

Victory: XXXIX

October 9, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

As the stream fades up from black, the Monday 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 the arena.

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 Dick Fury and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another exciting episode of Monday Night Victory. I'm Jennifer Williams and with me as always, none other than Dick Fury.

Fury: Dick is back in the UK!

The drums and the guitar hits. The sounds of Sabotage by the Beastie Boys pipe into the PA system, and in the cloud of smoke that follows a brief pyro explosion, Will "the THRILL" Haynes steps out of the back.

Williams: Ladies and gentlemen, Will Haynes is in the building.

Fury: Shame.

Williams: Save it Dick. Will Haynes is back and the UTA Universe has been buzzing like a bee over what's going to happen here tonight between him and the Greatest Entertainer in the World, Mikey Unlikely.

Fury: Let Dick tell you what's going to happen. Will is going to get sent back to the hospital when Mikey goes nuts on him.

Williams: Let's hope not, Dick.

Fury: Don't say Dick didn't warn ya, Jennifer.

The fans are on their feet showing their excitement at Haynes being back. Haynes revs them up. He spins around, glad to be back in the swing of the things. All the while Brooklyn's finest rap over the turntable scratches, and rock beats.

Victory: XXXIX

Confidently Haynes strolls down the ramp to the ring, dressed in a pair of black athletic shorts, and his black wrestling boots. Haynes completes the look with a t-shirt, "Not Dead Yet" written in black bold lettering on a white base. He points to it, causing the fans to cheer. Some snap pictures to post on social media.

Williams: Haynes' shirt seems like a hit with the London audience, Dick.

Fury: Not Dead Yet? Again, shame.

Haynes climbs the ring stairs, pausing before entering the ring. He nods his head, revving the crowd to a fever pitch yet again. Flashbulbs everywhere.

Williams: And I'm sure some of these fans did NOT expect to see the THRILLmaker tonight. Especially with the reports about his comeback being delayed. Got to be a real treat for them here tonight.

Fury: This isn't a treat at all, Jennifer. The real treat is later on tonight when Mikey Unlikely finally kills this poor guy! Do you think they'll fine us for that?

Haynes mock wipes his feet on the outside of the ring, before stepping through the ropes. Once in the ring he spins around, with his arms to the side taking it all in. He calls for a microphone from the Announcer who walks over and hands one to the THRILL.

Williams: Looks like we're going to be treated to a few words from Haynes. Maybe he'll explain exactly what was going on with his lengthy absence.

Fury: Maybe he'll choke on his own saliva and drop dead right here. That way we don't have to wait until later.

Haynes raises the microphone to his mouth to speak but he's met with a chant from the crowd.

Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back! Welcome back! Haynes smiles, pulling the mic away from his mouth. He lets the chant develop for a few seconds, before putting the microphone to his mouth and talking straight away.

Haynes: LONDON, ENGLAND. Tonight we make history!

The crowd pops once again. Loudly.

Williams: I've gotta say these international fans have been bringing it, each and every show on this tour. This is amazing.

Fury: UTA is huge around the world, Jennifer. Almost as huge as Dick.

Haynes: Tonight in this very ring, in front a' all a' you, n' the world I finally get to put down Mikey Unlikely.

Victory: XXXIX

The crowd roars yet again, some boos break out at the mere mention of Unlikely's name.

Haynes: When I was in that hospital bed gettin' operated on, tryin' t' come back. You wanna know what drove me? You wanna know what pushed me t' comeback? Fueled my desire t' get back in this ring.

Haynes points down to the ring beneath his feet. He nods his head, still in doubt that he's actually back.

Williams: You gotta imagine someone like Haynes is thankful for a moment like this. To come out, on your first show back and address the international fans like this - it sends a great message.

Fury: A message that it's OK to be a failure, Jennifer. Haynes has held what ONE belt in the UTA? And his title wasn't as prestigious as Dick's. Ask yourself who the real star here is.

