

# Victory: XLVII

February 1, 2016 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

## VICTORY

The scene opens inside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room. Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix, both adorning their world famous #getoverit t-shirts, stand either side of what looks to be the back of OG Thumper without the head of his suit on... meaning that the UTaverse are getting a world exclusive of the back of THE REAL...OG thumper's head!

Kendrix: Make sure you keep your head, bruv... remain professional, yeah?!

Unaware that the camera has begun rolling, Kendrix picks up the OG Thumper head from the bench behind them and fits it on top of the person wearing the suit. OG Thumper slowly turns around to face the camera, as the trio realize they are live.

The Bunny is holding the mic in hand. He looks as down and dejected as ever. Although the faux smile on his stupid rabbit face is plastered on, he slumps his shoulders.

OG Thumper: Good Evening ladies and gentlemen, I am Jamie Saw...

Mikey grunts HARD and cuts him off.

Unlikely: Like we told you!

Thumpers giant head moves from Mikey back to the camera.

OG Thumper: I am Pablo Cottontail, aka OG Thumper, and with me as always is The World's Greatest Entertainer and The Future of the UTA. The Hollywood Bruvs.

The pair shake their heads.

Unlikely: You don't sound very excited to be here Thump!

Kendrix slaps the back of Thumper's head.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! What's up with you Thumps? Ever since The Future of the UTA and the Greatest Entertainer... in the world welcomed you into the Hollywood Bruvs... You've let the fame run to your head!

This time he slaps the top of OG Thumper's head.

Kendrix: Let JFK remind you that being a Hollywood Bruv not only means that you are the very best that this

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industry has to offer... but you are also noble, humble and respectful... Obvs!

Unlikely: Totally obvs!

Kendrix puts a brotherly arm around OG Thumper as he holds his other hand out wide by his side.

Kendrix: But it seems that you, Thumps, have ignored the principles that JFK and Mikey hold so dear... you've gone out of control!

OG Thumper lifts his head up from its drooped position and looks up at Kendrix, as if he's shocked at the accusation.

Kendrix: Two weeks ago, JFK was looking forward to a fair fight against CBR. But that fair fight was thrown out the window when SOMEONE... attacked poor Claude during his interview right before the match.

Mikey points at Thumper behind his line of sight.

Kendrix: Now, people have had the audacity to say that it was Mikey who attacked CBR?!

Mikey closes his eyes, shakes his head and opens them and his mouth in both utter shock and disappointment at those very accusations.

Kendrix: But those people... are bellends! Because it was you Thumps... it was you who jumped CBR. And it was you who spoiled everyone's night by preventing JFK from teaching CBR... a wrestling lesson!

Mikey now slaps the back of Thumpers head.

Unlikely: Unbelievable! Now Kendrix and I can appreciate attacking a bellend as well as the next guy, but not someone we are scheduled against! That's just not fighting fair, and if there's one thing the Hollywood Bruvs represent, its square odds. That being said... I think it's time we let you go Thumper.

Kendrix nods along.

Unlikely: Your time in the Bruvs is officially through. Pack your Easter Basket and get the hell outta here! And if you don't like it...

The pair point to their signature T Shirts.

In Unison: Get over it!

Mikey points off camera. He takes the mic from Jamie... Er... OG Thumper. Kendrix kicks at the rear end of the rabbit, but just misses as he walks out of view.

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Unlikely: Now I'm sorry you people had to see that.

Addressing the camera directly now.

Unlikely: Let's get down to business. Last week on Victory, the world took a collective gasp of disappointment. Yes it's true! Mikey was unable to attend and make an appearance! I know! Unfortunately I had to go out and promote my enormous, huge, giant, awesome, movie... Back to the Future!

Unlikely reaches behind the curtain and grabs a sign he had prepared. It's a movie poster for Back to the Future. In huge letters it reads: "IN THEATERS FEBRUARY 19TH!" He hangs it over the WrestleUTA logo. Mikey pulls a BTTF ball cap from his back pocket and adorns it as well.

Kendrix: JFK's already got his tix, bruv!

The two point at one another in a mutual showing of respect.

Unlikely: Enough about my major cinema success, while I was unable to attend last week, I did see a clip that I found extra amusing. It appears Lisil Jackson has challenged me to a match at All or Nothing!

