## Two Weeks Ago

The scene shows "two weeks ago" in the bottom right hand corner before fading in on Kendrix and Jamie Sawyers.

As Sawyers raises the mic up to his interviewee's mouth, Jesse rather cautiously looks over at his title before releasing that trademark dismissive smirk Jamie's way.

**Kendrix:** Come on Jimmy Jam, honestly? JFK's congratulations go out to Crimson Lord a proper UTA original, a UTA legend. He gets to go one one one with The Chosen One! It's great, you see...this is what Mikey Unlikely's WrestleUTA is all about. Opportunity!

Jesse looks up in thought for a moment, caressing his hand through his beard before looking down at Jamie.

**Kendrix:** Crimson Lord v Jesse Fredericks Kendrix has a money making ring to it. Mikey gets the opportunity to make more money that he obvs doesn't need and turn that into Mikey Money! Crimson Lord finally gets the opportunity to share the spotlight with the Greatest WrestleUTA World Champion of all time. While JFK TAKES...the opportunity to defeat that overgrown Freak of a BELLEND...in JFK's first ever Title Defence! Everyone wins!

### Fade.

Without a word, David Hightower stands up, snarls his lips and swipes his hurt arm out infront of him, wiping out some medical equipment. A disappointed Doctor eyes him up. That's when we notice the "custom" cast on the hand of David Hightower.

Ace: Woah look at that thing!

Blackfront: That's not a cast! That's a club!

Hightower holds it up in front of his face. The cast is closed on the end of his hand. And its rounded to be about 6 inches wide. It's a NFL style club on the end of his hand. He stares directly at it, and mutters one word as he exits the room.

Hightower: Stevens....

Fade.

Mikey mutters something under his own breath before continuing.

Unlikely: That said, your match is coming up next...

Stevens looks down at his casual attire.

Stevens: Match!? I don't have a match this week!? I checked when I came in!?

Mikey holds up one finger and nods slightly.

**Unlikely:** Awe! You're right! You WERE NOT scheduled to compete here tonight. But we had a small change of plans. You see, thanks to your specific elimination of David Hightower from the last Main Event, he has not been cleared to compete. His hand is broken in a bunch of places, and.... Ah fuck, I can't remember what that hot doctor said! Nonetheless. He can't go tonight, because of you, so I'm assigning you his match! So get ready! You're up next!

Stevens looks pissed but he nods before closing the door, knowing it's useless to argue with the boss.

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Fade.

**Blackfront**: Scott Stevens with an impromptu matchup here folks, he was unaware he was to compete tonight.

**Ace**: You should show up here ready every single night Jason! This is WrestleUTA, this is the big leagues, come ready or don't come at all!

CH Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall! Coming to the ring second...

That is all that the ring announcer is able to get off before Stevens goes down face first on the ramp.

Blackfront: What the...

Ace: That's DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Hightower came through the curtain, running full speed and used his new "club" and swang for the fences on the unaware Stevens. Stevens is out cold.

**Blackfront:** Hightower now, bent over Stevens, raining down shots with that club to the back of the head, someone get out here and stop this!

Fade.

**Murray:** Here's the thing, lad. I like to think I'm a modest man, but I'm also pretty realistic. I know what I bring to the business and what I bring to the UTA, and so do the fans. Now I'm a little banged-up at the moment, but as soon as this thing heals up, I want that opportunity...

He smiles.

Murray: "The Chosen One" himself, Kendrix, vs. a HEALTHY Andy Murray. Why? Because it's the right thing to do.

Mikey eyes up Andy. He considers the request.

Unlikely: Look I am a fair guy... IF you are cleared to compete in two weeks... then I'll put you in a match to see if you can hang. Then once that's all cleared up, I'll give you the match you deserve, March 5th, Live on Pay Per View, at No Love Lost! How's that brev!?

Murray: "Two weeks?!"

The disbelief is palpable.

#### Fade.

Impulse pulls himself up on the ring apron, holding his hand to his ribs, and has a look that could insanely be called concern on his face.

**Blackfront**: Chris Ross rolls to the floor, and he's got a huge bloody mess on his face! Impulse reaches for the ropes to pull himself back into the ring, but he just grabbed his side again, he might have a cracked rib or two!

Ace: If he was smart he'd finish off The Boss right now while he has the means. That's' what I'd do.

Blackfront: Explaining sportsmanship to you is going to be a lost cause, isn't it?

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Ace: I'm sorry, I don't sail.

As Chris Ross gets back to his feet, Impulse finally moves in, but Ross fires an angry fist into his face! Impulse barely dodges out of the way, but he straight - arms Ross at the elbow and grabs his wrist, forcing the Boss to his knees!

**DING DING DING!** 

Ace: Wait, what?

Impulse releases the hold and joins Cally as they look at the referee, confused.

CH Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has counted both competitors out of the ring, and has ruled this match a double countout!

Boos fill the arena, but Impulse doesn't argue. He looks at Cally, disappointed.

Blackfront: Look out!

Chris Ross isn't taking it lying down; he busts Impulse across the back with a chair!

Fade.

Crimson: Good, now listen up Jess. A little over ten years ago in this very same company there was a guy...

Walks up to Kendrix and gets face to face with him.

**Crimson:** He was a real bad seed, liked to hurt people...a real heartless bastard!

Crimson turns away from Kendrix and continues the story.

**Crimson:** Well, this bad seed to the superstars in this company was considered a monster! He was relentless, cold, calculating....

Crimson chuckles a bit.

Crimson: .... hell, "he" did not care about the well being of his opponent in that ring.

Crimson turns back to Kendrix and walks over to him and once more puts his arm around him.

**Crimson:** You see Jess...... "he" ended careers, broke bones, and left countless WrestleUTA superstars lying in a puddle of their own blood. Hell "He" even injured the current champion so bad, that the suits had no choice but to strip him of the championship. They then proceeded to put the title in a battle royal match much like you witnessed two weeks ago. This man was in it, the end result was much like the path of destruction "He" left.

Kendrix again angrily shrugs Crimson off of his shoulders but Lord simply ignores it and acts out the motion of throwing superstars over the top rope while he says...

**Crimson:** "He" threw superstar by superstar over the top rope until no one was left. That night he took his place amongst the legends.

Crimson stares into Kendrix eyes now.

**Crimson:** For four hundred and fifty-five days, this psychopath obliterated his competition and went down in this company's history as the most psychotic world champion EVER! I am sure you are wondering who this dominate

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WrestleUTA World Champion was...

Crimson gets eye to eye with Kendrix and points at his chest.

Crimson: ME!

Cut to

Crimson turns slightly once more toward Kendrix looking down at the now concerned world champion.

Crimson: I am not just a weapon Jess......

He gets face to face once more with Kendrix

Crimson: I am the PERFECT Weapon!

Kendrix grits his teeth and puffs his cheeks out as the crowd pop for the challenger.

Crimson: At No Love Lost, Jessie Fredricks Kendrix...you will be judged.....

Crimson points out to the fans with his free hand.

Crimson: .....and these people you call "BellEnds" will pass your FINAL Judgement!

Fade.

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#### Gorilla Time

Backstage. The Gorilla Position to be precise.

Andy Murray's match with Michael Byrd is just a few minutes away, and the former UTA Championship contender is getting ready to go. He's fully decked-out in his tights and ring jacket, which is all closed-up. His taped-up shoulder isn't visible (because he's wearing a jacket, dumbass) but you can bet your ass it's hurting.

Murray is stretching his good arm out before a television monitor. Having just watched the previous show's round-up, he has arrived for his match well ahead of time - an old habit he developed 20 years ago, and still practices today.

He looks relatively calm and focused, until...

"Well, well, well, looky here"!

Jesse Fredericks Kendrix walks smugly into shot. Dressed in the latest JFK t-shirt, dark jeans and ridiculously expensive Bug Eye shades. After looking down at the WrestleUTA title draped over his shoulder he affords Murray a cheeky wink.

**Kendrix:** Listen, yeah?! Are you sure you want to go out there, bruv? A man in your condition. How's the old shoulder holding up?

Jesse points over in apparent concern at The King's injured shoulder and produces a ring of tape from his pocket.

**Kendrix:** I've got some more tape if you need it. Better to be safe than sorry, especially after what JFK did to you, innit?!

Murray: Heh.

He stifles his laughter.

Murray: You're something else.

Jesse smirks and grins.

Kendrix: You're right, bruv. JFK is something else...he's the WrestleUTA World Champion!

Andy shakes his head.

**Murray:** The shoulder's still pretty nasty, thanks for asking, but I reckon it's still strong enough for me to pick you up and drop you on your head. Wanna find out?

He steps forward, then stops himself.

**Murray:** You know what? Let's save that for later. You beat me fair and square, and I can't deny that, but you beat me by exploiting a weakness. The next time we wrestle, that weakness isn't going to exist anymore. I've got Michael Byrd tonight, but as soon as I'm finished with him, you know exactly what I'm coming for....

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The King taps the UTA belt on JFK's shoulder. Jesse protectively places his hand over the title.

**Kendrix:** First off, please don't touch my title, I just had it polished.

He quickly rubs his closed fist over the belt. Satisfied with the shine he's getting out of it he returns his attention back to Murray.

**Kendrix:** Secondly, JFK knows the deal you got going with Mikey. Prove yourself out there tonight and you get a big match huh? Glad to see you're setting your sights as high as you possibly can big man, but JFK reckons that after this match, the only thing you'll be looking for is the hospital.

The cocky UTA Champion turns and walks away, a mile-wide smirk plastered across his face. Andy Murray scoff-laughs, shakes his head, then calls out.

Murray: "Hospital," huh?

Kendrix doesn't stop. Yet.

**Murray:** Maybe I'll ask the nurse to save the bed beside me -- you're gonna need it when Crimson Lord puts you in spinal traction.

Now Kendrix stops.

Dead in his tracks.

He doesn't turn around to make eye contact with Murray, nor does he issue a verbal response. He can *feel* The King's glare piercing right through him, though.

Eventually JFK restarts his walk, and he's gone from Murray's field of view seconds later. Focus returns to the would-be-contender, who's still stood in Gorilla.

Murray: Bell-end...

Cut



## Alternative Participation

We cut to the office of the boss, where Mikey Unlikely looks over a stack of papers. He shuffles things, he reads things, but he occasionally side-eyes the camera, which makes us think he's playing it up.

Until he hears a knock at the door.

Unlikely: Yes? Come in...

The door opens, and Impulse walks through, and he stands over Mikey's desk with both hands rested on it; practically in an intimidating pose.

