

Victory: XXIV

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

VICTORY

Segment

Victory XXIV

7 Feb 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 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, Live in the WrestleZone in Orlando, Florida! I'm Jennifer Williams and as always, I am joined by Dick Fury.

Fury: Thank you, Jennifer. Dick is here in his second home, Orlando!

Cameras cut across the arena picking up the excited faces in the crowd. One zooms in on a DYNASTY SUCKS sign. Williams and Fury come back on your screen.

Williams: We are live, folks! Last Victory the UTA took over the Number One rating for a sports program on a Saturday night.

Fury: The UTA continues to assert it's self as the top dogs... on all of television!

Williams: A show well deserving of the fans tuning in. We saw a big upset by Will Haynes and we heard from La Flama Blanca through Marshall Owens.

Fury: Don't forget Zhalia Fears retaining her title on Proving Grounds.

Williams: Exciting times in here in the UTA. The Universe is ready for some action. Another great show in store for the UTA Universe tonight, Dick.

Fury: Dick's always ready for action.

A graphic appears with the UTA and Victory logos. The competitors on the card are perfectly placed on your screen.

Williams: Anyway... Kicking us off tonight, a match between to bruisers, Teddy Alexander faces Thatcher Rex.

Fury: Shakey Twenty-Fifteens for both men. Dick expects both men to show up in this one.

Williams: Should be a good one... following that we have Nirvana taking on The Good Reverend... Nirvana is looking for his first win in the UTA and The Good Reverend is a tough hombre.

Fury: Nirvana is a massive masked bastard. The Good Reverend has his work cut out for him.

Williams: Our final match of the evening brings Doozer and Derek Parks into the Victory ring.

Fury: Doozer fresh of his big win over Sean Jackson, looks to continue the winning ways.

Williams: Derek Parks is making a name for himself in his early UTA career. A win solidifies himself as a player.

The cameras cut back to Williams and Fury.

Williams: We also have on tap tonight, the signing of Travis 16! Don't go anywhere, this... is... VICTORY!

Arrival

We open to the parking lot of the arena. Very little is going on except for a massive, masked behemoth standing in wait for something. As the camera pans in we can tell it's Nirvana. In his hand is a lit cigar, which The Midnight King is liberal in puffing upon as he waits.

Nirvana: Where is this son of a...

Suddenly a beat up U-Haul van with crude lucha masks spraypainted on the side comes speeding into the parking lot. Cracked windows and rolling on four monstertruck wheels, this thing looks like it's seen hell. It comes about three inches away from hitting Nirvana. To his credit Nirvana doesn't flinch, although he probably should have jumped out of the way.

Nirvana: THERE he is!

Nirvana takes a few puffs as the back of the van opens up and a ladder rolls out. Down the ladder comes a good six thugging looking men, their bodies covered in ruined clothing and bulletproof vests. Upon their faces they have paint mimicking the style of old luchadore masks, like the very same one Nirvana is wearing. They surround the behemoth who drops his cigar and takes a defensive stance.

????: WHOA, HEY! GUYS! Where's your manners?

The crowd of sickly looking men disperses as Travis 16 walks onto the scene from the darkness behind his van. His followers are quick to take his side and cease their hostilities. The control he has over these men is obvious. Nirvana steps forward, face to face, with Travis who just smirks and laughs.

Travis 16: Hey old man! Come meet my friends!

Travis motions towards the young aggressive men in the lucha paint.

Travis 16: This is Slagsmalgang. (motions back to Nirvana) Slagsmalgang, this is Fur-Tits.

Nirvana: I hate trolls.

Travis 16: I can tell. You got that adorable little twinkle in your eye. Does that hammy fist of yours want to give me a little kiss?

Nirvana: Don't mind if I do...

Nirvana rears back his massive left arm as if to throw a punch at Travis but the troll is quick to wag a finger at him.

Travis 16: Slow down there, Stay-Puft. Until I sign that contract, I'm not a member of UTA. THAT means... wait for it...

Travis gets a mocking wide-eyed look on his face. He starts twiddling his finger right in front of Nirvana's growling face.

Travis 16: Yoooooou cannnn't toooouch meeeeee... Unless of course you WANT to spend an evening with the friendly

little bum-ticklers in county?

Slagsmalgang Members: Yo maybe he DOES, T!

Several of the members of Slagsmalgang chuckle at this. Travis smirks.

Nirvana: You bastard...

Nirvana grunts and pulls his fist back. Travis leans even closer and laughs directly in Nirvana's face. Nirvana contorts his face as if he just smelled a sewage tank six months overdo for a cleaning.

Travis 16: Relax, El Coño Gigante. I have hankerin' to fist-bump your frontal lobe as well, so I'll sign that contract, just like I promised. 'Til then, how about we Tweet each other some more, for old times' sake?

Nirvana: The Twitter wars are over, Travis. I'm not playing with one hundred and forty characters anymore. I'm going to fight you... and I'm going to win.

Travis laughs and shrugs his shoulders at his Slagsmalgang brothers. They also join in on the laughter.

Travis 16: WIN? You're going to WIN! OK, fine. Maybe we'll play your little fight-fight game, and at the end you'll be the BIIIIIG WINNER! HOORAY! C'mon guys, round of applause for the big winner, let's give it to him!

Salgsmalgang joins him in the sarcastic applause. Travis swipes his hand and the applause stops instantly. Travis leans in to Nirvana yet again.

Travis 16: But c'mon... you think WINNING against a man like me, is going to shut me up?

Nirvana: I think my fans would say differently.

Nirvana crosses his arms and smirks.

Travis 16: Oh, right, your 'fans'. Are we really pretending that I give a squirt of goat piss about the rug-rats who think masks are SUPER COOL, and their mothers who get all crotch-creamy for you, mister Fifty Shades Of OLD? You realize those fickle turd-brains were booing you as recently as a week ago, right?

Nirvana: You don't talk bad about my zenites!

Nirvana once more rears an arm back to throw a punch. Travis holds his arms out and closes his eyes, welcoming it. Right before he throws the punch Nirvana stops himself and sighs.

Travis 16: Christ, quit being such a TEASE!

Travis laughs again, pats Nirvy's cheek, and nods.

Travis 16: Anyways, guys, go park the truck and wait for me. I'm gonna head inside and destroy a bathroom before contract-time. And, uh... If you see any of those daffy broads walking around wearing Nirvana shirts, be helpful and warn them that their fashion sense is about to get really outdated. Toodles, fur-tits!

Travis begins to walk towards the doors that lead into the arena. Nirvana just stand there, contemplating his own anger. He turns and walks towards the doors himself once Travis and his crew are clear.

Nirvana: One of these days...

Nirvana turns to take one last look at the massive U-Haul van as we fade.

As we move to the ring, Teddy Alexander is already inside and ready. The roar of a Tyrannosaur erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into Seprentine, by Disturbed. The cheers increase as Thatcher emerges from the mist, his head turning first to the left, then to the right before striding down the ramp, eyes fixated upon the ring. He climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes. He takes two strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He

throws his arms wide, fists clenched, and releases a phenomenal roar before hopping back down to canvas.

Williams: Teddy Alexander and Thatcher Rex kicking tonight's Victory off.

After a few moments, the bell sounds to start the match.

Williams: Here we go folks! Teddy Alexander charges Thatcher Rex right a big right hand! Another! Rex is reeling out of the gate!

Teddy grabs Thatcher's head and with his free hand comes down with another big fist.

Williams: Teddy Alexander now taking Thatcher Rex to the corner... he slams his head into the top turnbuckle!

Rex's head bounces off the turnbuckle and Teddy Alexander grabs him by the head again, ramming it into the top turnbuckle for the second time.

Williams: And again Thatcher Rex goes face first into the top turnbuckle, courtesy of Teddy Alexander.

Thatcher Rex comes up out of the corner along the ropes, his left hand grabbing the top rope. Thatcher shakes his head and makes his way to the next corner, with Teddy Alexander in pursuit. Thatcher Rex reaches the corner and Teddy Alexander grabs him by the shoulder, forcing him into the corner before he starts throwing rights and lefts to the face of Thatcher Rex.

Williams: Teddy Alexander working Thatcher Rex in the corner! This one is a brawl so far ladies and gentlemen!

Fury: A tactless match. Great. . .

Thatcher gets rocked by another left, then a right and then Teddy Alexander really reaches back and plants another stinging right to the face of Thatcher Rex.

Williams: Hard right by Teddy Alexander!

Thatcher sells the blows and staggers out into the center of the ring, Teddy Alexander watching him. Thatcher reaches the center of the ring before his knees give out and he falls face first to the mat.

Williams: And down goes Rex! Down goes Rex!

Teddy Alexander drops to the mat, covering Thatcher Rex and hooking the leg, pulling upward to pin Thatcher's upper back to the mat. the referee slides to the mat, full of energy (it being the first match) and goes for the count.

Williams: We've got a pin. 1. . . kick out.

Teddy Alexander gets to his feet and grabs Thatcher Rex by the hair. He takes a tug and Thatcher Rex quickly gets to his feet. Teddy Alexander then grabs Thatcher Rex and goes to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Williams: Irish whip—no. . .

Thatcher Rex reverses the Irish whip, tossing Teddy Alexander into the ropes instead.

Williams: Teddy Alexander into the ropes. . .

Teddy Alexander hits the ropes and returns toward the center of the ring, where Thatcher Brown turns and raises up and elbow, bringing it across the head of Teddy Alexander. Teddy Alexander hits the mat on his back and sells the elbow for a moment, reaching up and checking his head for blood.

Williams: Hard elbow by Thatcher Rex, and Teddy Alexander is down!

Thatcher Rex takes off for the ropes and comes back before he jumps up in the air and raises the very same elbow and brings it down across the chest of Teddy Alexander. Teddy Alexander sells the elbow drop and Thatcher Rex gets up and salutes the crowd.

Williams: The fans are into this 100% tonight!

