

Victory: XL

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: October 26, 2015

Results

VICTORY

Segment

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 for the last time... Dick Fury.

Fury: That's right Jennifer, Dick is moving on.

He reaches below the table and lifts up a championship belt, placing it in front of him.

Fury: Dick has recently claimed the Midwest Wrestling Alliance Television Championship and will be heading back to the ring full time.

Williams: I want to say congratulations on the title win Dick, and let you know that while I never agree with your outlook, I hope you go far.

Dick just laughs.

Fury: Dick doesn't need to go far, Jenn. MWA needs to step up, and Dick is the one who will make them.

Jennifer just shakes her head.

Williams: This is also the final Victory before International Affair as our time slot will be filled with an extra special episode of Proving Grounds in two weeks. But for now, we are going to head backstage where Stand Davis is standing by with Victory's Mikey Unlikely.

A Few Choice Words

The scene opens up in front of a WrestleUTA Backdrop. There stands Rumor Man Stan, the Greatest Entertainer in the World - Mikey Unlikely, and Mikey's Bride to Be - Mary Jane. Mikey wears a pair of jeans, a #FreeMikeyUnlikely t-shirt, and a pair of trainers. Mary Jane is dressed as usual in a long black dress. Her hair curled to perfection. Rumor Man Stan is making eyes at her as he starts.

Rumor Man Stan: Ladies and Gentleman, I am joined at this time by The World's Greatest Entertainer and his fiance Mary Jane.

Mikey's smile spreads ear to ear as the fans can be heard booing - seeing the footage broadcast to them on the big

screen.

Rumor Man Stan: First off Mikey, allow me to congratulate you on the big news! I believe that was a first in the UTA, as we saw you propose to MJ, last week here on Victory.

Mikey takes his time to respond, watching Stan, before turning to the camera.

Unlikely: Thanks Stan! Much appreciated Bro-migo. I would tell you to watch your mail for an official invitation but I'm afraid you didn't quite make the list.

Stan looks dejected.

Unlikely: Unfortunately an A-Lister like myself, can only invite so many people to his marital experience! A true celebrity affair! I'm afraid the attendees from Hollywood, far outweigh those of WrestleUTA.

Mikey smiles with excitement, he looks to MJ. MJ's eyes are glossed over with dreams of their special day.

RMS: Well as unfortunate as that is, we are here tonight about the announcement that was made last Monday Night on Wrestleshow. Will Haynes informed the world that the two of you will meet November 15th, live from the Tokyo Dome in an "I Quit" match.

Mikey nods along with the facts. The fans pop for the match, they've been waiting for this one for a long while.

Unlikely: It seems that Willie has taken it upon himself to just assign match stipulations! What a difference in the power structure from James Wingate to Michael Lorenzo! This place is a mad house!

He shakes his head, trying to get back on topic.

Unlikely: The only thing I can assume is that Will Haynes had a dream. The man brushed his teeth, got into his little footie pajamas, put the Boyz-In-The-Hood album on low, and dreamt.

Mary Jane laughs at his awful jokes.

Unlikely: He dreamt of some nefarious scenario where he, or anyone else on this planet for that matter, could make me, Mikey Unlikely, the GREATEST Entertainer in the World say "I quit."

Stan rolls his eyes, after turning his head away from Mikey of course.

Unlikely: Well what Tokyo and the rest of the world is going to see, is what I've been saying all along....

Suddenly from the right of the screen comes a charging Will Haynes. Mary Jane screams and jumps backwards as the Thrill drives Mikey right into the backdrop, causing it to crash down on top of the two men. Rumor Man Stan starts to go towards them to help, but quickly realizes Haynes is not done.

Haynes sits up, grabbing Mikey with his left hand to steady him. His right hand is busy firing punches off into the head of Unlikely.

Mary Jane: WILL! STOP IT!

Finally Mikey is able to defend himself. Unlikely swings with a hard forearm that catches Haynes in the jaw. Will is Dazed, and Mikey is able to squirm his way out from underneath. They both stand up and Haynes quickly continues his assault. Mikey tries to head down the hall but is caught from behind.

