

Thursday Night Rage: 12

July 31, 2014 | Wachovia Spectrum - Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

RAGE

[OPENING/INTRODUCTIONS](#) **Gil:** Ladies and gentlemen, alongside my partner Lucius Cashmere, welcome to Thursday Night Rage!

Lucius: Tonight's matches reflect the aftermath of what was a glorious night in Salem, Virginia...as we crown two new champions!

Gil: You mean to say that one was no longer in the confines of VCW and the other...

Lucius: Belongs to Dick Fury!

Gil: *shudders* The man appeals to many no doubt with his wrestling skill, as he defeated Lew Smith to become the second person to hold VCW Heavyweight Championship. Also, with Conrad Teller leaving us for UTA, the VCW Wildfire Championship has plenty of contenders, but no means to challenge for the belt directly.

Lucius: That's true, a week has passed, but we shall receive word from management regarding the title picture and if Mike Harrison will be getting another crack at the championship he lost.

Gil: But let's discuss the lineup for tonight. Not revealing too much following Dick Fury's win over Lew Smith, James Ranger put in the works a tournament to decide the next challenger for the strap. The opening match between Jolly Saint Nick and newcomer The Second Coming will decide the first person to advance.

Lucius: As long as Santa remembers what I want for Christmas..

Gil: What do you want for Christmas?

Lucius: Like hell I am telling you what I want! Only Santa knows!

Gil: [shakes his head] After that, we will see Sebastian Blackthorne face off against Rodney Marney. Both looking to prove their winning ways after taking serious losses at Anarchy. While this is not a tournament qualifier, it will serve to boost the viewer's opinion of them down the road.

Lucius: Following up on those words, Fill seeks to also gain momentum as he qualifies against Holy Roller for a shot at Dick Fury's VCW Championship. The newcomer himself has been quiet of late and-

Gil: He's really not that important at best. Next match.

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Lucius: Following that, we will see if Mike Harrison can rebound in his path to recovery against the lethal Jason Spire, who defeated Sebastian Blackthorne in his PPV debut. The man who quite potentially be in line to face Conrad Teller for the Wildfire Championship. All hopes to Mike walking out of the ring in one piece.

Gil: Up next after that, due to booking changes, we have the main event of former VCW Champion Lew Smith facing off against the man who retained his championship, Tommy Lipton. The stakes could not be any higher for the only retaining champion, as neither man face off in the beginning rounds of the tournament, but Lew is a man driven to climb the mountain.

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

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

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty "HO..... HO..... HO!" at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him, as they both await Santa's opponent to make his entrance.

Ann: Introducing from the north pole...being accompanied by Missus Claus...SANTA CLAUS~!

All the lights go out as the air raid siren at the start of the song sounds out. The fans immediately put their attention toward the entryway. As the song proper begins, a single spotlight shines on the Second Coming, her head down, her hands behind her back. She starts toward the ring literally on the line "Tell my mother I

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loved her, I didn't suffer." She is wearing a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood over her head, baggy fatigue pants, combat boots, elbow pads, and electrical tape all around her hands, wrists, and forearms. When she gets to the ring she slides under the bottom rope as she makes eye contact with Santa.

The duo stand proudly as the ref looks in both their direction as he signals for the bell.

The duo cautiously take to the center, Santa smiling joyfully as he stops and extends his hand. Second Coming takes to this gesture hesitantly, looking him in the eye.

She shakes his hand, which is recieved postively around the arena as the two resume their focus circling the ring.

Santa attempts a lockup, but SC dodges to the left, with Missus Claus frowning on the outside. SC takes to kicking Santa to the ribs twice, which seem to have little effect after three strikes. She sidesteps and bounces back as Santa grabs his chest and gives a booming laugh at her attempt to harm him.

She charges at him, ducking at his clothesline attempt. She hits for the ropes, coming back, but Santa cuts her down with a spear out of the get-go. A look of intense pain and shock on her face as she clutches her stomach. Santa with the pin.

ONE~!

TW~Second Coming kicks out as Santa does his jolly laugh as he steps away. His opponent rolls away, getting up, but Santa grabs her by the hair, whipping her to the ropes.

He immediately takes to her chest again with a flurry of rights and lefts, with each resounding hit saying "HO!" The fans chime in with him in sync with each hit. After the ten hit and "HO!", he steps away from her in the corner. He measures her quickly before spryly taking off running towards her, connecting with a a completed Seasons Beatings.

