

# Victory: XXXV

July 20, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

## VICTORY

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: Everybody loves Dick!

Williams: That's debatable.

Fury: Actually, it isn't.

Williams: In either case fans we have a great night ahead of you here from the Wrestlezone! In the main event, Chris Hopper and Lew Smith will team up to face the World Champion, La Flama Blanca, and the newest member of Dynasty... Kendrix.

Fury: That will be exciting.

Williams: I figured even you might enjoy it.

Fury: Of course Dick will. Anytime Dynasty wins, Dick loves it.

Williams: I wouldn't count Lew Smith and Chris Hopper out so easily Dick. This match has a lot of heat on it, with both Chris Hopper and Lew Smith having scores to settle.

Fury: Speaking of scores to settle, The Pirate King is in action and looking to get a win back after losing to Samuel Owens.

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Williams: Lisil Jackson is looking to also score his first singles win here in the UTA, it should be a great match.

Fury: Colton Thorpe and Jalante is after that.

Williams: Thorpe looking to continue to impress here in the UTA with the hopes of taking home a win over the Devil's Daughter.

Fury: Eye roller of the night.

Williams: Unfortunately, Samuel Owens is not here tonight. However, Cayle Murray will still be in action.

Fury: So the first of the Chicago Five show their true colors.

Williams: Absurd. Samuel Owens is injured Dick!

Fury: Injured. Scared. All the same.

Williams: Not at all! Ugh. After that match up, Amy Harrison will take on Hall of Fame alumni, Ron Hall, in intergender action!

Fury: She can do something other than spin a wheel? Dick's got to see this.

Williams: It's going to be a long night. Either way, this is Victory and the action starts now!

The Merchant of Venice by Way of Orlando

If the WrestleZone has been known for one thing since Wrestle UTA took up residency some seven months ago, it was the fans. The tiny studio holds just over 1,400, but nearly every fan there was wearing the latest tees and whatnot, or were waiting in line at the merch table in the concourse.

The man standing at the front of the line wasn't a fan. He was UTA Superstar Colton Thorpe, and he was about to make this university intern's night a living Hell.

Thorpe: Hey, kid. Looks like you're plenty busy tonight, so just hand over a Colt Thorpe shirt; I want to wear it for my entrance tonight.

For his response, the intern behind the table turned 180 degrees, pointing to every tee hanging on the display behind him.

Intern: Uhm, I am sorry, Sir, but we don't have any of those.

Thorpe: What do you mean? This is the first show after the big product roll out, you've got to have a few CT

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tees. Check the boxes in the back.

The five foot seven, twenty year old brought a hand up to the back of his neck.

Intern: No, I am sorry, sir. They--

Thorpe: Well, out with it, you're wasting all of these people's time.

Intern: They didn't actually make any Colton Thorpe shirts.

Colt stammers in the face of this disappointing news.

Thorpe: I. Don't. I mean.

Collecting himself, Colt turns back to the crowd that has formed behind him that are getting more than a little anxious.

Thorpe: Sorry to have wasted your time, folks. There isn't a Colton Thorpe t-shirt for you to buy. You might as well just turn around and go back to your seats. I am sure that you don't want to miss the Pirate in action.

All Thorpe manages to draw in response is a few eye rolls. Paying no mind to the audience, as per usual, Colt turns again to the reddening university sophomore.

Thorpe: That's alright, kid. Can't really say it is your fault. I know it's a big moment meeting your favourite wrestler and that's probably why you couldn't just be direct about it. But we can still salvage this.

The Intern braces himself for what Colt is going to ask next.

Thorpe: Just give me an action figure. I know they made me an action figure. Hell, even Murray got a doll.

Intern: Wouldn't that look a little awkward? Walking out to the ring with a doll of yourself?

Again, Colt goes into his thinking pose.

Thorpe: You know, you might be right.

Intern: Also, we don't have any.

With arms crossed and toes a-tapping, Thorpe leans in, mean mugging the kid behind the table. After watching the kid squirm some, Colt again turns back to deliver the bad news to the dozens in line.

Thorpe: And they don't have the Colt Thorpe action figure either! What a let down! Wait--

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Thorpe stops himself because the crowd has drifted away from him. He, and our camera, look around for where they've gone. Twenty feet further down, Sanctus is standing beside a stack of boxes and pulling out a Zhalia Fears t-shirt to give to the tween girl at the front of the new line.

Sanctus: There you are, Miss. Enjoy the show. Who's next?

Colt Thorpe reaches over the table to wrap an arm around the Intern.

Thorpe: What is Whitey doing?

Intern: Some giveaway. Two-hundred fans get a free t-shirt and a photo-op with him.

Thorpe: Figures that he'd have to be giving away stuff to draw any sort of crowd.

Pulling away from the uncomfortable grip Thorpe had, the Intern looks down to the walkie-talkie poking out of his pocket.

Intern: Are you gonna, you know?

And the question breaks Colt's death-stare. He unclenches the fist he'd balled up and just smiles at the intrepid Intern.

Thorpe: No need to beat him up, again. I have something else in mind. You want to give me one of those Sanctus shirts over there?

Intern: Sure. That'd be twenty bucks.

Thorpe: Just give me one of the two-hundred freebies.

The Intern has the tee clutched in his hand, slowly moving his arm forward, unsure if he can comply with the request. Acting out of impatience, Colt snatches the tee out of his hand before walking off in a huff.

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Stache-Off

We cut back to the promo area backstage, standing there with his tree-trunk sized arms crossed across his massive chest is the Bombastic Bronson Box. He's dressed in his usual street clothes, a finely tailored three piece suit of dark brown and grey. The Scottish Strongman glares over his mustache, his curled lip causing the distinctive facial hair to twitch ever so slightly.

Boxer: So, whilst some of my colleagues were shufflin' about in blindfolds and playin' kiddie games ol' Bronson was stealin' the show inside a steel cage... I won the day, lads.

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The Wargod stops and glares back at the camera, rolling his words around on his tongue.

Boxer: I hope that concept isn't lost on you people. Ye' see, I'm the kind of villain that'd rather swallow a hard fought loss fer' nothin' then prance about in some bloody dance competition and win the damned "World" title... title belts around this bloody place obviously mean as much as the person wearin' the damn thing.

