

Victory: XXXVII

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

VICTORY

Segment

Victory fades into action.

Not with the flashy video introduction that such a show is conventionally launched with. No, not on this day, this was a new day, a new era, an era where flash video packages happen ever so slightly later than they had previously. The dawning of the Age of Aquarius indeed.

The door to the executive office of the now banished UTA leader, James Wingate stands with an almost haunted glow, covered in a zigzagging manner with crime scene tape. Assumedly due to fact that Ron Hall committed some form of career murder at Ring King. We slowly see a hand reach out a grab the tape, ripping it with a snap off the door. As we zoom out, a half eaten chicken wing is spotted in his other hand. The owner of said chicken wing seems to be clutching it tight, as if his very life may depend on its safety.

Noah Hanson?

The crowd in the arena certainly think so, you can tell due to the rampant booing that is rained down from on high.

As the camera continues to slowly zoom out, we see the hand drop the tape to the side and swing the door to James Wingate's former office wipe open. Slowly the figure of the man begins to form fully and it is not the owner of the secret recipe but rather it is the other chicken lover of note, Bobby Dean.

Bobby looks around the office and begins to head for the swivel chair that is obviously too small for him.

Voice: What do you think you're doing?

Bobby spins around and shrieks, dropping his chicken.

Dean: I.. ugh.. um... I figured if Cecilworth could just... you know.. on Wrestleshow... I'd.. ugh...

The Director of Talent Relations, Michael Lorenzo, walks into the shot.

Lorenzo: No. Just no Bobby.

Bobby's eyes get big as he gives Michael a puppy dog stare.

Dean: But... but..

Lorenzo: Get out of here. I'm running Victory.

Dean: Oh. But... Cecilw-

Michael sticks a finger up.

Lorenzo: He's got about as much power over that show as you do over your diet Mr. Dean. Now, if you will.

He shoo's Bobby out who turns and leaves his head facing down as Michael just shakes his head and we fade into the show intro.

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

Fury: Who else could make this look this damn good?!

Williams: The first Victory post Ring King, tonight should be huge.

Fury: Of course it's going to be huge! We're here in Rio! Dick loves him some women from Rio!

Williams: I'm sure you do.

Set the Tone

The lights inside of the Olympic Arena drop.

Fifteen-thousand rabid UTA fans begin to rumble and grumble at the same time. It doesn't matter what's about to happen because they know it's going to be big. It's palpable, it's in the air.

Fury: Dick is afraid of the dark! Hold me, Jen!

Williams: Ew, no! GETOFFAME!

The now familiar bluesy bass-riff stampedes its way through the sound system and that rumble turns into a raucous roar as the Victory Faithful know exactly who they're about to get now! Silver and red flashes begin strobing with the song before a series of alternating stars begin rotating all the way down to the game ring.

? Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ?

Fury: Here he comes, Mr. Victory himself, Eric Dane!

Williams: I didn't think you liked Dane?

Fury: Dick didn't like Dane. That is until Dane decided to pick for Victory! You know what that means, right?

Williams: I'm afraid you're about to tell me...

Fury: It means ERIC DANE chose DICK!

Twin bursts of magnesium sulphate announce in silver pyrotechnic glory that the man is indeed here, and he makes his way out onto the stage proper as his music kicks into high gear once more. The crowd, who have had a mixed reaction to him at best up until this point, come out of their seats to scream for the new face of Victory as he strolls down toward the ring in his black and red tights and matching leather jacket with the Team Danger logo emblazoned across the back. Across his eyes are a pair of Maybach The Star I Sunshades. Don't even ask how much they cost, you don't want to know. He slaps a couple of hands before rolling under the bottom rope and into the ring.

Williams: Well it sure seems like the fans here in Rio have taken a side as it pertains to Dane!

Fury: First thing's first, this is a Victory crowd here in Rio, and Eric Dane stuck his neck out for Victory! Aside from that the man has been an International Superstar for over a decade, of course these Brazilian nuts would pop for him!