Fury: People love fights, and that is what this is, a fight.

Teddy Alexander slowly gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex reaches him before he does, grabbing him by the hair and helping him up to his feet anyway. Thatcher Rex keeps his hold on Teddy Alexander with his left arm and reaches back with a right that he brings forward and plants across the knicker of Teddy Alexander, knocking him straight to the mat.

Williams: Hard Right by Thatcher!

Teddy Alexander shakes his head on the mat, selling the right and slowly gets to his feet, Thatcher Rex standing over him with a raised fist. Teddy Alexander gets to his feet and Thatcher Rex throws a left jab, then another, each jab connecting with Teddy Alexander, and then Thatcher Rex follows it up with a stiff right arm that he brings forward across the upper chest of Teddy Alexander, knocking him to the mat.

Williams: Lariat by Thatcher Rex.

Thatcher Rex then drops to the mat and goes for the pin. He hooks the leg of Teddy Alexander as the referee slides to the mat to make the official count.

Williams: We've got a pin—1. . . kick out! Teddy Alexander refuses to give up.

Fury: He calls himself a beast. What kind of beast would he be if he did?

Thatcher Rex gets to his feet and stomps Teddy Alexander once in the chest before dropping back down to the mat and grabbing Teddy Alexander by the arm and bending it backwards behind Teddy Alexander's back, the wrist bent.

Williams: Hammerlock by Thatcher Rex.

Teddy Alexander sells the hammer lock, his face twisted into a grimace as Thatcher Rex wrenches the hold and sweats all over him. The referee circles around the two, leaning slightly over at the waist and asking Teddy Alexander if he would like to submit. Teddy Alexander shakes his head and cries out once in pain as Thatcher wrenches the arm particularly hard.

Williams: Teddy Alexander in a bad place now.

Teddy Alexander tucks his legs underneath him and starts to get up to the standing position, and the fans start to cheer. Teddy Alexander reaches his feet and throws a wild elbow behind him, the elbow connecting with Thatcher Rex's head.

Williams: Elbow by Teddy Alexander! Trying to get out of this one folks. . .

Thatcher Rex sells the elbow but keeps the hold on Teddy Alexander. Teddy Alexander goes for another elbow but Thatcher Rex ducks his head before using his legs to lift Teddy Alexander up and over his head, sending him to the canvas behind him.

Williams: Hammerlock German Suplex!

Fury: Every German suplex should include a hammerlock.

Williams: Why's that?

Fury: Because The German people—

Williams: Whoah whoah before you even get started—I'm gonna stop you there.

Teddy Alexander sells the hammerlock German Suplex on the canvas as Thatcher Rex gets to his feet.

Williams: Back and forward action here. This could be the show stealing match.

Teddy Alexander slowly gets to his feet as Thatcher Rex gives up on the fans and makes his way over to Teddy Alexander. He reaches Teddy Alexander, who's bent over in the process of getting to his feet and Thatcher brings down a forearm to the back of Teddy Alexander. Teddy Alexander straightens up, though he sells the blow, and Thatcher throws another right before grabbing Teddy Alexander by the arm and tossing him into the ropes.

Williams: Irish whip by Thatcher Rex.

Teddy Alexander turns his back to the ropes and hits them, but grabs hold of the top rope with both arm to prevent returning back to the center of the ring. Thatcher Rex charges Teddy Alexander and as Thatcher reaches Teddy Alexander, Teddy Alexander bends at the waist and raises up, lifting Thatcher Rex clean over the top rope and to the floor outside.

Williams: Back body drop by Teddy Alexander on Thatcher Rex! And Thatcher went over the top rope and out of the ring with that one!

Teddy Alexander steps through the top and middle ropes before leaping down to the ground outside of the ring. He lands on both feet and looks down on Thatcher Rex, who sells the back body drop. Thatcher Rex crawls forward on the ground and Teddy Alexander reaches him pulling him to his feet while the referee instructs both men to get inside of the ring.

Williams: Thatcher Rex up now with the aid of Teddy Alexander, who's not trying to help him out folks, he's wanting to do even more damage.

Fury: These two just want to destroy each other and are doing a damn good job of it.

Teddy Alexander reaches back and throws a hard right to Thatcher Rex. The fans begin cheering each shot. Rex takes the hard right but quickly comes back with a right of his own.

Williams: Both men exchanging blows on the outside!

Teddy Alexander throws another right, then a quick left, each shot rocking Thatcher Rex. Teddy Alexander then kicks Thatcher Rex in the gut before hooking his head under his armpit. Teddy Alexander then takes Thatcher's free arm and puts it over his head before Teddy Alexander grabs Thatcher Rex by the tights and lifts him up into the air. Alexander falls backward, bringing Thatcher Rex straight down to the ground. The crowd goes insane.

Williams: Suplex on the floor outside!

Fury: That's what she said. . .

Williams: Wait... what?

Fury: Nothing.

The referee hits seven as Teddy bends at the waist and grabs Thatcher by the hair, bringing him to his feet. Teddy Alexander tosses Thatcher into the ring and slides in after him.

Williams: Both men in the ring now after that near count out.

Fury: Alexander almost didn't get back in. He almost gave Thatcher this match.

Teddy Alexander crawls his way over to Thatcher Rex and then covers him, hooking the leg. The referee drops to the mat as the crowd acknowledges the pin with a general round of applause.

Williams: We've got a pin, 1. . . 2. . .No! Kick out! Thatcher Rex kicks out!

Teddy Alexander gets up to his knees and checks with the referee. The referee shakes his head and shows him two fingers and Teddy Alexander turns to the fallen Thatcher Rex and grabs him by the head before pounding the back of Thatcher's head into the mat.

Fury: This guy is now pounding Thatcher's head right into the canvas!

Teddy Alexander then covers Thatcher Rex once again, hooking the leg. the referee slides to the mat, going for the count.

Williams: And another quick pin here. . . 1. . .2—NO. Kick out.

Teddy Alexander checks with the referee and still the referee shows him only two fingers. Teddy Alexander curses, and makes his way to his feet, grabbing a handful of Thatcher Rex's hair and bringing him to his feet with him. Teddy Alexander reaches back and punches him twice, before grabbing him by the wrist and whipping him into the ropes.

Williams: Irish whip now by Teddy Alexander. . .

Thatcher Rex turns, hitting his back on the ropes and returning to the center of the ring, where Teddy Alexander awaits him. As Thatcher reaches Teddy Alexander, Teddy Alexander rises up a leg for the big boot but Thatcher Rex ducks it.

Williams: Attempted clothesline by Teddy Alexander, ducked by Thatcher Rex. Rex toward the ropes once again now.

Thatcher Rex hits the ropes again on the other side of the ring and as he reaches Teddy Alexander in the center of the ring he grabs him around the waist and lifts him up into the air vertically before bringing him down, tailbone first across his bent knee.

Williams: Atomic drop by Thatcher Rex!

Teddy Alexander sells the atomic drop and Thatcher Rex rises quickly and hooks Teddy Alexander around the head and falls backward to the mat, bringing his head straight to the mat with him.

Williams: Thatcher Rex links the two moves together—the atomic drop and the DDT and Teddy Alexander is down now!

Fury: But can he keep him down?!

Teddy Alexander sells the DDT on the mat, breathing heavily from the strain of the match as Thatcher Rex slowly gets to his feet. He makes his way over to Teddy Alexander and bends over at the waist and grabs him by hair in an attempt to get Teddy Alexander to his feet. Teddy Alexander rises up and rakes a thumb over Thatcher Rex's eye.

Williams: Eye gouge by Teddy Alexander.

Fury: This guy knows plenty of ways to hurt a person.

Thatcher Rex sells the eye gouge, reaching up toward his face and covering his eye. Teddy Alexander shortens the gap between them and throws a right followed by a quick left before he grabs Thatcher by the arm and tosses him into the ropes.

Williams: Irish whip by Teddy Alexander. . . there goes Thatcher.

Thatcher Rex hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and returns. As he reaches Teddy Alexander, Teddy Alexander lifts Thatcher up in the air as if for a back drop but instead of tossing Thatcher over Teddy Alexander pushes Thatcher up in the air and Thatcher comes crashing down to the canvas face first.

Williams: Flap jack by Teddy Alexander!

Fury: What goes up must come down Ace! Wrestling would suck without that general rule.

The crowd applauds the bump as Thatcher Rex sells the flapjack. He rolls over onto his back, his face contorted with pain and Teddy Alexander gets to his feet and promptly leaves them, falling onto the prone Thatcher Rex head first.

Williams: Head butt Drop!

Fury: He is really using his head tonight Jennifer.

Williams: Quite literally.

Teddy Alexander scrambles over the fallen Thatcher Rex and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. the referee slides to the mat with all the grace a midget can muster, and goes for the count.

Williams: We've got a pin! 1. . . 2. . KICK OUT! Thatcher Rex kicks out of it!

Teddy Alexander checks with the referee and gets two fingers in the face.

Williams: The referee informing Teddy that it was only two.

Teddy Alexander frowns at the result and gets to his feet.

Fury: What an opening match.

Teddy Alexander makes his way over to Thatcher Rex, who is still laying on the canvas. Teddy Alexander reaches Thatcher and bends at the waist, grabbing him by the hair and pulling upward. Thatcher Rex gets to his feet with a cry of pain and Teddy Alexander reaches up and grabs Thatcher around the top of the head before dropping to his knees, forcing Thatcher's chin downward over the top of his head.

Williams: Jaw breaker by Teddy Alexander!

Thatcher Rex stumbles back toward the ropes, grabbing his chin. Alexander gets his feet and makes his way over to Thatcher Rex, who's up against the ropes.

Fury: They need to hurry or we wont have time for the rest of the matches tonight!

Teddy Alexander strikes Thatcher Rex in the gut three times before pushing him up against the ropes and going for the Irish whip.

Williams: Irish whip by Teddy Alexander—no—reversal!