Haynes runs and Bulldogs Mikeyface first into the wall. Mikey smacks it loudly before falling to the ground. Haynes starts stomping a hole in the World's Greatest Entertainer.

Mary Jane now takes off her heels, and runs from behind and jumps on the back of Will Haynes. She claws at his eyes as he yells out and tries to pry her arms off.

Mikey takes the opportunity to take off down the hall. Haynes finally shakes MJ loose, setting her on the ground

Williams: Ellis with a knee to Marie.

Fury: What was she going to do if she caught him anyways? He's a man and she is not.

Williams: When has that ever meant anything here in the UTA, Dick? Just look at Zhalia Fears taking La Flama Blanca to the limit on Wrestleshow last week.

Fury: Yea, but did she win?

Williams: Well... no.

Fury: Case in point.

Marie stumbles back holding her face. As she does, Ellis runs forward, leaping and grabbing the back of her head as he throws his legs out.

Williams: Running bulldog by B.R. Ellis.

Fury: This is pathetic.

Ellis turns Marie over and covers her. As the referee slides into place, he counts along with him.

Williams: Ellis with the cover.. two.. no! kick out by Marie Van Claudio at two.

B.R. gets to his knees and motions at the referee that it was three. The referee shakes his head No and waves two fingers in his face. Aggravated, B.R. grabs Marie by the head and pulls her to her feet as he stands.

Williams: B.R. Ellis grabs the arm of Marie Van Claudio now. Claudio sent running toward the corner.

Ellis runs behind her. As she approaches the corner, she grabs the top ropes and uses them to lift herself up and over the oncoming Ellis, who crashes hard into the turnbuckle.

Williams: Marie able to avoid a collision!

B.R. stumbles back, holding his chest. As he does, MVC pushes him back first into the turnbuckle. She slaps his hands away from his chest, placing them over the top ropes hooking them under by his elbows. She then raises her hand up high and comes down with a devastating chop across his chest.

Williams: What a chop!

Fury: That hurt Dick's chest just watching.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio following up with another one of those patented Van Claudio chops across the chest of B.R. Ellis, leaving his chest glowing.

As her hand connects, it is hard enough for him to kick his feet up as a reaction.

Williams: You were saying about women and men, Dick?

Fury: It's not over.

Marie grabs ahold of Ellis' head and turns. As she does, she pulls him face down and over her shoulder into a seated position on the canvas. The fans cheer a little.

Williams: Snapmare by Claudio, now into a sleeper hold.

She leans into the back of B.R. Ellis with the side of her leg as she holds tight around his neck.

Williams: If she is able to put B.R. out with this, it could be a huge win for Marie here in this opening match.

Fury: What a change for her. Dick heard it's usually Marie Van Claudio who is choked until she passes out. But usually because men get tired of her running her mouth and want to shut her up.

Williams: DICK! That is so uncalled for.

MVC moves in tighter, getting a firmer grip as B.R. raises his arms, his fingers barely moving as he begins to fade away.

Williams: B.R. Ellis trying to stay in this one, but I am unsure how long he can hold on.

He moves his hands up behind him, patting the head of MVC, trying to fight being put out. Finally he just grabs ahold of her hair with both hands and begins to pull. MVC lets out a shriek of pain as she loses her grip.

Williams: B.R. Ellis pulling Marie's hair to get free.

Fury: it worked didn't it?

As she loses her grip, Ellis pulls away and drops to the canvas, holding his throat as he rolls to his back. Angry, Marie turns and comes forward. As she reaches down in a forward momentum, B.R. throws a foot up, that catches her in the face, sending her twisting and down to the canvas. The fans boo.

Williams: An odd reaction here tonight as the fans who are usually behind B.R. Ellis and not Marie Van Claudio seem to be going the opposite.

Fury: It's France. People are just weird in France.

Ellis rolls up and to a knee, quickly grabbing MVC by her hair from behind and using it to repeatedly slam her face into the canvas before the referee can come to her aid and pull B.R. Ellis off of her.

Williams: A different B.R. Ellis than we are used to here tonight. Unforgiving... violent...

Fury: Dick's kind of guy!