The music fades and The Only Star is handed a microphone. He finds the middle of the ring and brings the mic to his lips. After a long moment of the crowd not dying down he decides to speak anyway.

Dane: Olá Rio De Janeiro! Bem-vindo à Vitória!

At this, fifteen thousand people lose their collective minds all over again. Dane smiles and walks in a circle, pointing out signs and just soaking it all in.

Fury: Dick didn't know Dane spoke burrito.

Williams: It's Portuguese, moron! We're in Brazil, not Mexico!

After several moments Dane brings the mic to his lips again. Again, he is forced to speak over the cheering fans in attendance.

Dane: That is to say, welcome to Victory!

More applause. He continues.

Dane: Now I didn't come out here to be a cheerleader. I'm not gonna tell you all about how Victory is the "A-Show" here in UTA and how I'm gonna blah blah new renaissance blah blah lead the troops blah blah show Wrestleshow how to put on a wrestling show.

The applause this time is interspersed with laughter.

Dane: I think the boys and girls I drafted can show you themselves just exactly why I drafted them, and they're going to have every chance to here tonight in Rio! Nah, I came here tonight to talk about something that I hold near and dear to me and is one of the main reasons that I came to UTA for in the first place.

Championships.

Eric smiles that million dollar smile that he's known for.

Dane: Specifically the Legacy Title that John Sektor currently holds, and the UTA World Championship currently being held hostage by The White Flame and his band of merry morons.

But more on Dynasty later.

He pauses for laughter again.

Dane: Now I'll admit, in the leadup to Ring King and the Chamber Match I talked a whole lot about that Legacy Title. At the time, I thought it was the best place I could focus my efforts to move up in the UTA. Thing is, the more people I pinned inside that Chamber, the more my eyes began to clear. So there I was, Sektor's shoulders down on the mat and the referee slapping his hands down for the three and it occurred to me-

Eric stops again, his smile twisting into a smirk.

Dane: I've already got a Legacy. A damn fine one, at that. What's the point in further damaging John Sektor's credibility when I don't need what he has, right? And that was the thought repeating itself in my mind the whole time I as I watched the Main Event and saw Dynasty kick the bejesus out of Beckman.

He shakes his head.

Dane: I thought to myself, Self, you've done a dastardly deed or twelve in your time in the business, but you never had to have four people to beat up a girl so you didn't have to get embarrassed. And I was right. So here I am, right here in Rio de Janeiro, and I know that chump Blanca is in the house tonight. So what I'm gonna do, is I'm gonna invite the champion to come out here and deal with a real challenge, face to face!

The crowd roars in approval. There is no Yelawolf though, and that means no Champ.

Dane: Come on out here, Blanca! I got a few things to-

The Only Star is interrupted by the opening riffs of Seether's "Call to Pray." The Brazilian fans, having already shown appreciation for The Only Star, can only see fit to give the emerging Abdul bin Hussain an equal and opposite reaction.

Williams: What the hell is he doing out here?

Fury: Dick thinks the Wildfire Champion has something to say, and Dick says let him say it! He is The Champ after all!

Standing there is Abdul Bin Hussain, dressed in traditional Arab clothes. He is standing between his manager Rafiq and his sister Nazirah. Nazirah is dressed in the traditional Burqa. Rafiq carries the Iraqi flag on a pole with one arm whilst the other is in a sling. They look about themselves at the crowds who are booing really loudly.

Fury: Even here in Rio this guy just can't catch a break.

Williams: True enough. Maybe if he weren't such a pig!

Slowly Rafiq walks down the ramp way, taking in the boos with a look of amusement on his face. Nazirah leans over the ropes and grabs a microphone off of one of the ring crew. She passes it to Rafiq. He looks at Dane who speaks before Rafiq can get a word in.

Dane: A word of advice.

The boos slowly quiet down after a while. Abdul can't believe the reaction that he is getting. Rafiq stammers at being stopped in his tracks.

Dane: Be very, very, very careful about whatever is about to come out of your mouth. You're interrupting my time, and I do not appreciate it.

