps out into the light, robe hitting the floor, with a confident grin upon his face.

Fury: The Gentleman is here on Victory!

Williams: A huge match for Gentleman Jack; Can Jack stun the UTA Universe and defeat CBR?

Fury: This match is going to be epic. Gentleman Jack has been handling business since he got on the scene. Let's see if he can handle Ranier.

Williams: Throw in Chris Hopper as an enforcer and this has all the makings of a classic.

Fury: A five star main event here on Victory.

He takes a moment to take in the crowd, the self-satisfied smirk still present on his face before slowly strutting down the ramp, taking his time with each and every movement. The announcer hesitates before looking down at their card, having no choice but to go along with it.

Announcer: From the... Land of Gentlemen, by way of England...

He makes way down to the ring. Once standing in front of it, he stops, looks both ways before climbing on the apron, again allowing the moment to make itself, then entering through the second rope.

Announcer: Standing a very... manly 5'11, and weighing in at an impressive 240 pounds...

Once in the ring, Jack gives the announcer a quick glance, making sure he is following the script he had shown them before hand, before relaxing and taking a strut around the ring.

Announcer: He is the Man of Manifold Muscle, the Manly Mauler, the...

As Jack is shaking the hand of the referee, he notes the hesitation on the part of the announcer, and walks to them glaring at them. The announcer gulps and continues on.

Announcer: The Magnificent, Manly, Majestic, Masterful, Matchless Melodious, Meritorious, Meticulous, Mighty, Muscular and Mustachioed Marvel, Gentleman Jack!

Satisfied with the introduction, Jack smiles before shaking the announcer's hand, next heading to the center of the ring. He takes off his robe, revealing one of his custom-made wrestling singlets. Letting the crowd take in his glory, he punctuates it by performing the traditional gentleman's bow.

Fury: Tonight we see if Jack has what it takes to be champ.

Afterwards, he heads to his corner, going through a few basic punches and kicks to get in the mood for his opponent.

Williams: Gentleman Jack looks ready. The champion still to come.

Fury: Are we looking at the next UTA Internet Champion?

The lights in the arena dim as a red strobe light appears, focused in the entrance atop the stage.

The unmistakable opening riff of "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica begins to play, the crowd erupting into a crescendo of boos, peppered with faint cheers of a growing fan base for the Internet Champion if the UTA.

After two or three repetitions of the riff, out from the back steps the man himself, Claude Baptiste Ranier, the titantron glowing with images of suplexes and submission holds by the Canadian Star, each separated with brief images of the Canadian flag.

Wearing a pair of purple and white ring trunks, purple knee pads and elbow pads and white boots, and adorned in his trademark Purple and white "Subjugation" robe, Ranier stands atop the stage, looking over the see or disapproving fans, the smile etched on his face.

Williams: Claude Baptiste Ranier, the longest reigning champion in the UTA. Tonight he defends his title once again.

Fury: CBR needs to be on the top of his game to get through Jack... or a little interference by Dynasty.

Around his waist, beneath the robe, CBR wears the Internet Title, as one hand runs across the gold, a pair of purple tinted sunglasses over his face. Ranier has his blonde mane of hair falling by his shoulders and starts to make his way down the ramp, the music hitting into its starting lyrics. CBR edges forward towards the ring slowly, ignoring outstretched hands of fans, focused on the squared circle.

Announcer: Hailing from Montreal, Canada

Ranier is distracted by one Ryan's abuse, his smile turning to a serious look, straight into the eyes of an overweight fan in the front row shouting and pointing at the Canadian Star. Claude unstraps the Internet Title, raising it above his head in front of the fan, holding it there patronisingly, focused on the fan, pausing for a few moments. He then drops the title over his shoulder and turns back towards the ring.

Williams: Again, this is our Main Event of the evening, folks.

Announcer: Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and fifty seven pounds...

"Searching....seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!

Searching...seek and destroy!"

CBR walks up to the ring steps looking over the fans again momentarily as the chorus plays out. He walks slowly up the steps to the apron, stepping carefully through the ropes and into the ring. Ranier walks purposefully around a circuit of the squared circle, the smile curled back once more onto his face. Stopping at one of the corners of the ring, Claude places his Internet Title over the top rope and takes off his robe and sunglasses, placing them into the corner. Taking his title once more, he climbs the turnbuckle, raising it for everyone to see as the second chorus starts.

Announcer: The current UTA Internet Champion...the Canadian Star...CBR!!