Haynes: It wasn't Mary Jane. It wasn't the thought of wiping that smirk off Eric Dane's face. It wasn't the World's Greatest Entertainer, Mikey Unlikely. No it wasn't none a' them. It was YOU.

The crowd once again pops.

Haynes: Each. And everyone one. Of you.

Haynes doesn't let them take center stage though, quickly talking over them.

Haynes: You, the fans, who managed to sell out the O2 Arena here tonight you deserved t' see the BEST the UTA has t' offer n' lemme tell ya somethin' he's standing RIGHT HERE.

Haynes stabs a thumb into his own chest, fired up. The crowd explodes. Flashbulbs go off, Snapchats are getting sent out. The whole nine yards.

Fury: And people say Chris Hopper is full of himself!

Williams: Oh come on Dick. Haynes is fired up, excited to be back. Imagine you were in his position.

Fury: It's hard to do, Jennifer. Don't know if I can get my head that far up my own ass.

As Haynes brings the microphone to his mouth to speak again, "Blunt Blowin'" by Lil Wayne fills the arena. The fans begin to boo as loud as they can.

Live it up like these are my last days; if time is money I'm an hour past paid

Out of the back walks Mikey Unlikely, the World's Greatest Entertainer. By his side, is the luscious Mary Jane. Mikey has a pair of Oakley's on and a beautifully tailored luxury suit. Mary Jane is dressed to the nines as well, but a little more tastefully than some of her past wardrobe choices.

Victory: XXXIX

Fury: NOW the party has started, Jennifer. Mikey Unlikely out to save the day.

Williams: He can't let Haynes have five minutes? Has to come out here and flex like this? It makes me sick.

Mikey has his own mic and brings it to his mouth.

Unlikely: Whoa, whoa, whoa, slow down there Lil Willy. The best the UTA has to offer is standing out here tonight, but sure as hell ain't in that ring.

The boos come reigning down once again. Mikey shakes his head and continues talking.

Unlikely: Boo me all you want but the BEST thing in the UTA is standing right up here on this ramp.

Williams: You wanna talk about full of himself, Dick. Get a load of this guy.

Suddenly in the midst of all the booing Mikey drops to one knee in front of Mary Jane.

Williams: Is he doing what I think he's doing?

Fury: Oh my God, in front of Haynes? WHAT? THIS IS CHRISTMAS COME EARLY.

Haynes moves closer to the ropes, his eyes bugged out wide.

Mikey reaches into his pocket, pulling out a ring. A gaudy looking diamond on top.

Unlikely: The best thing in the UTA, MJ is you. These past few months have meant a lot to me. Will you marry me?

Fury: And what should be a nice moment for this set of lovers is being ruined by this crowd!

The crowd boos, as loud as they can get. Some jaws are left wide open, some people left without a thing to say. None perhaps more so than Will Haynes, standing in the ring.

Mary Jane: Yes! Yes! God yes!

Mikey and MJ embrace. They kiss. Some people in the audience actually applaud.

Williams: I can't even imagine what is going through Haynes' head right now. I can't imagine.

Fury: Probably blind rage, Jennifer. If he's smart. That's what Dick would be thinking about. And how good MJ is gonna look in a wedding dress.

?Suddenly over the PA system the Bridal Chorus by Wagner starts. The crowd is unsure of what to do. MJ

Victory: XXXIX

and Mikey share another kiss and head towards the back, leaving a stunned Haynes still standing in the ring.

Fury: Well that's gotta be the first proposal on UTA television, Jennifer.

Williams: And hopefully the last one. I think I might be sick after that. Poor Will Haynes.

Fury: He got what was coming to him. Should've married the girl when he had the chance.

Brought to You By

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the into to If You Want Peace...Prepare For War by Children of Bodom.

Williams: Lew Smith looking to kick off tonight's show with a win over the returning Perfection.

Fury: Lew Smith is always looking for a win Jennifer, but it's not often Dick sees him get one.

