

Victory: XXXVI

August 3, 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: Who else could make this look this damn good?!

Williams: The final Victory before Ring King, tonight should be huge.

Fury: Of course it's going to be huge! La Flama Blanca finally gets his chance to shut those idiots in Team Danger up!

Williams: Blanca is only one half of the tag champions Dick.

Fury: So?

Williams: Team Danger getting their opportunity tonight. That and more... here on Victory!

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

Williams: Amy Harrison looking to add another win to her record here tonight.

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

Announcer: Hailing from Belfast, Northern Ireland

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

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

Amy looks right at the crowd and yells back at them something inaudible.

Announcer: AMMMYYYY.... HAAARRRIIISSSOOONNNN!!!!

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

Williams: If Amy can defeat Lisil tonight, she will be on a two win streak.

Fury: Is two wins even a streak?

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

Fury: Maybe she'll have a wardrobe malfunction.

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 looked good against Blackbeard. I'm interested to see how he fares against Amy Harrison here tonight.

Fury: Blackbeard and Amy Harrison couldn't be any more different of types of opponents Jennifer. If Lisil loses tonight he may as well just quit wrestling and go work at McDonalds.

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!

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

Williams: The kids love Lisil Jackson.

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

Fury: At least someone does Jennifer.

Lisil moves to the center of the ring, smiling huge and clapping as the fans rumble.

Williams: The fun loving Lisil Jackson ready for this one on one competition with Amy Harrison.

Fury: So if you clap and smile before you beat a woman, you're fun loving? But if you do a line and shoot a gun in the air first, you're a felon? Dick don't get it!

Williams: You are an odd man Mr. Fury.

Amy Harrison leans on the ropes in the corner, waving Lisil off. As the bell sounds, she moves out.

Williams: The final Victory before Ring King kicks off here with exciting intergender action.

Fury: Dick's unsure how exciting this will be, but it sure is intergender!

As the bell sounds, Amy Harrison heads out of the corner toward Lisil whom is already in the middle of the ring.

Williams: Here we go. Amy Harrison looking determined here tonight.

Fury: She's not very smart is she? Look at Lysol Jackson's size compared to her. Couple that with his advance skill, she would be better off heading back to the kitchen.

Williams: Lisil.

Fury: That's what Dick said, Lysol.

Lisil smiles huge and tries to get Amy to dance with him.

Williams: The Jamaican Inspiration, Lisil Jackson, trying to spread cheer to Amy Harrison here tonight.

Harrison steps up and begins yelling into the face of Jackson, who takes a step back.

Williams: Lisil Jackson seems to be uncomfortable facing a woman.

Fury: He needs to get over that, and quick. We already have one person who doesn't get that once you sign a contract, you're the same as everyone other.

Williams: A shot at Chris Hopper I assume.

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Fury: Not a shot, just truth.

Annoyed at Jackson smiling and trying to dance, Amy Harrison brings her hand up and across his face, continuing to yell more. Lisil moves his hand up, rubbing the spot she hit.

Williams: A slap by Amy Harrison there. Lisil Jackson seems shocked.

Fury: Only an idiot would be shocked that he got hit during a match. Dick guesses this means we all know that Lysol is an idiot.

Harrison pulls her hand back again. This time as she brings it up and across, Lisil grabs her wrist holding it. He shakes his head No before pushing her arm away from him, letting it go. At this, she steps back and comes forward, bringing a foot up catching Lisil in the gut, causing him to bend over slightly.

Williams: Amy Harrison with the first strike here.

Fury: Is Jackson going to just let her do this?

She grabs the back of his head with her left hand before bringing a series of right handed forearm shots up across the side of Lisil's head.

Williams: Amy Harrison with a surprising offense here early on.

She takes off to the nearby ropes. As she returns, Amy leaps up, throwing her legs forward as she catches Jackson's head. He twist as he goes down.

Williams: Swinging neck breaker by Amy Harrison takes the six foot five, two hundred and forty three pound Lisil Jackson off of his feet.

Fury: Maybe this will be a wake up call for Lysol.

Williams: I'm not even going to try and correct you anymore. What's the point?

Harrison pushes up and takes off to the ropes.

Williams: Harrison off of the ropes no.

Jackson pushes up to his hands and knees as Amy approaches. She leaps up, and comes down with her knees both connecting to Lisil's neck, sending his face back into the canvas.

Williams: That was different. Amy Harrison with some form of leaping knees to the back of Lisil's neck.

Fury: He needs to do something before he joins Ron Hall in the hall of embarrassment.

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Williams: It's no embarrassment loosing to a wrestler who is talented as Amy Harrison is.

Fury: Not at all, but it is embarrassing losing to Amy Harrison.

Lisil rolls over to his back, holding his head. Harrison quickly leaps down over him.

Williams: Amy Harrison with the cover.

The referee slides into position.

Williams: One.. tw- KICK OUT!

Fury: Imagine that.

Amy screeches as she gets to her feet.

Williams: Lisil Jackson slowly making his way up now as well.

Fury: Maybe he'll quit playing around now, and show us what he showed us against Blackbeard. Real talent.

