

Victory: XXXIV

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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, getting a good look at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

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 former VCW Champion, Dick Fury, and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to a post-July Fourth episode of Monday Night Victory. I'm Jennifer Williams and with me as always, none other than Dick Fury.

Fury: A little more enthusiasm Jen! Everybody loves the Dick.

Williams: You would be the first person to light fireworks off of his manhood and make the news, Dick.

Fury: Sounds hot!

Williams: In either case fans we have a great night ahead of you here from the Wrestlezone! Marie Van Claudio gets the opportunity of her lifetime as she goes one on one with the UTA World Champion. And that very title is in fact on the line.

Fury: That will be exciting.

Williams: I figured even you might enjoy it.

Fury: Dick already knows the finish. Marie shows us her upward-facing dog pose, much to Dick's delight, and then WHA-BANG-GO! Champion retains few seconds later.

Williams: I wouldn't count Marie out so easily Dick. Championship matches bring out the best in most folk.

Fury: Too bad there is no championship on the line for The Second Coming. Dick will be quite happy when she is spouting out blood like a tractor sprinkler.

Williams: You do have to think that in a First Blood match, Crimson Lord has the advantage here especially after what he did to her at Black Horizon.

Fury: Let there be blood. And let little dick be happy for retribution.

Williams: Wouldn't that involve Beckman?

Fury: No comment.

Williams: Well let's not forget that Chris Hopper goes one on one with the only confirmed Chamber participant, Kendrix,

while Blackbeard and Samuel Owens battle it out for a spot in that very match at Ring King.

Fury: Before all that though - time for the old, creepy and the ugly.

Williams: Ron Hall may be a bit old but after that superkick to Wingate, you can't deny he hasn't lost his step.

Fury: Dick was talking about that woman that makes little dick shrivel up. Not even MVC Yoga helps.

Williams: Well then let's get to our first match of the night!

Williams: And we open this show up with the man who a mere week ago took it upon himself to be the voice of the fans, shoving his cowboy boot into the face hole of our boss as he takes on the

Fury: Dick knows what it's liked to take a stiff shot to the face, condolences go out to James Wingate and his family.

Williams: You know, there's a real question of legitimacy about Hall's actions, a recent poll on the Wrestle UTA website had the fans TORN about whether his actions were justified...

Jessica is cut off by the sounds of Gold Medal as out from the back skedaddles UTA Hall of Famer and face kicker extraordinaire, Ronald Q. Hall. He does a little sassy dance atop the entrance ramp to the excited and feverish support of the Wrestlezone crowd, a small section of the crowd however takes umbrage with the man, yelling "Free Wingate" which doesn't really make much sense.

Announcer: The following contest is scheduled for one fall Introducing first... making his way to the ring at this time, a UTA Hall of Famer, please welcome to the ring THE SOUTHERN REBAL... RONNNNN HALLLLLLL!

Williams: A lot of support from the crowd here tonight but it seems like there's a small contingent vehemently unhappy with the Outlaw's actions last week. As a man who came out with the view that he was representing all fans, you have to wonder if that will impact his psyche in this upcoming contest.

Fury: Dick has had to deal with a slow trickle of anger before, it can really jam a man up.

Williams: I don't think that even makes sense.

Hall hops up into the ring and poses once more to the vast majority of the fan's delight, a few grumbles are barely audible and spread in between to shrieks and screams of the delighted crowd.

The arena lights suddenly shut off. Four blood red spotlights shine on the ramp as All Hail Hell by Midnight blares through the arena.

Fury: DICK THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD!

A burst of flame shot up from an opening at the top of the ramp. Following that the self professed daughter of Satan himself was seen rising up from the source of the fire.

Announcer: Ladies and gentleman hailing from Maplewood, New Jersey.....

Jalante stepped from out of the "pit." Beginning to make her way down the ramp. The arena lights slowly turned back on. Jalante shot nasty stares at the fans in attendance. They returned the favor by booing her.

Fury: Dick always thought Satan's daughter would be.. chunkier... like a real Bobby Dean style heifer. Just seemed right.

Williams: Ignoring my colleague for a brief moment, it will be interesting to see how Jalante handles her return to action here tonight. The rumour mill has been stirring suggestion she may not be in top form and many predictions give Ron Hall a strong upper hand here.

Announcer: Weighing it at one hundred and nineteen pounds! The Daughter of Satan.....JALANTE!

As Jalante slid into the ring she grabbed the pentagram necklace that hung around her neck then lifted it up high in the

air screaming out at the top of her lungs. She then rested the pentagram in the corner - turning her cold gaze back to the ramp.