The fans cheer inside the arena, it can be heard backstage. Mikey rolls his eyes. The bruv wait a second and both bust up laughing.

Unlikely: Really? That's what he wants? The man who drinks more soda than half of this country's fat, worthless population? That's fine with Mikey. I already put the man down, and effectively snapped his ankle. Ending his odds of winning All or Nothing, not that he ever had a chance in the first place. Now I'll just have to finish the job before I walk into All or Nothing and along with my bruv here, eliminate 38 Other UTA Rejects.

Nodding along in agreement with his best bruv, Kendrix strokes his beard prior to addressing the UTaverse.

Kendrix: As always, You're spot on, Mikey. But the All or Nothing match can wait. JFK becoming the unified Pregacy Champion...when he defeats CBR inside a steel cage... can wait.

Mikey nods along and pats his bruv on the back.

Kendrix: Because tonight, JFK not only gives the world a sneak preview of what he's going to do to CBR at All or Nothing... tonight, JFK shows the world their future... UTA World Champion... when he defeats CBR and four other bellends...

Looking over at Mikey nodding and pointing over at him he returns his gaze at the lens, accompanied by his trademark cocky smirk.

Kendrix: When he retrieves the briefcase hanging above the ladder... to become the next UTA Ace in the Hole. If CBR doesn't like it, if El Trebol doesn't like it, If Farthington, Ron Hall and Scott Stevens... don't like

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it... The two look at each other and smile, before turning back to the camera.

In Unison: Get over it!

The Hollywood Bruvs walk off as the scene fades away

AC/DC's classic rock anthem "Back in Black" echoes throughout the arena, the fans all are to their feet.

Emo: Back in Black only means one thing around these parts, Jen. Mr. Dan Benson, up next.

Williams: Nice that our royalty usage to AC/DC has decreased in the past few months. We must've been paying those guys a fortune.

Emo: Don't even get me started.

Benson is out of the back quickly giving the fans nothing more than a simple raising of his hand.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring FIRST, weighing in at two hundred and forty three pounds, standing at six feet two inches tall, from Minneapolis, Minnesota...he is the Natural Boy...DANNNNN  
BENNNNNSONNNNN

Benson slides into the ring on his stomach at the call of his name. He's up to a knee and then to his feet. It's only a microsecond after this that the voice of Lady Gaga begins to speak over the PA system as the fans begin to shake their heads. There's some boys simply because of the abrupt cut of classic rock into whatever the hell Lady Gaga's newest album was.

Williams: Well here she comes, Doc - Angel Kash. One of the UTA's most recent signings and if I'm being frank one I can't stand.

Emo: She certainly is entitled, isn't she?

Williams: Entitled, arrogant, and then some, Doc!

A spotlight forms at the entrance ramp as the various members of Kash's security team make their way out in advance of the Trillion Dollar Princess. First out is Leroy with a stern look on his face, some fans trying to draw his attention but fail to do so.

Williams: Like this whole Kash Security thing, who does she think she is?

Emo: She's Angel Kash, Jen. This is who she is. Love it or hate it.

Williams: Well I am certainly not thrilled with it!

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Todd walks out from behind the curtain now, another member of Angel's security team. He looks rather nervous, he tries to rally the crowd to applaud with them but they boo him down.

Williams: Her team working hard to get the crowd going, like can you believe this?

Emo: Jen are you jealous or something? She's got a lot of potential. Leave it at that and let her learn her own mistakes.

Williams: Well said, Doc.

Angel walks out now, after Todd's failed attempt to get the fans to their feet. Angel hits her mark flawlessly, tossing her hair over her shoulder as she blows a kiss to a fan in the front row. The smitten preteen nearly faints.

Emo: And I gotta say she just made one lucky guy's night.

Williams: I would have that kid tested immediately.

Angel snaps her fingers and Todd and Leroy escorted her down the ramp towards the ring. Benson meanwhile is barking at the official asking what in the world is going on. As she passes the fans she flips her hair, carefully avoiding them.

Williams: I don't blame Benson at all here, Doc. Angel Kash is treating this like the opening ceremony of the Olympics!

Emo: UTA is the grandest stage of them all, Jen. I always say that. Let the girl have her moment.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by her security team, standing at five feet nine inches tall, weighing and one hundred and twenty five pounds she is the TRILLION DOLLAR PRINCESS...THE BILLIONAIRE BARBIE...ANGEEELLLLL KASHHHHHH!

As soon as the referee calls for the bell Dan Benson is off and he's running, charging Kash with the forearm cocked and ready to send her into next week. Leroy yells out for Angel to turn and just in the nick of time, Kash dodges the speeding bull and Benson stops short of the turnbuckle, slamming on the breaks. Kash smiles, pointing to her head.

Williams: Look at how delusional she is, Doc. She thinks she outsmarted Dan Benson there.

Emo: Well I mean, she kind of, sort of - did.

Inside the ring Benson throws his arm trying to keep it loose as Kash shifts her weight uneasily from one foot to another, looking for a way to attack the much larger Benson. Benson moves with the confidence of a ring veteran and takes massive steps towards Kash closing their distance.

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Williams: And Angel Kash could find herself with her hands full and fast here, Doc.

Emo: Dan Benson ain't no one to redact with, Jen.

Benson just then and only just then grabs ahold of Angel Kash and pulls her, rather easily under his arm. He lifts Angel to the air and stalls there, allowing the air to rush to her head. The fans are stunned.

Emo: Jesus, that was all too easy for Benson to do there. Kash might be out matched here in this one.

Williams: Oh, wouldn't that be a shame.

Benson stalls just long enough for Angel to squirm her weight forward, so she falls as if she were going to land on her feet. She quickly throws an arm over Benson's throat and pulls him down with a desperation Reverse DDT.

Emo: Looks like that clumsy looking DDT was almost out of accident, Jen.

Williams: Well it hit it's mark, Doc. Don't know how happy I am about that though.

With Benson getting the worst of the impact, Kash is to her feet holding the side of her head. She brings her fingers carefully to the edges of her eyes checking her make up. She takes a step towards Dan Benson and kicks him in the shoulder. Another stomp to the shoulder and this time Benson grabs a hold of her foot and yanks her to the mat. She falls straight down, the back of Angel's head connecting hard onto the mat.

Emo: Ugly landing there by Angel.

Williams: Just like her face! Oh sick burn from Williams! Downtown for three!

Emo: Jen, get a hold of yourself partner! We're live here.

Williams: Sorry, Doc. She just really gets to me.

Benson pushes to a knee, then to his feet. Kash rolls over to her stomach, Leroy and Todd both barking different orders at her.

Williams: Her corner doesn't seem to be of any help so far.

Emo: No they don't, but that could change at any second. There's always strength in numbers, Jen.

Benson pulls Kash up and lazily tosses her into the ropes, bending down looking to Back Body Drop her over top. Instead Kash pulls up short. Benson gazes up at her and Kash delivers a kick right to the marbles.

Williams: What in the hell!?! Where is the ref!?!

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The ref is in the corner yelling with Leroy.

Emo: Leroy is complaining that the turnbuckle isn't tied correctly, the ref came over to check it out.

Williams: And Angel Kash just happened to benefit, huh?

Emo: I guess you could say she...cashed in?

Williams: I really hate you sometimes.

Emo: I'm much better than that other guy though.

Williams: I'll drink to that.

With Benson in pain, Kash pushes off the ropes and delivers a Running Knee to Benson's bent over face. Benson falls backwards.

Emo: Benson might be done here, Jen. I don't know how much more he can take.

Williams: He should be walking away with a win right now!

Kash covers. Leroy gives his pursuit of rope retying up and the official slides into position.

ONE... TWO... THR...

Williams: Dan Benson gets his shoulder up. Thank God.

Kash shakes her head, she argues with the ref it should be three. She holds up the fingers, the whole bit - even Leroy and Todd hold up three fingers. Hell someone in the crowd might've even held up three fingers but the ref still wasn't buying it. TWO COUNT.

The crowd echoed the sentiment a loud, "TWOOOOOO."

Emo: Angel Kash pleading her case but that's not going to happen. This one is being called straight down the middle like every other match here in the UTA. Our officials work hard, Jen.

Williams: Their job is difficult, Doc. That's for sure.