The referee pushes B.R. back wagging his finger and making hair pulling motions as he can be seen warning Ellis to cut it out. While they argue, Marie crawls on her arms toward the the edge of the ring. She reaches up and grabs the middle rope. As she pulls her body up, holding onto it for leverage, B.R. runs past the referee and leaps up throwing his leg across her upper back, choking her on the middle rope. The fans boo as he pulls away and she flops back to the canvas.

Williams: Williams: I think ruthless is the perfect work to describe B.R. Ellis here tonight.

Fury: Dick loves it. The whole locker room should be taking notes.

Williams: B.R. Ellis stomping away at the ribs of Marie Van Claudio now.

After a few stomps, he grabs her by her hair, and pulls her halfway to her feet before shoving her head between his arm following up with a body shot to the ribs.

Williams: Ellis lifts for a supl- No!

Marie turns and slides down behind him.

Williams: Marie is able to escape. She pushes B.R. away.

He stumbles forward before stopping. As he turns, Marie runs and jumps up.

Williams: Dropkick connects!

The fans cheer as B.R. Ellis hits the canvas.

Williams: Marie needs to use this opportunity to turn things around.

Fury: Just buying herself a little time before Ellis gets his hands on her and ends this for good.

Williams: Can you not be a little more positive Dick?

Fury: Dick is positive.

Williams: I'm not talking about your HIV status.

Fury: Hardy har har Jennifer. No, Dick is positive that B.R. Ellis is finally going to be the one to put Marie Van Claudio in her place here tonight.

MVC quickly reaches down and lifts the legs of B.R. Ellis before immediately stomping his inner thigh. She screams at him with a very Matter-of-fact type of aggression afterwards.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio displaying her disdain for Ellis' actions so far tonight.

Marie looks at the corner before heading over.

Williams: Marie Van Claudio now climbing the corner turnbuckle. Ellis rolls over and starts to slowly push up.

Williams: B.R is up... Marie perched on that top turnbuckle...

Ellis turns. As he does, Marie leaps off, turning as she catches his head and hits the canvas. The fans scream.

Williams: MONTREAL SPIN OUT! She goes for the cover!

The referee slides into position and begins to count. The fans count along with him.

Williams: This one is over... three! Marie Van Claudio does it!

The bell starts to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall... MARIE... VAN... CLAAUUUDDDDIIIOOOO!!!!

Williams: Marie Van Claudio with a huge win here tonight against B.R. Ellis.

Fury: Just luck.

Williams: Whatever you say Dick.

Marie gets to her feet and looks determined as the referee grabs her arm and raises it in victory.

Choice Words: Part 2

The scene reopens to the merchandise area. Fans are about buying t shirts, foam fingers, delicious treats, and overpriced alcoholic beverages.

Suddenly from one side of the crowd comes a commotion. Noise and cheers. The crowd moves with the commotion. Finally as the camera gets through the swarm of bodies, in the middle is Mikey Unlikely and Will Haynes. Still brawling.

Security holds back the fans in all directions as the Haynes lifts a tin napkin container from a table and smashes Mikey across the head with it.

Williams: Oh My! This fight is still going on! They have reached the concourse level of the arena. Haynes taking the fight right to Mikey now. These two aren't going to wait for International Affair.

Fury: C'Mon Mikey!

Unlikely uses a nearby table to pull himself to his feet. He kicks at Haynes, and follows it up with a knee. Mikey continues to flee, he grabs a beer and throws it at Haynes, splashing everywhere. He continues to throw things behind him to thwart The Thrill's pursuit.

He tosses a table...

He dumps a trashcan as he trips by...

knocks over a glass display case...

Williams: Who's going to pay for that?

Fury: If there is one thing Mikey has Jennifer, its money!

Williams: Will Haynes wants to hurt Mikey Unlikely here tonight. He's been waiting months for this moment! Sitting in a hospital bed, watching while Mikey beat down his friends, and take his girl.

Fury: Jealous Much?

Haynes pushing past everything is slowly catching up with Mikey as he is trying to hard to create obstacles. Finally as Haynes reaches out and grabs the short hair of Mikey, Unlikely lets out a scream that sounds much like one, that should come from Mary Jane.