Interesting that he appears intimidating now, but he had the presence of mind to knock.

**Unlikely** (Sounding bored): ...Yes? What can I do for you?

Impulse: Can you explain to me why I'm not wrestling tonight?

They stare at each other for a few seconds.

Unlikely: You took some heavy shots against Chris Ross two weeks ago; I thought it was better safe than sorry.

**Impulse**: That was two weeks ago, Mikey. I'm a wrestler; I need to be out there against an opponent. Chris Ross, that was a trainwreck that I'm happy enough leaving in the dust. But I'm not contributing unless I'm in the ring. You get that, right?

Mikey leans back in his chair.

Unlikely: You needed stitches, Knox. You've got a family, don't you?

Touched by the owner's concern, Impulse softens his stance and sits down, crossing his legs and leaning forward, remaining engaged in the conversation.

Impulse: Sort of. There's Cally, of course - and my mom. Beyond that -

**Unlikely**: See, I knew it. You've got a family to think about, and I'm sure your family has a lawyer. I'm applying the same rules to WrestleUTA as I do to my own life, Knox - and that's "look out for number one." No match for you tonight. I'm sorry.

Impulse doesn't respond, but he looks up at the ceiling in frustration. Mikey seems to consider this for a moment.

**Unlikely**: Listen... You know what!? You're not wrestling tonight - I can't allow it, look at the mess I'm in with Andy Murray - but I do have an idea!

Impulse: I'm all ears, sir.

Mikey smiles, stands up and paces back and forth a bit.

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**Unlikely**: You see, your "friend" Chris Ross has a problem with authority. He has a problem with following the rules set in place, and has an issue taking orders from a referee...

Impulse squints his eyes, he can see where this is going.

**Unlikely**: So what I'm going to do, is make YOU the special referee for his match tonight! You want to contribute? Then I expect you to do your damndest to make sure that match goes down as planned this evening. With no cheating, no assaulting authority figures, and no Chris Ross bullshit... that guy is basically a walking liability to this company, but the people want to see him get beat up every week, and where there's money, there's Mikey!

Pause.

Impulse: Deal.

And like that, we leave.



## Andy Murray vs Michael Byrd

**Blackfront:** Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time for our first match of the evening - Andy Murray vs. Michael Byrd. This is the first time we've seen Andy wrestle in a month, and the last time didn't go so well.

**Ace:** No it didn't. The old bastard's shoulder gave way as he tried to lift Theo Baylor, and he's got to show signs of improvement tonight, particularly if he has title aspirations.

**Blackfront:** It'd certainly be wise for him to focus on getting through this match before even considering another match with Kendrix. This is a 39 year old man we're talking about, after all: the older you get, the longer those injuries take to heal.

Ace: I still think Murray would have been better served taking a month or two off, but whatever. If Byrd wrecks his shoulder, it's his funeral...

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall!

One man is already in the ring. Hint: it's not Andy Murray.

**Jordan:** Introducing first...already in the ring, he hails from Georgetown, Texas, and weighs-in at 225lbs... "THE HEADLINER" MICHAEL BYYYYYYRD!

"Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes hits, and the crowd go pop crazy. Andy Murray steps onto the stage following the usual theatrics, looking exactly as he did while conversing with Kendrix a few minutes ago. He stands at the top of the ramp for a moment, then starts making his way down to the ring, slapping hands as he goes.

**Jordan:** ... aaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs-in at 280lbs... "THE KING" ANDY MURRAYYYYYYY!

Andy eventually gets inside the ring and pulls away his entrance jacket. There's plenty tape around the shoulder, but not as much as there was the last time he wrestled. Andy rolls the troublesome joint a couple of times as the bell rings.

The duo circle for a minute before locking up in the centre. Murray's still favouring his right shoulder, but transitions into a side headlock. When Byrd squirms out, Andy takes wrist control and wrenches his arm behind his back with a Hammerlock. From there, Andy pushes a toe in behind Byrd's knee, forcing him to the ground. With Byrd kneeling, Andy takes his free arm and pulls it back across Byrd's throat, then does the same with the previously Hammerlocked arm.

Byrd escaped the Straitjacket Choke, but Murray uses his technical acumen to keep hold of one of the arms then wrench the arm. With Byrd under his control, Andy starts manipulating the wrist, pushing it back on itself and twisting. Byrd writhes, then boots Murray in the gut to break the hold. He chops him across the chest twice before running the ropes and coming back with a big boot, but Murray sidesteps before it goes flying into his shoulder.

A striking exchange follows. Murray, surprisingly, throws with his bothersome right arm, and gets the better of the forearms. He whips Byrd to the corner then follows up with a diving European Uppercut, then whips him across the ring and does the same. Byrd stumbles blindly out, so Murray grabs him, lifts him up, and plants him with a back drop.

ONE!

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### NO! KICKOUT!

Andy hauls Byrd to his feet, but Byrd fights back with some shots to the stomach. He suddenly powers upwards, unleashing on the bigger man with a flurry of strikes, before eating a couple himself. Byrd gets the better of it with an unseen eye poke, however, then boots Murray in the gut, and drives him down with a DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

#### KICKOUT!

Smartly, Byrd goes to work on the shoulder. He applies a basic grounded armlock, and Andy grits his teeth in pain. The referee asks if he wants to quit, but that's not an option. Eventually, Murray brute-forces his way to the ropes.

Still standing, Byrd stomps down on the shoulder. Andy powers through it, however, and eventually gets up. He ducks an attempted clothesline, then lays Byrd out with one of his own!

The crowd firmly behind him, Murray takes a few moments to cover. Satisfied that all is well, he rolls his shoulder a couple more times, then walks right into a throat thrust from Byrd! Byrd talks some shit as he brings clubbing blows down on the shoulder, but this only riles Murray up. He fires up, whipping Byrd to the ropes, popping him into the air on return, and blasting him with the *Shutthefuckuppercut* on the way down!

Murray executed the move with his bad shoulder, and while he's showing some discomfort, it's nowhere near the level he was a few weeks ago. That uppercut was a test, and the next move is a message to everyone who told him not to compete tonight.

Slowly but surely, Murray hauls Michael Byrd off his feet and lifts him high overhead in a Gorilla Press! Cameras flash, the crowd pops, and seconds later Byrd is behind driven into the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

#### KICKOUT!

Another kickout, but Andy smells the blood in the water. He grabs Byrd by the waist, hauls him up with a deadlift... one Gutwrench Suplex! Rolls through... two! Rolls again... three!

The third attempt hurts his shoulder, but no matter: Byrd is dead to rights. Finally, Andy decides to put him out of his misery by hauling him up, placing him on his shoulder, and driving him into the mat with the Highland Hangover, head, neck, and shoulders first!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: And there it is! What a way to rebound!

The Heavy Eyes start playing again, and Andy Murray rises to his feet, pointing proudly at the taped shoulder.

Jordan: Your winner via pinfall... ANDY MURRAYYYYYYYYYY!

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Ace: Wow, his limb didn't even fall off!

**Blackfront:** He clearly isn't quite 100% yet, but that was a big statement from Andy Murray! He made a deliberate effort to use moves that put real strain on that injured joint, and he passed the test with flying colours.

**Ace:** It's back of the line for a title shot, though! Crimson Lord is more than likely up next, and Murray will have to wait his turn.

Blackfront: Whatever the case, he made a tremendous account of himself tonight! Excellent performance.





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### You're On!

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins to play, and the River Center Arena erupts in an enormous "boo". The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp.

Ace: My man! Ladies and gentlemen THE Jay Harvey!

Blackfront: Sit down, Tommy.

Ace: I'm standing and applauding, Jason.

Jay Harvey is dressed to impress with a dark blue suit and a white dress shirt underneath his jacket. His high-end sunglasses show a glare from the above spotlights. Catalina looks as gorgeous as ever in a gray dress with a split leg.

**Ace**: Catalina looks stunning tonight.

Blackfront: Yes, she does.

The two start to walk down the aisle as the fans continue to boo them. A fan nearby extends his hand for Harvey and goes to slap his hand, but pulls it back. The whole exchange gives Harvey a good laugh. Catalina looks right into the camera and blows the lens a kiss.

Ace: I think that was for me, Jason!

Blackfront: Whatever makes you sleep at night.

Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps ahead of Catalina. He steps along the apron and stops toward the center of the ring. Harvey sits down on the middle rope giving space for Catalina to go through the ropes. Before she enters she stops and gives "The Natural One" a kiss.

Ace: That's one lucky man.

Catalina walks toward the center of the ring as Jay Harvey makes his way into the squared circle. Harvey takes off his sunglasses and hands them to Catalina then calls for ring announcer C.H. Jordan to hand him a microphone. The fans start to chant.

You're not mar-velous!

CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!

You're not mar-velous!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!

You're not mar-velous!

CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!

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Jay Harvey does not look amused by the fans.

Catalina: Shut up!

Catalina screams at the fans as Jay Harvey lets the crowd have their fun. Harvey turns to face the entire Baton Rouge crowd inside the arena.

**Blackfront**: The crowd here in Louisiana is letting Harvey hear it.

Ace: These people need to listen to Catalina and shut up! THE Jay Harvey is going to speak.

Cameras cut to a close up of Harvey as he raises the microphone towards his mouth.

Harvey: You savages will shut your mouths and listen to what I have to say.

Fans: Boo!

Catalina is loving it. She laughs as Harvey couldn't look more serious. The fans are really giving it to Harvey and he keeps giving it back.

**Harvey**: You ugly, fat, classless pieces of Louisiana trailer trash. Just when I thought you animals couldn't get any dumber, you go and boo the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth!

The fans once again restart their chant.

You're not mar-velous!

CLAP! CLAP!-CLAP!-CLAP!

**Harvey**: Oh but I am. You all need to wake up because here's a shot of reality... I'm going places here in WrestleUTA! Like it or not, I'm on my way to the top of this promotion! I'm on my way to the top of this industry!

The fans continue to show their distaste for Jay Harvey. We switch to a camera view of the crowd inside the River Center Arena. We go back to the ring as Harvey paces in the middle of the ring.

**Harvey**: It's something you are ALL going to have to learn to live with. Now... as much as I would love to continue to berate you bozos here in this toilet known as Baton Rouge.

The crowd lets out a roar.

Harvey: I have more important things to do... I came out here-

Before Harvey can continue, to the delight of the crowd "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play. The fans get on their feet and cheer for the man walking through the curtain and onto the top of the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: It's Scott Stevens! Listen to this crowd!

