

Victory: XLI

November 30, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

Introduction

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 Dr. Emo and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Ladies and Gentlemen welcome back to Monday Night Victory! I'm Jennifer Williams, alongside me for the very first time, it's former UTA World Champion... Dr. Emo!

Emo: Thank you, Jennifer! It's good to be hear, good to be in this chair, and good to be alive!

Williams: We are two weeks removed from an Earth-shaking night in Tokyo! International Affair saw a dramatic shift in the UTA's landscape, and tonight, the fallout begins!

Emo: What a card we have ahead of us, headlined by two blockbuster match-ups! Amy Harrison will defend here newly-won UTA Prodigy Title against the always-game Lew Smith...

Williams: ... and Will Haynes takes on Perfection in a battle between two of the most tenured wrestlers on the roster!

Emo: Not only that, but we've got the returning former champion, Yoshii, taking on Black Gu--... Lisil Jackson!

Williams: Plus Cayle Murray vs. B.R. Ellis, and the debuting Jeff Andrews vs. Santa Claus! Let's dive right into it!

Gods Among Insects

The opening chords to Queens seminal classic begin to filter through the speakers throughout the arena. As

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this song doesn't belong to anyone, it can only mean one thing. The crowd gives a cheer, not yet knowing just exactly how this was going to land. ? I've paid my dues ? Time after time

Williams: What the... ?

Emo: It's Queen, Jennifer. Jeez.

Williams: I know that, Doc, but why's it... ohhhh, wait!

The curtain hanging in the entranceway of the stage splits open. Out walks Colton Thorpe, decked out in a grey pinstripe three piece suit, but with an alteration only he is capable of pulling off: both sleeves to the jacket have been cut off. Hiding underneath the jacket, but it's center plate visible in the opening, the Wildfire Championship stares at the raucous Montreal crowd.

? I've done my sentence ? But committed no crime

Each step Colt takes is with a slight limp, and it is very evident to the faithful that even two weeks later, he is still recovering from the war he waged with one, Cayle Murray.

? And bad mistakes ? I've made a few

Opposed to walking down the rampway, he veers off towards his left, stopping short of the edge of the rampway. As he stands there, he looks out into the crowd, allowing their boos to engulf him. Little do they realize, it's music to his ears.

? I've had my share of sand ? Kicked in my face ? But I've come through

Turning back ever so slightly to look at the curtain he just walked through, he can't help but smile as confetti from the rafter slowly begins to trickle downwards.

? And we mean to go on and on and on and on

As the final word prior to the chorus is sung, the confetti from above transitions into a full blown downpour, littering the seventeen plus thousand fans in attendance. It is also in that moment that a clean shaven Eric Dane emerges from behind the curtain, wearing his three piece suit, sleeves attached, and his new UTA World Heavyweight Championship shining ever so brightly around his waist.

? We are the champions - my friends

Dane's Championship may shine brighter than nearly everything else within the arena, but it can easily be argued that his knowing smile easily rivals it. His presence is met with a mixed reaction, for no other reason than his Championship victory is the lesser of two evils when it came to Blanca's much despised reign.

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? And we'll keep on fighting ? Till the end

Taking a similar route to Thorpe, Dane veers off to his right, also stopping at the edge of the rampway. With a microphone in his hand, Thorpe and himself share a glance of mutual respect prior to shifting their focus towards the entranceway.

? We are the champions ? We are the champions

As the second 'Champions' echoes throughout in the Bell Centre, it acts as a rub in the face to the entire United Toughness Alliance, from the top levels of management, to the fans who scrounged their last loonies and toonies together for a ticket. Simultaneously, Thorpe and Dane throw their arms back towards the entrance way, and on cue, the one and only Madman Szalinski emerges, similarly dressed to kill like the two men prior.

? No time for losers ? 'Cause we are the champions of the World

Madman walks out to a mixed reaction as well, as the world is still left in shock at his return after a near year absence from the company. Madman walks between the two men, as Eric pulls the microphone in his hand towards his lips.

Dane: Now play our f(redacted)ckin' music!

Bypassing the opening instrumentals and lead in lyrics, Marilyn Manson's Arma-Goddamn-Mother***kin-geddon jumps right into it's main chorus, blasting through the overhead speakers.

? It's arma-goddamn-mother-fuckin-geddon ? (Fuck! Eat! Kill! Now do it again!)

All three men walk with a jaunty pace towards the ring, their contrast in entrances mirroring the contrasts in the two songs. Strutting towards the ring, Thorpe, Szalinski and Dane ignore all the ringside fans.

Emo: Thorpe! Madman! Dane! Three of the UTA's biggest movers and shakers are in the building, Jennifer! What a time to believe alive!

Williams: At International Affair, Eric Dane completed his quest to become UTA World Champion, and these two men had significant roles to play along the way.

Emo: These are three of the most talented grapplers the UTA has ever seen, Jen. Who knows what their alignment means for the rest of the roster, but I guess we're about to find out!

? It's arma-goddamn-mother-fuckin-geddon ? (Fuck! Eat! Kill! [etc])

Szalanski veers to the left, heading for the ring steps, while Dane stays right, making sure that the main

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camera angle gets the proper view of the crown jewel of the United Toughness Alliance. Colt, on the other hand, being new to suits and all, rolls underneath the bottom rope, wrinkling the shit out of it in the process.

? First, you try to fuck it ? Then, you try to eat it ? If it hasn't learned your name ? You'd better kill it before they see it

Szalinski and Thorpe stand tall in the ring, while Dane stands on the apron, staring out into the audience, clearly enjoying the ensuing coronation as new champion.

? It's arma-goddamn-mother-fuckin-geddon

After a brief delay, he splits the middle ropes, entering the ring as the music begins to fade out and all that is left from preventing complete silence is the various crowd noises. The three of them come together at center-ring and face the hard camera, all manners of smirk plastered across all three of their faces.

