

# Victory: XX

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## Results

### VICTORY

Segment

Victory XX

10 Jan 2015

The WrestleZone at Universal Studios, Orlando, FL (seats 1,400)

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 look at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

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

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where 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, Live in the WrestleZone in Tampa, Florida! I'm Jennifer Williams and as always, I am joined by Dick Fury.

Fury: Thank you, Jennifer. Dick's glad to be here in the new UTA WrestleZone here at Universal Studios Florida. It's been a great week!

Williams: Tremendous week. We are glad to have a new home for Victory on Saturday nights and now UTA's newest show, Proving Grounds.

Fury: The roster keeps growing.

Williams: Tonight on our premiere UTA event at the WrestleZone and this also the first UTA televised post Seasons Beatings.

Fury: Seasons Beatings will go down in history!

Williams: We have a action packed night in store for Orlando!

Fury: Definitely Jennifer. Newcomer Kendrix takes on former VCW Champion, Lew Smith. Interesting to see how Kendrix fares against a veteran here in Smith.

Williams: Paladin fresh off a win takes on a returning UTA Superstar, Roscoe Shame.

Fury: Roscoe is a gamer. That should be a match to keep your eye on.

Williams: And our Main Event... "The Teacher" Harry Eastman goes head to head with The Good Reverend, the leader of The Truth.

Fury: Dick's excited... The WrestleZone is sold out, the cameras are rolling. This is Saturday Night Victory!

Williams: Lets now go outside of the WrestleZone where WTFC is hanging out!

Fury: These guys... wow.

Kissing Booth Pt.1

Outside in the chilly air, there is a Lemonade stand out in front of the WrestleZone. Only, they ain't selling Lemonade...

Coleslaw Jenkins: Step right up, step right up. Fer just a' dollah you can lock your lips wit da loveable, cuddly, n' oh so "Beautiful" Bobby Dean!

A tumbleweed tumbles across as Jenkins stands on his soap box, calling out to the non-existent crowd. It's a literal soap box, we aren't dealing with metaphors here. He's dressed ridiculously, well more ridiculously than normal. He looks like a darker member of the P.T. Barnum family. Meanwhile Bobby Dean sits behind a table, with a large sign over head that reads "KISSING BOTH" with "\$1 a Kiss" just beneath it. Doozer, Mikey, and last but certainly not least, Will "the Thrill" Haynes, approach the booth, with shocked and amused expressions on their faces.

Doozer: How's business buddy?

Bobby scribbles something down and holds up his dry erase board to his friends.

JUST WAITING FOR THE CHURCH

CROWD TO LET OUT!

Mikey: But it's Saturday?

Doozer smiles, holding up his hand to stop Mikey, knowing that the conversation would quickly get out of hand. Doozer takes a step back and observes the layout of the business and shakes his head, disapprovingly.

Doozer: Buddy, you're doing it all wrong.

WHAT!? SHOULD I CHARGE MORE?

Will: Heck yes!

Doozer: No...

Will: We should charge a hundred dollars a kiss! You know how valuable Bobby Dean kisses are!? We should sell them on eBay. We'd make a fortune!

Bobby perks up at that, but Doozer ignores the excited Will and continues.

Doozer: Listen, we...

Motioning to himself, Mikey and Will.

Doozer: ...want to help you make this little business venture a success! What do you say? Want to make some money?

GOSH YES!!!

Doozer walks over and puts his hand on Bobby Dean's shoulder as we fade.

Oh No!

We are backstage at the UTA WrestleZone. Jamie Sawyers is there with his camera crew. Rolling as always.

Sawyers: Thank you for tuning into our first LIVE broadcast of Saturday Night Victory here at Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida. Still tons of action yet to come. Our Main Event... Harry Eastman taking on The Good Reverend. It should be a great one!

Sawyers pauses and continues to promote the UTA live events coming up.

Sawyers: Tomorrow night, LIVE in Las Vegas, Nevada at the Mandalay Bay Events Center, UTA and Pure Sports Entertainment present, Wrestleshow. A big night over following with great matchups.

A graphic for tomorrows Wrestleshow appears on your screen.

Sawyers: Let's go through the card. Kicking us off will be The Good Friends! taking on the team of "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely, members of the WTFc. Chris Hopper takes on Log Habben, making his return to the UTA after some time in rehab. Gentleman Jack looks to keep his winning ways against Abdul bin Hussain, that should be a good matchup. The big one on one with The Second Coming taking on La Flama Blanca, a possible match of that night. Then the main event, Champion's Ball Tag Team match. Perfection and Claude Baptiste Ranier of Dynasty take on Zhalia Fears and Kush.

Sawyers looks down at his cards.

Sawyers: Tune into Pure Sports Entertainment and don't miss Wrestleshow!

Sawyers finishes his segment and the cameras cut. Sawyers fixes his tie.

Sawyers: Wordy piece. I nailed it.

Sawyers turns around to find La Flama Blanca behind him, this startles him.

Sawyers: Oh no!

Jamie quickly runs off, remembering the last time he met La Flama Blanca it ended in a devastating superkick. La Flama Blanca just stares in the direction he ran as the cameras fade.

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro of by Childern of Boom.. 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 colors 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 two hundred and sixteen pounds, Lew Smith!

The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the center 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 will be facing the recently signed Kendrix tonight. Both men from England, this could be an interesting pair up.

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

Williams: Lew Smith's journey through the UTA has been rocky to say the least since the closure of VCW, but he continues to push forward. Maybe twenty fifteen will be a better year for him.

The lights go out in the arena as knife by Dan Le Sac VS Scroobius Pip blares out over the PA System. Lights flash black and white as Kendrix emerges from the back wearing an England Football Jersey, a Union Jack Hackett Scarf, a pair of aviators and his trademark JFK black and green ring tights with green boots.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, from London England...

Red and white pyro explodes from the ramp as JFK slowly makes his way down towards the ring looking at fans with a disgusted look on his face.

Announcer: He stands at six foot two inches and weighs in tonight at two hundred and eighteen pounds....

He stops in front of one fan holding a pen and paper in front of him and takes the pen. He then takes from another young fan a large Mikey Unlikely poster, ripping it into pieces, signs one of the pieces and gives it back to the original fan with a genuine smile on his face.