He scoffs with a shrug of his shoulders.

Boxer: An' between the masked moron, the terrorist and the bloody WOMAN it's a sad lot of "champions" indeed. Oh... but then there's you John. The man who greeted me at the door, so to speak, when I signed here with the UTA. Quite the little run you're on, boy'o... and you couldn't have written a better script, could ye'? The way you poked and prodded me on bloody Twitter like a thirteen year old girl when I first showed my face, almost like you saaaaaaw somethin' in me... and here we are.

Bronson shrugs again, this time with feigned disappointment.

Boxer: Not for you precious Legacy title though, shame... I've known one of these belts lying around here would find its way around my waist eventually. Make somethin' out of nothin' much like our dear Ms. Beckman has managed with that piece of UTA stamped tin she's been luggin' around. A pretty piece of tin, that. Maybe I'll take IT...

The Scottish Strongman narrows his eyes with a grin and leans towards the camera.

Boxer: Have you people not pieced this together yet? I 'aint here for gold and glory... I'm here to create a LEGACY I don't have te' share with the pitiful likes of you. I'm here to build my own bloody wing in the UTA hall of fame. If some blasted BELTS get caught in the foundation of bone and sinew, so Be. It.

Leaning in further. All we can see is muscle, shoulder, mustache and brown and grey pinstripes filling the frame.

Boxer: John Sektor... Alex Beckman... just cogs in the Machine, though 'aint'cha? Maybe I should be talkin' te' the braaaaaains of the operation, eh? The beady little head of this snake... I've been itchin' te' meet Mr. "so-called" BEST fer' some time now...

The Legacy champion's voice actually manages to give The Wargod a start.

Sektor: I think I could probably arrange that if you ask nice. But ya' see, I'm sort of the type that likes to do a lot of my own talking so we can totally cut out the middleman...

The Gold Standard saunters into the frame, Legacy title glistening under the lights over his shoulder whilst he steps a toe into Boxer's personal space... and more importantly, stepping on his camera time.

Sektor: ... and you can say whateeeeeeeeever you want right to my pretty face, whatcha' say... LITTLE man.

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The Legacy champ raises his eyebrows and looks down at the stocky Scotsman. Bronson fumes... but somehow manages to reign it in, his bloodshot brown eyes staring daggers into the tan tattooed Miami native and Legacy title toting member of Mike Best's Machine. He looks Sektor up and down decisively.

Boxer: Another rat still soakin' wet after jumpin' ship... how many of you lot are there, exactly? UTA seems to consist mostly of top flight talent lookin' te' expand their horizons and a bunch shite talkin' bridge burnin' HAS BEENS...

The two men bow up to one another, neither superstar giving an inch. Sektor's face softens a fraction, a cool smirk creeping it's way back onto his smarmy mug.

Sektor: You know, Boxer, I've imagined this moment for quite some time. Standing here face to face with you, trying to think of what I would say to a man whom I have admired from afar for so so long..

Boxer's brow remains tight, unsure on how to take Sektor's comment. The Legacy champion sighs and drops his shoulders with disappointment.

Sektor: Gotta say, man, it's feeling a little anti-climatic... I'm supposed to be scared of you, aren't I?

Sektor continues to frown with confusion, cocking his head to the side. Looking the stout Scotsman up and down with derision.

Sektor: You're supposed to be the terrifying sociopath, the mighty Bronson Box, is that right? The man, who leaves a path of de-STRUCTION, wherever he plants his spats. The man who seems to enjoy getting punked out like a middle schooler on Twitter by The Gold Standard...

Sektor let's out a cackle of laughter as he watches Box continues to seethe silently, his arms still crossed in frustration in front of his lapels.

Sektor: Come on, Bronson! Put the fear of God in me! Show me that all the HYPE wasn't a bunch of hot air...

Box curls his lip and puffs out his chest, clearly feeling Sektor burrowing further and further under his skin. He's obviously done this before. He knows aaaaall the right buttons to push.

Boxer: Diggin' yer' own GRAVE here, boy'o...

Sektor smiles maniacally, showing his teeth as he enjoys the image Bronson is painting for him.

Sektor: Thaaats it! That's more like it. Just like on TV!

Sektor laughs a sarcastic chortle whilst Boxers chest heaves in and out. Teeth clenched, red in the face. John's smile wains, his eyes narrow slightly. The Legacy champion leeeeeeeans in close.

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Sektor: Just remember one thing. You can do all the scowlin' and screamin' that you're little heart desires before our match at Wrestleshow... but this ain't Dane's crack den down in New AH-leans, Wargod. This is my world. And brother? You're just LIVIN' in it...

Sektor's smile returning in full force a moment after the threat. Bronson's wild bloodshot eyes narrow menacingly.

Sektor: See you next week, chief.

The Gold Standard gives Box a patronising slap on the shoulder before turning on his heels and heading back in the direction whence he came. The Wargod's look of pure seething hatred starts to look more like a look of... excitement? Eagerness?

Boxer: Just keep diggin' that grave, lad. Niiiiiice and deep.

We cut back to the commendation station.

As we return to the ring, The Pirate King from The Pirates of Penzance is already playing as Blackbeard stands in the ring, his arm in the air. The music begins to fade.

Williams: Blackbeard taking on Lisil Jackson tonight, looking to hopefully get back on track after a few matches that didn't go so well.

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: Lisil Jackson looking to make his singles debut tonight and hoping to pick up a win after his debut loss in a triple threat just two weeks ago.

Fury: He's got a huge obstacle ahead of him.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston Jamaica.

Getting to and/or entering ring portion goes here.

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!

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Lisil slides off his Hawaiian Shirt, gold chain, and his fedora setting them down on the ring apron.

Williams: Not very many men are bigger than Blackbeard, but Lisil Jackson has a few inches on him.

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

Fury: Should be an interesting match up.

Lisil smiles big, clapping as the bell sounds.

Williams: Here we go, singles action here. Quick lock up by Jackson and Blackbeard.

Lisil takes control pushing Blackbeard back into the ropes.

Williams: Lisil with a whi- NO! Reversal. Blackbeard sends Jackson across the ring. Off of the ropes...