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He pulls her out of the corner, going for the pinfall as the ref begins the count.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THR~Second Coming kicks out as Santa looks on in disbelief.

Santa gets up to his feet, running to the ropes, looking to finish this up. He comes back, jumping up in the air for a devastating splash, but no is home as Second Coming rolls away at the last moment, barely surviving.

Santa barely gets to his knee when a sharp superkick to Santa's face connects. The fans gasp as their favorite holiday sponsor seems daze, yet still standing on one knee. The second coming takes to this moment, striking him with three kicks to the head, each kick you can hear Missus Clause scream in protest as Santa falls back after the third kick.

Second Coming goes for the pinfall, the ref sliding over for the count...

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ONE~!

T~and up up goes Second Coming into the air, and over to the side as Santa powers out of the pinfall, his expression clearly no longer jolly for Second Coming did to him. He rises up, eyeing his bag briefly as he runs at Second Coming, who takes to the moment to apply the submission finisher to Santa's head.

The fans get anxious she struggles with Santa, in attempt to force him to his knees, but Santa has none of that as he struggles to get free. The longer he struggles, the more she makes the hold tighter around his neck and head. Eventually, she snaps the reverse DDT back, planting him into the ground.

The ref checks, but she still holds onto the hold, Santa, seemingly out of it, struggles weakly for a brief moment, refusing to tap out.

The ref count counts the pinfall...

ONE!

TWO~!

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Santa lifts his free shoulder to avoid the pinfall victory, as Second Coming retains the hold, Santa is unable to lift his own weight up. He struggles some more, before tapping out, allowing the ref to signal for the bell and for his opponent to release the hold before he passes out.

[SOUNDCLOUD ARTIST OF THE WEEK](#)

[SEBASTIAN BLACKTHORNE V. RODNEY MARNEY](#) [As the opening to Psycho Circus by KISS starts to play, Ringmaster Kennedy is seen coming down from the rafters slowly via a tiny platform. Once at the ring, Kennedy steps off the platform, mic in hand as the music stops]

Kennedy: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, what you have seen before, is nothing compared to what you are about to see. Welcome to the greatest show, you will EVER see....Rodney The Carney Marney!

[The music resumes and Rodney The Carney Marney is standing at the top of the ramp. When Ace Frehley yells, "Come on! Here I am, here we are, we are one!" Kennedy motions for Marney to come to the ring. Marney walks to the ring his lifeless eyes staring at the ring. He hops up on the apron and walks around it before entering the ring. Kennedy tips her hat before exiting]

A silhouette of a man dressed in a hooded cloak begins to emerge as "The Antichrist" by Slayer begins to play. The theme suddenly stops and a demonic voice states "Thou shalt not play with fire unless thou wishes to get burnt. Oh YES! May you all burn in hell!"

The figure walks to the ring very slowly while fire erupts from each side of the ramp as he walks. The lights

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flicker off and then slowly come back on as Blackthorne appears to entered the ring and proceeds to remove his cloak to reveal his signature wrestling attire.

The two stand in the middle of the ring, Rodney clearly having the height advantage as he smirks down at Sebastian, who merely readjusts his gloves.

The ref steps back, signalling for the bell as the two immediately lock up in the center of the ring. With the height and weight advantage, he immediately press Sebastian to one knee in a show of strength. He continues pressure for a few minutes, before Sebastian releases his hands from Rodney and connecting with a stiff uppercut to Rodney's face.

Rodney clutches his face, momentarily distracted as Sebastian connects with a free standing dropkick to Rodney's legs. They buckle, giving way to the pain and sudden shift in direction as Rodney gets down to one knee.

Sebastian takes off running, hitting the ropes and coming back, connecting with a big boot to Rodney's face. He immediately takes the chance for the pinfall.

ONE~!

TWO~

Rodney kicks out, rubbing his nose as a little bit of blood seems to come out as Sebastian does a running start and almost cuts off Rodney's head off with his discus clothesline. He goes for the cover again..

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ONE~!

TW~Rodney kicks out again, this time with more force as Ringmaster Kennedy yells for him to become stronger.

Sebastian gets him to his feet, whipping him to the ropes, he ducks an incoming clothesline as Rodney runs to the ropes on the other side of the ring, coming back for a full on body tackle, sending Sebastian down. He stomps on Sebastian for good measure, leveling his left foot on his face, pumping his fists into the air.

