

# Victory: XLVI

January 25, 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...

ERIC F\*\*\*N DANE!

STEVENS GOT BEAT BY A LIMA BEAN!

WHERE'S GROUCHDRIX?

HOLLYWOOD BRUVS 4 LIFE!

MVC WILL FEEL THE THRILLMAKER TONIGHT!

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 US Cellular Center in Asheville, North Carolina for another action-packed edition of Victory! I'm Jennifer Williams, and alongside me, as always, it's the Hall-of-Famer... Dr. Emo!

Emo: Thank you Jen! We have a night of firsts as the lovable, Lisil Jackson, takes on the deadly Abdul Bin Hussain.

Williams: P.T. Merciless makes his UTA debut tonight, taking on Lew Smith.

Emo: And I'm sure P.T. will be absolute merciless when he gets Lew Smith in the ring tonight.

Williams: That was bad.

Emo: Well sometimes I get lucky with a few zingers Jenn, but in the meantime we have Xander Hayes and Amy Harrison to help forget my bad joke.

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Williams: And guess who Marie Van Claudio faces tonight for the very first time in singles action? Will Haynes.

Emo: This is a night of firsts and I'm not liking Van Claudio's chances here tonight against Will Haynes who's looking to bounce back and build momentum heading towards All or Nothing.

Williams: In the Main Event we have the former world champion, Eric Dane, taking on Cayle Murray.

Emo: That match is going to be very interesting as Dane has been terrorizing UTA since Sean Jackson stole his title like a thief in the night.

Williams: Dane brutally assaulted Jackson last week along with attacking his opponent here tonight.

Emo: Yes he did, and that didn't sit too well with the young Scot. Cayle's looking to gain some vengeance and bragging rights with a victory over Dane here tonight.

Williams: I'm looking forward to seeing if Cayle can make good on his promise of adding another former world champion's scalp to his collection, Doc! Let's get started!

HOODUNNIT?

Lights drop.

The excitement is palpable.

The crowd eagerly awaits their first bit of interaction of the evening.

? Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ?

The bluesy track heralds the entrance of, you guessed it, former seven time Heavyweight Champion of the World and the most recent former UTA World Champion, Eric Dane.

Williams: And of course, here comes everybody's favorite nut job...

Emo: He's gonna overhear you talking smack one of these days, you know.

Williams: And what's he gonna do about it?

Emo: Don't ask me, but I wouldn't put it past him to put hands on a woman. He's funny that way.

Williams: I wish he would, I'll own everything he's ever touched...

The music continues and The Only Star makes his way to the ring. There is no sign of Bobby Dean, and

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gone is the usual ridiculously priced get up. Tonight, he's already dressed to go to work, and the look on his face says that he means business.

Emo: What do you think he's got to say tonight, Jen?

Williams: Who knows, I'm sure it'll probably end with him getting thrown out of here again though!

Dane wastes no time on snapping up the microphone laid out for him and climbing the steps and entering the ring. The chorus of boos doesn't bother him as he takes his place at the center of the ring. His music fades out and he stands, patiently waiting for the crowd to follow suit.

Dane: I can stand here all night.

More boos.

Emo: You know he can! And you know he will! Show some respect, people!

Dane: Now, as you all know, it's been a rough couple of weeks for me.

Even more boos.

Dane: Go ahead, yuck it up, see what happens.

The Only Star is laser focused. This does not bode well for his enemies.

Dane: So anyway, this happened:

He motions toward the giant screen at the top of the ramp. We'll call it the UTAttron. Seconds pass and the screen's content takes over your television screen.

The footage is monochrome, there's no sound, and it looks like it's running about 5 frames per second. Colton Thorpe, Eric Dane, Bobby Dean, and that other guy are all standing there, the slow frame rate making it look like they're doing a spastic dance in place. Only a few seconds into the footage, that other guy walks off.