The World Champion speaks.

Dane: How does it feel...?

They want to cheer him, and they do....

Dane: How does it feel to finally be in the presence of a real World Champion?

The problem is, they know him. His arrogance is just too much for the casual fan to swallow. The cheering goes South in a hurry, replaced by hooting and hollering, booing and cursing, and the occasional tossed cup full of beer.

Dane: Now I could wax poetic about how great it is to be The Man until the cows come home, and I probably will before this is all said and done, but first...

More boos. The look on his face is enough to elicit it.

Dane: First let me introduce the man of the hour, the masked man with the power, the guy who provided me with the hammer and nails to single-handedly nail the lid shut on the coffin that was The Year of the Luchador...

Beside him Szalinski smirks.

Dane: MADMAN MOTHERF(redacted)CKING SZALINSKI!!

The Champ passes the microphone. The crowd does the reverse of eating this up. They're goin' bananas out there tonight, Brain!

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Madman: Lemme just say GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWD DAAAAA-

He stops himself.

Madman: Nah, not for you people. You ain't worth it.

Even though the blue in his trademark mask is now black, the laugh is still the same.

Madman: Not anymore. No. You don't get that Madman anymore.

Szalinski stops laughing. He points back towards Eric and Colt, but keeps his eyes and attention on the crowd.

Madman: I don't want to take anything from these two... they are the stars of the show. They are the future of UTA... and they are the ones you have to thank for seeing me here in this ring. Not James Wingate. Not Michael Lorenzo. And not anyone here. It was Eric... he gave me something. Something more than a second chance to come home... something even more than a front row seat to the end of Dynasty. He let me pull the trigger. He let me do to La Flama Blanca what Dynasty had done to me... what they had done to everybody that came against them. And I do not care what anyone outside of this ring right now thinks about it. Actually, let me tell you people something.

Madman leans through the ropes, pointing out at the crowd.

Madman: Thinking about you all when I should have been thinking about myself is how I got into this mess in the first place!

The former UTA Champion swings his head back into the ring, underneath the bottom rope. The crowd begins to boo and jeer at him, many still confused at what they are hearing from the perennial fan-favorite.

Madman: I should have just went ahead with my first instinct and fought fire with fire. I stayed away for ten months and watched you people try to pretend I didn't exist. You tried to erase my name from history and nullify my accomplishments. You can't ignore me anymore! I'm back! I'll be here as long as I want to be! I'll stay here... my home... until the end of

Suddenly, Szalinski darts out of the ring mid-sentence. He paces around the barricade, looking back and forth at different people in sections of the crowd.

Madman: You know something? What the hell have ANY of you done for me? Ever? I don't need your money, and I don't need your approval! Come to think of it, catering to you bastards and bitches out there is what's made life so hard for me the past four years! And it got me nowhere! I defied the odds and beat La Flama Blanca, in the middle of this ring, when everyone in the world thought for sure I was done. I did it on my own, no tricks, no excuses. Where were all of you then? All you had to do was demand my return! All you had to do was make your voices heard! Tell them "this guy is a loser, we want the REAL greatest masked

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champion in UTA history!" But NO! You sat back and let Dynasty run over the UTA, the company you claim to love so damn much! Did you really think Mikey Unlikely was gonna fill my boots? Will Haynes? You stupid people cheer for WILL HAYNES NOW? HOW DUMB CAN YOU GET?

The boos are no longer confused, and the Montreal crowd has no trouble finding its voice tonight. Madman points out a single fan in the front row, who is sporting a Will Haynes T-shirt.

Madman: You love the UTA so much, you bought a T-shirt with one of the biggest schmucks in this place on it, for a kid that probably ain't even yours.

The male fan (with a woman and young boy) is highly offended at Madman's comment and Szalinski has to lean back and dodge a swipe taken at him by another member of the crowd.

Madman: Sorry, I don't speak French. Voulez vous dou-che?

Madman rolls into the ring, avoiding a thrown cup. He cannot avoid the audible tsunami of boos. Eric and Colt appear rather amused by this. Sitting on his posterior, Madman points around the crowd with a wild look on his face and points directly at the fan who threw the cup, grinning and winking in their direction.

Madman: I'm not done with you...

Madman hops back up to his feet, dusting himself off in an attempt to appear normal, and approaches Colt.

Madman: Sorry if that took too long. I just don't want to tell these sheep TOO much, you know? This is your moment. I'll get mine later. Just...thanks for having me and all that. It's a pleasure to help you take over the world. Getting back at these two-faced people is just a little bonus.

Despite handing the microphone to Colt afterwards, Madman's last trio of sentences was directed at Eric Dane. Colt unfastens the Wildfire Championship that was once secured around his waist. Holding it in his right hand, he slowly raises the microphone in his left towards his lips. As he does so, the rumbling in the audience grows.

Thorpe: Comeuppance.

Colt lets out a smug, brief snicker.

Thorpe: That was what he promised you, the faithful, was it not? Cayle Murray promised all of you that the final scene of our five month story would see Colton Thorpe get his comeuppance. Well...

Colt raises his right arm high into the air, his hand firmly gripped on the leather strap to the Wildfire Championship. The boo-birds make their presence felt again, serenading the brash young superstar.

Thorpe: How does it feel to be lied to? How does it feel to realize that the man you've cheered and revered

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was nothing more than a mouthpiece that had nothing to back his words? How does it feel to discover that Cayle Murray is nothing more than an empty promise?

Lowering his arm, the championships strap reaches down the canvas. That smile on his face, he continues.