Williams: She certainly looks ready for action but is she going to be able to take down a renewed Hall of Famer.

Fury: Well, if she doesn't take down Ron, Dick's right here for afters.

Williams: What are you... THE BELL RINGS AND THIS ONE IS UNDER WAY.

As the bell rings, Ron Hall and Jalante begin to circle around the middle of the ring, taking measure of each other. The two go in for a lock-up and Ron Hall is quick to toss down Jalante to the mat with the clear weight and height advantage. A frustrated Jalante looks up at Hall and tries to summon some form of Devil powers, this does not provide her with great success as Hall slides in and takes her over with a headlock takeover.

Williams: Not too often we can say Ron Hall has the size advantage in the ring... DICK DO NOT DARE.

Fury: Huh? Sorry, Dick was too busy working out what he would bargain for with Satan. What are your feelings on being a minion of hell Jessica?

Ron Hall keeps the headlock in tight, wrenching the neck of Jalante as the official goes in to check on the submission. Jalante refuses to tap, instead she sends a few sharp elbows to the gut of Hall, getting him to loosen up his tight grip on her. A quick and flexible kick to the skull allows Jalante a little breathing room as Hall tries to shake the cobwebs free from his mind.

Williams: What do you think of Jalante's flexib... nope. Nope.

Fury: What, what were you going to ask?

Jalante springs back up on her feet, perhaps infused by mysterious devil powers, she rushes towards Hall and dropkicks him right in the knee. Hall winces in pain as Jalante backs up to go for a second kick straight to the knee but as she goes in for the kill, she gets an uppercut straight under the jaw. Staggered Jalante wobbles back as Hall hobbles to his feet.

Williams: A bit of wobbling and hobbling going on the middle of the ring. Jalante trying to use her youthful edge to increase the pace on Hall but the wily veteran, and there is no other way to put this, smashed her right in the face.

Fury: Seriously, Dick wants to know what you were about to ask him about Jalante?

Hall looks at the staggered Jalante and turns to the crowd for a brief second, a roar of excitement flows through the Wrestlezone as Hall nurses his weakened knee, taking measure of Jalante. He lays in wait for Jalante as she slowly enters the kill zone. With the crowd on his side, Hall goes in for the kill...

Williams: Looks like we're about to see some Country Chin Music... Hall has Jalante measured! NO! JALANTE SEES IT COMING AND ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY.

Fury: The devil must have told her that was going to happen.

Jalante rolls back up to her feet and gestures to the crowd how intelligent she was to dodge out of the incoming Country Chin Music. She forgets however that Ron Hall is still up on his feet and as she turns back around to the action...

Williams: COUNTRY CHIN MUSIC! The first was dodged but Jalante's cockiness got the better of her and the wily veteran laid in wait.

Fury: And the fans are going cock-a-hoop.

Williams: I hate you a lot.

Fury: That's what they all say.

Jalante crumbles to the mat as The Outlaw does a little dance to the crowd, overcome with excitement the he managed to catch her in the moment. He doesn't waste much time however, dropping down for the cover. He hooks the human pile of flesh formerly known as Jalante's leg as the official slides in for the count.

Williams: I can't see Jalante getting up from this, that was picture perfect from Hall. ONE! TWO!

Fury: KICKOUT! ... Just kidding.

Williams: No seriously, I cannot put it into words how much I hate you.

The officials hand slams the mat for the three count as Hall leaps back up, a gleeful crowd all too happy to count along with his victory. The referee raises Hall's arm high as "Gold Medal" plays once more.

Williams: Hall of Famer Ron Hall was just too much for the returning Jalante here tonight. Perhaps an ill-advised return to the ring, Dick?

Fury: She shot her load pre-maturely from all signs of her match this evening.

Announcer: Here is your winner... by pinfall... THE SOUTHERN REBEL. RONNNN HALLLLLLL

The crowd roars its approval once more, Ron Hall basking in his victory ON VICTORY as we fade out and off elsewhere.

When Faith Meets Chance

We are backstage in the WrestleZone, our camera focused on the Man in the White Mask looking around the hallway. He is dressed in black shorts, white Pumas and a white Death from Above 1979 tee. Oh, and the mask.

Sanctus: This certainly has grown since I've been here.

OSV: Sanctus! Sanctus! Over here!

Tilting head and mask, Sanctus looks over his shoulder. Finally noticing the camera that's trained on him, he walks defeatedly back to camera left and "Rumor Man" Stan Davis. Davis is standing in front of the Wheel of Chance.

Davis: Sanctus, time you a few questions?