Lights flicker quick with the addition of the upbeat, fast guitar. More pyro hits as the song kicks into gear with the word, "GO!" Lew is quick out of the back, he tears down the ramp, and slides into the ring on his stomach. He vaults to his feet, back flips, and takes to the nearest turnbuckle holding his hands out.

Announcer: From Frimley, England, weighing in at two hundred and sixteen pounds, standing at six feet one inch tall, he is the OMINOUS ANGEL...

Lew raises his hands.

Announcer: LEWWWWWW SMITTTTTTTTHHHH.

The crowd applauds.

Williams: The crowd hot for Lew Smith, who returns to his home country here tonight.

Fury: Can he be left here?

Perfect Gentleman by Helloween begins to play.

The crowd immediately responds with jeers a boos. The one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain raising his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

?There is no doubt about it I'm one of kind, baby I am le d'Artagnan de coeur As you may see, candy. ?

Fury: Perfection looking better than ever Jennifer.

Victory: XXXIX

Williams: Well, he's had plenty of time to rest.

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Announcer: Making his return to the ring tonight... he hails from Los Angeles, California

? And I'm talking with my eyes and I walk in different styles ?

Announcer: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-two pounds...

? I'm a genuine man ?

Perfection grabs the middle rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

? Yes I am I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am I am a perfect gentleman Yes I am, I am, yes I am (perfect) ?

Announcer: HE IS.... PERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFECCCCCTTTTTIIIONNNNNNNNNN!!!!

He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Williams: The last we saw Perfection was June eighth when he and Chris Hopper tore the roof off of The Wrestlezone.

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle

Williams: This should be a good match.

As the bell sounds to begin the match, Perfection walks near the edge of the ring, holding the top rope before jogging out and around. Lew Smith circles in and the two lock up.

Williams: Our first lock up tonight as Perfection and Lew Smith compete for control.

Perfection uses his strength to push Lew back and into the ropes where he holds him. The referee begins to count.

Williams: Perfection backing away, looking to not get disqualified early in this match up.

Fury: Yea, that comes later.

As Lew shakes it off and starts to come forward, he is met with a boot to the mid section by Perfection who then grabs the back of his head.

Victory: XXXIX

Williams: Perfection in control, spins Lew Smith around and sends him into the corner.

As Lew's back hits the corner, Perfection grabs the top ropes around him and begins to bring his foot in.

Williams: Perfection now with vicious boots to the midsection of Lew Smith in the corner here.

Fury: Still as vicious as ever.

Lew drops to a seated position.

Williams: Perfection continues to stomp away at Lew.

The referee gets between the two, throwing his arm into Perfection's chest and pushing him away from Lew Smith.

Williams: The referee trying to get Perfection to allow Lew Smith a moment.

Fury: Why? If you can't hang then you shouldn't be in the ring.

Lew throws his arms up, grabbing the ropes and using them to pull himself up in the corner.

Williams: Perfection rushing Lew Smith.

Lew turns sideways and throws his elbow up catching Perfection in the jaw. The fans cheer.

Williams: Caught by the elbow!

Perfection holds his mouth as he stumbles away.

Williams: Perfection turning back to Smith now, rushes forward.

Lew grabs the top ropes and uses them to leverage himself pushing his body upward as he throws a foot up, catching Perfection in the face again.

The fans go crazy as Perfection hits the canvas.

Williams: Lew Smith takes Perfection off of his feet.

Fury: Not something Dick would have ever expected.

Williams: Maybe because you don't show Lew Smith the respect he deserves.

Fury: When you show Dick something to respect Lew Smith for, he will.

Victory: XXXIX

Perfection rolls over to a knee. As he does, Lew comes in with a swift kick to his side, followed by another.

Williams: Lew Smith with those deadly accurate kicks there.. follows up with one to the side of Perfection's head.

The fans cheer. Perfection falls to the side. As he does, Lew Smith runs back and hits the ropes.

Williams: Smith off of the ropes.

He flips forward and drops a leg down across the back of Perfection's neck.

Williams: Running leg drop there connects. Impressed yet Dick?

Fury: No.

