

Victory: XLII

December 14, 2015 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

Introduction

The Monday Night Victory logo fades in from black and dominates the screen. As it does, James Brown starts kickin' it with "Living in America," and the logo pulses until we hit the first chorus. As it drifts into the background, we switch to the arena, and the camera pans around hordes and hordes of screaming fans.

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. We catch a few fan signs as the camera's swishes by...

MARRY ME, MJ!

CALAMURRAY: THE TASTIEST SQUID!

SANTA GOT A SCOOP SLAM FOR CHRISTMAS!

WE MISS YOU, AGENT HALL!

SAY "HELLO" TO HEADLOCK!

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 Dr. Emo and Jennifer Williams are standing by.

Williams: Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to another episode of UTA Victory, LIVE from the Kellogg Arena in Battle Creek Michigan! I'm Jennifer Williams, and alongside me once again... it's Dr. Emo!

Emo: Thank you, Jennifer, and we have a very interesting night of wrestling ahead of us! None of Eric Dane's Pantheon members are in-action as we roll towards Seasons Beatings, but it's still a star-studded line-up!

Williams: In our opener, the ever-game B.R. Ellis takes on the incomparable Jack Hunter, who'll be looking to add yet another digit to the infamous New Streak!

Emo: Then the new Prodigy Champion, Lew Smith, takes-on Santa Claus in non-title action!

Williams: Amy Harrison's short reign ended last week when Lew took advantage of an argument between

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Amy and the guest ref, MVC. It'll also be interesting to see what kinda condition Santa Claus is in after the Scoop Slam Heard Around the World™!

Emo: And if that wasn't enough, Lisil Jackson - the Jamaican Ninja Warrior - takes-on newcomer Carny Sinclair! After last week's altercation with Mikey Unlikely, you've gotta imagine Lisil will be wrestling with eyes on the back of his head tonight.

Williams: I don't doubt it for a second! After that we've got Jeff Andrews taking on former World Champion Yoshii, a man who fell to Lisil last week.

Emo: For the second week in a row, Jeff Andrews wrestles a morbidly obese person! Let's see if he can repeat last week's incredible feat of strength...

Williams: And in our main event... oh boy, it's Cayle Murray vs. Will Haynes! I can't wait for this one, Doc!

Emo: This is one of the most interesting match-ups we've seen in a while. Murray ran to Haynes' aid last week, and they're generally regarded as the two most popular wrestlers on the roster. Tonight, however, they've gotta duke it out.

Williams: These men have just emerged from two of the bloodiest feuds the UTA has ever seen, but there'll be no ill will or hammer-throwing in this one! Perhaps they'll relish the change of pace...

Emo: Or perhaps they'll stand there shaking hands and patting backs for 20 minutes!

Williams: I doubt that very highly Doc! Either way, let's get this show on the road...

Arrival of the Fittest

Outside.

The Parking Garage, to be specific.

Things are mostly quiet, this particular level being cordoned off for Kellogg Arena staff and UTA Superstars helps that immensely. The huddled masses have mostly already packed into the building, so this makes the perfect time for a fashionably late entrance.

As if on cue two headlights emerge from around a corner in the parking structure and the most beautiful gunmetal grey stretched and armored Rolls Royce Phantom V that you've ever laid eyes on pulls slowly into the area. After circling once the limousine comes to a rest beside a red curb clearly marked NO PARKING. This doesn't phase anyone inside of the Phantom, not one bit.

The driver's door pops open and a small man in a funny hat pops out and scurries around to the back suicide door and opens it to the rear of the car. A cloud of cigar smoke rolls out and a raptor-skin boot emerges from

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the car, followed by the rest of the William Westmancott "Ultimate Bespoke" four piece suit that wraps the UTA World Champion in a lightweight lover's embrace.

That's right, a \$75,000 suit to go with those \$32,000 Maybach sunshades that sit perched on the bridge of his nose like the Pope standing above his congregation at the Vatican. Eric Dane stands out of the car to his full height, straightens his tie and buttons the designer coat so as to look as perfect as possible at all times.

Following him out of the back of the limo is the black-and-red-masked Madman Szalinski and the the Wildfire Champion himself, Colton Thorpe. Both are dressed similarly (though somewhat less ridiculously extravagant) to the World Champion, only Thorpe's sleeves have been conveniently left out of the entire tailoring process. The three of them exchange a few words before a voice shrieks from inside the back of the limo.

"Can you guys PLEASE take these friggin' belts?!"

"Beautiful" Bobby Dean practically tosses Thorpe his Wildfire title belt. The World Champion cocks an eyebrow in Bobby's direction that relates to him the sad shape he's going to be in if he should decide to follow suit with the World title belt. Bobby, not as stupid as some people have enjoyed portraying him as, carefully hands the champion his crown jewel. The Champ shoulders the belt and Madman offers a hand to Bobby and helps to unpack the still just a bit too big for a limo but no longer in need of a crane for assistance grappler from the most luxurious ride he's ever been in.

BBD: I'm never riding in a golf cart, ever again!

Dane: F(redacted)ck that golf cart, Bobby, champions ride in style.

It takes a bit more smoothing for Bobby's custom tailored suit to look as it should, but he makes it a point to not take one step toward the building entrance until he looks just right. It's a brand new day, suckers, and The Pantheon will not be outdressed, believe that. Just as the most fearsome foursome this side of the Mighty Mississipp' turn their attention toward the arena they are stopped in their tracks by the most Intrepid roving reporter in the UTA, one Rumor Man Stan! Stan, for his part, is dressed in a UTA polo and slacks and he looks like hot garbage standing next to the World Champion.

RMS: Mr. Dane, could I have a word with you?

The Only Star screws an eyebrow up, looks the Rumor Man up and down, and with the most disgusting look he could possibly muster without plastic surgery snorts at the journalist. The Wildfire Champion answers for him.

Thorpe: Nah, homeboy, we got sh(redacted)t to do.

Bobby Dean pipes up again.

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BBD: That's right! So scram!

Disparaged, the Rumor Man turns to leave. Before he gets very far the Champion beckons.

Dane: Staniel, hold on for just a minute.

Stan turns around, his eyes wide like a puppy dog hoping for a bit of attention even if it's out of sympathy. Eric chuckles to himself, Szalinski let's out an audible laugh.