**Ace**: What's he doing out here?!

Stevens is rocking his newest WrestleUTA shirt and his gear on. He stands with his hands on his hips along with a microphone. The Texas legend shakes his head as he looks down the ramp at Harvey. Jay Harvey does not look pleased by the interruption.

**Stevens**: Are you done? Because it seems like week after week you come out here and say the same boring and tired rant over and over again, and I'm tired of it.

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Harvey shouts at Stevens from the ring and Stevens looks around at the rabid crowd in attendance.

**Stevens**: I mean I had to come out here and save this great Louisiana crowd from listening to the garbage you've been spewing. Boring them and myself to DEATH since you walked out here.

The crowd begins to cheer and chant the Texan's name. Harvey and Catalina yell at the crowd to shut up and be quiet. Stevens waits for the crowd to settle down before continuing.

**Stevens**: You talk about how you're this big star on the rise and how you are going places in WrestleUTA... The only places I've seen you go is over and out when you were sailing over the top rope in the Battle Royal. Mr. Big Shot couldn't make it to the final two like myself.

Stevens' comments make Harvey chuckle. The cameras get a view inside the River Center Arena before going back to Harvey and Catalina inside the ring.

**Harvey**: I don't live in the past like you do, old fella. I live in the present... I live in the now, understand? The fact of that matter is I can beat your ass any day of the week.

The fans boo Harvey's remarks. Stevens chuckles as he takes a few steps pacing the top of the ramp.

**Stevens**: That's funny. That's very funny, and you just made my day better because I've been in a bad mood ever since I was jumped from behind by that coward David Hightower two weeks ago.

The crowd boos at the mention of David Hightower's name. We cut to a fan's sign that reads "Hightower Can't Read". Back to Stevens on the ramp.

**Stevens**: And since you are in the fighting mood and offered the opportunity... how about you and I go at it here tonight in Baton Rouge!

The fans seem to love the idea.

Stevens: Unless you're... chicken.

The fans start to chant, obviously.

CHI-CKEN!

CHI-CKEN!

CHI-CKEN!

Catalina screams at the fans. Jay Harvey looks enraged. Stevens seems to be loving every second.

**Harvey**: You think you're real funny don't ya? You want fifteen minutes of my time? You want to go one on one with THE Jay Harvey? Alright, bozo... you're on!

The fans erupt. Harvey walks towards the ropes and extends his right hand, pointing at Scott Stevens.

Harvey: You and me, tonight!

Harvey's music hits as cameras cut back and forth between Harvey and Catalina in the ring as well as Stevens on top of the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: You heard it, folks... Scott Stevens goes one on one with THE Jay Harvey later on in the program!

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Ace: Scott Stevens suckered THE Jay Harvey into this match, Jason.

**Blackfront**: Don't go anywhere! More WrestleUTA on Hulu still to come!

We fade out on Harvey and Catalina still inside the ring.



### David and Goliath

Backstage Crimson Lord with Zoey stand next to Jamie Sawyers for a pre-match interview.

**Sawyers:** Tonight Crimson you face a man that has to be the only man in this company with a screw loose. You face "The Mad Prince" Jestal in our main event of the evening your thoughts.

He puts the microphone to Crimson's mouth.

**Crimson:** First of all I want to talk about our illustrious "Chosen One". Jess two weeks ago I gave you a story of the man that dominated this company for years.

Crimson taps the top of his left hand into his right hand.

**Crimson:** Think about that for a moment, yes walk out of wherever you are tonight. Tell that slut you need a moment to contemplate what is going to happen to you March 5th at No Love Lost!

He looks back at Stewart.

Crimson: James you have seen what the man standing before you has done right?

Jamie returns the microphone to his mouth.

Sawyers: All too well..

Crimson grabs Jamies hand and gently moves the microphone back to his mouth.

**Crimson:** I am returning at No Love Lost, not just to beat you for your world title...no...no...I am going to take something from you that apparently no one has done yet. Do you know what I am going to take James?

Jamie returns the microphone to his mouth.

**Sawyers:** Knowing you Crimson, I shudder to ask. If I were a betting man I would say injuring him and taking him out of the business?

Crimson chuckles for a bit.

Crimson: Something more long lasting....

Crimson stares into the camera slowly removing his shades.

**Crimson:** Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...When the night is all said and done, and you're lying on that mat staring up at the lights. I will be standing over you with the WrestleUTA Championship high above my head. It will be at that moment boy that I will have taken that overinflated ego of yours and deflated it! It will be Deflated-gate 2017. After it's all been written in the history books, the last impression your tiny little brain will realize is that Crimson Lord humbled YOU!

Crimson returns his shades to his eyes. Glancing over at Jamie for a moment then back toward the camera.

**Crimson:** Now tonight, I step into that squared circle with WrestleUTA's own jester. Jestal, you and me go back quite a ways. I am sure you already know this but I am not here to play games! Knowing your twisted self you will treat this like it is the circus you used to perform at before you came into this business. You know exactly what kind of man I am and you better....

Jestal's voice can be heard off camera singing, Crimson looks off camera along with the rest...

□Love, exciting and new

Come Aboard. We're expecting you.

Love, life's sweetest reward.

Let it flow, it floats back to you.

Crimson, Jamie, and Zoey clearly interrupted by this song.

Love won't hurt anymore

It's an open smile on a friendly shore.

Yes LOOOOOOOOOOVE! It's LOOOOOOOOOOVE! (hey-ah!)

Jestal walks into the picture, with something behind his back. Zoey and Jamie clearly look toward the jester baffled, Crimson on the other hand clearly is not amused by his presence.

Love won't hurt anymore

It's an open smile on a friendly shore.

It's L00000000000000VE! It's L00000000000000VE! It's

L000000000VE!5

**Crimson:** Shocker, here to hog my time. You clearly have learned nothing over the years.

Jestal slowly looks up at Crimson smiling as he does it. He looks back at Zoey, he takes whatever he has behind his back and shows it to Zoey. Who is blushing at the sight of a bunch of dead flowers.

Jestal: Happy Valentines Day lovely Zoey!

Zoey surprised by the fact of the dead flowers she takes them. Really excited and quickly hugs Jestal. Who the whole time looks up at Crimson now seething toward him. Jamie seems a bit confused while Zoey sniffs them enjoying the aroma.

**Zoey:** Their beautiful Jestal, thank you I love them.

Jamie tries to get in a word.

Sawyers: Um...Zoey their de..

Crimson puts his hand in front of Jamie's mouth.

**Zoey:** I am going to go put them in water right away.

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Zoey quickly runs off camera as Jestal watches her leave clearly mesmerized by the rear view picture. Crimson quickly grabs Jestal by the throat and slams him against the wall.

**Crimson:** You're a dead man tonight clown. Stay the hell away from her!

Jamie tries to calm Crimson, down he does after a few moments Crimson lets go of Jestal. He quickly gasps for air for a moment before laughing up at Crimson.

Jestal: Sooner or later the chick has to leave the nest...

Crimson's eyes widen quickly, and yet again grabs Jestal by the jacket and pulls him to eye view.

**Crimson:** Keep your mouth shut, where is your sister when you need her!

Jestal clearly does not like that response.

Jestal: Hey!

Crimson releases Jestal's jacket and looks down at him as he straightens his jacket.

**Crimson:** Tonight, I burn your circus act to the ground!

Crimson walks off as Jestal looks at Jamie.

Jestal: Do you think he is mad?

Before Jamie can answer Jestal walks off.



### Chris Ross vs Dexter Poindexter

Blackfront: We've got a wrinkle in this next match, Tommy!

Ace: You talk like an old lady sometimes; anyone ever tell you that?

**Blackfront**: I don't think that's true, Tommy.

Ace: Well...

Blackfront: Yes?

Ace: ...Yeah, I got nothing.

**Blackfront**: As I was saying, up next we've got Dexter Pointdexter taking on a man that has really set WrestleUTA on its ear: "The Boss" Chris Ross!

Ace: The Boss is gonna put Dexter on HIS ear.

**Blackfront**: That may be true, Tommy, but we've got a special guest referee for this one! Let's send it over to ring announcer C.H. Jordan!

**Jordan**: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first, is the special guest referee...

CUE UP: "Revolution" by SIRSY, as the fans pop huge!

Ace: I hate this guy!

After a few seconds, Impulse appears from the backstage, with Calico Rose a half step behind him.

Ace: And I hate that girl!

Blackfront: You have a lot of hate, Tommy!

Impulse was not dressed for refereeing, but he did acquiesce to a stark white T-shirt with four vertical lines on it - and the words 'BLACK FLAG' above. Behind him, wearing a traditional referee shirt and black skirt.

Ace: Why is she dressed like that? She's not the referee, is she? SHE CAN'T REFEREE, SHE DUMB!

Blackfront: She's.

Ace: What?

Blackfront 'She dumb' is bad grammar. 'She's dumb' would be correct.

Ace: Good, I'm glad we both agree she dumb.

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Blackfront: I never said that!

In the ring, Impulse steps under the top rope and holds them open for Cally, and the two pose for a brief moment before Cally steps out, close to the commentators.

Ace: She's coming her. Why is she coming here?

Blackfront: She likes us.

Ace: Why? You're totally unlikeable!

There's a bit of headset rustling, as the music dies down.

Cally: Hi guys! Since RK is in the ring I figured I'd come down here and offer my expert insight into the match to follow.

**Blackfront**: Great to have you with us, Cally.

Ace: Yeah... that's a word you could use.

Cally: So what do you think about these two?

Ace: Uh this match screams wash out! Ross is going to mop the floor with this dork!

**Blackfront**: Well only time will tell there...

Suddenly His World by Zebrahead begins to play and the fans cheer as Dexter Pointdexter walks out with his girlfriend hand in hand. The expression on his face is clearly that of nervousness.

Jordan: Introducing first! Being accompanied by Ivy.... From Wilmington North Carolina... Dexter Pointdexter!

Ace: Look at this dork! He looks petrified!

Blackfront: Well I can't blame him for being nervous!

Cally: That Ross is a mean one! Hehe you're a mean one! Mr. Ross!

Ace: Oh my god shut up!

**Cally**: He really are a heel.

Dexter and Ivy walk to the ring and stop. Ivy gives Dexter a pep talk and gives him some words of encouragement before he slides into the ring.

Ace: I still don't get what Ivy sees in him!

Blackfront: You don't get what any woman sees in any guy if they aren't dating you!

Ace: That is not true!