Thorpe: Say what you will about me, but since day number one, I've done everything I said I was going to. I've made outlandish claims, but I've always backed them up. I've been put in less than ideal situations, and I've flourished. I said I was going to beat Cayle Murray at International Affair, and I did. I've validated my proclamation of being the greatest Wildfire Champion this company has ever had, or will ever see. I've shown all of you what it takes to be a champion. I've shown all of you what a true champion is...

Colt looks over at Eric, unable to keep the arrogant grin off his face.

Thorpe: And speaking of a quality champion. Speaking of a true champion. Ladies and gentleman, it's my great honour to introduce to you, the man who ended the "Year Of The Luchador". The man who proved that just because someone has a championship in their physical possession, it doesn't mean they are of championship caliber.

Colt again snickers.

Thorpe: Lackluster, was it?

It is the one thing that Colt says that isn't met with incessant boos. The pot shot at La Flama Blanca and his championship reign is met with a mixed reaction from the rowdy Montreal crowd (and an audible "HAAAAA!" from Madman off-mic).

Thorpe: I present a new era for the United Toughness Alliance, and it's World Heavyweight Championship. I present the champion, Eric Dane.

The Thorpedo hands the microphone back to the smiling champion. He takes a step forward, obviously the forefront of this grouping of men and the entire promotion beneath them.

The awkward silence that hails him is bittersweet.

Dane: I came to this place six months ago a hardened, jaded man. I'd given up on wrestling as a profession years ago, turning my attention to promoting instead. I'd conquered the world of wrestling six times over in the past, and I'd made DEFIANCE into the powerhouse that it is today, so I came to the UTA.

He begins pacing.

Dane: I tried to shed the trappings of my previous run in the business. I tried as hard as I could to be the new and improved Eric Dane, now with 100% less psychopathy and violence.

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More pacing as he mulls over what to say next.

Dane: Needless to say, it didn't take.

He shrugs, apathetically.

Dane: And here I stand, Heavyweight Champion of the World. Beside me stands the man who broke the Wildfire curse, and the man who's been out-maneuvering La Flama Blanca since before it was cool. We stand here, the only men of consequence left in the UTA.

The boos start coming down again, hard and heavy.

Dane: We stand in front of you as Gods among Insects.

The pacing stops. His smile widens to near fatal levels.

Dane: As such, you may now address us as The Pantheon of the UTA. Wrestling Gods mingling with our subjects for amusement and sport.

Here come the beer cups again.

Dane: And if anybody wants to stand against us... Please, I beg of you, bring everything that you've got, because much like the WTFC found out, Dynasty found out, and the World found out at International Affair, we make it a habit to put the Proud back into their place, and to crush the weak beneath our boots.

His statement of intent finished, The Champion drops the mic. Marilyn Manson claws his way through the sound system again and The Pantheon wallow in a sea of confetti and contempt.

Emo: Woow, Jen! I guess we now know just how deeply this affiliation runs! Madman, Thorpe, Dane... together?! Look-out, UTA, things just got very, very dangerous!

Williams: LFB's title loss leaves Dynasty all but neutered on Victory, but a new power has emerged, Doc. God help anyone who stands in their way...

Arriving

A black Lincoln Town Car pulls up outside of the arena. The driver is quickly around to the back passenger side door, opening it. The camera starts from the bottom, building the drama of this reveal.

Brown dress shoes, polished nicely. Gray dress pants, freshly ironed. A light blue dress shirt, not tucked in but falling just at the waist. And finally, the shaved head, the ice blue eyes - the face of the one and only, Will "the THRILL" Haynes.

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The crowd responds positively to the images shown on the screen in the arena, their screams for the fan favorite reaching a high pitch.

Emo: We were told that Will Haynes will have a one on one later on this evening with Rumor Man Stan.

Williams: I'm sure they'll address Haynes' actions at the International Affair Pay Per View, more specifically the "chair shot heard around the world." Should be pretty interesting.

Haynes makes his way into the area between the barricades, reserved for Superstars and the like. Some of the crowd give him cheers of support, other members of the UTA universe don't even make eye contact with him.

Emo: Looks like some members of the UTA Universe are giving Haynes the silent treatment. Maybe they don't agree with his actions at International Affair.

Williams: It wasn't his fault that Mikey used Mary Jane as a human shield. He wasn't trying to intentionally hit her.

Emo: I agree, Jennifer. But he didn't exactly show a lot of remorse this week, in the lead up to his match with Perfection here tonight.

Williams: Everyone deals with things in a different way. You should know that, you're a Doctor.

Emo: Touche.

Haynes nods to the head security guard who recognizes him and lets him by without incident. Haynes steps inside as we transition back to ring side.

Jeff Andrews vs. Santa Claus

Williams: Well folks, after all that, it's time for our first match of the night!

Emo: I'm excited about this one! Santa's... Santa, but he's been around the block a bit, and Jeff Andrews is carrying a big reputation into the UTA. This should be fun!

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.

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Announcer: Hailing from the North Pole, and weighing in at 700 lbs! SAAANTAA! CLAAUUSSS!

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.

Emo: Do you feel like a kid at Christmas, Jennifer?

Williams: No, Why?

Emo: Because you look like one! You look ridiculous!

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.

Williams: A pre-match talk with Mrs Claus.

Announcer: And his opponent, making his Ultimate Toughness Alliance debut!

Cue "Gods and Punks" by Monster Magnet

? I'm a stoned jet fighter with a heart of gold ?? Well I'm really mad and I'm really old ?? And I rule this planet from high above ?? And it's time I sacrificed all my love ?

A wide-shouldered bald man in colorful fighting shorts and a ratty black leather jacket walks his way through the curtains and out onto the stage. With a smile on his face, he looks around the arena.

Announcer: He is a former four-time World Champion! Hailing from Deadman Crossing, Ohio, by way of Baltimore, Maryland, and weighing in at 263 lbs!