Announcer: He is... KENDRIXXXXXXX!!!!

He gets to the ring, walks up the steps, looks back at the crowd shaking his head looking disgusted again before stepping through the middle rope into the ring. He gets onto one of the 2nd turnbuckles facing the entrance looking around at all the fans making a "wanker" sign while pointing at them with the other hand and waits for the match to begin.

Williams: Kendrix making his debut tonight here in the brand new WrestleZone at Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida for the very first live edition of Saturday Night Victory on Wrestle UTA dot com!

Fury: Who doesn't love Florida?

The bell sounds. Kendrix moves in quick to land a Running Boot but misses Smith completely. Kendrix charges Smith again and is sent to the mat with an Armdrag Takedown.

Williams: Another Armdrag Takedown sends Kendrix to the canvas.

Kendrix snaps back up. Smith now lands some hard lefts pushing Kendrix in the corner. Working his mid section with combinations.

Williams: Smith taking it to Kendrix.

Kendrix tosses Smith into the corner. He throws Lew's arms behind the top rope.

Fury: Knife Edge Chops!

Kendrix begins taking Smith to town with Knife Edge Chops. Pausing in between.

Williams: Kendrix lands a headbutt on Smith chasing him from the corner.

Smith walks towards the ropes leaning his body across the top rope as he walks. Kendrix sends Smith into the ropes and across the ring. Smith comes back at Kendrix and flips around putting his legs around the waist of Kendrix. Kendrix raises Smith up and slams him face first to the mat.

Williams: Big time reversal by Kendrix.

Fury: Smith was denied.

Kendrix goes on the attack kicking at the knees of Lew Smith. Kendrix picks up the right leg of Lew Smith and smashes it into the canvas.

Fury: Smart move. Take Smith's legs out of the equation and force him to wrestle his way to a decision.

Kendrix smashes the same leg into the mat again. The fans boo Kendrix and he yells at the crowd.

Williams: These fans seem to be getting to Kendrix.

Fury: The fans definitely get into the guy's heads.

Kendrix grabs one of Smith's legs and locks in a Single Leg Boston Crab.

Williams: Smith is in the middle of the ring. No where to go.

Fury: This might be a quick one.

Smith slams his hands on the mat in pain. Kendrix leans back further putting even more strain on the lower back of Lew Smith.

Williams: Smith is not giving up.

Fury: He can't take much more of this.

Lew Smith pushes himself up and begins stepping with his hands closer and closer to the ropes.

Williams: Smith is almost to the ropes.

Smith lunges himself to the bottom rope and grabs it.

Williams: Kendrix forced to break the hold.

Fury: Kendrix not letting the hold go. Taking the count to four.

Kendrix lets Smith's leg go and stands over Lew. Kendrix gets cocky and stops his offense. After a few moments of gloating, Kendrix watches Smith get to his feet close to the ring ropes. Kendrix hits the ropes and comes at Lew Smith.

Williams: Smith ducks and pulls down the top rope!

Fury: Kendrix crashing to the outside. These fans are loud.

Kendrix holds his head as he lay on his back on the mat on top the cement floor. Smith lay on the mat taking a blow.

Williams: Smith needs to take advantage of this.

Smith finally gets to his feet. You can tell he is feeling the effects of the submission move. Smith steps through the ropes and now stands on the ring apron. He braces himself for impact.

Williams: Asai Moonsault by Lew Smith!

Fury: Insane! Both men are down!

Fans: UTA! UTA! UTA!

Both men lay broken beside the guard rail. Smith caught major air on the Moonsault. Kendrix's head smashing off the guardrail.

Referee: One!

Williams: Referee starting his ten count. Big aerial move from Lew Smith.

Fury: The fans are enjoying this one!

The referee already now on five as the combatants begin to rise to their feet. Smith knees Kendrix in the gut and rolls him into the ring. Smith stands on the apron. He grabs the top rope and springboards himself over and lands a Leg Drop.

Fury: Smith with the cover...

The referee drops and begins to count.

Williams: Kickout. Smith almost just won this match.

Smith picks Kendrix up by the hair. Lew takes Kendrix's back attempting a German Suplex.

Williams: Kendrix fighting Smith. Lew pushing Kendrix forward into the ropes.

Kendrix grabs the top rope as Smith is sent backwards rolling on the mat and coming back at Kendrix. Smith goes for a would be tackle but flies outside the ring and to the floor.

Fury: Kendrix moves at the last second.

Williams: Smith now on the outside.

Kendrix lays in the ring propping his upper half up against the bottom turnbuckle and rope. Kendrix pushes his hair back and takes a breath.

Williams: These two UTA stars are really giving it their all!

Fury: Dick wouldn't call either of them stars.

Kendrix gets to a vertical base. He stands by the corner holding onto the top rope on each side of the turnbuckle. He sees Smith on the outside just getting to his feet.

Williams: Kendrix going up top.

Kendrix perches himself atop the top rope waiting for his moment. Smith turns to face him and Kendrix takes off.

Fury: Double Axe Handle off the top rope.

Kendrix crashes down on Lew Smith sending Smith back to the floor. The referee continues to count. Kendrix grabs Smith and sends him back into the ring.

Williams: Kendrix looks in control of this one.

Kendrix stands above Lew Smith. He stomps on the lower back of Lew Smith. Kendrix goes to pull Smith to his feet and is caught with a Jawbreaker.

Fury: Jawbreaker keeps Smith in this match.

Kendrix shaky on his feet stumbles into the ropes. Smith runs into the ring ropes and heads right for Kendrix.

Williams: Big time collision!

Fury: Both men down after a Double Clothesline.

The referee begins counting.

Williams: Non stop action. These two men putting it all on the line here on Victory.

Fury: Lot of respect for these men. Lot of heart in that ring.

The referee continues to count as he hits three. Both men show no signs of movement. The fans begin chanting.

Williams: Smith showing signs of life.

Fury: The fans are on their feet!

The fans loud cheering powers both athletes. Lew Smith turns over to now rest on his stomach. Kendrix rolls to his side. Smith goes and crawls over to Kendrix. The two trying to get to their feet as the referee hits seven.