Dane: If you should happen upon Cayle Murray this this evening, be a good lad and let him know that I'm looking for him, would you?

Stan deflates.

RMS: Sure thing, Eric.

The World Champion smirks and shoulders past him. Madman does the same, but pauses and gets face to masked face with Stan.

Szalinski: That's Mr. Dane to the likes of you.

Madman pie-faces Stan as he walks by. Bobby Dean chortles his way behind his cohorts and as Colton Thorpe steps over the Rumor Man he piles on too.

Thorpe: AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

The Fiercest Foursome make their way into the building as the scene cuts.

Emo: You see that, Jen? That's how you make an entrance!

Williams: I certainly can't argue with that, but some very ominous words to set the tone tonight! If I were Cayle Murray, I'd be worried right now...

On the Prowl

The camera runs backstage and sees Amy Harrison walk into the arena with a purpose. Kate Kincaid walks up to her to try to get an interview, but Amy does not stop walking.

Kincaid: Can I get a word, Ms Harrison?

Amy just keeps walking, not breaking her stride.

Kincaid: Ms. Harrison?

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Amy turns to her with a slight look of disgust and impatience.

Harrison: Let me guess, you want me to talk about what happened at the last Victory, right?

Amy rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

Harrison: It all looked so promising, I had my first taste of UTA gold, and it was going to be nothing but good times for yours truly, but then someone decided to try to steal the spotlight from me once again!

She pulls her hair out of her head.

Harrison: You see, Marie Van Claudio can not stand the fact that I am just better than her in just about everything that I do, and I have proven that time and time again. Just look at everything that I've done here.

Amy holds out fingers of the accomplishments she's done.

Harrison: I've beaten Hall of Famers, I've beaten promising upstarts, I've beaten people that Marie has gone up against but failed to beat, and more importantly, even though I can't call myself champion anymore, at least I can say that I have been a UTA Champion before she did, and it took me less time to do it.

Amy keeps her eyes dead locked on Kate.

Harrison: The bottom line is this: Marie is jealous of me! Always has, always will. She was the one that brought me into the UTA in the first place, so all of this stuff that's been going on with me being better than her in the UTA is pretty much all her fault. She has no one else to blame but herself.

Amy goes to grab something, but the cameras don't keep focus on it.

Harrison: And now that she decided to screw me out of being Prodigy Champion, let's just say that she's in for a rude awakening.

Amy quickly walks away in her hunt to find Marie.

Williams: Wooow! Amy Harrison is pissed! But here's the kicker: Marie Van Claudio hasn't actually done anything wrong...

Emo: You're 100% right, but do you want to be the one to explain that to Amy? I certainly don't.

Switching back to ringside, B.R. Ellis is already in the ring, stretching his muscles and preparing for the forthcoming match-up. There's no music playing.

Williams: Welcome back, folks, and it looks like it's time for our first match of the evening!

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Emo: It's quite weird that this guy just keeps showing-up in the ring like this. No music, no walkout... nothing.

Williams: I guess some people just don't like making a fuss.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, in the ring, from El Paso, Texas... he stands at 6'2" and weighs-in at 252lbs... "TEXAS BEST"... B! R!
ELLLLLLLLLIIIISSSSSSSSSSSS!

Williams: A tough loss for B.R Ellis two weeks ago, but it would've taken a biblical effort to stop Cayle Murray on that kinda form. Let's see if he can bounce back tonight.

Emo: If it's a rebound win he's looking for, he's definitely fighting the right guy...

One of the most hideous musical compositions you've ever heard rips through the arena. It's not just an instrumental version of Killswitch Engage's "This Fire Burns"... it's the song in MIDI format.

Emo: What the... ahhh! My ears!

The Little Bruiser himself, Jack Hunter, steps out from the backstage area, pushy a shopping card full of destructive implements in front of him. Hunter stops at the top of the ramp and lets out a hearty laugh, before making his way down to the ring.

Williams: Here comes one of the more off-kilter personalities in the UTA.

Emo: How diplomatic of you, Jen. Let's call a spade a spade here: Jack Hunter is a complete idiot. What's with the shopping trolley?

Williams: Looks like it's full of weapons to me, but this isn't a street fight. Heck, it's not even a hardcore match...

Announcer: ... aaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from The Streets, standing at 6'3" and weighing-in at 233lbs... he is "THE STREET FIGHTER"... JACK!
HUNTTTTTTTTTTTTTEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRR!

Jack starts tossing weapons into the ring as soon as he hits ringside. A trash can lid lands at Ellis' feet, and a steel chair narrowly misses his head. The referee immediately rolls out of the ring as Jack blindly tosses a dented road sign over his shoulder.

Williams: Looks like the referee's about to set Jack Hunter straight.

Emo: Heh, good luck communicating with that waste of oxygen.

Just as Hunter is about to throw a kendo stick into the mix, the referee grabs his wrist, stopping him. The

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Street Fighter casts a brainless look down at the poor official, unable to comprehend why he's trying to stop him.

Emo: Jesus, Jack! This. Isn't. A. Street. Fight!

Williams: I don't envy the ref's job right now...

Luckily for everyone involved, B.R. Ellis catches Jack with the baseball slid, sending him crashing into the trolley. Ellis slides out of the ring too, and clubs away on Jack's back a couple of times before rolling him inside. The bell finally rings as Ellis hops to his feet, taking Hunter with him, then backing him into the corner.

Emo: Thank you, B.R. Ellis!

Williams: This one's finally underway, and B.R. Ellis is hammering on Hunter!

Left, right, left, right, left, right. Blow after blow catches Jack in the gut, before Ellis scoops him up, turns, and slams him down in the middle of the ring.

Williams: Scoop slam! And now B.R. Ellis is cleaning-up the ring!

The Texan starts kicking some of Jack's weapons out of the ring. By the time he's done, Jack is back on his feet but clutching his back, so Ellis hits him with a couple of quick elbow strikes before whipping him across the ring. On the rebound, B.R. lifts the Little Bruiser and drives him down with a sidewalk slam.

Williams: Huge move! And now the cover...

...1!

...2!

But Jack gets a shoulder up!

Emo: Well, this is going as well as I'd hoped.

Williams: Ellis showed some real fire against Murray the other week, and it's continuing tonight. Jack Hunter hasn't had a look-in thus far.