Dane and Thorpe appear to converse for a bit with BBD standing behind Dane. Then Dane and BBD also turn to leave, leaving Thorpe behind.

Thorpe seems to shuffle in place, and he adjusts the Wildfire Championship over his shoulder.

And then, from stage right: enter Perfection.

Thorpe sees Perfection. He turns to face the man, making a bit of a show of adjusting that title belt over his

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shoulder.

Perfection's back is to the camera, but anyone who's familiar with UTA knows exactly what smirk he's currently got on his face. Not taking his eyes off Thorpe, he smoothly walks right on past.

And off screen, stage left.

Thorpe turns to watch him go.

And enter someone else from stage right, at a full run.

There's no sound, so we don't hear the sickening crunch of Thorpe's head being driven right into the cinderblock wall.

What we CAN see is that there's a small dark spot on the wall at the site of the impact, and Thorpe is bleeding badly.

Even though there's no color, we can tell that Thorpe's assailant is bald-headed and dressed in a leather jacket and a pair of fighting shorts. He lays stomp after stomp into the shoulders and head of the fallen Wildfire Champion before pulling him up, but only as far as his knees. Then he grabs the Wildfire Championship...

And bashes it directly into Thorpe's face.

In doing this, he turns to the camera, and if it wasn't already pretty clear who it was, there's now not an ounce of doubt.

Jeff Andrews.

He Who Once Was Dubbed 'The Man'.

And Andrews still isn't done with Thorpe. Hooking a reverse headlock, and carefully positioning the man, he drops down with his "Mind Eraser" diving reverse DDT, planting the back of Thorpe's head onto the fallen championship belt.

Andrews spits on the fallen Pantheon member, then walks off screen to the right, the same way he came.

In comes Perfection from screen left, who puts his hands on his hips and observes the handiwork, the unconscious and bleeding Thorpe. Finally nodding, Perfection turns and leaves, never having actually laid a finger on Thorpe.

And that's it.

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Emo: Oh my God... Jeff Andrews?!

Williams: Jeff Andrews took-out Colton Thorpe!

Emo: This isn't going to sit well at all, Jen! These two have at least a decade of history.

Back to Dane.

Dane: So there you have it.

He begins pacing.

Dane: That's fine. Jeff, more than anybody, knows that I deal in blood. And since he's taken blood from my friend, I'm gonna find him, and I'm gonna take it back ten fold. As a matter of fact, when I get through with hi-

A familiar voice interrupts The Only Star mid-sentence.

"Eric! Eric!"

It's owner? Cayle Murray.

No music, no pyro, no ballyhoo: just the Most Popular Wrestler of 2015 walking down the ramp, mic-in-hand.

Murray: This is NOT how we're doing this!

Williams: Here comes the other side to the equation, folks! Cayle's been embroiled in this situation since day one, and he's here to throw water on the flames.

Emo: I'd say he's about to fan them, Jen! Interrupting Eric Dane in THIS kinda mood?! That's suicide.

The Scot's down the ramp in no-time, and is soon climbing-up the steps and into the ring. Dressed modestly in a track jacket and jeans, he shows no hesitation in approaching the foaming Dane.

Murray: I'm not about to let this turn into Eric Dane's violence orchestra, especially not tonight. You really think that putting fists to the dude's face is gonna solve a damn thing?

He doesn't wait for a response.

Murray: Don't get me wrong, Eric. I'm not exactly thrilled about this either. I obviously don't go as far back with him as you do -- hell, I've only known the guy a couple of months -- but I thought he was my ally. I thought Jeff was here to help me, but he's bloodied my hands by association. Colt and I damn near killed each other in Tokyo, but this isn't what I wanted... this isn't "help."

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Pacing back and forth, Cayle shakes his head.

Murray: But we need to listen, Eric! There's a peaceful solution to all of this, and we gotta find it. We can't just let the red mist form, flare our nostrils and gnash our teeth. Violence is a self-perpetuating circle, and putting Jeff Andrews in a hospital bed isn't gonna solve a damn thing.