Cally: Whoa, is she a Mortal Kombat character? Bossa to the Nova!

Ace: I got nothing......

Badlands by Mayday begins to play over the loudspeakers and the entire arena erupts into a chorus of boos as Chris Ross walks out onto stage with a microphone in hand.

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Jordan: And his opponent.....

Ross: Shut the hell up! When will you learn I don't want you announcing my name?!

The fans boo louder as Ross storms down the ramp and slides into the ring.

**Ross**: Get the hell out of the ring you bum! What does C.H. even stand for?! Cunt Hair?! That is the stupidest name I have ever heard of in my life!

Jordan throws his arms up and slides out of the ring not wanting anything to do with The Boss.

**Ross**: Now before that oh so rude interruption! Ladies and gentlemen you all are here to witness the pure talent of the best thing to come out of Harrisburg!

Ross says when he stops and looks at Impulse.

**Ross**: Oh what?! What are you looking at fruit cake? Eying me up ready to screw me over right? Yeah I love how Mikey Unlikely appears to have it out for me! Since day One Mikey has made it his mission to screw Chris Ross over! I get screwed in that tournament against that no talent fossil Andy Murray!

Cally: Why is he so loud!? He does know that he doesn't need to yell all the time right?

Ace: I think he has valid complaints!

Blackfront: And to think he is taking anger management classes....

**Ross**: Oh I say something on Twitter and I get fined and forced to go anger management. I have come to the conclusion that people who run anger management classes are scam artists! Guess what? I'm more pissed off now than when I first when to these classes! Oh yeah nothing like having to listen to some Mr. Rogers sounding prick try and tell me I have an anger problem. I DON'T HAVE AN ANGER PROBLEM!!!!!!!!!

The fans in the arena burst into laughter at the comment.

Cally: They have a cream for that, don't they?

Ace: Uh Chris? Wording....

**Ross**: Oh you know what I mean! I am surrounded by them apparently! You know what shut up!!! All of you no longer deserve to hear my introduction!!!! I hope you ass wipes are happy!!!

Impulse is clearly chuckling as Ross throws the microphone over the top rope where it makes a loud bang as it lands.

Cally: I've been telling him for weeks. Yoga and some herbal tea can get that under control.

**Blackfront**: Well be it as it is this match is about to be under way!

The bell rings and Ross and Dexter circle each other before locking up. Ross with his strength shoves him sending him flying across the ring. The Boss laughs clearly not even taking his opponent seriously. Pointdexter looks at his opponent trying to gain the courage he needs. Dexter slowly gets up and The Boss storms over kicking him in the gut. Wasting no time at all The Keystone State Killa begins pounding on Dexter in the corner before Impulse comes between them. He warns Ross who gets in his face screaming at him. The Boss turns and Dexter does a roll rolling Ross up!

ONE....

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TWO....

Ross kicks out and gets up completely irate. Dexter gets up and turns into the grip of The Keystone State Killa who sends him flying over head with a belly to belly suplex. The Gamer Nerd rolls trying to get up but The Boss is relentless with his assault and starts stomping on his back and rains brutal forearms across the sides of his head. Without even a second thought he pulls Pointdexter up by his hair and flings him back with a release german suplex. Dexter lays there in a heap as Ross lets out a long yawn clearly taking his time mocking his opponent. Pointdexter slowly gets to his feet and Ross just levels him with a clothesline that folds him like an accordion. The Boss suddenly slides out of the ring and grabs a steel chair from the time keeper.

Cally: Hey now! That's rude!

Ace: Forget that! I don't think Ross cares about winning at this point!

Ross slides into the ring with the chair and Impulse immediately grabs the chair trying to snatch it from him. Dexter stands up as the struggle ensues. With his strength The Keystone State Killa pulls the chair from Impulse. Ross turns around and Dexter kicks the chair right into his face with a spinning tornado kick! The fans go nuts as Ross appears to be out cold!

Cally: Whoaaaa! Where did that come from?!

Ace: DISQUALIFICATION!!!!! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?! DEXTER USED A WEAPON!

**Blackfront**: No he didn't! Ross is the one who brought in the weapon! It just backfired!

Pointdexter is almost shocked that he actually did that looking around for a few moments as Impulse slides the chair out of the ring. The gamer Nerd goes for the cover, but Impulse refuses to count!

Ace: Finally, something I can get behind on this kid!

The fans boo, but Impulse clearly explains to the irate Dexter, 'Not like that.'

Blackfront: Well, that's a first.

**Cally**: He didn't bring it in, so he's not gonna get tossed out. Still, RK knows that's not a legitimate wrestling hold. Flying Chairacarana? What's that about?

Ross starts to stir.

Ace: Oh my god he busted Ross open! This is not right!!!

The camera zooms in showing a stream of blood coming down Ross' face. The Boss reaches up and feels the blood and immediately gets a look of fire in his eyes. He sits up and like a snorting bull charges at Dexter who hits him with a drop toe hold sending The Boss face first into the mat. Pointdexter suddenly jumps up and he raises his fists in the air.

Pointdexter: CHEAT CODE ACTIVATED!!!!!!!!!!

Ace: What the hell is this nerd doing?!

All of a sudden Dexter grabs Ross by his arms and sets his foot on the back of his head.

Ace: Wait wait wait! Are you shitting me?! He can't do that!!!!!!! That's not even his move!!!!

Blackfront: It is now Ace!!!

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The fans go wild as Pointdexter drives Ross' face into the mat with the same curbstomp that Chris Ross has used time and time again.

Ace: This can't be happening! Someone stop this!!!!!!

Dexter goes for the cover.

ONE....

TWO....

THRE.....

The Boss barely kicks out. Dexter pounds his fist into the mat frustrated clearly thinking this match was over. Ross stands up stumbling around falling into the corner. Pointdexter points making a bow and arrow motion before he runs and does a baseball slide into his knee. The Keystone State Killa collapses holding his knee. Dexter grabs Ross by his feet and turns him over locking in his submission Game Over!

Blackfront: Game Over! Game Over is locked in! Ross may have no choice but to tap.

Ace: Game Over?! That's Jay Harvey's move!

Blackfront: Well I guess Harvey will have to take that up with Dexter then!

The Boss screams in pain as Impulse checks for a tap. Slowly he struggles but he reaches the ropes forcing Dexter to let go. Pointdexter lets go of the submission and Ross immediately slides out of the ring collapsing to try and recover.

Ace: I can't believe what we're seeing here! Dexter Pointdexter is taking it to Chris Ross!

Blackfront: I think we're all shocked!

Dexter slides out of the ring as Ross rises to his feet. The Boss turns and grabs Pointdexter slamming him down with a belly to belly suplex outside! Ross grabs the gamer nerd and slides him back into the ring and he follows suit. He grabs Dexter and sets him up.

Ross: This is how it's really done!

And with those words said Ross drives Dexter face first into the ground with a curbstomp.

Ace: Well flush this one down the toilet! Game Over Dexter! You lose!

The Boss goes for a cover...

ONE.....

TWO....

THRE.....

The fans erupt as some how some way Dexter Pointdexter has the wherewithal to drape his foot on the bottom rope. Ross stands up and raises his arm in victory.

Cally: Why is he celebrating? I didn't hear no bell!

Blackfront: She's right! This match isn't over!

Impulse informs Ross about what happened. It doesn't take long before the two men are face to face arguing before a recovered Dexter Pointdexter rolls Ross up from behind!

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ONE.... TWO... THREE!!!!!!!!!!

Jordan: The winner of this match!!!! DEXTER POINTDEXTER!!!!!

Ace: ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

Blackfront: Wow I am in shock......

**Ace**: Impulse just screwed The Boss again!!! That dweeb did not win that match!

Dexter with a complete look of shock on his face runs to the top rope and climbs it celebrating. Ivy runs into the ring throwing her arms around him as he celebrates with Impulse. Ross sits there in almost a state of catatonic shock unable to comprehend what happened.

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## A Message

As we cut backstage we are welcomed by the sight of Jamie Sawyers.

Jamie Sawyers: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this......AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!

Before Jamie can finish his sentences he is pushed to the ground and he looks up in fear as the person standing above him is Scott Stevens who doesn't appear to be in a pleasant mood. Stevens takes the microphone out of Sawyers' hand and looks directly into the camera. His eyes are filled with rage and hatred and his focus is clearly on one thing, or one person.

Scott Stevens: David Hightower......

Stevens says as he motions for the camera to zoom in.

Scott Stevens: I'm coming for you!

The Texan proclaims as he drops the mic and heads off camera. As Jamie gets to his feet and gets himself composed the camera captures a smiling David Hightower in the distance as he rubs his club cast.

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#### Do Your Research...Bruv

Backstage we see a cleaning cart loaded with supplies, a wet floor sign blocks a door. We see The UTA's resident janitor Ron Hall sitting on a stack of pallets, he's dressed in jeans and a grey "Property of WrestleUTA" T Shirt. He's talking on his cell phone to some unnamed person.

Ron: May 7th... it's still then. I have a few things I have to deal with between now and then but nothing's changed...

Ron looks up as he hears someone approaching.

**Ron:** Listen, I'm going to need to call you back, a load of hot air just blew this way.

He hangs up his phone as In walks WrestleUTA Champion JFK and the Boss Mikey Unlikely dressed in his game day suit.

Mikey Unlikely: You're out of uniform Ron.

Ron: The ones I asked you to order haven't arrived yet. #Mikeyischeap.

**Mikey Unlikely:** That would be because I don't take orders from you, it's the other way around, hence why you're the Janitor and I'M the Boss!

Ron looks at JFK who is holding the Wrestle UTA World Title like it's his first born.

Ron: Did the two of you need to talk to me about something?

Mikey nudges JFK and points at Hall.

**Kendrix:** Oh yeah, I mean...Listen, yeah Ronald?! You saw JFK and your buddy Crimson Lord have a little chat two weeks ago, right? I mean, who on earth doesn't tune in when the WrestleUTA Champ is on Hulu?

Mikey Unlikely: Obvs nobody! You're the Champ!

**Kendrix:** Totally Obvs! Now, a lot of people would have fallen asleep when Crimsy was spouting off on his boring history lesson. But unlike the people of Baton Rouge, JFK is a respectful human and gave that freak the time of day.

The muffled boos of the arena filter through backstage.

**Kendrix:** I just couldn't help but take a keen interest in what he was saying. Something about how "he" was some kind of monster. An uncontrollable monster that put his colleagues on the shelf...a monster that put Champions...on the shelf.

