

Victory: XXVI

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Results

VICTORY

Segment

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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 Living in America 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 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!

Williams: Thanks for tuning in folks! We have a solid card ahead of you. Tonight, we see a newcomer make his debut against a rough first opponent.

Fury: If Pin Smith wants to make an impact... beating Teddy Alexander will do just that.

Williams: After that we have Paladin taking on Mr. Fantastic. This should be a great one.

The images of Paladin and Mr. Fantastic now hit your screen.

Fury: Mr. Fantastic is still looking to pick up his first win back in the UTA. Tonight could be that night.

Williams: Paladin has surprised the UTA Universe, tonight he can climb higher in the UTA Power Rankings.

The graphic changes to the competitors in the Main Event match.

Williams: In our Main Event of the evening, we see Abdul bin Hussain facing off against the UTA Legend, the Seven Foot monster, Crimson Lord.

Fury: Dick hopes Abdul knows what he's getting into tonight, Crimson Lord is a vampire!

Williams: I don't think Crimson Lord is really a vampire.

Cameras come back to Williams and Fury. The fans in the arena are still going mad.

Fury: Dick doesn't want to take that chance. That's why Dick... brought this Holy Cross to the show.

Williams: Good Lord, Dick.

Fury: Dick is always careful.

Williams: Don't go anywhere folks...

Fury: THIS... IS... VICTORY!!!

Williams: That's my line.

Fury: Deal with it.

Pin Smith versus teddy Alexander

Williams: Alright, folks. It's time to get this show started! .

Fury: Yayyyyyyy...

Williams: Might wanna lay the sarcasm on a little thicker next time, Dick. Almost thought you were a genuinely happy human being for a moment there.

Fury: That's because you're an idiot. This Dick's never satisfied!

Williams: Ohhh-kay, then. Anyway, tonight we begin what should be an action packed Victory! Kicking things off here is the debut of Teddy Alexander as he meets Pin Smith!

All I Do Is Win by DJ Khaled featuring Ludacris, Rick Ross, and Snoop Dogg reverberates throughout the arena followed by a party of flashing strobes and moving spotlights of many colors. The stage lights up from underneath as the video screen goes through an inspirational montage of sweet cars, flying dollar bills, fat booties bouncing. The PA ratchets up with a scientific sounding noise that reaches the apex as KING replaces the bouncing booties.

Fury: After how brutal Smith's last match was, Dick wouldn't want to be Pin tonight!

Pin Smith, dancing around on the stage from side to side, engages the crowd like he always does. Throwing his hand up, as the song indicates, and bouncing up and down, also indicated by the song. The Real Deal starts toward the ring with a beaming smile on his face, taking the time to slaps hands and receive the welcoming wishes from wrestling's greatest fans.

Announcer: On his way to the ring... from Main Street, USA... by way of Sin City, Nevada...

King makes it to the ring steps, turning back to grab a few more high fives from the crowd. He rhythmically scales the metal stairs before popping through the ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6'6" and weighing in at 220 pounds...

Pin quickly makes his way around the ring. He does some high knees and light jogging before gripping the top rope and stretches out his impressive limbs.

Announcer: "King"... PINNN... SMIIIIITH!

The crowd pops slightly, more for the light show than the unknown in the ring. That causes King to raise his fist to the crowd, thanking them for their unrelenting support. The music fades out as King turns his attention to the task at hand.

Williams: He looks ready for a fight tonight!

Fury: He's lucky he's not wrestling Dick tonight!

Williams: I can't believe you sometimes...

Fury: You actually might be right, for once. Dick doesn't know this guy's orientation... he's too new to tell!

The intro to Bodies by Drowning Pool begins and once the lyrics kick in, Teddy emerges with a neckbrace wrapped around his neck and his opponent's name, Pin Smith, scrawled across the front of it in a Sharpie. He puts one hand on the top of his head and one on his bearded chin, then jolts it to the opposite direction of the hands on top of his head. He trades positions with the hands and jolts it the other way. He begins to make his way down the ramp slowly, smiling sadistically at the fans as he does.

Announcer: His opponent... at 6'5" tall and weighing 286 pounds

About half-way down he points to his own neck with both hands before bringing them together and mimicking snapping something between his hands. This seems to drive Teddy into a psychotic state as he roars at the ring and charges toward it.

Announcer: He's the Pennsylvania Paralyzer...

When he gets to the ring he leaps onto the apron then pulls on the top rope to launch himself over it and into the centre of the ring. He wildeyes Pin before climbing the ringpost and roars at the fans. He rips the neckbrace off his neck and hoists it high above his head as if it were a Championship belt

Announcer: TEDDYYYY... AAAALLLLEEEEXXXAAAANNDDDDDEEEERRRR!!!

Fury stands up and golf claps while watching Smith throw the neckbrace out of the ring.

Fury: This guy really can wrestle. Dick doesn't get up for just anyone!

Williams: Pretty sure you just wanted to say that....

Fury: What!?!?

Williams: Nothing..

The two men walk to the center of the ring to begin the battle before them. The referee calls for the bell as Alexander points at his boots to tie an untied lace. Smith looks down at his boots to see the untied lace then before he can tilt his head back to Teddy's face, Teddy grabs a hold of Pin's right arm and twists while he rotates himself behind Smith. He quickly reaches around Pin's throat and grabs his wrist then falls to the mat, bringing Smith down with him.

Williams: OH WOW!!!! Alexander with a cheap tactic and now is putting Pin Smith in a scissor lock to add to the wristlock sleeper he's already applied!