? And if you don't like what you see ?? Go ahead and take it out on me ?? I'm the Big Pig Apocalypse - ?? - and I ain't hard to please! ?

He spreads his arms out to his sides.

Announcer: He is the King of the Bittermen, the Cross-Wired Time Bomb, and He Who Once Was Dubbed

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'The Man'. Introducing... JEFFFFFF.... AAAAAANNNNNDDDRREEEWWWSSSS!!!

Andrews snaps his fingers.

Flashpots explode all over the stage as Andrews begins marching down to ringside.

Emo: Y'know, I've been wondering for quite some time if Jeff Andrews would ever get off his ass and join the UTA, and it has finally happened. This is a good day.

Williams: He seems pretty happy and laid back right now, but let me say, he earned his moniker of The Cross-Wired Time Bomb for good reason. It's not a question of if he's going to explode, it's when, and over what.

Emo: And of whether he's going to explode for a good reason, or over something stupid that wouldn't piss anyone besides him off.

Andrews whips his leather jacket off at ringside and rolls into the ring. He bolts madly across the ring, running the ropes, and then jumps to the middle rope, raising his fists over his head.

? I'm a stoned jet fighter with a heart of gold ?? And I rule this planet from high above ?? And I take what I take because I want what I want ?? And tonight I'm gonna rock with the Gods and Punks! ?

Williams: A great reaction for Jeff from these fans so far, but let's see how he handles himself in the ring.

As soon as the bell rings, Jeff Andrews comes running with clotheslines and drops Santa Claus hard to the mat. He grabs Santa Claus by the neck and pulls him up quickly.

Williams: Andrews is trying to make this a short match!

Emo: Jeff just went Full Grinch. You don't ever go Full Grinch.

Jeff Andrews grabs Santa Claus around the neck, with a headlock. He squeezes tightly and Santa Claus pushes Andrews back into the ropes and bounces him off. Andrews goes across the ring to the other side. He meets Santa in the middle of the ring only to be taken down with an arm drag, straight into an armbar.

Williams: Santa showing some good strategy there, using his weight to his advantage and slowing his notoriously easily frustrated opponent.

With Andrews down on the canvas Santa begins to apply some pressure. Santa brings Andrews up to his feet, with the arm bar still applied. Andrews pushes Santa back into the ropes and bounces him off. Santa releases the arm bar and comes off the ropes, Andrews comes at Santa with a shoulder tackle only to fall back himself.

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Williams: What was he thinking?

Emo: He didn't think that move through, surely he doesn't think it will faze Santa.

Andrews quickly gets to his feet. Santa comes at him with jabs - lefts and rights. Andrews manages to duck the last one and get behind Santa. Santa turns around into a big knife edge chop. Followed by another, and another. Andrews picks up Santa and drops him with a quick scoop slam.

Williams: What show of strength from Andrews!

Emo: Dick admits that he is impressed.

Santa holds his arm to his back and is screaming in pain. Andrews starts to stomp away at the chest and mid-section of Santa. Andrews then mounts Santa and starts hitting him with right hands. The referee begins his count as Andrews carries on his assault. As the referee is about to say five Andrews stops and gets to his feet.

Williams: What is he doing? He almost got himself disqualified.

Emo: He isn't letting up, he's not here to just win. He wants to finish of Santa.

Williams: Maybe he didn't get what he wanted for Christmas when he was a kid.

Andrews drags Santa up by the arm and locks up, ready for a suplex. Andrews goes to lift Santa up but Santa blocks. Andrews attempts it again but Santa blocks again. Santa lifts Andrews up in to the air and slams him down hard with a suplex of his own. Santa slowly gets up to his feet and drops down on Andrews with a leg drop and goes for the cover.

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Emo: Andrews just managed to kick out before the three there!

Williams: It could have all been over.

Santa gets to his feet and leans down and drags Andrews to his feet. He lifts Andrews up for another suplex but Andrews manages to get out and drop behind Santa. He rolls Santa up with a school boy cover.

1.

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2..

Santa kicks out!

Emo: Andrews almost stole a victory there!

Williams: This match is too close to call!

Andrews and Santa both get to their feet at the same time. Santa kicks Andrews in to gut. Santa grabs Andrews head and puts in between his thighs.

Emo: He's going for it! He's going for the Sleigh Ride!

Williams: If he hits this, it's all over folks!

Santa goes to hook Andrews arms but Andrews drops to his knees and hits Santa with a clean shot to the jaw. Andrews gets to his feet as Santa has his back to him. Andrews hooks Santas head and drops him down hard with a reverse DDT. He slowly gets to his feet and goes to the outside of the ring.

Emo: He's going to finish off Santa Claus here.

Williams: We've seen him finish off matches with this move!

Andrews climbs to the top turnbuckle and is perched. He slowly stands up and jumps off, flipping in mid-air. He comes crashing down on Santa with a Senton Splash off the top rope.

Emo: ULTRA GLIDE!!

Williams: This match is over.

Andrews quickly goes for a cover, hooking the leg of Santa.

1.

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3!!!

Williams: He did it! It's a debut victory for Jeff Andrews!

Monster Magnet hits the PA system once again, and a victorious Jeff Andrews slowly rises to his feet. The referee takes his hand and hoists it high.

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Emo: Santa thought his usual fight, but it just wasn't enough! Trust me, guys: Jeff Andrews is serious, serious business. Things just got a whole lot more interesting around here!

Williams: Big performance, big win! Can't ask for much more than that on your first night in the company! Welcome to the UTA, Mr. Andrews!

Far From Finished

A UTA backdrop hangs from a wall backstage. We won't been needing anything fancy for this one.

Murray: Thank you, Colton Thorpe, for the match of my life.

The former Wildfire Title contender, Cayle Murray, stands before the backdrop.