Jesse momentarily glances at his title resting over his shoulder.

**Kendrix:** Now, JFK couldn't find any of those old school movie film reel projector thingies to watch any of this footage...BUT...he does remember Crimson saying that back in the 60s...YOU used to call him a "Weapon of Destruction"?

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Ron rolls his eyes at Jesse's lack of respect.

Ron: It's wasn't a nickname. He was. You?

Looks at JFK with contempt.

Ron: You're someone he would have made an example out of.

Mikey Unlikely: How so?

Ron smiles and leans in

**Ron:** When I look at you JFK, I see a little boy who hasn't shown respect for this business. I see a cute little face that would be soaked in blood because of what Crimson would have done to them just to start. I see a little boy who would walk into No Love Lost on March 5th thinking the wrestling business was fortunate enough to have him and on March 6th, he'd never want to hear the words Professional Wrestling again after the Doctors got done putting him back together.

Kendrix and Mikey look at each other, slightly concerned, before Jesse shakes his head and dismissively waves his hand out flat in front of Hall.

**Kendrix:** Naaah, bruv! There's no way that's true. If it were, then where was this "uncontrollable monster" when he had JFK in the ring with him two weeks ago? Why didn't this "Weapon of Destruction" just take me out there and then?

**Ron:** Did it ever occur to you that maybe, just maybe he's picking his spot? Maybe, just maybe, he's getting inside your head? Experience is one hell of a teacher you know.

Kendrix and Mikey look quizzically over at each other before quickly sharing a chuckle. Kendrix apparently enjoying it so much he had to wipe a tear away from his eye.

**Kendrix:** Oh, mercy! Getting inside JFK's head, that's a good one. You think JFK became Champ by people getting inside his head? You think I'm scared of Crimson Lord?

Mikey reassuringly pats the Champ on his back.

Mikey Unlikely: Not a chance!

**Kendrix:** Pfffft. JFK ain't scared of anyone, you got that? The only reason I'm giving you the time of day right now is because I'm simply researching my opponent before No Love Lost. You see, I thought I could get some insight from a man with past experience...but I guess I was wrong...I mean, just look where all that experience has got you Ronald.

**Ron:** Talk brave all you want young one, because when I look at your face, I don't see a man who might be a little nervous, or even intimidated by what he's getting into. He's terrified!

Jesse's eyes widen at the Hall of Famer's claim But before he can step in close Mikey steps between the two and cuts him off.

Mikey Unlikely: C'mon bruv. We're just wasting Oreo Frappes time here.

Jesse checks his wristwatch.

**Kendrix:** What? It's Oreo Frappe'clock already?!

As the bruvs turn their backs on the WrestleUTA Hall of Famer, Ron...

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Ron: Just a thought before you go, you said you really like coffee right Mikey?

Mikey Unlikely: Yeah...

Hall begins sweeping as though nothing is out of the ordinary,

**Ron:** You two might really wanna get a taste for it between now and when we go to Chicago on the 21st. Might be really helpful, never know who you'll meet.

Mikey Unlikely: Huh!?!

Frustrated, Jesse steps forward, invading Hall's personal space.

Kendrix: What on earth are you babbling on about, Hall?

**Ron:** That, or March 5th Jesse, you are going to get the ass kicking of a lifetime.

Ron turns around and resumes his work. Jesse steps back, grits his teeth momentarily before dismissively shrugging off Hall's word of warning. He pats Mikey on the shoulder.

Kendrix: What a Bellend, Bruv. Let's get out of here.

As The Boss and The Champ walk off, seeing they are comfortably out of distance, Ron stops and pulls his phone out, after a moment, he dials a number.

Ron: Hello? Hey it's me. I did what you asked.

Hall Waits for a few moments as someone on the other end talks.

Ron: We'll see how smart they are. If they are, you'll have company in two weeks, if not, March 6th, you may be going back to court.

Some inaudible chatter from the other end of the line.

Ron: We'll see, I don't think they're overly bright but we'll find out together. I gotta run. Bye.

He hangs up, leans on his broom and lets out a heavy sigh as we cut to commercial.



## THE Jay Harvey vs Scott Stevens

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion

The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as he winks at Catalina. The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle.

**Jordan**: This match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit. Coming to the ring hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... Standing at Six Foot-Four inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Thirty Three pounds...

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He sits on the middle rope and signals for Catalina to enter the ring. As she does she gives Harvey a kiss on the lips, shaking her ass in the process.

Ace: That's my favorite part of the show, Jason!

Blackfront: Why am I not surprised?

**Jordan**: He is accompanied by the lovely Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as "the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarrveeeeyyyyy!

Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner and gets one last kiss from Catalina before she exits the ring; "The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

**Blackfront**: Don't forget what happened earlier tonight to put this match together. Scott Stevens challenged Harvey to a one on one match and Harvey couldn't help but accept.

**Ace**: This crowd of heathens called THE Jay Harvey a chicken. He had to accept. Scott Stevens played THE Jay Harvey and he's gonna wish he never interrupted THE Jay Harvey.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

**Blackfront**: Scott Stevens was brutally assaulted last show by David Hightower, but tonight he's looking to take out his aggression on Jay Harvey, the man you say he manipulated into a match tonight.

**Ace**: Manipulated? Harvey was tricked! Stevens doesn't have the skills or the intelligence to manipulate even someone from Louisiana much less THE Jay Harvey!

Jordan: Coming to the ring...

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas.

Jordan: The former UTA Wildfire Champion. He hails from the great state of Texas...

Walking down the aisle, Stevens smiles and plays to the crowd, who are loving him tonight.

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Jordan: Standing at Six foot Six inches tall and weighing in at Two Hundred-Fifty Six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and gets more cheers from the crowd. He hops down and stares down Harvey, who is looking focused for the upcoming match.

Jordan: THE SCORPION! SCOTT! STEEEEEEEVVVVVVVVEEEEEEEENNNNNNNNSSSSSSS!

An icy glare is followed by a throat slash. The bell sounds and the crowd is electric. Scott Stevens and Jay Harvey circle around each other in the center of the ring. The crowd is pumped as the men lock up in a Collar and Elbow tie up. Jay Harvey pushes Stevens into the nearby ropes. The referee counts to try and separate the men. Harvey slowly pulls back while Stevens raises both arms into the air. Harvey lands a Knife Edge Chop right to the heart of Scott Stevens. Stevens' chest turns red from the chop. Harvey grabs his opponent by the wrist and goes for an Irish Whip but it's reversed. Stevens raises his right boot which connects with Harvey's chin, knocking him to the ground. Harvey gets back to his feet as Stevens goes for The Toxic Sting. Harvey pushes Stevens and rolls out of the ring and out of any further harm. Catalina goes over to Harvey to check on him.

**Blackfront**: The fans letting Harvey know their opinion of him...

CHI-CKEN!

CHI-CKEN!

CHI-CKEN!

Catalina: Shut the hell up!

Jay Harvey walks around the outside of the ring as the referee starts his Ten Count. Scott Stevens walks toward the ring ropes and sits on the middle rope, gesturing for Harvey to come back into the ring.

Ace: Is Stevens trying to tick off THE Jay Harvey?!

Harvey slides into the ring, then him and Stevens trade fists. Stevens gets the upper hand in the exchange. He grabs Harvey by the head and tosses him into the corner. Stevens lands a few knees to Harvey's midsection. Harvey is sent across the ring, into the adjacent corner. Stevens tries to pump the crowd up before rushing Harvey, hitting a clothesline that rocks Harvey. Stevens goes for another Irish Whip but has it reversed by Harvey. Stevens slams into the corner and stumbles towards the middle of the ring. Jay Harvey hits the ropes behind Stevens then leapfrogs up over Stevens and connects with a Bulldog. He goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two!

Stevens is able to kick out. Stevens tries to get to his feet but Harvey locks him in a Headlock. A replay of the Leapfrog Bulldog and pin attempt hits your screen. We return to action as Stevens is able to land some elbows into Harvey's gut, getting separation. Stevens uses both hands to grab Harvey by the head and snap him over, sending him crashing to the mat. Stevens bounces off the ropes and lands a vicious kick to the spin of Jay Harvey. Harvey's body stiffens up and the look on his face is one of agonizing pain. Stevens hits the ropes again, coming back towards Harvey with a Running European Uppercut on the seated Harvey. He goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two!

Harvey is able to kick out. Stevens moves quickly and pulls Harvey up to his feet. Stevens body slams Harvey to the mat and moves toward the corner. He climbs up to the second rope and the crowd cheers him on. Stevens jumps off and lands an elbow to the face of Jay Harvey. He goes for the pinfall again.

Referee: One! Two!

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Harvey once again is able to kick out. Stevens grabs Harvey by the head and lands some stiff right fists onto the top of Harvey's head. Catalina jumps onto the ring apron and hears the boos from the Baton Rouge crowd. Stevens finally sees Catalina and stomps attacking Harvey.

Blackfront: What is she doing?

Ace: Stevens better not touch her!

Stevens walks with his hands on his hips toward Catalina. The two jaw at each other but microphones can't pick up the interaction. Harvey starts to stir now. Stevens has his back to Harvey. Jay Harvey rushes Stevens and takes out the right knee of Scott Stevens.

Ace: Yes!

Catalina drops back to the floor, clapping her hands.

Blackfront: What a witch!

Ace: You shut your mouth, Jason. Catalina is a saint!

**Blackfront**: THE Jay Harvey going after the right knee of Scott Stevens. Stevens wears a knee brace on that knee.

Jay Harvey goes to work on the right knee of Stevens. Harvey furiously lands lefts and rights on Stevens injured knee. Harvey grabs the leg and drops it on the bottom rope. Harvey grips the top rope jumps in the air, coming crashing down on his opponent's right knee. Stevens screams in pain. Jay Harvey goes through the ropes and hits the floor. Harvey pulls Stevens close to the corner. Harvey places Stevens so a leg is on each side of the ring post. Harvey pulls the right leg of Stevens out and then slams it into the ring post. Stevens is in agony. Harvey slams the right knee into the post one more time. The referee yells at Harvey to quit or else he will be disqualified. The fans boo Harvey for his dastardly deeds. Harvey slides back into the ring. Stevens is crawling towards the middle of the ring. Harvey grabs Stevens by the boots, spreading his legs before landing an elbow onto Stevens' surgically repaired knee. Harvey grabs Stevens' shin as he places his shin behind it to stretch the knee of The Scorpion.

Harvey: Ask him, Ref!