Jackson comes in with full force, leaping with a quick knee into the gut of Blackbeard, grabbing the back of his head as he does. He brings another knee up. Still holding Blackbeard's head, Lisil falls back to the canvas, throwing his knees into Blackbeard's midsection, and pushing him up and over. The Pirate Kind hits the canvas back first hard as the fans cheer.

Williams: Wow! Lisil showing those Muay Thai skills of his with multiple knees into a toss.

Fury: Lendsail...

Williams: Lisil.

Fury: Yea, Loosail...

Williams: Lisil.

Fury: Come on!

Dick sighs.

Fury: Black Guy Jackson showing how skilled he really is here early on.

Williams: That is offensive!

Fury: His skills aren't offensive at all! They are actually good.

Williams: You are so incredibly dense.

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Fury: Comes with the thickness.

Lisil pushes to his feet as Blackbeard rolls over and gets to his hands and knees. He runs forward, dropping down with a knee into the side of Blackbeard.

Williams: Lisil Jackson bringing another knee down into the side of Blackbeard.

Blackbeard grabs his side and rolls over as Jackson rolls over and rises up, grabbing Blackbeard's arm and pulling it up with him.

Williams: Lisil holding Blackbeard's arm up.

He slides over above Blackbeard, yanks back on his arm as he drops down, one leg covering Blackbeard's throat. As he yanks back, Blackbeard arches up, letting out a yell of pain, allowing Lisil to lock the move in even better using Blackbeard's own leverage against him.

Williams: Wow, what an interesting variation on an arm bar by Lisil Jackson.

Fury: Yea, but he's too close to the ropes. You have to pull your opponent to the middle of the ring.

As Dick points out the obvious logic, Blackbeard is able to throw his left leg over the bottom rope, breaking the hold. Lisil lets go almost immediately, rolling over and pushing to his feet, the fans cheering for him as Blackbeard lays out on the canvas, still in pain.

Williams: Lisil Jackson keeping full control of this match so far, keeping Blackbeard down like we have never seen before.

As Blackbeard begins to push up to his feet, Lisil grabs him, assisting him to his feet.

Williams: Jackson whips Black- NO! Reversal. Lisil Jackson sent into the ropes.

Fury: Cause this worked out so well last time for Blackbeard.

As Lisil Jackson returns, he slides underneath the legs of Blackbeard.

Williams: Jackson slides.

He gets up as Blackbeard turns around.

Blackfont: Jackson leaps, grabbing the head of Blackbeard.

Lisil Jackson attempts to fall back for a DDT, but Blackbeard just shoves him off and down to the canvas. Blackbeard snarls at Jackson as the fans boo.

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Williams: DDT attempt doesn't pay off. Blackbeard possibly finding his opening here.

Fury: Yea, but how much damage has Black Guy Jackson already done Jennifer? Can Blackbeard actually make a come back.

Fury: You disgust me.

Fury: WHAT DID DICK DO?!

Williams: Ugh. Blackbeard now stomping away at Jackson.

He bends down and grabs Lisil Jackson, pulling him violently to his feet.

Williams: Blackbeard directing Jackson to the corner now. He sends his head into that top turnbuckle with force.

As Lisil Jackson's head bounces off of the top turnbuckle, Blackbeard turns him around, propping him up in the corner.

Williams: The Pirate King now holding onto the top ropes while placing his foot into the throat of Lisil Jackson.

The referee starts counting as Blackbeard chokes Lisil.

Fury: Blackbeard paying Jackson back now.

Williams: Blackbeard releases at the count of four. He reels back... hard knife edge chop to the chest of Lisil Jackson.

Fury: They heard that chop all the way down in Davey Jones locker!

Williams: Blackbeard now using that foot across the throat of Lisil Jackson to choke him again.

Fury: He's got a count of five. Every four seconds, let go, and do it again. You're not breaking any rules then.

Williams: YES YOU ARE!

Fury: Dick's never been DQ'd for using his head like that.

Williams: Blackbeard releases the choke again. Another huge knife edge chop.

Blackbeard grabs the left arm of Lisil Jackson and pushes him hard into the corner before yanking back.

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Williams: Irish whip across the ring, Blackbeard follows Jackson.

Lisil Jackson leaps at the last moment, lands on the ropes, and pushes back, twisting in the air.

Williams: Lisil Jackson with a kick into the face of Blackbeard!

The fans cheer as Blackbeard hits the canvas. Lisil Jackson lays face down on the mat himself, breathing heavily.

Williams: Lisil Jackson keeping Blackbeard's offense at a minimum.

Fury: Dick's gotta say... Black Gu-

Williams: DAMN IT DICK!

Fury: WHAT?!

Williams: It is LI-SIL. LISIL!

Fury: Lysol. Got it.

Williams: You make me just so mad some times.

Blackbeard shakes off the kick as he gets to his feet. Lisil Jackson uses the ropes to pull himself up as well.

Williams: The Pirate King rushes Lisil Jackson.

Jackson sees him and in the last moment bends down and lifts Blackbeard up and over the top rope. However, he fails to realize that Blackbeard was able to grab the top rope and land on the apron, catching his balance.

Williams: Lisil Jackson thinks he has tossed Blackbeard out of the ring.

Lisil Jackson turns as Blackbeard climbs back into the ring and rushes forward with an arm extended.

Williams: Clothesline by Blackbeard!

Lisil Jackson just stares upwards, breathing heavy as Blackbeard rolls over covering him. The referee drops and begins his count.

Williams: Jackson able to somehow kick out at two.

Fury: Jackson wont be held down by the man. Simple as that.

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Williams: Blackbeard getting up, Lisil Jackson in hand.

Fury: You've got to think that right now The Pirate King is not happy and Lisil Jackson is going to feel that here.

Williams: Blackbeard whips Lisil Jackson into the corner again. He runs... leaps.. Lisil Jackson MOVES! Lisil Jackson MOVES!

Blackbeard crashes shoulder first, hard into the corner post. As he steps back, holding his shoulder in pain, Lisil Jackson holds onto the tope rope, using it to keep himself up as he walks toward the center of the ring.

Williams: Blackbeard could be hurt, the referee checking on him.

Fury: He needs to be paying attention to Lisil Jackson. What is he doing?

Williams: I'm unsure Dick.