Rafiq: Don't worry Mr. Dane, we're not out here for you. If the great Butcher of Basra wanted you out of the way, you'd already be bleeding on the floor.

The boos erupt again.

Fury: Eric Dane does not look amused.

Laughing Abdul walks around the ring, soaking up the response from the crowd.

Rafiq: Rather we're here to talk about these South American infidels! Argentina seems like a bit of a cesspool, does it not?

Nazirah leans in and whispers something to him.

Rafiq: Does it matter? Brazil IS a bigger cesspool than Argentina by far.

The boos are louder than ever.

Dane: Did you three idiots ever stop to think that the people might not hate you so much because you're Aye-Rabs, but because you're such spectacular Aye-holes!

The crowd eats it up. It is Rafiq's turn to not be amused. Abdul and Nazirah both stomp around incredulously. Dane smiles in their faces.

Rafiq: Oh how original of you. My charge has heard it all before. We have been insulted in every country on this planet and you do not bother us with your racism!

He gets dangerously close to The Only Star before turning to address the crowd.

Rafiq: You do not know how to treat a real athlete in this country, look how you have treated the greatest soccer player in the world. Pele is hands down the biggest soccer star ever and now? Now he's on television advertising erectile

dysfunction. How is that to treat your legends?

Rafiq is smiling. He looks around and motions to Abdul who is just standing still in one of the corners menacingly.

Rafiq: This man is the whole package, no pun intended. He is the greatest talent on Victory. Even though he wasn't draft number one for the number one brand in UTA which is a travesty not to start me on as he is the great pure wrestling talent on both the rosters. Dane, if he'd been in the Chamber match there may have been a different outcome.

He laughs as he limps around the ring. Dane guffaws, his eyes rolling nearly out the backside of his head. He brings the mic to his lips to speak.

Dane: What do you want, little man? Why's he out here? What's this all about?

Rafiq: Why would Abdul come out at this first show? Why would he want to be on the premium show in pro-wrestling? Look at people on this show. Look at Abdul's next victim, Carrie Fisher-

Nazirah leans in again.

Rafiq: ...Colton Thorpe? Who does this infidel think he is getting in Abdul's face? Abdul bin Hussain is the greatest Wildfire Champion there has ever been in the UTA. How does this moron deserve a shot at the man that was robbed of the Ring King tournament? Come on Carlton, get a grip.

The crowd boos even louder.

Rafiq: Why would anyone want to face a real champion like Abdul When they know they will be destroyed like he destroyed that obese Bobby Dean?

The crowd pops at the mention of Bobby Dean.

Rafiq: Why do you cheer? Are you so naive? Are you so stupid?

He looks directly down the camera lens.

Rafiq: Enough said!

Rafiq passes the microphone to Abdul. Abdul walks to the centre of the ring tapping the microphone making sure it is working; He looks around the arena awaiting the people to be quiet so he can talk. Dane crosses his arms and smirks.

Fury: Abdul bin Hussain better have more to say this week.

Williams: Yeah, he is not usually very talkative.

Abdul completely ignores The Only Star.

Abdul: How can anyone take you serious in this city of yours? This city of yours has caused so much trouble over the years. It is supposed to be getting ready for some of the biggest sporting events in the world and you are treating your people as slave labour to build your arenas to get ready for them. How pathetic!

A chant of "Abdul Suga" goes around the arena.

Dane: They're telling you that you suck, you know.

Abdul gestures broadly as he walks around the ring for a few seconds before continuing.

Abdul: So people are wondering why I would want to be associated with Victory. Well for one it does not have that infidel who built his career off of Abdul, the talentless, John Sektor.

He looks into the camera and smirks.

Abdul: You see, I am the greatest champion this company has ever seen, not that masked infidel, Blanca. La Flama

Blanca, can you hear that?

He holds his left hand up to his left ear.

Abdul: Can you hear it? It is the rest of the world waking up to the hypocrisy of your championship reign. You and the rest of Dynasty think you are better than everybody and that anyone that will not accept it will be trampled under your mighty feet. I will not stand for it anymore. I will not let you dominate the UTA anymore.

