

Victory: XV

November 22, 2014 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

Victory XV

22 Nov 2014

Untelevised, Untelevised (seats)

As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of 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 gentleman to another exciting episode of Saturday Night Victory right here on WrestleUTA Dot Com! I'm Jennifer Williams and joining me as my new partner here on Victory Dick Fury! Welcome back to the booth Dick.

Fury: Dick loves being in the box with you Jennifer!

Williams: Tonight, we have two exciting matches for you. Thacter Rex and Al Envy will go head to head in that very ring.

Fury: Another classic two minute match in the making!

Williams: Then in our main event, Will The THRILL Haynes will face the leader of the Truth, The Good Reverend. All this and more, right here on Victory!

Fury: Dick can't wait!

Craigslist

The scene opens to a cafeteria. Many hungry people stand in line at the counter, picking and choosing what

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they would like as they continue down the path towards the register. An older woman sits at the end of the line, crossword puzzle in hand, cranking away at the clues. She puts down the book, and delivers a snide, 'Hello' to the man who just walked up to the register.

It is UTA Superstar Mikey Unlikely. He wears a blue and white striped polo, and a pair of black gym shorts. His dark blue Nike Shox stand out against the white linoleum. He has an enormous smile on his face, as he waits for her to do her food pricing magic.

She gives him a total, although it cannot be heard from this distance, and Mikey gives her a card from his pocket, the lady runs the card, and hands it back to Mikey with a receipt. He smiles again as she rolls her eyes and goes back to her puzzle without another word.

Mikey walks away tray in hand. He looks around for a seat... There are not many. He moves past a couple tables, including one where David Hightower sits, with Whiskey sitting up in a chair next to him. Both have food trays in front of them. David's includes a variety of food; While Whiskey seems to be a large pile of cooked meat and Pasta.

The dog begins chowing down, but keeps Mikey in his eyesight. Mikey goes to walk by and Whiskey lets out a deep growl, not liking anyone coming near him while eating. "Shut Up" comes from David, as Mikey walks wide of the table to avoid the sometimes nasty animal.

He continues walking before he finally finds a seat on the opposite end of the table of two young ladies. He waves and sits down. They giggle and talk to one another quietly. Mikey takes an apple off of his plate and bites into it with a loud crunch. He then chews his food with his mouth open, the ladies give him another stare.

Mikey reaches for his phone, and starts scrolling through it. He opens up a web browser on his large screen, and we can tell he is scrolling through Craigslist ads. He selects the state of Texas, presumably because the next Wrestleshow Mikey is booked for is in Texas. He then clicks on Wichita Falls, confirming our theory.

Mikey is scrolling through the personal ads, he goes to the search bar, and enters '420' and hits enter. Very few ad's pop up, but he scrolls through them. Mostly horny men, looking to get a woman stoned, and boned! Mikey rolls his eyes, and moves on. Finally he runs out of results, and it goes to the "Other Posts Nearby section" .

Suddenly, Mikey's eyes go wide as he zooms in looking at a post name. It reads 'STABLE OPENING (UTA)' and the person who posted was listed from Houston! Mikey thought this was odd, and figured there was no way; it was the same UTA he was a part of! So he clicked it... and sure enough, One Beautiful Bobby Dean, had sent out an ad looking for stable mates.

Mikey skims the post and puts the phone down. He stares into the sky (ceiling) and thinks. He's considering, he's debating, he is contemplating... hell... he has decided! Mikey clicks the reply button and start typing away furiously on his phone.

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Dear Mr. Dean,

My name is Mikey Unlikely, and like you , I also work for the UTA! I was very surprised to see your Craigslist ad on the Houston website! It was an accident that I even came across it, as I was searching for.... Garden supplies in the Texas area! Like you I am tired of seeing Dynasty running every show the UTA has, and I also like having lots of super cool friends! You may have heard of me, and my super awesome #1 hit "Certified Suburban!" If not, that's cool too, I can freestyle for you, so you know I'm legit!