Lisil pushes his back into the ropes and uses them to launch himself off. Right as he reaches Blackbeard, he stops just for a split second, and leaps up, twisting backwards and landing across the chest of his opponent.

Williams: Running shooting star press!

The crowd goes crazy.

Fury: How can a guy his size be so agile?

Lisil leaps up and runs forward toward the ropes. He grabs the top ropes and yanks them with excitement as the fans continue to get loud.

Williams: Lisil Jackson has hit a second wind here.

Fury: He's turned up!

Behind him, Blackbeard begins to get up. Lisil turns, sees him, and runs. He grabs Blackbeard's neck, and leaps, turning in air.

Williams: Swinging neck breaker by Lisil Jackson.

The fans yell and cheer as Lisil, quickly gets back up.

Williams: Jackson runs to the ropes, he leaps to the middle and back..

Blackbeard pushes up, raising up as Lisil comes down.

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Williams: SUPERMAN PUNCH!

Blackbeard's arms fly out to the side and he falls straight back to the canvas

Fury: He hit his mark!

Lisil quickly drops down, throwing his arms under Blackbeard's legs and holds them up and he covers. The referee drops and begins his count.

Williams: Lisil going for the cover.

The referee drops and begins to count. As his hand hits the canvas for the third time, the bell begins to sound.

Announcer: The winner of this match via pin fall..... LISIL... JAACCCKKKSSOONNN!!!

Williams: Big win tonight Lisil Jackson in his first singles match here in the UTA.

Fury: Black Guy Jackson did good. Defeating Blackbeard is no easy task, but he pulled it off.

Williams: It is just incredible how insensitive you can be Dick.

Fury: That's how you last longer.

Williams: Ugh. You're disgusting.

Lisil dances in the ring, a smile on his face as the fans cheer.

Stand for Something

Williams: Folks, we're already off to a flying straight here on Victory, and I'm just getting word that Jamie Sawyers is waiting backstage with our newest signing: Cayle Murray.

Fury: Oh, great...

Sure enough, when the camera cuts backstage it's to Jamie Sawyers stood before a typical UTA backdrop, microphone in-hand.

Sawyers: Thanks guys. Ladies and Gentlemen, I am joined at this time by a man who marked his UTA debut with a victory over Lisil Jackson and Colton Thorpe a fortnight ago... Cayle Murray.

The Scotsman steps into the scene on-cue, already dressed in his ring attire. His hair's combed back, his chin's unshaved, there's a glint in his eye and a smile on his face.

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Sawyers: Thanks for joining me, Mr. Murray, and first of all, allow me to officially welcome you to the UTA!

Murray: Pleasure's all mine, sir.

Sawyer: We saw you make your UTA debut on our last broadcast, but many fans are curious as to what actually brings you here. Why the UTA, Cayle?

Murray: Money, fame, glory. Nothing else. If you wanna be the biggest star you've gotta perform on the biggest stage, right?

Cayle winks, but he's unable to maintain the act for too long.

Murray: Nah, just kidding. I like those things, they're nice, but they're not the reason I get out of bed in the morning. Truth is, I've been my own boss for about five years, and it's been great. I wrestled where I wanted, when I wanted, and for who I wanted. I made Japan my base but often set-out for Europe and this continent's smaller stages, and life was good. The mainstream's been knocking at my door for a couple of years, but I had that old punk rock mentality, y'know? "Don't sell out, don't work for the man, control your own destiny..."

He pauses to switch gears.

Murray: As fun as that is, it's entirely selfish. My career belongs to more than just me, see: it belongs to every single person who paid to be here tonight, and everybody watching at home. It's about my family, my friends, my co-workers, and guys like you, Mr. Sawyers. "Cayle Murray" doesn't exist without this framework of support, and I owe it to every single link in that chain to be the absolute best competitor I can be, and what better place for that than the most competitive promotion on Earth?

Sawyers: "Competitive" is certainly the right word. You join the UTA at a time when the company is awash with new talent: some, like Alex Beckman and Ty Walker, are already among the fed's brightest lights, while others, like yourself are still getting a foot in the door. How do you see yourself fitting-in?

Murray: I don't.

Cayle shakes his head dismissively.

Murray: I don't want to blend-in and toe the line - I want to leave my own mark. There are a lot of good people here, but not many willing to make a stand. We saw it just a few weeks ago, man: Lew Smith got screwed out of the biggest win of his career, and he reacted with a shrug and an "awww shucks." With that level of passivity, it's no wonder this place is governed by crooks and ruled by egos. We can't allow that to continue, man: somebody has to stand-up to the Big Bad Wolf...

Sawyers: ... and you are that "somebody"?

Murray: Right. I'm no white knight, but I love this sport too much to let depravity run wild over it. For every

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Zhalia Fears or Second Coming, the UTA has half-a-dozen Sean Jacksons and Alex Beckmans. The UTA's future lies in the hands of those who take everything from this sport and give nothing back. I'm telling you that all Dynasties die, all Machines become obsolete, and Danger doesn't exist in absence of fear.

Even as the conviction in Cayle's accent-tinged words grow, Jamie Sawyers doesn't even flinch. Always the consummate professional.

Sawyers: Those are some of the biggest names in the UTA; are you worried about putting a target on your back so early in your tenure here?

Murray: I've had a target on my back all my life, Mr. Sawyers. I fight to be who I am every single day I draw breath, and even if I fail, I will stand by my code of ethics in the UTA. The fans - the people who make this whole thing possible - have been trampled on for far too long: I think it's about time we tipped the balance.

A hearty pop goes out inside the arena, loud enough to reverberate through the walls and trickle through to Cayle and Jamie.

Sawyers: If your troubles with Colton Thorpe are anything to go by, it seems you've started as your mean to go on. We'll see you in-action for a second time tonight - are you worried about Thorpe's possible interference?

Murray: I think that if you wrestle with something like that on your mind, you've lost before the bell's even rung.

Cayle shakes his head.

Murray: I chased him off last week because I refuse to stand and watch temerity run wild and unchecked. If La Flama Blanca himself had mouthed-off to me backstage, I'd have done the exact same thing. Maybe he will show-up when I'm wrestling, but I've a little more faith than that, and I'd like to think he's learned from what happened last week.