Peering down to the fictional wrist watch, the would-be White Knight chuckles.

Sanctus: Since when did time factor into such things?

Rumor Man Stan briefly looks confused, but presses on.

Davis: Did I just hear you say that you had been here, at the WrestleZone before?

Sanctus: Not perfectly accurate, no. I meant that this, Victory itself, has become something so much bigger than when I was apart of it.

From off screen we hear three familiar voices. Baritone, Hot Gravel, and Husky. Sanctus and Davis turn their heads to see the oncoming freight train of pain.

Walker: Bruh, that don't count at all.

Greer: According to the rules of the contest, I am a one time UTA Legacy Champion.

Walker: Then that means Zhalia gorram Fears is like, what, three or four time Legacy Champion? Mayne, I don't wanna live in a universe where that's reality.

Greer: Yeah. Well, I'm still better than you.

Ty stops and looks at the KoP, squaring up. Dane meanwhile stops and watches as this plays out, the annoyance building to a fever pitch.

Walker: Square up, fool!

The KoP looks at his partner, shrugs and squares up, adopting a fighting stance that matches his best friend and tag team partner.

Greer: You wanna do this?

Walker: You're goddamn right.

As Greer and Walker begin circling as if something is going to happen, The Only Star's patience has reached critical mass. Quietly he attempts to massage away the annoyance by massaging his temples, but the pure idiocy of his partners in crime does so little to assuage any of this. He turns his head and notices Sanctus and Davis who are standing by the Wheel of Chance. Having his curiosity piqued, he turns to Greer and Walker and uses his best "Dad" voice.

Dane: Ahem. Stop it. Now.

The Terrible Twosome stop mid-grapple and look over at Dane, then back to each other.

Greer: Still better than you.

Walker: Pssh, whatever...

Ty turns his attention to Sanctus and the Wheel of Chance.

Walker: The HALE is this thing?

Greer: The Wheel of Chance?

Walker: Nah, this Shang Tsung or whatever.

He looks Sanctus up and down, scratching his head.

Greer: I thought he explained himself last week on Wrestleshow? Something about being a Saint. High praise, but is he a former one time Legacy Champion?

A vein in Eric Dane's head starts pulsating.

Dane: STOP! NOW!

Team Danger frown.

Walker: Fine, Jayzuss. Gotta be all mad an' stuff.

Greer: Yeah, dude. Increase your chill or whatever Ty and his people say.

Rumor Man Stan takes a look toward the trio, he shoots another glance at Sanctus before taking himself and his microphone over toward Team Danger.

Davis: Team Danger, all three of you are scheduled to compete at next week's Wrestle Show. What are you thinking knowing that you could compete in any of these matches?

Davis does his best Vanna White impersonation, pointing to the ominous prize wheel and it's various match iterations.

Dane: You want me to ruminate on the possibility of having to face Will Haynes in a Rock, Paper, Scissors match? A Tuxedo match? Or worse yet, letting that little twat Amy Harrison pick the stipulation?

The Only Star sneers at the very thought. Meanwhile, Greer has ideas of his own.

Greer: Could be worse, you and your nonexistent knees versus anybody in a Dance Off would be completely unfair.

Dane: Yeah, until I broke out a picture perfect River Dance and SHOCKED the world. Shocked, I say. SHOCKED!

A smirk as only Eric Dane is allowed to deliver. Walker nods with a grin.

Walker: Hilarious, gotta be honest though. I'd be down for some Are Pea Ess action.

Greer: You would, you scared coward.

Walker: How does that make me a scared coward?

Greer: You just don't want to get tapped out again... Speaking of which, doesn't that mean an I Quit match is right up your alley? What with how hard you were tapping to the Sektor Stretch and all.

Ty scoffs at this.

Walker: Psssh... Whatever, bruh. I'm talkin' about how I could not only WIN the Prodigy Title. WIN Mike Best's Twenty Grand. AND. WIN my way into the next round of the Ring King. That's easy money all around, homie.

Ty snorts, thumbs his nose.

Walker: Besides, I'm the KING of Rock, Paper, Scissors. The KING. Plus, can you imagine the meltdown Mike Best would have if his pride and joy lost the Prodigy Title AND Twenty Gees in a game of chance without havin' to even catch these hands?

Ty shadow boxes a little at the KoP who swipes his hands away, laughing at the thought. Meanwhile, Sanctus stands there watching this all go down in front of him as though he was invisible.

Sanctus: Interesting as this all is, I don't think we've met.

The Man in the White Mask extends a hand as he walks toward the group. In unison all three of Team Danger form up, looking down at Sanctus' hand, then at his masked face. Dane's face is stone, Greer's brow furrows, while Walker stands there contemplating... until something hits him.