I too, love all you can eat buffets especially Chinese ones! Sometimes I get so randomly hungry, and tired, that nothing sounds better than blowing out the smo... I mean eating lots of food!

I am also a heck of an athlete, if you have ever seen my ring work! I love wrestling, and I feel like my 3-1 UTA record (including three consecutive wins!) proves that I can carry some weight around!

As far as being darker than KVT, OBVIOUSLY everyone on the roster, meets this requirement. Her glowing body, replaces the glowing personality that she is missing. While not only do I have a tanning bed in my home, but I love the sun! (Although I'm not sure, you would fit in my tanning bed)

Although I have no recollection of ever meeting Mike Best, or knowing who he is , my name is in fact, also Mike, so I think that qualifies!

Let me know what you think, I would love to team up and make up secret handshakes, and maybe share a milkshake, because that's what friends do!

Your Colleague and Multi-Entertainment Superstar, Mikey Unlikely

P.S. YaHeardMe?

Egg On Your Face

As Victory cuts backstage we're met with Bill Daley standing near Turk sitting in a chair with his head in his hands. Turk: So, they want good guys in the shows? Daley: (shaking his head) No, they just want the good guys as the face of the promotion. Imagine, for a second, they have you; a convicted felon, admitted split personality, monickered a psycho, with their name plastered all over you. Certainly you can see where their advertising may go awry. We need to edit your image. This is why the change in medication, the reason we've been so up and down with your mannerisms. I need to get the meds dialed in so you can be one of them. Do you understand? Turk: (taking his head from his hands, and a glint of what maybe tears in his eyes) I'm not one of them, Bill. I'm Turk, this is what I do. Daley: (full of what may be fake understanding) I know, Turk. We need you to be more like that girl, going by Second Coming or whatever; - maybe a tough guy everyone loves. Something like that. And with this new round of meds we'll... Turk: (standing and pushing Daley away) NO! I told you no more recipes. I'm Turk. I'm the Psycho. (grabbing Bill by the tie and pulling him close) I'm not them! That's why UTA signed me. For what I WAS, what I AM. Not what I might become! Turk releases Bill and shoves him away and stalks off down the hallway. Bill goes to chase after

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him. Rounding a corner Turk happens upon a thick man in a Boston Red Sox cap, and the Victory crowd witnessing the backstage events out in the arena pop with cheers recognizing Doozer. Turk sizes him up as Doozer seems oddly preoccupied assessing a carton of two-dozen eggs. Turk: (looking at Doozer quizzically) Are you a good guy? Doozer: (turning his head slowly away from the task at hand and looking Turk from Lipton's boots up to his eyes) Huh? Turk: (cocking his head and tightening his jaw) Are. You. A. Good. Guy? The crowd in the arena is now chanting... "*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-Doo-zer-Doo-zer! *clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-Doo-zer-Doo-zer! *clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-*clap*-Doo-zer-Doo-zer!" Doozer: (smiling his signature, crooked smile lifts his hand and cups it to his ear, as the chant simply breaks into a wide cheer) Sounds like they think The Dooze is a pretty good guy, don'tcha think? Turk's tightened jaw twists into a vile smile as he reaches back and his wide fist plows into Doozer's nose stunning him. Bill: (running up behind Turk) Turk, NO! Turk ignores Daley and quickly kicks Dooze in the gut, bending the DREAM Hall of Famer over forward and catching his head between his knees. Turk wraps Doozer's arms behind him and sends him crashing into the concrete face first with a perfect Split finishing maneuver. Doozer is out cold at Turk's feet, his eggs splattered all around the two... The crowd's booing drowns the entire arena. Bill (breathless) ...the hell? Why? Turk leans into Daley, far too close for comfort and whispers... Turk: ...because I'm Turk.

Williams: My lord! Doozer, the DREAM Hall of Famer hasn't even made his debut yet in the UTA! This is not a way to kick things off! We need someone to go check on him!

Fury: Dick thinks it's a great way to start Victory and kick off your UTA career. Turk just made a name for himself Jennifer.

Williams: He may have put a target on his back as well.