Rodney takes Sebastian up to his feet, then lifting him into a fireman's carry before dropping back down and behind for a Somoan Slam. He goes for the cover.

ONE~!

T~Sebastian kicks out this time as Ringmaster Kennedy is frustrated at what she is seeing. Sebastian and Rodney stand up almost at the same time, trading right hands to each. Each blow causes the other to stumble back a few feet, before the other counters with a stronger right.

As the five volley, Sebastian blocks, pulling Rodney over and up with a Full Nelson Slam. The ring shakes from the weight as he covers for the pinfall.

ONE~!

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TWO~!

THREE~!

[YOUTUBE COMMERCIAL: NINTENDO ESHOP](#)

[FILL V. THE HOLY ROLLER](#) The lights dim around the arena and voice booms out across the speakers...

"Can I get a Hallelujah?!"

Fan's, already knowledgeable of the Holy Roller yell out a response. A rock version of the "The Hallelujah Chorus" begins to play as a brilliant white light shines from the entrance ramp. Through the light The Holy Roller appears.

His bright smile is as white as his trunks, boots, robe and hair and he flashes it proudly. He turns and welcomes his three angels, Faith, Hope and Charity, to the stage. The crowd cheer loudly as the three beautiful women, also dressed in white, accompany Roller to the ring.

Once inside, Roller stands in the center of the ring as the angels each take a different corner. Roller has a white microphone and holds it to his mouth, pausing for a moment, his smile wider, before calling again...

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"Can I Get A Hallelujah!!!"

The fans give him a very loud one in response.

My Own by Soil hits the PA as Fill slowly walks down the ramp.

While walking to the ring he looks over the crowd from left to right, but mainly ignores their reactions.

He enters the ring and looks over the crowd one more time with signs of anger in his eyes, as he pounds his chest and raises his fist in the air.

The duo circle the ring as the ref signals for the bell.

Immediately without hesitating, Holy Roller lunges for Fill with a clothesline, but is locked into a sleeper hold. The fans mock Holy Roller as he struggles.

The more he struggles, Fill locks it in tighter, falling back to the ringmat, he traps Holy Roller even more by forcing to expend more energy. Eventually, Holy Roller is knocked out, the ref checks him over twice by lifting his arm.

On the third try, the arm falls limp as the ref signals for the bell.

[LEGEND](#) Tommy is seen getting out of his R8 in the parking garage.

Out of nowhere Tommy Lipton is assaulted by a figure all in black including a ski mask to hide their face!

crrrrackkkkk/smaaassshhh!

The unknown assailant puts Tommy face first through the drivers side window! He runs away as security rush the scene.

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[YOUTUBE COMMERCIAL: SMASH BROS TRAILER](#)

[MIKE HARRISON V. JASON SPIRE](#) "Beast" by Nico Vega can be heard through the sound system and Harrison emerges from behind the black curtain. Upon seeing Harrison the crowd springs into life with cheers that echo around the arena. He stops and stretches his arms out wide taking it all in with a smile on his face. A few moments pass and Harrison makes his way down the ramp to the ring and taps the hands of fans along the way. When he reaches the ring he stops and stares intently at the ring, a moment later he slides under the bottom rope and runs towards the corner of the ring and springs up onto the top turnbuckle. He poses for the crowd as the drums midway through the song begin to get into motion and Harrison closes his eyes. After a moment he drops down from the top turnbuckle and readies himself for combat.

The lights in the arena dim as the opening guitar riffs from "Change (In the house of flies)" by the Deftones hits the PA system.

From the back comes Jason Spire, his head down, shoulders high and fists clenched. Spire wears a pair of Jean cut off shorts, black and white knee pads and black boots. A black tank top adorns his torso, leaving his powerful arms exposed, with a white skull across the front and a bloodied rusty sword over the side of its face. Spire walks slowly forward, a hood over his head. He gets to the apron just as the ghostly voice of Chino Moreno sings out his chorus, "I watched you chaaaange". At that moment, Jason Spire flings his hood back to reveal the black and white mask over the left side of his face, under which lies scarred and burnt skin. He holds a blood stained chain in his left hand, wrapped twice around his fist and hanging down beside his knee.

Spire walks slowly up the ring steps and enters over the second rope. He removes his tank top, flinging it to the outside, revealing a powerful frame and a selection of tattoos across his right arm. He steps up onto the second turnbuckle and raises his arms, looking out over the crowd. He holds the dark chain above his head and jumps down, leaving the metal in the corner of the ring and rubbing his shoulder.