Walker: Ooooh shoot, mayne, I remember this dude now.

Ty slaps Stevie on the shoulder and then points at Sanctus. Greer's brow perks up as he looks at the Black Jesus.

Walker: You're fighting him next week, bruh.

The KoP looks back at Sanctus.

Greer: Well, this isn't awkward all of a sudden.

Meanwhile, Sanctus is looking at his hand. He pulls it back and wipes it on his shorts. Again, he extends it... waiting. Greer ponders, but Walker steps in with a suspicious look for Sanctus.

Walker: How do we know you ain't got some kind of disease, bruh? I mean, you got that mask on and that makes you shady, tryna do my boy here like he's David Palmer at the end of season two of 24?

Greer guffaws and takes Sanctus' hand, because the King of Pain has banged so many rats in his time he's got all of the diseases anyway and some that haven't even been discovered yet.

Sanctus: From one luchador to another, I look forward to this fight. Slightly less so if it requires a tuxedo...

Greer: God, I hope not.

Dane: If you two aren't going to kiss, we might as well keep moving.

The Only Star draws looks of disgust from Greer and Sanctus as they step one more step back from one another.

Dane: Look, this has been fun and all, but I'm positive there's got to be some better use of our time. Yours too even. Fellas fan out, let's see if there anything worth getting into here tonight in Orlando...

The boys back away, both scanning around for potential shenanigans as they make their way off-screen. The Only Star's eyes linger on Sanctus.

Dane: And you... Get rid of the mask, ya look like gorram Szalinski. Or worse, La Flama Blanca. If I may be so blunt, from one wrestler to another, nobody wants another LFB or Madman running around this place, capicé?

Sanctus: When the Faithful tell me that this mask means nothing to them, to us, maybe then I leave it for dead.

Eric turns toward his departing brethren.

Dane: Whatever you say, man. Keep the faith, or whatever. By the way, no hard feelings next week if Greer tries to kill and/or eat you. That's just his way.

He finally takes his leave. Sanctus cocks his head, maybe even scrunches his eyebrows a bit under his mask, and watches on silently as the Trio of Terror make their way on down the hall. For his part, Rumor Man Stan stays happily out of the way.

Advice

Backstage, the camera pans around to see the figure of CBR sitting on a stool, his arms folded. Wearing an Avenged Sevenfold t-shirt, black and white, tight around his biceps and a pair of light blue jeans, the Canadian star with his hair tied back is watching a monitor showing replays of the opening match.

A ring crew girl walks past, as Ranier checks her up and down, before the camera pans out to show a finger tapping him on the shoulder. Zooming further out it shows Kendrix standing behind him in ring gear.

Kendrix: 'Scuse me Maaa'...uh, Mr Ranier. You got a moment bru...I mean sir?

Claude turns his head and brushes his shoulder with his hand as if fleeing the dust from himself and turns back to look at the ring hand walking away again. JFK waits a moment before once again tapping him on the shoulder.

Kendrix: I said excuse me. I got something to ask you, yeah?!

Ranier looks back, visibly annoyed, brow furrowed and turns on the stool to face Kendrix.

CBR: What?

He looks Kendrix up and down with a confused look in his eye.

CBR: Oh. Yeah. I know you.

Kendrix folds his arms and stands up straight, nodding with a grin on his face, looking proud with himself.

CBR: Yeah, a banana and protein smoothie Jack.

Ranier turns back to look down the hallway. Kendrix, looking pissed off and slightly insulted, clenches his fist and prods CBR's shoulder hard making him turn around again.

Kendrix: I don't think you understand Mr Ranier. I ain't no ring hand and I certainly ain't getting you no shake!

He prods Ranier hard in the chest with each word, causing him to rub his solar plexus.

CBR: Alright...

Ranier stands, a few feet taller than Kendrix, stepping forward, his large muscular frame causing JFK to take a step back before standing his ground.

Kendrix: Nah nah mate. It's not like that yeah? I just wanted to ask your advice, innit bruv?! You know, about Hopper.

Ranier, his own fist clenched, blinks a moment, not moving and waiting to hear out JFK.

Kendrix: You see, if you'd been paying attention at all, you'd know that JFK is the one man sensation, the rising star here in UTA. You'd know that I've already beaten the likes of Pin Smith, Graeme Clauson, Ron Hall and a whole load of other

He makes an inverted commas sign with his fingers.

Kendrix: ...Superstars here and that this week I gotta go up against Chris Hopper.

CBR's face softens a bit and he sits back down in the stool.