Al Envy vs. Thatcher Rex

The roar of a Tyrannosaur erupts over the PA system, echoing throughout the arena as the lights dim, eliciting a deafening cheer from the crowd. Mist rises from the floor as the roar fades into Seprentine, by Disturbed. The cheers increase as Thatcher emerges from the mist, his head turning first to the left, then to the right before striding down the ramp, eyes fixated upon the ring. He climbs the steel steps, ducking between the top and middle ropes. He takes two strides into the ring and mounts a turnbuckle. He throws his arms wide, fists clenched, and releases a phenomenal roar before hopping back down to canvas.

Lights go out as Dirty Angel plays. After about a minute Al Envy comes through the curtain. He stands there arrogantly and holds up one finger signaling he and he alone is number 1. He slowly walks arrogantly to the ring stopping every so often to speak to the fans. He gets onto the apron and climbs the turnbuckle. He holds his arm up and receives feedback from the crowd. He leaps down into the ring and holds his arms out antagonizing the crowd. He leans into the corner and waits for the match to begin.

As the bell sounds, both men begin to circle each other in the ring.

Williams: The bell has rung and we're about to see what Thatcher Rex has to offer Al Envy.

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Fury: Thatcher has to win this match to build momentum going into Wrestleshow next week. If he doesn't, all it'll do is give Dynasty more to work with.

Al Envy makes the first move, rushing Thatcher Rex. Rex sidesteps his attacker, running toward the ropes. Envy quickly turns and follows with speed.

Williams: There's that fast pace movement Thatcher is known for.

Rex slides under the bottom rope, stopping on the edge of the apron and in one smooth motion turns sideways and up, grabbing the top rope. He pulls down just as Al Envy arrives, using Envy's own momentum to send him tumbling over the top and crashing hard to the floor.

Fury: Did you see that?

Williams: My goodness what a counter.

Fury: That is Thatcher Rex. He's as quick on his feet as he is with split decisions.

Thatcher Rex steps out to the apron. As Al Envy begins to stand, he turns to see Rex leap off toward him with a double axe handle. Envy side steps and brings a big right up that catches Rex in the mid section.

Williams: Al Envy able to react before behind caught by Thatcher Rex.

Fury: Not too bad, lets see what this guy can do.

Envy quickly steps forward and with one swift move, leaps to the apron, grabbing the top rope. Rex, still holding his midsection, turns and Envy leaps backward.

Williams: MOONSAULT OFF OF THE APRON!

Fury: This is how you kick start a match right here!

Al crashes through Thatcher Rex, both men hitting the floor as the referee counts on the inside. The fans rumble at the high risk move.

Williams: Al should slow the pace down a bit. You can't just start off with spots like that or it could bite you in the butt quickly.

Fury: He wont need to slow anything down if he can get Thatcher Rex into the ring and cover him now.

Al Envy pushes himself to his feet. You can see on his face that he may have landed slightly wrong and is pushing through the pain as he bends over and lifts Thatcher Rex to his feet.

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Williams: Envy now rolling Rex into the ring under the bottom rope.

Al walks up the steps and begins to climb the corner post from the outside.

Fury: Looks like he is going to fly again. This man doesn't care about his own safety as he looks to put Thatcher Rex away quick.

Rex holds his head as he rolls over. Al Envy leaps from the top turnbuckle with a huge knee drop that misses as Thatcher rolls out of the way. The fans go crazy as Envy grabs his knee in pain.

Williams: I told you, you have to slow the pace down. Taking risk is doing just that, taking risk. There is a good chance, as Envy just found out, that it will not pay off.

Fury: More quick thinking by Thatcher Rex keeps him going for a little bit longer.

Rex crawls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Al Envy, nursing his knee still, begins to get up as well. Seeing this, Thatcher Rex runs over and leaps up, bringing his right foot over and catching Envy in the side of the head with his foot.

Williams: Thatcher Rex gaining some momentum here.

Rex doesn't waste time as he quickly gets up and grabs the leg of Al Envy. Lifting it, he drives that knee hard into the canvas. Envy lets out a cry of pain as Rex holds on, lifts, and smashes it again.