Continuing the assault, B.R. keeps Jack grounded, hitting him with a couple of grounded elbows, before sitting Jack up and moving behind him. Ellis wraps his forearms around Hunter's throat, but the Street Fight street fights through the sleeper hold, and slowly starts rising to his feet. Once vertical, Jack throws an elbow into Ellis' ribs, then another, and squirms loose.

Williams: The Little Bruiser is free!

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The newfound freedom doesn't last long, though. Ellis absolutely clobbers him from behind, then drills him into the mat with a Russian Leg Sweep.

Emo: NOPE!

Kneeling, B.R. Ellis glances down at Hunter and considers his next move while recovering valuable stamina. Soon he's back on his feet, and stomping hard on Hunter's torso. Satisfied that Jack won't get-up and surprise him, Ellis goes to the ropes, and comes back with a leg drop. He makes the cover.

...1!

...2!

No! Jack kicks out.

Williams: Another powerful move from B.R. Ellis, and this might just be the most dominant we've seen him in the UTA!

Emo: It's hardly surprising, given the calibre of opponent. That said, Ellis has barely given him an inch since this one kicked-off, and he's probably only a move or two from finishing it.

Williams: I think you're underestimating Jack Hunter here, Doc. He's been street fighting since he was 15 years old, you know.

As Dr. Emo sighs, Ellis takes Jack Hunter to his feet with a handful of hair. He pushes Jack against the ropes and winds-up a big overhand chop, but Jack lashes back, kicking Ellis in the gut and following with a knee. Ellis staggers, and Ellis picks him off his feet, then throws him down with a Spinebuster!

Williams: Down goes Ellis! The Street Fighter is back!

Emo: Oh goody.

Instead of capitalising, however, Hunter heads for the outside of the ring. He starts scanning the area for toys, and eventually lays his eyes on the trash can lid. Taking it back into the ring with him, Jack pulls it back, waiting for Ellis to rise.

Emo: For the love of God...

As B.R. Ellis clambers to a knelt position, the referee again intervenes. Hunter shouts something about street fighting as the ref positions himself between the two wrestlers.

Williams: Wow, how many times does he need to be told?

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Emo: Have you heard the guy speak, Jen? He doesn't know how to use words properly, so there's not a chance in hell that he understands what the ref's trying to tell him.

Ellis is up, and deeply fed-up of Hunter's shenanigans. B.R. unceremoniously barges past the official and elbows Jack hard in the head, causing him to drop the weapon. Without pausing, Ellis throws Jack's head under his arm, pulls on the waistband, and suplexes him down again. Getting back up, Ellis makes a cutthroat gesture with his thumb.

Williams: And it looks like B.R. Ellis is looking to wrap it up!

Emo: Good. Fold him like an accordion and get this one over with.

The Texan stalks his prey for a moment, then lurches forward, pulling him up. Jack's not done yet, though! A swift eye gouge blindsides Ellis, and a facebuster takes him down!

Williams: Jack counters! The Little Bruiser lives!

Emo: Wait, what?! Hunter's still in this?! I didn't know he had it in him.

Hunter: HAHAAHAHAHAHA!

Emo: ... wow, what was that?

Williams: That's kinda what he does. Just roll with it.

Having cackled like a maniac, Jack uses his hands to cup his lips and calls out...

Hunter: MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Williams: Oh no! Jack's calling for it!

Emo: What am I even watching?!

As soon as Ellis reaches his feet, he falls into Jack Hunter's trap.

Williams: COW DDT! HE GOT IT!

Having completed the most contrived, flippy, jumpy, spinny DDT you've ever seen, Jack drops to the mat and makes the cover.

...1!

...2!

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...3!!!

Emo: What?! Jack Hunter actually won!?

Williams: The New Streak continues!

That terrible Killswitch Engage MIDI plays through the arena as Hunter gets to his feet, lifting his arms in celebration.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen here is your winner... JAAAAAAAAAACK!
HUNTTTTTTTTTTEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!

Williams: It just goes to show, Doc, whether human or bovine, as soon as Jack Hunter hits you with that Cow DDT, it's over.

Emo: At least it's finished now. That's all I care about.

Williams: The setbacks keep piling-up for B.R. Ellis, but Jack Hunter can now look forward to his Hardcore Title shot at Seasons Beatings with newfound optimism!

Snake Oil

Cayle Murray's features occupy the screen for the first time this evening, drawing a big cheer from those in attendance. Tonight's main eventer is casually dressed in a black and red track jacket with blue jeans: an outfit that probably cost no more than \$20 to put together.

Williams: There's a tight, pensive mood around Cayle tonight, Doc. The Pantheon have painted a huge target on the Scot, and the champ as good as confirmed this earlier.

Emo: That's what happens when you mess with the Big Bad, Jen. There'll be no relaxation for Cayle tonight - the wolves are coming...

He's walking, Cayle, and his posture's tight and rigid. In his heightened sense of alertness, he hears Rumour Man Stan coming long before Stan even opens his mouth.

Stan: Cayle!

Cayle turns and sees the UTA interviewer cantering towards him.

Murray: Stan.

It takes a moment or two for Stan to catch his breath. He loosens his tie a little, giving the windpipe a little extra freedom.

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Stan: I've got a message for you from the Panth--

Before Stan can finish, however, he's interrupted by a strong, authoritative tone.

But not the tone Cayle Murray is expecting.

Perfection: He knows, Stan. Don't insult the man's intelligence.

Dressed in several thousand dollars' worth of fine Italian tailoring, the number one contender to Eric Dane's UTA World Championship slides into the scene. Cayle tenses-up, but Perfection's attention is entirely focused on Stan Davis.

Perfection: Begone with you, ungrateful! Your services are no longer required.

Without quarrel, Stan does exactly as he's told. Perfection watches the interviewer trot down the corridor, then finally turns to Murray when he's satisfied Stan's gone.

Perfection: Now then.

Witherhold smiles as he adjust the cuffs of his dress shirt to poke out more from under his suit jacket.

Murray: What do you need from me, James? Because I know you're not with Dane...

James cuts Cayle off.

Perfection: It's not what I need from you Cayle, it's what you need from me. Come, let's walk and talk.

Perfection puts his arm over Cayle's shoulder, we can tell Murray is very uncomfortable as the camera moves to in front of them. James begins walking down the corridor leading Murray with him who shakes Perfection's arm off.

