

Victory: XLIV

January 11, 2016 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

VICTORY

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...

THRILLY THROB THORNTON FTW!

(redacted)

BEST HAIR: PERFECTION WAS ROBBED!

LISIL JACKSON ROUNDHOUSE KICKED MY FRIDGE!

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 Boardwalk Hall in Atlantic City, New Jersey for another action-packed edition of Victory! I'm Jennifer Williams, and alongside me, as always, it's newly-minted Hall-of-Famer... Dr. Emo!

Emo: Thank you, Jen! It's a pleasure to be here as always, and it's been a pleasure to serve this company throughout my career! I just wanna say a quick "thank you" for everything, and I look forward to continuing my UTA service behind this booth!

Williams: Awww, Doc! That was almost cute!

Emo: Don't ever call me "cute" again.

Williams: What a night we have ahead of us, folks! The Colton Thorpe whodunit saga rumbles on! Eric Dane's crosshairs are firmly focused on Cayle Murray, and both men will be in the house tonight!

Emo: I wouldn't wanna be in Cayle Murray's shoes tonight, Jen! The Big Bad Wolf's coming for the precious little lamb tonight!

Victory: XLIV

Williams: You know who I wouldn't wanna be?! Mikey Unlikely! He stole the big Jamaican's prized fedora, and Lisil's gonna be on the warpath!

Emo: Aside from that, we kick things off with Marie Van Claudio - fresh off a Match of the Night performance against Jeff Andrews - taking-on Santa Claus, and Lew Smith taking-on the returning Abdul bin Hussain!

Williams: Two huge matches, and they keep getting bigger! Jeff Andrews puts his undefeated streak on the line against Mikey Unlikely! What a clash this is gonna be!

Emo: I'm having a hard-time picking a winner there, but how about Lisil Jackson vs. Perfection?! Lisil's already put away one former UTA Champion in Yoshii - can he do it again?

Williams: 2015's "Most Popular Wrestler," Cayle Murray, returns to action against the feisty, confident Amy Harrison, in a match Marie Van Claudio, Eric Dane, and a host of others will surely have their eyes on!

Emo: And then it's main event time, Jen Jen! Eric Dane! Will Haynes! The UTA World Championship! It doesn't get much bigger than this!

Williams: Absolutely, Doc. Haynes is the only man to pin Dane in his UTA career thus far! Can Dane exorcise this ghost and erase the one blot on his UTA resume, or does Haynes really have The Only Star's number?

Emo: I guess we'll find-out in due course, Jen! Let's get this show on the road...

GUILTY AS CHARGED

A burst of TV static rips through the arena. The lights die momentarily, before everything bursts into life with the breakneck intro to Bad Religion's "Sinister Rouge." The song's as recognisable as the crowd's reaction is predictable.

Williams: What a reaction for Cayle Murray, Doc!

Emo: Yeah, not bad for a guy who probably ended Colton Thorpe's career last week.

The Scot appears through the storm of lights and lasers at the top of the ramp and starts making his way down the ramp.

Williams: You're still set on that theory, huh?

Emo: You saw how he lost control after the Madman match, Jen, and nobody else has as much beef with Thorpe as Murray does. It's the best evidence we've got, and it all points at Cayle.

Williams: Do you really think he's that guy, though? I don't think violent, bloody assaults are in Cayle's

Victory: XLIV

repertoire, Doc. He'd sooner knit Colton Thorpe a sweater than jump him in the parking lot.

Emo: Character is subjective, evidence is not. Either way, let's see what he's got to say.

His descent is slowed by stopping to slap hands with some fans, but Cayle's soon hopping on the apron and climbing into the ring. He makes no time for theatrics, and calls for a microphone right away. It's thrown to him, and Cayle raises it to his lips, waiting for the music to cut and the crowd's reaction to die down.

Murray: Good evening, Atlantic City!

This, of course, fires them up again.

Emo: Pfft. What a cheeseball.