Fury: It's called a warsnare sleeper, pink hat.

King musters up the strength to over-stretch his leg just enough to flick the bottom rope nearest to him. The ref sees this and taps on Teddy to break the hold. Alexander releases and pops up to his feet, leaving Pin to collect himself.

Fury: That's a confident man in that ring right there. Dick likes COCKiness!

Williams: This is going to be a long night...

Fury: With Dick, it always is!

Teddy walks toward the ropes and taunts the crowd after pulling off his little trick on the new guy like he just did.

Williams: Not a smart move this early. Pin's already back up!

What he doesn't see behind him is that Smith nearly stood straight up after he released the hold. Smith knees Teddy in the back causing him to nearly fall backwards. Alexander grabs the center of his back. Pin wraps his head and falls back.

Williams: Reverse DDT! What a maneuver by King Pin!

Fury: Dick's seen better.

Smith looks up at the screen and sees the replay of Alexander's bootlace trick replaying over and over. He shakes his head as he quickly gets Teddy to his feet and a snap GERMAN SUPLEX! Then ANOTHER! The cameras struggle to pan quickly enough to keep up with the speed and force of the sequence of suplexes!

Williams: Pin Smith making up for the mental gaffe at the start of this match with some powerful suplexes!

Teddy amazingly stumbles to his feet, and scissors kick! Smith is took off his feet by the force of kick, and Teddy falls right beside him.

Williams: THEY`RE BOTH DOWN!

Fury: I TOLD YOU, TEDDY CAME TO FIGHT! That new King Ping guy is OUT!

Williams: It's Pin, Dick.

Fury: You'd never pin dick, Williams! Might as well give up the charade and cut your hair as short as mine!

Smith stirs suddenly as does Alexander. The two men begin exchanging blows even before they completely stand to their feet. Smith fights Alexander to the nearest corner and climbs up on the middle rope. While still bouncing, he openhand chops Teddy's chest over and over leaving red marks with each devastating blow!

Williams: Pin Smith showing his strength!

Finally, after reaching seven, he hops down and Alexander falls to the mat face first. With Teddy down, Smith goes for his legs getting him in a boston crab!

Fury: So stupid. Why would that newbie apply a submission while in the corner of the ring??

Teddy fights to reach the ropes and does fairly easily being so close to the corner. The referee breaks the hold and Smith just falls back on top of Teddy stomach first, quickly applying a CROSSFACE! Now using his arms and a strong hold across his chin, Teddy cannot reach the ropes. He tries to fully extend but comes up just short!

Williams: Pin Smith with the ZUGZWANG!!! Alexander can't get to the ropes now. What a smart move!

Fury: Dick doesn't know about that!

Williams: You should look into politics, Dick!

Fury: Why's that?!

Williams: You flipflop so much...

Smith pulls back. Finally, Teddy Alexander begins to tap out. The bell begins to sound.

Williams: Pin Smith has done it! What a debut match!

Announcer: The winner of this match via submission.... PIN... SMIIITTTTHHH!!!!

Pin releases Teddy and gets to his feet. The referee grabs his arm, lifting it up as the fans cheer.

Williams: Pin Smith kicks Victory off the right way tonight!

He continues to celebrate as we fade.

Is perfection a Sore Winner?

The screen turns to static and suddenly changes to David Hightower sitting in his lounge chair in his living room. David smiles raising his bottle of beer in his hand.

Hightower: Ya know... A lot of folks have been askin me things lately since I started my services... With calling 1 900 Whoopass can I kick anyone's ass? Ha ha! Can David Hightower whoop anyone's ass? Is Perfection an extremely

sore winner?

We cut to a bingo hall and Perfection sitting at a table between two old ladies. The camera now peers over all three cards, the right with the “B” column filled minus one spot. the middle with the diagonal minus one, and the left with the O column minus two. We then quick cut to the number drawer and caller who pulls a ball from the hopper.

Caller: O-seven.

Perfection looks at his card and jumps up holding it in his hands proud and jubilant.

Perfection: B-I-N-G-O!!!!

He pops up from his seat.

Perfection: That’s right, you geriatric Ungratefuls! Did you expect anything less you old hags?! Witness the greatness as it unfolds in front of your cataracts!

An old man in front of Perfection starts to stand up shaking as though he wants to claim Bingo too. Perfection just grabs a handful of bingo markers and whips them at the back of the old mans head, who turns around as slow as he got up.

Perfection: Sit your osteoporosis ass down- There is a champion among you!

Perfection wipes the table of the old women cards beside him.

Perfection: You ladies won’t be needing those anymore.

He then spins out from the table and towards the main walkway between both sides of the hall, Perfection struts his way down towards the front waving his bingo card, which clearly says across the top “\$1 for card, \$10 for Bingo Winner”.

How Art Thou' Romeo...

Kate Kincaid hurries along a corridor – reacting to an increased volume just outside the entrance to the arena. With her microphone in hand, the cameraman struggles to keep up with her as she ups the pace. As she approaches the exit door, she soon sees what all the commotion is about – ‘Romeo’ Ruster Reno is on the premises. The former employee of the sVo, jOlt and IWF was here, for whatever reason, and had already caused a disturbance with a fan who was being restrained by Head of Security, Bryan Wingate, as well as his female companion.

Male: Don’t you try it on my missus, homie! I’ma mess you up, ese!

Reno continues to taunt the Mexican who is clearly irate over whatever the former Model of the Year said or did to his partner.

Male: You on my turf, homie! Don’t you try that crap with me!