Fury: That is a smart move by Thatcher Rex, work the knee of Al Envy to where he can not stand. Once you have disabled your opponent, you can easily take the win.

Williams: I agree fully. Thatcher Rex is methodically securing his opportunity to win right now.

Rex lets go of Envy's leg. He instantly begins to stomp away at the injured knee, working it over as Al Envy tries to scoot away.

Williams: Rex now lifting Al Envy to his feet.

Envy shows that his knee is hurt as he is pulled up, unable to put much pressure on it as Thatcher Rex pulls him backward toward the corner.

Williams: Thatcher Rex in full control, may be looking to go ahead and end this one now, as Envy had tried to do early on.

Fury: Al Envy is hurt, but he is not out yet Jennifer. He needs to do something if he wants to stay in this.

Rex climbs to the second rope backward, still holding Envy by the head. he leaps off, twisting around in an

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attempt to DDT Envy. However, Al Envy shoves him, sending Rex flying across the ring and hitting the mat as Envy drops down to his good knee.

Williams: Al Envy able to counter, but will that knee hold up long enough he can gain control?

Fury: Well, Rex is down and Envy isn't, so he already technically is leading this as we speak.

Rex rolls over and gets to his knees as Al Envy gets up, and with a slight limp that slows him down a bit, runs toward Rex, lifting his leg and connecting with a lariat as he crashes through Rex. Envy instantly is back down, holding his knee as Rex is laid out.

Fury: If Envy can push through the pain long enough to cover Thatcher Rex, this one is over.

Williams: Any normal man wouldn't have been able to pull that off after someone like Thatcher Rex did that much damage to their leg.

Envy uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks down at Rex before stumbling forward and coming down with an elbow that connects to the forehead of Thatcher.

Williams: Elbow drop as Al Envy continues to punish Rex here.

Envy gets to his knees and leans forward, bringing his arm up and delivering another elbow to the face of Rex. Thatcher grabs his head as Al Envy pushes his way to his feet, still unable to put much pressure on his knee, but more than he had been able to.

Williams: Envy once again in full control, continuing his assault on Thatcher Rex as he brings down a series of boots to Rex' head.

Fury: Al Envy hasn't lost a step since his hiatus from the ring.

Williams: I agree. He is showing the toughness well known in his family as this second generation superstar controls this match.

Envy bends down, grabs Rex by the head and lifts him halfway up. He situates himself near, hooking under Thatcher's rib cage and lifting him into a powerbomb position.

Williams: Envy has Rex up.

Fury: Oh, this one is over right here.

Al Envy turns toward the corner and rushes forward releasing Rex. Instead of crashing into the turnbuckle, Thatcher is able to somehow throw his legs back, and grabbing the top ropes, landing his feet on the second ropes. Envy drops down to his knee, unable to stand on it anymore.

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Williams: I don't know how he did it, but Thatcher Rex saved himself!

Fury: Bad timing for Al's legs to go out. He just wasn't able to throw him with full force.

Envy pushes through, getting to his feet yet again as Thatcher Rex leaps with his legs out. As they wrap around Al Envy's neck, Envy appears to try to turn it into a powerbomb, but Thatcher Rex throws his body back, twisting it into a Hurricanrana that sends Al Envy crashing to the mat.

Williams: Counter into a Hurricanrana!

Fury: Amazing!

Thatcher Rex rolls over and gets up, quickly lifting a barely conscious Al Envy up. He comes forward with a rolling elbow and immediately plants Al Envy's head to the mat with a Snapmare Driver.

Fury: That has to be it!

Thatcher Rex leaps up and across, covering Al Envy as the referee drops and slides into place. The fans count as his hand hits the canvas.

Williams: Thatcher Rex does it! Rex defeats Envy!

Fury: Al Envy was very impressive tonight but injuring that knee really hindered any hope of coming through.

Williams: I agree. A lot of talent in that young man, but he just couldn't do it tonight against Thatcher Rex.