A smile breaks Cayle's previously stoic mask, but only momentarily.

Murray: As always, I am flattered and humbled by your warm welcome. You're the reason I do this, and I promise you, all I ever strive to be is someone worthy of your respect...

The Scot paces back and forth a couple of steps.

Murray: But unfortunately, "striving" isn't always good enough.

Williams: What's he talking about?

Emo: He's setting-up the admission of guilt, Jen. Pay attention...

Cayle pauses for a moment. Uncertainty hangs in the air.

Murray: Last week, I did something I am deeply ashamed of, and I owe you all an apology.

Emo: See! What'd I tell you?!

Williams: Wait... no way...

Murray: I'm trying to set an example around here, and show the world that a man can get ahead without resorting to the methods taken by the Danes, Unlikelysts and Deans of the world. But I don't pretend to be a perfect human, and I'm just as prone to mistakes and lapses as anyone else in this building tonight...

The pacing returns, and Cayle's expression grows in earnest with every passing word. He pulls the mic to his lips again.

Emo: Oh come on! Hurry up and admit it...

Victory: XLIV

Murray: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am truly sorry for what happened after my match with Madman.

Emo: Ha! I told you s-- hey, hold on...

Murray: I lost control. I let the red mist descent, and that just isn't good enough. I can't even pretend to be the man I say I am unless I come-out here, hold my hands up, and apologise to each and every one of you. As soon as that man spat in my face...

Jeers, of course, ring-out.

Murray: ... I felt nothing but white-hot anger, and it didn't subside 'til Jeff pulled me off his limp body. That's not the man I want to be, and I promise you, I will do everything in my power to make sure it never happens again.

Williams: You look disappointed, Doc.

Emo: Pah, I still say he wiped Thorpe out. I don't know why this wet blanket's apologising for beating the tar out of Madman, though: I'd have taken his throat out.

Williams: It was a truly disgusting act by Madman, absolutely, but Cayle's trying to be the kind of guy who takes the moral high-ground in sit--

Emo: "Takes the moral high-ground?!" Madman SPAT in his FACE, Jen! A few fists to the face was the LEAST Cayle could've done!

Murray: But ont--

Before he can spit it out, Zac Brown and Chris Cornell interrupt him. "Heavy is the Head" rings through the speakers heralding the World Champion.

Emo: Here we go! Business is about to pick up now!

Williams: Ha! Where'd you steal that line from?

Eric Dane, with the World Title over his shoulder and Bobby Dean in tow, bursts onto the scene and makes a mad dash down the aisle to the ring. It's everything Bobby can do to keep up with the champ.

Emo: Doesn't look like the Champ's in a good mood here tonight!

Williams: Is he ever?

Emo: Yeah, right after he kicks somebody in the mouth.

Victory: XLIV

Williams: You know, he does tend to do that fairly often.

A microphone is offered the The Champion as he ascends the stairs and enters the ring but he ignores it. Cerulean blue eyes flash anger toward Cayle Murray, who's already tensed for the coming fight. Once inside the ring The Only Star paces back and forth while Bobby Dean slides in under the bottom rope and puts himself between Dane and Murray.

Deciding that he'd rather say a few words after all, Dane starts demanding the microphone he'd only just ignored. A moment of scrambling passes before it is received. Eric's attention is immediately on Cayle Murray.

Dane: You!

He pauses, snarling at the Scot.

Dane: You son of a sniveling little BITCH!

Murray: What's your problem, lad?

Dane: My problem is you, having the sack to strut out here and apologize for letting your temper take over as you beat Szalinski into a coma, all the while ignoring the fact that YOU put Colton Thorpe in the HOSPITAL! HOW DARE YOU?!

That's it, Cayle has had it. There's a look in his eyes suggesting he's exasperated his patience with the Champion.

Emo: Don't do something stupid, Cayle!

Williams: I hate to agree here, but picking a fight with Dane and Bobby Dean is definitely not a good idea! I mean, it's worked so well in the past, yanno.