Sawyers: Finally, Cayle, with the Prodigy Title seemingly tied-up with Ring King participants for the foreseeable future, what are your early targets and goals in the UTA?

Murray: The Prodigy Title is comfortably one of the most prestigious belts in the sport. Beckman's smashed everyone she's faced, and it's not like she's defending it against slouches - I think the fact that a fighter of Ty Walker's distinction last competed for it speaks volumes of its prestige. I'd love to contest it someday, but look elsewhere: Bronson Box, Rhys Townsend... these men have barely been here for a cup of coffee, but their legacies are legendary. The UTA is a murderer's row from top to bottom: my early target is survival in the shark tank.

Sawyers: Cayle Murray, thank you very much.

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The scene cuts with Murray and Sawyers exchanging pleasantries.

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Donate Now!

The scene turns to backstage where Lisil Jackson is walking down a hallway with his Hawaiian shirt slung over his shoulder and wearing his trademark fedora. Jamie Sawyers steps into the picture with a microphone.

Sawyers: Lisil! Quick word!

Jackson smiles seeing Sawyers.

L. Jackson: Eyyy mon! I was bout ta go get me a pineapple ta celebrate!

Sawyers lets out a small chuckle before he raises up his microphone

Sawyers: I am here with Lisil Jackson and Lisil that was a great performance against The Pirate King Blackbeard...

Lisil Jackson nods his head gently grabbing the microphone.

L. Jackson: It's like what I said goin inta dis match! I was goin ta sink dat ship and dat is what happened!

Sawyers lets out a small laugh before proceeding to ask the next question.

Sawyers: So Lisil... What exactly is your goal here in the UTA?

Lisil Jackson smiles from ear to ear.

L. Jackson: Brudda I am glad ya asked dat question cuz I have somethin dat needs announced!

Sawyers: Oh really? Then go ahead Lisil!

Lisil Jackson pulls the microphone out of Sawyers' hands.

L. Jackson: Ma bruddas! Open ya ears fo dese are da words of Lisil Jackson! All ma Jamaica friends stand up! Fo dis is a glorious day! Ya see I have finally opened up dee charity I've been wantin ta fo years now!

Jamie Sawyers raises an eyebrow.

Sawyers: Charity?

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L. Jackson: Oh yes ma brudda! Dis is dee Betta Must Come Charity! Dis charity is ta bring betta ta dee island of Jamaica! Betta housin! Betta education fo our children! And ova all a betta tomorrow! We are workin on gettin a website runnin and plan on doins everal charity events...

Sawyers: Wow Lisil... That is quite a heartwarming tale you are emabrking on.

Lisil nods his head enthusiastically.

L. Jackson: I told ma bruddas back at home dat I was goin to be an Inspiration and I plan on keepin dat promise! Dis is only da beginnin and it can not be done alone! Everone take a look inside ya soul! Donate to dee cause! I don't care if it's 50 cents, a dolla, or whateva! Just tink about it... Instead of goin to dat bar ta get anotta beer ya can spend dat money on a worthy cause!

Lisil suddenly drops the microphone and spreads his arms almost in an angelic position.

L. Jackson: In Dee Arms of an angel.... Fly Away from ere.... From dis dark cold hotel room... And dee endless dat ya fear! Ya are pulled from dee wreckage of ya silent reverie... Ya in dee arms of an angel... May ya find some comfort here!!!

Lisil looks back at the camera with a smile tipping his fedora after he finishes the song verses.

L. Jackson: Today is one day but tomorrow is anotha! Betta must come and betta will come!

And with those last words said Lisil Jackson throws the microphone up where Jamie Sawyers catches it.

Sawyers: Well you heard th eman that's the Better Must Come charity.... Donate now I guess!

Monster by Skillet begins to play over the arenas sound system as the UTA fans immediately begin with the boos and jeers. 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.

Fury: This man has been on quite the roll since his debut a little over his month ago.

Williams: If you include attacking people from behind, then yes, he's been on quite a roll.

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.

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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. What a few weeks ago was near silence for the newcomer has quickly evolved into a healthy hate from the fans in attendance. He climbs up the onto the apron, taking off his jacket before tossing it onto the floor outside the ring.

Announcer: COLTON THORPE!

Williams: Coming of a hard fought loss last Victory to Cayle Murray, Thorpe is looking to get back on track with a win here tonight.

Fury: Don't you listen Jennifer, Colt didn't lose. He told us so, remember?

Williams: Just because you don't get pinned or submitted in a triple threat doesn't mean you didn't lose.

Fury: Dick disagrees.

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 arena lights suddenly shut off. Four blood red spotlights shine down onto the rampway as All Hail Hell by Midnight blares through the arena. A burst of flame shoots up from a small opening at the base of the entrance. As the flame extinguishes downward, the self professed daughter of Satan, Jalante, rises in the flames place.

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

Jalante steps from her pit, beginning her descent down the rampway. The arena lights slowly turn back on to a dim setting, a spotlight shone on her as she progresses towards the ring. Jalante shares a few nasty expression with the audience, which elicits a response from them.

Williams: As well, Jalante is looking to not only looking avenge a loss from last Victory, but get into the W column for the first time in her UTA career.

Fury: Much like last time we saw her, her entire career has been one of taking it off the chin.

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

As Jalante slides into the ring, she grabs the pentagram necklace that hangs around her neck, lifting it high up into the air, screaming out at the top of her lungs. She then rests the pentagram in the corner, turning her cold gaze to Colton Thorpe.

## Victory: XXXV

DING DING DING!

Fury: Dick thinks Jalante has no chance in this one.

Williams: Anything can happen on any given show, Dick.

Colt and Jalante circle around the ring, eyes locked. Her stare is as cold as ice, his smirk exuding confidence bordering cockiness. The first to step forward is Jalante, taking one initial step forward before dropping to her knees.

Fury: Not this again...

Looking upwards, Jalante begins to shout out, what exactly she is saying, nobody knows. Colt looks at the ref in confusion, who has an equally confusing expression. She slowly rises from her knees, Colt going from a stand still into a sprint.

Williams: What a vicious cross body block!

Fury: She really needs to stop summoning whatever she does, this always happens...

Williams: Did you see how hard her body slammed into the mat?