Thatcher Rex turns and keeps his hold on Teddy Alexander's wrist, before whipping him toward the opposite ropes and releasing the wrist. Teddy Alexander is sent toward the ropes, and he turns as he reaches them, his back bouncing off the ropes and sending him back toward the center of the ring.

Williams: Teddy Alexander off the ropes. . .

Teddy Alexander returns to Thatcher Rex and jumps up in the air, and catches him with his body, sending him to the mat.

Williams: Leaping Air Press!

Teddy Alexander then begins slamming his fist into Thatcher Rex.

Williams: Ground and pound here.

Fury: I feel like this should be in an octagon!

Thatcher is able to roll over and begin delivering left and rights himself as Teddy tries to cover up. The referee gets in to break the two up.

Williams: The referee having to get involved.

Fury: Let them fight!

Thatcher gets to his feet, yelling at Teddy to get up. Alexander scoots up and grabs the ropes, using them to start pulling himself to his feet. Thatcher Rex takes off, clotheslining Teddy over the top rope, following with him. Both men crash violently to the floor.

Williams: To the outside again!

Fury: Non stop action like only the UTA can bring!

Williams: These men may both be hurt after that fall and after this match.

They both start to slowly come to as the referee does his count. Teddy Alexander pushes up to one knee as does Thatcher.

Williams: Thatcher Rex charges Alexander from a kneeling position!

He slams into Teddy's midsection as Alexander gets up and forces him back. However, Teddy is able to stop the force. He grabs Thatcher's body and with all of the energy he has left, swings him around, throwing Thatcher Rex into the barrier. Rex hits back first, propped up on it by only his arms.

Williams: The Legit Effen Beast taking control one more time!

Teddy lets out a loud roar before running and leaping through the air...

Williams: HUGE SPEAR!

Alexander crashes into Thatcher's stomach and both men go through the barrier. The fans scatter as everyone in the venue get on their feet and scream.

Williams: Both men are out folks.

Fury: They went through the barrier. Can you believe that?

Williams: Incredible showing. Just incredible.

The referee reaches ten and begins to call for the bell.

Williams: This one is going to be a double count out. Wow is all I can say.

Fury: I'll tell you this, they gave everyone their money's worth tonight.

The referee hops down and goes to check on both men. Security tries to keep the fans back.

Announcer: Due to a double count out..... there is... NOOOO WINNEEERR OFFF THHHIISSS MAAATTTCCCHHH!!!!

Williams: What a match. I can't get over it.

Fury: That is how superstars are born!

Enthusiasm

Close up on a nondescript door with a piece of paper taped to it. The paper has one word on it:

JILES

Nobody knock, but the door opens. Sitting at a borrowed desk with a muted monitor behind him and a stack of papers in front of him, Commissioner Cancer Jiles does not look at the new entrant in his office. He looks at the paperwork on his desk, though he clearly notices the intrusion.

Jiles: Don't knock or anything.

We pull back a bit, and can see that The Second Coming has entered the room.

Second Coming: I wasn't planning to.

She tosses a folded piece of paper onto the desk. Jiles looks at it, looks at her, and returns his attention to his desk.

Jiles: What's that?

Second Coming: That's my clearance. I'm good to go for tomorrow.

Jiles: Cool. I'll do a little dance.

The Second Coming stares at him for several seconds, in silence.

Second Coming: Okay, then... happy to've followed your instructions.

She turns to leave.

Jiles: Wait.

She waits. 2C turns around to see Jiles pick up the folded paper, unfold it, and scan it.

Jiles: 'I have given my patient's injury a thorough examination and it is my opinion that she would benefit from three to four weeks additional rest and rehabilitation. However, she has satisfactorily passed all required tests for medical clearance, and reluctantly clear her for a return to work as of February 7th, 2015.'

He drops the paper.

Jiles: Well, doesn't that fill me with confidence.

Jiles folds the paper up and returns to what he was doing. The Second Coming waits for another few seconds.

Second Coming: Okay, well... bye.

She turns to leave.

Jiles: Hey.

The door hangs open, with the Second Coming neither in, nor out.

Jiles: Don't sweat the seven foot wall, you'll get it next time.

After letting his comment sink in for a second, the Second Coming walks out and closes the door, shaking her head good – naturally behind her.

Brought to You By

"Orgasmatron" by Sepultura begins to play. The sounds of harsh, violent death metal fill the arena as the lights slowly turn a dark blue. Without much pomp and circumstance, out comes Nirvana dressed in a flowing blue wrestling robe.

Williams: Nirvana looking to capture his first UTA win here tonight.

Fury: Dick doesn't know. The Good Reverend has proven he can handle his own in the ring, but you have to take into consideration he'll have The Truth backing him up if he gets into trouble.

Nirvana begins to walk down the isle. The fans don't seem to know what to make of the masked behemoth. Nirvana seems very distant. He shows little care what the fans think until he reaches the ring. He turns around at this point, right before entering, to show off the back of his robe. On the back of his robe are the words "Kill You". Once the fans see this, many of them begin booing. By now the boos are overpowering the cheers of his mixed reaction.

Announcer: Hailing from Parts Unknown...

Nirvana enters the ring. Nirvana actually steps over the top rope to get inside. He stands in the middle of the ring for a moment, simply watching the fans.

Announcer: Standing at six-feet, seven-inches and coming in at a healthy three-hundred and twelve pounds...

Nirvana says a few words to the ref, probably threats, and slides off his robe. Now we can see the grotesque scars that cover his chest. Nirvana takes a hand and rubs an extremely horrible one, one that goes from one side of his chest to the next, and gives the fans a growl for good measure.

Announcer: "The Midnight King" Nirvana!

The lights return to normal and Nirvana just stands there. The fans continue their mixed reaction. Nirvana just takes it all in before the start of the match.

Williams: Big match here on Victory.

Nirvana cracks his neck and holds his arms out and then spins to show off his scars to all of the fans. Then, he slides a thumb over his neck before moving to his turnbuckle to start the match but not before tossing his robe out of the ring.

Man That You Fear 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.

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 Nirvana across the ring as the bell sounds.

Williams: These two men do not like each other.

Ace: They sure don't Jennifer.

Neither man blinks as the bell sounds. Both clinch their fist and grit their teeth, waiting to see who makes the first move. The crowd is filled with anticipation.

Williams: Both men experienced, but Nirvana with a bit more.

Fury: He's also got the size.

Williams: Size doesn't matter.

Fury: That's what sh.. oh never mind.

The Reverend says something inaudible to Nirvana who replies back, also inaudible. Finally, The Good Reverend pushes Nirvana, who stumbles just a couple of steps before catching himself, then comes forward pushing the younger, man sending him backwards and down to the mat.

Williams: The Good Reverend as surprised as the rest of us.

Fury: Nirvana is built like a tank. He may be older, but he is tough.

Reverend looks up at Nirvana who is yelling for him to get back up. This infuriates The Reverend who pushes up, getting back to his feet.

Williams: The Good Reverend may need to re-evaluate his offensive strategy.

Fury: Or work on his defense.

The Reverend storms Nirvana, who side steps and as he wraps his arms behind Reverend, brings a knee hard into his stomach.

Williams: Nirvana with a knee to the gut of The Good Reverend.

Nirvana follows up with an elbow to the back of Reverend's head.

Fury: Nirvana teaching Reverend as thing or two here early in the match.

Nirvana continues to elbow The Reverend in the back of the head, finally letting him fall to the mat. He steps over The Reverend, straddling his sides and leaning down, wrapping his arms under The Reverend's and clasping his hands under Reverend's chin.

Williams: Nirvana now with a chin lock looking for a submission.

Fury: The Good Reverend must be surprised. Dick can almost guarantee he thought this would be a walk in the park, and boy would he have been wrong.

Nirvana lets Reverend go. As his head falls, Nirvana slaps the back of it before it hits the mat.

Williams: Nirvana letting The Reverend go.

Fury: Dick thinks he just wanted to prove a point that just because he is older, that The Good Reverend shouldn't automatically think he has it in the bag.

Williams: Tonight may very well be school for The Good Reverend and Nirvana is the teacher.

Fury: How ironic, as in his last match the Good Reverend beat The Teacher, Harry Eastman.

Nirvana walks along the ropes of the ring, tracing his right hand across the top as Reverend pushes himself up to his hands and knees, attempting to regain his composure.

Williams: I'm not sure that Nirvana should be allowing The Good Reverend time to get up.

Fury: It's like we were saying, tonight he is the teacher, and you can't teach if your pupil is out cold.

The Reverend uses the ropes to pull himself up, never taking his eyes off of Nirvana who is across of the ring, watching Reverend vigilantly.

Williams: I'm just saying, if it was me, I'd teach Reverend how you completely dominate your opponent and win your match quickly. This may not be the wisest choice for Nirvana to make.

The Reverend stands fully up, nodding to Nirvana, before both men head toward the middle of the ring.

Williams: The Good Reverend with that seemed to be a sign of respect to Nirvana as these two lock up in the middle of the ring.

Fury: Nothing wrong with that.

As the two men fight for power, this time The Good Reverend takes control, putting Nirvana into a side headlock.

Williams: Side headlock. The Reverend squeezes Nirvana's neck tight.

Fury: Here is where that toughness of his will come into play.

Williams: Yes, but Nirvana is known in the industry for having abnormal strength for a man his age. Package that with years of experience.

Fury: Years of experience or not, The Good Reverend has him right now, and there is nowhere to go.

Nirvana attempts to escape, but The Reverend tightens his hold. Doing the only thing he can, Nirvana ignores the risk and pushes in, allowing The Reverend to tighten even more but giving him the opening he needs to open his mouth and bite the side of The Good Reverend.

Williams: Nirvana bites The Reverend!

Fury: Well, that's one way to break a hold.

Reverend lets go and screams as the referee quickly grabs Nirvana, pulling him away.

Fury: Nirvana knows he isn't an animal right?