Perfection: It would seem that certain events have thrown us together, Cayle. We've been bonded by a common enemy, one we both wish to destroy...The Pantheon.

Cayle stops in his tracks, prompting Perfection to do the same.

Murray: Right. The Pantheon... who could be around any one of these bends. I'm going no further, especially not with you...

His brow tightens as Perfection shakes his head while snickering.

Perfection: Someone's a little paranoid.

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Murray: I wasn't born yesterday, lad. I know who you are, I know what you've done, and I know how you've built your legacy. How are you gonna convince me that what you're tryna sell isn't snake oil?

James smirks before poking his finger into Cayle's chest .

Perfection: If I were YOU...I'd be wise about the offering about to be laid on the table before you end up having one more person trying to take you out!

Murray begins to lean forward into James finger before Perfection lifts it up and brushes off the spot smiling.

Perfection: The enemy of my enemy is my friend...in a sad and unfortunate sort of way. I have the biggest match of my career coming next week at Season's Beatings. All eyes are on me...and Eric Dane has already made it clear he wants to take me out before the bell even rings, Cayle.

Witherhold pauses before putting a hand against his own chest.

Perfection: I'd rather have someone like you watching my back then allow Eric Dane and his pathetic mangled dogs get a piece of 'Yours Truly' before I get my time to shine...like always.

James looks at Cayle with sincerity that we can't tell is truly sincere or merely bait.

Perfection: And I'm sure you don't want to worry about what dwells on the other side of the bend every time you roam the halls.

Witherhold raises his arms slightly.

Perfection: So...you watch my back...and I'll watch yours. Simple as that.

Witherhold turns and begins to walk away as the camera focuses on Cayle Murray.

Perfection: Think about it!

We close on a confused Cayle Murray.

A Sit Down with Stan - featuring Frank Knoxx

Stan: Welcome one and all. It is I, your Rumor Man, Stan here to bring you the definitive interview of Frank Knoxx, UTA official.

The camera pulls back reveal Knoxx sitting to Stan's right. Knoxx is wearing his referee stripes of course, a pair of black pants, and black sneakers. He gives a half hearted wave.

Stan: Frank Knoxx of course was the official during the "I Quit" Match between Will Haynes and Mikey

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Unlikely that went down at International Affair. The ending of that match, Frank if I'm being honest, is cloaked in a bit of controversy.

Knox: Hopefully I can clear some of that up, Stan.

Stan: We thank you for that of course, Frank. I understand that as an official if you wanted to remain silent you're under no obligation to come on air. So let's work our way through this thing. The match is heated. Will and Mikey threw some stiff shots. What were you thinking while these two were beating the crap out of one another?

Knox: I've worked some stiff contests in the past, but this was something else. Some of the shots those two took were unbelievable. Some of the stiffest work I've seen in my career. I just wanted to keep everyone safe. I know Will has spent some time in the hospital over the past few months, I know Mikey is a big movie star. The last thing anyone needed was a catastrophic injury to either man.

Stan nods his head.

Stan: I agree with you there, Frank. No one in the UTA universe wants either man injured. Of that, I'm sure. So you're there to make sure injuries don't occur?

Frank nods his head. He reaches to a small side table. He comes up with a bottle of water, unscrews the top, takes a sip, puts the cap back on, and places the bottle back down.

Stan: Then what were your thoughts when Mary Jane got clobbered in the head with that chair shot from Will Haynes?

Frank takes a second to gather his thoughts and answers.

Knox: First off, Stan, I don't think Haynes intended for that chair t -

Stan quickly raises his hand, interrupting Knox.

Stan: - just answer the question, what were your thoughts when Mary Jane got hit?

Knox is hesitant but answers the Rumor Man.

Knox: I thought she might need help. I motioned for the EMTs to come out. They were already on their way. They made good time. Got to her quick. Think that lead to her speedy recovery.

Stan: Was their any point, Frank, that you thought it best to remove Mary Jane from ringside? Perhaps for her own safety?

Knox: The EMTs gave me an all clear. They communicated to me that Mary Jane wanted to remain ringside

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for the duration. I had my hands full in the ring. I wasn't going to argue.

Stan nods his head, appreciating the candor Knoxx is showing.

Stan: Frank, how much did Mary Jane's throw of the towel factor into your decision to call for the bell and award the match to Will Haynes?

Knoxx: I don't know if I can quantify that for you, Stan. Did it factor into my decision, yes it did, but I can't say how much.

Just then there is a commotion outside. Voices are raised. Stan and Knoxx look at one another.

Stan: Any clue what that might be, Frank?

Knoxx: No idea, Stan. Do you?

Stan shakes his head, mouthing the word "No." Then the door flings open, immediately the camera turns showing us none other than Mikey Unlikely, a step behind him reaching out to grab his arm is Mary Jane. She narrowly misses, Mikey closes the gap between him and Knoxx quickly, Knoxx stands up in anticipation.

Stan stands now, trying to step in.

Stan: Hey Mikey, whattya say we -

Mikey moves Rumor Man Stan aside. He points a finger into Frank Knoxx's chest.

Unlikely: You!

There's a tense moment.

Unlikely: I've got some questions for you. And I better get answers, or else.

Unlikely cracks his knuckles. Mary Jane anxiously bites her nails over his shoulder.

Mary Jane: C'mon babe, we don't hafta -

Mary Jane goes to grab Mikey's arm. Mikey is quick to pull it away, out of her reach.

Unlikely: Shut it, you.

Unlikely turns his attention back to Knoxx.

Unlikely: What was that Frank? What the hell are you trying to prove? Don't you know who the hell I am?

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Unlikely surges forward only to be quickly turned around and slapped into a massive headlock. Lisil Jackson has stepped into the room to help cooler heads prevail. He wrenches a bit into the headlock, slowing Mikey's breathing just enough. Jackson nods his head, hopefully this will calm the World's Greatest Entertainer.

Jackson: Be cool, mon. Be cool. Dats da way, now.

Unlikely stares up at Jackson, quickly pushing off. Jackson let's go, Mikey stumbles into Rumor Man Stan who helps steady him.

Stan: Easy there, Mikey. Why don't we just let sleeping -

Unlikely: NO! I want some answers God damn it!

Unlikely goes to charge Knoxx. Lisil steps in the way, Unlikely is forced to slam on the breaks. He steps forward and stares Lisil down.