Fury: Dick is not surprised how quickly she is on her back...

The CLAP of their bodies colliding echoes throughout the arena followed by a collective "OOHHH". Colt gets back to his feet, looking down at the grounded Jalante, before arrogantly putting his foot on her chest. The referee drops down.

1 . . Kickout!

Williams: Jalante with the shoulder up on Thorpe's weak pinfall attempt.

Colt lets out a little chuckle as Jalante rolls about on the mat. Reaching down, he gets a handful of hair, pulling her slightly up from the mat. Colt is saying something to her which can't be heard, as the referee barks instructions to let go of the hair. As Colt turns to have words with the ref, Jalante quickly grasps at his head, rolling back into a small package.

1 . . 2 . . Kickout!

Williams: Colt narrowly avoids defeat with the last second kickout.

Fury: Jalante had a big handful of something for leverage there.

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Springing up after the kickout, Colt pops back up to his feet only to be met with a dropkick that lands squarely on the jawline.

Williams: Out of nowhere with the dropkick!

Fury: Maybe she's tired of being the one taking it off the chin?

Stunned, Colt staggers backwards into the ropes. His momentum rebounds him forward only to be met with the heel of Jalante's leather boot crushing into the bridge of his nose. As quickly as Colt's back hits the mat, Jalante is on top of him for the pin attempt.

1 . . 2 . . Kickout!

Williams: That is two near falls for Jalante on Thorpe!

Fury: He is just giving her a fair shot. After all, he is a woman's right activist don't you know.

William: Sure he is, Dick.

Jalante is quick to her feet after Colt gets his shoulders up, snarling like a beast. She senses she has Colt reeling, having caught him off guard with an early offensive attack. As he stumbles to his feet, she launches forward into...

Fury: Spinebuster!

Williams: Thorpe hit that move out of nowhere!

Colt gets up, not attempting the pinfall. He paces the ring as the fans boos have gotten much louder, their chants and insults all varying, causing them all to merge into one jumbled noise. Pointing his right hand forward into a hand pistol, he pops his thumb before taking off into the ropes.

Fury: Colt Magnum!

Williams: He missed!

As Colt drops forward with his elbow aiming for Jalante's face, she rolls out of the way, sending him baseball sliding on the mat. Colt springs back up as she turns around on one knee and...

Williams: Thorpedo!

Jalante seeing the kick coming attempts to duck out of the way, but takes it right off the forehead, sending her head snapping backwards.

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Williams: Jalante attempted to get out of the way but still took it off the face.

Fury: Probably not the first time someone misfired on her face.

Williams: Dick!

The cobwebs knocked loose, Jalante clearly took a heavy blow with that kick. As she tries to sit up, Colt is already rebounding off the ropes.

Fury: Colt Magnum!

Williams: What a vicious elbow!

The impact of the elbow sends another CLAP echoing throughout the arena. The impact of her head slamming back into the mat is as equally devastating as the elbow across the chin. Rolling over into a pinfall, Colt pushes his forearm across her jawline as the ref drops down.

1 . . 2 . . 3!

DING DING DING!

Fury: What a one sided victory for Colt.

Williams: It wasn't that one sided Dick, Jalante put forth a great effort.

Monster by Skillet begins to play over the arena sound system. Standing up now, the referee attempts to grab Colt's hand to raise it, only for him to pull his arm away to raise it himself. The fans boos have reached their loudest at this point, the UTA universes dislike for the brash superstar having grown at a rapid rate.

Announcer: And your winner via pinfall.....COLTON THORPE!

Fury: Dick thinks this man has a bright future.

Williams: I won't dispute his talent but he has done himself no favours thus far with the fans or the superstars in the back.

As his music continues to play, Jalante has begun to move around. Walking towards her, Colt begins pushing her with his foot towards the edge of the ring Grabbing onto the top rope with both hands, he gives a hefty shove/kick into her side sending her spilling outside.

Williams: Like that nonsense right there, completely disrespectful.

Fury: As disrespectful as selling ones soul to Satan?

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Williams: Shut up Dick.

Fury: Dick's just saying.

Leaning over the ropes, Colt looks down at the woman he just defeated with a smile on his face. Now in the ring by himself, he raises both arms victoriously one more time to another chorus of boos.

Brought to You By

Stand Down

As we return from commercial break, the scene cuts to the backstage area. Standing in front of the gold and white backdrop is none other than UTA Senior Interviewer Jamie Sawyers. Jamie looks poised, microphone in hand, staring directly at the camera waiting on his cue.

Jamie Sawyers: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen. I'm Jamie Sawyers once again and joining me at this time is UTA Superstar Mikey Unlikely.

The fans can be heard booing, despite the scene being backstage.

Mikey walks on, wearing a very nice white button up shirt, undone at the collar. His blue blazer hangs loosely, over the pressed dark blue jeans. Mikey looks at Jamie, and then at the camera before smirking.

Sawyers: Mikey thank you for join....

Mikey cuts off Jamie with a hand.

Mikey Unlikely: Stop!

He jerks his hand back and closes his eyes, he smiles wide and slowly opens them.

Unlikely: Jamie Sawyers, I want you to take a look in the mirror.

Sawyers gets a confused look on his face, and turns each direction, looking off screen, presumably for a mirror. Mikey's head follows his as he glances away. Finally back to the camera.

Sawyers: Well, I don't see a mir....

Mikey stares at Jamie, his shoulders drop, as his jaw drops wide open as he gives him a blank stare, causing Sawyers to trail off.

Unlikely: I believe...No, in fact I am certain, that I asked you to stop, and I assure you I will not ask you again.

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Mikey shakes his head, before slowly reaching over and grabbing the microphone out of the hands of a wide eyed and nervous Jamie Sawyer. He brings it to his lips but his eyes never leave the interviewer.

Unlikely: What makes you think that you have any right to interview me? Is this E! Tonight? Is this 60 minutes? Is this MTV Cribs?

Knowing what's good for him, the UTA personality reads this question as rhetorical and doesn't answer.

Unlikely: I am the biggest star on this planet Jamie! I am the most successful business man this company has ever seen, I am the most recognizable wrestler on the roster. I have Hollywood at odds, over which film I will star in next, and who do they send but some wanna be sportscaster, who doesn't have the enough class to interview someone of my caliber. You know what?

