

Victory: XXXVIII

September 28, 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 the arena.

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 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: Coming to you from Johannesburg of all places.

Williams: And these fans are excited as this is the first time the UTA has ever traveled to South Africa.

Fury: This international tour is allowing the UTA to bring Dick to so many more across the globe!

Williams: International Affair is coming to you November 18th from the Tokyo Dome live on pay per view folks. Until then, both Victory and Wrestleshow are traveling across the world

Fury: But there's plenty of time for that, tonight there is such a big show in store.

Williams: You're right there Dick.

Fury: Dick's always right.

Williams: Tonight frenemies collide and the Wildfire Championship is defended. Right here on Victory!

It's a Celebration, Bitches!

The lights inside the Coca Cola Dome begin to fade. A hush begins to fall over the eighteen thousand fans in attendance. All eyes are glued on the Victory set, the faithful silently waiting with anticipation.

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That silence is soon erased with...

DAH DAH DAH DUHN, DAH DAH DAH DUHN

The opening instrumentals to Skillet's Monster pounds through the sound system, the audience erupting with boos, jeers, and an overall displeasure. The rampway flashes red and white lights, while a spotlight rests on the top of the stage, awaiting our...

Fury: Here he comes, our new Wildfire Champion! What a way to kick off Victory!

Williams: He is brash, he is arrogant, but he did exactly what he told the world he would do: walk out of Rio a champion.

The audience's noise level climbs a few decibels as Colton Thorpe saunters out from behind the curtain, his trademark cheshire grin smeared ear to ear. In his right hand, he has a firm grip on the strap of his new championship, the other end of it dragging across the metal grating of the stage.

? The secret side of me, I never let you see. I keep it caged, but I can't control it. ?

Stepping into the center of the circle the spotlight has created, he grabs onto the other end of the strap. Raising the title high and proud above his head, the red and white lights flash overtop his picturesque pose.

Fury: What a sight. You can see the pride beaming from this young man.

Williams: He certainly has plenty to be proud of after his performance two weeks ago...

? So stay away from me, the beast is ugly. I feel the rage, and I just can't hold it ?

Walking down the rampway, he has a newfound swagger to his step. Ignoring the fans as he passes by, he tosses his belt into the ring before rolling underneath the bottom rope himself.

Williams: But I get the feeling he won't be the most humble person about his victory.

The music begins to fade out as Colt brings forth a microphone from his jacket's pocket. Both arms rising in unison, he raises the microphone in his left to his mouth, while raising the belt in his right high in the air.

Thorpe: Soak it Johannesburg. Embrace this moment, for a true champion is finally in your presence.

The crowds boos have yet to subside, as Colt lowers the belt to his side.

Thorpe: I know everyone here in attendance is waiting for it to happen. Everyone at home is on the edge of their seat, waiting for it to happen. The guys and gals in the back are searching for a monitor to see this moment, and are just waiting for it to happen.

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Colts smile begins to fade.

Thorpe: The taunting. The bragging. The grandiose celebration where I stroke my ego and tell the world how great I am. But that's not going to happen. I'm not insecure like some people around here, and I don't need my peers to validate me. No, this right here, is validation enough.

Fury: Eat your words Jennifer!

Williams: I'm not too convinced yet.

Colt raises the title slightly, the middle bronze plate eye level as he stares at his prize. That smile beginning to reemerge.

Thorpe: And this is the part where I'm supposed to jump in and rant about tonight, right? Hussain and his rematch. Hall and his millionth opportunity in this company. Or Murray and our never ending saga, and the next chapter in our war. But no, that's not going to happen either. Not right now.

Fury: Hmmmmmm? Now?

Williams: Nope

Thorpe: Good people of this impoverished country, this moment right here isn't about me. I want to take the opportunity to show the world that Colton Thorpe, underneath all the venom spewing hatred and hard hitting cheap shots, is actually a half decent guy.

Fury: Oh come on Jennifer, how can you not buy this?

Williams: Venom spewing hatred plus hard hitting cheap shots does not equal half decent guy.

