

Victory: XLIII

December 28, 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 flies by...

UTA RADIO: TAKE A DRINK!

I ? OLD SCHOOL FLAVA!

THE BOBBY DEAN DIET: I LOST 200LBS!

JACK HUNTER STREET FIGHTED MY SIGN!

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: Ladies and Gentlemen, we are LIVE from the sold-out Resch Center in Green Bay, Wisconsin for another action-packed edition of Victory! I'm Jennifer Williams, and alongside me, as always, it's Dr. Emo!

Emo: A pleasure as always, Jen, and boy, do we have one hell of an action-packed night on our hands! Season's Beatings is in the book, Eric Dane is still our UTA World Champion, and several of his charges are in-action tonight!

Williams: It all starts with Bobby Dean, who takes on the tough, gritty B.R. Ellis in his first match since returning to the UTA and aligning with the Pantheon a few weeks ago.

Emo: BBD looks ready to murder somebody, Jen. I would not want to be in Ellis' shoes right now, and after that, we've got Jeff Andrews taking-on Marie Van Claudio!

Williams: MVC is always game, but Jeff Andrews has been on a tear since joining the UTA!

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Emo: He's defeated Santa Claus and Yoshii in quick succession, but this week, we find out how he'll fare against somebody who isn't morbidly obese!

Williams: Speaking of Santa Claus, he steps into the ring against Mikey Unlikely! Mikey's had a few problems with Lisil Jackson lately, and you can bet the big Jamaican's got his eye on this one after getting thrown through a table last week...

Emo: For the sake of our vending machines' health and safety, I hope that one passes without incident! Things just keep getting better and better too, with former UTA Champion Yoshii taking-on one of the Patheon's new enemies, Will Haynes, in singles action!

Williams: Lord knows what kinda condition Yoshii's gonna be in after that beatdown at Season's Beatings, but we're gonna find-out! Will Haynes is not a guy you want to wrestle when you're less than 100%...

Emo: And in our main event... oh boy, this is a banger! It's Cayle Murray, taking-on a legend of the UTA's modern era... Madman Szalinski!

Williams: It's the old hero versus the new hope! Good versus evil! The good guys versus The Pantheon! There are so many layers to this tie, Doc, and that's before we even consider how skilled these two wrestlers are.

Emo: I can't wait, Jen! Murray still hasn't paid full penance for his recent acts against The Pantheon, and tonight, Madman's gonna teach him a valuable lesson.

Williams: I wouldn't be so sure of that. Cayle is just as steadfast in his own beliefs as Madman is his! If this match is allowed time to play-out, we could be looking at a classic! In any case, let's get this show on the road...

A SEGMENT

In the back, we see Marie Van Claudio walking to the locker room area and wearing a nice jacket for the weather outside. She says hello to some of the workers until Michael Lorenzo comes up to her.

Lorenzo: Hello Ms. Van Claudio. How are you feeling today?

Marie turns around and faces him.

Van Claudio: I'm good, sir. Thanks for asking.

She goes back walking to reach her destination, but Lorenzo steps in front of her.

Lorenzo: I've heard what happened a couple of weeks ago with your brawl with Amy. Considering that she could pop up any second or go in my office, I'm keeping a good eye out for her and I would advise you to

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keep a good eye on her as well.

Marie shakes her head and looks the director of talent relations up and down.

Van Claudio: Sir, I've just been doing that since she attacked me.

She clears her throat.

Van Claudio: I mean, we don't have eyes in the back of our head to see what's going on behind us!

Marie looks at her bag then back to Lorenzo

Van Claudio, still holding her bag: Besides, I don't think it's hard to miss a red-headed purple looking balloon with a loud shrieking voice!

Lorenzo tries his best to hold his laughter in at the comment. He smiles a bit, but goes back being professional.

Lorenzo: That's what I like to hear from you. A women that's not afraid of anything. That shows how much growth you had since you came to the UTA.

Marie nods a bit with a smile.

Lorenzo, still smiling: However, I do wish you luck with your match against Jeff Andrews this week. Put on a good showing and we will see how far you go in 2016.

Marie nods her head respectfully.

Van Claudio, smiling: Thank you, Sir.

He moves out of the way to let Marie walk to her locker room.

Lorenzo: Oh, Miss Van Claudio one more thing.

Marie stops and turns to face him.

Lorenzo: Be Careful of the Pantheon regarding Jeff Andrews. They've been on his case and could go after you. Keep your eyes opened at all time.

He walks away as Marie looks at her back. Amy. The Pantheon. Those parties could attack any time in this match.

Williams: Good to see Marie keeping her head-up after all that's gone on between her and Amy Harrison

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lately! I like this new MVC!

Emo: She certainly seems to be putting her best foot for--... wait a minute, folks! We're getting word of a disturbance in the parking lot!

Williams: Let's head there now!

WIG = SPLIT

In the gloom of the parking lot, a group of people stand huddled a good 40-to-50 feet from the camera's position. The footage shakes and loses focus as the cameraman jogs towards the cluster.

Emo: What's going on, Jen?!

As the cameraman draws nearer, it's clear that the bulk of the group are dressed in typical UTA polos, while a handful are dressed for medical work.

Williams: That's our in-house medical team! Somebody must be hurt!

The cameraman jostles for a position amongst the throng. He quickly finds a spot to peek through, and observes two knelt medics tending to a fallen body.

Emo: Someone's been taken-out, Jen!

The fallen man wears jeans and a leather jacket, and his face is battered, bloodied and scraped. When his right sleeve -- or lack thereof -- comes into view, it's immediately apparent who we're looking at.

Williams: It's Thorpe! Somebody's laid Colton Thorpe out in the parking lot!

Emo: My God...

The hair's matted to his skull and the medics are fighting an uphill battle to stem blood flowing from his nose, but it's unmistakably the former Wildfire Champion. A call of "clear the way!" fills the air as a couple more medics rush onto the scene, brandishing a stretcher.

Emo: Who'd do this?! Who'd have the balls?!

Williams: This isn't good, Doc. This isn't good at all.

Emo: Especially for whoever did this! If I was Cayle Murray I'd be hiding right now, because nobody has more of a reason to eliminate Thorpe than him!

Williams: Come on! You really think Cayle would resort something like this?

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The medics straight Colt's body out, readying him for the stretcher.

Emo: I'm sure we'll find out! The Pantheon won't let this go unpunished, that's for sure.

Finally the scene cuts away as Thorpe's neck is steadied with a brace, and his body is shuffled onto the stretcher.