Unlikely looks both ways again before walking off screen. We hear a noise, and a loud clang before he comes sauntering back from the left. In his hand is a folded up steel chair. Seeing this Jamie takes a half step back and gets even more worried.

Unlikely: Here we go! This will help the interview, don't you think?

He stares daggers at Sawyers, daring him to speak. Jamie is still frozen. Mikey unfolds the chair and sets it next to Jamie very hard. The announcer jumps, expecting to feel an impact of some sort. Unlikely points down at the chair.

Unlikely: Sit.

Jamie hesitates.

Unlikely: SIT!

Quickly he dives onto the chair, Mikey places the microphone back into his hand, then angles the hand so it rests just under Unlikely's chin.

Unlikely: Jamie, I make you sit to teach you a lesson. To teach every single person in this building a lesson. All of you, ALL OF YOU, are beneath me. Not one person in this arena, except for the champion and my compadres deserves to interview, ask me questions, or even stand next to me. As a matter of fact, put your head down Jamie, you make me nervous.

He does as he is told once again, head down, and arm raised towards Mikey.

Unlikely: When I came out on Wrestleshow last week, the world stopped to listen. Time stood still, as I gave you people exactly what you wanted... an explanation. Well, today I put the UTA on notice, as you will never get what you want out of Mikey again.

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He reaches up, and runs his hand through his spiked hair. Readjusting Jamie's arm.

Unlikely: One person "didn't listen though."

Unlikely using quotes to accentuate his point.

Unlikely: William Haynes.

The crowd goes wild, as Mikey rolls his eyes on camera.

Unlikely: Correct me if I'm wrong Sawyers, but Will Haynes thinks he has bigger things to attend to. Thinks there are bigger fish in the sea. Thinks I am old news. Let me tell you though there's no one bigger than Mikey. Not in the UTA, not anywhere. I am the world's only Multi-Entertainment Superstar.

He looks at the camera and smiles wide.

Unlikely: Hell Will, we all know the only reason you made it this far in Ring King is because I wasn't involved. A tournament without Mikey, is a tournament for second best.

He holds up two fingers to the camera.

Unlikely: I'm not waiting around for you. I am not going to sit and twiddle my thumbs while you go on to lose in this tournament. No... that's not my style. We don't play the subtlety game very well do we Will? So you can run around, and tell Coleslaw all about your plan to wait me out, all about your plan to win the World Heavyweight Title and all this other Ring King nonsense.

Jamie wiggles his arm as it gets tired, prompting Mikey to take the mic and place it in Sawyers other hand and stretch it out.

Unlikely: I'm here Thrill, and I'm not going away. You do what you have to do, but understand that I must do the same. This is not about respect, this is not about money, this is about you taking what belongs to me, and that's the spotlight. I promise you buddy that after I finally catch up with you, you'll just be another member of the supporting cast, in my career.

He rolls his shoulders and closes his eyes as he cracks his neck with both hands.

Unlikely: Oh, and one more thing. As far as that old fashioned Team Danger groupie Eric Dane goes... You stuck your nose in my business once, and I let it slide. You guys left me broken in the ring in a 4 on 1, and I'm willing to turn the other cheek, because you're not big enough for me to worry about... but last week... Eric last week you choked.

Mockingly, Unlikely puts his hands around the throat of Sawyers who leans away but is caught. He lets go.

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Unlikely: Now the whole world knows you're just a mouth and a resume, you had your chance and came up short, unsurprisingly. Eric Dane, I'm going to say this just once, and Jamie here can attest to that. It's time for you to hang up your boots and go home. You failed where I will succeed, and now its time for you to back off.

Unlikely stares at the camera hard.

Unlikely: Do the right thing, and don't stick your nose where it doesn't belong: In Dynasty business! Soon I prove to the world, that Will Haynes is mine!

Mikey pushes away the arm of Jamie sawyers, and walks off camera. Sawyer's eyes follow the leaving superstar.

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: Cayle Murray was originally supposed to face Samuel Owens here tonight, but due to lingering injuries, Owens is out indefinitely

Fury: He saw Ground Zero was booked against Dynasty in two weeks and he got scared. Simple as that.

Williams: I highly doubt that Dick.

Fury: Sure shows you what kind of guy Samuel Owens is.

Williams: I can tell you, I have talked to Owens and he would like nothing more than be in the ring not only tonight, but in two weeks as his long time friend Rhys Townsend is set to take on Kendrix and Sean Jackson.

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: CAYLLE MURRAY!!!!

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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: Cayle Murray ready for this match to begin.

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: Now we find out who has taken Samuel Owens' place here in this match tonight.

The Only Way I Know by Jason Aldean feat. Luke Bryan and Eric Church began to blare out of the arenas Public Announce System speakers as the lights in the building dimmed to black. At the entrance, red and yellow strobe lights flashed back and forth in every direction. The fans in the arena cheered and clapped. Then, some one who looks like Kid Inertia II burst through the curtain full of energy.

Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Macon, Georgia... Standing five foot ten and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds.... KID.... INNNEERTIIIAAA SIIIXXX!!!!!!

Kid Inertia slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

Williams: Kid Inertia VI making his UTA debut tonight.

Fury: Ok, Dick's confused. First there was Kid Inertia II... Then Kid Inertia III... Now, there is Kid Inertia VI who, just like Kid Inertia III, is the same size as and looks like Kid Inertia II. Also.. WHERE IS KID INERTIA ONE, FOUR, AND FIVE?!

Williams: Some questions are better left unasked Dick. All I know is with Samuel Owens out indefinitely, Kid Inertia VI will be taking his place tonight and looks to make an impact here in the UTA.

Kid Inertia VI gets ready for the match as his music ends.

Fury: Yes, because every other Kid Inertia has made such an impact.

The bell sounds to begin the match. Kid Inertia VI and Cayle Murray circle, preparing to start. They quickly touch hands in a light shake before making one more circle and locking up.

Williams: Quick lock up to start the match off. Kid Inertia VI taking control as he pushes Cayle back and into the ropes.

Inertia pushes him back further into the ropes before pulling back.