Announcer: Your winner.. THHHAAAATTCCHHHEEEERRRRR REEEXXXX!!!!

Thatcher Rex celebrates as we get a few replays of some of the match's big spots before leaving ringside.

Friends!

Seated at the table, a drumstick in one hand, a phone in the other, is none other than "Beautiful" Bobby Dean. Even though he's not scheduled to wrestle tonight, he still finds himself at the arena, with a plate of food. Perks of being in the UTA. A chime sounds, and the fat bastard begins sliding his fat sausage fingers across his phone, clicking icons, typing in passwords, and suddenly he begins to read.

After reading a handful of paragraphs Bobby Dean's face lights up, he drops his drumstick and begins to type at break neck speed, and by break neck speed I mean, he takes a minute to look at his keyboard to see what letter is next and he types with only one finger from his right hand, the one hand covered with fried chicken grease.

Dear Mr. Unlikely,

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I must be honest with you sir, I'm apprehensive about your response. I find it highly unlikely, that you have never heard of the wrestling GOD that is Mike Best. But, I will forgive your ignorance, because you're the only person to have responded to my ad. I suppose my demands were too... Demanding?

I am pleased to see you have a green thumb, I myself, do not, but I have quite a fondness for Oregano, so I think we may get along magnificently. I'm so glad to see that you're a wonderful athlete, I hope your tails are sturdy and can support my weight, as I intend to ride them to the top!

You are SO right! She is lacking personality! I think it's the lack of sex. I try to help her out, but she turns me down. I think she's afraid she might like it too much. I can't wait to watch you tan! Wait, that doesn't sound right... What I meant to say was, I can't wait to see you naked and tan! Wait... I don't think I'm doing this right.

Mr. Mikey, I look forward to our secret handshakes, milkshakes, and the chinese buffets! I think this could be the start of a wonderful friendship!

SUPER FRIENDS!

Yours truly,

"Beautiful" Bobby Dean

P.S. What does "YaHeardMe" even mean? Is that like code word for, I want a reach around? Because if so, YaHeardMe indeed!

Bobby smiles as he hits Send, and then proceeds to lick his phone, licking the grease off. Suddenly, the door burst open and Doozer stumbles in holding his head. he falls to a knee.

Dean: DOOZE! WHAT HAPPENED?!

Bobby gets up and heads over to his friend and former fellow eGG Bandit, Doozer. He grabs his arm and helps him to his feet.

Dean: What's the matter?

Doozer witha glazed look on his face looks up at his former team mate.

Doozer: Tu...r..k.

He falls back to a knee.

Dean: Wait, what?! Turk did this to you?! Why?!

Bobby continues to check on his friend as we face.

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Will Haynes vs. The Good Reverend

The arena goes dark as High Ball Stepper by Jack White comes over the PA. The song jams along as white smoke fills the entrance way. The piano solo starts leaving the crowd waiting, after it's finished and the song returns to it's rock roots out of the back steps Will 'The Thrill' Haynes.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Athens, Georgia... He stands at six foot two and weighs in at two hundred and forty pounds...

The song continues to build and jam as Thrill makes his way down the ramp and to the ring.

Announcer: He is... WILL... THE THRILL... HAYYNNNNNEESSSS!!!!!!

Once there, he climbs the ring steps, steps through the ropes, and spins into the ring.

Williams: Will Haynes hoping to put The Good Reverend down tonight, but with The Truth having his back, this could be a big task.

The lights go dark as by Marilyn Manson begins to play. A single light shines down to the top of the stage. Brother Judas and Brother Simon step out from the back. Their monstrous size, and appearance in Brother Judas' case, overtakes the shot.

Williams: Those two men are scary.

The Good Reverend is out next. He walks forward and past them, stopping in front, holding one hand to the sky.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring now, standing six foot three and weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds... THE GOOOOD.... REVVVEERREENNDDDD!!!

Williams: We're in for maybe the match of Will's life.

They continue down the ramp, the light following their every step. As they reaches the ring, The Good Reverend walks up the steps, entering through the ropes. Once in the ring, the lights come back up and his music fades.