Williams: Both men are on their feet...

Both men stagger in the ring. Smith lands the first punch. Kendrix returns with a hard left hand. Smith comes back at Kendrix with a right hand.

Fury: Both men returning punches.

Lew Smith boots Kendrix in the gut, before running back to the ropes.

Williams: Smith off of the ropes, looking to put Kendrix away now.

As he returns he bends down and shoots toward Kendrix, rabbing his neck and twisting as he leaps.

Williams: Swinging neckbreaker by Lew Smith! Lew rolling Kendrix over and going for the cover.

The referee drops and starts to count. As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the bell starts to sound.

Williams: Lew Smith has done it! He's broken his losing streak and is kicking two thousand fifteen off with a bang!

Fury: You can't deny though that Kendrix looked real good tonight in his debut.

Williams: Most defiantly. Great effort by kendrix, but tonight the former VCW Champion takes home the victory.

Announcer: The winne rof this match via pin fall... LEW... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!!

The referee holds Lew's hand in the air in victory.

Kissing Booth Pt 2.

A little time has passed, the first match has taken place, but in just the short time, the scene outside has changed dramatically!

Coleslaw Jenkins: Step right up, step right up. Fer just a' dollah you can show your love for the oh so "Beautiful" Bobby Dean!

Jenkins, still standing on his soap box, in his over the top, ridiculous outfit, calls out to a very large crowd. A line is formed and snaked up and down through a myriad of velvet posts, trying to fit as many eager patrons as possible, as each and every one in line is anxious, holding out their dollar.

Doozer: I'm telling you buddy, this is the greatest idea ever!

ISHD JFHG THDIS

Will: I know, right!? Isn't this exciting!?

Doozer looks at the board of gibberish, then towards Will as Will nods his head like he understood what Bobby wrote.

Doozer: Bobby, you can't write on your board when you're wearing that mask...

Bobby's got a gimp mask on, with just a zipper over his mouth. A lot like 2C, that kinky little minx. Mikey finds himself standing towards the front of the waiting line, holding his hand out, ready to collect the cash, a hungry smile on his face. Will looks anxious, but concerned, as he looks towards Doozer.

Will: Are you sure this is a good idea, Dooze?

Doozer: Trust me.

hSNDFDH WASHT IIFDM

Doozer: I told you Bobby, we can't read your gibberish, just sit tight. We're about to get started.

Bobby smiles brightly at that, picturing the myriad of beauties he's about to kiss.

Instead of a myriad of beautiful women, a middle aged guy with a "Perfection" t-shirt steps forward, after paying Mikey their first dollar. The guy steps up, and clocks Bobby Dean right across the jaw, causing him to drop to the floor!

Bobby Dean, whips his mask off as he's sprawled across the ground gasping for breath. Doozer is rolling on the floor clutching his sides laughing, tears forming in his eyes. Will looks at Bobby with concern, but with a mischievous twinkle in his eye as if he was trying really hard not to laugh. Mikey on the other hand continues to collect the cash as the line moves forward.

The next lucky customer is an elderly woman, wearing a "I Love Dick" t-shirt. She reaches up and slaps Bobby right across the cheek, which is a lot more painful than it sounds. The guys wince at the sound of impact, but then suddenly break up laughing.

Doozer: Oh man, this is like Christmas all over again!

Bobby struggles to stand up, looking up at the sign, a sign that once said "KISSING BOTH" now reads "PUNCHIN' BOTH" with the Kissing crossed out in black marker and Punchin' simply written above it.

Next up, is none other than Tommy Ace, smiling a hungry smile. He steps forward, and before rearing back, he kisses his fist. Catching Bobby right on the jaw, Bobby drops to the floor once more. As Tommy Ace walks away chuckling to himself, Bobby begins to crawl over to his dropped and discarded dry erase board, and with an unsteady hand, begins to scribble.

W... T... F...

Doozer and Will burst out laughing all over again, as Bobby drags himself up to his feet. The next eager customer steps forward and rears his hand back.

Doozer: You'd think we'd get tired of this, but it just gets better and better!

Bobby, wincing in pain, reaches down and grabs the mask. With a disgruntled look towards his friends, he dons the mask back on. If he's going to be punched, he'd really rather not see it coming.

The next customer approaches, causing the laughing Doozer to sputter to a stop, astonishment on his face.

Doozer: The Dude!? What are you doing here? I thought we left you back in the locker room?

The Dude: Sorry guys, I've just always wanted to do this...

And with that, he reaches back and slaps Bobby Dean across the face, much like the elderly woman earlier, causing Doozer and Will Haynes to start laughing hysterically once more.

Mikey: That'd be a dol... Wait a minute, come back here!

The next person in line was supposed to have paid Mikey the dollar, but instead, he simply pushes past and approaches the masked Bobby Dean. La Flama Blanca... Without saying a word, LFB steps forward and slugs Bobby right in the gut, causing a ripple effect as his stomach jiggles and absorbs the punch, Bobby begins to giggle.

Doozer: Hey! You gotta pay a dollar!

Will: Yeah! We don't accept pesos either, amigo. Cold hard American cash, only!

Doozer and Haynes rise to their feet, standing across from LFB who simply shrugs his shoulders.

LFB: I got your dollar right here, boys.

Suddenly, from off camera Kathryn Vermont-Thomas and CBR appear and begin hitting Bobby Dean with a quick barrage of punches, causing Bobby to drop to the floor. KVT, doesn't appear to be punching Bobby, but rather hitting him with a sock...

Mikey: HEY!

Doozer and Will quickly circle around the table, but bump into each other in their haste, as Mikey struggles to keep a hungry mob from joining in the melee. As soon as Doozer and Will sort themselves out and make it around the table, Dynasty is done.

KVT: Here's your dollar, sweetie.

The Queen of the UTA, a twinkle in her eye, upends the sock, raining a series of pennies down onto the prone body of Bobby Dean. Dynasty slowly walks away as Doozer and Will give them the stink eye.

CBR: That's the best buck I've ever spent!

Bobby continues to lay as we fade.