Benson is up and he's angry, he comes towards Kash swinging wildly with a clothesline that Kash has no problem ducking. She slips behind Benson but Benson rushes an elbow behind him in anticipation and he catches her flush in the head.

Emo: Backdoor Elbow there from Benson, vet savvy coming through.

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Kash stumbles, almost falling but Benson is there to snap her to the mat with a Reverse DDT. He pins.

ONE... TWO... THR...

Emo: Todd up on the apron! Official tending to him! Stopping the count.

Williams: You've got to be kidding me!

Emo: And Todd and the official are having words.

Benson is up in the ring, he takes steps towards Todd barking at him. The official moves out of the way, Benson turns around only to be clotheslined by Angel, Todd pulls down the top rope and out of the ring falls Dan Benson.

Williams: And again this security team is getting involved. I'm starting to get heated, Doc.

Emo: Started? Jen, you've been nearly irate with Angel Kash out here.

Williams: We're just polar opposites I feel, Doc. Nothing more than that.

Emo: As long as you can call her contests like any other there's nothing to worry about.

Angel steps out of the ring onto the mat. She looks down at Todd who nods his head. Angel leaps off nailing Benson, who is getting to his feet in a daze, square in the chest with a dropkick. Benson gets slumped back against the security barrier.

Emo: Is that how you make it rain, Jen?

Williams: You're trying all the Kash material early aren't ya, Doc?

Emo: That obvious?

Kash orders Tony to roll Benson into the ring, while Kash takes her time climbing the steel stairs. Once she reaches the top she pops a hand on her hip and poses for some flashbulbs in the crowd.

Williams: Look at this, posing for pictures. Worry about the match, Angel.

Emo: It's gonna cost her.

She steps into the ring, she pins.

ONE.. TWO.. TH...

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Emo: See. Cost her.

Williams: And she can't believe it. She's so dense!

Kash sits up in disbelief.

She stands, so does Benson. He's red with anger.

Emo: Ought oh. Dan Benson has had enough.

They charge, Benson delays waiting for it. Kash throws a clothesline and Benson is ready, willing, and able. It's the Shocker. It comes hard and fast for Angel Kash spiking her down on the mat.

Williams: Benson with the Shocker, and that should wrap this one up.

Emo: Wait a second, Jen.

Benson erupts throwing both hands to the side. He steps out onto the mat, climbs the near side turnbuckle and leaps into the air.

Williams: Dan Benson flying!

He pins Kash.

ONE... TWO... THREE..

Victory XLVII cuts backstage to the office of Michael Lorenzo, who is focused intently on his computer. So intent, in fact, that he doesn't notice a stranger enter his office until the door slams shut. Lorenzo looks up, his eyes squinted as he looks off-screen.

Lorenzo: Who's there?

A very familiar voice speaks up from the other side of the desk, his head barely peeking out over the monitor of the desktop.

Trébol: Down here, boss man.

Lorenzo peeks around his computer and gives a curt nod.

Lorenzo: Ah, Mister Trébol. Why might I find you in my office tonight?

El Trébol is about to speak, but Lorenzo holds up a single finger.

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Lorenzo: But I swear, if you are here to demand that I take your Wildfire Championship out of All or Nothing, I will toss you out of this office myself. It's already been done and I'd rather not listen to another of my competitors tell me about their sense of entitlement.

El Trébol throws his hands up, embarrassed.

Trébol: Sorry there. I'll just see myself out.

The little luchador makes an over dramatic exit, making it all the way back to the door, hand on doorknob, until he finally drops the act. Turning back to face Lorenzo, the grin behind the mask is obvious.

Trébol: Just messing with ya. All or Nothing isn't why I'm here.

El Trébol waddles back over to the desk and hops on top of it, much to Lorenzo's disapproval.

Trébol: I would like the briefcase to hang lower in the Ace in the Hole match tonight.

A long moment of silence followed by Lorenzo's heavy response.

Lorenzo: What?

El Trébol proceeds to explain with constant movement of his hands.

Trébol: Well I mean it's going to be too high for someone like me to physically reach it. It's the least you could do, for the fan's sake I mean.

After a brief moment of consideration, Lorenzo shakes his head.