Haynes drops some forearms into the head of Mikey. He is staggered as Haynes grabs a chair. He swings for Unlikely, but having regained his balance, he dodges the strike. Mikey crawls through a maintenance door that reads "Staff Only" Haynes follows.

Williamson: Will Haynes still has a match here tonight! How's he going to be ready!?

We change scenes.

Brought to you By

Thorpe vs Murray Contract Signing

Back at ringside, the camera focuses on Jennifer Williams and the soon-to-be-departed Dick Fury at the announce table.

Williams: Welcome back Ladies and Gentlemen. We are just three weeks away from one of the biggest events in the UTA calendar, International Affair, and anticipation levels are about to hit the roof.

Fury: Blanca vs. Dane, Mikey vs. Haynes, Jackson vs. Cashe, Murray vs. Thorpe... Dick can hardly wait.

Williams: We have not one but two contract signings on the docket tonight, and it's time to get on with the first one. Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe have been at each other's throats for nigh-on five months, and it all comes to a head in Tokyo! Let's take it to Michael Lorenzo...

The camera swooshes away from the commentators and towards the ring, where Lorenzo stands, mic in hand. There's a table in front of him, with no more than the match contract and a ballpoint pen on its surface.

Lorenzo: Good evening one and all and welcome to Victory XL!

A nice cheap pop goes up.

Lorenzo: International Affair will see the culmination of one of the most personal feuds of the United Toughness Alliance's modern era, and it's time to make the match official. First, ladies and gents, allow me to introduce the challenger to Colton Thorpe's UTA Wildfire Championship... CAYLE MURRAY!

A quick burst of TV static rips through the arena, before Bad Religion's breakneck "Sinister Rouge" kicks-in with full force. The rising Scot steps out from the backstage area to a hefty roar from the crowd, and he pauses at the top of the ramp, putting a hand to his brow and using his eyes to scan the arena like a lookout.

Williams: Take a look at one of the most popular young men on the UTA roster! Cayle Murray has really captured the imagination of the UTA faithful, and he's already defeated the likes of Chris Hopper and Mikey Unlikely on the road to superstardom.

Fury: But can he get the job done against a guy like Thorpe, who's shown he'll do anything -- and Dick means anything

-- to get the all-important W? Will he swing that steel chair if it comes down to it? Will he dent it against Thorpe's skull? Dick has his doubts.

Williams: You can call his code of morals a weakness, Dick, but I'd argue it's his greatest strength. If he's gonna beat Colton Thorpe, he's gonna beat him his way, and that's why people find it so easy to get behind him. The guy's as honest as they come.

Fury: Honesty and approval don't win matches though, Jen. Calamurray would do well to remember that going into International Affair.

Finally ready to leave the stage, Murray starts a slow stroll down to the ring. He immediately heads for one side and starts slapping hands as soon as he reaches floor-level.

Williams: This is exactly what I was talk-- HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

Before Cayle has a chance to reach the ring, his lights go out.

Fury: IT'S THORPE! COLTON THORPE JUST BRAINED CAYLE MURRAY!

The blaring punk rock is replaced by the crowd's jeers as Colt stands proud over his fallen challenger, raising his weapon -- the Wildfire Championship -- in the air. Behind him, Eric Dane is full of approval.

Williams: This isn't right.

Fury: Colt isn't waiting for International Affairs!

Cayle is seeing a few birdies that the rest of the arena can't as he pulls himself up to all fours. It isn't too long he spends in that position as a swift kick to the stomach helps lift him off the metal ramp, sending him rolling down towards the ring. Michael Lorenzo walks over towards the ropes, leaning overtop of them.

Lorenzo: Enough! Stop it now!

Eric Dane smiles as Lorenzo attempts to halt the two men as they assist Murray to the ring, and his reply is an unflattering flip of the bird that the entire arena can see. Colt and Eric each grab an arm of the Scot, lifting him with ease en route to rolling him into the ring.

Williams: These two men ought to be ashamed of themselves. Attacking Cayle from behind is such a cowardly thing to do.

Fury: Murray should've learned by now to enter the arena second. Really, this one is on him.