Reno: Do you know who I am? I am the Personification of Perfection. I am The Beautiful Package. I am, simply, God’s Gift. Do you know what means, ‘ese’? It means if I want your girl, I can HAVE your girl. Besides, look at her. You’re clearly not satisfying that tramp of yours.

The Mexican makes a charge for Reno, but it is a tough task to get past Wingate who manages to pin him down and escort him off the premises as Reno heads towards the entrance where he is greeted by Kate Kincaid.

Kincaid: Oh, hi. Welcome to-

Romeo stops and stares at Jennifer, lifting his Mosley Tribes glasses onto his head. He pauses for a second, scanning her from head to toe.

Reno: So you heard.

Kincaid: I'm sorry?

Reno: You must have heard that I would be here today, so you've done your best to get here first to catch a glimpse of this.

He points at his face, before brushing his fingers through his hair.

Kincaid: Erm, well... I'm actually on commentary duty. I've taken a minute out to visit the ladies room and I heard some noise so I came over to see-

Reno: To see me, yes, I understand. And who can blame you, huh? Hell, I love looking at myself in the mirror – I call it social time. In fact, I have cancelled many dates over the years to prioritize looking in the mirror. That's how much I enjoy it. So we're in the same boat, my little stalker. I know exactly why you women go through hell just to catch a glimpse of me. You've seen me on TV over the years, and you've dreamt of these real-life meetings, and here I am – making dreams become reality.

Kate Kincaid looks more confused than other, but continues to be her professional self.

Kincaid: Uh, okay. Thank you for that. So, who are you and what brings you here?

'Romeo' looks down at her in disgust, baffled by her questions.

Reno: What do you mean who am I? Listen to me, stalker, stop asking ridiculous questions. I'm bored of these little games you ladies enjoy playing. You know exactly who I am and why I'm here. 'Romeo' Ruster Reno is the name. That's right, 'Romeo'. For those who have been hiding in their bedrooms all their lives, I was New York's Model of the Year. I am the Personification of Perfection. I am the Beautiful Package. I am, quite simply, God's Gift. Do you need to hear any more?

Kincaid: Ah, the name rings a bell. I received a memo that you had signed with the UTA.

The look of disgust on Reno's face is now more evident than ever.

Reno: Yes, you little clown. I have signed with the UTA. Michael Lorenzo obviously realized that he wanted to expand the company. Gone are the days when only men and sons would watch wrestling. It's time for a new audience. It's time for all the ladies of the world to have a reason to watch Wrestleshow. To watch Victory. To watch Proving Grounds. To watch all these pay-per-views. Do you really think the UTA can attract a female audience when they tune in and see men like Bobby Dean bouncing around all over the place? Hell no. I'm here to bring the excitement back into wrestling. So ladies, put Fifty Shades of Gray away – it is no longer needed.

With that, Reno brings his sunglasses back over his blue eye and continues to head towards the backstage area.

Paladin versus Mr. Fantastic

Williams: Folks, this next match is intriguing as it pits a pair of polar opposites as Mr. Fantastic takes on Paladin.

Fury: Well if you mean that they are different kinds of crazy, Dick can agree. However, both of these guys are certifiably insane!

Williams: Why do you think that?

Fury: Well one guy is delusional about his own self, thinking he is a high and mighty hall of famer above everyone else and the other guy is a crazy guy wearing pajamas and a mask.

Williams: I don't think that is very fair, Dick.

Fury: Dick isn't interested in being fair. This match will be a success only if Dick keeps from plucking his eyes out from watching it.

Williams: And with that kind of set-up, let's send it to the ring.

The view shows the UTA ring with the fans going nuts as the ring announcers lifts the microphone to his mouth.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, this match is set for one fall and has a twenty-minute time limit!

The lights go out in the arena, as Lindsey Sterling's "Crystallize" 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!!!!

Williams: There are some who think Paladin is someone we know just hiding his identity.

Fury: Dick thinks it is someone who escaped from a mental hospital.

Williams: That is kind of heartless Dick.

Fury: Dick is just Dick, heart is not necessary in order for him to have his peak of "Dick-ness."

Williams: And I thought you couldn't be any more smarmy in this job.

Fury: You have a point to make there?

Announcer: And his opponent...

The arena lights dim as "Thunder Underground" by Ozzy Osbourne fills the arena. A few seconds later, Mr. Fantastic emerges onto the stage. He slowly surveys the crowd, looking left and right, nodding his head and offering a confident smirk in recognition of their response.

Williams: There is one of the members of Spawn and someone the fans have really responded to since he returned from his decade-long hiatus.

Fury: He should have stayed gone, but that is just Dick's opinion.

Fireworks erupt as Fantastic thrusts his taped fists up into a V. Fantastic lowers his arms and begins to confidently stride to the ring. He pounds his fists against the Fantastic Fight Academy logo printed across his chest on the T-shirt he is wearing.

Announcer: Hailing from the City of Angels, California...

Fantastic walks up the ringside steps, wipes the bottom of his boots on the ring apron and steps through the middle ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 255 lbs...

Fantastic stands in his corner, rotating his wrists and shoulders, warming up for his match.

Announcer: Representing The Spawn and a member of the UTA Hall of Fame, ladies and gentlemen here is....Mr. Fantastic!!

Fantastic walks to the middle of the ring, facing the hard camera, and raises his arms once more in a V.

Fury: This guy is so full of himself. Yes, yes we know who you are and that you are in the ring. Can we get this match started already.

Fantastic pulls off his T-shirt and tosses it into the crowd before returning to his corner.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic is finally ready and so is Paladin. This one is fixing to get started.