Lorenzo: I just cannot allow it, Mister Trébol. If I showed you special consideration, I'd have to do it for everyone. It just wouldn't be fair.

El Trébol waves off the logic of the boss with a gloved hand. He sighs to himself.

Trébol: Yes, yes I understand. Although I think Cecilworth Farthington would've appreciated the participation briefcase. Special consideration and all. But no matter.

The little man slides off the desk and looks back at Lorenzo.

Trébol: I guess it's up to me, then, to make my own advantages. Safe to say, it'll be unorthodox. Consider this your warning, boss man.

And with that, the scene waddles into blackness, leaving the fans with one final look at the perturbed face of Lorenzo.

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Both women surge forward to the middle of the ring to lock up, with Ursula able to quickly slip around the Barker's backside. Barker sets her legs wide as Ursula pulls, Ursula unable to move Sabrina. Sabrina clears room with a massive elbow that dazes Areano.

Emo: Some vet like moves there from Barker to fight off Ursula.

Williams: Both women very hungry for a win, Doc.

Quickly Sabrina locks on a side headlock, Ursula quickly pushes Sabrina off.

Emo: Sabrina headed for the turnbuckle.

Williams: Vaults up and over a charging Ursula, Doc. Good use of the hands.

Emo: She's got some good skills, Jen.

Sabrina waves at Ursula.

Emo: Some attitude from Sabrina to open this one up.

Williams: Yeah, too much attitude.

Ursula rushes forward and throws a heel kick that catches Sabrina flush in the mouth. Ursula pins.

ONE... TWO...

Emo: Kickout Sabrina.

Sabrina sits up as Ursula grabs her neck pulling her to a knee, Sabrina surges and pushes Ursula back into the corner, connecting with a knee into her midsection. And then another and then another and then another.

Emo: Sabrina not letting up.

Sabrina runs back and connects with running shoulder into the midsection before bringing Ursula out of the corner and Suplexing her in the middle of the ring. Sabrina covers.

ONE... TWO...

Williams: Ursula able to kick out.

Sabrina wastes no time and yanks Ursula into the Release the Switch, pulling at Ursula's midsection.

Emo: Sabrina working hard here.

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Ursula pushes herself up quickly and grabs Sabrina's head pulling her backwards into a small package. Ref drops down.

ONE... TWO...

Sabrina pushes out of it and rolls to a knee.

Williams: Was almost the end for Sabrina there, Doc.

Emo: Indeed. Ursula is not to be taken lightly as she tries to make a name for herself here in the UTA.

In the corner Ursula holds her ribs, Sabrina takes off running driving an elbow into the side of Ursula's head.

Williams: And Ursula better watch here, Sabrina seems to be catching fire.

Emo: I'm fresh out of witch puns to use, Jen.

Ursula wanders into the middle of the ring as Sabrina charges forward and knocks her down with a clothesline. With Ursula down Sabrina pushes off the ropes, leaps in the air, and connects into Ursula's midsection with a Senton.

Emo: Sabrina showing she can go here tonight.

Williams: And Ursula is on the receiving end of a bit of punishment.

Sabrina hooks the leg.

ONE.. TWO...

Williams: Kick out by Ursula who's holding those ribs, maybe she hurt them, Doc.

Emo: Maybe that's a common injury in these matches, Jen. Good eyes.

Sabrina acts quickly and locks in another Release the Switch, testing those ribs of Ursula. Ursula fights through the pain and pulls Sabrina's leg aside as she fights to a vertical base, then using one arm Ursula flips Sabrina up and over.

Emo: Ursula not going down easy, showing some fight.

Williams: Bringing it to Sabrina here, Doc.

Ursula down on a knee in pain after the latest stretch. Sabrina charges with a wild clothes, Ursula underneath it. Ursula leaps into the air with a flying clothesline knocking Sabrina right out of her boots.

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Williams: Ursula going through the air, taking down Sabrina Baker.

Emo: This is exactly why this girl is in the UTA, Jen. She can fly.

Sabrina is up quickly but another flying clothesline comes. Sabrina staggers up, Ursula grabs her and Belly to Belly Suplexes her to the ring. Pinning attempt.

ONE... TWO...

Emo: Kickout by Baker.