Stevens writhes in pain, grabbing at the face of Jay Harvey. The referee is right in the middle of the action. Harvey punches Stevens in the very knee he continues to attack. Stevens lands an elbow to Harvey's temple, and another, and another to break free. Stevens grabs at his knee while Jay Harvey looks to size up his opponent. Harvey rests on the ropes, he cracks a smile while making a pistol with his hand.

Ace: Stevens is going to get a wake-up call!

Scott Stevens is on all fours struggling to get to his feet. Harvey pulls the trigger and rushes Scott Stevens.

**Blackfront**: What a Spinebuster! Scott Stevens with a Spinebuster!

Ace: How in the hell was he able to pull that off?!

**Blackfront**: That was a move out of sheer desperation!

The fans are on their feet. Stevens moves around the ring slowly with a hobble. He grabs Harvey by the head and tosses him through the ropes and to the outside. Catalina makes her way over to Harvey who lays on the padding above the concrete floor. Scott Stevens leans against the turnbuckles, getting some much-needed rest. Harvey is now vertical as Catalina continues to give him aid. Stevens steps through the ropes and is now on the ring apron. The crowd is getting on their feet and getting louder. Harvey turns back toward the ring as Stevens jumps off the apron.

**Blackfront**: My god! Stevens taking Harvey out with a Clothesline from the ring apron!

Both men are on the ground. Catalina stands over the two, just narrowing escaping the same fate as Harvey. The referee stands next to the ropes and starts his Ten Count. The crowd is on fire as both men start moving around the outside.

Blackfront: No! No! No! David Hightower!

Hightower comes into the picture and tosses Jay Harvey into the barricade. He then goes after Scott Stevens by nearly decapitating the Texan with a running clothesline using his cast. The referee calls for the bell bring the match to an end.

Blackfront: Good God! Not the Club again!

Ace: Stevens brought this upon himself. He's getting what he deserved.

Blackfront: How's that?

Ace: He shouldn't have broken The Big Dog's hand.

Hightower makes his way over to Stevens and continues his assault from last show by viciously punching him repeatedly in the back of the head with his cast. Catalina pulls Harvey to his feet and the two go up the ramp and away from the destruction.

**Blackfront**: Hightower continuing where he left off with those vicious blows. Can we get security out here and stop this?

Ace: Why? This my second favorite part of the show. Now where did I put that popcorn?

Security and Officials make their way down to ringside and plead with Hightower to leave Stevens alone but the Big Dog isn't in a merciful mood as he attacks the officials and the security staff until they hightail it to the back.

**Blackfront**: I bet Mikey is loving every minute of this.

Ace: How dare you say that! Mikey cannot control what David Hightower does. The man is a monster!

Hightower continues his onslaught of Stevens with another running clothesline. Hightower picks up Stevens and throws him into the steel ring steps. Stevens lays there motionless on the ground and a devilish smile resides on Hightower's face as he kicks the steps out of the way and lays Stevens on top of it.

**Blackfront**: Look at the man's eyes! He has bad intentions right now.

Ace: They are lovely eyes aren't they?

Blackfront: You're sick.

Hightower grabs a chair and lifts it high into the air.

Ace: This is going to be amazing!

Blackfront: What the......

Hightower lifts up the chair but suddenly drops in and starts shaking.

Ace: What?!?!?! What happened?!?!?

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**Blackfront**: The cavalry has arrived.

Ace: Stevens is the luckiest man on the planet!

Police Officers use their taser to bring down the big man long enough to slap shackles on him. As the police continue with Hightower medical personnel attend to Stevens. We fade out on the scene and go to commercial.







## Mikey's No Love Lost Matchmaking.

The tron area lights up and the cameras cut from the Raising Cane's Center to the bigscreen. The office of Mikey Unlikely sits before us, the Owner of WrestleUTA sits behind his desk. He wears the same suit he's been wearing all night. His arms crossed infront of him, he stares confidently at the camera.

**Unlikely:** Ladies and Gentlemen, fans of WrestleUTA, in a few short weeks we will be bringing out our first live Pay Per View of the new era! The Mikey Era! When WrestleUTA presents: No Love Lost! Live from Philips Arena, in Atlanta, Georgia on Sunday, March 5th!

The fans in the arena cheer.

**Unlikely:** Now we already know that in the MAIN EVENT of the evening we will see "THE CHOSEN ONE!" My best Bruv, and yours! Jesse Fredricks Kendrix defend his WrestleUTA World Championship against the new Number one contender for that title... CRIMSON LORD!

Now the fans lose it for the number one contender.

**Unlikely:** Now, that said... I think it's time we add another match to compliment this incredible main event! I think it's time to let two men settle their score inside of the ring. Two men who have been going at it for weeks and tearing up the Wrestlezone as well as here tonight! I'm talking about David Hightower and Scott Stevens!

Another rediculious fan reaction.

**Unlikely:** So i'm making the match now, David Hightower is signing a waiver in regards to his broken hand, and will be taking on Scott Stevens, at No Love Lost in a No Disqualifications match! Something has got to give here, and I for one, am looking forward to these guys to go at it!

Ace: What a great boss!

Blackfront: Mikey's made the match! Scott Stevens will face David Hightower at No Love Lost, in a No DQ match!

Unlikely: Thank you amazing WrestleUTA fans as always, for tuning into the best wrestling action on the planet!

The screen fades.



### Crimson Lord vs Jestal

Back to ringside.

**Blackfront:** Wow folks, what an announcement just made by the owner, No Love Lost is shaping up to be a hell of a show.

Ace: You're not kidding Jason! It's going to be a big night for us! for these fans! and for Mikey I'm sure!

Death Dealer by The Engima TNG; Crimson Lord's new theme song begins...

Blackfront: Woahhhhh, and it just might be THIS GUY'S night at No Love Lost!

Fans: GUILTY!!!

Fans: INNOCENT!!!

The lights flash on and off rapidly, as the fans erupt when Zoey skips from behind the curtain toward the left side of the stage. She smiles and waves at the fans for a moment then she turns around and skips the other side of the stage and waves at that side of the fans. She then turns and skips to the front of the stage and and gets on her knees and crawls down the ramp a few feet from the entranceway.

Jordan: The following contest is your Main Event of the evening....

She looks to the left and to the right all smiles, She quickly sits on her knees, throws her hands up in the air looking up at the roof of the Wrestlezone. Pyro goes off behind her so much that smoke envelops the stage. Crimson Lord can barely be seen in the smoke, as he steps out of the smoke, and walks toward Zoey. She stands up and turns to the side and puts her right hand on Crimson's chest. CL has his head down and water drips from his face. CL looks up as he and Zoey share a ten second pose, before Zoey starts to skip to the ring.

Blackfront: Crimson clearly was not amused at Jestal's Valentine's Day gift to Zoey earlier.

Ace: Zoey seemed to like it. Who cares what he thinks?!

Crimson continues his walk toward the ring. As he reaches it he looks into the ring for a moment while Zoey skips around the outside of the ring, slapping hands with the fans as she does it. Crimson heads for the steel steps, slowly walking up them to the apron. Zoey skips to the steps walking up them to the apron. CL steps on the bottom rope and pulls the middle one up for Zoey to access the ring. She skips to each side of the ring ropes blowing kisses to the fans. CL Steps over the top rope and faces the announce team.

**Jordan:** Coming to the ring first being accompanied by Zoey... weighing in at 348 pounds...from Chicago, Illinois....."The PERFECT Weapon" CRIMMMMSSSSOONNN LORRRDD!

A few moments later he turns toward the main camera his arms out to the side and yells, Zoey jumps on the back of Crimson with her arms wrapped around his neck and legs around his waist still all smiles as she waves to the fans. Zoey climbs down off of CL.

Fans: GUILTY!!!

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Fans: INNOCENT!!!

Zoey takes Crimson's jacket as he looks toward the entranceway as she makes her exit from the ring. 4

Blackfront: Crimson looking in great shape and he'll need to be with No Love Lost not far away.

Ace: No doubt about it, Crimson is going to have to be at his best if he has any chance of beating Kendrix!

Destal's Theme hits the PA, to a chorus of boos as the Mad Prince steps from behind the curtain this time with a square present in his left hand with a red bow on it. Clucky firmly clutched in his other hand. He makes his way talking toward Crimson not clearly picked up by the cameras.

Jordan: and his opponent....weighing in at 260 pounds....

**Blackfront:** One of the most bizarre competitors ever to have stepped foot in the UTA. Jestal with a big opportunity here to impress with a win against someone of Crimson Lord's stature in the game.

Ace: What's his weird obsession with Clucky all about? This guy belongs in a mental institution.

Jordan: ...from The Funhouse......"The Mad Prince"...JEEESSTTAALLL!

As Jestal walks down the aisle he gets annoyed by a few fans before reaching the ring. He winks toward Zoey, which only makes Crimson clutch his fist firmly. The Jester enters the ring setting Clucky in the corner. Walking over to Crimson he offers him the present in his other hand.

Crimson looks down at the gift and crosses his arms not amused. Jestal begs for Crimson to take it.

Blackfront: Crimson clearly is not in the mood for presents especially from someone like Jestal.

Ace: Oh come on, Jestal clearly realized he upset Crimson earlier he is just trying to apologize by giving him a gift.

Crimson continues to stare at the gift, as though he is somewhat curious about it. Jestal, realizing he's not going to take it, sets it down on the ground next to him and walks to the corner watching Crimson who stares back at the Clown. Crimson looks at the gift, still unwrapped, as he kneels down and reaches for it. He slowly opens the box. His eyes widen as he looks inside He reaches in and pulls out what looks to be some sort of grenade size red balloon. Jestal is now laughing hysterically in the corner as Crimson stares at the balloon which looks like there's a small pebble inside it.

Crimson clenches his teeth as he stares through the balloon toward The Clown on the ground laughing. Just as Crimson is about to lower the balloon from his face the camera catches Jestal with a hand gripped object with a red button on top of it. He's caught pressing the button, the balloon explodes in front of Crimson's face as smoke escapes from it. Crimson shakes his head as he gets a full facial exposure to the cloud of smoke. Zoey looks on shocked. Jestal on the other hand quickly takes advantage and charges Crimson, still disoriented. The Jester punches at Crimson's body and swift kicks him in the thighs.

Blackfront: Whatever that was that just blew up in Crimson's face has given Jestal the early advantage here.

**Ace:** Yeah, but it's not lasting long.

Crimson quickly recovers and grabs The Clown by the throat, lifting him high up in front of him! The Jester struggles to free himself from the clutches of the number one contender.