Williams: The atmosphere is electric here.

Fury: Dick's got the chills.

The Good Reverend heads to his corner and stares at Will Haynes across the ring as the bell sounds.

Williams: We're off, lock up by Will Haynes and The Reverend.

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The Good Reverend pushes forward and breaks the lock. The go at it again.

Williams: Lock up again, this time The Reverend pulls THRILL into a side headlock.

Haynes sells the hell out of the headlock as The Good Reverend applies pressure. He then wraps his arms around The Good Reverend's waist and lifts, falling back.

Williams: They hit the mat, and Haynes is able to use the ropes to pull himself up. He needs to make an offensive attack now if he plans on winning this match.

As The Reverend begins to get up, Haynes grabs his head and pulls him the rest of the way up.

Williams: The Reverend whipped into the ropes. As he returns, Haynes lifts him up on his shoulders and falls back. Samoan drop.

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

Williams: Will Haynes goes up top. As he leaps he throws his arms out. THRILL 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 The Reverend. The referee drops to count.

Williams: Kick out at two, The Reverend isn't out of this yet.

As Haynes gets up, he pulls The Reverend up with him.

Williams: Half way up, The Reverend pushes Will Haynes back. Quick jab to the eyes.

The fans boo.

Fury: That's for everyone who has ever wanted to punch a punk kid like Haynes.

Williams: I have to disagree Dick. Lately the fans have begun to back Haynes.

Fury: Why? Because he represents America against Abdul bin Hussain? He's still just a punk to Dick.

Haynes grabs his eyes in pain, turning away from The Reverend.

Williams: The Reverend runs, BULL DOG! He plants Haynes's face into the mat after that eye jab.

The Reverend gets on his knees, lifts Haynes's head and begins to slam it repeatedly into the mat.

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Williams: The Reverend doesn't play by the rules as he uses pure aggressiveness and power to regain control in this match up.

The Reverend drops Haynes's head and gets to his feet.

Williams: The Reverend rolls Haynes over and lifts his leg. Elbow drop to the inner thigh of THRILL.

The Reverend gets up again, and lifts both legs this time.

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

He then grasp Haynes's legs tighter and leans back, falling to the mat.

Williams: Slingshot! Haynes slams into that turnbuckle!

As THRILL bounces off the corner post, he stumbles back and turns into a boot to his gut from The Reverend.

Williams: Quick DDT by The Reverend! He planted Will Haynes into the canvas with that one.

The Reverend gets to his feet and runs and bounces off the ropes.

Williams: The Reverend leaps, leg drop across the chest of Will Haynes. It may be over for THRILL.

The Reverend covers his opponent and waits for the referee to count.

Williams: Kick out by Will Haynes!

Fury: Someone test that hippie for drugs! How did he kick out?!

The Reverend slaps the mat and gets to his feet. He yanks Haynes up with him.

Williams: Irish whip by The Reverend, no, reversed. The Reverend off the ropes, spinning heel kick by THRILL!

As The Reverend flies back to the mat, Haynes collapses to one knee.

Williams: THRILL still recovering from the damage done by The Reverend.

Fury: Hopefully it's permanent damage.

Haynes stands up, but falls to one knee again.

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Williams: I think THRILL may have injured that knee. This can't be good for Will Haynes.

The Reverend uses the ropes to get to his feet. He looks at Haynes, struggling to get up.

Williams: The Reverend takes this opportunity as he runs at Will Haynes. Shining Wizard... NO!

Haynes grabs up under The Reverend's legs as he come sat him, lifts and falls backward.

Williams: THRILL able to counter! THRILL able to counter!

Fury: HOW?!

Haynes gets up. He shows a bit of uncomfortableness in his knee as he walks over and drops an elbow to The Reverend.

Williams: THRILL lifts The Reverend. Irish whip. He catches himself by the top rope!

The Reverend holds onto the top rope as Haynes 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: But now Haynes is out there with the rest of The Truth. Not a good place to be for anyone.