A sly smile crosses his face for a second as the boos try to drown him out. The Only Star again brings his own mic up.

Dane: I think ol' LFB's got bigger fish to fry than you, little man. As a matter of fact I know that he does. What makes you think you are even a blip on his radar?

This does not sit well with Hussain.

Abdul: Oh come on, no one can defeat Abdul bin Hussain! Obviously I'm in line for a World Title shot! Who can say otherwise, huh?

This brings a mixture of laughter and boos from the crowd.

Abdul: What? What's so funny? Who can beat me?

Dane, hardly able to keep from giggling himself, points over Abdul's shoulder to the very fat man standing at the top of the ramp.

Voice: Uhm... Me!?

Bobby Dean is up there, jumping up and down, waving his hand back and forth. Smiling in the way only Bobby Dean can, he makes his way towards the ring and the scowling Abdul bin Hussain. Eric Dane backs out of the way and hands off his microphone. He takes a comfortable spot in the corner to watch this unfold.

Dean: You, my friend with the picnic blanket on your head, are way more delusional than that Colton Thorpe fellow.

Bobby is forced to pause as he sucks in a large breath, wheezing as he exhales.

Dean: You see, I'm the third best wrestler in the UTA and you, well, you aren't even in the top ten! That you've got such a pretty title wrapped around your waist when it should be wrapped around mine is a travesty!

Abdul: You couldn't fit this title around your fat American waist, Infidel!

As Bobby gets closer and closer to the ring, his breathing gets more and more erratic. So much so that he stops at ringside and reaches out and takes a soda from a kid. Chugging the soda down, Bobby brings the microphone back up to his happily smacking lips, but before he speaks he pauses to let out a very impressive belch.

Dean: I really wish they had let me bring my cart to Brazil, this walking stuff sucks.

Abdul shakes his head in disgust as he watches Bobby Dean try and roll into the ring under the bottom rope. Bobby's girth causes him some trouble, so instead of rolling he is forced to kind of scoot along and inch his way in. Nazirah is standing before a prone Bobby looking down at him with her judgemental eyes. Bobby looks up at her and smiles.

Dean: It'd be so much nicer if you were wearing a short skirt right now.

He begins to climb to his feet, reaching out and grabbing Nazirah by the leg as she tries to push the fat man away. Bobby climbs to his feet using her flesh as handholds just as Abdul pulls Nazirah back.

Abdul: You are a prime example of American filth, you are sweating just from walking a few feet! What is wrong with you?

Dean: I'm not sweating, I'm glistening!

Abdul: I see that Brazil, much like America, will simply let anyone in.

Dean: Funnily enough, that's the same thing I heard about Nazi over there, hi sweetie!

Bobby waves past the scowling Abdul towards Nazirah. Eric Dane, knowing a good time for an exit when he sees one, nimbly hops out of the ring and backs up to the guardrail. Abdul can't take it anymore, however, and he unloads on Bobby Dean with a series of right hands.

Williams: Here we go!

Fury: Jesus! Dick is sickened by Bobby Dean. Dick can't say this nearly enough!

Apparently Abdul has had it with the fat man as well, as once he's sufficiently potatoed Dean he takes off for the ropes and returns with a blistering clothesline.

Williams: The Beheading! Bobby is wobbling!

Fury: He's wobbling but he's not going down!

Williams: The champ isn't finished!

Abdul follows it up with a devastating Superman Punch.

Fury: The Fist of Allah!

Bobby's done for, he stumbles back and falls through the ropes, hitting the apron hard and rolling down to the floor below. Abdul drops to a knee and raises both hands, quick to celebrate inside the ring. However, he didn't see what Eric Dane saw, and Eric Dane only saw it because he was standing right next to the spot where Colton Thorpe hopped the guardrail.

Williams: Wait a second!

Fury: Is that-

The action is too fast to call.

Williams: THORPEDO!

Fury: COLTON THORPE JUST TOOK THE WILDFIRE CHAMP'S HEAD OFF!