Fury: Where is that bell already!

The referee motions for the bell and the fans cheer.

Williams: The referee is signaling for it now, Dick.

DING! DING! DING!

Fury: Thank God. The sooner it starts, the sooner it is over!

Williams: You should enjoy great matches like this. Be a fan.

Fury: Dick is not, nor ever will be "a fan."

The two men circle each other before lunging in and locking up in the typical beginning salvo for a match.

Williams: Both men are strong technically, looking for an opening.

Fury: Someone slap a coat of paint on the barrier here and Dick can call it drying so we have something interesting going on.

After some attempts by both men, Mr. Fantastic gains the early advantage and gets Paladin in a side headlock with the confident smirk still etched across his face.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic with the early advantage and he knows he can handle anybody in the ring.

Fury: There was a time when that could be said. It was a decade ago, but still.

Mr. Fantastic chain wrestles out of the headlock he held and spins to Paladin's back, taking his arm with him and turning it into a standing wrist lock.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic showing off that he has no intention of letting this match get out of his control.

Fury: The match just started. How the hell does he have "control" anyway?

Williams: Don't be a dick, Dick.

Fury: Just stating the obvious.

Paladin suddenly dips and reverses the wrist lock by Mr. Fantastic into one of his own as the fans cheer some technical skill being shown by both men.

Williams: Paladin showing he can do some technical wrestling too!

Fury: he better be careful or he could give away who he is.

Williams: So you do believe he is hiding his true identity under the mask.

Fury: Of course he is. That is the whole point of wearing a mask, isn't it.

Williams: I guess so.

Fury: You don't seem to be on your game tonight, is it that "time of the month" for you?

Williams: Dick!!!!

Fury: What?

Mr. Fantastic throws an elbow with his free hand, but Paladin ducks and uses the moment of motion to trip Mr. Fantastic down to the canvas. Before Paladin can grab him to lock on any holds, Mr. Fantastic rolls away and gets back to his feet.

Williams: What a show of technical ability from both of these men already! Neither one able to get the other into a really bad position yet.

Fury: Mr. Fantastic is probably used to being in a bad position. He is long-time friends with Spectre after all.

Williams: What does that have to do with anything.

Fury: Think about it, sweet cheeks.

The crowd gives a very polite and excited round of applause to both men as they stare toward each other knowing they both have great technical skills.

Williams: Listen to the crowd respect both of these men!

Fury: That and a few bucks will get you some coffee at Starbucks.

Williams: Do you respect anything, Dick?

Fury: Dynasty. Dick respects Dynasty. And neither of these guys is on that level.

The two men circle again and lunge in for the collar-and-elbow tie up. Again Mr. Fantastic gains the advantage, but this time he doesn't waste any time with holds as he whips Paladin across the ring and into the ropes.

Williams: Paladin sent for the ride by Mr. Fantastic!

Fury: Mr. Fantastic likes to keep a fast pace, that is for sure.

Paladin leaps to the middle rope and propels himself back toward Mr. Fantastic with a flying body press, to which Mr. Fantastic responds with a vicious heart punch that crumbles Paladin to the canvas with authority.

Williams: That's the "LA GUN!!!" Mr. Fantastic laid him out with it!

Fury: Damn!

Williams: Mr. Fantastic quickly with a cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!!!

Fury: He wasn't getting it that fast, but Paladin is certainly in trouble after a shot like that.

Mr. Fantastic doesn't let the near fall effect him at all. Mr. Fantastic pulls Paladin up and lifts him into a vertical suplex lift and he holds Paladin directly upside down for the fans to see.

Williams: Look at the power by Mr. Fantastic!

Fury: He has a ton of upper body strength. None of this should surprise anyone!

Finally Mr. Fantastic drops the suplex down and Paladin is obviously affected negatively.

Williams: What an impact!

Fury: All the blood flows to the head and then you get very woozy with a landing like that. That is a veteran power move right there.

Williams: Are you complementing Mr. Fantastic?

Fury: Think of it more as commenting on what has occurred.

Mr. Fantastic pulls Paladin to his feet again, choosing to continue his attack rather than try to pin again. He sets up for a gut wrench lift and drops Paladin across his right knee with a nasty back breaker.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic with a back breaker that looks like it broke Paladin in half!

Fury: Here's a cover!

Referee: ONE.....TWO.....THR.....NO!!!

Williams: Again Paladin escapes the pin attempt in the final second!

Fury: The kid is staying alive, but he can't keep getting caught with power moves like this and not answering back in some way. That is a short road to losing.

Mr. Fantastic shakes his head after the near fall, but refuses to argue with the referee or lose focus in any way. He reaches and pulls Paladin to his feet again, whipping him over into the corner.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic sends Paladin for the ride into the turnbuckles!

Mr. Fantastic runs after Paladin and hits a splash in the corner just after Paladin's initial impact.

Fury: And he smashes him accordingly! Paladin has no answer right now.

Williams: The frenetic pace of Mr. Fantastic has definitely been an issue for Paladin so far.

Fury: Among other things.

Mr. Fantastic grabs the arms of his opponent and sends him flying across the ring into the opposite corner and again follows him in for a big splash -- but Paladin moves at the last second and Mr. Fantastic hits the turnbuckle with force.

Williams: Paladin moved! Mr. Fantastic finds the corner turnbuckles flush with his face and chest!

Fury: If he has the ability, now is the chance Paladin has been looking for. I just don't know if he has it in him or not.