Brought to You By

Short Lived Celebration

Lew Smith walks through the back a smile on his face. He approaches a ring hand as he walks.

Smith: Did you see that? I beat Kendrix!

The hand just continues walking as he celebrates to himself. Suddenly, Lew slams right into the chest of Brother Judas. He stops, takes a step back and looks up slowly at Judas.

Smith: Um... Sorry mate. I didn't see you there.

Brother Judas snarls at him.

Smith: How about that win over Kendrix earlier?

Lew smiles, but suddenly the smile turns to terror as Brother Judas grabs him around the throat and lifts him. Lew kicks his feet, but it unable to get free before Brother Judas throws him to the floor.

Lew holds his back in pain as Brother Simon steps in, grabbing his head and lifting him back to his feet. Brother Simon grabs him by the back of the head and slams him face first into the wall. As Smith stumbles back and falls to the floor, a group of officials run in, getting between The Truth and Smith, who is out cold on the floor.

Official: Come on guys, get back.

Other Official: Back up!

They are able to keep the Truth at bay as we fade.

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's begins to filter through the PA system. A bright white light cuts through the darkness, illuminating the entrance. As the song continues, a white cloud rises ominously from the stage, and as it lifts, it reveals the man called simply Paladin.

Announcer: From The Heavens Above....He is "The Shining Light"....THIS.....IS.....PALADIN!!!!

Paladin drops to a knee and throws his hands out to the side as a single light glistens down upon him before he gets up and starts to the ring.

Williams: There has been a lot of talk about this masked man.

Fury: What's with all the mask? Why are people too afraid to show their faces? Dick could never hide this beautiful face of his.

Paladin slides into the ring as the lights come back up.

Williams: This should be a good match here on the first live episode of Victory.

Fury: This weekend is stacked in good matches. It's a great time to be a wrestling fan.

As we return ring side, Bodies by Drowning Pool begins to play.

? Let the bodies hit the.... FLOOOORRRRR ?

Roscoe Shame steps out raising his right hand into the sky before beginning down the ramp.

Announcer: Hailing from Kalamazoo, Michigan... He stands at six foot sic.. an weighs in at two hundred and sixty-five pounds....

Williams: Roscoe Shame looking to catch his footing here as he returns to the UTA.

Announcer: He is.... ROSCOE.... SHAMMMMEEEEEEE!!!!

Shame slides into the ring and raises up, throwing both arms into the air as his music fades.

Fury: These two are about to bring it with a passion.

The bell rings and immediately Paladin tries to tie up with Shame, but Shame is ready for it and kicks Paladin in the midsection.

Williams: Several kicks to the midsection here courtesy of Shame. You were right Dick, these two just shot right out of the gates!

Fury: Let the pain begin!

Paladin bends over and Shame hits him over the head once, twice, one more time, and Paladin drops to his knees. Shame then pulls Paladin to his feet by his knot and gets him in a standing headlock in the center of the ring.

Williams: Shame testing Paladin here.

The referee checks in on Paladin, but Paladin shakes his head. Paladin punches Shame in the stomach, then again, then once more. He pushes Shame into the ropes and as he returns Shame runs straight into Paladin, knocking him over with a shoulder block.

Williams: Shame with the impressive shoulder block here. If Paladin wants to survive he's going to have to use those deadly kicks of his.

Fury: Yeah, hey, Paladin should be coming out to that song from Karate Kid, not Bobby Dean!

Shame quickly runs off the ropes for momentum and goes for the elbow drop, but hits nothing but matt as Paladin rolls out of the way. Shame rises and Paladin kicks him in the back of the right leg, Shame staggers. Paladin then kicks Shame in the back of his right leg.

Fury: Has Paladin got an earpiece in? He's taking your advice perfectly.

Paladin flips Shame over and kicks him once stiff in the spine. Shame grimaces only to get a dropkick to the back of the head courtesy of Paladin. Paladin then scrambles to the canvas and covers Shame.

Williams: We've got a pin, One... two. . . No! Shame is too close to the ropes!

Fury: What a rookie-like mistake there by Paladin, you've got to know where you are in the ring at all times, Williams.

Paladin lifts Shame to his feet, gives him a swift elbow to the back of the head, but Shame is unfazed and responds with a left haymaker. Paladin staggers and to finish him off Shame raises his boot and connects with Paladin's face. Paladin hits the canvas grabbing his face.

Williams: Roscoe Shame controlling the match.

Shame saunters over to Paladin, bringing him slowly to his feet by the knot at the back of his head. Shame hits Paladin with a left haymaker, the force of the blow bringing Paladin to the mat. Shame stomps Paladin in the back and then picks him up, wringing his right arm.

Williams: Submission here by Shame.

Paladin reverses the hold, in doing so wringing Shame arm. Paladin then bends Shame at the waist and places his leg over Shame' right shoulder. With his other leg he spins and kicks Shame straight in the face. Shame falls and hits the mat.

Fury: That's a high impact offensive, Jennifer. Dick would hate to get a Paladin kick to the face.

Paladin goes for the cover.

Williams: Paladin going for another pin here! Get on it ref! He's counting... No! Kick out at two! Shame kicks out!

Both men get up, Shame taking refuge in the corner. Not wasting anytime, Paladin ascends upon him and promptly elbows Shame in the face.

Fury: Look out its raining elbows Jennifer!

Williams: Shame in trouble in the corner, taking every shot!

Paladin elbows Shame again, and again, three or four times before stepping back and drop kicking Shame right in the chest.

Williams: What's this, what's Paladin doing?

Paladin runs to the opposite corner, and then charges Shame, building up speed. With his momentum he runs and uses Shame' own knee to jump up and kick him in the face.

Williams: Shinning Wizard! Shinning Wizard by Paladin!

Shame stumbles out of the corner as the crowd pops to the massive blow, and falls comically flat on his face. Paladin then covers Shame.

Williams: Yet another pin attempt by Paladin! The referee counts... one... two.. No, another kickout!

Shame starts to get to his feet, but Paladin applies a side headlock. Shame progress however is not stopped, and Shame reaches his feet, with Paladin still clinging to his head.

Williams: Shame pushes Paladin, Paladin is up against the ropes. Paladin returns, Shame with the big boot—no, Paladin ducks!