The Only Star cocks an eyebrow.

Dane: You do get that you're a professional wrestler, right, and that wrestling is a violent sport dominated by violent men doing violent things to each other. That's kind of like the entire point you ignorant little-

And then, the shit hits the fan. ALL the shit. In one of those gigantic factory size overhead fans big enough to slice a janitor into giblets.

? 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 ?

"Gods and Punks" brings out Jeff Andrews.

The mangled lip that he was put on medical suspension for has healed, his head looks fine, and he walks straight as a dime out onto the stage. He's dressed in his leather jacket and fighting shorts, and there's a beer - Fat Tire, to be specific - prominently placed in his jacket's front pocket.

The fans give up a mostly positive reaction, but there's a few boos - hitting someone from behind then beating the hell out of them in a hallway isn't precisely heroic.

Andrews: Eric?

Pause for effect.

Andrews: You have slipped worse than hell.

Nobody else besides Jeff Andrews would simply power walk to the ring as though Eric Dane weren't standing in it.

Andrews: How long have we known each other, dude? Since 2007? Or was it 2006? Point is, when you kicked my teeth through my face, had Thorpe brain me with a title belt, and had that other guy leave me in a dumpster wearing one of his old spare masks filled with ether-soaked cotton balls, did you honest to god think there wasn't going to be an answer? It's like I always said, 'baws'....

The word is snarled with as much insincerity as can possibly fit in the human voice.

Andrews: I may be a retarded redneck - but I'm a goddamn genius of a retarded redneck.

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This, for whatever reason, gets some cheers.

Andrews: Now, I gotta beg apologies from all and sundry for breaking one of the cardinal rules, but I got to mention another promotion, that being DEFIANCE, outright. See, back in DEFIANCE where he's really the baws, nothing escapes Eric Dane's notice. Back there, he'd have known every last detail about what happened.

Dane's expression grows even darker.

Andrews: So the reason I didn't come out here bragging fifteen minutes after I beat hell out of Colton was because I was testing you, Eric. I wanted to see how connected you were. How integrated you were. I wanted to see how well you were paying attention.

Andrews grins.

Andrews: You get an F, you stupid f(redacted)ggot.

Eric Dane hasn't taken his eyes off Jeff Andrews. And Andrews hasn't taken his eyes off Dane. So neither of them notice when Cayle Murray shakes his head, rolls out of the ring, and starts walking up the ramp.

Williams: Cayle's seen and heard enough, Doc. He's been deeply disappointed by Jeff's actions, and the explanation just isn't cutting it.

Emo: This is a big boy issue, Jen. If Cayle doesn't have the stones for it, he's better off hiding backstage.

Williams: This is a man of morals and principles, who's just been let down by the closest person he has to a friend in this company. I can't blame him for walking away.

Andrews: And since you're that stupid, I figure I better explain why it was I took out Thorpe instead of just punching you a bunch of times. If the Pantheon attacks me... you know what, hold just a sec.

Andrews turns his back on Dane. It's an open dare. It's everything Dane can do to resist the urge to just bum-rush his erstwhile frenemy.

Andrews: Cayle? What's going on? Where're you goin?

Cayle isn't mic'd right now, but he throws his arms up in a clear gesture of total exasperation.

Andrews: This is important, bruh! Dane was always your real enemy, not Thorpe, and-

Murray disappears behind the curtain.

Andrews: Aw hell.

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Emo: He's not coming back, Jen.

Williams: And I don't blame him, either.

Andrews turns back to Dane.

Andrews: So where was I? On yeah, something about me having to eradicate the Pantheon. That guy, you know the one, he was a self-solving problem. Bobby Dean defines the term 'useless lump of f(redacted)ck.' And you come crawling back every time you get your shit wrecked, Eric. You're just like me. So it had to be Thorpe. Had to. And that was all it took to break the Pantheon into pieces.