Paladin grabs Mr. Fantastic by the arm and hip tosses him to the mat. He holds onto Mr. Fantastic's arm and turns it into an arm bar.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic in trouble now as he gets flipped and arm barred!

Fury: You a pirate all of the sudden?

Williams: Don't start the stupid stuff, Dick.

Fury: What?

Mr. Fantastic rolls to one side and then kips up, breaking out of the arm bar with a set of knife-edged chops that send Paladin reeling again.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic reversing his way out of it and he starts chopping away at Paladin!

Fury: The crowd loves when guys do those chops. Dick has no idea where that comes from either.

Mr. Fantastic grabs Paladin and whips him into the ropes, missing a lariat attempt on the first pass as Paladin ducks the attack.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic misses and Paladin has the speed to turn it around as fast as....

Paladin rebounds off the ropes and hits a drop kick to the legs of Mr. Fantastic, sending him to the mat.

Williams: A dropkick to the legs!

Fury: He went for the knees!

Williams: Are you complaining of cheating, Dick?

Fury: Hell no! I'm happy to see one of them do something worthwhile!

Paladin is fast to add to his advantage by rushing to the ropes and again leaping to propel himself back toward Mr. Fantastic with a flipping elbow drop that gets a rise out of the crowd.

Williams: Paladin takes to the air with a flipping elbow drop!

Fury: Damn!

Williams: Paladin is pulling out everything he has to try and take the UTA Hall Of Famer down tonight!

Fury: He deserves credit for trying. Dick is still rooting for the double-death ending.

Paladin grabs the arms of Mr. Fantastic and sits him up, planting his knee firmly between the shoulder blades as he yanks back on each arm by the wrists.

Williams: Paladin locks on a submission hold that looks painful! Those arms being spread wide with the knee driving into the back!

Fury: This is old school right here. Dick remembers learning this move years ago!

Williams: What is it called?

Fury: Dick calls it "shut up and call the damn match you ignorant slut"

Williams: What did you call me?

Fury: Name of the move, not Dick's fault you took offense.

Mr. Fantastic is on obvious pain as Paladin continues pulling back on those arms while driving the knee into the middle of the back. The referee is checking Mr. Fantastic and asking if he wants to give up, to which Mr. Fantastic shakes his head violently while yelling "No!"

Williams: Mr. Fantastic is being stretched to his literal limit right now by Paladin and the referee continues to check on him and see if he gives up.

Fury: Dick doesn't like the guy, but you do not become a UTA Champion by giving up in matches on Victory.

Williams: I can't disagree with you there Dick.

Fury: Note I said UTA Champion and not UTA World Champion. UTA has no World Title, you know.

Williams: I'm aware.

Fury: Some aren't.

Mr. Fantastic is trying to move his legs to take away some leverage on the hold, but can't get far as Paladin has it locked in tight. The referee is continuing to check on Mr. Fantastic.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic is really trying to hold it together. every effort he is making to get out is being countered by paladin.

Fury: Dick is surprised at how strong Paladin's technical game is. He seems like a basic high flyer.

Williams: I think we are seeing there is nothing basic about Paladin.

Fury: Except the color of his clothes.

The fans are cheering for the veteran superstar as he begins using his upper body strength as best he can, straining against the hold. The veins on his shoulders and arms are popping out visibly as he begins pulling his arms out from the hold despite the best efforts of Paladin.

Williams: Look at the sheer strength of Mr. Fantastic! The amount of strength he has in that upper body.

Fury: Most couldn't have lasted as long as he has in this hold.

Williams: Now he is slowly forcing his arms back to a stronger position and Paladin's standing is weakening.

Fury: Paladin is not going to be able to maintain this hold for much longer. Dick can tell when someone is about to lose

their grip.

Mr. Fantastic has his arms almost straight out to each side as they are shaking from the effort. The fans continuing chanting for him and Paladin suddenly lets go of the hands and falls back, kicking Mr. Fantastic in the back of the head.

Williams: Big shot by Paladin to the back of the head and Mr. Fantastic is dropped back to the canvas!

Fury: Paladin is showing a little bit of a hungry look to him. Perhaps Dick misjudged the young man!

Mr. Fantastic is trying to turn over when paladin gets over quickly and lands a standing leg drop to the area he just kicked.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic in serious trouble after that leg drop!

Fury: Paladin on the attack and age may have finally caught up to Mr. Fantastic!

Williams: You really think that? Mr. Fantastic is a legend in UTA.

Fury: All you can do is look at what is happening and Paladin seems to be showing how a pair of young legs can change a match!

Williams: Paladin sends Mr. Fantastic for the ride into the corner!

Paladin pulls Mr. Fantastic to his feet and whips him into the corner. He follows him in and leaps to the second set of ropes as he looks to the crowd for approval. They cheer wildly and begin counting along as he starts delivering punches to the forehead of Mr. Fantastic.

Fury: Look at him drive those punches right into the forehead. This match may be an education for Paladin to show what he is truly made of!

Williams: Mr. Fantastic is stirring...

At the count of "nine," Mr. Fantastic grabs the legs and stands up, dropping Paladin face-first onto the top turnbuckle. The top end of Paladin's head also manages to hit the steel ring post.

Williams: Paladin's head caroms off the turnbuckle and ring post!

Fury: Paladin's youthful side got the better of him. He thought he had a better position than he really did.

Williams: That is why you can't overlook a veteran no matter what.

Fury: Dick hates when you are right.

Both men are down and the referee begins the obligatory 10-count.

Williams: Both men in serious trouble now. Mr. Fantastic took a lot of shots before managing to escape and Paladin may be out cold!