The ref hesitantly checks over Jason Spire, who upon straightening himself and glaring at the ref, did he turn over to check Mike Harrison. Upon satisfaction that both were properly ready for the match the ref signalled for the bell.

Mike takes caution as he circles the ring with Jason Spire, the kind and gentle eye seemingly focused on him. They approach, locking up in the middle of the ring for leverage, before Mike takes the advantage, locking in an arm lock, but its immediately reversed by the heavier wrestler, who rolls and displays a prowess of mobility and flexibility. He pulls Mike to him into a german suplex.

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Mike gets up, but is not fast enough as Jason is already upon him, the half-mask staring into his eyes as he gives a right forearm. Mike stumbles as he receives another, backing him into the corner.

Mike attempts to throw a right of his own, but Jason ducks, slamming his left shoulder into Mike's gut, the expression shifts as this is repeated three more times. The ref tries to tell Jason to back up, but gets a cold glare from Jason. The fans begin to cheer as Mike takes the moment to return the favor, grabbing a hold of Jason with all his strength and putting his opponent in the corner.

Mike gets on the second turnbuckle, immediately slamming his closed right into Jason's hidden left side of his face.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

FOUR~!

FIVE~!

SIX~!

Jason struggles to grab a hold of Mike as he continues to pummel, him driving him into the mat with a powerbomb. Jason covers.

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ONE!

TWO~Mike shoulder rises, pushing Jason off of him in the process.

Jason walks off, looking to put this to an end, he leans against the corner as Mike stumbles up to his feet. He sprints straight for Mike, but display aerial prowess, leaping over Jason, who slams straight into the corner behind Mike. He stumbles out of it as Mike spins him around, lifts him up for a suplex...but stalls..

Gil: Oh Shit!

Lucius: Timber!

Mike drops him back after waiting five seconds, packaging it for a pinfall. The ref slides over for the pin.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

[YOUTUBE COMMERCIAL: WRESTLER'S THEME SHOWCASE](#)

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[HEX GIRL'S INTERVIEW](#) *Katie Fabe is prowling around a building looking for something or someone. She looks around when a loud bang catches her attention and bolts in the direction of the sound. The camera follows in hot pursuit. Katie and the camera find Hex Girl climbing around a tank, as in the military vehicle, carrying a largemallet?*

KF: Hex what are you doing?

HG: Playing wack-a-mole or in this case wack-a-luchador.

Katie looks confused.

KF: Care to explain?

HG: My brother-in-law Mayhem had a photo-op with the national guard today and they let him get in the tank and now he doesn't want to get out. I'm waiting for him to pop his head up out of one of these ports so I can KO his ass and drag him home.

Katie just shakes her head.

KF: Seeing as how you are playing the waiting game here care to answer a couple of questions?

The mallet slams against the steel

HG: Sure.

Katie winces at the noise

KF: Hex how does it feel to win Wrestler of the Month?

HG: What? I won something outside of the ring? huh ... I'll be damned.

KF: Were you not aware that Mr. Ranger came out with the Wrestler of the Month award?

HG: I was aware of it just didn't know I'd won it. I've been a tad preoccupied trying to win some respect from some of these cavemen.

KF: Fair enough, but isn't it a little harsh calling them cavemen?

HG: Did you see who I had to go against at Anarchy?

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KF: Yeah, Marney and Fill.

HG: Fill not a bad guy and a decent challenger. Marney is a total caveman, and I'm probably insulting cavemen with that comment..... sorry Geico.

KF: Are you looking forward to the rest of the hardcore series?

Katie winces at another loud bang from the mallet.

HG: OH hell yeah. I'm looking to sweep it. *Bang* GOT HIM!

KF: You did you hurt him?

HG: Not much he's got a hard head.

KF: Will be seeing the mallet during your next hardcore match?

Hex Girl hefts the mallet a few times.

HG: You never know.

Camera fades out with Hex holding the mallet grinning like a Cheshire Cat.

[THE APPERANCE](#) Stevenson: Hello, Philadelphia.

The Philly natives gathered at the Wachovia Center pop for the UTA Star. One of their own, the locals are familiar with Stevenson's extensive body of work. His image is on the big screen as he speaks via a pre-recorded segment.