CBR: Yeah?

Kendrix nods.

Kendrix: Yeah bruv. I got Chris Hopper tonight and I was gonna ask if you had any you know...pointers for an old friend like me?

His smile bright, showing off his teeth, Kendrix lifts his arms open in a welcoming sign. Ranier looks him up and down again.

CBR: Oh yeah...I remember you kid. You're that little guy with the mouth.

Ranier smirks.

CBR: Three things you got to remember about Chris Hopper. One. He's bigger than you. Two...Icebreaker. And three...who do you think you are disturbing my time sitting back here?

Claude stands again, Kendrix taking a step back.

CBR: I've beaten Chris Hopper twice now, but he's no joke. And how a little pipsqueak like you is going to be any kind of challenge for him, I don't know. He's a veteran of the game, technical and powerful. I doubt you can outthink him, I doubt you can out wrestle him and you certainly can't out manoeuvre him.

Ranier prods Kendrix with his finger, causing him to step back again.

CBR: Listen 'mate', good luck out there, cos you'll need it. And next time, have something achieved in this business before you think you can ask my...

Does his own inverted commas.

CBR: ..."advice"...

Ranier smirks, steps back and turns, leaving the scene. Kendrix stands and looking at the camera, then over towards where Ranier is walking and back at the camera again.

Kendrix: Yeah boss, and you better walk away! I told you innit to get out of my face bruv! I'll take him out all on my own.

JFK steps to the camera, shaking his head.

Kendrix: What a wanker...

The scene fades.

Brought to You By

Kill the lights. Passing synthesizer squeals pierce the silence, each one sending a brief swoop of light across the arena. AFI's I Hope You Suffer soon kicks-in with its pounding drums and heavy, foreboding horns and Cayle Murray appears through a storm of strobe lights.

Williams: The younger brother of wrestling legend, Andy Murray making his debut here tonight.

Fury: Wrestling legend? How? He never set foot in the UTA before. He never went one on one with Dick. Legend... laughable Jennifer.

Cayle gazes across the audience from beneath his hood, and sweeps an extended hand across the scene. He walks down the ramp as the blizzard of lights continues, slapping hands with fans on one side, before moving across the ramp and repeating the act.

Announcer: Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland...

He finally reaches the ringside area and hops onto the apron. Pausing to salute the audience, Murray finally enters between the middle and top ropes.

Announcer: Standing at 6'1" and weighing in at 220 pounds...

Cayle hops onto a turnbuckle. The song's powerful chorus hits, and bathed in the spotlight's glare, he throws his hood back and stretches his arms out, completely lost in the moment.

Announcer: Cayle Murray!

He stays atop the turnbuckle for the chorus' duration, then loosens his posture and drops his arms. Murray can't help but smile at the crowd's positive vibes.

Williams: Murray looking to make a big impact in his debut match here tonight, but has two obstacles ahead of him.

Finally, Cayle hops down from the turnbuckles and unzips his hoodie. He tosses it aside and takes to a corner, loosening his muscles and preparing for a fight.

Williams: This should be a good match.

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

Williams: The highly anticipated debut of Lisil Jackson here tonight folks.

Fury: Highly anticipated? Really? Dick's just glad those stupid videos about him debuting are done.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston Jamaica.

Lisil continues toward the ring.

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: The fans are pumped to finally see Lisil Jackson in the ring.

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

Williams: The Jamaican Sensation looking to make his mark here tonight!

The unfamiliar theme of Monster by Skillet begins to play over the arenas sound system as the UTA fans in attendance turn their attention towards the entrance way. As the instrumental beginning merges into the opening lyrics, Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an

unimpressed expression.

Williams: Colton Thorpe looking to create a streak by leaving with a big win here tonight.

Fury: The only guy in the match who has had a UTA match before, this is Dick's pick to win.

Announcer: Hailing from Cleveland, Ohio...

Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, looking out into the mass of people as the red and white strobe lighting lights the rampway. His appearance is disheveled: Hair is unkempt, soaked with water dripping down his face. Sports a black jacket which has the sleeves torn off, the initials "CT" appear to be spray painted onto the left breast pocket. His walk is slower, and is constantly adjusting his neck and rolling his shoulders.

Announcer: Standing at 6'3" and weighing in at 228 lbs...

Thorpe walks around towards the left side of the ring with a lack of acknowledgement for the ringside fans. The audiences reaction towards the UTA newcomer is mostly silent, yet boos and jeers can be heard from various sections in the arena. He climbs up the onto the apron, and takes off his jacket, tossing it onto the floor outside the ring.

Announcer: COLTON THORPE!