Lew slides around, grabbing Perfection by the head as he pulls his arm back.

Williams: Now into a arm bar chin lock, Lew Smith looking to make the former UTA Champion submit.

Fury: Perfection doesn't submit Jennifer.

Williams: He may very well tonight.

The referee ask Perfection if he gives up. Perfection yells no as he struggles to get free.

Williams: Perfection trying to get free, but unable to.

He moves his free arm back, ripping at Lew's hair before getting a thumb into his eye. Lew has to let go, causing the fans to begin to boo.

Williams: This may be Perfection's chance here to get some breathing room.

Lew rolls over and into a sitting position holding his eyes as Perfection rolls to the edge of the ring himself.

Williams: This match has now slowed down a bit.

Lew rolls over and pushes up. He looks across the ring at Perfection and runs forward. As he approaches, Perfection sees him and quickly slides out of the ring. The fans boo as Lew grabs the top rope and looks down at Perfection looking back up at him from a kneeling position and smiling.

Williams: Quick thinking by Perfection may have just saved him.

Fury: The man is smart, that's never been questioned. His ring awareness is top notch.

Victory: XXXIX

Perfection begins to stand up. As he does, holding onto the top rope Lew looks around. Finally, he leans down and uses the ropes to lunge himself up and over. The fans cheer as Lew Smith flies through the air... until Perfection sidesteps and he slams down to the floor.

Williams: Perfection moved!

Fury: That's what Dick is talking about. It's hard to catch Perfection off guard. This match is now his.

Williams: Lew Smith fails to connect with that high risk move and it may very well have cost him this match.

Perfection leans down and with both hands grabs the back of Lew Smith's head. He violently pulls him up before spinning him around and slamming him back first into the edge of the ring apron. Lew lets out a yell of pain. As he des, Perfection raises his hand and comes forward with a hard chop across the chest of Lew.

Williams: Knife edge chop there by Perfection.

Fury: One of the hardest hitting chops in the industry right there.

Williams: Perfection grabbing Lew Smith and rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope.

He reaches up and grabs the middle rope, using it to pull himself to the apron. The fans boo Perfection who taunts them, causing them to boo louder.

Williams: Perfection wasting time here.

He waves them off and steps into the ring between the mid and top rope. He casually walks over to where Lew Smith is laying on his back. As he reaches down to grab Smith, Lew reaches up and grabs him before rolling Perfection forward and down.

Williams: CRADLE PIN! LEW SMITH MAY DO IT RIGHT HERE!

The fans cheer as the referee slides into position and begins to count.

Williams: Two... thr--- NO! Kick out by Perfection. That was a close one there Dick. Are you impressed yet?

Fury: Why would that impress Dick? He didn't get the win so it was a waste of time.

Perfection rolls over and slides back, on one knee looking forward with shock at Lew Smith. Smith rolls over and begins to push himself to his feet.

Williams: Smith getting up now.

Perfection quickly stands and charges forward. As he approaches Lew who is still getting up, Perfection

Victory: XXXIX

brings a knee up, catching him in the temple.

Lew's body flops over and to the canvas as Perfection slows down and then moves to a stop before posing. The fans send hate his direction and he just takes it in.

Williams: Perfection continuing to gloat after that knee to the temple of Lew Smith.

Fury: He should. It was a beautiful strike.

As he turns back to Lew, he sees him getting to his feet. Perfection quickly moves forward and grabs Lew by his arms, placing his head into his upper back before turning Lew around followed by dropping down.

Williams: PHOTO FINISH BY PERFECTION!

The fans boo. Perfection turns Lew over and covers him as the referee moves into position. As his hand hits the canvas for a third and final time, the referee gets to his knees and calls for the bell which begins to sound.

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

The fans boo loudly.

Williams: Perfection wins his return match here as he puts away Lew Smith in his home country.

Fury: Now that, Dick can respect.

Williams: Only you. To me it's sickening.

Perfection pushes to his feet and heads to a nearby corner. he climbs up and poses on the turnbuckle to his music as the fans continue to boo.