**Blackfront:** This is not a good position for Jestal to be in right n...

1 "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System. Crimson still with Jestal in his clutches quickly looks toward

the entranceway. As the WrestleUTA Champion makes his appearance.

Ace: The Chosen One is gracing us with his presence, Jason! See, I told you he wasn't scared of Crimson Lord!

Kendrix casually strolls out from the curtain, WrestleUTA title draped over his shoulder, in full cocky smirk mode and taking his place in the centre of the stage. Crimson releases Jestal from his choke hold, leaving the Clown clutching at his throat gasping for air.

**Blackfront:** Jestal exiting the ring now, not a bad bit of recuperation strategy there with his opponent's gaze set firmly on Kendrix circling the ring.

Ace: Hey, I think he's coming over to sit with us Jason, how lucky are we?! Hey JFK, you want a headset?!

Kendrix indeed settles himself down at the announcers, putting his feet up on the table as he grabs the headset off of Tommy.

**Blackfront:** Why don't you make yourself at home Champ?

Ace: Can you hear us Kendrix?!

Kendrix: I sure can, first things first Tommy, how's JFK's hair looking, the headset hasn't messed it up has it?

Ace: It looks great as always Champ, obvs!

Blackfront: Good Lord.

**Kendrix:** You know, because you're the only one on this table whose unbiased week in and week out when it comes to calling JFK's matches, Tommy...you get a TOTALLY OBVS...from the Chosen One!

**Ace:** OH MY GOD! Thank you so much, I always wanted one of those. Did you hear that Jason?! I got a Totally Obvs from the Champ!

**Blackfront:** Hmmm, well I think you better get your attention back on the task at hand. Right now Crimson and Zoey's attention is clearly on you Kendrix.

Crimson looks down at Jesse from the ring, Zoey does the same from the floor. The Champ simply waves back at them.

**Kendrix:** Listen, yeah Jason! You don't need to call that. Obvs those two freaks' attention is on me. Jesse Fredericks Kendrix is the WrestleUTA World Champion. The only reason anyone watches this show is because of me, everyone already knows that. So instead, why don't you call the fact that those two Bellends are checking JFK and his shiny WrestleUTA World Title out when Crimsy over there SHOULD...be worried about Jestal sneaking up on him...

Sneaking into the ring looking to take advantage of the distracted seven footer. Jestal looks out to the fans holding his index finger to his lips. The Clown gets close enough to strike but Crimson quickly turns around and nails the 3rd Eye on the Clown which hits Jestal so hard he back flips in mid air. He lands on his feet in a feat of pure agility.

**Blackfront:** Nothing wrong with Crimson Lord's awareness there but equally impressive athleticism from Jestal.

Ace: I don't know, he's not looking so good right now.

Despite The Clown having both fists up out in front of him, ready to fight, he soon falls face first forward with only the ropes to stop his descent to the canvas. Crimson turns The Jester around and tosses him off the rope. As the Clown approaches he's tossed a good nine feet up in the air only to be caught on Crimson's shoulders and dropped backward to the canvas.

**Blackfront:** Big Samoan Drop from Crimson Lord!

Crimson turns around with his left knee on the mat and right fist on the mat, staring coldly toward the Champ. Crimson gets to a vertical base still with that stare toward Kendrix who simply waves back and smiles at the big man.

**Blackfront:** Do you think it's wise to be poking at a man of that size and strength, Jesse.

**Kendrix:** What? He keeps looking at me. He's like one of them super weird stalky fans who hasn't got the courage to come up to me and say hello. You know what I mean, Tommy.

Ace: I sure do, you know there was this one girl who was really into...

**Blackfront:** I don't think we need to get into that right now Tommy.

Having left the ring Jestal once more tries to recover from the assault by Crimson, who is now jawing with Kendrix in an inaudible manner while he points down at the broken Jester outside.

Kendrix: You what, bruv? Nah, sorry, JFK don't understand Emo, maaatee! It's a dead language, like Latin.

Ace: Hahahaha, good one Champ.

Kendrix: Thanks, Tommy.

Crimson's full attention soon turns to the Jester who finally pulls himself up to a vertical base. Holding his lower back in pain he struggles to walk around the ring, soaking up what little is left of the refs count. On the count of nine Jestal slides himself into the ring and then back out the moment Crimson moves toward him.

Fans: GUILTY!!!

Fans: INNOCENT!!!

**Kendrix:** What great strategy from Jestal there. See how he's playing mind games with Crimson's head, Jason? That's nothing compared to how JFK's gonna fuck with it all the way to No Love Lost, bruv.

**Blackfront:** Crimson waiting patiently for the Clown to get back in the ring. He's certainly taking his sweet time up those steps. Jestal being very cautious, scared even.

Jestal tells the ref to make sure Crimson is away from him, waving at the number one contender to back off. Despite cautiously entering the ring Crimson is quick to move in only for Jestal to stick half his body through the second and top rope again motioning for the ref to restrain his opponent.

**Blackfront:** More time wasting tactics from Jestal here. Tell me Kendrix, are you liking what you're seeing so far on what I'm guessing is another research mission on your part tonight? We saw you earlier digging for information from Ron Hall.

**Kendrix:** You know what Jase, I don't have to tell you a damn thing. But for the record JFK is out here doing what any other professional should be doing and that's checking out the opposition up close and personal, innit?!

**Ace:** I've always said you're a professional Champion, Kendrix. Like how you approached your match with Dylan Daniels two weeks ago.

After a few moments Jestal finally gets in the ring and circles the seven footer towering above him. He quickly goes for a lock up and without much effort Crimson shoves the Clown off from the clutch.

Jestal reverse somersaults and falls into the corner. Looking up at the giant stunned, he gains his composure and

circles the giant once more. Locking up again, Jestal is quickly overpowered and hip tossed to the other side of the ring slamming once more into the adjacent turnbuckle.

Jestal quickly holds his head and exits the ring. He paces back and forth trying to shake off the beating he has taken so far.

**Blackfront:** Jestal is repeatedly leaving the ring in this match. He's hesitant to return.

**Kendrix:** Of course he is. Look at the size of that guy. If he gets his hands on you then you're in big trouble, absolutely no doubt about it. You can't afford to get into a clutch with Crimson Lord, there's only going to be one winner. Make no mistake, JFK won't be employing that strategy at No Love Lost.

**Blackfront:** We saw the same hesitancy from you two weeks ago when it looked like you were going to blindside your opponent with the WrestleUTA World Title there by your feet but you decided otherwise when Crimson Lord saw you coming.

**Kendrix:** That's your opinion, Jason, the same negative opinions JFK's heard you attach to my good name ever since I've been in this company. Thankfully we have Tommy here to cover your shortfalls.

Blackfront: So you're not scared of Crimson, then?

Kendrix: Correct, next!

Jestal slides back in the ring once more absorbing the majority of the ten count. This time Jestal raises his right hand. A smirk comes across Crimson's face before he humors the Clown and raises his hand up over seven feet. Clearly the five foot Jester can not reach Crimson's hand and becomes frustrated. The gears in the Clown's head can be seen turning. He raises his index finger to the seven footer and exits the ring. As Crimson and Zoey watch him reach under the ring he pulls out a four foot step ladder. He slides it in and proceeds to set the ladder up in front of Crimson who just watches the Clown set up, affording himself a little chuckle at this unorthodox attempt from his opponent.

**Blackfront:** What on earth is he doing?

Jestal climbs the ladder and again challenges Crimson to a test of strength. Crimson admires his persistence and continues to humor him. They slowly lock hands and Crimson, as expected, quickly overpowers Jestal.

**Kendrix:** This guy is clearly a moron. Playing right into Crimsy's hands. It's too easy for him. But make no mistake bruvs, everyone has a weakness. Andy Murray had a weakness and JFK exploited it. Even Crimsy here, he has a weakness.

**Blackfront:** Do you have a weakness, Kendrix?

**Kendrix:** Of course not, what a stupid question! JFK is gonna find out what Crimsy's is and he's gonna exploit it at the PPV, mark my words, Jason.

Crimson lifts Jestal off the ladder, the Clown in clear pain now. Crimson kicks the ladder out of the way and releases his right hand from the test of strength. Jestal is hanging in mid air with Crimson's left hand firmly grasping his right hand.

**Blackfront:** Crimson Lord certainly showing no weakness here in this incredible show of strength. Jestal's trying to punch at him but all he can do is swing back and forth. Crimson's enjoying himself out there, he's laughing.

Crimson stares down toward Kendrix who removes his feet from the table setting them down to the floor.

Crimson: Now watch this!

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With his free hand, Crimson punches Jestal clean in the gut as if the Clown was a punch bag, swinging back and forth from each punch. Crimson finally releases Jestal who drops straight into Crimson locks his arms around Jestal's back. Positioning his arms downward he halls Jestal upward so his arms are around Jestal's knees. Stepping back the momentum swings Jestal backward into a giant swing position as Crimson pulls The Clown upward once more releasing his legs as Jestal falls face first toward Crimson.

**Blackfront: ACE CRUSHER CONNECTS!** 

Ace: No!!

Crimson gets to a knee once more and looks over at Kendrix. Before going for the cover.

1

2

2 3/4 ...

Blackfront: Hey, Crimson broke his own count.

**Kendrix:** What arrogance, who even does that?!

Blackfront: You did that two weeks ago, Champ! Crimson's got his hands across his eyes.

Swiftly rising up to a vertical base Crimson stumbles to the corner now rubbing his eyes. Zoey is right there asking him what's wrong.

**Ace:** Careful ref, make sure she doesn't hand Crimson a foreign object to use. Why is she even allowed at ringside? You don't see Kendrix have anyone helping him out in his matches...

Blackfront: You're kidding, right? Have you met the guy who runs the place before, Tommy?

**Kendrix:** Obvs he's not. Did you see JFK need any help when he pinned "The King" to win the Wrestle UTA World Championship, Jason, huh?

Jestal, who is slow to start moving moves to the ropes to help himself up to his feet and stumbles into the adjacent corner holding his jaw. Crimson on the opposite side of the ring is heard telling Zoey to get some water. She gives Kendrix the evils as she walks past him over to Jason's side of the announce booth, grabbing his bottle.

Kendrix: Did you see that look in Zoey's eyes, Tommy? Bet you've seen that same look before huh?

Ace: So many times, Champ. That's the look of desire my friend!

Blackront: Will you two stop it.