Williams: Triple threat action!

Fury: Dick loves a lil triple threat action.

Hearing his name brings the slightest of a smirk to his face, but very little emotion is shown. He splits the ropes into the ring and begins to pace back and forth, throwing phantom punches as a type of pre fight/match routine. He adjusts to the center of the ring bouncing up and down, shifting his weight from left to right.

The bell sounds.

Williams: Murray takes off attacking the Lisil Jackson with a series of rights and lefts to start the match.

Fury: Yea! Shut him up! Finally.

Williams: The Jamaican Sensation being rocked by those fist.

Colton Thorpe moves into action, grabbing the shoulders of Cayle Murray and yanking him back and down to the canvas.

Williams: Colton Thorpe now getting involved here.

Fury: You notice how he attacked Murray and not Lisil Jackson? That's how you know he isn't racist.

Williams: Are you kidding me?

Fury: No. It's facts Jennifer.

Williams: Thorpe now stomping Cayle.

Lisil Jackson comes forward and begins to stomp him as well.

Williams: Temporary alliance here with this almost gang-like beat down on Cayle Murray.

Fury: If you can't hang, you get beat down. It's as simple as that Jennifer.

Williams: Lisil pulling Murray to his feet.

Lisil Jackson and Colton Thorpe look at each other. Thorpe grabs the other side of Murray and working together they send him into and over the top rope, crashing to the floor outside.

Williams: This triple threat now, at least temporarily, down to just Colton Thorpe and Lisil Jackson.

Jackson and Thorpe look at each other before locking up in the center of the ring.

Williams: Collar and elbow tie up now.

Lisil Jackson tosses Thorpe into the corner and lands a few combinations.

Fury: Jackson seems to have a little strength behind him.

Lisil Jackson lands several boots into the mid section of Thorpe. He lands a powerful right fist that knocks Thorpe to the canvas.

Williams: Lisil landing some boots as Thorpe grabs the ropes to bring him to his feet.

Lisil Jackson goes in for a waist lock but is met with elbows to the side of the head.

Williams: Thorpe breaks the hold. Thorpe runs at Lisil Jackson and is sent to the canvas by The Jamaican Sensation.

Fury: That was a big hip toss.

Lisil Jackson exhales and walks over to the in pain Natural Boy.

Williams: Thorpe is holding his lower back with Lisil Jackson now focusing on the injured area.

Fury: See a weakness and exploit it.

Lisil Jackson starts to land some forearm strikes to Thorpe's back. Lisil Jackson rakes his nails across Thorpe's back.

Williams: That looked like it hurt.

Thorpe walks from Lisil Jackson in pain. He turns and lands a quick right jab to the upper chest of Jackson.

Williams: Looks like Thorpe is getting the offense going.

Colton Thorpe grabs Lisil Jackson in a side headlock and begins to crash knees into Jackson's face.

Williams: Thorpe going to Knee City on Lisil.

Thorpe takes a few steps from Jackson and rushes him and lands a boot to the side of his head.

Williams: A vicious boot to Lisil Jackson. Lisil is back on the canvas with Thorpe going to work.

Colton Thorpe grabs Lisil Jackson's legs and begins to stomp on the insides of Lisil's legs.

Williams: Thorpe looks like he could be setting Jackson up for a submission move.

Fury: Dick would love if Jackson submitted his first match. It'd be great.

Williams: Looks like Thorpe is going for a Figure Four.

As Thorpe comes in on Lisil Jackson, Lisil begins to fight him.

Fury: Lisil Jackson trying to fight off the hold.

Lisil is able to push Colton off of him, causing him to stumble back and into the ropes before falling to his knees.

Williams: What sheer strength displayed by Jackson.

Thorpe gets up and greets Lisil Jackson with a kick to the stomach as he rises, quickly grabbing his head and falling down to the canvas.

Williams: SNAP DDT BY COLTON THORPE!

Fury: YES!

Williams: Colton Thorpe looking to end this right now as he covers Lisil Jackson.

Fury: Get him!

Cayle Murray slides into the ring and as the referee raises his hand for the third time, Murray leaps through the air and comes down with his fist across the back of Colton Thorpe to break the count.

Williams: Cayle Murray saving Lisil Jackson, but for no other reason than he wants to win this match himself.

Fury: Greedy.

Murray quickly gets to his feet. Colton Thorpe begins to get up as well.

Williams: Murray runs, rising knee lift takes Colton Thorpe off of his feet! Cayle Murray showing an impressive come back here tonight.