A Proper Memorial

The scene turns to backstage where Rumor Man Stan and Kate Kincaid are standing in front of Lisil Jackson's locker room. Smoke is coming out from underneath the door and most noteworthy a symbol is painted on the door with some sort of white substance.

Kincaid: Oh no Stan! I I dealt with him last time! That guy is the definition of creepy! Besides you're always looking for a good story for your report!

Stan looks at the door tilting his head to the side.

Stan: Was it really that bad Jennifer?!

Victory: XXXIX

Kate puts her hands to her hips.

Kincaid: Stan! The guy is talking to a statue and is going on and on about spirits and....

Kate shivers not even coming up with the right words.

Stan: Oh for the love of... What in the hell is that on the door anyway?!

Kincaid: I don't know! Why don't you go ask him!

Stan sighs bracing himself.

Stan: It's moments like this that make me wish Jamie Sawyers wasn't drafted to Wrestleshow!

Kincaid: Just go in there you baby!

Stan adjusts his shirt collar before he opens the door. He walks in waving his hand in front of his face from the smoke.

Stan: Lisil Jackson? What in the world...

Stan says as he stands in front of a wall that has pictures of Stephen Greer taped to it. The two tiki statues of Loa and Bondye stand on each corner of the wall and in the middle is a third tiki statue a depiction of a heavy set woman with a bold smile on her face. Sitting in front of the statues are all sorts of tropical flowers in the form of almost like a memorial. Stan stands there dumbfounded before he's startled by a voice behind him.

L. Jackson: Bootiful don't ya tink mon?

Stan jumps taking a few steps back.

Stan: Lisil! What in the world is this?! Why do you have all these pictures of Stephen Greer on this wall?!

L. Jackson: Ahhhhhh it be a memorial! A tribute to dee life o' mista Greer! A final tribute to a brudda who had a glorious career since Tee Dee is no mo!

Stan tilts his head sideways.

Stan: Ummmmmm Team Danger technically isn't dead... Eric Dane is still very much around.....

Lisil puts a finger to Stan's lips.

L. Jackson: Don't ya mention dat bumbacлот's name! Dee spirits don't like Eric Dane... He is dead ta dem!!!

Victory: XXXIX

Lisil Jackson lets out a sneer looking around the room.

Stan: Ummmmmm..... Ok..... Except he is wrestling tonight....

L. Jackson: Listen here mon... When I faced Eric Dane... I seen dat look in his eyes... It was a look o' desperation... A look like he was lookin fo an easy way out....

The Jamaican Inspiration turns looking back at the wall.

L. Jackson: He knew dat he couldn't beat Lisil Jackson clean... And ya know what? I may not have won but one ting remains! I took part o' his soul dat night! I own a part o' Eric Dane!

The Jamaican laughs a sinister laugh.

L. Jackson: But as far as Mista Greer goes.... Dey say dat dee eyes are dee portal ta a mon's soul... And I looked inta dat brudda's soul! What did I see? I see everyting dat I seen in Eric Dane dat night! And tonight... Dee great spirit Brigitte will take Stephen Greer by dee hand and take im ta dee afta life!

Lisil says as he breathes in the smoke from the burning white sage branches on each side of the other walls.

Stan: O..... K..... Ummmmmm..... One last question.... What the hell is on that door?

Lisil Jackson smiles boldly as he walks over to a basket sitting on a bench. He reaches into it and pulls out a snake.

L. Jackson: Some o' dis fella's venom! A lil extra somethin ta keep dee evil spirits away!

Stan's eyes grow wide as Lisil Jackson holds a Lance Snake in his hands. Stan backs up clearly terrified of the snake

Stan: Okay! Interview over!

The Jamaican laughs stroking the snake's head with a finger as Stan storms out the door where Kate Kincaid is standing by the door.

Stan: Nope! Nope! Nope!

Kincaid: What happened?!

Stan turns to Kate.