Colt rolls in behind Cayle, while Eric takes the long route, heading for the steps. Walking up to Lorenzo, Colt rips the microphone from his hand before walking over to the table. He looks down at the contract and the executive pen resting on top of it, before looking back at Cayle who has risen to his knees. That's when...

CRACK!

Fury: THOOORPEEEDOOOOO!

Cayle finds himself flat on his back, once again, after Colt connects with the jaw rattling kick. Walking along the apron, Eric sits on the middle rope, pushing up on the top as he stares at Lorenzo. Tilting his head towards the outside of the ring, he signals for the boss to exit the ring as Lorenzo stares back at him defiantly.

Thorpe: Hey! You remember what that man did inside The Chamber? Or what he did in that gauntlet match you thought was a good idea? I'd suggest you don't disrespect him and his kind gesture.

Lorenzo pauses briefly, before obliging to Dane and his rope holding gesture. After hopping off the apron to the outside, Lorenzo walks over towards the announcers table as Dane enters the ring. Colt having turned his attention

back to the contract, wastes little time picking the pen up and scribbling his signature down on the legal document.

Thorpe: I beat you Cayle, fair and square. You had an opportunity, and you lost. I offered you my hand, and you spit on it. And I'm the bad guy...

The crowd continues to boo as Eric grabs onto the back of Cayle's shirt, dragging him closer towards the table.

Thorpe: You just couldn't accept that I beat you. My victory and successful championship defense was an 'ill-gotten gain', according to you. I've been chipping away pieces of my soul in the name of success, according to you. Hell, according to you, Colton Thorpe is the Cayle Murray of yesterday.

Colt looks out into the crowd, holding his free hand out to his side.

Thorpe: I don't know if it's just me, but those sound like the words of a jealous man. A man who just can't accept that there is someone better than him. And he is the man you people choose to cheer and rever, week in and week out.

The crowd boos, trying their best to drown out Colt. Walking around to the other side of the table, Colt leans against the ropes as Eric hoists Cayle up, plopping his upper body up onto the table top, facedown.

Thorpe: You cried cheater. You had to make an excuse for your loss, so I was unfairly pegged a cheater by you and your followers. Then, in the fashion of a true bitch, you went running to his office...

Colt points over the top rope at Lorenzo, who is still standing outside of the ring.

Thorpe: ...and begged and pleaded for one more chance to try and knock the big bad bully off his pedestal. And you got it. He actually gave you another, undeserved opportunity. But honestly, I'm not surprised. Not in the least bit. He's had it in for me since the moment he took this show over.

Colt turns his attention to Lorenzo, only long enough to wink at Victory's showrunner before looking back at Cayle and Eric.

Thorpe: But that's okay. I'm a fighting champion, and I've never been one to turn down a fight. So please, sign the paper. Make it official, I insist. This is what you wanted, right?

SLAP!

Colt reaches overtop the table, and connects with a slap the echoes throughout the arena and onsets a series of boos and woos.

Thorpe: SIGN THE DAMN CONTRACT.

Colt takes the pen, and reaches forward, grabbing onto Cayles hand. Forcing the pen inside the grip of Cayle's four fingers and thumb, he assists him in signing his name on the dotted line. When he is done, Dane let's go of Murray, letting him slump to the canvas.

Thorpe: There you have it! It's official, people! And this goes to show each and every one of you here and watching at home that when things don't go your way in life, don't employ hard work to turn your fortunes around. Oh no, alls you need to do is whine, bitch and moan until you get your own way.

Colt grabs the clipboard with the contract attached to it, and frisbee tosses it outside the ring in the direction of Lorenzo. Grabbing onto the edge of the table, Colt flips it over to the side, eliminating the barrier that existed between himself and Cayle.

Thorpe: Colton Thorpe versus Cayle Murray for the Wildfire Championship at International Affairs. Has a nice ring to it though, doesn't it? What remains to be seen though is whether or not your beloved Cayle Murray makes it there...

Colt tosses the microphone outside the ring, a static spike echoing upon impact with the floor.

But his fun's not over yet -- not by a longshot.

As Cayle struggles to the floor, Eric Dane reaches down into his boot...

Williams: Oh come on! You've done enough!

... and tosses him his favourite piece of cutlery.

Fury: Uh-oh, someone's about to get a good forkin'...

Wearing a mask of pride, Eric Dane reaches down to the fallen Scot and grabs him by the hair, hauling him up unceremoniously. Wild-eyed and ready to strike, Colton Thorpe grips the fork tightly.

Williams: No! Not this! Somebody stop this!

Dane pulls Murray's head back by the hair then slides one arm under his armpit. Before the Half Nelson can become Full, however, Cayle summons the very last of his energy. An elbow catches Dane straight in the ribs, and the second forces him to dislodge. As the wolf, Thorpe, closes in, Murray scrambles out of the ring to safety.

Williams: Thank GOD for that!

Fury: Damn! Dick just wanted to see somebody get forked.

The Wildfire Champion's face flushes with hot, red anger as Bad Religion plays over the PA system once again. Exhausted, battered and beaten, Cayle flops himself over the barricade and into the crowd, where an army of friends give him the breathing space he needs.

Williams: The match is official, and Cayle's almost escaped in one piece... but wow, what an explosive way to set the tone.

Fury: Murray didn't enter the ring on his own accord, but that was a cunning escape. He might not have even made it to International Affair if Dane and Thorpe had their way.

Williams: The Wildfire Title match is official, then. Let's hope that Dane and LFB's little inking sessions goes down a little quieter than this...

International Affair Tour Continues!!!!!!

Following the ongoing action throughout the night the tron lights up for the fans, with the UTA logo and into the greeting face of the UTA's Hall of Famer Dr. Emo. His back to the large screen that spans his studio room, he welcomes the viewers.

Dr. Emo: Evening all to another edition of Victory! I'm here once again with the quick recap of our latest event, Wrestleshow, out of Dublin last week. Tonight will just be a quick rundown and I urge you all to tune into the UTA Network to catch the show if you missed it live.

The screen behind him lights up to the face of the one and only-

Dr. Emo: Cecilworth Farthington. Wrestleshow has a face of power once more. Officially, according to Mr. Lorenzo. And yet even with this the case we still have some mice skirting under the door into the UTA, such as those Dibbins who took on Dynasty's CBR and Kendrix in their debut.

We switch to the Ace in the Hole briefcase.

Dr. Emo: Someone let the bum into the building again. Jason Cashe known elsewhere for other things learned why Sean Jackson is the top of the industry, and without a doubt, not the man to get into fisticuffs with.

Onwards to Will Haynes!

Dr. Emo: I Quit match. Haynes greeted us from Victory to announce that will be the end all for this ongoing rivalry with

Michael Unlikely and Will Haynes, come the International Affair in Tokyo!

Cut to the UTA Championship.

Dr. Emo: And of course the Main Event saw the UTA world Championship defended against Zhalia Fears. A hard fought battle from bell to bell for both competitors but La Flama Blanca once more proved why he is, to quote myself earlier, the top of the industry. That boot of his can come out of nowhere and turn the tables on any of his opponents.

Smiling the screen fades out while Emo looks directly at the camera.

Dr. Emo: Tonight the contract signing between Dane and Blanca will occur but come International Affair we will again see Dynasty reign supreme. The young are just that much better than the old, folks.

Cue up the Wrestleshow preview page on the wrestleuta.com website behind him.

Dr. Emo: And as always coming up on the next Wrestleshow as we come to you from the Ethihad Stadium in Melbourne, Australia, there will be no nonsensical contract signings. Just action! Currently booked for the show:

OG Thumper vs Hardcore Ganster Ashley

CBR vs Tommy Gunner

Sexton Hardon vs Zhalia Fears

Chris Hopper vs Dan Benson

Sean Jackson vs Kendrix.

Dr. Emo: That last one is sure to be one hell of a main event! As always, enjoy the rest of the show and see you next time!

Emo turns and starts walking out of the camera view as the studio goes dark and the scene fades elsewhere.

Trouble by Imagine Dragons starts playing as Amy Harrison comes out to a chorus of boos. Amy looks out to the crowd and starts to yell back at them.

Williams: Amy Harrison is hoping for a win here tonight in Paris.

Fury: Dick thinks she's going to get street fought!

Amy walks down the aisle determined, while stopping to yell at a few fans in the crowd.