Colton Thorpe pushes back to his hands and knees. he reaches up and holds his face as Cayle Murray comes toward him, booting him in the abdomen. Thorpe is sent over and lands back first on the canvas holding his stomach.

Williams: Murray trying to take Colton Thorpe out so he can hopefully capitalize before Lisil Jackson comes back to after that DDT.

Murray grabs the top ropes and uses them for leverage as he puts his feet into the side of Colton Thorpe and pushes him across the canvas and under the bottom rope. Thorpe rolls off of the apron hitting the floor.

Williams: It is down to Lisil Jackson and Cayle Murray now as this triple threat match continues.

Lisil Jackson begins to get up. Cayle Murray quickly turns to him, grabbing his arm.

Williams: Lisil Jackson whipped into the ropes. As he returns, Murray lifts him up on his shoulders and falls back. Samoan drop!

Murray rolls out to the apron, and stands up. He then begins to climb the nearby turnbuckle from the outside.

Williams: Cayle Murray goes up top.

As he leaps he throws his arms out.

Williams: Murray connects with a headbutt!

Fury: That's no problem for him. It's not like that idiot has anything in there to hurt.

He immediately readjust himself and hooks the leg of Lisil Jackson. The referee drops to count.

Williams: Kick out at two, Lisil Jackson isn't out of this yet.

As Murray gets up, he pulls Lisil Jackson up with him.

Williams: Half way up, Lisil pushes Cayle back. Quick jab to the eyes.

Fury: How about your fan favorite now Jennifer?

Murray grabs his eyes in pain, turning away from Lisil Jackson.

Williams: Jackson runs, BULL DOG! He plants Murray's face into the canvas after that eye jab.

Lisil Jackson gets on his knees, lifts Murray's head and begins to slam it repeatedly into the canvas.

Williams: Lisil Jackson uses pure aggressiveness and power to regain control in this match up.

Lisil Jackson drops Murray's head and gets to his feet.

Williams: Lisil Jackson rolls Murray over and lifts his leg. Elbow drop to the inner thigh of Murray.

Lisil Jackson gets up again, and lifts both legs this time.

Williams: Stomp to the inner thigh of Murray, followed by another.

Fury: What's this guy have? Like five moves of doom or something? Switch it up!

He then grasp Murray's legs tighter and leans back, falling to the canvas.

Williams: Slingshot! Murray slams into that turnbuckle!

As Murray bounces off the corner post, he stumbles back and turns into a boot to his gut from Lisil Jackson.

Williams: Lisil Jackson jumps, lifting his knee into the face of Cayle Murray.

Murray hits the mat as Lisil Jackson runs and bounces off the ropes.

Williams: Lisil leaps, leg drop across the chest of Murray. It may be over for Murray.

Lisil Jackson covers his opponent and waits for the referee to count.

Williams: Kick out by Cayle Murray!

Fury: How did he kick out?!

Lisil Jackson slaps the mat and gets to his feet. He yanks Murray up with him.

Williams: Irish whip by Lisil Jackson, no, reversed. Jackson off the ropes, spinning heel kick by Murray!

As Lisil Jackson flies back to the canvas, Murray collapses to one knee.

Williams: Murray still recovering from the damage done by Lisil Jackson.

Fury: And this is the brother of a so called legend?

Murray stands up, but falls to one knee again.

Williams: I think Cayle Murray may have injured that knee. This can't be good for him.

Lisil Jackson uses the ropes to get to his feet. He looks at Murray, struggling to get up.

Williams: Lisil Jackson takes this opportunity as he runs at Cayle Murray. Shining Wizard... NO!

Murray grabs up under Lisil Jackson's legs as he come sat him, lifts and falls backward.

Williams: Murray able to counter! Murray able to counter!

Murray gets up. He shows a bit of uncomfortableness in his knee as he walks over and drops an elbow to Lisil Jackson.

Williams: Murray lifts Lisil Jackson. Irish whip. He catches himself by the top rope!

Lisil Jackson holds onto the top rope as Murray runs at him with a clothesline that sends both of them over and crashing to the floor.

Williams: Both men hit the floor on the outside with momentum. That's got to hurt.

Fury: The outside of the ring tonight has seen more action than Cayle Murray has his entire life.

The referee leans over the top rope and begins his count.

Williams: On the outside, Lisil Jackson trying to get to his feet.

Once up, Lisil Jackson grabs Murray and pulls him halfway up, before he hits Lisil Jackson in the gut.

Williams: Murray not out yet.

Cayle Murray takes Lisil Jackson and directs him to the ring, rolling him back in under the bottom rope. As Murray

reaches up to grab the ropes and pull himself up to the edge of the apron, Colton Thorpe runs around the ring and grabs the back of his tights, pulling Murray down from the apron.