Thorpe: So right now, we are going to take ten minutes, and put all this wrestling business behind us. We are going to have a celebration of life today for one of our own who entered his forty fifth year this morning. Join me good people!

? Happy Birthday to you! ?

The first sentence is mostly sung by Colt alone.

? Happy Birthday to you! ?

The next line, there is more cooperation from the audience.

? Happy Birthday Dear...?

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Most of the arena is now singing, including a now standing Dick Fury.

? ...Eric Dane! Happy Birthday to yoooooooooooooooooooouuuuuuuuuu! ?

On cue, the bluesy bass-riff stampedes its way through the sound system, causing the crowd in Johannesburg to transition from their singing voices to a raucous roar. Silver and red flashes begin strobing with the song, as Eric Dane pushes his way through the curtain.

? Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ?

Williams: Sit down, Dick.

Fury: Maybe you should stand up, Jennifer.

He stares at the clapping Colton Thorpe in the ring, and his reaction isn't an easy one to decipher. Is he happy? Is he surprised? Could he possibly be angry? As he begins to walk towards the ramp, his progress is halted with an unexpected...

BOOM!

A loud explosion rumbles like thunder from above, and soon after a downpour of confetti drops from the ceilings rafters. Everyone in attendance looks above as multicoloured paper shreds gracefully trickle down, meanwhile Dane continues towards the ring.

Williams: Oh dear lord...

Fury: What is your issue with celebrating, Scrooge?

Williams: That's Christmas Dick

Colt is leaning against the ropes, pointing out towards 'The Only Star'

Thorpe: Your birthday boy everybody! Get off your asses and show the man some respect!

Dane slaps a few hands at ringside before walking up the steel steps. Walking across the apron to it's center, he splits the ropes to enter the ring. He looks briefly towards an again clapping Colt, then proceeds to leave scuff marks on the confetti littered canvas en route to grabbing a microphone from the time keeper.

Thorpe: Well? What do you think? Were you surprised or what?

Dane looks out into the crowd, as many in the audience are standing and clapping. Different happy birthday chants are scattered amongst the mass, as is the singing of the song. Eric begins to pull the microphone to his lips, only to be cut off before he can speak.

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Thorpe: Wait! I almost forgot. Before you answer, you might want your present first, right? So here you go...

Colt pulls his Wildfire Championship off his shoulder, taking a moment to look at it. Stepping towards Eric, Colt flings it overtop his left shoulder, patting down on the middle plate. Dane looks at the title on his shoulder, and the smallest hint of a smile cracks the corner of his mouth.

Thorpe: For your birthday, I am crowning you our honorary Wildfire Champion for the day!

The crowd, hating Eric Dane slightly less than they hate Colton Thorpe, give a good, if laughter-laden reaction to The Only Star standing there with the Wildfire Title. A moment passes tensely before Dane pulls the belt from his shoulder, looks at it with a hint of a smile, and then climbs the nearest turnbuckle, hoisting the belt up for everyone to see.

Fury: And there he is Jennifer! Our brand new Wildfire Champion for the day!

The crowd is split between cheers with laughter and boos.

Williams: I don't know about all this, Dick. It doesn't feel right.

The Only Star hops down and rejoins Thorpe at center ring. Before speaking he throws the title belt back over his shoulder.

Dane: I'll be damned. It's not every day a guy gets to fly to South Africa, have his 44th birthday, be thrown a surprise party, and be crowned Wildfire Champion! I don't know what to say!

Thorpe grabs Dane's wrist and hoists it in the air, pointing at him and cheesing. Some time passes and Dane finally brings the mic up to speak again.

Dane: It's an honor, Colton, it truly is, but for as much as I'd love to carry this belt around for the night, I've got absolutely zero interest in fighting Cayle, Abdul, and Ron Hall. Especially not at the same time. Yer gonna have to deal with that clusterf(bleep) on your own, chief!

Eric hands the title back, Colton shrugs and takes back his title belt.