And that's when everything hits the fan.

The timing, it's almost... Perfect.

"Perfect Gentleman" begins to play.

Jeers and Boos fill the arena. Eric Dane might be the UTA's Big Bad, but absolutely nobody likes James Witherhold. As such, the former two-time UTA Champion appears and the boos get louder. The Champ's attention diverts momentarily from Cayle to Perfection and then back.

Williams: Oh great! What does this guy want?!

Victory: XLIV

The former champion takes the extended mic from a ringside attendant as he saunters his way into the ring. The tension is palpable with four men in very close proximity, and two of them looking to put a beating on somebody before the night's out.

Perfection: Let's nip this whole thing in the bud, shall we?

All eyes on James Witherhold.

Perfection: I did the dastardly deed.

Eric Dane rolls his eyes. Cayle Murray, unsure of why Dane isn't pouncing on Perfection's head, doesn't quite know what to make of all of this. Bobby Dean keeps eyeballs on both men and waits for his cue.

Dane: You're full of sh(redacted)t.

The Champion's attention returns to Cayle Murray. Not to be outdone, Perfection continues to speak, stopping Dane in his tracks.

Perfection: Am I? Are you sure? Young Mr. Thorpe was surely left lying in a crumpled mess and a pool of blood, and you really think Cayle here is capable of such violence? You already know that I am!

Witherhold lets the grin form naturally.

Perfection: Let me tell you, Eric: that look in his beady little eyes as he collapsed in a pool of his own blood, his consciousness slowly drifting away...

He pauses.

Perfection: My ONLY regret is that you weren't there to see it!

Emo: Oh, God...

Williams: He really did it, didn't he?! James Witherhold eliminated Colton Thorpe!

Dane snarls at Perfection, baring his teeth.

Dane: Fine. Your funeral. Bobby?

And Bobby pounces into action. He doesn't lunge at Perfection though, rather at Murray. Bobby rushes the Scot into the corner and uses his still considerable girth to smother him there. Dane drops his prized title belt and doffs his suit coat.

"NOPE!"

Victory: XLIV

As the words interrupt what is about to be a rematch from last week, a flood of extra-beefy security types materialize and begin surrounding the ring.

"We're not doing this again!"

The voice belongs, of course, to Michael Lorenzo. Inside the ring Bobby Dean still has Cayle hemmed up in the corner and the World Champion makes a lunge at Perfection. The already swarming security drones flood the ring.

Williams: This has descended into mayhem, Doc!

Emo: Thank God for our security team! Lord knows they've been earning their salaries lately!

As hard as Dane and Dean try to continue the melee, they just can't. There are too many security guards, and they've soon wedged the two warring parties apart, creating a wall of humanity between them.

Michael Lorenzo's at the top of the ramp, mic in hand.

Lorenzo: Eric, Bobby... my office! NOW!

You can almost see the steam coming out of Lorenzo's ears.

Lorenzo: James, you'll be escorted back to your locker-room, and Cayle?

Two of the burliest guards pressure Witherhold out of the ring.

Lorenzo: Don't think I'm not watching you either. Let's move!

There's no way the Only Star and his charge can get at Cayle or Perfection, so begrudgingly, they accept their fate. The massive swarm of guards surround them, forcing them out of the ring and up the ramp.

Emo: Whoa! Lorenzo just laid down the law!

Williams: This is exactly what happened last week when Eric Dane tried to hold the show hostage, Doc! Now the boss has had enough, and he's not gonna take it any more...

Emo: It seems Perfection took Colton Thorpe out after all, but our night is only getting started. One thing for sure, though: this isn't gonna sit well with ANYONE.

CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES

The scene opens to the backstage area. Mikey Unlikely is walking down the hall with a huge smile on his face, his gym bag slung over his shoulder. The fans boo as he comes onto the screen. He looks relaxed.