Jackson: Aye mon, no problems here. Aiight?

Unlikely: Problems? Problems? What the hell do you know about problems?

Jackson bites his lip, after all he's just trying to help. He steps forward, agitated with the situation.

Jackson: I ain't here ta start no trouble wit ya, despite what ya might tink.

Unlikely: Yeah, just like two weeks ago right? Listen boy, just stay the hell outta my business.

Jackson: Ya, or what mon?

Unlikely: Or you are going to have more business than you can handle!

There's a second here where anything could happen. Maybe Lisil fires on Unlikely, Unlikely surges back at Knoxx. Mikey looks around the room.

Unlikely: Let's go.

Unlikely holds his hand behind him, Mary Jane takes it on cue and out of the room they go.

Stan: Lisil, my man, good lookin' out.

Lisil stares at the door after Mikey, nodding his head in response.

Williams: This situation is realyl escalating quickly, Doc.

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Emo: I'm not sure where this is going, Jen, but I'm sure it isn't good for Lisil. Just look at Mikey's battles with Will Haynes.

Williams: Haynes technically "defeated" Mikey in the end, but it was a long, hard slog... Lisil needs to be careful with this guy.

About Last Week

In the back, we see Marie Van Claudio sitting in a makeup chair while Joan Kincaid is doing her hair for her. As she's working on her hair, Kate Kincaid comes up to Marie.

Kincaid: Marie, may I please have a word with you?

Joan takes a step away from Marie while she looks at Kate. Eyeing her up and down, Marie gives a small smile.

Van Claudio: Sure, you can.

Kate looks at her and holds her microphone to Marie.

Kincaid: Last time on Victory, it seems that you had the people talking about you in a good way about your stint as a special guest referee and costing Amy Harrison her title.

Marie shakes her head at the comment she just made about "costing" Amy her title.

Van Claudio: Kate, I didn't "cost" Amy her title, Amy made herself lose the title.

She keeps her eyes on Kate while Joan works on the back of her hair.

Van Claudio: When Michael Lorenzo saw me in the back when I walked through the curtain, he pulled me aside and said this.

She clears her throat.

Van Claudio, as she does her best Lorenzo impression: Miss Van Claudio, you've said a lot of strong words out there to Amy Harrison, but I want you to do something to get the people talking.

Kate keeps her eyes on her as she's trying her best not to laugh.

Van Claudio, still doing the Lorenzo impression: I want you to be the special guest referee of the match and call it right down the middle! Show your Montreal fans that you mean business!

Marie snaps out of it.

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Van Claudio: And I did. I went in the match and did what I was told.

Kincaid: I have to say I was impressed, but another question I have is, do you think Amy will be coming after you?

Marie raises an eyebrow.

Van Claudio: If Amy wants to whine about this match then that's HER PROBLEM, not mine. She was barking at me the whole entire time. If she wasn't than maybe she would still be champion.

She licks her bottom lip.

Van Claudio: If she wants to attack me, she can, but remember, Van Claudio's fight back.

Kate looks at her as she nods.

Kincaid: Marie, thank you for your time.

Kate departs as Marie goes back to getting her hair fixed by Joan and talks to her a bit.

Williams: So there's the other side of the story. Something tells me we haven't heard the last of these two former friends tonight...

Stacy Sinclair: The following contest is set for one fall, with a 20 minute time limit! Introducing first! Hailing from Frimley, England, and weighing in at 216 lbs! He is the Ominous Angel... LEWWWW...
SSMMMIIIIITTTTHHH!!!!

Pyro follows the quick heavy bursts of notes during the intro. Lights flicker along with the addition of fast guitar. Both pyro and lighting hit the last five notes before exploding with one final explosion of epic colours that fly across the runway and outward to the ring as the music progresses heavily on the word "GO!". The house lights gently rise as a figure quickly paces towards the ring, pointing out to the crowd both ways before turning a light jog into a sprint. The Ominous cloaked figure dives through the bottom of the ropes and slides to the centre to stand still during the verse, looking around scouting his fans, his critics, he removes the hood and unties the rope connecting the cape-like robe and chucks it out the ring. Clicking his neck, shoulders and fingers, he assumes a stance, ready to fight.

Williams: And there we see Lew Smith. He's the reigning Prodigy Champion, but the title is not on the line tonight as he goes up against Santa Claus.

Dr. Emo: He won that belt from Amy Harrison only a week after she came back from what everyone was sure was certain death falling off a ladder and landing on the ropes. He also spent a good part of last year as Santa's whipping boy, so it'll be interesting to see how he handles this.

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Sinclair: And his opponent! Accompanied by Mrs. Claus! Hailing from The North Pole, and weighing in at SEVEN HUNDRED pounds! SAAAAAAAAAAAAAANTA CLAUSSSS!!!

The big screen fades in to show a giant red sleigh being pulled by eight reindeer pull out behind the black curtain that separates the backstage area from the center of the arena. The air conditioning kicks on in the arena, and soon, all of the fans are plunged into a cold, chilly atmosphere. A light snow begins to fall from the rafters (blatantly shaved pieces of ice). Sitting inside the sleigh is the impressively huge mass of Santa Claus and his beautiful, young, hot wife Mrs. Claus, who smiles warmly at Santa as he drops the reigns and stands up in the sleigh. He looks around and smiles as he now hops down quite spryly for an "old" man. His false beard whips around in the wind.. giving quite a strange and bizarre look to a man wearing a Christmas outfit.

Dr. Emo: The cold hard facts here are that Santa has not been remotely successful since his UTA return. In fact, I had a look at his match history, and his last win here in UTA was way back on Victory XVIII - against none other than Lew Smith.

Williams: Like Smith alluded to in his promotional material, Santa's been a thorn in his side for quite some time, but this is their first meeting since he adjusted his outlook.

Santa holds up his hand and helps his wife step down from the sleigh. Santa now reaches inside his sleigh and grabs one red and one black Christmas sack made out of crushed red and black velvet material, respectively. Santa chuckles to himself as he slings the sack around himself and catching it on the side of his back around his shoulder. He now hums a merry little Christmas tune as his face tics up into a friendly, yet mischievous smile. Mrs. Claus comes to a standing position next to her husband as he now climbs into the ring. He opens the crushed red velvet Christmas sack and begins to toss red and green wrapped Christmas gifts out into the fans. They rabidly stomp, shove and trample over one another just to get one of the gifts. Santa just chuckles inside the ring.