Amy runs toward Lisil, who catches her outstretched arm, and tosses her over to a seated position on the canvas, arm still held up. He pushes down on her shoulder with one hand as he holds her arm back with the other.

Williams: Lisil Jackson with Amy Harrison in an arm bar.

She struggles, but Lisil just pushes down harder.

Williams: Lisil Jackson placing his knee into the back of Amy Harrison now as he continues to apply pressure.

Fury: Wake Dick when this is over.

Williams: Stop being so melodramatic Dick.

Lisil moves his hand from her shoulder over to Amy's head, pulling her up and turning her around as he does.

Williams: Lisil Jackson pulling Amy to her feet. Grabs the arm... Harrison sent into the ropes. On the return now.

Lisil throws a foot up catching Amy in the chest with a thrusting push kick.

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Williams: The Tsunami Kick by Lisil Jackson!

Jackson looks down at Amy, almost apologetic.

Williams: I'm unsure if he meant to actually hit Amy Harrison with that much force.

Fury: Look, don't let it take you out of the game. She knows what she signed on for when she became a wrestler. Now is the time to capitalize.

Amy holds her chest in pain as Lisil drops down and covers her. The referee slides into position.

Williams: Cover by Jackson. He's too heavy for Amy to move... we have a three.

Fury: Finally.

The bell begins to ring as Lisil pushes up.

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

His music starts to play as Lisil starts to dance.

Williams: Come on Dick! Lets dance!

Fury: No. Dick don't dance.

Amy uses the ropes to pull herself halfway up, holding her chest as she looks at Lisil with hatred. She gets all the way up and takes off behind him.

Williams: Wait.. watch out!

She leaps up, throwing her legs out.

Williams: Dropkick to the back of Lisil's knees!

He stumbles forward, dropping to his knees, his upper body hanging on the ropes. Harrison gets up, runs back and comes off the ropes yet again.

Williams: Harrison on the move....

As she approaches the ropes, she grabs them, throwing her legs through the ropes and around, catching him in the face.

Williams: What a kick, catching Lisil Jackson in the face.

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Fury: Should have done that in the actual match. Maybe she wouldn't have lost.

Jackson's body falls back from the ropes and to the canvas as Amy stands up in the ring. She yells out to the booing fans before heading over and kicking a downed Lisil down into the side.

Williams: Amy Harrison loses the match, but gets the last word here in the opening match of Victory.

Amy exits the ring, standing on the apron, continuing to yell toward the crowd. Inside the ring, Lisil rolls to his back, his arm hanging over his face.

Brought to You By

Arriving

The camera cuts to the parking lot of the SOLD OUT Wrestlezone. Fans clamor around the entrance way without tickets hoping to spot one of their favorite wrestlers, perhaps take a selfie. Maybe even snag an autograph.

Security begins clearing people away from the door, a larger security guard clears the street. A black Lincoln Towne Car with tinted windows pulls up.

Security: Alright people, clear it out. Don't make me tell you twice.

The car comes to stop. The back passenger side door opens and the camera closes up on a brown dress shoe. Making a slow pan upwards it finds a pair of khaki dress pants, continuing upwards it catches a vintage Cartier watch on a wrist. Upwards yet still it catches a white military cut white linen shirt undone to show a black ribbed tank top. Finally it reaches the head.

Will "the THRILL" Haynes, the Man who Could've Been King, at least in an alternate timeline.

Williams: Will Haynes is HERE at the Wrestlezone, but for what purpose! He's not even booked tonight.

Fury: Good. Dick doesn't think he could sit through one of his snorefests of a match.

Williams: That Ring King semifinal was anything but, Dick. Even you can admit that.

Fury: Dick can admit that Alex Beckman beat Will Haynes in DOMINATING fashion. Dick saw Haynes go limp!

Williams: And you wouldn't have any experience with going limp now would you?

Fury: None, none at all.

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Haynes nods his head briefly as the fans move towards him hoping to get him to sign things, take pictures, whatever it is the fans do in a moment such as this.

Haynes has a pair of black Ray Bans on protecting his blue eyes. He runs a hand over his fresh fade, tight to his head.

Around the car steps his friend, Coleslaw Jenkins. Jenkins dressed in an over sized Orlando Magic throwback, with athletic shorts falling mid calf. With a fresh pair of Jordans on, Slaw speaks first.

Jenkins: It's a damn shame that you ain't won dat ...

Haynes brings a finger to his own mouth, hushing his friend. Slaw, as if suddenly realizing that was the plan all along, grows quiet.

Jenkins: Sorry, b.

Haynes: Ain't no thing. Just all in due time...

Into the arena Haynes steps, with Slaw close behind.

The lights are killed. Synth squeals pierce through the brief silence, each one sending a swoop of light over the arena. AFI's I Hope You Suffer kicks in with drums and heave, foreboding horns. Out of the back steps, Cayle Murray.

Williams: Cayle Murray, Dick, will have a big task tonight as he takes on Chris Hopper, the King of Cool.

Fury: Nothing at all cool about Hopper of course.

Cayle looks out at the crowd from underneath his hood. He sweeps an extended hand out over them. As he walks down the ramp towards the ring a blizzard of lights continues over the crowd. He sl