Murray: We really tore the house down, didn't we? We gave 'em exactly the kinda match I knew we could deliver. It was the kind of match people will be talking about for years, and I know I'll never forget...

He's wearing a zipped-up grey hoodie with his black and red wrestling tights. Aside from his signature gloves, Cayle's all-set for his match with B.R. Ellis.

Murray: I'll never forget my music hitting, and walking-out in front of 60,000 friends. I'll never forget the fans catching me when I fell from the tower, or kicking-out of your Thorpedo. I'll never forget the feeling of imminent victory...

Cayle's tone, expression and posture noticeably sour.

Murray: ... and I'll sure as daylight never forget the low blow and the handful of tights.

The head bows for a brief moment. Cayle shakes it before looking back to the camera.

Murray: I've dealt with a lot of thoughts this week, and not all of 'em positive. Truth is, International Affair was the biggest night of my career, and I couldn't pull it off. That night, I just wasn't strong enough to overcome Thorpe's lack of honour, and it hurt, my friends. It hurt more than anything in the world.

He pauses.

Murray: But it happened, and I can't escape that. I walked into the Tokyo Dome and fell by Colton Thorpe's hand.

A chorus of jeers resonates through the walls, catching Cayle's ears.

Murray: No, I don't like it either... but that's the truth of it. You heard him earlier, didn't you? "Murray failed, he couldn't deliver on his promise, he's finished."

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A smile starts forming from one corner of his mouth.

Murray: I'm here to tell you I'm far from finished, my friends. On the contrary: I've never felt more alive!

The expression stretches wide across his face now.

Murray: It took a lot of soul-searching, but I've come to terms with it. That match meant the world to me, but I've dug deep, confronted my shortcomings and start making sense of what happened. I've been knocked down, but I stand here twice as strong as the man I was before. I walk these halls not with shame, but with my head held high because I've learned from it. I've grown. I lost to Colton Thorpe, but a loss only means defeat if don't react the right way.

Another quick pause.

Murray: So thank you, Colton Thorpe, for making me better.

The smile returns.

Murray: Tonight, we soldier on and push forward, because I will never stop fighting men like Dane, Thorpe and their "Pantheon." I came here to stand for what I believe in, and I'll keep going 'til my lungs collapses and my heart stops dead in my chest!

Passion flows through his words, reflecting on his face and body language.

Murray: You're not gonna see a broken down, diminished Cayle Murray wrestling B.R. Ellis tonight: you're gonna get the strongest Cayle Murray you've ever seen, and it's all because of Colton Thorpe. The journey's not over yet, my friends. Keep the faith, because I'm just getting started.

Williams: Cayle Murray is on fire, Doc! Disappointed, but not defeated, he sounds dead-set on moving things forward tonight!

Emo: Exactly the kind of passion we expect from Murray, but it's gonna take a big effort to revound from such a crushing loss, Jen. We'll find-out if he's got what it takes a little later on.

Cut.

Montreal Warning

Back at ringside, the uppity tempo to "The Bitch is Back" by Elton John kicks in as the fans are cheering.

Williams: Wait a second, I thought Marie Van Claudio wasn't supposed to appear.

Emo: This is her hometown and she has every right to appear unless someone's playing a joke.

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Soon enough she does come out of the back to loud cheers. She opens up her hands and leans back to soak in her hometown crowd's cheers.

Williams: Ladies and Gentlemen, Marie Van Claudio has returned!

Emo: As I said, this is her hometown, but what is the reason why she's back so soon?

Marie walks to the ring, shaking the hands of the fans that are greeting her and signing some stuff. She carefully gets in the ring and grabs a microphone as the fans are chanting for her.

Crowd: Welcome Home! Welcome Home!

Marie smiles at the crowd chanting for her. She goes to raise the microphone and begins to speak.

Van Claudio: Montréal, je suis à la maison!

The fans let out a louder cheer as a smirk comes across Marie's face.

Williams: The fans here are happy to have Marie home!

Emo: Even though I'm not a BIG fan of her, I admire the fact that she's been here as long as she could, but still there has to be a reason why she's here.

The fans chanting dies down as she goes back to speak.

Van Claudio: I'm sure a lot of you are surprised to see me on Victory this week, but considering that this is Montreal, I wanted to come on and address something.

The fans want to know what's going on, making them lean in.

Van Claudio: At International Affair, I had a mission and that mission was to become champion, however, it wasn't my night.

The fans are booing as she's not champion.

Van Claudio: And in that match, I suffered a couple of injuries, one of them being a knee injury that I suffered.

The fans keep on booing.

Williams: Knee injuries aren't fun to have, but I really hope this is not serious.

Emo: Well she managed to walk down to the ring, didn't she...?

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Marie takes a deep breath.

Van Claudio: However, there's good news to this and it was the best present that I received this year.

Fans want to know what it is as they lean in

Van Claudio: I don't need to have surgery, and I can resume activities this week!

Fans explode in cheers knowing that she doesn't need to have surgery at all.

Van Claudio: Hold on, there's another thing I have to address and it's regarding our NEW Prodigy Champion, Amy Harrison.

The fans let out boos so loud it reaches new heights in the Bell Centre

Williams: Amy Harrison seems to be Montreal's Most Hated after her win and actions at International Affair.

Marie holds her ear out so she can hear it louder.

Van Claudio: Boo her. Give her your thoughts because she has to hear it from you guys. You guys deserve to have better than her.

Crowd: Amy Sucks! Amy Sucks! Amy Sucks!

Marie nods in agreement.

Van Claudio: Let her hear it. Tell her that she sucks and I don't mean anything else. Amy, I have to say, I was pretty impressed with your come back and how you won the match, but I have to ask you this.

Emo:: Not going to lie, that was pretty impressive.

Marie stands in the ring and pauses.