As the referee throws his finger in the face of Nirvana, The Reverend angrily comes forward with a double axe handle to the upper back of his opponent. The camera catches teeth marks on his side.

Williams: Well, I think the mutual respect The Reverend had for Nirvana a few moments ago is now gone.

Fury: Dick doesn't blame him. Who bites in wrestling matches?

The Reverend brings down a series of forearms to the back of Nirvana, who keeps semi going to one knee but standing back up. Nirvana turns around to face his attacker.

Williams: The Reverend with a boot to the gut of Nirvana, following up with a short arm clothesline.

Fury: He put a lot behind that. Dick thinks he wanted to take the head off of Nirvana so that he can not bite him again.

Nirvana rolls over, showing minimal effect from the clothesline as he starts to get back to his feet. The Good Reverend runs past him, bounces off of the ropes and returns, leaping in the air while grabbing the head of Nirvana.

Williams: Bulldog! The Good Reverend a man possessed.

Fury: He's looking to put an end to this now, after being bitten.

Williams: Do you blame him?

The Reverend goes for a cover and the referee drops to count. However, Nirvana kicks out at two.

Williams: Kick out by Nirvana. The Good Reverend is on the right track with wanting to end this, but still needs to do a bit more damage to keep Nirvana down.

Reverend pushes up to his knees as Nirvana sits up. As Nirvana turns slightly to start getting to his feet, The Good Reverend moves in forward, wrapping his arms around his head and sitting back.

Williams: The Good Reverend keeping the match at a slow pace as he puts Nirvana into a sleeper hold.

Fury: Dick's not sure this is a good idea Jennifer. With someone who isn't very fast nor agile like Nirvana, you should speed the pace of the match up so that he can not keep up.

Williams: You're right there Dick. This is almost just a rest period for Nirvana as that thick neck of his almost blocks Reverend's attempt to cut off the circulation.

Fury: If he's anything like Dick's grandfather who takes a nap once Matlock is over, letting Nirvana rest will do nothing but let him rest and in turn when he gets back to his feet, he'll be more spry than ever.

Williams: Dick! Nirvana isn't that old. Comparing him to your grandfather doesn't seem very nice.

Fury: Well neither is assaulting a senior citizen, but you aren't giving The Good Reverend any strife for this match.

In the ring, The Reverend continues to apply pressure, but as it was pointed out, Nirvana's neck is just too thick for it to

really do any type of damage. Nirvana begins to use his legs to push on the mat, slowly raising up with The Good Reverend.

Williams: Nirvana fighting The Good Reverend, pushing to his feet taking The Reverend with him.

Fury: Reverend needs to change his offense now.

But it's too late. The two men are up, and Nirvana is able to bend down and turn around pushing The Good Reverend back. The Reverend catches himself and comes forward again as Nirvana moves forward. Nirvana jumps, catching the bigger man and pushing down as they both fall to the mat.

Williams: Theesz Press!

Fury: Nirvana with those bricks for hands hitting The Reverend with rights and lefts!

Nirvana is pulled up by the referee who warns him for being too aggressive. The Good Reverend holds his head as he scoots back before starting to get up.

Williams: The Good Reverend getting to his feet.

Fury: Both of these men have really impressed Dick, Jennifer. This has been a good match.

Williams: It sure has. I'm excited to see these two continue their careers here in the UTA.

As The Reverend gets to his feet, Nirvana pushes past the referee, sluggishly heading toward Reverend. The Reverend moves forward at a faster pace, he jumps up throwing his feet in the air and connecting.

Williams: Dropkick by The Good Reverend!

Fury: He got some air there didn't he?!

The Reverend rolls over and quickly leaps forward in a flat position, covering Nirvana. The referee drops to begin counting.

Williams: KICK OUT AT TWO!

Fury: Nirvana just doesn't know how to say when does he?!

Upset, but determined, The Reverend rolls over and begins to get to his feet, pulling Nirvana with him.

Williams: Side knee to the gut of Nirvana.

Reverend places Nirvana's head between his legs, bends down and wraps his arms under him.

Fury: It looks like The Good Reverend is going to end this once and for all!

He begins to pull up, lifting Nirvana.

Williams: The Good Reverend going for a pile dri....

Nirvana kicks his feet, lowering them back down to the mat.

Williams: NO! Nirvana fighting back!

Fury: Amazing!

Nirvana begins to lift slowly, straining but doing it, until The Good Reverend goes up and over behind him, slamming to the canvas.

Williams: Nirvana reverses into a back body drop!

As The Reverend hits the canvas, Nirvana actually stumbles back with him, falling backward to the mat himself. As he hits, both men are flat. Nirvana begins to breathe heavily as the camera zooms in on him, before raising his left arm, and

rolling over, draping it over The Good Reverend.

Williams: Nirvana going for the cover!

Fury: He might have it!

Williams: HE DOES! HE DOES!

The bell starts to sound as the referee hits the three.

Announcer: Your winner of the match via pin fall..... NIIIIIRRRVVVAANNNAAAAAA!!!!

Williams: Nirvana has done it. I don't know how he has done it, but he has done.

Fury: That is one tough old man Jennifer. Dick has nothing but respect for him.. well, other than that whole biting incident.

From the back burst Brother Simon, running down the ramp.

Williams: It's Brother Simon!

Simon slides into the ring and leaps up slamming fist into the head of Nirvana.

Williams: Brother Simon with rights and left avenging The Good Reverend's loss!

Fury: This guy has been overly aggressive as of late.

The Good Reverend rolls over and pushes up to his feet, seeing Simon attacking Nirvana. He yells at him to hold Nirvana.

Williams: Brother Simon with an elbow to the head of Nirvana, now rolling behind and holding him as The Good Reverend measures Nirvana up. Reverend runs back... off of the ropes... he's on the return.. lifts his leg up...

Nirvana pulls away and ducks as The Good Reverend shoots a foot forward catching Brother Simon in the face.

Williams: NIRVANA MOVED! NIRVANA MOVED!

Nirvana quickly drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring as The Good Reverend's face lights up in shock as he looks down at Simon who sits up, rubbing his jaw.

Williams: Miscalculation there on the part of The Truth.

Brother Simon slowly pushes up, still rubbing his jaw as The Good Reverend can be seen trying to apologize.

Williams: Brother Simon came down to attack Nirvana, and ended up being on the receiving end of a big boot by The Good Reverend.

Fury: Accidents happen Jennifer.

Williams: Tell that to Simon.

Nirvana raises an arm up as he walks backward up the ramp. Inside of the ring, The Good Reverend grabs the shoulder of Brother Simon, still trying to check on him. Suddenly, Brother Simon shoots an arm out and grabs the throat of The Good Reverend. The fans go nuts. The Good Reverend's eyes grow large.

Williams: BROTHER SIMON HAS THE GOOD REVEREND IN THAT BIG HAND!

He uses his free hand to grab the back of The Good Reverend before he lifts, slamming his father into the canvas. The fans continue to go crazy.

Williams: CHOKE SLAM ON THE GOOD REVEREND BY BROTHER SIMON! CHOKE SLAM! CHOKE SLAM!

Fury: Dick never would have thought he's see this! Where's Brother Judas?!

Brother Simon stomps toward the ropes, exiting the ring as The Good Reverend lays flat in the center.

Williams: Is this the end of The Truth?!

Fury: It sure could be!

Brother Simon doesn't look back as he continues up the ramp.

He is Coming

The screen goes black. The sounds of gunfire and tankfire echo loudly. The occasional bomb lights up the screen. A voice can be heard faintly in the background calling cadence like a drill instructor. Flashes of soldiers marching in formation blink across the backdrop of a battlefield. The explosions visually shatter that battlefield, lighting it up like a fire. Words begin to form through a mist on the screen. A voice booms out over the PA reading the words on the screen.

"The eagle born to those who pledged their lives and sacred honor

Was smiled upon by God and freed from chains and iron collar

He is held aloft on unity and by history revered

For preserving peace through strength

His wings now reach across 200 years.

But for each of those and one year more

God has smiled upon the Corps.

From the Barbary Coast to the Eastern Sands

By sword, by gun or by barehand

And so it's been and shall be weighed

Though many are born, 'Few are Made'

Faithful always they shall remain

DOGS TO LOOSE WHEN WAR IS WAGED!

2-15-15"

As the date slowly fades, the sounds of dogs barking in anger replaces the gunfire as the screen fades back to black.

The Dark Knight

The arena lights slowly diminish. An eerie creepy silent song slowly plays. As the tron shows Crimson Lord his back turned shirtless. Showing off his massive back, the area he stands in is black with only a lone blue and white light showing from the bottom.

Williams: It seems we are going to be graced by Crimson Lord.

The lights move slowly underneath his massive frame his head is lowered. His hair appears wet; he has fingerless black gloves on. His menacing voice sends chills throughout the arena.

Crimson: One day left until I face the "Shining Light" of the UTA. Twenty four hours Paladin and you come face to face with the man that will engulf you in the darkness.

He slowly looks over his right shoulder staring through his black and red hair. The camera shows a glimpse of the crowd watching him speak on the tron.

Crimson: All or Nothing is coming and you child of the light are the only thing standing in my way to stepping through those ropes on March 8th at the Scottrade Center in St. Louis. To take back what I left behind all those years ago.

The camera quickly returns to a full-screen of the tron. He slowly turns his body in one hundred and eighty degrees. He continually, stares directly at the arena crowd in the Wrestlezone.

Crimson: This time tomorrow I etch my name in the list of the men and women in the over the top rope match. This is no longer about The Spawn. This is about me taking back what rightfully belongs to me the UTA Championship!

He moves his right hand through his hair. He brushes the hair back behind his head. With his eyes still closed. He slowly opens those menacing red eyes once more with an emotionless stare into the sea of UTA fans in the Wrestlezone.