Stan: THAT GUY HAS A SNAKE IN THERE! I'm done! If you need me I need to change my pants now!

Victory: XXXIX

Kincaid: Can't say I didn't warn you!

Brought to You By

Two Minutes

Cameras are rolling behind the scenes. A row of doors hits your HD TV screen. One door opens and in walks the UTA World Champion La Flama Blanca. He is wearing a fresh suit with a black designer duffle bag slung over his shoulder.

The crowd inside the O2 Arena sees this and boos immediately. We keep following the champion as he makes his way through the back of the O2 Arena. Suddenly he is joined by one of the usual suspects, this time by Kate Kincaid, the former Dynasty interviewer.

She goes step for step continuing with La Flama Blanca, trying to put her microphone close to pick up his voice. Blanca closes his eyes and shakes his head, putting his hand up trying to blow her off.

Kinkaid: Champ, champ... can we have a word?

Blanca stops and comes back at her in a surly tone.

La Flama Blanca: I'll give you... Two Minutes...

The Cruiserweight takes a look at his incredibly expensive wristwatch. Kinkaid seems thrown off by Blanca's remarks.

LFB: You're wasting my time, Kate.

Kinkaid: Next week in Dublin, Ireland at Wrestleshow you defend your UTA World Championship against Zhalia Fears-

In classic LFB fashion he cuts her off from speaking and dominates the interaction.

LFB: Kate... did you forget how these interviews go? I speak and you look pretty for the mouth breathers at home.

Kate Kinkaid rolls her eyes and keeps holding the microphone to pick up La Flama Blanca's words.

LFB: Zhalia Fears couldn't become Number One Contender for the Legacy title... what makes anyone think she'll win the big one? I think I know, because the FANS want her to be the UTA World Champion. They BELIEVE in Zhalia Fears.

The UTA World Champion stops for a moment. Thinking about his opponent.

Victory: XXXIX

LFB: The idiots who believe in Zhalia Fears are the same beat nuts that think Santa Claus is real. These are the same people who think the Chicago Cubs are going to win the World Series this year... idiots, beat nuts, mouth breathers, bellends... all of them.

Kate changes the topic of discussion.

Kinkaid: Tonight we are going to see The Gauntlet match, the winner becomes the Number One Contender for your UTA World title. Care to make a comment.

Blanca looks off and then locks eyes with the camera.

LFB: Hmph. I do actually... It's a freakin' joke.

LFB looks at his watch, noticing the time.

LFB: That's two minutes.

The Luchador starts back up and leaves Kate Kinkaid standing by some ladders and stage equipment. Cameras stay with her as she stares off in the direction of the UTA World Champion. We now focus our attention on ringside and the Victory play by play team of Williams and Fury.

Williams: La Flama Blanca, as you can see, folks, is here in the O2 Arena. Whether or not he will be keeping a close eye on the Number One Contender's Gauntlet match remains to be seen.

Fury: The Champ is in the arena, he might even make his presence felt later on here in Victory.

Cameras pan and cross the arena and stop on a familiar face in the crowd.

Williams: Zhalia Fears is here?! At Victory?!

Zhalia Fears is surrounded by ecstatic fans going wild.

Fury: Dick doesn't understand. Dick doesn't think this is kosher.

Fears makes a fist and poses for the cameras. She smiles and waves, giving all the fans around her a story to tell for a long time.

Williams: This is a homecoming for Fears. She grew up not too far from the O2 Arena. Looks like Zhalia is here as an observer tonight.

We cut back to Williams and Fury.

Fury: We see Zhalia Fears in attendance, and we know that La Flama Blanca, the UTA World Champion is

Victory: XXXIX

ALSO here. Things could get very interesting.

Williams: Dick, we are gonna have to wait and see on that. Coming up next... the UTA Hall Of Famer, the legend Ron Hall goes up against a newcomer to the UTA. Tonight we see the debut of Yeshua Pandemonium.

Fury: From THE luchador to a new one, a lot of Mexican talent making some noise in the UTA. Can Yeahsure Pandamodium defeat the Hall Of Famer?