Van Claudio: Who the hell you think YOU are hitting me in the face like that?!

The fans are booing at the statement.

Van Claudio: I don't care if you are champion or not, hitting me in the face with a title doesn't SUIT well with me!

The fans are cheering for this as Marie gets fired up.

Van Claudio: I'm going to give you warning right now, hussy...

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Williams: Marie's sending a warning out to Amy.

Emo: This could also backfire on her!

Marie tells the camera to come closer

Van Claudio You better have one eye open because you're a MARKED women and if I have to EARN my shot at the championship you are holding, if you can make it out alive tonight against Lew Smith, I will do it!

The crowd begins chanting for MVC as she smirks.

Van Claudio: Amy, I wish you luck in your title defense. You're DEFINITELY going to need it.

She drops the microphone as her theme song kicks in while the fans begin clapping as we fade out.

Williams: Em-Vee-Cee is here, Doc, and she's primed and ready!

Emo: This adds a whole new flavour to Amy's defence against Lew Smith tonight, Jen! Marie's pissed at Amy's actions in Tokyo!

Williams: The bad blood between these two just keeps brewing, and things are finally reaching boiling point. Marie--... hey, hold on! I'm hearing Amy Harrison is backstage, ready to speak! Let's cut there now!

Crushing Dreams

The scene fades to the back as we see Kate Kincaid standing in front of the Victory backdrop with a smile on her face.

Kincaid: Thank you, Jennifer! Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome, Amy Harrison.

Amy walks up, holding her title around her shoulder and looks at Kate.

Kincaid: Amy, a lot of people are shocked about how you wo-

Amy puts her hand in the face of Kate as puts a finger on her lips.

Harrison: I'm going to stop you right there, because I know what you're going to say. You're going to talk about how I won the ladder match, how I'm Prodigy Champion and what I'm going to do against Lew Smith tonight, is that right?

Kate nods, Amy shakes her head

Harrison: I've already said tons about what has happened at International Affair, how I nearly broke my back,

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how I soldiered myself to climb the ladder and become champion, and how I smashed a certain Montreal native in the face with my title.

She gets a devilish glare on her face, knowing that Montreal hasn't won anything in years.

Harrison: I was doing her a favor, because that's the closest anyone from Montreal will get to winning a championship.

She keeps on smirking and takes a look at her title to pat it.

Harrison: Now, as for tonight, I'm going into this match fully focused, and I really hope that Mr. Smith does not take me lightly. Actually, I wouldn't mind it, because it would just make the job a lot easier.

Kate goes to talk again, but Amy cuts her off.

Harrison: Either way, I'm going to prove a point tonight, prove that I'm not a pushover, I'm not going to just step aside and let others take all the glory, and I'm not going to let anyone take this title away from me.

Kincaid: Amy, Lew doesn't go down without a fight. You should be rea-

Amy gets pissed off as she glares at her.

Harrison: I DON'T CARE! I don't care if he says he doesn't go down without a fight. Guess what? NEITHER DO I!

Kate jumps back as Amy keeps on glaring at her.

Harrison: When tonight is over, everybody here is going to finally get to see what a true champion looks like.

Amy takes one more time to look at her belt and back at Kate.

Harrison: If anyone here still doesn't understand what I'm saying, just compare me to the Tampa Bay Lightning, and I'm here the crush all of your dreams.

Amy chuckles as she walks away leaving Kincaid in disgust.

Emo: Jeesh, that was just nasty from Amy Harrison!

Williams: She's not playing around, Emo! There's clearly no love lost between her and MVC, but she's primed and focus on Lew Smith, as she should be!

Lisil Jackson vs. Yoshii

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Emo: Welcome to back to ringside, folks! Now this should be a good one!

Williams: Yessir! The ever-rising Lisil Jackson vs. Yoshii, the former World Champ?! This is a potential barnburner!

Emo: The crowd is anticipating the arrival of both of our next competitors.

Better Must come by Geego begins to play over the loudspeakers and Lisil Jackson walks out with a bold smile on his face raising his arms up bobbing his head to the music.

Williams: Here comes The Jamaican Ninja Warrior!

Emo: This should be interesting.

Lisil walks down the ramp slapping the hands of many fans as he does.

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston Jamaica.,.,.,

Announcer: Standing at six feet and three inches and weighing in at two hundred and fifty three pounds...

Lisil slides into the ring and gets on the top rope and points out to all of the fans before he slides off his sunglasses.

Announcer: He is the Jamaican Inspiration! Lisil Jackson!

Lisil slides off his Hawaiian Shirt, gold chain, and his fedora setting them down on the ring apron.

Williams: Lisil looks to be all business.

Emo: He will have to be.

Lisil throws a few punches in the air with a bold smile ready for the match.

Emo: Lisil is ranked in the top ten now. He is climbing the proverbial ladder.

Williams: A win here would be huge for Lisil Jackson. He will have a real test here tonight.

The lights dim just a bit and a tint of red light fulfills the entry ramp right as Japanese "Bushido" plays over the sound system.

Out steps Jed Dye on to the stage. He stops and straightens his tie then turns around and hosts both hands toward the entrance to introduce the monster sumo mammoth from Japan, Yoshii.

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Emo: Rear Naked Choke! Lisil could cause Yoshii to tap here!

Williams: No Way!

Yoshi attempts to get to the ropes to break the hold. Dye beats on the apron with real concern. Yoshi uses his weight to push the two men towards the ropes. Lisil continues to apply pressure.

Williams: Yoshi reaches for the ropes! Almost there...

Emo: Yoshi reaches the ropes! The referee breaks the hold.

The referee resumes the match. Jackson rushes Yoshii but he counters with a vicious spear! The whole ring shakes from the impact.