Fury: That is what happens when your head hits steel. It tends to shut the lights off for a bit.

Both men are struggling to get to their feet. Mr. Fantastic is grimacing as he uses those very sore arms to try and pull himself up and Paladin is still rolling to even reach the ropes near him.

Williams: Logic states that the first guy to his feet is in extremely great position to win this match.

Fury: You can also find just as many times when the guy who didn't get up first was just lying in wait to surprise his opponent with a sneak attack or small package for the victory. You know forty-six percent of stats are made up on the spot.

Williams: You just made that stat up.

Fury: Perhaps.

Paladin finally begins getting to a knee just as Mr. Fantastic staggers over to him. Paladin tries to throw a punch to the mid-section, but Mr. Fantastic counters with a clubbing forearm to the back across the shoulders.

Williams: Mr. Fantastic is trying to ice this one down and keep Paladin off center.

Fury: In a moment like this, offense is the best course for sure and it can be what puts the match to its conclusion.

Mr. Fantastic wraps the arm and sets up for a suplex lift, which he quickly turns into a slingshot suplex into a brain buster.

Williams: Omegablaster! He hit it!

Fury: The old guy brought the power there and this one should be over with this hook of the leg!

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

Williams: The match is over and Mr. Fantastic has survived the challenge from Paladin!

Fury: This was not what Dick saw coming.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner of this match....MISTER....FANTASTIC!!!!!!!

The referee raises Mr. Fantastic's arm in victory as he looks almost exhausted and sore from the stretching at Paladin's hands.

Williams: Both men giving it their all, but the hall of famer comes through. Mr. Fantastic is your winner here on Victory.

Fury: This is so wonderful.

Williams: It is? I thought you hated both guys in this match?

Fury: Think of it the way Dick does: the match is over. That makes Dick as happy as a man with viagra in a brothel.

Williams: Ewww.

Fury: To each their own.

Williams: Fans we still have plenty to come here on Victory as Mr. Fantastic continues hearing cheers from the fans.

La Flama Blanca Will Be At Wrestleshow

Cameras cut back to our announce team of Jennifer Williams and Dick Fury. The fans in the arena are still going wild after all they've seen tonight. Williams begins to speak.

Williams: Folks, tomorrow night is a big Wrestleshow for the UTA, it will be the last Wrestleshow until All Or Nothing Weekend. It's a jam packed show, live in Knoxville, Tennessee at the Thompson-Boling Arena.

Fury: A great card, if Dick can say so himself. The Second Coming takes on Joshua Jones. Chris Hopper faces Leyenda De Ocho. Uncle Rocky battles Nirvana. Kush and Mikey Unlikely then our Main Event... Ron Hall takes on Perfection for... all the marbles really.

Williams: If Ron Hall can knock of Perfection... there will be a NEW UTA Champion... got to love it here in the UTA.

Fury: That's for damns...

Williams: We've been told that... La Flama Blanca WILL be at Wrestleshow. He's not scheduled for action but rumors are, he will be in the arena.

Fury: With him being cleared for ring action, he might not want to wait until All Or Nothing Weekend to get into some trouble.

Williams: We'd also like to thank you, the fans for making Victory and Wrestleshow the number one rated program on Pure Sports Entertainment on Saturday and Sunday nights AND the number one sports programs on television on Saturday and Sunday.

Fury: UTA will always be number one.

Williams: Don't get out of your seats, our main event is next!

The Butcher of Basra Vs The Plague of Darkness

The lights dim as the tron lights up again to pitch blackness only Crimson Lord's voice can be heard.

Crimson: So they trust in the deity of their Old Testament. This incontinent decrepit deity who soiled himself and the universe with his corruption!

Crimson slowly raises his head up to stare at the crowd and continues to speak.

Crimson: They trust in this fictional figure named "Jesus Christ", a "Son of God" stitched together like Frankenstein's monster out of parts robbed from the graves of messiahs dead and buried. Your very own, "savior" on a wooden stick.

He looks up to the right and ponders his next message. He slowly turns and looks forward with a sick look on his face.

Crimson: In regards to you Abdul Bin Hussain your people trust in the virgin-pimping "Allah" and his "Drum Major Mohammed". This prophet, who pioneered a new genus of the truly synthetic. All for an emerging market of believers that felt left out by the existing religious propaganda.

He completely stands up dressed in his ring gear and looks down at the camera below him and continues his message.

Crimson: They trust in anything that authenticates their importance as persons, tribes, societies, and particularly as a species that will endure in this world. Perhaps in an afterworld that may be uncertain in its reality and unclear in its layout. But, which states their craving for values "not of this world!" That depressing, meaningless place their consciousness must sidestep every day.

He slowly bends over only allowing the camera to see his face.

Crimson: Hussain the time has come for me to shut you up! Not even Allah is going to save you. It is time for you to embrace the darkness!

The tron fades out

Crimson Lord versus Abdul bin Hussain

Genghis Tron's Board up the House [Renholder Remix] Plays the arena turns a dismal red. Smoke rises from the stage and out steps Crimson Lord. He stands at the top of the ramp looking down his wet black, red and white hair dangles over his face. He has a long black gothic style leather coat on, and black long tights with black strap boots on. Gaze walks from the backstage to stand next to him. She has her black and blue hair hanging down to her shoulder also wet. Her make up is red and designed to look like her eyes are bleeding as the makeup goes to mid portion of her cheek, with black lipstick on. She wears a chain mail bra, with blue jeans ripped a little on the thigh and over the knees along with black high heel boots.