Ursula is livid. She thought she had the three. Baker rolls to a knee and recovers in the corner.

Emo: Count might've been slow there, Jen.

Williams: I didn't catch it, Doc. Honestly.

Ursula turns her attention to Baker, closing towards her quickly. Baker throws an elbow, dazing Ursula who wasn't expecting it.

In the back, we see Kate Kincaid standing in front of the WrestleUTA backdrop wearing a baby blue blouse with her hair nicely done.

Kincaid: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, Marie Van Claudio.

The fans cheer as Marie walks in, wearing her UTA jacket that is given to the stars in the company.

Kincaid: First off Marie, I wanted to ask you how your dad's feeling after his attack.

Van Claudio: He's fine, but that's not what I am here to talk about.

Kate looks worried about what Marie might say.

Kincaid: I was just going to ask you about what Amy did...

Marie turns her head, looking at the smaller of the two with an irritated look on her face.

Van Claudio: That's what I'm exactly going to talk about!

Kate respectfully backs up to let Marie have her piece of mind.

Van Claudio: Ever since Amy lost her Prodigy Championship, which lead to her downfall, she's been on a mission to get rid of me for good.

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Marie shakes her head.

Van Claudio: From the never ending blame game to the blindside attacks. However, each time she does that, she fails.

Kincaid: Fails? What does she fail in?

Van Claudio: As in bringing me when she has that opportunity of doing so!

Marie keeps her eyes on her.

Van Claudio: Though, when it comes to calling HER out, Amy backs out of it and goes on to being the biggest coward this company has!

Marie's getting pissed off.

Van Claudio: And she showed it when she attacked someone, who cannot even defend himself because of what he has been through in the past!

Kate keeps her eyes on her. You can tell she wants to hug Marie after everything that happened.

Van Claudio: At All or Nothing, this ends! This long standing issue among the both of us ends!

She rubs her hands together, making the "I'm finished" sign with them.

Van Claudio: She wants to take me out for good? Then our match is the time to do it!

She looks back at Kate.

Van Claudio: This match isn't going to be "pretty", Kate.

Kate looks confused at Marie's comment.

Kincaid: Can you explain more?

Marie shakes her head "no" and pats Kate on the back.

Van Claudio: All or Nothing, you and everyone else will find out...

She backs away from the camera, leaving Kate still confused.

Cut to Second Coming getting thrown over the top rope by now World Champion Sean Jackson. She lands on top of her friend Kush becoming one half of the new UTA Tag Team Champions. The stock footage is

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grainy, perhaps a bit dusty. You're watching a memory after all.

Cut to Perfection, grabbing La Flama Blanca's legs as Blanca pulled Will Haynes in the air. Both men going over the top rope. Cut to Haynes catching the rope and rolling back underneath the ring, keeping his All or Nothing hopes alive. Cut to the death stare that Blanca shoots up at Perfection.

Cut to the stupid look on Perfection's face as he didn't even realize Hanyes wasn't eliminated. Cut to moments later when lil' Jimmy and Kush both were eliminated from the match. Perfection failing to win back his then World Title.

Cut to the knee to the side of the gut. Cut to the head connecting with the turnbuckle. The final moments of All or Nothing 2015 are playing out in full color.

Cut to Simon heading down from the back as the Game Called gets hit and Haynes falls limp. Cut to the image everyone remembers the most, Haynes being dumped over the top rope by Simon and Sean Jackson.

Now come back from the past to the present day. In front of you, Will Haynes.

Haynes: That was one year ago. This year...things will be different.

The graphic for All or Nothing plays as the promo draws to a close.

Banjoes can be heard playing in the background.

The scene opens to the garage area of the Salem Civic Center. We see the same brown beat up pickup truck, we are accustomed to. Of course, attached to the back is the silver trailer of the Dibbins Brounsins.

As we near the trailer a sign can be seen next to the door.

"Lokker Room"

The door to the trailer opens and out walks El Trebol Jr, and the Dibbins Brounsins. Both Trebol Jr. and Duke wear their respective titles around their waist. Duke has his inside out however, and the faceplate is not visible. The trio continue a conversation that began behind closed doors.