Paladin stops dead in his tracks. Shame turns around and charges, and Paladin catches him, flipping him over with a Japanese arm drag.

Williams: Arm drag by Paladin! But Paladin keeps his hold on Shame! He's wrenching his arm on the canvas!

Fury: Paladin with some ground game.

Shame quickly gets out of it and lands a stiff right to Paladin's face.

Fury: Never mind.

Shame then grabs Paladin by the left arm and pulls him toward himself. He goes for the clothesline but Paladin ducks, and Shame turns around just in time to get a kick to the side of the head from Paladin.

Williams: Massive kick from Paladin! Look at those educated feet Dick!

Fury: That's Paladin's problem, his feet are smarter than his head.

Shame staggers backwards, inching closer to the ropes. Paladin charges Shame, drop kicking him into, and over the top rope out of the ring.

Williams: Shame goes flying out of the ring now.

Shame sprawls around on the floor trying to regain his feet as Paladin amps himself up for a dive outside of the ring. The fans come alive with anticipation.

Fury: High risk time. This kid don't know when to quit!

Williams: I sure love it though, don't you Dick?

Shame starts to get to his feet as Paladin turns in the opposite direction, runs and bounces off the ropes for extra

momentum and upon returning dives right through the ropes with a suicide dive.

Williams: My God the suicide dive!

The momentum of the dive carries them into the empty secondary announcers table nearby.

Fury: Well there's a reason they call it a suicide dive. Paladin just hurt himself more than he hurt Roscoe!

Paladin gets to his feet, selling the injury, picking up Shame before taking him over and rolling him into the ring. He then climbs to the apron and heads to the turnbuckle.

Williams: Paladin going up top...

He leaps with a cross body.

Williams: We've got yet another pin after that cross body! One... two.... ANOTHER KICK OUT BY ROSCOE SHAME!

Shame gets to his feet, as Paladin does as well. Paladin goes for a kick to the kidneys but Shame blocks it and in desperation tosses Paladin out of the ring with one easy throw over the top rope.

Williams: Shame doesn't know Paladin didn't fall out of the ring! He doesn't see him standing on the apron Dick!

Fury: Well, Roscoe is screwed.

Shame turns around to rest, not knowing that Paladin held onto the rope and is now standing on the apron. Shame turns around, just as Paladin jumps on the top rope and dives at Shame. But Shame reacts fast enough and puts his foot up and Paladin gets a face full of boot.

Fury: Or not. . .

Shame picks out Paladin and slams him to the mat with a fall away slam. Quickly Shame covers him.

Williams: We've got a pin by Shame! Paladin kicks out!

Shame sits on his knees, his face red, his chest heaving as he gulps in large quantities of air. He pounds the mat in frustration as Paladin continues to writhe on the canvas.

Fury: Roscoe Shame is getting frustrated! Last time he got this mad was when the family shop ran out of Brisket for Passover!

Shame picks up Paladin, hooks his arm over his head, slamming him to the mat with a suplex. He goes for the pin.

Williams: Paladin kicks out at two. How can these two men keep kicking out?!

Fury: The fight in both these competitors is impressive Jennifer.

Paladin crawls to the corner but Shame already on his feet reaches him first and pulls him to his feet. Grabbing Paladin's arm he wrenches it backward, stretching out his shoulder and chest muscles. Shame wrenches the hold violently, pulling back with the remainder of his strength, causing Paladin to wince in pain.

Williams: The strength Dick, the strength! Shame looking like he's trying to rip Paladin's shoulder right out of its socket!

Fury: Do it Roscoe! Do it!

The ref checks on Paladin, saying something inaudible to him. Paladin can be seen emphatically shaking his head. In frustration Shame slams Paladin to the canvas turning the hold into a pin.

Williams: Yet one more kick out by Paladin. Have they got anything left ladies and gentlemen?

Quickly Shame picks up Paladin and clotheslines him to the mat. He then bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow right onto the heart of Paladin. Paladin sells the elbow and Shame goes for the quick pin.

Williams: Another pin by Shame! Frustration setting in! No! Only a two count there.

Fury: Now way, this match is over. That was three ref! Three!

Paladin gets to the seated position, but his further progress toward standing is impeded by a stiff forearm to Paladin's back. Paladin quickly fights back, punching Shame in the abdomen, then once more. Shame doubles over by quickly throws a right to Paladin that rocks him back.

Williams: Stiff haymaker from Paladin, that one caught him by surprise!

Seizing the opportunity Shame picks up Paladin, stretching him on his back in a torture rack.

Williams: The dreaded Torture Rack!

Fury: That's pretty old school Jennifer.

Shame wrenches Paladin on his back, the ref asking Paladin if he would like to submit. Paladin shakes his head and wriggles free. Sliding off of Shame back, Paladin lands on his feet and spins, kicking Shame straight in the stomach. Paladin bounces off the ropes and leaves his feet with a windmill kick. Shame catches Paladin leg and slams him to the Canvas.

Williams: Paladin down, Roscoe Shame looking to end this one.

Shame picks up Paladin and walks him over to the corner, where he slams Paladin face first into the turnbuckle. Shame then lifts Paladin, setting him on the top turnbuckle.

Williams: Well some high risk maneuver coming up folks. I don't know if this is the best of ideas.

Fury: And that is why you'd never made it as a wrestler, Jennifer.

Shame throws a right, the blow nearly knocking Paladin off the turnbuckle and out of the ring. Shame throws another right, and again Paladin nearly falls off the turnbuckle, bending back out of the ring.

Williams: Those blows are tremendous! Look out Paladin!

Shame then climbs the bottom rope, then the second, and hooks Paladin's arm. He tries to lift Paladin for the superplex but Paladin holds on to the top rope. Paladin then punches Shame in the abdomen, causing him to lose his footing and land feet first on the mat. Paladin hooks Shame head under his arm and spins around, drilling Shame headfirst into the canvas.

Williams: Tornado DDT!

Fury: Dick really likes that word. Tor-nay-doe.

Williams: Paladin scrambling for the pin, this could be it Dick, this could be it!