Indeed he did. Without being noticed Thorpe managed to get into the ring and take out the former World Champion, sending everyone but himself scrambling out of the ring. "Monster" by Skillet plays over the sound system as Thorpe finds the fallen Wildfire Title belt and picks it up, holding it aloft for everyone to get a good look at what he's gonna look like if he beats the Champ later tonight in the main event.

If one were watching closely, one might even catch a glimpse of Eric Dane, still at ringside, giving Thorpe a very slight nod and a golf clap.

Williams: Did you just see that, Dick?

Fury: Dick did indeed, and Dick's gotta say that Dick is impressed with what just went down! Colton Thorpe may very well be walking out of here tonight with that title belt!

Williams: That just goes to show you, folks, you never know what's gonna happen here in the UTA, especially here on Victory!

Fury: You can say that again!

Girl Talk

In the back, the catering for the UTA wrestlers was busier than ever. The chefs were bringing out food that was freshly

made while they were screaming in Portuguese to move faster. Some of the UTA workers were seen rushing into the catering area in order to be the first in line to get the freshly made food with one of them being Marie Van Claudio. Of course, she had to be the first in line to get this good Brazilian made food.

Marie asked and received the food she wanted. She would take her tray and move to an open table. While walking, Marie saw Amy Harrison sitting at one of the tables when she is supposed to be going out for her match against Bobby Dean in five minutes. Marie stood there thinking about if she should talk with Amy about her match. After standing there for a good couple of minutes, Marie walked up to the table and looked at Amy.

Van Claudio: Can I talk with you?

Marie looked at her with an iffy look. Amy saw Marie, rolled her eyes and looked away.

Harrison: What are you going to say? That I dragged you down before? How you want me to get humiliated out there?

Marie looked down at her food and shook her head. She took a look at Amy and put the tray on the table. Marie pulls out a chair and sits to look at Amy with a concerned look.

Van Claudio: Look. I know things haven't gone the way you want it in this place so far.

She looked down at the floor and bit her lip, thinking about what she wants to say without offending Amy.

Van Claudio: Amy, you have the most important, if not THE most important match in your life! Now I don't even like your opponent. Him and I go WAY back when I first started here despite not facing each other.

She grabs her fork and twirls it around the food.

Van Claudio: Tell me why you had to go out and say what we already know? Do you think that tactic is going to work AGAINST him?

Harrison: Let me guess, it's because of the fat stuff, isn't it?

Marie nods at her with her eyes popping out.

Van Claudio: Yeah, it's that, but that doesn't bother him. He just laughs it off and does his business.

Marie moves her fork around her fingers while keeping her look on Amy.

Van Claudio: Don't you feel like that was childish to even begin with? Yeah, he did mention how stuck up I am, but are you going to let what he said about you get into your head and possibly cost you the match?!

Amy bangs her hands on the table, stands up and angrily looks at Marie.

Harrison: Is that all you got from that? If you actually paid attention to what I did, you would see that I did a lot more than just call the guy fat! I got someone who was just like him to fall for my traps.

Marie shakes her head as she looks at her food, trying her best not to freak out.

Van Claudio: Is that the best you could do!? Get a guy like Bobby and mock him?!

Amy looks at Marie and can't help but laugh a bit.

Harrison: Seriously? That's the best that you could say about this? That sounds very hypocritical, if you ask me.

Marie looks at her and stays silent. Her eyes firing up, but doesn't want to say something to her just yet.

Harrison: Let's be real, you would have tried doing the exact same thing if you were in my shoes, wouldn't you?

Marie keeps looking at her with the fire in her eyes.

Van Claudio:I wouldn't. I would say what I really have on my mind about him and that's it.

SkyMont drops the lighttube in his corner and begins testing the elasticity of the ropes.

Williams: Montgomery could use this win in a big way here against another UTA Newcomer.

'Last Resort' by Papa Roach fades out as Suicidal Skylar Montgomery begins biting his fingernails awaiting the bell.

The referee calls for the bell.