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

Williams: On the outside, The Reverend trying to get to his feet.

Once up, The Reverend grabs Haynes and pulls him halfway up, before he hits The Reverend in the gut.

Williams: THRILL not out yet.

He slams The Reverend in the gut again before getting all the way to his feet.

Williams: THRILL with the whip, no, reversed. Will Haynes sent into the guard rail.

Fury: Good.

He leans over the top of the barrier. The Reverend runs, leaps up and over him, bringing a leg down across the upper back of Will Haynes, and landing in the fan area, obviously wrong as he grabs his lower back and rolls in pain.

Williams: The Reverend took a chance that paid off but may have also backfired!

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Haynes rolls around in pain outside of the barrier as The Reverend pulls himself up from the fan area, and flops over to the floor beside Haynes.

Williams: The Reverend trying to get to his feet. He's hurt folks.

The Reverend walks, slowly and in pain, toward the ring.

Williams: The Reverend rolling into the ring as the referee continues his count.

The Good Reverend rolls back out to restart the count. As he gets to the floor, Brother Judas and Brother Simon join him.

Williams: Will Haynes in a bad place now as all three members of The Truth surround him.

Haynes stands and looks at the situation he is in. He balls his fist up and comes forward, punching The Good Reverend, then turning and landing a punch on Brother Simon. However, Brother Judas grabs his throat as he turns to him.

Williams: Will Haynes in trouble!

Brother Judas lifts Haynes up by his throat, holding him there as he kicks his legs. The referee begins to call for the bell.

Williams: Let him go! It's over!

Brother Judas brings Haynes down hard to the floor on the outside as the bell continues to sound.

Williams: Big choke slam out here on the floor.

Will Haynes holds his throat, gasping for air as The Good Reverend bends down and yanks him to his feet. He throws his arm around the neck of Will Haynes and leans him backward, before twisting over and planting his face with a Swinging reverse STO. The fans boo even louder.

Williams: The Reverend hitting what he likes to call Let HIS Love Shine Upon you outside here.

The Good Reverend kneels down beside of Will Haynes and smiles. Brother Judas and Brother Simon stand near them, watching as The Good Reverend gets to his feet.

Williams: The fans are not happy Dick.

Fury: They would be if Dick was in the ring. The fans love Dick.

Suddenly an uproar is heard throughout the crowd.

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Williams: What's this?!

From the crowd a man jumps over the barrier, steel chair in hand.

Williams: CONRAD TELLER IS HERE! CONRAD TELLER!

Fury: And he's got a chair!

Teller yanks the chair back and swings as hard as he can into the back of Brother Judas who stumbles forward and to a knee. Teller slams the chair on his back again sending him fully down.

Williams: Conrad Teller making the save and getting revenge at the same time!

Brother Simon rushes Teller who turns the chair sideways and sends it into his gut. As Simon bends over, Teller brings the chair down hard across his back.

Williams: The Truth have been taken out!

Fury: All but The Good Reverend.

The Good Reverend rolls into the ring and gets to his feet, backing away as Conrad slides in after him. Conrad walks toward The Reverend who drops down and slides out of the ring backward. As he gets to the floor, he begins up the ramp, still walking backward to avoid being attacked. Conrad Teller holds the chair out at him, yelling as the fans cheer.

Williams: Conrad Teller with a little redemption tonight, but still unable to get his hands on The Good Reverend.

Fury: Dick doesn't think this one is over by a long shot.

Will Haynes rolls into the ring, and grabs the ropes, using them to begin pulling himself up. Teller heads over, drops the chair and helps Haynes to his feet as the fans cheer.

Williams: Haynes doesn't know what's going on or that he won this match by disqualification.

Will looks around and at Teller. They exchange some words before Conrad holds Will's arm in the sky to celebrate his victory.

Williams: Well folks. That's all the time we have tonight. I want to thank you for once again tuning in to Saturday Night Victory, right here on Wrestle UTA Dot Com!

As Conrad continues to hold Hayne's arm up the copyright logo comes across the screen and we fade to black.