Crimson: Paladin the time for talk is over, this Sunday I walk right through you! Should I meet my fellow brothers in Spawn in that match at All or Nothing they know I am there for myself. Whether, that is The Spectre, or Mr. Fantastic. As for you Ron Hall I hope you crack the foundation of Dynasty. But know this boy we are no strangers in that squared circle. When we enviably meet again in that main event should you seal your destiny to join that match. I will not hesitate to show the same ruthless bitter hatred I have always shared for you ten fold!

He slowly faces the camera slowly dropping his head. The strands of wet hair once again fall in front of his face he once more stares through the hair.

Crimson: Judgment Day is in twenty four hours Paladin and rest assured the.....

He slowly leans his head back and stares down his eyes wide open with a psychotic look all over his face.

Crimson: Darkness shall overcome and you will be powerless to stop it. For I "The Plague of Darkness" and my cold grasp shall reach out and choke all that you represent away.

Crimson slowly lowers his head and stares coldly once more toward the arena.

Crimson: Dynasty your time is coming. After I have finished with Paladin I will move my wave of darkness upon you three ingrates. This time it will be different, this time you will be the ones to fall! Paladin I will feast on you Sunday!

Crimson slowly fades into the darkness as the lights return to normal.

Fury: Dick feels this man has changed since last we saw him in the ring.

Williams: Yea, did you get that chill going down your spine when he was talking?

Fury:

Brought to You By

Williams: It is time for the main event!

Fury: This is what we've been waiting for!

Williams: Before we go to the ring, we have one big surprise as we will be having a guest commentator for the match...

The crowd went nuts as the loud voice of Brian Johnson cut through the crowd noise as he screamed, beginning the hard-rocking riffs of AC/DC's "TNT."

Fury: You have got to be pulling Dick's leg!

Williams: No, he's coming down here right now.

As the pyro explodes, the figure of "Too Cool" Chris Hopper steps out from behind the curtain. Hopper is wearing a blue silk button-down shirt and black jeans and the crowd gives him a loud reception.

Williams: There he is, the living legend himself!

Fury: He is such a cocky jerk.

Williams: he is not!

He walks down to the ring, reaching out to slap hands with the fans on each side of the barricade. Chris even stops and allows one lucky female fan to take a selfie with him.

Announcer: Introducing tonight's guest commentator...

He reaches the ringside area and walks toward the announce booth.

Announcer: Here is the King of Cool, the Count of Monte Fisto...."TOO COOL" CHRIS HOPPER!!!

Hopper just continues nodding at his fans, who are already chanting his name over and over. He puts the headset on and has a wide grin on his face as he looks at his broadcast partners for this match.

Hopper: Hey you two, glad to see you again!

Fury: It is a great pleasure to have you down here Mr. Hopper.

Williams and Hopper look at each other around Dick's almost serene grin.

Hopper: Glad to be here.

Fury: I always say that it is a good thing to have the best coming out to help with any main event.

Williams: Did you just say "I?"

Fury: Indeed I did! You certainly have a keen ear Ms. Williams. No wonder you are working for the UTA!

Hopper: Dick...

He turns to face Chris.

Fury: Yes, sir?

Hopper produces a Snickers bar.

Hopper: Eat this Snickers bar.

Fury: Why would I do that?

Williams: Because you're being too nice! Obviously you are hungry because you don't act like yourself when you're hungry.

Hopper: Exactly....so eat up!

Fury, with an utterly shocking smile on his face, takes the bar and rips the top off, then takes a bite.

Hopper: Better?

Dick's smile literally turns into a scowl.

Fury: Why would you ask Dick such a question? Why the hell is someone like you out here anyway. You must be here to screw Derek Parks over like you have all his career!

Williams: He's better.

Hopper: I may regret letting him have that candy bar.

Williams: Let's send it to the ring for to get the main event started!

Standing in the ring is the beloved UTA ring announcer.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the main event of the evening!

Crowd roars knowing they're getting a great match tonight.

Announcer: This match is set for one fall and has a twenty-minute time limit. Introducing first...

The voice of rapper, Eminem is heard.

"When you walked,
through the door,
it was clear to me...

You're the one
they adore,
who they came to see..."

A remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play.

Doozer emerges from the entranceway. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen.

Fury: Are you going to try and take the legend part away from his entrance, Hopper?

Hopper: Seriously Dick, you need to chill out a little. I like Doozer, he's a pretty righteous cat.

Williams: Glad to see respect isn't lost in the business.

Hopper: Not by a long shot.

Fury: Dick is already sick of this arrangement.

Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his T-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman T-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start,

"DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER"

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can.

Announcer: Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts!

Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet.

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

He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

Announcer: DOOOOOOOOOOOO-ZZZEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Doozer paces around the ring and noticed Hopper at ringside. He holds his arm out and nods an acknowledgement to Chris.

Hopper: Good luck in there buddy.

Fury: You are such a panderer.

Williams: Why are you so rude Dick?

Fury: Have we met?

With a quick neck crack followed by cracking both sets of knuckles, Doozer crouches slightly while staring down his opponent.

Williams: Doozer looks ready to rumble in there tonight.

Fury: Well he has quite the challenge tonight and that is why Dick thinks it is good you are out here, Hopps. It gives you a chance to get a sneak peek at what is in store for you when Parks finally gets you in the ring.

Hopper: I'm looking forward to the challenge, for sure.

Williams: Speaking of "Cheapshot"....

Announcer: And introducing his opponent!

"Symphony of Destruction" by Megadeath begins blaring from the speakers.

Announcer: He stands an even sex feet tall and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-five pounds...

Pyro explodes as Derek Parks appears from behind the curtain. He slowly and arrogantly makes his way down to the ring. The fans utterly hate him already as he keeps telling them it is his time and that Parks is going to beat them all.

Announcer: Hailing from the fighting city of Chicago, Illinois. He is the former NeWA and BACW Champion. Here is....DEREK "CHEAPSHOT" PARKS!!!

Parks reaches the ring and gets inside. He immediately stares toward Hopper at the announce table. He tells Hopper to not get involved in this match or he'll tear him to pieces.

Hopper: Don't worry big guy, you have enough to worry about with Doozer.

Williams: He's right. You can't take your mind off your opponent, especially in the UTA.

Fury: Dick says Parks would not be distracted if not for "his" being at ringside. I believe he is out here in order to give Doozer an advantage.

Hopper: Have a little faith inhumanity, Dick.

DING! DING! DING!

Williams: And there is the bell! This one is under way.

Hopper: Doozer better think twice and attack early.

Fury: Sharing your normal strategy?

The two men stare at each other in center ring as the bell sounds, suddenly Parks slaps the taste out of Doozer's mouth by surprise.

Hopper: No, just saw that happening!

Williams: Parks with a cheap slap.

Hopper: You would think more people would expect it from a guy nicknamed "Cheapshot."

Parks goes to follow up with a right hand, but Doozer blocks it, delivering a right hand of his own that staggers Parks. Then he hits another big punch, then another.

Fury: Doozer resorting to cheating himself!

Hopper: closed fists are part of battle sometimes.

Fury: Yet illegal!

Williams: I hate when Dick gets something right. Doozer really in control right now with those haymakers!

Doozer punches Parks back into the corner and before the referee can warn him about the closed fist attack, Doozer wraps his arms around Parks and pulls him out of the corner for a textbook belly-to-belly suplex.

Hopper: Wow! That was a great suplex by Doozer!

Williams: Doozer in total control and using his size advantage.

Fury: Size isn't everything.

Hopper: Now I *KNOW* you will say anything to back Parks.

Parks lands and rolls over to get back to his feet. The moment he gets up, Doozer is there with a running spear that has a nasty impact on the smaller Parks.

Williams: Doozer nearly ripped Parks in half with that spear!

Fury: The man has an engine, that is for sure, but can it take down a tough customer like Parks?

Hopper: I think so, but I'm admittedly biased. I'd like to see Parks get his ass kicked like every other fan in the arena tonight.

Fury: At least you admit you are biased.

Hopper: Now, you can admit it too, Dick.

Fury: Never! I call it as I see it.

Doozer has an intense look on his face as he hears the fans chanting for him in this match. He nods as he pulls Parks up and goes for an Irish whip, only to be reversed by Parks -- then RE-Reversed by Doozer! Doozer whips Parks so hard that momentum sends "Cheapshot" over the top rope and to the floor.

Williams: The back-and-forth tug of war sends Parks flying over the top rope!

Fury: There was a time when that was an automatic disqualification.

Hopper: Yes, and nobody knew how to do much more than basic slams and submission holds too. Get with the times Dick!

Doozer steps through the ropes and heads down to get Parks back into the ring, but the moment he touches Parks, he is jabbed in the throat.

Williams: Parks with a throat punch!

Fury: Fighting fire with fire! That is how Dick sees it.

Hopper: No, Dick...THAT is an illegal blow.

Williams: No, Dick. You cannot make a joke about prostitutes and the like on that one.

Fury: Damn it.

Parks grabs Doozer and whips him into the steel ring post as hard as he can. The thud sending a groan through the arena crowd. Parks pulls Doozer up and rolls him into the ring, then turns and yells at Hopper something the microphones could not pick up.

Hopper: Yeah, yeah. Keep talking you pathetic piece of trash. Step to me if you think you can.

Williams: Doozer taking a punishment as he gets rolled back into the ring.

Fury: Are you trying to get him disqualified, Hopper?

Hopper: No just hate when people talk and talk with no action behind it.

Fury: Yeah, I'm sure it is easier to fire people from afar.

Parks finally gets into the ring and pulls Doozer to his feet, shoving him into the corner. He goes to whip him across the ring, but the veteran reverses Park's attempt and sends Parks across the ring and hard into the opposite corner.

Williams: Doozer showing signs of life again!

Hopper: Doozer needs to take it slow and keep the advantage.

Fury: Take it slow. You are freaking old, man.

Williams: Doozer setting up for the jump-step wizard he does!