Williams: This one is under way here live in Rio De Janeiro! Victory is getting started with two newcomers to the UTA.

Fury: Dick is cheering for the referee in this one Jennifer, Dick couldn't care less for the other two.

Williams: The two competitors come out of their respective corners. Skylar poised and ready to lockup but Brad Ellis has other plans. Ellis comes in hard with right hands. Skylar gets a couple in but none have the effect that B.R. has. Ellis whips Montgomery off the ropes, on the return... Hip toss! No! It's blocked by Skylar, who goes for one of his own!

Skylar tries a hip toss, and its blocked by Ellis. A duck under by B.R. into a hammerlock. Skylar with some ring awareness, throws some blind elbows, as he nears the ring ropes and the referee breaks the hold.

Skylar points to his head and smiles at Ellis.

Williams: Skylar looking good in the early going. More like a wrestler, than we have seen out of him recently. Ellis backs away, but Skylar comes forward with a dropkick. One that Ellis pushes his feet, and blocks. Ellis now on the attack, with those clubbing blows to the back of Montgomery. Off the ropes. Ellis Leapfrogs, on the return. Belly to belly suplex by B.R. Ellis!

Fury: Big move by Ellis there Jennifer. Hopefully he can put away Skylar quickly.

Both wrestlers get up, Montgomery using the ropes for support. He turns towards Ellis, who he finds already running at him. Big clothesline sends Skylar up and over the top rope, his body spilling to the outside. Ellis gets excited in the ring, and the fans love it.

Ellis steps out onto the ring apron, and as Skylar gets up again finally, Ellis drops the double ax handle right into the shoulder of Montgomery, who crumbles to the ground.

Fury: This B.R. Ellis guy is strong, Dick knows that if Skylar wants this match, he needs to change his style up, and learn to wrestle.

Williams: You just might be right Dick, this has been all B.R. Ellis in the early going.

Fury: Dick knows best.

Ellis picks up Montgomery by the hair and rolls him back into the ring, following quickly behind. Both men up, and Skylar with the ever effective, thumb to the eye of Ellis. Ellis walks away blinded, as the referee back Skylar into the corner and warns him of his actions.

Williams: Skylar pushes away the referee and runs for Ellis, who is ready. Back elbow that drops Montgomery, and immediately tries to go for the cover. Referee slides into position.

1..

Kickout!

Williams: Well maybe Skylar has more fight in him, than we think? The two both stand up slowly, Ellis a little winded at this point. He goes for a big boot, but it is caught by Montgomery who spins around the big man before kicking him in the gut, and hitting a sit out facebuster. Ellis holds his face and gets up quickly, Montgomery behind him, with the backslide pin!

1...

Kickout!

Fury: Both men refusing to quit! Dick must admit, this one is a little better than Dick anticipated.

Skylar gets up and hits a standing senton on the downed Ellis. He pulls Ellis to where he wants him in the ring, before standing at the turnbuckle and yelling out to the fans who respond with resounding boos.

Skylar jumps into the corner, and from the middle buckle does a springboard moonsault that lands directly on the chest of Brad Ellis. He goes for the cover again.

1...

2...

Kickout.

Williams: The Moonsault was not enough! Skylar pounds the mat in frustration. He picks up Ellis slowly, and pulls him to the turnbuckle. He unloads a couple right hands on the man, before irish whipping him across the ring. Ellis tries to counter by jumping at the corner, expecting Montgomery to run underneath. Skylar stands back until Ellis comes down. Full nelson now, going for the suplex. Ellis breaks one of his arms free, and uses the other to spin around Montgomery, he plants a kick to the solar plexus followed quickly by a snap DDT.

The fans go to their feet, as the two men lie on the ground. Both fighting for air here. The referee begins his count for the two on the mat.

1...

2...

3...

4...

Ellis is up to a knee now, and the referee stops the count. Ellis goes over and tries for a cover.

1...

2...

Kickout!

Williams: Skylar Montgomery not ready to throw in the towel just yet!