The black Christmas sack, however, remains closed and is currently resting in Santa's corner. He now pulls on the ropes and bellows out a mighty "HO..... HO..... HO!" at the top of his voice.. with the fans all chiming in right along with him. He now leans over in his corner as the big breasted Mrs. Claus whispers something to him, as they both await the referee's instructions.

DING DING DING!!!

Williams: And there's the bell, and Lew Smith is wasting no time!

Smith rushes forward with a jumping kick. The kick lands right on Santa's solar plexus and seems to stun him even if it doesn't move him at all, and Lew goes right to work with those assorted martial arts strikes. Fists, backfists, spinning backfists, palm strikes and elbows, all directed at Santa's head.

Dr. Emo: Good thinking by Lew to attack Santa's head, when you're a diminutive 200 pounds like Smith is you're not going to punch your way through all that padding Santa's got. And for that matter that red velvet Santa's wearing looks pretty cushy, did he ever get checked for wearing padding?

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Lew fires a roundhouse kick at Santa's head, but Santa blocks it and shoves Lew head over heels. He rumbles out of the corner but misses with the clothesline and Lew hits a jumping back kick to the back of Santa's head before he can get turned around. This one wobbles the big guy. Lew dropkicks the back of the knee, sending him to one knee, then runs the ropes and hits a flying front kick to the jaw.

Williams: Down goes Santa, and Lew's trying for the cover, he can't even get that massive leg hooked!

ONE...!

...And Santa kicks out with such authority that Lew flies in the air and lands on his face!

Lew tries to get back up and keep the pressure on Santa, but he isn't quite fast enough. As he tries a kick, Santa intercepts by catching the thigh and from there, lifts Smith up on his shoulders and runs him into the corner. But Smith's been working on his ring awareness, so he's out of the corner before Santa can get to work on delivering the Season's Beatings! Santa turns around from missing the punch, and catches one of those weird two hand strikes from Lew right to the jaw!

Williams: I think that one rang his bell!

Dr. Emo: I'm not sure it did Jen.

In fact, Santa wipes a spot of blood from his lower lip. And before Smith can react, Santa grabs him by the head and pulls him into a kitchen sink knee, then knocks him for a spin with a standing clothesline!

Dr. Emo: Lew Smith puts a lot of finesse into his striking game, but you don't need finesse behind a clothesline when it's powered by 700 pounds.

Santa follows up by dropping a big elbow on Lew's chest.

ONE...!

...TWO...!

And Smith just barely kicks out.

Instead of trying to get up, Santa grips Smith's arm and bends it into an americana.

Dr. Emo: Good thinking by Santa trying to use his weight here. You know, one thing that really bugs me about Santa-

Williams: His sunny disposition?

Dr. Emo: That too, but I was thinking of how he doesn't have very good follow through. He's got a surprising

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amount of skill for someone in his physical condition, but he's too damn nice - passes up chances to win matches because he doesn't want to do any permanent harm. If he'd just use his weight to his advantage and do some damage to Smith's ribs, that's all I'm saying.

Smith uses his flexibility to hit a couple of knees to the back of Santa's head, and as soon as Santa loosens his grip, Smith slides out of the ring, but only as far as the apron. He sets up a springboard, jumps in - right into Santa's clutches!

Williams: Kind of a spear...spinebuster... thing from Santa.

Dr. Emo: He plucked Smith out of the air and spiked him on the mat, it worked, it doesn't need a name. Now follow up, dammit!

Santa arranges Lew perpendicular to the turnbuckle, then slowly and ponderously climbs up to the middle rope. He bounces a couple times, and -

Williams: Smith out of the way of that slingshot splash!

Lew tries to catch his breath. Santa's up to one knee, then grabs the ropes and pulls himself up, and Lew pounces.

Williams: Heaven's Judgment!

But there's just one problem.

Dr. Emo: Lew can't hook the bodyscissor half of it! Santa's too fat!

Williams: What, last week Santa got scoop slammed by Jeff Andrews but this week we're being realistic? Oh I mean, how is Lew going to finish Santa if his favored finisher won't work?

And to make things worse for Lew, Santa easily snaps his arms free of the full nelson, and snap mares Smith over. Then he quickly applies the standing headscissor and tries to hook the arms.

Dr. Emo: Sleigh Ride coming up! Wait, no, he got loose.

Smith drops and slides between Santa's legs. He throws a kick from his knees to the back of Santa's leg, then gets up.

Williams: Thrust kick! Front kick! Enzui roundhouse!

That roundhouse rocked Santa, he starts wobbling on his knees. Lew jumps over the ropes, then springboards back in.

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THWAAAACK!

Williams: Springboard ganmengiri!

Dr. Emo: Did you hear the impact of that one?!

Williams: Santa's on his back! Cover by Smith!

ONE...!

...TWO...!

....THREE!!!

DING DING DING!!

Smith gets up with his hands raised.

Dr. Emo: Credit where it's due, even if he couldn't hook the Heaven's Judgment on Santa, Lew found a way to keep him down for the three.

Smith doesn't stick around after the post match, he just heads to the back, leaving Santa to slowly collect himself. The ever-lovely and disappointed Mrs. Claus tries to fuss over him, but Santa, looking uncharacteristically glum, doesn't really respond to her, or much of anything else, as he heads straight to the back.

Williams: Santa has got to be getting frustrated here in UTA.

Dr. Emo: And he alluded to his being willing to try something else. Could this loss be what it takes to awaken his dormant killer instinct? We'll be right back, fans!

Jack Hunter Street Fights a Door

Backstage, Jack Hunter is walking. Fresh-off his earlier match with B.R. Ellis, the Street Fighter wears a newly-printed "HASH TAG NEW STREAK!!!!" t-shirt. Nope, not "#NewStreak": it's literally "HASH Tag NEW STREAK!!!!" unnecessary exclamation marks and all.

Jack Hunter is an idiot.

Williams: A rare second appearance from The Little Bruiser himself! All kinds of people are coming out of the woodwork tonight.

Emo: Oh God, what have I done to deserve this?!

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Hunter eventually reaches his destination: a door marked with Michael Lorenzo's name on a gold plaque.

Hunter: Ah-ha!

Instead of knocking like a regular human being, Jack ups his dukes, steadies himself, and starts peppering the door with punches.