Williams: Inertia sends Cayle Murray across the ring. Off of the ropes and on the return... leap frog. Off the ropes again... Kid Inertia catches Murray with arm drag.

## **Victory: XXXV**

Both men quickly roll over and get to their feet. Cayle charges Kid Inertia again.

Williams: Kid Inertia with another arm drag taking Murray over. Both men quickly back up, setting the tone for the match to be high paced.

Fury: Setting themselves to blow up early.

Williams: UTA superstars are some of the most conditioned in the business Dick.

Fury: Tell Bobby Dean that.

Williams: Murray forward, leaps up.. legs around the neck of Kid Inertia... standing hurricarana!

As Kid Inertia VI hits the canvas back first, he rolls up to his feet, leaps to the nearby ropes, and springboards back, elbow out, which catches Cayle as gets to his feet.

Williams: Kid Inertia out of the hurricarrana into a springboard elbow smash! What agility!

Cayle rolls back and to his knees, rubbing his chin as Kid Inertia VI spins around into an offensive stance.

Williams: The fans are on their feet for these two already, live, here on Pure Sports Entertainment.

Cayle stands up and nods toward Kid Inertia, before both men begin to circle again.

Williams: Show of respect by Murray as we get ready to continue.

They lock back up.

Williams: Locking up once again. Cayle pushing back and taking control. Murray rolls around Inertia. Belly to back.

Kid Inertia VI stomps the foot of Murray.

Williams: Inertia, rolls around, now behind Murray.

Kid Inertia drops to his knee, grabs the leg of Cayle Murray and raises back up, yanking Cayle's leg so he falls to his hands on the canvas as Kid stands up.

Williams: Kid Inertia VI with an ankle lock on Murray. Cayle fighting it.

Cayle begins to roll.

Fury: Break his ankle!

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Williams: Murray over on his back. His free foot in the midsection of Kid Inertia. Murray pushes back and Kid Inertia VI sent backward!

Kid Inertia stumbles back as Cayle kips up to his feet.

Williams: Murray back to his feet, comes forward... Kid Inertia VI ducks the clothesline attempt. Both men turn... boot to the gut by Kid Inertia.

He quickly grabs Cayle's neck and hooks his tights before lifting.

Williams: Kid Inertia VI drops back... huge suplex by Kid Inertia VI!

Cayle's back hits the canvas and he slides a little bit before sitting up, his face in pain, and grabbing his back. Kid Inertia VI turns over and pushes up to his feet.

Williams: What a suplex! Kid Inertia VI controlling the most of this, but both men bringing it tonight.

Fury: That's how you make your name here in the UTA. You give one hundred and twenty three percent - two hundred percent of the time.

Williams: That doesn't even make sense Dick.

Fury: It would if you were on Dick's level Jennifer.

Kid Inertia heads over, grabbing the head of Cayle, and turning him as he begins to pull him up.

Williams: Kid Inertia pul- NO! Cayle Murray with a boot to the gut... BIG DDT! MURRAY COVERS... HOOKS THE LEG!

The referee slides into position.

Fury: He's going to steal a win! He's gonna steal it!

The referee's hand hits the canvas for the second time.

Williams: KICK OUT AT TWO AND A HALF!

Cayle is shot back, rolling and popping up as Kid Inertia VI quickly rolls over and gets to a knee looking at him from across the ring.

Williams: Cayle Murray almost pulling out a surprise victory, catching Kid Inertia off guard.

Fury: Why a surprise victory? Cayle Murray has already shown he can win matches.

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The two men begin to circle once again. As they lock up, Cayle begins to push Kid Inertia VI backwards and into the ropes. As he holds him there, he puts his arms up. The referee warns Cayle who lets go and steps back.

Williams: Cayle Murray regaining control of the match after almost scoring a win.

Kid Inertia VI and Cayle lock up yet again in the center of the ring.

Williams: Murray taking control once again as he puts Kid Inertia into a side headlock.

Cayle pulls his arm in tighter, applying extra pressure around his neck.

Williams: Murray with that headlock firmly into position, continuing to hold Kid Inertia stationary.

Kid Inertia VI takes his foot, moves it forward, and brings it back between Cayle's feet. He wraps his arms around his waist and attempts to pick him up, by lifting up and back.

Williams: Kid Inertia VI fighting back, trying to overcome Cayle Murray.

He is unable to get him up. However, his grip begins to loosen. As it does, he is able to pull his head free, and come back with an elbow into his face.

Williams: Inertia able to get free. He quickly grabs Murray... side Russian leg sweep takes Murray down!

Kid Inertia VI rolls over and pushes up as does Cayle.

Williams: Kid Inertia charges Cayle Murray. Murray catches him... arm drag.

As Kid Inertia VI's rump hits the canvas the fans pop. Cayle quickly rolls over and gets to a ready stance.

Williams: Kid Inertia VI over and up. Charges Murray again... he catches him.. lifts... SPINEBUSTER!

Cayle pushes to his feet as Kid Inertia VI lies on the canvas, holding his back in agony.

Williams: Murray positioning himself, ready to strike once Kid Inertia gets to his feet. He begins to move. This one could be over soon.

As Kid Inertia VI stands up, Cayle runs toward the ropes. He leaps up, springboarding off with his arm extended.

Williams: SPRINGBOARD CLOTHS-

Kid Inertia VI ducks. As he does, he brings his knee up and throws his hands behind Murray to help push his

## **Victory: XXXV**

momentum into his knee more.

Williams: KID INERTIA COUNTERS!

As Cayle is bent over, Kid Inertia VI throws his arm over him neck and lifts his leg. he lifts with all of him might, snapping Cayle over to the canvas and bridging into a pin.

Williams: CRADLE SUPLEX BY KID INERTIA! HE HAS THE PIN!

Fury: This Kid Inertia is much better than the previous ones.

The referee drops and begins his count.

Williams: Murray able to kick out at two! Back and forward action here tonight on Victory!

The fans clap and cheer as Cayle is able to get free.

Williams: Cayle Murray possibly underestimating his opponent tonight.

Fury: It's hard to know what to expect when you face someone you haven't prepared for.

Kid Inertia VI rolls over and gets to his feet as Cayle begins to get up as well, a little slower than he has up to this point.

Williams: This match continues.

Kid Inertia VI walks over an