Doozer holds up an arm and takes off running toward Parks, leaping to go for his shining wizard off the opponent's knee. He jumps to Parks' knee, but before the attack and be completed, Parks shoves Doozer off of him....and into the air out of the ring. Doozer lands awkwardly on the outside right in front of the announce table, his left shoulder hitting the arena floor first.

Hopper: Holy Freaking Crap!!!

Fury: Doozer just went flying in the air like a cruiserweight! This is what Dick loves!

Williams: Not only did he fly, but he landed really bad down here. That shoulder looks really hurt.

Hopper: Yeah I think he might have dislocated it with that landing. Not a good thing against a guy like Parks.

Parks slowly exits the ring to the boos of the crowd. He Grabs Doozer and whips him into the guard barrier at ringside as hard as he can. Doozer's shoulder hits hard as first impact.

Williams: Parks looks like he isn't finished.

Fury: No doubt the bad times are about to kick in for "The Dooze."

Hopper: I hate seeing a good guy get torn up like this.

Fury: Going to interfere?

Hopper: Of course not.

Parks pulls Doozer off the arena floor and whips him into the steel ring steps, actually causing the top section to be knocked out of the stack. Parks turns and tells Hopper he's getting worse than Doozer when he gets his hands on him.

Hopper: We'll see big man. We'll see.

Williams: Parks certainly seems to be making Doozer an example in your direction, Chris.

Hopper: If he keeps this up, it will cost him. Doozer is a DREAM Hall of Famer. That means he knows how to handle idiots like Parks.

Fury: But will YOU?

Hopper: We'll see, won't we?

Parks rolls Doozer back into the ring, barely beating the referee's count at nine. Parks, also back in the ring, pulls Doozer up and locks on his arm bar on that left arm.

Williams: Parks with that Arm Wrench hold he loves to much. And he has it on that left shoulder Doozer landed on out

here.

Hopper: That fall may decide this match, as much as I hate to admit it.

Fury: The key to being successful is taking advantage of the breaks in a match.

Hopper: I hate agreeing with you, Dick.

Parks jerks hard on the left wrist straight down, causing a terrible pain on that shoulder. He does it again, dropping Doozer down to his knees near the center of the ring.

Williams: Parks really yanking that arm and putting pressure on the shoulder socket.

Fury: The more pain it causes, the better!

Parks pulls the arm into the air and uses his knee for add pressure to that shoulder. Doozer's face contorts in pain.

Williams: Parks really trying to tear that shoulder up!

Hopper: I'm actually surprised at how good he is at those holds.

Fury: Perhaps you shouldn't have fired him years ago then.

Hopper: Drop it, Dick.

"Cheapshot" pulls Doozer back to his feet by that arm, then twists the arm behind Doozer's back. Parks traps it between their bodies as he lifts and nails a belly-to-back suplex.

Hopper: Another solid suplex from Parks! Impressive!

Williams: Plus he had that arm trapped between them, and that has to hurt that shoulder even more.

Parks is back up and begins stomping on that left shoulder as Doozer is trying to move slowly to the corner.

Fury: Parks is just taking it to Doozer. He'll never be the same after this!

Williams: It certainly is a lot of punishment. Kind of like sharing the announce table with you.

Fury: Dick thinks it was rude to say that about our guest.

Parks traps Doozer into the corner as he flips around and puts that boot on Doozer's left shoulder, pinning it against the bottom turnbuckle. The referee immediately begins calling for the break and Parks is having none of it.

Williams: Parks is ignoring the referee.

Hopper: This guy needs to sack-up in there.

Fury: Doozer? I agree.

Hopper: No, the referee. This is the same guy that let Nirvana scare his pants off awhile back and now Parks is running over him.

The referee begins counting to five and finally before he yells to call the disqualification, Parks lets go of the hold and tells the referee to shut up. The fans give him major heat for doing this.

Fury: Parks has ownership of the match AND the ring right now!

Williams: Parks backs the referee off, but to his credit it did break the hold.

Hopper: Only for a second.

Parks returns and shoves that boot right back onto Doozer's left shoulder as he yells at Hopper again to tell him that he has a beating much worse in store for him.

Hopper: Moron needs to focus on his match and not me.

Fury: It doesn't matter when he has the guy literally under his boot!

Williams: And in an illegal position, I might add.

Fury: Whatever.

The referee again counts to five and this time goes to grab Parks' leg, which causes Parks to pull away from the hold and face the referee. The referee bows his head and gets quiet as Parks yells at him for disturbing his match.

Hopper: This is pissing me off. The referee is not there to be treated that way. You should respect his authority in the ring.

Fury: Please do that in cartman's voice.

Williams: Who?

Fury: Nevermind.

Parks goes back over to Doozer and pulls him up to his feet, grabbing him by the head and dropping him with his one-hand bulldog in the middle of the ring.

Williams: Parks with that one-handed face buster move and this might be the end with the cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THRE.....NO!!!

Hopper: The shoulder is up!

Fury: A travesty! That referee is up to no good!

Derek Parks is pissed off at the near fall. He gets to his feet and begins screaming at the referee for the "slow count." He is beside himself with this broken pin.

Williams: Parks is livid!

Fury: As he should be!

Hopper: And again, Parks shows how little he truly understands wrestling. This is absurd.

Fury: He is just pleading his case with an official.

The referee just takes the abuse from Parks, who never lays a hand on him. While yelling, Doozer sneaks up behind Parks and grabs him with a backslide pin attempt.

Williams: Backslide out of nowhere!!!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....TH....NO!!!

Fury: Parks powers out of that pin with authority!

Hopper: I wouldn't say "with authority." But he did escape.

Parks rolls through and gets to his feet as Doozer is trying to stand. Parks takes off running at Doozer, but Doozer counters by grabbing him and spinning him around with a power slam as the fans roar.

Williams: Power slam by Doozer! He is giving everything he has.

Hopper: When you have an injury like this, it is what you have to do in order to survive.

Williams: Now who will get up first?

Both men on the mat and trying to get to their feet. Doozer gets to a knee as Parks reaches his feet.

Fury: Parks! Parks is up first!

Hopper: This could be bad for my buddy, Doozer.

Parks takes off to rush at Doozer again, but Doozer ducks the lariat he threw at him. Doozer returns fire with a hard right hand. Then another that sends Parks reeling back into the corner.

Williams: Doozer fighting back with hard punches to Park's head!

Fury: Illegal blows yet again! This is just wrong!

Williams: Since when do you care?

Doozer over and he uses his right hand to deliver the hard chops to the chest. One after the other. Park's chest is now flaming red with the impact of those chops.

Hopper: Those chops hurt like hell, I can tell you from experience.

Williams: Doozer taking the fight to the cheapshot artist extraordinaire.

Fury: Last flurry of fight from a beaten man.

Doozer grabs Parks' arm and looks to go for a whip, but it was really a short-arm lariat that floors Derek Parks yet again. Doozer grabs that left shoulder after using it to yank Parks into that move.

Williams: Parks sent to the canvas again with that lariat, but Doozer paid the price for doing it.

Hopper: An injured shoulder should only be moved so much. He is stretching that limit by far in there.

Doozer pulls Parks up and whips him into the ropes, catching him off the rebound into a Samoan Drop, which he executes in a way to land a face buster in the center of the ring.

Williams: Doozer Drop! he nailed it in the middle of the ring!

Fury: But he hasn't covered because he used the strength he had left to do it!

Hopper: What drama here! Can Doozer get over and make the cover?

Both men are down and Doozer's shoulder is obviously bothering him. He hasn't pinned Parks, who looks to be out from the "Doozer Drop."

Williams: He is trying to roll over and cover. This is a long time now.

Fury: Dick hopes it is long enough for Parks to snap back to reality.

He finally gets over and drapes an arm over Parks.

Williams: Drapes the arm for a cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THRE.....NO!!!!

Fury: Parks survives!

Hopper: Both men nearly spent in there! They have really taken it to each other and that is what it takes to be a UTA superstar!

Both men struggling to get to their feet. The referee begins the obligatory ten count, but the fans know this match won't end that way.

Williams: Whichever of these men get to their feet first will have a huge advantage.

Hopper: If they can move after standing up.

Williams: Good point. It takes a lot of energy to pull yourself up when you are way down and beaten up.

Both men reach their knees. Doozer is up to his feet first, as the view shows Parks digging in his trunks in the foreground before he stands up.

Hopper: What is he doing?

Williams: Parks digging in his tights for something, but Doozer is on his feet!

Fury: I think Parks doesn't care about being disqualified anymore. He wants to inflict pain!

Doozer over to Parks, but Park literally thrusts his leg out in a straight kick right to the genital region of Doozer. This sends Doozer backward where he actually runs into the referee and knocks the referee back into the corner.

Williams: Referee sent tumbling on that thrust kick and Doozer is in real pain.

Fury: He's holding a pound of "Aunt Betty's Nut Butter" right about now.

Hopper: It's what Parks is holding I'm concerned with! He has Knuckles on that right fist!

As the referee is getting to his feet in the background, we see Parks has brass knucks on his right fist. He rushes over and drills Doozer right between the eyes, causing a cut near the right eyebrow on top of the nose.

Williams: Doozer is plowed right between the eyes!

Fury: He's cut!

Hopper: Are you kidding me?

Williams: The referee missed it all and Parks is in prime position after that foreign object cheap shot!

Doozer throws the knucks out of the ring as he goes for a cover and the referee turns around and drops to make the count.

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE!!!

Fury: He did it!

Williams: By cheating!

Fury: Any way you can.

Hopper: Not this way. If he wins, he wins, but it better be fair and square. Don't announce the winner just yet....

The view shows Hopper taking his head set off and standing to his feet, yelling to the referee.

Fury: Dick told you he was out to screw Parks over! Dick is ALWAYS right!

Williams: He's just telling the referee what happened.

Hopper is talking to the referee and even points to the brass knuckles, which landed in the corner of the ringside area. The referee is nodding as he listens.