Williams: Cayle Murray yanked from the apron back to the floor.

Colton Thorpe quickly slides into the ring and immediately is stomped by the foot of Lisil Jackson.

Williams: Lisil now pulling Colton Thorpe to his feet. Pushes him into the ropes, using them for momentum to send Thorpe across the ring. Lisil Jackson follows. Thorpe off of the ropes... HUGE clothesline by Lisil Jackson!

Cayle slides into the ring behind Jackson.

Williams: Murray back in the ring.. Jackson turns. Goes for another thunderous clothesline... Murray ducks...

Lisil quickly turns around as Cayle leaps back and twist, connecting with a Pele Kick.

Williams: SEEING STARS BY CAYLE MURRAY! HE HIT IT!

Fury: That was right on the mark.

Williams: Murray covers Jackson...

The referee slides into place and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third and final time, the bell begins to sound.

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

Williams: Big debut win here by Cayle Murray as he looks to create his own legacy in the UTA.

Murray stands tall, his arm lifted by the referee as his music hits and he celebrates his win.

Civil Engineering

Backstage in the WrestleZone, a member of the UTA Crew leans against the hallway wall, his arms crossed in front of his chest. He's a smallish man, his "STAFF" t-shirt two sizes too big. The man that he's conversing with is no stranger to making friends with the so called "little people" of the United Toughness Alliance-- he is one of the nicest guys in professional wrestling when he's not between the ropes-- and his name is Tyrone Walker.

Whatever they're talking about, we are joining them mid-conversation.

Crewman: ...you're out of your mind, man.

Walker: Tell me I'm wrong. TELL ME I'M WRONG. The plot was perfect. The dialogue was complex an' immersin'. The musical score was top notch, an' the actors put on a performance that defined an entire generation. You don't even know, bruh.

Crewman:there is no way that White Chicks should have gotten an Oscar, Ty.

Walker: Mayne, you don't even know about movies.

Crewman: Do you know what movie won the Oscar in 2004, Ty? LORD OF THE FREAKING RINGS. The Wayons brothers should have beat Lord of the Freaking Rings? I can't even believe that--

The crewmember suddenly trails off, his eyes falling just over the right shoulder of Tyrone Walker. He nods his head to the Mocha Mogul of Team Danger, gesturing that he may want to turn around.

Slowly, Ty does just that, though he's perhaps less than impressed with what he sees before him. Michael Best, looking like a sleazy used car dealer, straightens his tie and adjusts the lapels on his coat, standing face to face with Tyrone Walker for the first time in over seven years. He's flanked at his right side by Cecilworth Farthington, the veritable Mr. Moneybags of The Machine.

Best: Mr. Walker.

He nods his head at the man who ended John Sektor's undefeated streak, extended his hand in a showing of friendship. It's not exactly appropriate, considering they have never resembled what anyone on planet Earth or the International Space Station might call friends.

Walker: ...Sup?

Having left his hand extended for just long enough for it to look awkward and foolish, Michael quickly pulls his hand back and rests it at his side. He clears his throat, trying to pretend as though he wasn't just disrespected by a man whose respect he has never bothered to earn.

Best: Alright, formal it is, then. Just wanted to wish you luck next week, Mr. Walker. There's a whole lot riding on your match, you know. The Prodigy Championship. Enough cold hard cash to keep your various... baby mama's...?

He turns toward Farthington, a quizzical look on his face as if wondering if he's just used the correct terminology. Farthington wears an assured expression as he nods his head, patting Michael on the back and silently letting him know that he's still hip to all the kids watching at home.

Best: In any case, your many illegitimate children will be well taken care of. And hey, Ring King is really coming down to the wire... seems to me like your luck is bound to run out sooner or later.

With a look of amusement on his face, Tyrone Walker crosses his arms in front of his chest and tries to hold back a condescending chuckle. Seeing the smile on his face, Farthington smiles too. Because a good mood is contagious, and he doesn't entirely understand subtlety.

Walker: So... what? This is your move? You gonna try an' Intimidate me here? Talk me into not showin' up?

Michael gives him a nod, and a smug smirk.

Best: That's exactly the plan, Mr. Walker. You're a glorified tag team wrestler. A walking fluke. You beat John Sektor and I was reasonably impressed, but we both know that you tapped out in the middle of that ring. You beat Bronson Box by what, a disqualification? Meanwhile, my client was busy breaking Lamond Robertson's arm in a thousand piece puzzle in the opening thirty seconds of her first title defense. You should ALREADY be intimidated-- i

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