Spinning around, Andrews marches up until he's almost within arm's reach of the ex-champ.

Andrews: Don't you EVER doubt me again, Eric, and don't you dare try to fuck with me again. You told me I owned nothing you couldn't take? You own nothing that I can't either steal, break, or piss on! This dumb goddamn redneck that ran your promotion for you for two years before you let some (reeeeedaaaacccttteeedddd) Benoit him out of the record books has been sitting at home, drunk, happy, and LAUGHING AT YOU FOR A MONTH! WHO THE FUCK'S STUPID NOW, ERIC?! I TOOK THE STABLE THAT WON YOU THAT WORLD TITLE, AND NOW THE WORLD TITLE'S AROUND THE WAIST OF A DUDE I'VE ALREADY BEATEN!

It's true, Jeff Andrews pinned Sean Jackson one time in a survivor series match 9 years ago.

Andrews: So I hope getting the last word against me for once was worth it, Eric. I am the MAN. I WAS ALWAYS THE MAN. AND THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY GAME! NOT YOURS. MINE!

The crowd is silent.

Eric Dane is silent.

An awkward moment passes.

This is when Jeff Andrews decides to up the ante.

He takes two steps forward, and now he and Eric Dane are literally forehead to forehead. He brings the mic up slowly, and growls like a supervillain.

**Andrews:** MMMMMMMIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

The Only Star takes a step back, his face is unreadable.

Dane: Alright, Jeff, you've got my attention. Now let me ask you a serious question...

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He pauses, getting real close, closing the rest of the gap between the two.

Dane: Are you drunk right now, Jeff? Because that's the only thing in the world that I can think of that would make you stupid enough to come out here and mash every one of my buttons at once.

Eric leans in, takes a sniff.

Dane: Is that whiskey, Jeff?

Eric smirks, laughs in Jeff Andrews face.

...

Andrews: Whiskey? Nah, it's just beer. I gotta be functional tonight. Here. New Belgium Fat Tire, if you wanna be specific.

Andrews pulls that beer from his jacket, pops the top.

Andrews: Want some? No wait, you're a beer-hating limp dick, and I wouldn't share my beer with you anyway.

He chugs it, gulping noisily enough to be picked up over the microphone. With the bottle empty, he wipes his mouth and smiles.

Andrews: Ah. That's some good sh(redacted)t.

WHUMP-THWAAAAAACK!!!!

You see, Eric Dane knows Jeff Andrews, and he was ready to block as soon as Andrews swung that empty bottle at his face. The bottle goes flying off somewhere as Dane follows up with a knife edge chop that raises a welt right across Jeff's chest.

His weapon lost, Andrews responds with a simple open hand slap that snaps Dane's neck around to the side.

Dane stumbles back, almost to one knee, a red mark appearing on the side of his face where Andrews just belted him with an open hand.

Dane responds by laying another welt-raising chop right into Andrews' chest.

Never losing his grin for a split second, Andrews blasts Dane in the face with an open fist!

Dane pulls Andrews down into a clinch and drives a knee right into his mouth!

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Emo: IT IS ON, JEN! THE ONLY STAR! THE KING OF THE BITTERMEN! TEARING EACH OTHER APART LIVE RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!

Andrews stumbles back and Dane rushes in to clothesline him over the ropes. Andrews lands on his feet. Dane follows him out, and quickly shunts him into the announce table.

Williams: Right in front of us, literally! Watch out!

With a clothesline, Dane sends Andrews up ONTO the announce table and follows him up, laying in right hand after right hand to the face - only for the stronger and heavier Andrews to roll him over and begin laying right hands of his own in!

Dane gets his feet under him and pushes Andrews off, but Andrews lands on his feet and is back in a flash, tackling Dane so they both go skidding across the top of the announce table and into a pile of chairs and electrical wires