Trebol Jr: It's okay boys, I don't really want to go on a blind date with your sister. You can have her, I insist. The pair nod to themselves. Obviously excited about the prospect.

Duke: Less git down to busness tho...

He smacks Luke hard on the chest.

Duke: I gotsa defend dis 'ere Hardcore em up Title tonight! Elk Trouble 'ere has da Face in da Butthole

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match! We goin need you to be ready ta help!

The little man looks at his compatriots, his body language conveying a sense of reassurance to the Dibbins.

Trebol Jr: Between the two of you, I think you can handle Lance Mikes. He's here and everything...

Duke ducks looking around. Looking for Lance Mikes.

Duke: Where!?

El Trebol continues his encouraging monologue completely ignoring Duke's question.

Trebol Jr: . . .but I don't think, even in all of his years, he could ever fully prepare for a match with you two. You're two time hardcore champions for a reason.

The Brouskins try to highfive but miss one another's hands.

Luke: What bout you Elk Trouble!? Hows you gonna reach dat Suitcase?

El Trebol taps the side of his head, pointing out that between the three of them, he did have the largest brain.

Trebol Jr: Don't you worry one bit; I've got a plan.

El Trebol turns to Luke Dibbins, sizing him up with a hard glance.

Trebol Jr: Luke, how would you like to be ringside with me tonight?

Luke points to himself excitedly!

Luke: Yes sir! That would be so much fun! Lukey getsta be at ringside for a maint event!

His eyes go wide.

Luke: Can I hold your Forest Fire Title!?

El Trebol nods.

Trebol Jr: Sure, Luke. Maybe, by the end of the night, you'll be a star of the match as well.

And with the ominous statement, the trio exits off-screen as the video cuts to ringside for the Hardcore Title match.

The lights dim, as the steady beat of a guitar is heard playing and a soft voice is heard singing. as the words

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"always, always, always" are heard and the heavy beat of the guitar is heard Lance Mikes walks out, emerging from behind the curtains.

Williams: What a hot start this man is on Doc!

Emo: No doubt about that Jennifer, Lance Mikes has been on a tear the last few weeks! Not only that, but he stands more than an entire foot taller than his opponent tonight!

Announcer: Coming to the ring, He stands six feet, seven inches. Weighing in at 247 pounds...

He stands on top of the aisle way and poses and fireworks go off behind him, above the entranceway, the sparks falling down on him as he poses with his arms up. As the fireworks stop he pumps up the crowd and then walks down the aisle way.

Williams: And almost a hundred and twenty five pound body weight differential!

Announcer: Hailing from Manchester England...

He jumps onto the ring apron and gets into the ring between the top and middle rope. The song gets back to a slow beat as the begins to spin around the ring as he stops and poses, flexing his muscles fireworks go off on all four turnbuckles, and the lights begin to flicker at the same time.

Announcer: He is LANCEEEEE MIIIIIKES!

As the fireworks stop, the lights come back on and Lance Mikes holds both hands together with his fingers between the gaps and spins his wrists around, loosening the joints in his hand.

The referee moves to the center of the ring and checks in with both athletes before signaling for the bell.

The two participants quickly move to the center of the ring. They feel each other out for a second before they lockup.

Williams: No surprise here as the much bigger, and much stronger Lance Mike's easily backs his opponent into the corner. Referee now starts his count. Lance Mikes breaks clean quickly with his hands up!

Emo: Yay Sportsmanship, can they beat each other up now?

The sound of banjos can be heard playing in the background.

Nah, just kidding. It's "Half Crazy" by The Barr Brothers, and it signals the arrival of the brounsins themselves. Luke and Duke Dibbins step out onto the stage and start making their way to the ring.

Williams: Say what you will about The Dibbins Boys, but they definitely have their fair share of followers!

## **Victory: XLVII**

Emo: Their intellect level certain speaks to a big chunk of our audience, Jen.

Announcer: Introducing first, from Beaver, West Virginia...

The un-dynamic duo reach the ring and roll beneath the bottom rope. Duke unstraps his UTA Hardcore Turtle belt and hoists it proudly in the air.

Announcer: They are the UTA Hardcore Champion Duke Dibbins, and his brother Luke... THE! DIBBINS!  
BOOOOOOOYYYYYYYSSSSSS!