Emo: Wow. He nearly cut Lisil in half with that spear. Jackson is now holding his ribs flat on his back!

Williams: Yoshii rolls over draping his left arm over Lisil for the pin!

Emo: Jackson kicks out! Quick kickout by Lisil.

Jackson beats Yoshii back to his feet still favoring his ribs. Lisil works the crowd then hammers Yoshii in the forehead with a violent strike. Yoshii is still on one knee attempting to get back to his feet. Jackson balls his fist then hammers his opponent once more. Yoshii thrusts forward with a backhand chop across Lisil's chest.

Williams: Yoshii counters! Lisil has gotten Yoshii to one knee twice in this bout. Both times he was unable to capitalize.

Yoshii again with a huge slap across the chest of Lisil Jackson. The slap echoes and awes the crowd.

Emo: Jackson is in trouble. He continues to backpaddle now finding himself in the corner.

Williams: Yoshii is cornering up Lisil and begins to close in.

Yoshii pushes Jackson up against the turnbuckle. Lisil gets turned around facing the crowd now. Yoshii wraps both of his massive arms around him. Lisil however attempts to counter, he extends his hands out latching on to the ropes at the turnbuckle. Yoshii uses his weight to lift up and over his head. The Jamaican Ninja Warrior thrashes for the ropes but is pulled away into a vicious german suplex.

Williams: The crowd is loving this one.

Emo: Yoshi goes for the pin!

Williams: Jackson kicks out at one!

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Emo: Both men are now back to their feet and looking for a fight. The atmosphere is electric here.

Yoshi charges Lisil but he counters with a sharp kick. Jackson continues to kick and strike Yoshi using his speed to do damage.

Emo: Lisil using his speed to change the pace of this matchup. He needs to stay on him.

Williams: Speed is one weakness of Yoshii but his power often compensates. Jackson is nailing Yoshi with those Muay Thai knee shots now.

Jackson continues his assault. Lisil grapples Yoshii into an Irish whip. He sends him into the ropes and he nails on the return with a flying elbow. The shot sends Yoshi back towards the ropes and he falls out of the ring to the outside. Jed Dye confers with Yoshii on the outside as the referee begins his count.

Williams: Jackson is rolling now. Yoshii needs a moment to talk it over with Dye.

Emo: Jackson is now climbing the turnbuckle. Look out!

Yoshii and Dye are completely unaware of this as the referee's count reaches three. Lisil steadies himself on the top turnbuckle then whistles loudly. Both men turn towards him as he dives off. He kicks Yoshii in the mouth with a vicious kick avoiding Jed completely.

Emo: Wow. That kick from the top turnbuckle was righteous.

Williams: Yoshii caught himself on the announce table here before he could fall to the floor. Jackson is taking the fight to Yoshi.

Emo: Yoshii is staggering now. That kick took so much out of him. Did you see how Lisil completely avoided Jed there? Amazing athleticism on the part of Lisil Jackson.

Jackson pushes Yoshii towards the ring but he spins around suddenly. He headbutts Lisil causing him to stagger backwards. The referee's count has reached 8 as Yoshi rolls in the ring. Lisil gathers himself quickly then chases after Yoshi. He slides back in the ring. Before he can get to his feet, Yoshii drops down on him. Lisil feels the full weight of Yoshii on top of him pinning both shoulders flat to the mat. The referee rushes in for the count.

Williams: Two and three quarters! Jackson powers out at the very last second.

Emo: The full five hundred pounds of Yoshii was on top of him. I'm surprised he got out of that. Close one there for Lisil.

Yoshii pulls Jackson to his feet standing behind him. Yoshii wraps both arms around him hoisting him up in the air. He squeezes Lisil in a bear hug. Yoshii continues to apply pressure while Jackson squirms to escape.

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The referee comes in close to watch for a tap.

Emo: Lisil Jackson is in a tough spot here. Yoshii is trying to squeeze the life right out of him. The former champion could be looking to finish this one.

Williams: Lisil's eyes are now bulging as Yoshii continues to apply pressure..

Jackson continues to squirm looking for a way out while Yoshii squeezes with all his might. The hope of his people is all that wills on Lisil now. Jackson begins slamming the back of his head into Yoshii's face. Yoshii is relentless with the hold and continues to squeeze. Lisil continues to snap his head back, finally he busts Yoshii's nose causing his eyes well up. He releases the hold to clear his eyes.

Williams: Lisil continues to counter the much larger Yoshii. No real height advantage when you are outweighed by this much. Lisil has refused to back down and this crowd loves it.

Emo: The Jamaican Inspiration continues to thwart the plans of Yoshii.

Yoshii has a small spot of blood dripping from his nose. The referee checks the nose before he signals to continue on.

Williams: Dye has real concern across his face. Yoshii has been unable to put Jackson away. Lisil is using his brains and speed to combat the former world champion.

Yoshii clears his eyes then slaps his chest indicating he is ready to go. The Jamaican Ninja Warrior charges but misses Yoshii and hits the ropes of the opposite side. Lisil bounces off the ropes as Yoshii turns around to face him. Jackson flies back at Yoshii nailing him with the Jamaican Comet!

Emo: The Jamaican Comet! The Jamaican Comet!

Williams: Yoshii hits both knees after the violent shot!

Emo: The Jamaican Ninja Warrior is yet to get Yoshii down but he has took the fight to him in this one. The crowd is on their feet!

Yoshii looks up at Lisil while Jed bangs on the apron attempting to get Yoshii back to his feet. Jackson rushes in but Yoshii counters once more with a scoop slam! Yoshii goes for a quick pin.

Williams: Kickout by Lisil Jackson! Yoshii continues to counter Jackson's unique offense.

Emo: Yoshii has the heart of a champion and will not quit. Lisil is now back to his feet as Yoshii circles him. He looks like a wild animal circling its prey.