Holding the belt aloft, Ranier takes in the boos, closing his eyes and savouring the moment. He lingers for a few more moments before coming down and handing his title to the referee, stretching his right arm.

Williams: Tonight could be the night where the streak ends.

The music begins to fade as the second chorus approaches, CBR focused, resting against the corner turnbuckle.

Fury: Champ is looking good.

Williams: We await... Chris Hopper. Him and CBR have been getting into it in past weeks.

Fury: Hopper has ties to both men, let's see what The King does during this match.

A loud voice booms over the PA system.

Voice Over: MAKE WAY FOR THE KING OF COOL!

The lights go out suddenly as the beginning strums of "TNT" by AC/DC start to blare over the loudspeakers. The crowd erupts with a huge face pop as the screen lights up with images of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper. The music plays for a bit and then burst into the chorus.

Williams: Chris Hopper and CBR have been at each other's throats in recent time.

Fury: I can't wait to see that one.

Hopper then enters the arena and the attention is off the big screen. The music continues through the chorus as Hopper struts down to the ring. Hopper is wearing a T-shirt that says "Nose Bleed Pie!" on the front and "Too Cool"

Chris Hopper on the back. He reaches the ring as the chorus ends and another instrumental has begun.

Fury: I don't get Chris Hopper. Why does he care what happens in this match?

Williams: Hopper wants to help a man he respects in Gentleman Jack.

Fury: He just wants to be close to CBR. He's going to make his presence felt tonight.

Chris Hopper takes place by ringside. The bell sounds.

Williams: And we are off!

Fury: Both men circle inside the ring.

Claude Baptiste Ranier stops to turn and face Chris Hopper.

Williams: CBR pointing to Chris Hopper.

Fury: Telling Hopps to keep his huge nose out of his business.

Williams: Hopps?

Fury: Yeah, Blanca calls him Hopps. Dick likes it.

CBR and Gentleman Jack meet at the center of the ring for a test of strength.

Williams: Gentleman Jack raising his hand in the air.

Fury: Ha! CBR Body Slammed Yoshi!

CBR and Jack lock right hands and now left and slam chests pushing the other but neither budes. They continue to battle with each man getting an advantage for the other counters. Claude puts an end to it with a hard knee to Gentleman Jack. CBR turns Jack away from him and lifts him into the air.

Fury: Atomic Drop sends The Gentleman in pain.

Williams: CBR with a knee to the mid section. Now pushing Jack into the ropes.

Fans: Woooooo!

CBR Knife Edge Chops The Gentleman and Jack comes back with a hard open hand slap to Claude's massive chest.

Fans: Woooooo!

CBR punches Jack back into the ropes and then whips Jack across the ring.

Fury: Jack with the reversal, Ranier bounces off the ropes and it hit with a Drop Toe Hold.

Gentleman Jack takes CBR's back and then spins his body to grab CBR's head. Gentleman Jack pushes CBR's head down and quickly goes for an Armbar.

Williams: Gentleman Jack securing CBR's arm.

Fury: CBR could tap!

Gentleman Jack puts more strain on the Armbar. The referee asks CBR is he gives up. Claude refuses.

Williams: Gentleman Jack really pulling back on the left arm of the Internet Champion.

Fury: Smart move on Jack's part. Take some of CBR's power away. Can't be slamming people with one arm.

CBR swings his arm at the bottom rope. He uses his immense strength to bring him closer to the ropes.

Williams: CBR gets to the bottom rope.

Gentleman Jack lets go of the hold and gets to his feet. CBR slow to get up leans against the second rope. Jack helps his opponent to his feet and is European Uppercutted by CBR. CBR lands furious fists to Jack's chin. CBR grabs Gentleman Jack by the waist and executes a Belly to Belly Suplex.

Williams: Jack is down. CBR goes for the cover...

Ref: One... Kickout!

Fury: Jack kicks out easily.

CBR goes into a fury landing several boots to Jack keeping him on the mat. Jack turns to his stomach and tries to get to his feet and is stopped by CBR. CBR fights with Gentleman Jack and locks in a Camel Clutch. Leaning back and pulling up hard on the chin of The Gentleman.

Williams: Gentleman Jack is in the middle of the ring!

Fury: No where to hide!

Gentleman Jack pulls his arms from CBR's knees and tries to pry Ranier's hands from his chin.

Williams: Jack is trying to get to his feet.