Thorpe: Ah, well, can't blame a guy for trying, am I right? Besides, that's not even the REAL birthday present! For the real one, I've prepared a wonderful video package for you! Eric Dane, THIS IS YOUR LIFE!

Beaming with pride, Colton swings his arm around to the big screen, but a burst of TV static rips through the arena, not the shmoozey footage that Thorpe was expecting. "Sinister Rouge" by Bad Religion bursts through the PA system, and the audience breathes a collective sigh of relief.

Williams: Thank God!

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A casually-dressed Cayle Murray steps out onto the stage, clutching a microphone in one hand and a clump of small, white paper bags in the other.

Fury: Trust this guy to come-out and ruin everything!

Williams: Doesn't sound like this capacity crowd agrees with you, Dick! Wait... are those sick bags?!

Indeed they are. Cayle works his way down the right hand side, dishing sick bags out to people in the front few rows. In the ring, Thorpe is fizzing: his face has turned a deep shade of red, and you can almost see the smoke coming out of his ears.

Thorpe: HEY! MURRAY!

He his spits over the breakneck entrance music before the production team finally cut it off.

Thorpe: What the hell are you doing?!

Now at the bottom of the ramp, Cayle Murray looks up to the ring.

Murray: What am I doing?

He smiles.

Murray: No, Colt -- what the hell are you doing?!

As Murray enters the ring, a distinctly unimpressed Eric Dane folds his arms across his chest, but lets the Scot approach. Thorpe has clenched a fist, and looks ready to explode.

Murray: I'm sorry, Colt. I know you've probably been planning this skin-crawling reacharound-fest all week, but nobody in this building dropped 50 bucks on a ticket to watch this nonsense tonight. Johannesburg, is this really what you want to see tonight?!

A big, predictable jeer goes up.

Murray: Exactly, and I'm sorry to be the guy who has to rain on this parade, Mr. Dane, but me and my friends here aren't gonna make it through another minute of this without throwing-up. Last time I checked, this was a wrestling show... and Colt, apparently you've got a pretty big match on your hands tonight.

Thorpe: It appears that way, don't it 'friend'. On the outside, that match seems to be of significant proportions, but I see no reason to fret or concern myself with it. You see, Ron Hall, Abdul bin Hussain, nor yourself, have yet to beat me yet, so why should I be too worried?

Fury: Exactly! Why should he be worried, Jenn?!

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Williams: Because Cayle kind of has beat--

Fury: NOPE. Didn't happen. Don't remember it...

Murray: Well, if it's reasons you want...

Cayle raises a finger.

Murray: 1. One of your opponents is a former UTA Champion, one of the most vitriolic guys in the company, and a surefire inclusion on the next Hall of Fame ballot...

The crowd boos at the mention of Abdul bin Hussain. Cayle holds another finger up.

Murray: 2. Another is a bona fide UTA legend... a guy who's seen it all and done it all, and wrestled more high stakes matches than you've had hot dinners...

A big pop for Ron Hall, before Cayle raises a third finger, then points all three into his chest.

Murray: ... and number 3? Standing right here, Colt.

Colt begins pacing back and forth with in the ring. He first loses his championship, tossing it onto the canvas. Next is his jacket, as a wrestles the leather off his back, joining the championship below.

Fury: Things are boiling over Jenn! We're going to see an early preview right here, right now!

Williams: Nope.

The crowd boos as Eric intercepts Colt in the middle of his power walk towards Cayle. He pushes Colt back creating distance between the rivals, and gets his attention. A brief exchange is between Colt and Eric goes unheard, and a slight smile begins to peer through Colt's sharp features.

Fury: What is Dane doing? Let them go at it!

Colt seems to have composed himself after the pep talk from Dane. He rolls his shoulder, followed by his neck. Picking his microphone up off the canvas, he pulls it towards his mouth.

Thorpe: You know what Cayle, have your moment now. You couldn't just leave well enough alone and let this man enjoy his birthday celebration. So enjoy this, enjoy your moment...because