Announcer: Hailing from Belfast, Northern Ireland

Amy jumps onto the ring apron, and tells everyone that she's the best, before getting in the ring.

Announcer: Standing at 5'4 and weighing in at 114 pounds...

Amy looks right at the crowd and tells them to Shut the hell up!

Announcer: Amy Harrison

Amy shakes her head at the crowd as she starts to get ready for the match.

Williams: Amy is a bit rough around the edges, but has shown tremendous skill in the ring.

Amy then limbers up in the ring to get herself ready.

Fury: Dick would love to help her soften up those edges some.

Williams: Gross.

Announcer: Introducing next, Weighing in at two-hundred, twenty pounds and fighting out of Queens, New York...here

is JACK HUNTER!!!

An Instrumental version of This Fire Burns plays throughout the PA boxes as Jack Hunter walks to the ring with his black hoodie on, he looks at the fans and shakes his head and gets on the steps. He taunts on the apron and gets in the ring, Hunter jumps on the top rope and taunts. He get's off the top rope and laughs, Jack sits in the corner as he takes off his hoodie.

As the bell sounds Jack Hunter rushes Amy Harrison.

Williams: Hunter charging first here.

He takes a swing at Amy's head. However, Amy ducks to the side and brings a flat open hand around, smacking him across the face.

Williams: Hard slap in return by Amy Harrison

She gets into Jack's face yelling about Why would you want to punch a woman in the face?!

Williams: Amy taking offense to Jack's out of the corner offense, and quite frankly I don't blame her. he tried to punch her in the face!

Fury: As opposed to what? Dropping her on her head? Look Jenny-poo, Jack has street fought his entire life. Man, woman, dog, space alien, Kevin Costner.. it doesn't matter. Jack Hunter will street fought the hell out of them. Amy Harrison is no exception.

Williams: Still, there are more tactful ways to handle intergender matches than Jack and even B.R. Ellis have displayed tonight.

Jack rubs his mouth and smiles, yelling for Amy to do it again. She complies with more force than the first time.

Williams: This sicko seems to enjoy being slapped by Amy Harrison.

Fury: It's sure a lot better than being given the clap by Amy Harrison. Dick knows.

Amy clinches her fist and charges forward, slamming it repeatedly into the side of Jack's face. As she connects, he stumbles back until he is in the ropes.

Williams: Amy Harrison showing that she isn't playing games here tonight.

The referee quickly moves in between the two pushing Amy back. As he does, Jack brings a right hand up and pushes past the referee aiming directly at Amy's face. She side steps and turns, grabbing his arm and dropping him to the canvas.

Williams: Harrison turns what could have been a bad situation into an arm bar.

Fury: Come on Jack! You can street fought better than that!

Williams: Harrison applying pressure now.

Jack spins his body around, quickly throwing his leg over Amy's back as he breaks free. Straddling her, Jack begins to bring forearm shots down and across the front of her face as the fans boo.

Williams: This is just disgusting.

Fury: If it was so bad, Chris Hopper would be here to save her. Since he isn't, Dick just guesses it's OK.

Williams: This is not OK at all Dick.

Jack stands up, his legs still on each side of Amy. Reaching down, he grabs her by her head and steps back as he pulls her to her feet.

Williams: Tonight both B.R. Ellis and Jack hunter have shown a side of themselves that just sickens me.

Fury: What's that? Seeing anyone who gets in the ring with them as competitors? When you step into the ring with an UTA Superstar as an UTA Superstar, sex doesn't matter. How many times does Dick need to explain this?

Williams: It doesn't make this any more right.

Jack Hunter turns Amy around and grabs her arm. Yanking back, he sends her across the ring and into the ropes.

Williams: Harrison on the return now.

Jack throws his arm out for a clothesline.

Williams: Harrison ducks...

As she ducks his arm, Amy grabs his arm and uses it and her momentum to pull up and slide around his body from behind. As she does, she is able to swing her legs around his neck as she swerves to in front of him and leans down, bringing him over and to the canvas hard.

Williams: HUGE REVERSAL INTO A HURRICARRANA!