Fury: Unless that towel was covered in gasoline and lit on fire, then Dick is sure, Skylar would be happy to throw it into this match.

Williams: Good observation Dick, This match continues as Ellis picks up Montgomery and immediately locks him into a abdominal stretch! Old school approach here, and quite frankly a move rarely seen in the UTA.

Fury: That's because wrestling is a lost art Jennifer, everyone wants to do flips these days, and hit each other with light tubes. Its rediculous!

Williams: The referee is checking with Skylar, as he shakes his head and yells violently and painfully. Skylar able to lift Ellis over his hip using his arm, and brings him down with a hip toss. He follows up with a quick elbow to the shoulder of Ellis.

Skylar pulls up Ellis, and delivers a standing head butt, before sending him off the ropes. He hits Ellis with a drop toe hold, before standing up and stomping on the back of the knee of Ellis several times over.

B.R. rolls to the corner and pulls himself up as Montgomery walks towards him. Mongomery with a big back elbow,

followed up by two hard chops to the chest of Ellis. Both get an approving “Wooooo” from the crowd. Skylar whips B.R. into the opposing turnbuckle where he hits chest first and is on spaghetti legs. Montgomery off the opposite ropes and goes for a hard clothesline.

Williams: Ellis ducks! Montgomery spins around and B.R. is ready. He picks him up and slams him down, with a hard standing spinebuster. He goes for the quick cover!

1..

2...

Kickout!

Williams: Close call there, but the referee says it's just two! Both men slowly getting to their feet here. Skylar goes for the boot, it's caught by Ellis. Montgomery tries and Enziguri but B.R. saw it coming a mile away. He ducks. He quickly wraps up Montgomery in an STF on the ground. Skylar in a lot of pain now, as he screams while reaching for the ropes and the break.

Montgomery brings his arms up and pulls desperately at the cinched in arm of B.R. Ellis. Slowly he reaches forward and inches his body closer to the ropes. After what feels like forever, he is able to reach them and the referee breaks the hold. The fans boo.

B.R. picks up Montgomery and takes him to the corner, Montgomery hits a few forearm shots from the corner, before reversing positions. Skylar lifts him to the top turnbuckle. This takes some effort as he is giving up nearly 80 lbs in the ring.

Finally Skylar starts climbing the ropes himself. He stands up on the top rope. He jumps backwards, while extending his feet forward and hits a top rope dropkick that sends Ellis off the turnbuckle and onto the hard concrete on the outside!

Williams: Wow! What a high risk maneuver by Skylar! Ellis is down and out on the outside and the referee has started his count! It doesn't look like Montgomery is done folks! He is back on his feet, and sizing up Ellis.

Fury: What's he going to do Jennifer?

Williams: Off the ropes goes Skylar, he runs and dives over the top rope with a Tope con Hilo!!!! Both men are down on the outside. Montgomery once again putting his body on the line, and earning the “Suicidal” moniker.

Skylar gets up and tries to amp up the crowd who boo at him. He gets Ellis up and rolls him back into the ring. Skylar with the cover.

1...

2...

Kickout at the last second.

Williams: Both competitors showing why they deserve to be on this roster, and proving why they were drafted!

Fury: Dick is only slightly impressed. Its going to take a lot more than that to get Dick excited.

Williams: These two competitors get to their feet, both woozy from the match thus far! Off the ropes goes Montgomery, Ellis ducks for the back body drop, but Sunset flip from Skylar!

1...

2...

Kickout again!

Ellis sits up, obviously surprised by the last move, he quickly gets to his feet, Montgomery runs again, this time Ellis is ready. Small Package pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Montgomery rolls it over.

1...

2...

Kickout!

Both men, scramble to their feet after the move is broken.

Williams: Skylar goes for a big right handed haymaker but Ellis ducks. From behind Ellis picks him up, and drops him throat first against the ropes! Stungun! Skylar bounces off the ropes and comes back and is kicked in the gut, and picked up!

Fury: Perfectly executed piledriver there Jennifer. Dick likes watching this idiot get dumped on his he

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