Emo: What is he doing?!

Williams: I'm beyond trying to make sense of this guy. Just enjoy the madness.

The door rattles with every blow, and he soon knocks a sizeable dent in the wood with a hefty right cross. Jack keeps going and going, until the door suddenly swings open. Michael Lorenzo steps backwards to avoid being hit by Hunter, who almost falls over.

Lorenzo: Whoa, Jack! Calm down...

The Boss takes a look at Jack, then glances at his door, noticing the damage.

Lorenzo: ... did you street fight my door?

Hunter: Yes! HAHAAHAHAHA!

The Street Fighter beats his chest like Tarzan as he laughs, and Michael Lorenzo is already rolling his eyes.

Lorenzo: What can I do for you, Jack?

Hunter: I am here about my title shot!

Lorenzo: The Hardcore Title shot? That's next week, Jack. Season's Beatings, remember?

Hunter: No! I am already the Hardcore Champion of UTA wrestling after defeating Skylar Mountgobstopper and the Dibbinses when I covered them all in little bruises and started the HASH TAG NEW STREAK!

Victory's head honcho makes a quick mental note to arrange office doormen next time Hunter's booked.

Hunter: I am talking about my shot at the Utah World Title Championship Belt that I earned when I won THE GAUNTLET and street fought Beautiful Eric Dean, Brellis, Amy Furryson and SkyMont in the same night and became number one contender to fight against LA FLASHY BRAN FLAKES!

Confusion twists across Lorenzo's face.

Lorenzo: ... what?

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Hunter: LA FLAKY BACON!

This time, Michael can't even find the words.

Hunter: LA FLYING BOOGER!

Lorenzo: Oh. Wait. LFB, gotcha...

He sighs.

Lorenzo: Number one, Jack, La Flama Blanca is currently on a leave of absence. Two, Eric Dane is the UTA World Champion. Three, you didn't win the gauntlet match, so...

Hunter: But I am the undefeatable 26-0 best street fighter since GULE and I have HARDCORIFIED and DESTRUCTIONATED all my opponents and become number one contender to...

Jack doesn't stop talking, but the words start drifting into one for Michael Lorenzo (and, indeed, anyone with a properly functioning brain). Michael just wants him to go away, so he puts his hands up and interrupts...

Lorenzo: Jack.

Hunter: ... my wife Jack Huntress and I do DDTs on cows all the...

Lorenzo: Jack!

Hunter: ... but Harry Potter would waste Gandalf in a fight...

Lorenzo: JACK!

The shout catches Hunter's attention. He stops babbling.

Lorenzo: Look, I'm extremely busy trying to keep this show together. I don't have time for this. Whatever it is you want, you've got it on the next show. Goodnight.

Not wanting to risk any more of Jack's nonsense, Michael slams the door closed. Jack spins around on his heels and high fives the wall.

Hunter: SUPERBEST!

Emo: ... what just happened, Jen?

Williams: I don't know, Doc, but let's hope it doesn't come back to bite Lorenzo in the ass.

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Cut.

Slow Down

We pick up to a pissed off Mikey Unlikely walking down the hall quickly. Mary Jane is fighting to keep up. He is holding her by the wrist as they walk.

MJ: Would you please just slow down!

Unlikely doesn't say a word, he just keeps walking. They round a corner in the corridor.

MJ: Mikey please, calm down! Mikey just shakes his head in frustration, he is clearly trying to hold back.

MJ: Where are we going!?

He stops finally. He looks her square in the eye, and doesn't move for a second.

Mary Jane looks around nervously, afraid to make eye contact.

Unlikely: WE!? We are not going anywhere Mary Jane! I am, I have something to do, and for the love of... I do not need you messing it up this time! Whether it's you trying to hold me back, or whether it's you throwing in the towel, or whatever!

Mikey breathes heavily.

Unlikely: So I am going out there to take care of some business, and as for you... I better not see you anywhere NEAR that ring.

She stands there looking sad, as Mikey walks off alone.

Emo: What was that all about, Jen?!

Williams: I guess we'll find out.

The scene opens up to the ring. Carny Sinclair is already warming up in the corner. He stretches against the ropes. The fans are excited for the upcoming match, as the commentary kicks in.

Williams: Coming up next ladies and gentleman, Lisil Jackson will take on newcomer Carny... *Click, Click* ~I live it up like these are my last days,~

~If time is money, I'm an hour past paid.~ The crowd begins to boo loudly as they recognize the theme song.

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Williams: What is he doing out here now? Mikey Unlikely strides through the curtain smoothly. He looks focused but he can't help but stop at the top of the ramp and take in the crowd.

They greet him with boos all around.

Williams: Hasn't he done enough here tonight? Threatening a UTA official! He begins to walk to the ring, refusing fans requests on the way down. Walks around the ring.

Emo: Uh Jennifer, I don't think he's going to the ring... I think he's coming our way!

Indeed Mikey walks over to the commentary team and pulls up a chair. He slips a headset on as he positions himself at the end of the table. Unlikely: Hey guys! Thanks for having me! There is a slight pause. Williams: We did not realize you had been invited down here for this match! Unlikely shakes his head. Unlikely: Mikey doesn't need an invitation. Emo: Yea Jennifer, The man is a celebrity, have some respect!

His music fades as the fans begin to antagonize him over his shoulder. Williams: Well what is it you are doing down here? Just then "Better Must Come" by Geego begins to play over the loudspeakers and Lisil Jackson walks out with a bold smile on his face raising his arms up bobbing his head to the music

Unlikely: THIS, is what I am doing down here.

The scene cuts to Mikey who is pointing up the ramp at Lisil.

Unlikely: This man has gone out of his way to get involved with my affairs and I've had enough, so let's just call this...scouting.

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

Williams: Jackson is quite the up and coming superstar, you can't take the man lightly. We learned that two weeks ago here on Victory, when he pinned the former World champion, Yoshi.

Announcer: Hailing from Kingston Jamaica.

Lisil slides into the ring and bounces around a bit. He throws some kicks and quick punches into the air. Warming up his limbs.

Announcer: Standing at six feet and three inches and weighing in at two hundred and fifty three pounds...

He 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, before

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allowing the referee to check his boots and pads.

The referee calls for the bell. The two men circle the ring for a second, both looking for an opening. Lisil takes a quick peek outside the ring and points at Mikey. Unlikely: Guy better get his head in the game... Sure enough, no sooner does Mikey say it, then Carny Sinclair takes the opportunity to jump on the distracted Jackson. He runs and delivers a knee to the small of the back. Lisil drops to a knee, now turning to face his opponent. Emo: Sinclair wasting no time here, now connecting with multiple right hands to the face of Lisil Jackson. This is why you can never turn your back on someone in the ring Jennifer.

Lisil pushes Sinclair off of him long enough to get to his feet and regain some balance. The two immediately lock up. Jackson uses his size advantage to back Sinclair into the turnbuckle.

The referee jumps in between and tries to break up the tie up in the corner. Lisil puts his hands up, and backs away cleanly.

Williams: Nice show of sportsmanship here by Lisil.

Unlikely: If he's so sportsmanly why is he always sticking his face where it doesn't belong?

Williams: Maybe Jackson is just tired of your attitude as of late Mikey. Maybe he didn't want to see you pushing around a lady.

Unlikely: You take that back Jennifer! Mikey never put his hands on Mary Jane, not the way you are implying anyway!

Sinclair comes out of the corner, shaking his wrists, and loosening his neck. He's ready for a fight.

The pair tie up once more. This time Carny gets the early advantage. He slips under the arm of Lisil and applies a top wrist lock. Slowly using both hands, Lisil reverses the momentum of the move, and turns it back on Sinclair. Jackson wrenches on the arm a few times before throwing a back kick that connects with Carny's face.

Emo: Sinclair hits the mat hard, as Jackson begins to break out the martial arts. Jackson a highly trained and effective fighter.

Unlikely: Psshhhh please. The man is wrestling a potato.

Jackson reaches down and attempts to lift carnay, but Sinclair hits a drop toe hold instead and brings Lisil down. No sooner does he yell out to the crowd "Say hello to headlock!" and moves across Lisle's body to apply a side headlock.

He wrenches away while the referee ask Lisil how how he's doing.

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Williams: We found out on After Hours that Carny Sinclair is quite the technical wrestler. Almost a perfectionist when it comes to the simplest submission holds.

Lisil begins to use his size to stand up while in the hold. Carny shakes his head trying to hold on. Finally Jackson is able to deliver a few elbows to the gut, and free himself from the clutches of Sinclair.

Jackson sends Carny off the ropes, on the return Sinclair delivers a shoulder block, dropping Jackson.

Emo: Carny going for a quick cover here! Trying to keep his opponent off balance.

1...

2...

Kickout! Williams: Jackson gets the shoulder up! Mikey, let me ask you this. Last Monday on Wrestleshow you...

Unlikely: Let me stop you there Jennifer. Mikey's lips are sealed. Don't just think because you are some hot little number that you can sweet talk me either.

Emo: Geez Jennifer, flirting with an engaged man?

Williams: Would you stop!?

Sinclair rubs his forearm across the face of Lisil as he pushes against the mat. Jackson is quick to get out from under him.

The two get up about the same time. Jackson hits a few forearms, before throwing in a judo kick for good measure. He whips Carny into the turnbuckle. He hits chestfirst. Jackson runs now.

Emo: The High Tide! One of Jackson's favorite moves, with that huge knee to the back of Carny Sinclair. He pulls him down now into the school boy pin.

1...

2...

Kickout!

Unlikely: That seemed like a fast count don't you think?

Williams: No, In fact I think it was just fine!

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They get up, Jackson delivers some stiff chops to the bare chest.

Emo: Jennifer, you should really get your eyes checked.

Williams: What is your problem with the UTA officials Mikey!?

Lisil Irish whips Carny he goes for a jumping kick, Sinclair ducks it, hits the ropes again and comes back with a clothesline, just as Jackson regains his balance. Sinclair pulls him back to his feet quickly before landing a jawbreaker, that sends Lisil Jackson through the ropes and onto the floor.

Mikey stands up as Jackson is just in front of him now. Sinclair hops out, paying no mind to Unlikely.

Emo: Sinclair is a smart guy. Send your opponent to the outside and take a breath. Devastating Jawbreaker there.

The referee begins his count.

Unlikely: My problem with the UTA officials is the fact that they are slow, inept, and inconsistent. They have their favorites and they cling to them, they protect them Jennifer. I was EXPOSING Will Haynes at International Affair, when Frank Knox not only called the match, but called it in Haynes favor.

Sinclair rams Jackson's back into the ring apron. He yells at the fans as Jackson writhes in pain. Sinclair tosses him back in the ring, following closely behind.

Williams: How big of a man does it take to corner a referee though? You are a professional athlete.

Unlikely: A big enough man, that I can ignite change Jennifer. I am nothing more than a platform, a voice! I am someone who can bring about official reform! It only takes one!

Carny once again lifts Jackson, he applies a DEVASTATING abdominal Stretch! The referee gets in position, and asks Jackson if he's ready to quit.

As the referee is talking to Jackson, Sinclair takes advantage of the distraction, and grabs the ropes. He pulls back harder on the hold.

Unlikely: Here you have it again, once again the referee cannot do his job. Not paying attention, and Sinclair is able to get away with whatever he wants.

The referee finally does see it, and gives Sinclair a 5 count to break. Which he does at the last possible second.

Carny finally breaks the stretch, and tosses Jackson to the ground. He stomps him a few times before going to the second rope. He comes off with a front elbow that landed square in the chest of Lisil Jackson.

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Emo: Sinclair really taking the upper hand here, Both of these men are coming off big wins. Sinclair feels the pressure to keep his streak alive.

Sinclair now goes to the outside of the ring. He reaches under, and pulls a table out. The referee immediately starts to yell at him to stop. He sets it up outside of the ring. He slaps the top of the table, as he slides back into the ring.

Williams: Carny seems to have some very bad intentions here.

Unlikely: Good, someone needs to put this loser where he belongs.

Jackson is getting back up as Sinclair approaches him. A couple forearms to the back before Carny grabs Jackson from behind his head. He runs him towards the ropes that will send him over and through the table.

At the last second Jackson puts on the brakes, to the roar of the crowd. He starts throwing rights and lefts as more and more people start cheering. Jackson with a standing back spin kick to the face of Sinclair has him reeling.

Emo: Jackson with a head of steam here, starting to get something going.

Jackson sends Carny off th