Williams raises an eyebrow.

Williams: Did you just say Yeah-sure Panda-Modium?

Fury: That's his name isn't it Jennifer? Yeahsure Pandamodium?

Williams: No, it's Yeshua Pandemonium.

Fury: How come it doesn't sound like that when Dick says it?

Williams: I just don't know. Anyway, don't go anywhere folks, Victory will be right back!

The Big Screen comes to life with just static. The static seems to zoom back, revealing a television. A midget in a filthy bunny costume, sits looking at the television. He seems mesmerized by the static on his television. Mindy and Sindy the conjoined sisters are standing behind him. He slowly raises his hands and places them on the screen of the television.

The midget slowly turns his head back to them.

Midget: It's time...

Deep shadow covers the screen.

Parts of the screen slowly lighten up to reveal what appears to be a silhouette.

In darkness, a blood curdling cacophony: the squeal of uncoiled winches, the rasp of hooks and razors being sharpened; and worse, and the howl of tormented souls. Above this din one particular victim yells for an encore with a mixture of tears and roars of rage.

Williams: This is...

Fury: Weird. Weird is what this is Jennifer.

Now the Screen is awash in people, crawling, scabbling, and shambling masses, some of them moving in

Victory: XXXIX

reverse. A sound like moaning accompanies them. The picture switches again. A figure stands in a carnival tent, its face shrouded. It points accusingly, not towards the screen, but at something unseen off to one side. The insect-like screeching sounds louder.

On the screen is a close up of a twisted smile. Inside that mouth is two words: "Yeshua Pandemonium" The mouth closes once, twice. The word remains. Suddenly the lights go out. Suddenly the screen seems to clear, what looks like the moon appears on it. Chanting begins from what seems nowhere.

It's not the moon at all, they realize. The shape is round like a full moon, but it seems to be made up of thin ribbons of cloud streaking against a night sky. And there's a face, we see, a face hidden in shadows, looking down from above. The picture has a grainy look to it as it changes. The scene is of the conjoined girls sitting in a chair in a straight-jacket behind them stood to their left is a reptilian figure. The nerve-wracking grating as if of some giant metallic insect sounds in the background, but the young girls don't seem to notice. The figure stood to the left of the girls suddenly changes position from the left part of the picture, to the right. Almost instantly the figure returns to its original position, but in that one moment in its changed location we see a huge man with a shadow covering his face. The young girls turns towards where that figure stood, and smiles.

Announcer: Hailing from the wrong side of the Apocalypse via Ciudad Acuña, Mexico.....

The stadium drops into darkness as this weird movie is playing out on the big screen. Suddenly pyros explode in front of the big screen, as the fans literally jump from the shock. The roving arm of the overhead camera picks out people in the crowd. As they realize there on the screen they hold the signs higher. Orange strobes cut around the arena as blue smoke billows from underneath the grating on the ramp way. The whole top of the entrance way bursts into a circle of flames.

Slowly rising directly through the flames in a huge throne; the throne seems to be made of bones all fused together with heat forming the chair itself. Sitting atop the throne is a masked man dressed entirely in black.

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

The throne rises fully onto the ramp way. It is none other than the Demon Ringmaster, Yeshua Pandemonium. He then raises his arms above his head in an age-old gesture of defiance and supremacy as phosphorus flames blast in twin columns to the heavens behind the throne. Flames surround the throne.

He sits motionless, emotionless. Then on some unseen signal he launches himself forward into the flames without a seconds thought, his dark eyes glaze over. He stands with his arms outstretched like a crucifixion; Flames lick around his mask and engulfs his clothing, yet he emerges from the other side unscathed. Justin Bieber vs Slipknot's Psychosocial Baby starts blaring out.

Announcer:YESHUA... PANDEMONIUUUUUMMMMM!!!!!!!

Laughing sadistically as he slowly walks towards the ring ignoring the cheers from the crowd. Yeshua,

Victory: XXXIX

dressed in his black and yellow clothes. As he passes a camera he stops and looks directly into the lens. He cocks his head to the side, pauses and took it all in.