Victory: XLIV

Emo: Hey look, Jen! It's The World's Greatest Entertainer!

He rounds the corner of the hallway and approaches the locker room area. Mikey reaches a door marked "Hollywood Bruvs". He stops to admire the sign for a moment, before pushing the door open.

Williams: And he's not alone, either...

Inside Kendrix sits on a bench, dressed in a pair of jeans and a "Hollywood Bruvs" t-shirt. Kendrix looks up and see's Mikey. His eyes wide, something is off...

Kendrix: Hey Bruv! What's happening!?

As Mikey walks into the room, Kendrix hides the screen of his cell phone which sits in his hands.

Unlikely: Not much, flight got delayed a bit, but I'm here. Ready to take out Jeff Andrews! Hollywood Bruvs on top this week!

Kendrix smiles, but his eyes nervously glance down at his phone, he seems to be contemplating something. Mikey notices the change in his buddies demeanor. He gives him a look of frustration.

Unlikely: What is it? Something's got you rattled? Hey, you seen that damn Fedora? you didn't pick it up last week when they kicked me out did you? That would be great!

JFK looks to the ground and shakes his head slowly. He sighs heavily and stands up. He walks over to Mikey and puts a hand on his shoulder. Mikey is growing more curious by the second.

Kendrix: Listen, Yeah!? I have to show you something, but you gotta try to keep your cool. Ok?

Mikey's face tightens up, Jesse wouldn't act like this unless it's bad news. Kendrix: Is Mary Jane around?

Unlikely shakes his head.

Unlikely: She's here, but I sent her out to get some stuff done, she'll be by later, why?

Jesse sighs again.

Kendrix: Here goes nothing, bruv...

Kendrix brings up his phone, and rewinds the clip he was watching. He starts it from the beginning. It's a clip of last week's Wrestleshow. We see Mikey and Kendrix hanging out. Mikey in the OG Thumper suit. Kendrix fast forwards past the scuffle where they carried Mikey out of the building. He stops the video and lets Mikey watch Mary Jane hand the Fedora over to Lisil Jackson... Mikey's eyes go wide as we've ever seen.

Victory: XLIV

Williams: Whoops!

Emo: Well that's not going to sit well!

Unlikely looks up to Kendrix, then back to the phone. He doesn't believe his eyes. His facial expression slowly turns from shock and confusion, to blind rage as he reddens. Kendrix sees it right away and attempts to calm his friend down. He puts his hands up.

Kendrix: Woah... Hey! It's all good bruv! Listen, just sit and...

He can't finish his sentence, Mikey turns and begins slamming his elbow into a locker. Over and over he beats the hell out of it. Unlikely throws his bag across the room and heads for the door.

Kendrix: MIKEY! Wait! Remember man! Stay focused! Tonight is about Jeff Andrews...

The door shuts behind Mikey who is off to find Mary Jane.

Williams: Well this night sure is getting off to an explosive start!

Emo: Tell me about it! I can't believe MJ gave Lisil that stupid hat back! She's no fun at all...

MARIE VAN CLAUDIO VS. SANTA CLAUS

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.

Williams: I appreciate the festivities, Doc, but isn't it a little late for all this?

Emo: It's far too late, Jen, but I've heard word that this might be the last appearance on Santa's UTA contract. The holiday season is over, and the big man's heading back to The North Pole.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

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.

Victory: XLIV

Announcer: Introducing first, hailing from the North Pole! He stands at 6'2", and weighs in at 700lbs...
SANTAAAAAA! CLAAAAAUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSS!

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.

Williams: What do you reckon the chances are of Santa picking-up a Victory in his farewell appearance?

Emo: Certainly not hopeless. Marie Van Claudio put in a near career-best performance last week, but Amy Harrison's always lurking, and MVC hasn't always fought to her full potential here.

Williams: The Amy factor is critical. Their bad blood is really boiling over, and I'd be very surprised if the redhead doesn't try something here.

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 wit