As his body hits the canvas Amy's is positioned with her body on his chest, legs bent at the knees. She comes down with forearms across Jack's jaw repeatedly.

Williams: Now Amy Harrison returning the same type of aggression Jack hunter gave her.

Fury: Oh, and that's OK for her to do it?

Williams: It's not even the same Dick!

Amy stands up and steps over from Jack Hunter, yelling to the crowd.

Williams: Amy Harrison may have gotten the momentum she needs to come back now.

Fury: By doing exactly what you said Jack shouldn't be.

Williams: Really Dick?

Fury: Hypocrite.

Williams: Amy Harrison now drops a knee to the forehead of Jack Hunter.

As she stands back up, she grabs his head, and pulls him up with her.

Williams: Harrison with a forearm to Jack now... and another.

She grabs his arm, and sends him toward the ropes.

Williams: Jack Hunter on the return now... spinning elbow catches him in the face.

As he connects with Amy's elbow, Jack Hunter's feet go up and his back down to the canvas. Amy looks to the side before taking off.

Williams: Amy Harrison now charges the ropes... she hits them, and now on the return...

She throws her legs up as she leaps, falling back first across his chest.

Williams: Running senton by Amy Harrison!

She rolls off of Jack Hunter and pops to her feet before backing into the ropes on the opposite side. Taking off, Amy does a forward facing cartwheel that results in her leg coming down across Jack's neck and chest as she turns.

Williams: What a divalicious leg drop by Amy Harrison!

Fury: Divalic- Are you kidding Dick?

Jack places his hands across his chest and on his neck as he gasp for air. Turning over he begins to push up with Amy standing behind him.

Williams: Amy Harrison waiting for the right moment to strike.. Hunter getting to his feet now.

Fury: TURN AROUND!

Amy wiggles her fingers before grabbing Jack and turning him around. She grabs his left arm, and places her foot up to his chin before throwing her other leg up and dropping to the canvas. Hunter comes down and is shot up, his chin smashing on the bottom of her boot. As he hits the canvas, Amy quickly covers him.

Williams: BROKEN UGLY FACE BY AMY HARRISON!

The referee slides into position and begins to count.

Fury: Not like this Jack! NOT LIKE THIS!

As his hand hits the canvas for a third time, the referee gets to his knees and calls for the bell.

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

Williams: Amy Harrison was met by a tough opponent tonight who showed no remorse for his actions, but was able to overcome the odds and come out the winner.

Fury: Overcome the odds? Dick's glad after tonight he's gone if this is the kind of praise hypocrites get.

Williams: Me too Dick, me too.

Amy celebrates in the ring.

Defiant

Cut once again to the backstage arena, where Victory's GOAT Interviewer and all-round good guy Rumor Man Stan stands primed and ready, mic-in-hand.

Stan: Ladies and Gentlemen, earlier this evening we saw Cayle Murray and Colton Thorpe get together to sign the contract and make their International Affairs clash official, but things didn't quite go to plan for one of the parties...

Stan's image flips to a small box in the bottom right corner of the screen and highlights of the "contract signing" takeover the rest. Footage of Cayle Murray walking down the ramp before being clobbered by the Wildfire belt rolls, followed closely by the Thorpedo that knocked his marbles flying.

Stan: Murray was ambushed on the ramp, but that was only the start as Colton Thorpe – flanked by Eric Dane – delivered a typically hate-filled diatribe, and then...

Switch to the forced contract-signing, then Eric Dane pulling the infamous fork from his boot and tossing it to Thorpe. The last highlight we see is of Murray's desperation elbows and escape to the crowd, followed by Thorpe's gooseberry-red face.

Stan: Fortunately Cayle was able to escape before Thorpe and Dane could put him out of action, but the assault still necessitated a trip to the doctor's office, and that's where I am right now...

The highlights die, and Stan takes the screen over again. The closed door behind him has a big medical symbol plastered across it.

Stan: Let's head inside for an update on Cayle's cond—

Before Stan can action his plan, however, the door swings open, catching the intrepid Rumor Man off-guard. A

weary-looking Cayle Murray emerges in his street clothes, clutching an ice pack tightly to his head. Though his privacy's been interrupted, he clocks Stan with a polite smile and nod

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