Williams: The UTA has been bringing in some of the most unique superstars in the industry over the last few months, but none as colorful as the man we see in front of us now.

Yeshua climbs between the ropes and strides to the far side of the ring. Climbing the turnbuckle he lifts his arms up high to the cheers of the crowd. Flash bulbs blink from all around the arena catching this moment in history.

He gets down and stomps to the middle of the ring. He nods his head and stands in the middle of the ring whilst pyros explode behind him.

Williams: Ron Hall has a huge obstacle in his way here tonight.

Fury: Dick wouldn't be caught dead in a match with a guy who looks like this.

As Yeshua removes the bottom garment from his attire, Gold Medal by Tha Trademarc hits the PA.

Announcer: and his opponent....

Williams: Ron Hall has not had the best of luck in recent months other than defeating James Wingate at Ring King, but looking to turn that around tonight.

Announcer: Standing five foot eleven inches. Weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds!

Ron Hall steps from backstage looking out at the fans.

Announcer: "The Southern Rebel" Rooonnnn Hall!!!!!!

Fury: All of the other Hall of Fame members are gone, why can't Ron do the same?

Williams: There's still a lot of fight in Ron Hall, as we should see here tonight.

Hall reaches the ring absorbing the huge ovation for him.

Williams: This will be interesting with the conflicting styles.

The two men begin to circle as the bell sounds to start the match.

Williams: Here we go.. both men move in to lock up.

Yeshua moves under Ron's arms and rolls behind him wrapping his arms around Hall's waist and sliding

Victory: XXXIX

backward.

Williams: Quick belly to back suplex there by Yesua catching Ron Hall off guard in the early moments of this match.

Pandemonium rolls over, still holding Ron and pushes his way up. As the two men get to their feet, Yeshua turns Ron around and grabs his arm, yanking back.

Williams: Yeshua keeping the fast paced action going as he sends Ron Hall across the ring.

Fury: No way Hall will be able to keep up with Pandemonium's speed. This one is going to end quick.

Williams: Hall off the ropes and on the return, big arm drag by Yeshua.

Hall slams into the canvas and rolls over and up. he takes off toward Yeshua to try and catch him off guard but is caught by another arm drag.

Williams: Hall sent to the canvas again.

Yeshua quickly gets to his feet and runs forward. he leaps over Ron and continues toward the ropes.

Williams: Pandemonium jumps up to the second rope, leaps back... MOONSAULT! He hits his target!

Yeshua quickly covers Hall, lifting his leg.

Williams: This one looks to be over already.

Fury: Told you. Dick just doesn't see Ron Hall keeping up with someone like this.

The referee's hand raises a third time, but Hall is able to kick out last moment.

Williams: Ron Hall not out yet.

Fury: You asked Dick earlier tonight what would impress him. Well, Ron Hall kicking out after that does a bit.

Williams: Really?

Fury: Just a bit.

Yeshua rolls off of Ron and begins to get up, pulling Ron with him. Halfway up, Ron throws a fist into the gut of Pandemonium.

Williams: Ron Hall now trying to use old fashion hard hitting punches to take control of this again.

Victory: XXXIX

He grabs the arm of Yeshua and pushes him back into the ropes.

Williams: Hall with the whi- NO! Yeshua reverses. Ron Hall sent into the ropes yet again. On the return.

As Ron approaches, Yeshua leans down and grabs his lower body before lifting up and dropping backward, sending Hall to the canvas face first. The fans boo.

Williams: Flapjack by Yeshua Pandemonium.

Yeshua kips up to his feet before running toward the ropes. Behind him, Ron begins to push his way up, turning around.

Williams: Pandemonium off of the ropes.. on the return. Hall almost to his feet... Yeshua crashes through Hall... Shining Wizard!

Fury: Just stay down. That's the only advice Dick has for Ron Hall at this moment.

Yeshua makes his way over to t