BOBBY DEAN VS. B.R. ELLIS

Cut to ringside, where B.R. Ellis stands in his corner of the ring, using the ropes to stretch himself out.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from El Paso, Texas, standing at 6'2" and weighing-in at 252lbs... B! R! ELLLLLLLLIIIISSSSSSSSSSSS!

"Texas Best" waves for the crowd as his name is announced.

Williams: We're just about ready for our first match of the evening. B.R. Ellis looks to get back in the win column and end his long losing streak, but I'm stunned by what just happened to Colton Thorpe.

Emo: That spectre's gonna be hanging all the way through this thing, Jen, especially given the match's second participant...

Finally we get some music. Marilyn Manson's "Arma-Goddamn-Mother(redacted)in'-Geddon," to be precise, and it hits like a soundtrack to the apocalypse. Lights dance and flash as The Pantheon's logo appears on the tron, and Bobby Dean, the group's muscle, steps-out from backstage.

Williams: Here comes Bobby, and he's not alone...

Sure enough, Eric Dane follows closely behind BBD. The UTA Championship's strapped around his waist (beneath the open leather jacket), but the cell phone pressed to his ear is much more pertinent.

Announcer: ... aaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Houston, Texas... representing The Pantheon, and being accompanied by Eric Dane... BOBBBBYYYYYYYY!
DEEEEEEEAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNN!

Emo: Dane looks furious, Jen! He's practically barking down that cell!

Williams: Hell, Doc... who's to say that Dane himself isn't the culprit?!

The duo reach the bottom of the ramp. Bobby climbs onto the apron and steps into the ring, while The Only Star stays on the outside, still talking on the phone.

Emo: ... what?!

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Williams: Thorpe did take a disappointing loss to Scott Stevens at Season's Beatings. Maybe Dane felt he'd been let down by the former Wildfire Champ, and decided to take it out on him...

Emo: Be very, very careful with that accusation, Jen... and for the love of God, don't let Dane hear you.

Williams: I'm not accusing anybody! I'm just putting it out there, because let's be honest, none of us know a thing at the moment...

Before Marilyn Manson can even fade, Bobby Dean charges towards B.R. Ellis, knocking him for six by elbowing him from behind! B.R. Ellis stumbles, and Bobby continues the assault with a couple of clubbing blows to the neck. As Ellis continues to labour, Bobby takes his by the skull and slams his face into the top turnbuckle. Finally, the bell rings.

Emo: Looks like Bobby didn't want to wait for the bell!

Williams: That's not fair! Ellis wasn't ready!

Emo: What did he expect, Jen? This is The Pantheon we're talking about. If B.R. was unprepared, that's on him.

BBD keeps the pressure by pushing Ellis against the corner and punching him in the back... once, twice, thrice. Once he's sufficiently weakened B.R., Bobby whips him into the opposite corner. Ellis crashes into it back first, before Dean charges towards him with a big corner splash!

Williams: Wow! Even after BBD's weight loss, that's still a hefty collision!

Emo: Just imagine if he'd pulled that off before the liposuction! The ring would've moved off-base!

Again, Bobby whips the flailing Ellis to the corner. But just as Bobby's halfway through his run, Ellis drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring.

Emo: Smart strategy from Ellis! Staying in that corner wasn't gonna end well for him.

BBD stops himself from running straight into the corner, and slides out of the ring himself, going right after Ellis. Having not expected Bobby to be on his tail so quickly, Ellis is by the barricades trying to recover. Bobby catches him by surprise with a forearm to the back of the skull, before taking him by the waistband and throwing him unceremoniously into the ring steps!

Williams: Oh my goodness!

Emo: Holy crap, Jen! Bobby got vicious!

Williams: He's dishing-out an absolute shellacking to B.R. Ellis here, and his opponent looks helpless to stop

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him!

Emo: Bobby Dean is fuelled by years of rage and frustration, Jen. He's tired of being a joke, tired of being a laughing stock, and he's letting the world know it tonight.

As Eric Dane concludes his phone conversation, Bobby goes back to work. He stomps down on B.R.'s fallen body a couple of times, before sitting him upright against the newly-dented steps. His scowl never shifting, Bobby takes a few steps back, before launching forward with a big running knee.

Williams: OH MY GOD! Ellis' skull just got sandwiched between BBD's knee and cold, hard steel!

Emo: This is glorious. Absolutely glorious.

Jeers rain down on the Pantheon, but Bobby pays them no heed. Instead, he grabs B.R. Ellis and tosses his limp body back into the ring, breaking the ref's 10-count at eight. Back inside himself, Bobby circles B.R. Ellis, keeping a close eye on the Texan's every movement. Outside, Dane stays on-point, and his orders never cease.

Emo: There's the Big Bad at work, instilling some of his wily ring general craft into the UTA's former jester.

Williams: Bobby Dean can become a truly terrifying foe under Dane's tutelage, Doc. The new attitude and trimmer figure are bad enough on their own: implanting some of The Only Star's old tricks will make him a force of nature.

As soon as B.R. Ellis starts stirring, Dean is on him. He rolls him onto his back and mounts, throwing punch after punch into his skull before the referee is forced to intervene. From there, Bobby hauls Ellis to his feet, clinches him in a belly-to-belly, and suplexes him overhead. B.R. crashes down, and Bobby rises, wiping the sweat from his brow, before yelling at his opponent to "GET UP!"

Williams: I don't know if he can, Bobby.

BBD repeats the call. Ellis, an honourable man, hears them and summons every drop of strength in his body to act. He grabs the bottom rope, then the second, and slowly starts pulling himself up.

Emo: Just stay down, man. This isn't gonna end well for you.

When Bobby decides that B.R. has recovered enough, he marches back over. This time, however, Ellis hits him with a desperation gut punch, and another! But the comeback's snuffed out when Bobby counters Ellis' attempted Irish Whip, and flattens him with a big boot on the return.

Emo: Heh, so much for that...

Williams: The early attack and being thrown into the ring steps has really taken the sting out of B.R. Ellis

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tonight. Bobby hasn't even given him a chance!

Finally ready to draw a line under things, Bobby stands over Ellis, then throws his head between his legs.

Williams: What's this?!

An almighty heave takes Ellis into the air, and a powerbomb blasts him back down again. From ringside Eric Dane calls for an encore.

Emo: He's going for another!

Sure enough, Bobby keeps his grip and pulls B.R. up for another go around. The ring shakes from the second powerbomb's impact, but BBD's not finished...

Dane: FINISH! HIM!

Emo: A third?!

Ellis is hoisted onto BBD's shoulders again, but this time, Bobby isn't looking at the mat.

He's looking over the top rope.

Williams: He's going to kill him!

Slowly, Dean takes a few steps closer to the ropes, then hoists B.R Ellis even higher.

Williams: Don't do it! NO!

But Jennifer Williams' words are for nothing. Bobby Dean powerbombs B.R. Ellis clean over the top rope, and he hits the mats outside with a sickening thud.

Emo: JESUS CHRIST!

Williams: Get some medics out here! NOW!

The referee is on-top of B.R. Ellis as soon as he hits the floor.

Emo: He's not getting up from that one, Jen. Not in a million years.

Williams: I can't believe THIS Bobby Dean, Doc! This was... this was nothing more than a beatdown.

Emo: This is what Dane and The Pantheon have instilled in BBD! He's not just slimmer: he's tougher, meaner, nastier, and hell-bent on expunging years of ridicule through good old-fashioned violence.

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It doesn't take the referee long to realise that B.R. Ellis is finished. He turns to the timekeeper, waving his hands.

Williams: And that's it. The referee's stopped it. Ellis is unable to continue...

Marilyn Manson booms through the PA system, but Bobby Dean makes no pause for celebration. He just spends a few moments staring down at the limp Ellis, before Dane calls him out of the ring, and sends him after Ellis one more time.

Emo: Looks like he's not gonna get the choice!

Bobby reaches down and grabs the unconscious Ellis by the head. The referee, having finally had his fill of The Pantheon, physically inserts himself between Bobby Dean and his prey. Bobby's eyes go wide and he grabs the referee by his neck, lifts, and sends him flying with a ridiculous chokeslam.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via knockout... BOBBBBBBBYYYYYYYYY!
DEEEEEEEAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN!

Emo: Quick, efficient, and absolutely ruthless. Bobby Dean didn't just defeat B.R. Ellis tonight: he made an example out of him.

Williams: I don't like this one bit, Doc. He's corrupted all that we loved about him, not only that but he's now put his hands on a UTA official! I wouldn't be surprised if this match is overturned by Michael Lorenzo.

Emo: He did what he felt was necessary to be a force in the UTA, and on tonight's evidence, it was the right choice. Bobby looked like a killer out there. But yeah, you're probably right about that. There's probably a fine or suspension in the big man's future too...

Bobby turns his attention back to B.R. Ellis but before he can deliver another week's hospital stay worth of a beating on the balding grappler he is called off. Dane has a microphone in hand and he calls Bobby to the ring with him. Dane rolls in, and Bobby follows suit after stopping just long enough to grab a steel chair.

STATEMENT

Inside the ring Eric Dane is a powder keg, set to explode.

Behind him Bobby Dean has the look on his face of a man who has found his calling. No longer will he be the butt of anyone's jokes, and as a matter of fact he can barely contain himself wishing somebody would make a fat joke in his earshot. The steel chair that he holds looks small in his hands.

Dane: Somebody is going to bleed for this.

Bobby nods.

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Dane: I don't yet know whom, but I will.

The World Champion begins pacing.

Dane: Colton Thorpe isn't just a member of the Pantheon. He's not just another body between my World Title and also-rans like Will Haynes. Colton Thorpe is my friend, my protege. Colton Thorpe is a man whose future in this business is limitless...

He stops, the snarl on his face almost comical in its seriousness.

Dane: And while all of that is still true, right now Colton Thorpe is a man whose career is on hold until some bunch of doctors can rearrange his teeth and pump a few gallons of blood back into his head. He's probably got a concussion... It could even be worse...

The Champ has a hard time with this one. He begins pacing in the silence again.

Dane: Yeah, somebody's gonna bleed. Tonight! It's BLOOD for BLOOD! When I find out who put Colt in that hospital bed I'm gonna make sure yours is right next to his! That way every time I come to visit Colt in the hospital I can crack you on the f(redacted)cking head on General Goddamned Principle!

DO YOU GET THAT?!

SOMEBODY'S STARTED A WAR WITH ERIC DANE THAT THEY DIDN'T WANT!

SOMEBODY'S ASS BELONGS TO ME!

The Champion is assuredly not finished. He turns his attention over to Dr. Emo and Jennifer Williams at ringside and begins yelling at them too.

Dane: I ain't leavin' this ring until I get some answers!

Emo: I... ah... I mean...

Williams: Come on Dane, you made your point!

Dane: No, little lady, I have not yet begun to make a point!

He turns back toward the entrance area.

Dane: I. AIN'T. F(redacted)CKIN'. LEAVING.

For a moment nothing happens. After a few tense seconds a Security team member emerges and trots down to ringside. He stops at the last second, but decides to do his job and rolls into the ring.

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Emo: Oh no, this is bad for for our Security guy.

Williams: He wouldn't...

Emo: Eric Dane? He would.

It's the Champion's turn to goosle a UTA employee and he does so with much gusto. He berates the him for a moment before four UTA Security staff members manifest on the ramp and begin making their way down to ringside.

Williams: This is gonna be bad, isn't it?

Emo: You know that it is.

Dane tosses t over to B icial ffoehobby Dean who immediately thrusts him down into a standing headscissors. Just as the rest of the security team are getting close Dean hoists his victim up and sends him flying over the rope and out of the ring, crashing into the four men who were meant to save him.

Dane: DO YOU GET IT YET? I AIN'T LEAVING! SEND EVERYBODY YOU'VE G-

Somebody in the truck finally got smart and cut the feed.

Check out this commercial real quick while the UTA tries to make heads or tails of this matter...

BROUGHT TO YOU BY...

EXCLAMATION POINT

And we're back.

And nothing has changed.

Well, Eric Dane has taken a seat in the chair provided by Bobby Dean. He sits right in the center of the ring with rage etched across his face. So far no one else has been stupid enough to try and to commandeer the ring from the World Champion after the destruction of multiple security goons during the break.

Yes, they got up from the security-bomb. No, they did not manage to subdue the Champion or his charge. Their limp bodies lie in piles around ringside.

Dane: You know it occurs to me, the person with the most to gain from my colleague's sudden departure from the active roster just happens to be one Cayle Murray.

Bobby Dean nods his approval.

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Dane: Was it you, Cayle?

The crowd isn't having it, boos are followed up by trash flying into the ring.

Dane: Did you grow a set of balls and remember how you used to get business done?

Dane sits. Garbage flies.

Emo: You know, he's got a point there.

Williams: Are you serious? Seriously?

Emo: Hey, Cayle's the first one to admit that he used to run with the dark side, who's to say he hasn't gone back to his Sith ways?

Williams: You've seen Star Wars this week haven't you.

Emo: Twice.

Dane: I can sit here ALLLLLLLLLLL night! And to be perfectly honest, the safest place for me to be is in this ring, because if and when I decide to leave it and myself and Bobby start knocking on doors looking for answers, people are going to get hurt.

Moments pass.

Another troupe of Security appears at the top of the stage. Bobby Dean cracks his knuckles and The World Champion stands, ready to defend his high ground.

Dane: You lot might get us in a rush...

The Only Star grins.

Dane: But I'm taking at least three of you to the hospital with me. And Bobby, he's can take probably five or six of you. So come on down that ramp and let's see what you g-

He is interrupted.

"Eric, please."

All of a sudden the giant UTAttron is alive and Michael Lorenzo looms above the arena. There is a look of condolence on his face, smeared with unease.

Lorenzo: There's no reason for this situation to continue.

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Dane: Oh, is that what you think?

Lorenzo: We have a show to put on for Christ's sa-

It is Lorenzo's turn to be interrupted.

Dane: Until I'm satisfied, Michael, it's the Eric Dane sits on his ass in the ring show, do you got that? Or do we need to send another bunch of your guys to the hospital?

Lorenzo: DAMMIT DANE! This is no way to do business! You of all people should know that!

Dane: Yeah, I do, and I don't care. Business is on hold until I find out who put my man down.

Lorenzo: Be reasonable, Eric! Come to my office, let's be diplomatic about this!

A few seconds pass. Dane sucks at his teeth absently as he weighs the pros and cons of the situation. For his part Bobby Dean stands on guard and awaits instruction.

Dane: Alright then, we'll come to you. But if I get one inkling of the idea that you're blowing smoke or that you know more than you're letting on, it'll be you in that hospital bed beside Colton. Capiche?

The Champion stands, drops the mic, and nods for Bobby to follow. The larger grappler jumps into motion, holding the ropes open for The Champ as he exits the ring. As the duo make their way around the ramp the security crew has quadrupled and some of them look ready to take out some revenge on The Only Star.

Emo: This is a tense situation, Jen...

Williams: Tell me something I don't know!

Dane smirks at the snarling goons standing in his way. He motions for them to part like the Red Sea and after a moment of posturing they do. Confidently Eric makes his way up the ramp with Bobby in tow. The guards close in behind him and the scene quickly cuts back to ringside.

Emo: Wow. Just. Wow.

Williams: Something tells me this is only just getting started, Doc.

Emo: Jennifer, you have no idea.

FAMILIAR STRANGER

The scene opens on a large backstage area. Random workers run about doing things to keep Victory running smooth as the UTA's A show. A man who looks familiar walks into view but something is... off about

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him.

He wears a dark pair of designer jeans, black dress shoes, and a "Get Over It" Kendrix pinning Chris Hopper T-shirt. There is something hidden underneath said shirt. Although the man has all the features and characteristics of our dear friend Kendrix... This guy has a very thick mustache! His black rimmed glasses are large and conspicuous.

Emo: Oh gee! I wonder who that is?!

Williams: I've no idea either, "bruv."

Wait a minute...

Is that a groucho mask?

Anyway, the man moves about. He has a certain swagger and smiles as he walks. He nods his head at a set of females, his ridiculously thick eyebrows raise.

He catches the camera in the corner of his eye, the man looks away quickly. He picks up a step and ducks his head away, holding his hand up to cover his face.

Strolling down a corridor, it appears the man is reading the names on the dressing rooms. He reaches down and adjusts whatever is under his T-shirt. Reaching the door of "Lisil Jackson" he snickers.

A production worker is walking by and the man stops him. He speaks almost shouting.

Familiar Stranger: Listen, Yeah!? This is the locker room of that mongrel Lisil Jackson, innit?!

The worker looks from the questioner to the door and back. He just nods his head.

Familiar Stranger: Ha! JFK heard that bellend lost the...

Now yelling extremely loud.

Familiar Stranger: Prodigy Championship Match at Seasons Beatings to that devilishly handsome man and future of the UTA, Kendrix!

He laughs hysterically.

Slowly the locker room door opens. Lisil Jackson walks in carrying a glass bottle of K&J official Jamaican cola.

L. Jackson: What in dee....

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Lisil looks closely at the man standing in the locker room and can't help but let out a chuckle.

L. Jackson: Eyyyyy a new talent!!! Come pull up a seat mon! What be ya name?

The Familiar Stranger looks at Lisil nervously for a second before standing up straighter, and growing confident that his ruse may be working. He adjust the object under his shirt again.

Familiar Stranger: Bruv...uh... Bro! Your looking at...Grouch...drix?! Yeah, that'll do...Grouchdrix is just a huge and loyal fan of the world's greatest athletes...in the world...The Hollywood Bruvs...and is sightseeing and such, found your locker room, innit?!

Lisil Jackson lets out a laugh.

L. Jackson: Grouchdrix huh? What a name!

Grouchdrix: It's a family name!

The Jamaican Inspiration looks at him for a few seconds pondering.

L. Jackson: Now brudda why do ya hide yaself behind a mask?

Grouchdrix grows nervous once again.

Grouchdrix: Mask!? How absurd! Grouchdrix grew this mustache over many years! So much so, he can't see for s***!

Jackson quickly grabs the Groucho mask off the face of the man revealing none other than JFK himself, KENDRIX!

Shocked at having his cover blown, Kendrix jumps back and rips his shirt off. Underneath is the UTA Prodigy Championship!

L. Jackson: Eyyyyy Kendrix! Nice o' ya ta stop by! Would love ta treat ya to a D&G Cream Soda! Ma treat!!!!

Lisil shakes up the glass bottle and twists the cap off spraying it all over Kendrix. The Prodigy Champion shouts, tosses some nearby supplies at Lisil and takes off running down the corridor. Jackson gives chase still carrying the bottle

The camera watches them run off before turning back, just in time to see Mikey Unlikely slide into the locker room of Lisil Jackson. The door slowly pulls shut behind him. We can hear Mikey rooting around things. He is tossing things about loudly

Finally the door opens, and out walks Mikey, wearing Lisil Jackson's prized Fedora. He smirks at the camera

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and slowly walks out of sight whistling as the scene fades.

Emo: Ha! Mikey got his hat!

Williams: So that's what Kendrix had up his sleeve. These Hollywood Bruvs are nothing if not devious...

LISTEN TO ME

In his office, Michael Lorenzo is sat behind his desk, looking stressed-out beyond belief.

Suddenly, there is a loud knock on the door.

No. It's not Eric Dane.

Lorenzo: It's open!

The door swings open, nearly knocking over a painting on a wall as Amy Harrison comes marching in and SLAMS her hand on his desk.

Lorenzo: Miss Harrison, I do NOT appreciate you barging in the office like this! Especially on a night like this!

Harrison: And I don't appreciate being screwed over time and time again here!

Emo: Oh boy, this is EXACTLY what Michael Lorenzo doesn't need tonight...

He looks confused at the comment that Amy made.

Lorenzo, confused: Miss Harrison, how are you being "screwed" time and time again?

Harrison: Uh, hello? You have me defend the Prodigy title right after I won it in a ladder match, and Marie conveniently was made the referee of that match.

Amy keeps her eyes on him as Lorenzo looks at her.

Harrison: Then you give me my rematch in a five way match? Oh, and I got screwed in that because Mikey decided to cost me the match!

The Director of Talent Relations keeps his eyes on her.

Lorenzo: Hold on Miss Harrison, there is a reason why I made Marie the referee in YOUR match, but since you mentioned defending your title right after your ladder match.

He stands up and looks at her.

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Lorenzo: Did you HONESTLY and I mean HONESTLY think you were going to get off scot free and sit around?

Amy tries to answer back, but Lorenzo stops her.

Lorenzo: No need to answer. I did what I had to do for a match. Marie was out with an injury, but since it was her hometown, I gave in and offered her the referee spot, which she took!

Amy is seen getting angrier

Harrison: Well, if you're going to give her this undeserved favoritism, then why don't you give me my turn?

He rolls his eyes. It wasn't favoritism.

Lorenzo: Favoritism? No, it's called "opportunity". A word you need to learn instead of complain.

He keeps eyeing her.

Lorenzo: And since you want to bring up Mikey, how come you didn't tell me BEFORE hand regarding him being at ringside? Are you always late or just want the attention on you?

Harrison: How was I supposed to know he was going to be out there in the first place? Are you sure you or someone else around here didn't send him down to cost me?

Lorenzo shakes his head again and starts to get annoyed.

Lorenzo, annoyed: You know, you just don't get it!

He goes back to his desk and sits

Lorenzo: Instead of wasting my time even more, Amy. What are you here for?

Harrison: I want a chance to get my own back on Marie. Since she was able to be the referee in my match, I want to be the referee in her match tonight!

His eyes open and shakes his head "no"

Lorenzo: You're kidding, right? You've had ALL THIS TIME and waited for the LAST moment to ask when the match is coming up next?!

Harrison: If that's the case, explain why no one told me about Marie being a special referee until I was out in the ring?

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Lorenzo stands up and opens the door.

Lorenzo: I don't need to explain CONFIDENTIAL stuff with the wrestlers and I. That's for them to know and me to explain. Not you.

He points to the door.

Lorenzo: Instead of wasting my time with your whining, get out of my office!

Harrison: Don't you yell at me! I was on my way out, anyway.

Lorenzo shakes his head as Amy walks out. He rubs his head, signalling for a headache.

Lorenzo, rubbing his head: I swear, she gives me a headache!

Emo: You're not the only one, pal...

JEFF ANDREWS VS. MARIE VAN CLAUDIO

"Love Made Me" by Vixen plays as the fans are cheering.

Stacy Sinclair: The following contest is set for one fall, and it is a singles match! Introducing first...!

Marie Van Claudio walks out of the back and into the arena as she sees the fans looking at her and clapping. She begins to walk down the ramp with everyone clapping.

Williams: It's nice to see the fans behind MVC and nice to see her continuing to improve her attitude, but there's no denying she's got a very stiff test in this upcoming match.

Dr. Emo: I'll tell you what Jen, this is what I call 'upset weather'. Marie's been improving, she's been looking good lately, and Jeff Andrews has his mind elsewhere and a busted face.

Marie keeps on walking to the ring as the fans are giving her applause. She stops for a good moment and acknowledges them.

Sinclair: Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada...

Marie gets right in the ring and looks at everyone looking at her as Marie walks right in the ring before looking at the ref for the match, Mickey O'Connor.

Sinclair: Standing at 5'7 and weighing in at 127 pounds...

Marie looks at the referee and before getting on the bottom rope and bounces on it before getting off.

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Sinclair: MARRRRRIEEEE! VAN! CLLLLLAAAAAAUDDIOO!!!

Moves her head left and right as she still has her theme song playing.

Williams: She's going to need every bit of her agility in this one though. She's faster, and has better endurance, but the last thing she needs to try to do is trade shots with Andrews.

Marie moves back and forth while waiting for her opponent.

Vixen fades.

? I'm a stoned jet fighter with a heart of gold ?? Well I'm really mad and I'm really old ?? And I rule this planet from high above ?? And it's time I sacrificed all my love ?

As "Gods and Punks" by Monster Magnet blasts out, Jeff Andrews storms out of the back, and stops at the top of the ramp, fists clenched and at his sides, and head looking down. He slowly brings his arms up to shoulder level.

Sinclair: And her opponent! Hailing from Deadman Crossing, Ohio, and weighing in at 264 lbs!

Andrews snaps his fingers, and flashpots explode all over the stage.

Sinclair: JEFF! ANNNNNNDREWS!

Andrews begins powerwalking to the ring, reaching out to slap a few outstretched hands.

? And if you don't like what you see ?? Go ahead and take it out on me ?? I'm the Big Pig Apocalypse - ?? - and I ain't hard to please! ?

Dr. Emo: Jeff's looking fired up, but his face still looks like raw meat from that assault last Victory by the Pantheon, and you know, I'd actually say that gave MVC the advantage. IF she knew how to take advantage of it. Which I don't know if she's going to.

At ringside Andrews doffs his leather jacket and drops it on the ringside mats, then rolls into under the bottom rope. He bolts madly across the ring to test the ropes, then on the rebound leaps to the middle and top ropes, raising both fists above his head.

? I'm a stoned jet fighter with a heart of gold ?? And I rule this planet from high above ?? And I take what I take because I want what I want ?? And tonight I'm gonna rock with the Gods and Punks ?

Williams: Another thing that needs to be mentioned is how leading up to this match, Andrews made it very clear that he will not be taking it at all easy on MVC.

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Emo: And that's where he's wrong. He wants to treat her with respect? He should've asked for a week off, and he should be looking to put her away by the quickest, most direct route possible.

Andrews drops back into his corner and ignores O'Connor as he checks for foreign objects, never taking his eyes off his opponent.

DING! DING! DING!

The wrestlers circle each other. Marie trying to figure out how to uproot this particular tree stump, and Andrews mostly watching her intently, trying to gauge what she's going to do.

Williams: So let's talk about the gorilla in the corner. Amy Harrison and or the Pantheon could be watching this with intent.

Emo: Call me crazy but I'm not expecting much. Eric Dane's ego wouldn't permit him a run-in on a Marie Van Claudio match, and he's more interested in finding proof that Cayle Murray was behind that attack on Colton Thorpe anyway. As for Amy, what could be better than watching one of the toughest strikers in the game beat the crap out of her arch enemy?

Williams: She might decide she wants a ringside seat.

MVC shuffles forward, holding up her hand for a lock-up. Andrews takes it, and physics ensues. He quickly overpowers MVC and pushes her to the mat. MVC bridges, keeping her shoulders off the mat. Andrews tries to adjust his weight, MVC gets her feet under him and monkey flips him over, rolling with it and sitting on his chest!

1...Kickout!

Andrews is easily out. He pulls her up with the knuckle lock and whips her at the ropes - MVC jumps over the ropes to land on the ring apron. She quickly sidesteps the follow up charge from Andrews, but when she throws a roundhouse kick Andrews aggressively blocks it with an axehandle and clotheslines her head over heels. She lands in a crumpled heap on the apron.

Emo: And there's both the striking prowess and the size advantage on display.

Andrews reaches over the ropes to bring MVC up. He sets up a vertical suplex and lifts - MVC slides out the back, and tries for a schoolboy! But Andrews hangs onto the ropes and she can't pull him over. However, she's quick, and gets out of the way when he tries for a knee drop.

A bit sore from missing the knee, Andrews gets to his feet, and MVC catches him with a running high knee! Andrews falls into the ropes and MVC starts laying in the roundhouse kicks, to the ribcage and chest. Andrews growls and does his best to absorb them, but a high roundhouse to the head sends him to one knee, and MVC hooks the head and short DDTs him.

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Williams: She's got him on the mat, cover!

1...!

...2Kickout!

Emo: Barely two.

MVC now goes for the leg, sinking in a heel hook. But...

Williams: Andrews easily gets a rope break. Good thinking by MVC to try and work the vertical base, but the ring placement was all wrong.

MVC dropkicks the knee, but Andrews has the ropes and doesn't lose his balance. He pulls himself back up on his feet. Instead of rushing in, he begins walking methodically towards her.

Emo: This is actually a good move by Andrews. If you charge someone with MVC's speed you give them a chance to sidestep and counterattack. But he just keeps moving, controlling the ring, and there's an intimidation factor too. She gets cornered, she gets pulped.

MVC is nearly backed into the ropes when she drops, spins and feints at the ankle. Andrews avoids it and MVC has to back off - and ends up in the turnbuckle. Andrews is up in a flash and runs in with a knee.

Williams: This is where MVC doesn't want to be, and Andrews is going to work!

A chop echoes around the arena. Then three more. Then Andrews overhooks the arms and reverse tiger suplexes MVC to mid ring. He goes for the cover.

1...

...2...Kickout!

MVC rolls over and gets to her hands and knees when Andrews grabs the waistlock and deadlifts her into a release german suplex! MVC lands hard and crumples again, and Andrews pulls her up by the head, sets up the reverse headlock, and MVC quickly counters with a small package!

1...Kickout!

Williams: Andrews looked for the Mind Eraser right there, that's his diving reverse DDT, but MVC had it scouted. She's on her feet first, knife edge chop!

Emo: Not.

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MVC's chop didn't really phase Andrews at all, and he responded with one of his own that took her off her feet.

Williams: Once again, I cannot stress how bad an idea it is for MVC to trade strikes with Andrews.

Andrews lifts MVC up for a vertical suplex, then drops her ribs first across the top rope. Switching his grip to her waist, he brings her up, steps backwards, and drops down with a modified gutwrench powerbomb!

1...!

...2...!

.....KICKOUT!

Emo: There's no denying that she's got more heart in the ring than she used to, but she's got to figure out how to hurt Jeff Andrews, because small packages aren't cutting it.

Andrews changes gears. Maybe if he can wear her stamina out, she'll quit reversing stuff - so he grabs her in a bearhug. He only traps one arm, and MVC punches away at the side of his head with the other arm. That doesn't work, but when she leans back and brings her elbow up under his jaw, it hurts a bit. Instead of dropping her though, he lowers his shoulder and runs her into the turnbuckle.

From the turnbuckle, he sets her up on the top rope. MVC, sensing danger, kicks him in the head, knocking him back a step. When he returns, she kicks with both legs, pushing him backwards, and leaps...

Williams: Marie Van Claudio with the sunset flip off the top! Andrews fighting it - no, he's down! ONE! TWO! And he's out!

Andrews rolls backwards to his feet and tries to take MVC out with a quick chest kick, but she's a step ahead here, and simply lies down. His kick whiffs. She quickly kips to her feet, and then leaps to Pele kick him in the side of the head!

Williams: That one hurt him! Andrews stumbles into the ropes, Marie off the far side - front dropkick sends Andrews over the top!

Andrews hits the floor hard. MVC steps to the apron. As Andrews stumbles, a little bit shellshocked from the unexpected kicks and tumble, MVC makes up her mind. She jumps off the apron...

Williams: MONTREAL SPINOUT TO THE OUTSIDE!

Emo: I... wow.

Amy completes the flying somersault Stunner. Jeff Andrews stands straight up out of it, walks three steps,

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twists and faceplants.

Williams: If she'd hit that in the ring we'd be on the verge of one of the biggest upsets in UTA history, but -

Emo: How is she going to get 260 pounds of deadweight into the ring to pin it? None the less, she needed to do some damage and she actually found a way to do it.

Jeff Andrews isn't completely motionless but he's not on dream street, he's passed out drunk in some dark alley off the downtown section of dream street. MVC tugs on his arm to try and get him up, but can't budge him.

Williams: The count's at 5, and MVC doesn't know what to do.

Emo: If I were in her shoes? I'd just take the count out win. I mean, this isn't a title match and so a count-out is a legitimate way to win.

In fact, MVC rolls back into the ring, but looks antsy. She even hops from foot to foot a bit, hanging onto the top rope and watching Andrews slowly stir as the count approaches...

Williams: Seven... Eight.... Nine... MVC ROLLS OUT! The count's broken!

MVC slaps Andrews on the side of the head and shouts something at him.

Emo: Is she asking him to get back in the ring? Now that's just dumb.

Williams: You know, Dr. Emo, Jeff Andrews actually put some effort into giving her advice in the days before this card. Maybe she doesn't want to thank him for that by taking a cheap win?

Emo: Like I said, dumb. It's not cheap! A count-out is a perfectly reasonable way to win a match!

But Andrews is able to roll back into the ring by the count of seven. MVC follows him in, only, she does it with a slingshot rolling senton. Grabbing a leg and an arm she laboriously drags him out of reach of the ropes and goes for the cover.

1...

...2...

.....KICKOUT!

MVC delivers a series of forehand chops to the back of Andrews' head. She's not trying to knock him out with them, they're more intended to get the man moving a little bit, and as soon as he's moving she's up the turnbuckle.

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Williams: Van Claudio lying in wait for another Montreal Spinout - but Andrews is onto it, he turns to face the turnbuckle.

She jumps anyway, figuring that if she can't hit the Spinout, a flipping neckbreaker is good enough.

It's just that 20 years and 40 pounds ago, Jeff Andrews was a cruiserweight, and he knows how these flippity moves work. He ignores her body, and reaches up to block her legs when she tries to flip.

Emo: Andrews catches her out of the air - and a spinning fisherman's buster!

MVC struggles. It takes her a moment to get her limbs to move in the correct directions, but she starts struggling to her feet, just as Andrews summons what was left of his energy and flings himself at the ropes. On the rebound, he launches a high kick directly at MVC's head.

THWAAACK!

MVC goes head over heels. Andrews lands on one knee and shakes his head, trying to clear it.

Williams: You have to wonder if Andrews' sluggishness is the result of the Pantheon beatdown two weeks ago, but right now I think MVC is out cold and Andrews isn't making the cover!

As if he heard her, Andrews makes the cover. But he just flops down on top of MVC without worrying about weight distribution or anything like that.

1...!

...2...!

.....SHOULDER UP!

Williams: And MVC is still in this one!

Emo: God, look at the mark his boot left on her face.

Andrews drags the woozy MVC to her feet and runs the ropes, this time the set behind her, aiming a shot at the back of her head.

And somehow, MVC has the foresight to duck!

Andrews spins, but MVC fires off her own superkick. New to using the superkick, it's not that great a superkick as far as sheer power goes, but...

...It connects with Andrews' jaw and his mangled face and lips.

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Instead of dropping or flipping, Andrews flails madly at the air a few times, stumbles, lands on his butt and grabs his face. Blood quickly begins pooling between his fingers.

Williams: Oh no!

Marie, too, looks horrified at what's just happened. When referee Mickey O'Connor turns to push her back, she isn't even there to be pushed. Andrews, for his part, takes a wild flail in O'Connor's direction, and stumbles back to his feet.

Emo: You're going to have to do more than that to stop Andrews. And I don't mean that like getting busted like that's insignificant. I can't believe Marie Van Claudio's putting him to more of a test than Yoshii did, but Jeff Andrews responds to most things by saying the f-word and getting right back into the game.

O'Connor stands in front of Andrews, trying to get him to stand still so he can check the damage for himself. MVC still appears doubtful, and the O'Connor grabs Andrews' arm looking to check the damage - Andrews yanks his arm free, spins, and spin-chops MVC across the back of the head!

Looking dubious, the ref signals that the match will continue.

MVC slowly gets to her hands and knees. Andrews wipes some blood off on his chest. Some more dribbles on the mat.

Williams: That's just... ugh.

Andrews yanks MVC up to her feet, hooks the reverse full nelson, and spikes her to the mat on the back of her neck. Again he doesn't follow up, stumbling into the corner.

Emo: Big move there, he should've gone for the cover, but obviously he's got to be feeling that. Blood loss, especially unexpectedly, it makes you dizzy and lightheaded, your game plan goes to hell.

MVC also slowly starts getting up. Andrews sees her, and she sees him, and Andrews runs, and MVC jumps straight up in the air. For a second it looks like a powerbomb... but MVC turns it all the way over with a 'rana, and shifts her grip to a triangle choke!

Emo: I've never seen her use that hold, but it's well chosen!

Jennifer Williams doesn't say anything. A reaction shot of the commentary station shows her looking more than a bit green around the gills.

Andrews tries to back out of the hold but MVC has it synched in very well.

With Jen temporarily out of action, Dr. Emo valiantly shifts over to providing play by play.

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Emo: If Marie Van Claudio finishes Andrews with that hold, it's going to be one of the biggest upsets in UTA history! She's got pressure on the neck, blood's pooling in Andrews' head and right out of his face, can he drag her to the ropes? Does he know where the ropes are?

Andrews braces his hands against the mat and pulls backwards. He flails at the ropes with his feet. O'Connor takes a knee, waving a hand in front of his face, making sure he's conscious. Andrews lurches again. MVC pulls down on his head, trying to increase the pressure. Andrews raises his hand...

...and pushes himself backwards one last time, draping his foot and ankle over the ropes.

MVC drops the hold without waiting for a count, but she's obviously upset. She slaps the mat. And then suddenly gets to her feet.

Emo: It's Amy Harrison! Earlier Jen commented that Amy would want to watch Marie get an asskicking, but with that near fall it looks like Amy's decided to try and make sure it doesn't happen!

Jeff Andrews rolls out of the ring and presses the ring apron into his face as Amy stops at ringside and grabs a chair. O'Connor warns her not to get in the ring - and takes the chair to the ribs, and then across the back.

Emo: Amy Harrison takes out the referee, and she's got MVC cornered!

MVC backs into the corner as Amy, her eyes waaaaay too wide and shiny, slowly stalks after her, holding that chair ready to swing.

She doesn't get to swing it, though.

Emo: ANDREWS GRABS THE CHAIR!

Jeff Andrews rolled into the ring, and grabbed the edge of the chair before Amy could swing it. Amy takes an ill-advised punch at Andrews, which he absorbs before picking her up, and planting her with a Manhattan drop, that leaves Amy perfectly set for-

Emo: Montreal Spinout on Amy Harrison!

Andrews is cautious enough to keep an eye on MVC, but instead of worrying about her, he checks on Mickey O'Connor. The young referee's hurting a bit, but he's helped to his feet. He briefly speaks to MVC, and then - signals that the match will continue!

Williams: It looks like both Marie Van Claudio and Jeff Andrews want this match to go to a proper end! Amy Harrison's being removed from ringside by security.

Emo: Back with us Jen? Good, I prefer mocking people for their moral and logical failings than calling a match down the middle. And considering all the stupidity -

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Williams: Good sportsmanship?

Emo: -stupidity, I'd have had to chug a bottle of Mylanda if they'd kept that up.

In the ring, there's really no other way to get started from a double neutral position than a tie-up. It looks weird as hell this late in the match. But this time instead of grappling with both arms, Marie twists around to get Andrews in a wrist lock, and twists him into a 3 quarter nelson. Andrews goes to one knee, but MVC doesn't have the strength to put him on the mat with it, and Andrews manages to power to his feet. MVC wraps a bodyscissor around his waist, Andrews backs into the turnbuckle - and MVC releases him and slips loose in time for Andrews to hit his back on the turnbuckle. Andrews stumbles forward...

MVC leaps for her finisher...

But it's once to the well too often.

Williams: Andrews gives MVC a push off that Montreal Spinout attempt to the ropes, MVC rebounds RIGHT INTO A SUPERKICK!

MVC is flat on her back mid-ring. Andrews takes as few chances as possible.

Williams: Andrews to the outside, setting up a springboard - SPRINGBOARD VARIATION OF THE ULTRAGLIDE!

Andrews lands back first across MVC with a thump.

Emo: It's impressive to see a man that size get hang time like that on a senton!

Williams: Andrews with the cover! ONE... TWO... THREE!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Andrews sits up, raises his hands, and then keels over sideways, holding his hands to his mangled lip.

Emo: I don't care how tough you are or how much momentum you've got, if you run full speed into an Andrews superkick you're not getting up. I don't think that Ultraglide was even necessary, though not taking a chance was probably the smartest move he made all match.

Williams: I wasn't expecting a match like this here.

By the time Andrews is up on his feet having his arm raised, MVC is coming too. The cameras don't catch what's said, but Andrews pulls her to her feet, says something, and pats her on the shoulder twice. MVC takes the losers walk while Andrews hits the turnbuckle.

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Williams: A surprisingly good match and a hard fought win for Jeff Andrews, who really ought to be checking into the medic's office right about now. He's now at 3 and 0 for his UTA career, and you have to wonder what's going to be next? Fans, we'll be right back!

DID YOU DO IT?

Rumor Man Stan is banging on a locker room door. The name on the removable plaque reads "Will Haynes." The door gets opened quickly.

Haynes: Yeah!?

He sees it's RMS and changes his tone. He was in the middle of something we suppose.

Haynes: Stan, what's good? What can I do you for?

Stan runs his hands across his shirt and briefly across his pants, fixing any wrinkles that might exist.

Rumor Man Stan: Will, I've got just one question to ask you. I know you have a match later on tonight to prepare for and I don't wanna waste your time.

Haynes: Let's hear it.

Rumor Man Stan: Did you attack Colton Thrope earlier this evening?

Haynes pauses. He looks at Stan intently.

Haynes: Lemme tell ya somethin', Stan. I didn't attack that piece a' trash Colton Thorpe. But hats off t' whomever did. The way I see it, he got exactly what was coming t' him.

Rumor Man Stan: A bit harsh, Will. Don't ya think?

Haynes shakes his head.

Haynes: If you align yourself with someone like Eric Dane, what the hell do ya think is gonna happen, Stan? Ya think folks are gonna play nice? When you constantly interfere in other people's business ya think folks are gonna just roll over?

Haynes again shakes his head.

Haynes: Nah, it don't work like that. People don't roll over in this industry, nah they step up. N' tonight, well it looks like someone did just that.

Rumor Man Stan: Any quick thoughts on Yoshii, Will?

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Haynes pauses for a moment.

Haynes: I don't got a single word for Yoshii, but I had plenty t' say to Jed Dye. I hope he was listenin'. Tonight out in that ring, I'll put down yet another former UTA World Champion. I hope Eric Dane will be watchin' cause I'm comin' for that World Title, Stan. Whether he likes it or not.

There's no more.

Williams: So Will Haynes. one of the prime candidates, categorically denies any involvement in the Colton Thorpe incident.

Emo: Words are all we have at the moment, Jen. Until something concrete materialises, this one's just gonna keep rumbling on, no matter how many people claim innocence.

JACK HUNTER IS REALLY STUPID

Back in the parking lot, the commotion from Colton Thorpe's beating has long since subsided, but the results are still plain to see.

Emo: Damn! D'ya think that security detail is big enough?!

It's not just the usual couple of doormen standing by the wrestler's entrance, but a whole troupe of them. At least half-a-dozen of 'em: all built like houses, all dressed in black.

Williams: Looks like Lorenzo's beefing things-up after all that's happened tonight, and who can blame him.

Emo: Where does he get these guys?! Dane and Dean must've sent at least three or four of them home already.

Not a word's exchanged between the group, all of whom stand there with puffed chests and steely glares. A figure approaches in the distance: at first, it's tough to tell who it is, but the slogan on his t-shirt makes things all too obvious.

"HASH TAG NEW STREAK!!!!"

The UTA's only certified Street Fighter -- The Little Bruiser himself -- Jack Hunter swaggers his way towards the wrestler's entrance, dragging a big hold-all along the ground behind him. It's the type of bag a normal human would have slung over their shoulder, but Jack Hunter is an idiot.

Williams: Hey look! It's your favourite person!

Emo: Great. Brilliant. Wonderful.

Victory: XLIII

Jack stops a few feet short of the group.

Emo: He's a bit late, isn't he?! The show kicked-off ages ago...

Williams: Jack marches to the beat of his own drum, Doc. He doesn't play by the rules.

Emo: That's because he's too stupid to understand them.

Hunter: HAHAAHAHAHA! Hello, security of the Utah Wrestling Alliance of Toughness! It is I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA the Number One Contender, AKA the UNDEFEATIFIABLE 29-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK!

Complete and utter bemusement washes over the doormen.

Hunter: I am here tonight for my World Title shot against La Flambéed Broccoli, because I am the number one contender, and that means I get a title shot, and that title shot is tonight, and I am going to win. HAHAAHAHAHAHA!

Emo: Oh, great. This again! He legitimately thinks he has a World Title shot, doesn't he?

Williams: Well Lorenzo did promise him this two weeks ago...

Emo: He was just trying to get rid of him, Jen! He's not actually giving Jack Hunter a World Title Shot!

A few moments pass.

Emo: ... is he?!

Hunter: So please, let the best Mortal Kombater since Liu Kang enter the building so that he may DECSTRUCTICATE and HARDCORIFY La Flaming Bicycles and win the wrestlefight and become the UTA World Champion and also HASH TAG NEW STREAK 31-0 when I win, okay.

Security: Actually, Mr. Hunter, that won't be happening tonight.

A look of