Williams: Yoshi rushes in for a quick headlock!

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Yoshii locks in the side headlock. Jackson continues to twist and squirm attempting to escape. Lisil braces himself in position to break the hold. He pushes Yoshii off towards the ropes. Yoshii whips around as Jed watches on from ringside. Lisil grapples him into an irish whip. Yoshii bounces off the ropes and Jackson nails him with a thrusting push kick to the chest! Yoshii falls flat on his back searching for air.

Emo: Lisil Jackson with The Tsunami Kick!

Williams: Yoshii shook the whole ring when he hit the mat! Lisil is looking to pin here.

Emo: No he's not...

Lisil walks towards Yoshii but takes no chances here, he heads for the corner turnbuckle. The crowd are all standing as he climbs to the turnbuckle. Jackson stands up on the turnbuckle as flashes light up all around the ring from cameras. Lisil leaps off...

Williams: The Bird of Paradise! The Bird of Paradise!

Emo: He's going for the pin!

Williams: One!

Emo: Two!

Williams: Three! Lisil Jackson has just defeated a former world champion!

Emo: I thought Yoshii had him a time or two. The speed of The Jamaican Ninja Warrior was too much in the end for Yoshii.

Announcer: And your winner..... Lisssssssillllll Jackkkkksssoooooon!

Jackson looks over at Yoshi breathing heavy as the crowd praise both men with cheers. Lisil walks over to the former world champion and extends a hand towards him. Yoshii reaches up and grabs it. Lisil then helps him up with Dye on the outside condemning the gesture.

Williams: Both of these men are class acts and the crowd loves it.

Emo: Dye appears not to care much for it.

Williams: Regardless, this is a career-making win for Lisil Jackson! He just defeated one of the biggest -- pun intended -- stars in UTA history!

Emo: You're not wrong at all. Lisil's career trajectory has been pointing upwards since the day he arrived, but it's about to sky-rocket. What a performance!

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A Sit Down with Stan

We head away from ringside. Two chairs, a small table between them, and the cameras are rolling. Rumor Man Stan is the first to speak.

Stan: Hello UTA Universe. I am of course your Rumor Man himself, Stan. And tonight, I have a special treat for all of you. I'm here with none other than Will "the THRILL" Haynes. And Will, forgive the lack of softballs here but I'm just gonna jump right in.

The camera widens to show Haynes in his attire from earlier - brown dress shoes, gray dress pants, and a light blue dress shirt. He nods his head indicating he's fine with the hard hitting brand of journalism Stan is trying to show tonight.

Stan: Will, you didn't make Mikey Unlikely say "I Quit." Do you feel as if you truly won that match? Do you feel like you perhaps cheated the fans out of a decisive finish?

Next to him, Will's face scrunches into a ball. The question clearly catching him off guard. He runs his hand over the back of his neck and answers.

Haynes: I think everyone who purchased International Affair, everyone who saw that match knows that neither Mikey or I held anythin' back. Every punch, every move we delivered was as stiff, as hard as we could make it. There wasn't any love lost in that one.

Stan: But Mikey didn't say the words, he never said, "I Quit."

Haynes shrugs his shoulders.

Haynes: Nah he didn't. But Mary Jane, she threw in the towel on 'em. Couldn't stand to see the blood pour down his face like that. Frank Knox called the match too. Soon as Mikey couldn't answer the call. Did Mikey a favor if you ask me, I could've done some real damage with that Backstory. Not that I wanted to, a' course.

Stan smirks a bit.

Stan: About that, Will, did you go into this one to try to intentionally cause as much damage as you could to either Mikey or even Mary Jane?

Haynes: God no. Look, whatever happened in Japan, can't we just keep it there? Do I got t' really sit here n' answer these questions? I've got a match here tonight. Let's talk 'bout that.

Stan holds his hands up, trying to get back the interview.

Stan: All in good time my friend, all in good time. A lot of folks want to know more about your mental state in this "I Quit" Match. Can you please tell us if it was your goal to create as much damage as you could as it

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pertains to Mikey or Mary Jane?

Haynes: I didn't mean t' crack Mary Jane with that chair. I didn't mean t' toss Mikey n' myself off the stage. Everything that happened was a result of me being pushed t' the edge. Being pushed too far. I worked hard t' get back in ring shape for that one. I worked hard t' be able to walk into International Affair n' kick the snot outta Mikey. N' I won't let people's wild conspiracy theories take that WIN away from me.

He nods his head. This is all said as a matter of fact, not opinion.

Stan: Fair enough, Will. I guess this is as good a time as any to tell everyone that on the NEXT Victory I will be sitting down with Frank Knoxx. He's set to explain his decision to call the match.

Haynes: I'm sure Frank will have a good explanation. He's one a' the best in this business.

Stan: Truer words have never been spoen. But like you said earlier, you have a match here tonight. You're taking on the Number One Contender to the World Title, Perfection. Thoughts on this one, Will.

Haynes: Another matchup for the ages. Perfection is a house hold name. He's held the UTA World Title. He's climbed the mountain. You've got t' respect that. I just wish, like most a' the world, his attitude was a bit different.

Stan: I'm right there with ya.

Haynes: It's not about talent with him. He's got talent in spades. It's about his attitude. No one owes him anything because of what he ONCE did. It's all about what you're doing NOW, what you can do in the future. He'd do well to keep that in mind heading int' this one. Don't want him lookin' back only to finally look up n' me t' catch him in the THRILL Ride. Be a real shame.

There's the smirk on Haynes' face again.

Stan: I mean, Will, would that really be the worst thing?

Haynes laughs a bit.

Haynes: Nope, wouldn't be the worst thing at all.

Stan: You have a bit of history with Eric Dane. Do you think if you beat Perfection tonight you should have a shot at D