Fury: Dick better get his Cross and Holy Water ready.

Williams: You brought Holy Water.

Fury: Dick isn't taking any chances.

Gaze makes her way to the ring first while during the introduction.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Lady Gaze hailing from Parts Unknown

As she reaches the ring she climbs the steps and enters the ring, and walks to the center of it. She turns toward Crimson and motions for him to approach. He slowly looks up blood covering his mouth, he slowly heads toward the ring ignoring the fans. As he reaches the front of the ring he grabs the top rope pulls himself up to the apron, and steps over the top rope and walks to the center of the ring.

Announcer: Standing at seven foot and one inch and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds...

He stares down at her, the two exchange a blood kiss.

Announcer: "The Plague of Darkness"...CRIMSON LORD!!

The lights slowly come on he slowly looks over his shoulder toward the entranceway.

Williams: Quite the entrance from the UTA Legend. Both men face here tonight and both men have qualified for the All Or Nothing Match.

Fury: Both men deserve to be in the All Or Nothing Match.

He licks his lips for a moment as he awaits his opponent.

Fury: This giant is going to squash Mr. Abdul bin Hussain.

Williams: Abdul is at a significant height loss in this one.

Cameras pan around the sea of anxious people who are cheering loudly at the showing of respect towards the USA. Suddenly, the cheering ceases as the loudspeakers crackle, all attention devoted to these very special proceedings. A large American Flag unfolds from the rafters and hangs majestically over the ring area, each ear expecting to hear the immortal "Star Spangled Banner".

The big screen starts to show all sorts of American iconic sites. Children playing in the streets, baseball matches, troops in the Middle East. Those images dissolve into footage of various terrorist attacks from around the world including 9-11 until, finally, the Iraqi flag with two scimitars underneath fill the screen. This soon gives way to a hooded figure. The scene pulls back to fill the whole screen with this figure having sprawled at his feet American soldiers.

As "Call to Pray" by Seether begins to blare loudly through the arena, it is eerily evident that this wouldn't be a time for celebration. Outraged and appalled, the almost speechless fans erupt in hatred all at once.

Fans: USA! USA! USA!

The fans begin booing nearly to the point of an inverted standing ovation. The noise from the fans is deafening with the ferocity of the boos. The roving arm of the cameras picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Ice Blue strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The curtains at the top of the ramp way parts and they emerge.

Williams: The fans letting Abdul and Rafiq here it.

Fury: He's a hated man... doing his job right.

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carries the Iraqi flag on a pole. They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Announcer: Hailing from Basra, Iraq.....

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. He is actually shown laughing. He reaches the ringside and climbs the stairs; Abdul and Nazirah enters the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 6 foot 2 inches and weighing in at 242 lbs.....

Abdul looks around the crowd with a look of disdain but holds himself with dignity in front of this anti-Arab crowd. He starts to run the ropes.

Announcer:The Butcher of Basra.....Abdul bin Hussain!!!!!!

Abdul suddenly stops in the middle of the ring and adjusts his pads as Nazirah and Rafiq exit out of the ring.

Williams: The former UTA champion stares down his opponent.

Abdul stands in the neutral corner as his music stops. Boos are still going on around the arena.

Williams: Crimson Lord hasn't even blinked.

Fury: Who knows if he even can. Dick doesn't think vampires blink.

Williams: Pfft.

The bell sounds.

Crimson Lord barely waits for the bell to finish ringing before he goes in for the attack. His Clothesline attempt is ducked by Abdul bin Hussain. Hussain goes on the offense.

Williams: Hussain bringing it early. Crimson Lord taking some hard rights from The Butcher.

Fury: Hussain is going to have to make sure his attacks do damage and connect.

Hussain lands a few European Uppercuts on Lord before hitting the ropes. Hussain runs at Crimson Lord and goes for a Clothesline that sends Hussain stumbling back.

Williams: Crimson Lord is rooted in the ring.

Fury: Hussain going for the Clothesline again.

This time after connecting Crimson Lord grabs Hussain by the throat. This gets the fans that were seated, now on their feet.

Williams: Crimson Lord is going to end this match early!

Abdul bin Hussain lands hard kick to the inside of Crimson Lord's right leg. Crimson Lord buckles releasing his hands from around Hussain's throat. Abdul rubs at his throat and then gets a devilish face on.

Williams: Hussain hits the ropes again...DROPKICK!

Crimson Lord falls to the mat after the pin point accurate Dropkick connects. Hussain goes for the pin.

Williams: One! Two! Crimson Lord with the kickout.

Fury: Forceful one.

Crimson Lord throws Hussain into the air, crashing down to the mat. Lord turns to his side to try to get to his feet but is cut off by the quicker Hussain. Boot Stomp after Boot Stomp on the back and left arm of his opponent.

Williams: Crimson Lord is on his feet.

Hussain lands side wide right hands as he pushes Crimson Lord into the ring ropes.

Williams: Irish Whip... it's reversed! Crimson Lord with the Big Boot... No!

Abdul bin Hussain holds onto the top ring rope stopping his momentum. He leaps over the top rope and lands on the floor and briskly moves towards Rafiq. The fans boo him loudly as he confers with his manager.

Fury: Abdul going back to the drawing board.

Williams: Rafiq barking at Abdul.

The Referee has begun his Ten Count on Abdul bin Hussain. Crimson Lord walks towards Hussain, Abdul lunges and is able to grab the left leg of Crimson Lord sending him to the mat.

Williams: Hussain moving quick.