The two men fight each other as CBR tries to gain control while Jack tries to escape the submission. Jack tries to get to a knee but is shut down when CBR slams his body down on Gentleman Jack's back, sending The Gentleman to the mat stomach first.

Fury: CBR showing The Gentleman why he is Internet Champion.

Ranier stands above Gentleman Jack as the fans boo him. CBR flips off the crowd and grabs The Gentleman by the head; Bringing Jack to a vertical base. Ranier lands a kick to the gut of Gentleman Jack.

Williams: CBR going for a Suplex...

Fury: The Gentleman is trying his best to fight it!

Gentleman Jack puts his leg behind CBR's to keep his feet on the ground. Jack uses all his strength to pick CBR in a Suplex of his own slamming CBR onto the mat. CBR grabs at his back and rolls out of the ring and drops to the outside.

Fury: Smart move by the champ.

Williams: Referee has started his Ten Count.

Referee: One!... Two!...

CBR walks around the ringside area grabbing his back. The fans at ringside let them know how they feel about the Internet Champion. Chris Hopper starts to walk around the ring.

Williams: Chris Hopper on the move.

Fury: He better keep his distance from CBR.

CBR notices Hopper getting closer and rolls back into the ring. Upon re-entry of the ring Gentleman Jack goes to work on his opponent.

Williams: Jack attacking CBR.

Gentleman Jack stops stomping on CBR's lower back and brings the Internet Champion to his feet. CBR chops Jack in the throat and gets the separation he needs. Jack walks towards the nearby corner.

Fury: The champ evens it up.

Williams: CBR stalking his prey. Claude pushes Jack into the corner... Irish Whip, oooh!

Fury: Right into the turnbuckles!

Chris Hopper turns his head as he stands outside the ring. He walks to the ring apron and slams his hands on the mat.

Williams: Jack is dazed.

Fury: He's going for a ride.

Gentleman Jack stumbles back and walks right into a vicious Spinebuster from CBR.

Williams: Big time Spinebuster from the Internet Champion. He goes for the cover!

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Fury: Jack just gets his shoulder off the mat.

CBR is stunned that The Gentleman kicked out from that. CBR mounts Gentleman Jack and lands several hard right fists centered on Jack's head.

Fury: Looks like the Champ is angry.

Williams: Chris Hopper getting this crowd going for Gentleman Jack.

CBR stands up and moves away from Gentleman Jack, walking towards Hopper. CBR points at Hopper and begins jawing with him.

Williams: CBR needs to keep his head in this match.

Gentleman Jack knocks the cobwebs loose as he stands with his knees bent. CBR is more concerned with Chris Hopper at ringside.

Fury: Gentleman Jack with the School Boy Roll Up!

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!!

Williams: CBR still in this match!

Fury: He just, just kicked out before the ref landed three.

Williams: Gentleman Jack almost stole the UTA Internet Title from CBR!

Jack sits on his knees and takes deep breaths. He goes back to work and brings himself and his opponent to their feet to continue the battle. The two men exchange rights before CBR gains the advantage with a Knee to Jack's stomach. CBR lands a thunderous Knife Edge Chop.

Fans: Wooooooo!

Williams: CBR with the Irish Whip...

Gentleman Jack is able to hold onto the wrist of CBR as he spins in front of Ranier. Jack boots CBR in the gut then he pulls CBR's head down and hits an Implant DDT. The fans go wild.

Williams: Jack not going for the cover...

Fury: Pin him already!

Gentleman Jack lays on top of CBR and hooks the leg.

Referee: One! Two! KICKOUT!

Williams: The champ is still alive!

Fury: The Canadian Star won't go down easily!

Williams: These fans can't believe it either!

Gentleman Jack goes back to the drawing board. He grabs CBR with both hands by the hair. He gets warned from the referee. Gentleman Jack with a handfull of hair goes for a Heart Punch and is blocked by CBR. Claude lands a jab to Jack's chin and then another. CBR rushes Gentleman Jack who is back tracking and sends Jack over the top rope and to the floor with a Lariat.

Williams: Gentleman Jack hitting the floor hard in front of Chris Hopper.

Fury: CBR getting a much needed blow.

Williams: The referee starting his Ten Count on Gentleman Jack.

CBR lay on his back catching his breathe with his forearm across his forehead. Chris Hopper keeps his distance from Gentleman Jack who is slow to get to a knee.

Referee: Three!

Jack gets to his feet and falls back down to his knees. The fans are on the edge of their seats.

Williams: Referee is at five.

Fury: Jack is going to get counted out. What a shame.

Gentleman Jack grabs onto the middle rope and tries to bring his body to the ring apron.

Referee: Seven!

Jack gets back into the ring before the referee can get to nine. The fans are back in this match. CBR now on his feet inside the ring bum rushes Gentleman Jack sending him to his rear, choking him up against the ring ropes.

Referee: One.. Two.. Three.. Four.. Come on!

Williams: Referee Knox gets between CBR and Gentleman Jack sending CBR into the opposite corner.

Fury: Referee Frank Knox attending to Gentleman Jack.

CBR smells blood in the water and goes back for his opponent. At that point, Chris Hopper moves tot he ring and yells at CBR.

Williams: CBR distracted by Hopper who has been ringside for this match.

CBR heads over as Chris backs up and throws his hands out as CBR kicks the bottom rope. He turns back as Gentleman Jack is finally leaving the corner.

Williams: We're about to-

Chris Hopper reaches in and grabs CBR's ankle before letting go and backing off as CBR turns back angrily.

Williams: CBR is going out of the ring!

Fury: He's tired of Chris Hopper trying to interfere!

Williams: That was hardly Chris Hopper interfering.

CBR stands between the ropes and yells at Hopper before bending down and coming back into the ring. As he turns, Gentleman Jack runs at him.

Williams: CBR sees Gentleman Jack.. ducks the clothesline.

He turns as Jack hits the ropes and returns. CBR grabs him with a scoop, and spins him over and to the canvas.

Williams: POWER SLAM!

CBR gets to his feet and yells a powerful yell. He bends down behind Jack and waits with anticipation.

Williams: You can see it in his eyes, CBR wants to finish this.

Gentleman Jack gets to his feet. He stumbles around and turns. As he does, CBR comes forward, grabs him and lifts before pushing him to the canvas.

Williams: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER BY CBR!

The fans boo.

Fury: YES! PIN HIM!

Williams: CBR going for the pin... he hooks the leg...

The referee drops and counts. CBR counts along with each time the referee's hand hits the canvas. The bell begins to ring.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... and STILL... UTA... INTERNET CHAMPION.... C..... B..... RRRRRRRR!!!!!!

Chris Hopper just watches from outside with his hands on his hips.

Williams: CBR takes home a victory and retains the Internet Championship going into Seasons Beatings.

Fury: How could you ever doubt him?

The referee brings the title over and hands it to CBR who, without taking his eyes off of Chris Hopper outside of the ring, raises it high in the sky.

Williams: The most dominant champion in UTA history right there. No other champion, of any title, has held it as long as CBR has held that title. One hundred and ninety six days as Internet Champion.

Fury: And a lot longer to come cause his match with Chris Hopper at Seasons Beatings is non title! It's great!

CBR smirks at Chris before heading back to the ropes toward the stage and drops down, before rolling out of the ring and starting to head up the ramp.

Williams: CBR leaves tonight the winner of this match and still Internet Champion, but will he have the same luck in two weeks when he faces that man right there, Chris Hopper?

Fury: Of course he will! He's CBR!

Chris looks disappointed, but heads around the ring and starts toward the back himself.

Williams: Gentleman Jack just now coming to after a match in which he was the favorite to win.

Fury: To who? Not Dick!

Williams: Of course not. Well folks, thank you for tuning in to Victory. Remember, next week we wont be airing a new episode as we prepare for Seasons Beatings. For all of us here at the UTA, thank Y-

The lights cut off.

Williams: What's going on?

Fury: This can't be good.

A spotlight hits the stage, illuminating The Truth.

Williams: IT'S THE TRUTH!

Fury: Oh great.

The light follows them down the ramp as the fans boo. As they reach the ring, the spotlight goes off.

Williams: What are they doing here?! Where's the lights?!

As the lights come back on, Brother Simon and Brother Judas are holding Gentleman Jack up as The Good Reverend just leans in and smiles.

Williams: They promised they would cleanse Gentleman Jack. They are here to do it!

He grabs Gentleman Jack from The Truth and holds him back before spinning around and driving his head into the canvas with a Swinging Reverse STO.

Williams: HIS Love! HIS Love!

The Good Reverend kneels down beside Gentleman Jack and laughs as Man That You Fear by Marilyn Manson begins to play.

Williams: My lord. Someone needs to check on Gentleman Jack!

The camera zooms in on Th Truth standing over Gentleman Jack as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

## Show Credits

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