**Kendrix:** We're just calling things as they happen, Jason. Like how you should have called the fact that despite having the hots for JFK, Zoey just stole your bottle of water and how that's definitely not a woman you take home to meet Mother and Father Kendrix.

Jestal is laughing in his corner, as Crimson comes out of his, the Jester charges for him. Just as she starts to hand the bottle of water to Crimson; he is chop blocked right in the knee sending Crimson down to the mat. Jestal turns around all smiles. As Crimson quickly gets up he stretches his hand outward trying figure out where he is.

**Blackfront:** Crimson Lord struggling to see right now. The effects of that gas like substance from Jestal's gift has really taken effect now.

Crimson turns around and Jestal yet again charges with another chop block knocking the blinded Crimson down once more! Crimson grabs his right knee, but Jestal doesn't give the seven footer a moment to recover. He picks him up, holds his right arm out to the side and puts his foot over the rear deltoid of Crimson. Jestal jumps up and slams Crimson's shoulder into the mat with the additional weight of Jestal with it. Crimson holds his shoulder quickly.

**Blackfront**: Great move by Jestal, not wasting anytime, floats over on top of Crimson's shoulder, straddling his arm and pulling back in a seated Fujimara armbar! Crimson's eyes widen, as the Jester pulls back hard...he's laughing maniacally as he does it!

Kendrix: It is funny, though?!

Ace: Haha, what a hoot!

Fans roar trying to help Crimson as they show their clear favoritism for him

Crimson continues to endure the pain and looks set to tap until he becomes angry and gets to a more stable base on his hands and knees. He screams out in agony as he tries to pull Jestal's armbar forward. Jestal, slowly realizing Crimson is actually fighting through the pain, quickly repositions by jumping up in the air and driving his butt back down over Crimson rear deltoid. Crimson immediately falls back down to the mat riving in pain as Jestal locks it in even deeper!

**Blackfront:** Crimson now yelling at the ref to get away from him! He's crawling, dragging Jestal with him in a desperate attempt toward the ropes.

Jestal tries to increase the pressure stopping the seven footer. Slowly but surely Crimson finally manages to grab the bottom rope! The ref quickly telling Jestal to release the hold but the Clown refuses to. Outside the ring Zoey has poured the water from the bottle into a cup, she throws the water at Crimson's face directly at his eyes! Crimson's face is drenched in water. Jestal finally breaks the hold at four. While the ref gives Jestal a mouthful, Crimson rubs his eyes with his good arm trying to remove whatever he's gotten into his eyes.

Kendrix: Hey Timekeeper! call for the bell! Outside interference dammit!!

Jason: Hmmm, I'm not sure about that.

Ace: That's not fair, she's refreshing Crimson with your water Jason. Are you in cahoots with these two?

Jestal finally stops arguing with the ref but walks straight into Crimson's hand around his throat but the Clown quickly kicks Crimson in the damaged arm, breaking the choke as Crimson tends to his arm. The Jester wastes no time and grabs Crimson, throwing him shoulder first into the steel post. Crimson screams in pain. Jestal exits the ring and grabs Crimson's damaged arm and swings it violently into the steel post, not once not twice but three times!

**Blackfront:** Crimson's shoulder has taken a tremendous amount of damage in this match. You could hear the impact off the unforgiven steel there.

**Kendrix:** Oh look, another contender to my title with another ready made excuse when they get beat by the Chosen One!

Crimson falls back in the ring holding his arm in agony. Squinting his eyes at a concerned looking Zoey, Crimson widens them and throws her a reassuring wink her way as she smiles back. Jestal slides in, walks over and drives his knee into the bad shoulder of Crimson and falls forward with his knee slamming Crimson shoulder into the mat! Jestal again wastes no time grapevines the legs and locks in the *KILLJOY*!

**Blackfront:** Crimson's struggling to break the hold The Clown clearly has done his share of damage to the arm. Crimson tries to get to the rope but Jestal releases the hold and pulls him back to the center of the ring and locks the *KillJoy* in again! Crimson has nowhere to go and is struggling to not tap out here!

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His World By Zebrahead, the tron begins to play Dexter Pointdexter's entrance video package with theme. Jestal looks up at the tron immediately!

Ace: Not this Pointdexter!

Jestal releases the *KillJoy* on Crimson and walks toward the side of the ring facing the entranceway. While Dexter's theme and video continue to play. The Jester begs for him to come out. Crimson is slow to pull himself up with help from the ropes.

**Blackfront:** Jestal really needs to get his head back into the game here.

Ace: You can't take your eyes off of Crimson Lord, especially while you've got him down and in the ascendancy.

**Kendrix:** Absolutely, momentum can shift in an instance, especially against a man with the experience of Crimsy. This is schoolboy stuff here from Jestal.

Zoey points around at the fans before holding her hand out pointing over to the Innocent side. Crimson gets to a vertical base Jestal, clearly distracted by Dexter's Theme Song, has yet to appear. The music and video stop abruptly:

Blackfront: Jestal waiting for Dexter here but it doesn't look like he's coming out.

Ace: Turn around you idiot! Crimson's right behind you!

Fans: GUILTY!!!

Fans: INNOCENT!!!

The Jester finally realizes he is in trouble as he slowly looks over his shoulder at a breathing heavy angry seven footer. He quickly tries to get out of the ring but Crimson grabs Jestal by the neck in a dragon sleeper....he has *Final Judgment: Guilty* locked in outside the apron!

**Kendrix:** What a sneaky move by Crimsy, didn't have the decency to give Jestal a chance to get face to face again after he was distracted by that nerd's music!

Ace: I think the ref agrees with you Kendrix. The ref is telling Crimson to break the hold!

Crimson stares coldly at the ref, he back-steps a bit. Crimson pulls Jestal in from the dragon sleeper over the top ropes and drags him to the center of the ring. He releases the hold and then locks it right back in yelling..

Crimson: Final Judgment: GUILTY!

**Blackfront:** Jestal's tapping out! That didn't take long at all!

Death Dealer by The Engima TNG hits the PA.....Crimson releases the hold and looks down at The Clown while the ref raises Crimson's arm in victory.

Jordan: The winner of this match by submission....CRIMMSSSOON LOORRRRDDD!!

**Blackfront:** Crimson Lord with a big win here and gaining momentum going into No Love Lost. So what have you taken from your research Kendrix?

**Kendrix:** I'm very impressed, Jason. But I'm concerned about Crimson's shoulder. I've got some surgical tape on me right now so I'll just go over and give him some.

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Ace: Wow, what a gesture! That's so nice of you cha...

The sound of Jesse's headset thudding against the table is heard as Crimson Lord gets to his feet inside the ring with Zoey checking on his arm. Within seconds her eyes widen as the atmosphere in the arena picks up a notch when Kendrix quickly slides inside the ring.

Crimson turns just in time to see the Champion up to his feet and launching himself forward with the WrestleUTA Title straight into his face, sending the number one contender back first to the canvass. The music cuts off guickly.

Ace: See, Jason. That's how you do things round here. If you have a problem with someone you do it to their face!

**Blackfront:** That was hardly to his face, Tommy. Crimson Lord was blindsided by Kendrix and now the Champ is pummeling forearms across his face.

Zoey tries to pull Kendrix off Crimson. Jesse moves to shrug her off but catches her with the back of his elbow, sending her onto her backside looking up, holding her face in shock at the Champ.

Blackfront: Reckless behaviour from Kendrix. Inadvertent or not, he's totally out of order right now.

Ace: It was an accident, Jason. She shouldn't be in the ring anyway.

Blackfront: Why not? The match is over.

She backs off to the corner and slides out as Kendrix approaches her, pointing out of the ring. Meanwhile Crimson Lord is stirring. Jesse realises this and maks toward his downed foe. However as he reaches down, Crimson grabs Kendrix by the throat and rises to his feet.

Blackfront: The Champ could be going for a ride here and, oooohhhhhhh! Low blow.

Ace: Haha, yes! He hit the BELLEND!!!!

Lord falls back first to the mat again. Kendrix, down on one knee smiles down at him but soon slides out of the ring and grabs a chair from the time keeper's area.

**Blackfront:** Kendrix not done here, looks like he's doing his best here to make sure Crimson Lord won't make it to No Love Lost.

Kendrix slams the chair on the steel steps and blows Zoey a kiss as she tries to remonstrate with him. The camera has caught Crimson busted wide open. He slowly staggers to his feet as the champ slides in the ring. Zoey watches, as Crimson is back to a vertical base exhausted not only from his match with Jestal, but now the beating he has taken from Kendrix.

The champ winds up not bothering to wait for Crimson to turn around...

In mid motion

Zoey: NOSTALGIA!

The camera catches Crimson's eyes widen, just as Kendrix makes contact with the chair right into the back of Crimson. The monster completely absorbs the chair shot. Kendrix's eyes widen as Crimson slowly turns around blood pouring from his forehead. He wipes his hand over the blood on his face wiping it across the side of his face and then licking it off his hand.

Ace: What the ... ?!

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The champ looks on grossed out but grits his teeth and swings the chair once more, slamming it over the top of Crimson's head....and again Crimson does not even budge.

**Blackfront:** Good Lord! Kendrix looks like he's seen a ghost. Look at the dent in the chair, he can't believe it, and Crimson isn't even fazed!

Kendrix looks over at Zoey and she laughs at him. The Champ looks at the chair and then up at Crimson. Looking back at the chair once more he swings for a third attempt but this time Crimson blocks it in mid air and snatches it from Kendrix's grip. He looks at the chair then a slow demonic stare toward the champ who's clearly horrified.

Ace: OH GOD! GET OUT OF THERE, CHAMP!

Crimson tosses the chair back at Kendrix who instinctively catches it, but before he can decide what to do with it, Crimson slams his right fist into the chair which slams into Jesse's face knocking the champion down to the mat. Crimson wastes no time and grabs the warped chair and places it a few feet from the corner turnbuckles of the ring. He picks up Kendrix who is disoriented. He places him on the turnbuckle facing toward the fans...

Blackfront: BLOOD LUST! On the chair!

Crimson hops up to his feet, he walks over to the down championship and picks it up and walks over to Kendrix, who's out cold, lying on the chair. Blood falling from Crimson's face as he looks down at Kendrix he slowly raises the championship above his head.

**Blackfront:** Look at the intensity in Crimson Lord's eyes. He looks like a different animal, as if something triggered a side of him we haven't seen for a very long time.

**Ace:** That's JFK's title, give it back!

**Blackfront:** Could this be the scene in four weeks, is Crimson Lord going to become the new WrestleUTA World Champion at No Love Lost?

Credits