Stevenson: VCW was very accommodating when I said I wanted to speak to my hometown fans. They allowed me a few minutes to discuss my upcoming Wrestle UTA TV debut - which will happen at the next Wrestleshow.

The fans explode at this news. It's not new but it's still thrilling that their hometown hero will FINALLY appear on TV after a notable absence.

Stevenson: I get the opportunity to face Formerly Known As, FKA. Another chance to prove myself against a top end competitor. After taking Chance Von Crank to the limit I get this, another chance. I know you all are waiting anxiously to see what happens.

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Some of the fans in attendance nod their heads. It's been a long time since J has actually wrestled a televised match. People have been relegated to searching torrent sites for bits of Stevenson matches.

Stevenson: I'll be honest with you, I'm anxious too. I'm anxious to be back on television, back in homes across the country. No longer will I be relegated to Live Event reports or Dark Matches. I will be back in front of the people, showing FKA exactly what I'm about. Most of you already know what I'm about, now don't you?

The crowd pops again for one of their own. While they might always agree with what he does or says, they love him the same.

Stevenson: Enjoy the rest of the show tonight, everyone. And make sure to watch me make my UTA Television debut at Wrestleshow. Thanks.

With the sign off the show rolls on.

[BANDCAMP ARTIST OF WEEK/PPV THEME OF KINGDOM COME](#)

[LEW SMITH V. TOMMY LIPTON](#) The ref double checks the status of Tommy Lipton, whom is still determined to fight as his forehead is bandaged from earlier. He nods that he is ready as Lew Smith stretches a bit in his corner before stepping out a bit.

Gil: In case, you're wondering Tommy Lipton was attacked upon arriving to the arena earlier tonight. Despite all accounts, he seems ready to compete tonight in our main event.

Lucius: But is he really here is the question?

The ref signals for the bell as the two begin circling the ring.

Lucius: Is he really the retaining VCW Internet Champion here tonight?

Gil: Time will show if that bruise he got affects his ring skills.

The duo lock up as meet in the center of the ring. Tommy with a stiff head lock, but Lew quickly struggles, bringing him to the ropes. He pushes Tommy away, sending across. Tommy comes back into a flying tackle by Lew Smith, who goes for a early pinfall.

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ONE!

TWO~ Tommy kicks out, grabbing his forehead as he leans on his free shoulder.

Gil: The damage looks to be in question, to be extensive.

Lucius: And what?! Stop the match now?!

Tommy is lifted up by Lew, who whips him over to the corner as he follows, as Tommy connects with the turnbuckle at full speed, Lew connects with rising knee just as Tommy turns to face him, connecting the knee to his opponent's face for maximum damage.

Gil: Tommy is bleeding from his wound! Get a medic down here!

Lucius: Grab some popcorn while you're at it!

Lew drags Tommy out towards the center of the ring before running to a corner and hopping on it. He turns to face Lipton before leaping off with a body splash, hitting Tommy perfectly. He goes for the pin cover.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell rings as Ann raises the mic to her lips.

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Ann: And your winner of this match..LEW SMITH~!

[SMITH ANNOUNCEMENT](#) Lew's fans chant and cheer louder and louder giving him a huge smile on his face. He beckons with his hand for the crowd to come to silence, but keep on going for their love and support. Lew puts his hands on his hips and smiles, looking around once more, smiling at the sheer aura of pride. Lew moves his hands again and the noise slowly dies down. Utter silence hits the ring.

Lew: "Now...you all know what happened at Anarchy..."

The silence is swiftly broken and boos hit the stage. Lew raises his hand and shouts into the mic.

L: "Hey! Hey! Hey! Enough of that!"

The room falls silent again after a while.

L: "Ultimately, I wish to congratulate my opponent for his VCW title win. It was well earned, fought for hardly and got what he battled for. Now, some of you may be thinking, 'oh wait, why isn't Lew upset with his title loss?' or 'Why does he not give a rats ass?'. Well, I'll tell you guys two things. Number one. Not only will I endeavour to beat every single opponent I have from now on to get back to where I was, I'm going to take the title back."

The crowd slowly begin to gain volume as the speech goes on and erupts as Lew finishes his sentence.

L: "But wait! There's more! Number two! I have lost many a match and I don't cry over it. But with how crushing it is to lose some gold? It shouldn't really matter. All I know is...is that I'm going to make Dick Fury feel the exact same when I pull the belt of his moisterised fingers!"