The referee drops and begins counting. His hand hits the canvas for a third time and the bell sounds.

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

Williams: Big win for Paladin tonight and tough break for the returning Roscoe Shame.

The referee holds Paladin's arm up.

Kissing Booth Pt 3.

Most of the crowd has dispersed, Mikey, Doozer, and Will Haynes circle around their buddy, who is seated on a stool, but with his mask still covering his face. The three guys look concerned as Bobby clutches his dry erase board in hand, scribbling.

IFHNSJ DFJS SSW

Doozer: What's he saying, Will?

The Thrill squints at the board as if he's actually trying to read Bobby's jibberish.

Will: He said "I'm blind, I can't see!"

Doozer pats his large friend on the shoulder, causing him to flinch.

Doozer: It's okay buddy, we'll take the mask off now, I think the fun and games are over...

Mikey steps behind Bobby and begins to remove the mask, but before he can get it all the way off a few people step forward.

???: Is the booth still open by chance?

The voice causes Bobby's ears perk up, with it's sing song, melodic pitch.

Doozer: I don't know ladies, the big guy has taken quite a beating tonight.

Bobby quickly nudges his friend in the ribs.

Doozer: Well, alright then, go on up ladies.

???: Here are your two dollars.

The cameras are zoomed in on Bobby's half covered face, as the two ladies step forward, one on each side of Bobby, they get closer and closer, causing the other men to look on in shock and surprise. Instead of seeing them punch Bobby like the rest, the two ladies step up and plant a kiss on each of Bobby's cheek before stepping back and looking at each other with a grin.

The two scamper off, as Bobby tries to rip his mask off as quickly as he can. The cameras zoom out as Bobby struggles to remove his mask, showing Zhaila Fears and her friend/Kush's manager, Awesome Ava rushing off, giggling. The two catching up down the corridor with The Second Coming and Kush. When he finally gets the mask off, he looks around, but instead of seeing any beautiful women, he only sees a flabbergasted Doozer, Will Haynes, and Mikey Unlikely.

Doozer: I never...

Will: Oh my...

Mikey: That lucky fat bastard...

Bobby scribbles on his board, holding it out to the group.

WHICH ONE OF YOU KISSED ME!?

The three guys begin to stammer and stutter, each of them denying it, each of them pointing at the other, while Bobby just stands there with a ear to ear smile on his face. A bark breaks up the party, causing the four men to turn at the sound. A familiar, smirking face, looks at them with contempt.

David Hightower: I hear there's a Punchin' Party, and ole David Hightower wasn't invited? I'm disappointed in you boys.

Will: Well that's because no one likes you!

David Hightower approaches the group, positioning himself in between Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely, as Will Haynes and Doozer square up in front of him. The tension mounts as David just looks at the group with that smug smile of his.

BAM!

Suddenly Bobby Dean collapses to the ground, as David Hightower pulls his right hand back after clocking Bobby on the chin. Doozer immediately rushes to his fallen friend as Will Haynes attempts to attack David Hightower like a man possessed, only to be held back by Mikey Unlikely.

Will: What the...

Doozer: You had no right!

David Hightower: Oh, where are my manners? Here, ya go fellas.

He reaches into his pocket and drops five dollars at the prone body of Bobby Dean, who can be heard loudly snoring, as Doozer looks at him with concern. Dooze suddenly rises to his feet, as Mikey still struggles to keep a thrashing Will Haynes at bay.

David Hightower: Oh what!?! He was askin' fer it! Literally!

Doozer: Don't you think that was a bit much?

David Hightower: I wouldn't worry about him, he'll wake up some time around 5 AM tomorrow.

Will: You're wake up at 5 am tomorrow!!!

David simply chuckles as he and Whiskey walk away. With David gone, Mikey releases Will who immediately looks at Mikey, none too happily.

Will: Why'd you hold me back, Mikey?

Mikey: Because, this wasn't the time, nor the place. We'll get him, buddy, but when we do, Bobby Dean will be awake and with us, to enjoy it!

The three men turn and look at their fallen friend at that, and look pretty glum, as Bobby chooses that moment to snore, as well as fart...

Doozer: Just think how it is rooming on the road with him.

Hail the Legacy

by the Heavy begins to play amidst the din of the studio crowd here in Orlando. The slow, methodical beat with riffs is accompanied by a dimming of the lights and the titantron coming to life with the Dynasty logo.

From the back step Perfection, dressed in a charcoal suit and open collar white shirt, his UTA Title slung across his shoulder and CBR, in a navy blue pinstripe suit, open collar light blue shirt and his Internet Title over his shoulder.

The two slowly make their way down the ramp towards the ring, ignoring outstretched hands of fans and the occasional flurry of boo's with a confidence that only comes with success.

Williams: Surprising to see Dynasty here tonight. These two men are scheduled to be on Wrestleshow tomorrow night.

Fury: Dick knows they are here to celebrate!

Williams: Well it was an impressive night for Dynasty at Season's Beatings.

Getting to the ring, Perfection slowly walks up the ring steps as Ranier hoists himself up onto the apron, looking back and mouthing something at the crowd with a light grin across his lips. The two step into the ring, CBR taking a mic from outside and the music coming to a quiet end. The music, however, is replaced by the raucous crowd, booing the villains from the recent Pay Per View.

Claude waits, looking around the crowd and slowly wandering around the ring as Perfection rests against the ropes, his hand on his newly recaptured belt.

CBR: Really?

Ranier lowers the mic and let's his head slowly move across the audience, who get louder in boos again.

CBR: I mean really? Is this how William the Conqueror returned home or Alexander the Great after conquering the known world?

He pauses, slowly shaking his head.

CBR: Fresh off the biggest night in this company's history, with the business squarely positioned on our backs and this...THIS is the reception we get?

Ranier takes the Internet title from his shoulder and slowly walks to Perfection, placing the title over the top rope. He hands the mic to Perfection who pushes himself off the corner posts with his elbows.

Perfection: Don't worry Claude, these Ungratefals simply don't understand.

A smile slowly crosses his lips as he walks along the ropes pointing out towards the front row of the crowd.

Perfection: It's like you don't understand that Season's Beatings was another chapter for this business and another page etched into wrestling history!

He motions to the crowd with his free hand.

Perfection: You ALL have to admit that you saw it coming. You all must have expected nothing but the inevitable?

Perfection nods to CBR who reaches with his right hand and takes the mic.

CBR: Undoubtedly. And you all have to admit Season's Beatings was a great night...a DYNASTY night.

He returns to his title in the corner, leaning on the top rope with his elbows.

CBR: Spectre is in hospital, Chris Hopper was humbled, my good friend Perfection regained the UTA from a worthless pretender who had no place playing with the big boys in the first place. And Madman Szalinski...your hero...well, let's just say the severance is in the mail.

Claude grins, taking his title back over his shoulder and walking towards the other corner, passing the mic to Perfection as he passes the UTA Champion.

Perfection: That's right, you won that belt from Yoshii in June, I win this belt from him on Sunday, so what other choice did he have other than to hang up those size three thousand boots and retreat back into the shadows?

Perfection places his left hand into his pocket as he stands in the center of the ring as teh crowd boos.

Perfection: But Yoshii is the past. Let's talk about the future. On Sunday night in Las Vegas, all of you Ungratefals...

He points around the arena circling slowly, before placing his hand back into his pocket.

Perfection: ...will witness two legends teaming up for the first time in over six months, the top two champions in this company, against The Second Coming's save the world squad. Two talented ladies will step into the ring with their icons and I wouldn't be surprised if they don't get any offense in at all.

He pauses for a moment as the crowd boo.

Perfection: No, no...you ignorant little fools, you mistake me! They won't get any wrestling moves in because, well, look at us!

Perfection points the mic at CBR who raises his arms and winks at the camera then back at himself.

Perfection: Zhalia Fears and Kush...are going to be too blinded by their own petty carnal desires to do anything competitive. Well, ladies, in that department...as WELL as in wrestling, you're both far, FAR out of your league!

The smirk rises as Claude returns to the center of the ring to take the mic from Perfection. He wanders over to the ropes, leaning on the top rope with his forearms and lifting the mic with his wrist.

CBR: Outmatched in every way, there will be no upsets on Sunday but it's not your fault Zhalia, or yours Bechdel. Because if for five months no one, not Madman Szalinski, not Yoshii, not Chris Hopper, not The Spectre...no one could gain the upper hand over us, how on earth can you both expect to? At Ring King we created a Dynasty.

Whilst he is talking, Ranier waves for someone to come down from backstage. To no music, Marshall Owens appears in a navy blue suit, carrying a briefcase towards the ring.

CBR: At Ring King we created a new era and raised the measuring stick for the UTA to aim for. Now, to achieve anything here, it's a prerequisite to have to go through Dynasty.

Marshall gets to the ring, making his way up the steps and through the middle rope. Claude raises the Internet Title.

CBR: I mean look at this belt. Won from the giant surrender sushi himself, Yoshii in June, my reign, DYNASTY's reign has eclipsed what most of those in the back could ever hope to achieve. From FDJ winning it originally, to Yoshii gaining the title, I have almost tripled their combined championship runs.

Marshall shakes Perfection's hand and then walks over to CBR.

CBR: Week after week, against the best competitors the brass can throw at me I've been the momentum breaker. From being unknown almost a year ago in these circles to being one of the top superstars in the business today, I feel I've earned the right to...

Claude lifts the Internet Title, tilting it a little and pausing as Marshall unlocks the case.

CBR: Define...

He narrows his eyes and spits on the Internet Title, dropping it onto the mat and using his heel to sweep it out of the ring.

CBR: My own...

The case opens and Claude nods to Marshall, taking its contents from inside and lifting it up to show the world. A new, impressive looking title belt.

CBR: Legacy...

The smirk on his face grows as he holds the title up to fans of all stands, before lowering it down and studying the belt.

CBR: Not tarnished by weak men like FDJ and Yoshii, but a true symbol of Dynasty's mark on the UTA because like it or not we are its legacy and our footprints will echo these halls for many years to come...

CBR drops the microphone as Perfection congratulates CBR and we cut to a commercial break.

Brought to You By

Williams: Harry Eastman inside the ring as we come back from commercial.

Fury: Eastman has looked good since debuting here in the UTA.

Harry Eastman stands in his corner rolling his shoulders.

Williams: He had a good showing in the Wildfire Battle Royal match.

Fury: Now he's in the Main Event here on Victory.

Williams: We are live from the Wrestlezone tonight!

Eastman now stretches out on the ropes waiting for his opponent.

by Jim Johnson ends and the lights shut off. By Marilyn Manson begins to play. The fans in the arena use their cell phones to illuminate the arena.

Williams: Here comes The Good Reverend.

Fury: Weird guy.

Williams: Tonight the UTA starts a new tradition... Universal Studios in Orlando, Florida.

Fury: The new home of the UTA!

The Good Reverend walks out to the entrance ramp slowly. A single light follows The Good Reverend holding the Holy Bible in his hand. He walks forward and looks straight ahead and past fans with their hands out.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, standing six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... THE GOOOD.... REVVVEERREENNDDDD!!!

He continues down the ramp, the light following his every step.

Williams: This is going to be a good match.

The Good Reverend stopping in front of the ring, holding one hand to the sky, says a prayer. The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Williams: The atmosphere is electric in here.

Fury: Dick's got the chills.

The Good Reverend heads to his corner and stares at Harry Eastman across the ring as the bell sounds.

Williams: You are asking yourself where are the rest of The Truth Brothers Judas and Simon? They have been barred from ringside.

Fury: We don't anymore freaks out here, Jennifer.

Williams: After what happened earlier tonight, UTA officials decided to make sure The Truth couldn't interfere in this match.

Fury: Dick hates freaks. Give him nightmares.

Williams: Good Reverend bum rushes Eastman. Eastman stuck in the corner now.

Good Reverend lands several hard elbows that send spit flying from Eastman's mouth. Good Reverend dashes out of the corner and runs back at his opponent.

Fury: Big boot saves Eastman!

Good Rev slowly walks towards the center of the ring, feeling the effects of the boot. Eastman runs at The Good Reverend and gets hip tossed.

Williams: Another hip toss from The Good Reverend.

The Good Reverend catches Harry Eastman with a Clothesline. Good Reverend locks Eastman up in a Headlock. Eastman sitting on his backside with The Good Reverend's weight down on him.

Williams: Good Reverend in control so far.

Fury: Eastman has no where to go.

Eastman uses his strength and gets to his knees. Fighting with The Good Reverend as he tries to get to his feet.

Williams: The Good Reverend keeps control....

Fury: Eastman is now caught in a Sleeper Hold.

Williams: The Good Reverend has Harry in the middle of the ring.

The Good Reverend moves Eastman from side to side. Yelling for him to submit.

Fury: This might be it for Harry Eastman.

Harry Eastman evens the score with a Jawbreaker that sends The Good Reverend stumbling on his feet. He falls through the ring ropes and onto the floor.

Fury: Eastman is a smart guy. Send your opponent to the outside and take a blow.

Williams: The Good Reverend would be lucky if his jaw didn't break after that.

Harry Eastman lays in the ring breathing heavy. The Good Reverend starts to move around. The Reverend gets to his feet holding his lower jaw. Harry Eastman is to his knees bent over in the ring. Reverend grabs the middle rope and tries to pull himself into the ring.

Williams: Harry Eastman back in this match. Locks up... trying to Suplex The Good Reverend back into the ring.

Fury: The Good Reverend blocks it!

Williams: The Good Reverend... what strength!

The Good Reverend picks Harry Eastman up under his arm and across his shoulder and slams Harry Eastman to the mat. Eastman rolls a few times towards the opposite side of the ring. The Good Reverend steps through the middle rope and top rope and gets back inside the ring.

Fury: Eastman sweeps the left knee of The Good Reverend.

Williams: Eastman taking out the leg.

Fury: Smart, very smart.

Eastman locks The Good Reverend's leg in a Leglock. The Good Reverend worms around trying to get to the ropes.

Williams: Good Reverend finds the ropes.

Harry Eastman lets the hold go and gets to his feet. Eastman lands several Boot Stomps on The Good Reverend's knee. He holds onto the top rope and slams his boot down on the knee of The Good Reverend.

Fury: Eastman showing no mercy!

Referee O'Connor separates Eastman from his opponent. Eastman gets boo'ed by the fans.

Williams: Fans showing their dislike for Eastman.

Fury: Orlando, Florida is letting Eastman hear it.

The Good Reverend is staggering on his feet as he uses the turnbuckles to get to a vertical base. Harry Eastman hits the ropes and comes back at The Good Reverend fast.

Williams: Eastman going for something right here, Spinebuster! The Good Reverend with a Spinebuster!

Fury: Good Reverend out of no where... take a look at this on replay. Vicious!

Harry Eastman lifts his back from the mat. He grabs at his back and rolls back and forth in agony. The Good Reverend holds his head and turns to his face.

Fury: This one is getting good. The fans are on their feet!

The referee starts his Ten Count.

Williams: Both The Good Reverend and Harry Eastman are down.

Fury: Come on Reverend!

The referee is currently at Five.

Fury: This match can't end like this.

Both men start to regain themselves. Eastman is lifting himself off the mat as The Good Reverend tries to use the ropes to get him to his feet.

Williams: The ref stops his count. This match continues.

Fury: Eastman should have stayed down.

Williams: The Good Reverend drops to a knee and sends a Chop to the chest of Harry Eastman.

Eastman walks into the corner is followed by The Good Reverend. The Good Reverend starts to choke Eastman in the corner as the ref starts the Five Count.

Fury: Choke him Reverend!

Williams: The Good Reverend trying to send a message tonight.

Eastman lands a poke to The Good Reverend's eye. The referee warns Eastman as he plays stupid. The Good Reverend puts his hand to his eye and walks towards the middle of the ring. Eastman sees his chance and takes it.

Williams: Eastman going for a Clothesline... He moved!

Fury: Oh let Let HIS Love Shine Upon You, Harry Eastman!

Williams: The Good Reverend goes for the pin!

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

Williams: That's it! The Good Reverend is your winner!

Fury: A good pin fall victory for The Good Rev.

Williams: What's this? Good Reverend waving... I guess for Brother Judas and Simon.

Announcer: The winner of this match... THE GOOD REEEVVEERRREEENNNDDD!!!

Fury: Eastman better get out of there!

Brother Judas and Brother Simon walk out from the back. The two giants walk with purpose.

Williams: Eastman is out numbered!

The Truth members walk up the ring steps one by one and enter the ring. The Good Reverend embraces both men individually.

Fury: What do they have in store for Harry Eastman?

The Good Reverend orders Judas and Simon to pick Eastman up. Eastman is lifeless with his head down. The Good Reverend waves his hand, telling his witnesses to hand him over. The Good Reverend locks his lefts leg over Eastman's right and lets him swing in front of him before making the sign of the cross with his left hand.

Fury: Another Let HIS Love Shine Upon You!

Williams: Eastman needs help!

Fury: Dick thinks they're are giving him some help. Knocking the demons out of him!

The Good Reverend sits with one knee on the mat and his other leg extended out. He looks at Brother Simon and Brother Judas. He points at Brother Judas.

Fury: Oh no!

Williams: What's he going to have Brother Judas do?

Brother Simon picks Eastman up with one hand and looks down at him. He laughs and pushes Harry Eastman into the waiting hands of Brother Judas. Judas takes Eastman and sets him up for his finisher.

Fury: The Crucifixion!

Williams: Eastman landed right on the back of his head!

The Good Reverend kneels over the fallen body of Harry Eastman. Reciting the same few lines of scripture over and over. Brothers Judas and Simon stand tall over Harry Eastman. The three begin to get boo'd from the UTA WrestleZone crowd.

Williams: Devastating!

Fury: The Truth have shocked this sold out crowd.

Williams: We're out of time folks! Join us tomorrow night for Wrestleshow on Pure Sports Entertainment. This is Dick Fury and Jennifer Williams signing off, thank you for joining us in the WrestleZone!

The Truth continue to hear the negativity from the crowd. The UTA logo appear on your screen and then the picture turns to black.

## Show Credits

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