Fury: If Parks gets disqualified, this will be a terrible wrong.

Williams: Why do you say that? He used a foreign object to win.

Fury: But the referee didn't see it when it happened. That means it didn't happen officially!

Williams: I'm certain Doozer would disagree.

The referee and Chris finally finish talking as the veteran makes his way back to the announce table. The referee turns to say something to Parks and he gets very angry.

Fury: Did you cause enough havoc now, tough guy?

Hopper: Nope. I just explained what happened to the referee and he's going to make it right.

Fury: Dick knew you would cost Parks this match he rightfully won! You are everything he said you were!

The referee twirls his finger in the air toward the main announcer for the event.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, due to the circumstances of the pinfall, the referee is not allowing the pinfall for Derek Parks!

Fans go into a frenzy.

Announcer: Therefore this match will be re-started!

The crowd erupts as Parks is shaking the top rope in anger. Doozer, bleeding from that cut now, is up to his feet and seems to barely have his wits about him.

Williams: The match is going to be re-started, but is this actually a favor for Doozer?

Hopper: I don't know, but I couldn't sit by and let this match end the way it did.

Fury: The job of an announcer is not to interfere. You call the action the same way Dick calls the action. What you did was wrong toward Parks.

Hopper: Oh please.

The two men slowly walk toward each other. Parks immediately jabs a thumb into the eye/cut area on Doozer's face and gets an advantage.

Williams: Another cheap shot by Parks!

Fury: That is what we call him.

Williams: He attacks the weakest point on Doozer and not a word from the referee.

Parks grabs Doozer and whips him into the rope, catching him on the rebound and spinning him around 180 degrees into a spinning spinebuster.

Hopper: OWWW! I bet that hurt!

Williams: Big Spinebuster by Parks and he covers!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE.....NO!!!

Fury: He got it!

Hopper: Not that time. Doozer is putting up a fight to stay alive. If he frustrates him enough, Parks may make a mistake.

Fury: Fat chance!

Parks is angry with the referee's count yet again, but doesn't waste time berating him now. He begins stomping on that left shoulder again, causing Doozer to feel a lot of pain.

Williams: Parks stomping away on that shoulder area.

Hopper: Derek has a great strategy now. He should win this if he keeps it up.

Parks pulls Doozer to his feet. Then he stares at him a second before dropping for a spinning wheel kick to the upper check, almost on the neck. This sends Doozer to the mat again.

Williams: Spinning wheel kick by Parks! Doozer is on the canvas yet again!

Fury: That is where he belongs, covered in his own blood!

Hopper: Why so hostile, Dick?

Fury: Dick tells the truth, hostility has nothing to do with it.

Parks grabs both of Doozer's arms and yanks back on them as he puts his knee into the back for leverage. The referee begins asking Doozer if he gives up, Doozer shakes his head no while looking to be in terrible pain.

Hopper: Whoa! A submission hold by Parks! He is really showing some range right now.

Fury: See he is more than just a brawler and Doozer is finding that our right now.

Williams: The position of the hold is even worse because it is in center ring. Doozer doesn't have much of a chance right now. Not with that shoulder like it is.

Parks continues wrenching the hold as he now stares at Hopper and mouths words that are not able to be said on most FCC-controlled television stations.

Hopper: You're all class, you big lug nut.

Fury: What?

Hopper: I can insult without stopping to his level.

Williams: Doozer is trying his best, but Parks is in perfect position with that hold. Those arms can only take so much.

Doozer's legs are pumping around trying to force the hold to move or lose balance. Parks has a great leverage advantage here. He yanks back even harder to cause more pain to Doozer.

Hopper: Parks really taking it to him now. I am impressed with Parks' shoot game now.

Fury: You better be learning because he can and will do this to you soon!

Doozer manages to get a knee bent up underneath him. He begin pushing up and causing the hold to have less leverage.

Williams: Doozer has a knee crouched in there!

Hopper: Does he have enough to power out. That size advantage could be his saving grace here.

Williams: The fans are cheering him on as he is trying to fight out of this!

Doozer gets the lift he seems to need, but the leg gives out and he falls forward under the weight of Park's hold. His head, though, lands under the bottom rope and the referee calls for the break.

Williams: Doozer cant keep it up, but it is the luckiest break in the world!

Fury: What a cheap stunt! This referee shouldn't be calling for a break as he never touched the ropes!

Hopper: Being under those ropes is the same thing in the eyes of the rule book, Dick. I thought you knew that.

Parks refuses to break the hold after the five count. The referee threatens to disqualify him without flinching and Parks lets go of Doozer's arms.

Williams: Parks again refusing to break the hold, but the referee finally gets physically involved!

Hopper: Alright little buddy! Way to man up! nice to see someone stand up to these guys and keep it legal!

Parks again begins yelling at the referee as Doozer lays on the canvas, blood covering his face now.

Williams: Again Parks yelling at the referee, but he did do his job and get that hold broken.

Fury: He'll be lucky if he keeps his head the way Parks is screaming at him...and rightfully so!

Parks turns and goes back over to Doozer, who has yet to move. He begins pulling him up, but is having a harder time because Doozer seems more like dead weight.

Williams: Parks going back to work on Doozer, trying to get him lifted into the air.

Hopper: He wants to finish him off, but the size difference and Doozer being pretty beaten up make it hard.

Parks gets him to his feet and again jabs him in the throat. He shoves him into the corner and then steps back to do a running splash.

Williams: Parks ready to really ram home his point!

Fury: Take him out for crying out loud!

Parks runs and leaps, but Doozer moved to the side and Parks hits the turnbuckle. Parks staggers back and Doozer gets over and stomps on Park's left foot.

Williams: Doozer dodges and then stomps "The Doozer!"

Hopper: Can it be?

Williams: Parks is stunned and bent over!

Doozer quickly grabs Parks quickly and nails him with a lifting implant double underhook DDT in the center of the ring.

Hopper: "The Abuser!" He hit it!

Fury: No!

Williams: Doozer with a cover!

The Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THREE!!!

Williams: Oh my goodness, Doozer survives with an upset!

Hopper: Great comeback by a great wrestler!

Fury: Are you kidding Dick? He won because YOU allowed it with your stupid "goody-two-shoes" routine with the referee.

Doozer is still not back to his feet as the announcer is heard.

Announcer: The winner of this match....DOOOOOOOZZZZEEERRRRRRRRR!!!!!!

The crowd erupts at the announcement. Parks begins to snap out of the haze and realizes he lost.

Hopper: Don't hate the game, Dick.

Fury: No, Dick just hates arrogant scum like you.

Hopper: Aww Dick.....don't be that way!

Williams: Don't worry Chris, he'll find something else to be angry about by the next episode of Victory!

Parks gets to his feet and rushes across the ring, clubbing Doozer with a forearm to the back of the head and stepping through the ropes and moving toward the announce booth.

Fury: Retribution on its way!

Hopper: Good.

We hear the headset be dropped on the announce table as Parks gets to proximity and he and Hopper begin trading

punches right and left.

Williams: A whole new battle has erupted here!

Fury: Like none of us saw this happening with the egomaniac at ringside for the match.

Williams: Security is making their way down the aisle as they are trading haymakers like crazy down here!

Security rushes down to ringside to separate these two men after Hopper lands a hard right that nearly floors Parks. Each man is being held back by a half dozen security workers.

Fury: Why break it up? Hopper obviously wanted to beat on a tired Parks.

Williams: Let it go, Dick.

Fury: It's true!

Williams: Fans, we still have the signing of Travis Sixteen to come right after this! Stay tuned!

Broken Truths

We switch backstage where Brother Simon is stomping through the halls. As we see Jamie Sawyers approaching him, Simon grabs a trash can, throwing it across the hall and into the wall as he yells.

Sawyers: Um, Brother Simon... Can I... can I get a... word with you?

Brother Simon turns, like a man possessed toward Jamie Sawyers. Jamie nervously stands, microphone in hand.

Sawyers: Everyone in the UTA Universe wants to know... what happened out there? I mean, it seemed as if it was just an accident.

He holds the microphone out.

Simon: Yea, accident Jamie. It sure was.

He turns to him, pointing in his face as he continues.

Simon: Just like every time he took that thick, leather strap to my back when I would mess up. Just like when he would raise his hand in anger and bring it down across my face when I (using his fingers as quotation marks) acted out.

Jamie looked terrified as Brother Simon moves in even closer to his face.

Simon: Or maybe, just maybe Jamie... it was an accident like the time he left me locked in the reflection box. The darkness Jamie... my screams as I fell into my own delusions... left for days. No food. No water. I guess it was an accident like that, wasn't it?

Sawyers: Well, I..

Simon: Yea Jamie. You don't know do you? DO YOU?!

He grabs Jamie Sawyers by the collar, lifting him. Jamie drops the microphone.

Simon: I'm done Jamie! I'm done with his lies! I'M DONE LIVING HIS LIE AND CALLING IT THE TRUTH!

He drops Jamie Sawyers to the floor. Sawyers grabs his back in pain as Brother Simon steps over him and stomps out of the scene. The camera zooms in on a hurt Jamie Sawyers as we fade.

Brought to You By

Confrontation

We return to ringside, where James Wingate is standing by in the center of the ring. Behind him, we see a podium, a desk, and some chairs. James is holding a microphone and pacing. He motions for his music to die down and then

addresses the audience.

Wingate: Over the past few months, Twitter has been a battleground for two veterans of the squared circle. I was fortunate enough to sign one of them recently... a man who won his match earlier tonight on Victory... The Midnight King, Nirvana.

Despite a few scattered BOOs for the legendary heel, there is also an overwhelming CHEER from Nirvana's new-found fan base. James nods his head a few times and continues.

Wingate: Yes. Two decades of experience under his belt and isn't afraid to use them. That's why I signed him. As for the other one...

The crowd is already murmuring its BOOs for the person about to be announced.

Wingate: Heh, yeah. The feeling is mutual, trust me. However, Nirvana practically begged me to give this guy a contract, and I am, if nothing, a person that likes to give people a chance. So, without further ado, let's-

James is cut off suddenly as "Orgasmatron" by Sepultura begins to play. The sounds of harsh, violent death metal fill the arena as the lights slowly turn a dark blue. Without much pomp and circumstance, out comes Nirvana dressed in a suit. Several of Nirvana's newly-established "zenites" reach out to him, but he's focused on the ring itself. Nirvana stomps in, parts the ropes, and demands a microphone from a ring worker. Once he get it, he signals for his music to cut and addresses James Wingate.

Nirvana: You're darn right I demanded him here, for one reason - once he signs that UTA contract, I will be well within my rights to sock him in his filthy mouth.

Wingate: I get that you're angry, but-

Nirvana: Then GET THIS Wingate - these past couple months on Twitter have been talk, talk, talk. I finally get face to face with that unwashed little cretin, and again... talk, talk, talk. I am TIRED of talk, James.

Nirvana holds up his fist and looks at it. Then he looks at Wingate.

Nirvana: You GET that twerp out here, RIGHT now, because I've got a little welcome snack RIGHT HERE with his name on it!

The crowd POPs as Nirvana shakes his fist for emphasis. Wingate shrugs and lifts up his microphone.

Wingate: Fair enough. Let's get him out here. Travis Sixteen, come on down!

All eyes go to the entrance ramp. And... nothing. After a few moments, there's still no motion. The camera cuts back to the ring, where Nirvana chuckles and holds up the mic.

Nirvana: See? All talk. The scrawny little hobo and his words aren't worth-

Suddenly, the sound of a toilet flushing fills the arena. The camera turns to the entrance ramp, and on the giant monitor, we see a view outside of a bathroom stall. After a moment, the door swings open, and we see Travis tucking a scrubby-looking dress shirt into his greasy, stained dress pants. He's also wearing a wrinkled tie. Before he makes a full exit, he inhales deeply, then exhales with a smile on his face, as if he just enjoyed the lovely smell of lilacs.

Cut back to the ring, and Nirvana is shrugging at James Wingate, who as a total professional just scratches his chin and waits patiently. Nirvana starts pacing the ring impatiently and holds the mic up again.

Nirvana: TRAVIS?! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME YOU LITTLE TROLL! GET YOUR ASS DOWN HERE NOW!!!

We cut back to Travis in the bathroom. Travis walks up to the sink, looks at the taps, smiles, and simply wipes his hands on his pants without washing them. The cameraman follows him out of the bathroom, and into the hallway, as he casually strolls towards the gorilla position. The scene shifts between Nirvana's escalating irritation and Travis moving

slowly down the hall, whistling as he does so.

Finally, Travis makes it to the entranceway and hands a CD to a man sitting at an A/V booth. The scene cuts back to the arena, where Nirvana has clearly had enough of waiting. He's not even bothering with the microphone at this point, he's just leaning over the top rope, his ponderous frame pushing the rope down, as he yells at the entrance.

FINALLY... The arena lights go completely dark, and the following video starts:

Once the music kicks in, Travis 16 steps out onto the entrance ramp. He has a HUGE enthusiastic grin on his face, and is waving to the audience like he's running for office. The audience is not being nearly as kind to him, but he drinks in their abuse. He slowly but steadily makes his way down to the ring, smiling and laughing, as Wingate and Nirvana knead their heads in annoyed frustration.

After about a minute, Travis gets ringside and hops up onto the apron. He smirks, looks at Nirvana, and motions for the Midnight King to part the ropes for him. Nirvana looks Travis dead in the eyes... the two are nose-to-nose for about three seconds... and then Nirvana parts the ropes with a giant grin of his own, showing how happy he would be to help Travis get in the ring and sign his own death warrant.

Meanwhile, Wingate is looking at his watch and rolling his eyes. As the duo turn around, Wingate motions for the two of them to sit on opposite sides of the table. Both decline, instead choosing to step towards the podium where the contract is laying. Wingate shrugs, goes behind the podium, and lifts the mic.

Wingate: OK, gentlemen, we know why we're here. Travis, I'd like to give you the opportunity to review this contract. It's a standard UTA working contract, which includes a schedule of all financial penalties for no-showing, basic accommodation and travel reimbursement for road shows, and-

Travis 16: Gonna stop you RIGHT THERE, boss-man. I just want to know TWO things...

Travis walks right up to Nirvana, who is at least a head and change taller than him and nearly twice his weight. Travis stares right into Nirvana's angry eyes as he raises the mic again.

Travis 16: ONE... When I sign this thing... Is Nirvana going to be officially out of excuses to punch me in my face?

The crowd POPs for the very thought of someone hitting this annoying bastard. James Wingate nods.

Wingate: For better or worse, yes.

Nirvana leans in closer and growls through grinning teeth. We can clearly see him mouthing the words "sign it, sign it".

Travis 16: Okay then, good. NUMBER TWO... When I sign this thing... does it ALSO mean that after he hits me... I can go ahead and hit him right back, without having to worry about Johnny Law letting involved?

Nirvana grins even wider and begins making "come on" motions with his hands, clearly welcoming whatever Travis has to retaliate with. James once again nods.

Wingate: Assuming you are ABLE to retaliate, then yes, this contract protects you from legal action should you choose to escalate the fight.

Travis and Nirvana are both grinning madly, still locking eyes. Travis moves towards the podium and looks down.

Travis 16: I'll need a pen.

Nirvana almost instantly whips one out of his jacket, and SLAMS it down in front of Travis. Nirvana then emphasizes his stance by hammering his pointed finger into the contract several times. Travis opens the pen, licks the tip... his hand goes down to the paper...

And Travis has signed the contract. He slams the pen down and immediately opens his arms wide and lifts his chin!

Nirvana: Open wide, you troll-

Wingate: HOLD ON! Hold on... I think there's something you need to know first, Nirvana.

Nirvana cracks his knuckles impatiently and stares, wide-eyed, at James Wingate. James then turns to Travis.

Wingate: And, something YOU should know too, Travis. Or, rather, what you WOULD have known, if you actually read that contract before signing it.

Travis opens one of his eyes and peeks at James Wingate with a frown. He lowers his hands and picks his mic up from off the podium.

Travis 16: Excuse me?

Nirvana: What's the deal, Wingate?

Wingate: Let me tell you, ALL... A little story, about an obnoxious little troll named Travis Tokelgard.

James Wingate picks up the contract and begins pacing, addressing both the two men in the ring and the audience.

Wingate: The reason why most of you haven't heard the name "Travis 16", is because Travis Tokelgard has been blacklisted from nearly every wrestling organization in the United States, Europe, and Australia. He is a pariah in this industry, and for VERY good reasons - for every dollar he makes for a wrestling org, they lose on average nearly THREE dollars in repairs, fines, legal fees, and medical expenses not covered by insurance.

The crowd gives a few scattered BOOs, but really, this doesn't seem interesting to them. Travis just adjusts his tie and gets a smug look on his face, showing how proud he is of this. James pours himself a glass of water from the pitcher on the table. He takes a small sip and then continues.

Wingate: I found out about all this when I started receiving resumes from Travis. It started small, with him emailing me a resume once a day. Then, it was twice, three times, you get the idea. Within two weeks, my inbox was receiving literally hundreds of resumes from Travis daily, all from different email addresses so I couldn't block them. In addition, he nagged me incessantly on Twitter, and then... he got Nirvana to start nagging me about hiring him.

Nirvana raises his own mic and gets in James' face.

Nirvana: So? What does any of this have to do with me punching him? NOBODY CARES!

Wingate: Relax, big guy... I think you're going to like where this is going. I just have a hunch, okay?

James smiles at Nirvana before continuing his story. Travis leans on the podium looking bored.

Wingate: So, compromise. Yes, I hired him. Yes, his contract contains all the basic rewards, penalties and perks for being a part of UTA's talent pool. The only thing that changed... Is the job description.

Travis scowls and immediately snatches for the contract, flipping through the pages. He reaches one, starts reading it, and then... his face goes blank. His arm goes limp, and the contract flutters to the ground.

Wingate: It says... It says...

Nirvana: Go on.

Travis inhales deeply with his eyes closed. He then scowls, wide-eyed at James Wingate.

Travis 16: YOU MADE ME A JANITOR?!

The crowd LAUGHS at this announcement! Nirvana slowly cracks a grin of his own. James Wingate puts his hand on Travis' shoulder in a sort of "fatherly advice" way.

Wingate: Look, Mr. Tokelgard. I understand, times are tough, and you need a job. But there is no way I am putting you

on my roster, not with your track record. Now, AS a member of the UTA custodial staff, you will NOT be allowed to attack UTA talent in any way, shape or form, EXCEPT in cases of self defense.

James turns to Nirvana. Travis is still in a bit of shock.

Wingate: That means, Nirvana, that he can punch you back, if you punch him. Of course, if you don't lay a hand on him... He can't do a thing.

James smiles, takes one more sip from the glass of water... and then casually drops it onto the wrestling mat. He looks at Travis.

Wingate: Make sure you clean that up on your way out, son. Welcome to the UTA.

James Wingate climbs out of the ring. Nirvana stands opposite the still-shocked Travis, with a HUGE grin on his face. He raises up his fist... cocks it back... throws it FULL SPEED at Travis' head - and then stops short, opens his hand, and lets several scraps of paper that he had in his pocket fall to the ground. Nirvana leans down and looks Travis right in the eyes.

Nirvana: I'll go tell your friends outside that you're going to be late, because I'm sure all my zenites in the audience will be more than happy to leave you some trash to pick up!

Nirvana laughs and parts the ropes, as several audience members start hurling their trash into the entrance ramp. Several members of the ring crew rush out to address the piles of trash, one of whom throws a push-broom into Travis hands. Travis finally comes to his senses and then begrudgingly starts picking up trash as we fade to black.

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