Abdul stands on the ring apron and launches himself over the top rope hitting a Slingshot Somersault Leg Drop.

Williams: Big move from the former UTA Champion. Abdul goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two!

Fury: Crimson Lord kicks out!

Abdul is angered by Lord's kickout. Abdul gets back on his feet and drops down a knee onto the face on his opponent. Abdul vertical once again makes his way down to the legs of Crimson Lord. Boot stomps weaken Crimson's legs.

Williams: Abdul going for a Single Leg Boston Crab.

Fury: Crimson Lord might be too strong for Abdul to turn over.

Abdul is holding Crimson Lord's left leg fighting with him trying to turn the big man over. Crimson Lord brings his massive legs in close to his body and pushes all his might outward sending Abdul across the ring; Slamming into the mat with his legs draped over the middle rope.

Williams: What brute strength!

Crimson Lord turns to his side and gets to his knees. Hussain still lays down on the mat as his opponent now stands in the ring.

Williams: Crimson Lord turning his attention to Abdul bin Hussain.

Crimson Lord walks slowly towards Hussain. He pulls Abdul up to his feet and lifts him into the air. The Referee yells at Crimson Lord to let his opponent go. Crimson tosses Abdul into the nearby corner and goes to work. Big knees from Crimson Lord land in Abdul's gut.

Fury: Crimson Lord is knocking the wind out of Abdul with those knees.

Williams: Another big knee from Crimson Lord.

Crimson Lord holds his leg back and puts everything he has into the last knee that hits its mark. Hussain leans against the ring turnbuckles before he is Irish Whipped into the adjacent ring corner. Hussain is sent slamming into the corner and stumbles back towards the middle of the ring.

Williams: Watch Crimson Lord... HE CONNECTS!

Fury: Dick might have seen a few teeth fly out of Abdul's mouth after that one. Look this replay... Crimson Lord bounces off the ropes and knocks Abdul's teeth out with a monstrous Big Boot.

Williams: Hussain smartly back on the outside of the ring.

Fury: Crimson Lord's size is definitely giving Hussain problems in this match.

Rafiq goes over to Hussain and bends over beside Abdul, patting him on his waist.

Williams: Plan C, I guess?

Fury: Abdul is going to have to think quick. Here comes Crimson Lord.

Referee: Two!

Crimson Lord steps over the top rope and soon brings his other leg over to reside on the ring apron. He thuds on the concrete floor as he jumps down. He begins to B-Line for Abdul. Rafiq cuts Crimson Lord off.

Williams: Crimson Lord has Rafiq!

Rafiq begs Crimson Lord to let him go. The fans inside the arena cheer Crimson Lord on.

Fury: Crimson Lord... just laid out Rafiq.

Referee: Five!

The fans explode in celebration to see Rafiq beaten. Out of nowhere Abdul bin Hussain takes out the knee of Crimson Lord with a Shoulder Block.

Williams: Hussain taking out Crimson Lord's knee.

Fury: Bring him down to your size, Jennifer. Can't stand Seven Feet if you can't even stand.

Abdul bin Hussain rolls into the ring trying to get a cheap victory. Crimson Lord is still outside the ring in pain.

Referee: Seven!

Williams: Crimson Lord is getting support from Gaze and these fans here in the UTA WrestleZone.

Gaze slams her hands on the ring mat as the fans begin to clap for Crimson.

Referee: Nine!

Crimson Lord slides into the ring just before being counted out. The fans explode.

Williams: That was a close one, Dick.

Fury: Dick has had a few close calls in his life.

Williams: I don't want to know.

Abdul bin Hussain now sits on his knees not believing his opponent is back in the ring. Rafiq begins yelling something towards Hussain.

Williams: What's Rafiq up to...

Fury: Dick thinks he's grabbing a chair, Jennifer.

Williams: Rafiq pushes the time keep off his chair and now is taking that chair to the hands of Abdul bin Hussain.

Rafiq slides the steel chair into the ring. Crimson Lord is now propped in the corner against the turnbuckles. Abdul picks up the chair and gets booed by the UTA fans.

Williams: Does Abdul want to lose this match?

Fury: Don't think Abdul cares much about wins and losses. He just wants to inflict as much pain as he can in that ring.

Abdul lifts the chair. The referee yells at him Finally, Hussain runs forward toward Crimson, chair out front. Crimson Lord comes out of the corner, raising his boot. It connects with the chair, sending it back into Abdul's face. The crowd goes absolutely insane as Abdul bin Hussain falls like a tree in the woods.

Williams: Abdul bin Hussain's plan backfired!

Rafiq can't believe it as Crimson Lord stumbles forward, falling to his knees. He places his hands on the chest of Abdul bin Hussain before raiding his head up. The camera zooms in on his eyes rolling up as the referee counts.

Williams: My word, Crimson Lord is a scary individual.

Fury: Even Dick thinks that's sick, rolling your eyes in the back of your head like that.

The referee's hand hits for a third time and he begins to call for the bell.

Announcer: The winner of this match... CRIMSON.... LOOOOORRRRDDD!!!!

Williams: Abdul bin Hussain came close to taking this one home, but a wrong decision cost him the match. The hall of fame member, Crimson Lord, now stands tall just two weeks before the biggest match of his career since returning.

Fury: Maybe the biggest match of his career ever Jennifer.

Williams: Maybe Dick. But, that is all the time we have for you tonight folks. We'll see you in two weeks at All or nothing. GOOD NIGHT!

Crimson stands in the ring, one arm raised in the sky as we fade to black.

Show Credits

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