Lew punches the hand with the mic in to the sky.

L: "Ladies and gentlemen, before I take leave, I want to thank you guys so much for sticking by me and I will fight for a better VCW! I will not let that disgusting man represent you lot!"

The crowd cheers.

L: "You have a new champion now. Expect great things, or expect a great come back...and we all know which one of those is going to happen in the near future. So prepare yourself as I'm going to be champion material, day in and day out. Whether it is against a newcomer or an original wrestler. You'll get nothing but

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the best from me till you see me, your king, your champion, your ominous angel, on top with the gold again. Any opponent that comes my way will know how ominous I can be and will stand aside as I cascade through the competition to be the representative for VCW, for Mr. Ranger, for the other wrestlers but most importantly to all of you."

The crowd cheer and clap, resonating over the boos and hisses from critics. Lew waves as he finishes his speech and jumps out the ring and walks back up the ramp, still waving and smiling.

[YOUR VCW CHAMPION](#) As Lew continues to frolic to the back, he is stopped as from the back, walks out the Valor Championship Wrestling champion himself, Dick Fury. Fury, dressed in purple and pink yet tasteful suit, adjust the title on his shoulder as he walks, stopping just feet from Lew Smith.

Smith begins to yell at Dick inaudibly, being drown out by the boos from the fans. Fury looks to the left then looks to the right before staring back at Lew. He continues to hold the title in his left hand over his left shoulder as he raises his right hand, which has a microphone in tow up to his lips.

Dick: Lew.... Smith....

His lips get tight and he moves his head in a cracking motion from the left to the right.

Dick: Shut the hell up!

Some fans pop at how risky Dick may become. Lew runs his hands through his hair as he sells aggravation.

Dick: Now, Dick was in the back listening to you stand out here bore the audience to death... like ALWAYS.

Some boos, some cheers. Lew stomps like a child. Dick looks out to the crowd and shakes his head *No* as if telling them don't cheer.

Dick: Seriously, you continue to give Dick headaches because all it is coming from your mouth is Blah, Blah, Blah, freaking...

He leans into Lew's face, just a hair away.

Dick: BLAH.

Spit hits Lew's face and he jumps back, wiping it off.

Dick: You claim you will tear the title from Dick's fingers Lew.

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He smirks and just shakes his head *No*.

Dick: You claim you will fight for the fans and for VCW.

Using his left hand, he slowly removes the title from his shoulder, holding it to his side. Bending in again, just hairs away from Lew he continues.

Dick: No.

Smith's face turns red with embarrassment as Dick steps back.

Dick: Lucy, you suck.

A minor pop, but way more boos.

Dick: You are not a good wrestler, you were not a good champion, and you RUINED the reputation of this title and Valor Championship Wrestling!

He lifts the title up toward Lew's face.

Dick: You had your chance and you ruined it. You single handedly almost killed this company after you kill the value of this Championship. The title that Dick holds in his hand right now!

He takes a deep breath before putting the title back on his shoulder.

Dick: You're done Lucy. You screwed up bud and now, like it or not... Like Dick or not...

He winks at Lew.

Dick: Of course everyone knows how much you like Dick..

Lew stomps angrily again.

Dick: ... the title is now belongs to someone who actually will restore it's prestige. Who actually will defend it in Valor Championship Wrestling's honor and lead the VCW into the future!

Lew grits his teeth.

Dick: Lucy.. Dick already told you once... as long as he is champion, you will never touch this belt again. As long as he is champion, you will sit and curtain jerk where you belong.

Fury leans in.

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Dick: As long as Dick is Champion... you will be reminded every... single... day... of how you dropped the ball, and Dick was there to pick it up and run with it.

He stops and thinks to himself, *did that come off as perverted?*

Dick: If James Ranger gives half a crap about this promotion lasting he will give Dick a real challenge. Someone with real talent. He will give Dick a challenger who doesn't suck.

Lew begins yelling and Dick just ignores him.

Dick: Yea Lucy yell, cry, do all of that. In your stupid little head you probably think Dick is just running his mouth. Well, Lucy...

He leans in again.

Dick: You don't know Dick!

He drops his right hand to his side and lifts the title from his shoulder one more time, this time making sure to put it right in Lew's face, close enough he can feel his breath hit the gold and come back at him. He is angry and Dick doesn't care.

He is the champion.

The copyright comes up and we fade to black.

Show Credits

Segment: "RAGE" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite