

# Unsanctioned: 02.19.2020

February 19, 2020 | FWF Studios - Las Vegas, NV

## Introduction

You're logged into the FITE on your smart device when suddenly you see an ad for UTA Unsanctioned. What the hell is that all about? Might as well click it and see what happens. Oh, HAWT damn! It's a live event with no hype or build behind it!? That's brave. UTA doesn't even officially start back up until March 18.

The opening video starts up and it is a highlight reel of the last few months of action under the Fans Wrestling Federation. There are action shots of Lunchbox Larry, Raging Dead, Shawn Kutter, Bobby Dean and all of your favorite FWF stars. We then see the front door of FWF Studios, and a nice shot of the FWF logo. But wait. That's gotta be... that's gotta be... Dick Fury!

Dick Fury: Greetings, FITE viewers. Welcome to a very special episode of FWF... ah damn! Cut! Son of a bitch. I hated that name and now it's stuck in my head. Get ahold of yourself, Dick. Okay. And... action! What do you mean you didn't cut? This is live?! Shit!

Dick Fury dances out of the scene like Ashlee Simpson on Saturday Night Live as the scene fades to the ringside area. There we see Michael Decker and Christina King, who are ready to call all of tonight's surprise action packed action.

Michael Decker: Hello, world. Welcome to... UTA Unsanctioned! I'm Michael Decker and---

Christina King: ---and I'm Christina King. We'll be hanging out all night at ringside calling all the action tonight. Aaaaaand what a night it'll be! Tell emm what's what, Deckman!

Michael Decker: First, don't call me that. Second, what's what is that UTA officially returns on March 18 with UTA Rebirth... but this... this is something totally off the record! When FWF was purchased by the bank account behind UTA... there were some loose ends to tie up. Tonight... UTA... or FWF... or... whatever these wrestling stars want to call themselves... will feature five matches that'll wet the appetites of our fans until UTA officially kicks off.

Christina King: We've got three matches that were scheduled for the latest Pandemonium... and I heard that Lunchbox Larry will be defending the FWF slash UTA Championship... but NOT against Harry Black, who was his last scheduled opponent and technically the number one contender. I wonder who the mystery opponent will be.

Michael Decker: My money is on Dick Fury. We haven't seen him in action for quite some time. What a perfect way to transition from FWF to UTA now that he's no longer captain of the ship!

Christina King: I'd pick Kentucky Tarzan... obviously. He's got a bright future--- OH LOOK! The infamous

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eGG Bandits are joining us in the crowd tonight! What a special treat for the fans to hang out with one of the most successful tag teams and stable in UTA's prolific history!

Michael Decker: I still don't understand why Cancer Jiles still associates with the likes of Doozer and Bobby Dean. But nevermind that, let's get to the action!

### Kenturcky Tarzan vs. Malcolm Dred-King

"Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats starts to play, cutting off her prediction for the FWF Championship Match tonight.

Scott Smith: The opening contest is scheduled for one fall... with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... KENTUUUUUCKYYYY TAAAAAAAARZAANNN!

Kentucky Tarzan swings on a vine down the ramp and the fans go bananas. Once he makes it to the ring, he leaps over the top rope and poses in the center of the ring.

Scott Smith: And his opponent...

"DNA" by Kendrick Lamar starts up as MDK flashes on the screen.

I got, I got, I got, I got  
Loyalty, got royalty  
Inside my DNA  
Cocaine quarter piece, got war and peace  
Inside my DNA  
I got power, poison, pain and joy  
Inside my DNA  
I got hustle, though, ambition, flow  
Inside my DNA

Scott Smith: He... is... MALCOLM... DRED... KIIIIIIING!

Malcolm Dred-King walks out onto the stage to a mixed reaction. His die-hard fans are in attendance to balance out the fans who adore Kentucky Tarzan. He absorbs their emotion and makes the journey toward the ring.

Michael Decker: Malcolm Dred-King has had an extensive career. He has traveled the world and worked for every major company, most recently in WARPED.

Christina King: I assumed he was retired until signing with FWF recently. I am stunned at how jacked he is. That's no easy feat for a man of his age.

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MDK walks up the ring steps and climbs between the ropes, walking right to the middle of the ring to throw his arms up in the air. He turns around to see Kentucky Tarzan pacing in the corner.

Michael Decker: Kentucky Tarzan is in for the fight of his life. Malcolm Dred-King is a bona fide superstar. He has won every championship in every company he's ever worked for.

Christina King: Don't sleep on Kentucky Tarzan, Michael. He's come a long way in his short time in this business. If Malcolm takes him for granted... he might regret it.

The opening bell sounds. MDK and KT circle in the ring before locking up. MDK overpowers KT and pushes him into the corner. The referee starts a count and MDK backs up. He goes for a clothesline in the corner and KT ducks underneath. MDK turns around and gets rocked by a series of forearms from KT. KT turns and runs in a big circle, back toward the corner. He leaps in the air for a splash. MDK catches him with one arm and slams him with a uranage slam. MDK goes for a pin but KT rolls toward the rope, under the rope. He uses the ropes to pull himself up on the apron. MDK approaches and is met by a surprise high kick from KT. MDK backs up and sees KT springboard into the ring. Before any impact, MDK simply moves out of the way.

Michael Decker: Kentucky Tarzan took a huge risk and it did not pay off.

Christina King: Sometimes he can be a bit impulsive. He'll learn from his mistakes.

MDK pulls KT off the mat and tosses him into the ropes. When KT returns, MDK tosses him up in the air for a powerbomb... and KT hurricanranas him outta nowhere. Both men get back up and KT gets in a surprise leg lariat to MDK. MDK gets to his knees and KT goes for a superkick... and MDK catches his foot. He gets to his feet, still holding KT's foot. He pulls KT in and delivers a devastating release exploder suplex.

Michael Decker: Malcolm has a counter for damn near everything.

MDK covers KT.

Christina King: One... two... KICKOUT!

MDK drags KT up and pulls him in for his finisher. KT backflips out and catches MDK with a sitout jawbreaker. KT jumps to the middle rope in the corner and he flies off toward MDK, turning in midair. MDK catches him, swings him down and delivers his finishing maneuver into a crossface.

Michael Decker: BORN BETTER!

Christina King: Please don't tap! Please don't---

The pressure is too great and Kentucky Tarzan has no choice but to tap out. The bell sounds and Malcolm Dred-King releases the hold. MDK has his hand raised, as he looks down at KT. He claps his hands a few times for KT before leaving the ring to head up the ramp.

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Michael Decker: Kentucky Tarzan put up one hell of a fight... but took too many chances.

Christina King: Malcolm Dred-King was the better man tonight. No doubt about that. I know Kentucky Tarzan will come back for more. He will be---

Michael Decker: What is that sound?

The sound of a jungle drum fills the building and someone swings down on a vine to the ring.

Christina King: NO WAY!

Michael Decker: It can't be!

Christina King: Chimpo has arrived in UTA!

Chimpo indeed has arrived and he's in the ring, helping up Kentucky Tarzan. The fans go apeshit for the duo as the scene fades.

## **Backstage with Raging Dead**

We are taken to a dark room in FWF Studios, where only a single red light illuminates an approaching figure. That figure is none other than The Raging Dead. He is already huffing, puffing and snarling at the camera.

Raging Dead: With FWF traditioning to UTA... there are too many unanswered questions. What would happen... if I were to get my hands on Lunchbox Larry? Ever since Make America Wrestle Again... I have been working toward a rematch. As FWF ended... I could see that match on the horizon. And then...

He jolts toward the camera.

Raging Dead: GONE!

He backs up, taking a pause.

Raging Dead: I refuse... REFUSE... to let Lunchbox Larry sneak off without having to face me one on one. Lunchbox Larry... I hope you remembered to pack the UTA Championship. Tonight... in the main event... I take it from you. We're not waiting for Rebirth next month. When UTA returns... it will be under MY reign, NOT yours! Lunchbox Larry... all your base are soon belong to Gust!

Scene fades.

**Lance Mingle vs. Mikey Unlikely**

We return to ringside with Christina and Michael.

Christina King: You remember the overly attached girlfriend meme, Michael?

Michael Decker: If I did, I wouldn't admit it.

Christina King: Well, I haven't seen eyes crazier than those outside the times Gust goes all Raging on us.

Michael Decker: I just want to see him go crazy on our chumpion, Lunchbox Larry. Now that we're rebranding to an already established, RESPECTABLE name in the UTA... well, hopefully we can get a deserving champ to go with it!

Christina King: Like, imagine OAG with her regular crazy eyes... but she's on the can... with a heat lamp beating down on her... that level crazy.

? "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner ?

The music hits and the fans boo as "Lovely" Lance Mingle strides through the curtain. He wears his long ring robe, and runs his hands through the luscious mane he maintains.

Scott Smith: Coming to the ring. Hailing from Fertile, Iowa. Weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds. The... "LOVELY"... LANCE MINGLE!

Lance makes his way down the ramp towards the ring. Ignoring the many outstretched hands reaching toward him. He climbs up the ring stairs and wipes his feet on the apron before going through the ropes. Inside the ring Lance Mingle removes the robe, moves to his corner and begins to warm up.

Christina King: Lance looks ready to... mingle!

Michael Decker: Can I have Alan back?

? "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ?

The lights go down and a spotlight hits the stage. Red carpet unrolls from the entrance way. The Arena begins to boo before he even hits the stage. Unlikely is wearing his signature shades and a shit eating grin. He stops at the top of the ramp and looks around.

Mikey takes his sweet time getting to the ring.

Scott Smith: Coming to the ring, Hailing from "The Burbs" but currently residing in lovely Los Angeles, California! Weighing in at 230lbs. He is... "The World's Greatest... SPORTS... Entertainer!"

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MIKEYYYYYYYYYYYYY UNNNNNNNNLIKELYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Mikey hits the stairs and enters the ring. Unlikely walks to the ropes, climbs to the second and balances. He uses both hands to point to his face.

The lights come up as Mikey descends from the turnbuckle and stares down Lance.

The two wrestlers slowly circle each other, neither willing to even blink in risk of taking their focus off the other for a split second.

Christina King: At face value, these are two starkly different talents in that ring... but something in my gut tells me they are cut from the same cloth.

Michael Decker: That makes absolutely no sense.

The bell rings to signify the start of the match. The two wrestlers are still pacing around each other. Mikey stops and straightens up, causing Mingle to hesitantly stop as well. Unlikely extends an open hand toward his opponent.

Michael Decker: Class act right there, Christina.

Christina King: I'm not so -

Lance grabs the offered hand with his own. As soon as he does, Mikey tightens his grip and yanks Mingle toward him while lifting his knee up into Mingle's gut. Lance doubles over, clenching his stomach, and falls to the mat.

Christina King: OUCH! Cheap shot from Unlikely is not unlikely!

Michael Decker: How is that a cheap shot? The bell rung and that was a wrestling move the last I knew!

Mikey spits at Lance, who's still rolling on the mat in pain, then slides out of the ring. He reaches under the apron and pulls out a metal chair. Unlikely tosses the chair in the ring and slides back in.

Christina King: Well this is escalating quickly!

Mikey stands in the corner furthest from his opponent with the chair in hand. He pounds it down on the mat, trying to coax Mingle to his feet. Lance rolls to his own corner and slowly pulls himself up. Mikey primes the chair, holding it back behind his head in preparation for a full, charging swing.

"I Will Be Heard" by Hatebreed begins to play throughout the area.

Shawn Kutter makes his way through the curtain in a hurry and stands at the top of the entrance ramp. No

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smoke, no pyro, no bright lights, just Kutter. And his bat he calls Chicken Leg. He points Chicken Leg menacingly at Mikey, who is frozen in place with the chair overhead.

Kutter ignores the jeers from the fans, and breaks into a brisk, old man jog down to the ring. He dives into a slide and quickly pops up to his feet in front of Unlikely. In one quick motion, he yanks back the bat for a home run swing-

UNLIKELY DUCKS!

Michael Decker: Someone get this crazy, old kook out of the ring before he hurts some REAL talent!

Christina King: Looks like Mr. Cool is looking to grant your wish!

In the stands we see Cancer Jiles motioning to his cohorts to jump the barricade to aid their former WTFc'er, Mikey Unlikely. Doozer crosses his arms and shakes his head. Jiles throws up his arms and turns to Bobby Dean, who is face down in a powdered doughboy. Mr. Cool shakes his head in disappointment, then jumps over the barricade and within the blink of an eye is in the ring.

CRACK!

A second swing of Chicken Leg connects with Mikey's steel chair, which Unlikely brought in front of his face for protection... ironically smashing it right in his kisser!

Christina King: MIKEY. OUT!

Kutter spins around, swinging Chicken Leg blindly, to face Cancer. Doozer now charges over the barricade and slides into the ring to defend his former tag partner. The Dooze charges toward Kutter, who barely missed with a swing over the top of Cancer's head as Jiles ducks just in time, and takes the Chicken Leg shot straight to his dome.

Christina King: KUTTER JUST FLATTENED THE DOOZE!!! And if Mr. Cool hadn't been so quick, he might've killed two eggs with one chicken... leg!

Michael Decker: The fact that I understood that sentence sickens me...

Cameras pan quickly to see Bobby Dean still heads down in his doughboy. Almost as if omnipresent, Dean lifts his head and sees Kutter, standing over Unlikely and Doozer, pointing Chicken Leg at him.

Christina King: Kutter standing tall in the ring calling out the last conscious member of UTA's old WTFc!  
Pretty badass, if you ask me!

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### **Shawn Kutter is a Bad Ass**

Bobby Dean throws his doughboy to the Gods and makes a run for it. As much of "a run for it" as he can muster, at least. Shawn Kutter shouts, "OH, HELL NO!" and gives chase, bailing out of the ring and leaping over the barricade. Dean disappears through the exits faster than he would for last call at the concessions. Kutter, in hot pursuit, exits right behind him.

Michael Decker: Who in the world green lit this show? What a mess!

Christina King: I love it!

Michael Decker: You would. I hope our next competitor coughs on you.

### **Jarvis Valentine vs. Micheal Byrd**

"Black Betty" starts to play over the PA system. Lights start to begin their strobe frequency as Jarvis walks out from behind the curtain. The crowd responds in a mixed fashion.

Scott Smith: Making his way to the ring... standing at six feet and weighing in at 270 pounds... hailing from Lincoln, Nebraska... JARVIS... VAAAAALENTIIIIIIIIINE!

Jarvis raises his arms before taking off running down the ramp to the ring. He slides into the ring and pops up instantly before going to the far right ring post and climbing it. He puts his arms out to the side and yells at the crowd. He turns both of his outreached hands back in and points toward his chest, specifically the word 'Coronavirus'.

Michael Decker: Look at this guy. I hope that shirt is just to raise awareness...

A quick camera pan to the commentary table shows Christina King with a surgeon face mask on. Her voice comes through a bit muffled, but still understandable.

Christina King: No chances, Michael.

"Sexyback" by Justin Timberlake plays as Michael Byrd steps out to mostly cheers. Michael slaps the hands of fans down the ramp as he heads towards the squared circle.

Scott Smith: His opponent... standing somewhere between five feet nine inches and six feet one... weighing in between 140 and 229 pounds... hailing from either Raleigh, North Carolina... or New York, New York... he is Michael, definitely not Samantha, BYYYYYYRD!

Once in the ring, Michael's music fades and the lights go to normal.

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Michael Decker: Byrd, a mainstay here at the UTA, looks to spoil Valentine's... day.

Christina King: You know, if this show was last Friday, I'd have to give you props on that one Michael. Unfortunately it's not and that was terrible.

In ring, Michael Byrd paces while placating to his following. Jarvis, having already jumped down from his turnbuckle, cracks his neck as he turns to face his opponent.

Byrd, after sizing his opponent up, notices the text across Jarvis Valentine's chest. Panic strikes and his face turns red as he shakes his head emphatically.

Christina King: Looks like Byrd is choosing flight over fight. How fitting.

Michael Decker: I hate my job.

Michael Byrd approaches the ref, waving his hands to call the match and gesturing toward his opponent's shirt. The ref shakes his head dismissively and gestures toward the bellkeep to kick off the match.

Christina King: Despite Byrd's alleged health concerns, it looks like we are kicking this bout off!

Michael Decker: The sooner it starts, the sooner it ends. Let's go!

Byrd throws his hands up in despair as the match kicks off. He takes a step toward Jarvis, holding up open hands as if inviting a test of strength. Jarvis initially lifts both his hands up, as well, then jerks them back quickly while twisting around in a vain attempt to hide a cough. Byrd retracts his hands and pulls his hair in bewilderment. He urges the ref to call the match, pointing at Jarvis as he wipes his mouth as if something unexpected came up with the cough.

The ref dismisses Byrd once again and motions for the two competitors to get fighting.

Michael Decker: I'd be considering other career options, if I were Michael Byrd.

Without another moment's notice, as Jarvis slowly inches toward him, Michael Byrd drops to the mat and rolls out under the ropes. He backtracks up the ramp, keeping his eyes on Jarvis the entire time, and nearly trips. Jarvis leans up against the ropes closest to the ramp and taunts Byrd in between coughing fits.

The ref begins to count...

1...

2...

3...

Byrd reaches the top of the ramp.

4...

5...

6...

Byrd, still shaking his head and waving his arms, retreats back through the entrance to the ramp.

7...

8...

9...

10- DINGDINGDING

Scott Smith: Your winner, via countout... Jarvis... Vaaaaaleeeentiiiiiiiiine!

Christina King: Well, that... that was a first.

Michael Decker: When's this show over?

Christina King: Not yet! Looks like we have a live feed coming from the back!

## **The Champ is Here**

We cut to the back. Lunchbox Larry stands alone, looking larger than life in front of the old FWF banner. His FWF Championship draped over his broad shoulder. The Boxman uses a free hand to swipe his shiny, black hair off his forehead while his other hand brings a mic up to his face. His electric, blue eyes pierce through the screen.

Lunchbox Larry: First off, HOW ABOUTCHA LAS VEGAAAAAAAAAAS!

Like he turned into a seasoned vet overnight, he pauses a moment to let the crowd get their cheap pop out of the way.

Lunchbox Larry: Now that we are past the pleasantries, it's time to get down to business.

His picture-perfect-minus-a-missing-front-tooth smile disappears. The already laser-focused stare turns almost menacing.

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Lunchbox Larry: Raging Dead.

He waits a moment to let the fans react.

Lunchbox Larry: I find it funny, ya know. YOU-

He points into the feed.

Lunchbox Larry: - YOU'VE been around this game a lot longer than I have... but sometimes I wonder if you know how this all works.

He takes his pointed index finger and holds it up to his temple.

Lunchbox Larry: Maybe all those concussions have finally caught up beyond just turning you into Whitey McBitey. So I'll help jog your memory.

The finger leaves the side of his head and goes back to pointing forward.

Lunchbox Larry: YOU are not the number one contender. YOU lost the Main Event at MAWA... TO ME! THAT was YOUR chance at the belt! And sure... if YOU were the CHAMP and I TOOK the title, YOU'D be entitled to a rematch... but YOU weren't! And, quite frankly, YOU don't!

His free hand retracts yet again, as he begins to stroke his imaginary goatee.

Lunchbox Larry: But now that I think on it...we haven't heard a peep from Harry Black's camp since he won the right to challenge me...

His blue eyes dart around in their respective sockets.

Lunchbox Larry: And it would be a shame, to bring all these awesome fans here tonight and... not showcase their Champion! Am I right?!?

Crowd pops. Larry's head starts to nod in contemplation.

Lunchbox Larry: And... if I AM going to fight tonight... well shucks, I can't think of anyone else I'd rather beat up on than the creepy S-O-B who's been tryin' to haunt me the past month or so!

Another pop. Almost as if he could hear it, the FWF/UTA Champ grins. He shoots a pointed right hand to the ceiling.

Lunchbox Larry: AND THERE'S MORE! Because I'M going to be the Champion these fine folk deserve... I won't be keepin' this beautiful belt backstage while I whip you around the ring, Whitey. OH, NO! Tonight... we're going to give these fans The Raging Dead...

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The pointed hand returns back to resting position, or in the case of this promo, back toward the camera.

Lunchbox Larry: Versus The Boxman...

The finger curves inward to point toward his chest.

Lunchbox Larry: FOR THE GOLD!

The crowd erupts! Larry can feel the energy. You can see it pulsing through his veins.

Lunchbox Larry: THAT'S RIGHT, McBitey! I sure hope you're HUNGRY! CUZ I'VE GOT A KNUCKLE SANDWICH... WITH YOUR NAME ON IT!

The pointed finger retracts as Larry's right hand balls up into a fist. The Champ smiles wide, showcasing his missing front tooth, as the scene fades to black.

## **Bobby Dean vs. B.R Ellis**

Scott Smith: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

Fans: ONE FALL!

Scott Smith: And is an... unofficially official... UTA Hardcore Championship Match?

Scott looks down at his notecard with a confused look on his face. He shrugs his shoulders and continues.

Scott Smith: Making his way to the ring first... the challenger... from Atlanta, Georgia... weighing in at two hundred and thirty two pounds... B... R... ELLISSSSSSS!

As the unforgettable opening of Tom Sawyer by Rush begins to play, B.R. Ellis steps through the curtain carrying a trash can filled with weapons. He pauses and looks out across the crowd, before starting toward the ring.

Christina King: It looks like BR Ellis has shown up to work, ready for action.

Michael Decker: He was supposed to challenge Bobby Dean a few weeks back at Pandemonium. I'm sure he's been collecting weapons ever since.

Christina King: Do you think BR Ellis has been roaming the streets for weeks, collecting weapons for a match that may not have ever happened?

Michael Decker: Anything is possible for BR Ellis.

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When he reaches the ring, he tosses the trash can over the ropes and into the ring. Weapons go everywhere and the referee takes cover, nearly being taken out by nunchucks. Suddenly the arena goes pitch black. A loud, yet soft voice breaks the dead silence the darkness brought over FWF Studios.

"Your butt is wide, well mine is too."

Bright white lights blind the entrance at the top of the ramp.

"Just watch your mouth or I'll sit on you."

Emerging from the light with both arms in the air, Hardcore Championship draped over his right shoulder, is none other than Beautiful Bobby Dean. He's donning what looks to be one of his old robes, the sparkling blue with white trim. He slowly rotates while continuing his journey to the ring so no one in the building misses the opportunity to see his pretty face.

Scott Smith: And his opponent... he is the UTA Hardcore Champion... BEAUTIFUL.. BOBBYYYYY...  
DEEEEEANNN!!!!

"Fat" by Weird Al finally fades out as Bobby reaches the steps up to the ring. He looks into the ring at the mess that BR Ellis has made, and then reaches inside of his robe to pull out a whistles from around his neck. He blows the whistle and within moments a parade of midgets pushing shopping carts comes down the ramp. Inside the carts are MORE weapons for this hardcore match. They leave the shopping carts before scurrying away with their tiny legs. Bobby starts chucking weapons in, definitely trying to hit Ellis with them.

Christina King: Brass knuckles. Staple gun. Bag of 10,000 thumbtacks. Barbed wire toaster. Cheese grater. Bird cage. Razor wire whiffle ball bat. Hot sauce bottle. Kendo stick. Plunger. Stop sign. Lemon juice. Steel chain. Cheeseburger. Drill. Handcuffs. Crowbar. Brick. OOOOOHHH SHIT!

Michael Decker: That brick just clocked Ellis in the head and he is out cold! Get in there, Bobby Dean!

Bobby Dean gets in the ring as quickly as his body allows. He yells at the referee to start the damn match. The bell sounds and Bobby covers Ellis.

Christina King: One... two... three!

Michael Decker: And just like that... Bobby Dean has successfully defended the UTA Hardcore Championship!

His music plays and he gets up, celebrating like he worked so hard. He picks up the hot sauce bottle and squirts some on the cheeseburger, then takes a celebratory bite as he is handed the UTA Hardcore Championship.

## **Rebirth**

As ring crew rushes to clean up the carnage, we go to Decker and King at their tables.

Christina King: We are only one month away from UTA Rebirth, right here at FWF Studios in Las Vegas, Nevada!

<center></center>

Michael Decker: That will be the first OFFICIAL WrestleUTA show since 2017's Lasting Legacy. Four matches have already been announced. Fresh off of a huge win earlier tonight... Malcolm Dred-King takes on former contender for the FWF Championship... Harry Black.

Christina King: We get to see a match that had been previously scheduled for Pandemonium when Shawn Kutter takes on Jarvis Valentine. Both made quite the impression earlier tonight. I look forward to seeing what the future holds for these fighters.

Michael Decker: There is a four way match that could end up being a handicap match when the time comes featuring Kentucky Tarzan, Bobby Dean, Mikey Unlikely and Cancer Jiles. There was already speculation about Tarzan having backup if things get out of hand... and then Chimp swung down to the ring tonight.

Christina King: If only Kentucky Tarzan had family here in UTA. Oooohhhh! That's me!

Michael Decker: Are you planning on getting back in the ring?

Christina King: It's literally all I think about. Back to Rebirth, huh? The main event has been set as Lunchbox Larry defends the UTA Championship against The Raging Dead. Raging Dead made the challenge earlier tonight and said he couldn't wait until next month.

Michael Decker: That match is taking place... RIGHT NOW!

The camera pans over to the cleared out ring for our main event.

## **Lunchbox Larry vs. Raging Dead**

Scott Smith: The following contest is your main event for the evening, and it has no time limit.

The fans cheer.

Scott Smith: We have confirmed that this match IS for the FWF Champion --- shit!

He pulls the mic away, realizing his slip up. The fans chant "botchamania" at him and he laughs it off, then

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brings up the mic.

Scott Smith: This match is for the UTA Championship!

The fans cheer him for getting it right this time.

Scott Smith: It is my pleasure to introduce the special guest referee of this contest... DICK FURY!

Christina King: WHAT?!

Michael Decker: NO DICKING WAY!

"Big Dick Fury" by Z Mann Zilla starts up and the zebra striped Dick Fury struts out from backstage to a welcoming ovation.

Christina King: If you thought this match couldn't get any bigger... UTA stuck Big Dick in it.

Michael Decker: I, for one, don't like Dick. I've never been into Dick. I hate that UTA is shoving Dick down our throats.

Dick makes his way to the ring, slapping hands with fans along the way. "Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla fills the earholes of the fans here at FWF Studios. Without any pomp and circumstance, The Raging Dead bursts out from backstage and goes straight to the ring, ignoring the fans on his way to the ring. He climbs onto the apron and then up the ropes in the corner, looking out and snarling at the fans. He then drops down into the ring and stands in the middle of the ring, focused intently on the entrance ramp.

Christina King: It's hard to imagine... but this is him in a good mood.

"Old Town Maine" by Lucas Deely begins to play. Lunchbox Larry steps out from behind the curtain, laser focused on the ring as soon as it's in sight. He raises up a fist and runs down the ramp. Larry brings down the arm as he nears the ring and jump slides in. The big man performs a quick push-up and pops up onto his feet. He runs to the nearest corner, jumps up the turnbuckle, and raises a fist to the crowd. It should be noted, this whole time he has yet to actually look at that crowd. He jumps down, runs to the opposite corner, jumps up on the turnbuckle, and raises his fist again. Head still lowered. The fans, understanding his weird, cheer him on regardless.

Christina King: Lunchbox Larry just did all that without Raging Dead moving a muscle.

Michael Decker: Is he even awake?

Scott Smith: Introducing first... the challenger... from Ozone Park... weighing in at two hundred and thirteen pounds... THE RRRRAAAAAAAGING DEAD!!!!

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At the mention of his name, Raging Dead releases violent energy as he moves about the ring, snarling at Scott Smith and Dick Fury. He then staggers over to a corner as Lunchbox Larry shines the UTA Championship with Dick's shirt.

Scott Smith: And his opponent... from Greenville, Maine... weighing in at two hundred and ninety-----

The Raging Dead attacks Lunchbox Larry from behind before Scott Smith can finish. Dick Fury calls for the opening bell and our main event is officially underway. Lunchbox Larry and Raging Dead come charging out, nearly taking out Dick Fury. Dead side steps Dick and gets clocked on the jaw by Larry, followed by two more. Larry shoots Dead with a Northern Irish Whip, then leaps over Dead and connects with a dropkick on the rebound.

Christina King: Who knew Larry could get air like that?

Michael Decker: Larry knew all along. It's not much air anyway. Raging Dead is a vanilla midget.

As Dead slowly pushes up off the mat, Larry scoops him up and powers him off the mat with a gutwrench powerbomb, followed by a cover.

Michael Decker: One... two... KICKOUT! This match was almost over with only one move!

Christina King: Raging Dead has a lot more grit than that, Decker. He's not going to be THAT easy to take down.

Larry gets up and thanks Dick for counting fairly, going so far as to shake the zebra's hand. Dick goes to the corner. Larry pulls Dead up with a front face lock, then hooks him for a suplex. He hoists Dead up in the air but Dead slips behind and pushes Larry toward Dick. Larry stops himself just before smacking Dick. Dead then jumps onto Larry's back and bites his shoulder, tearing away at his flesh and causing blood to trickle down his chest. Dick yells at Dead and threatens to disqualify him, so he releases the bite and gets off Larry's back. Larry goes to the ropes and Dead threatens to take a bite out of Dick.

Christina King: Come on, Uncle Nate! You can't win the title if you're disqualified!

Michael Decker: Kayfabe, sister. Geez.

While Dead is distracted, Larry gets his spirit back and clotheslines the back of Dead's head, sending the Whiteface Thriller to the mat.

Christina King: OHMYGODS! Larry just tried to decapitate!

Michael Decker: Well... decapitation IS listed as one of his weaknesses...

Christina King: That is a weakness for all of us. Larry has Dead covered and--

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Michael Decker: One... two... THR--NOOOO!!!

Christina King: Thank goodness.

Larry gets up and goes for Dead, who rolls onto the ring apron. Larry walks over to the ropes and reaches over, pulling Dead up... only to be caught off guard when Dead bites his shoulder again. Again, Dick threatens to disqualify him... and he holds on until the last possible second. Larry backs up to the middle of the ring, grasping onto his shoulder. He turns around toward Dead, who springboards toward him... and catches the UTA Champion with a stunner. Dead slowly crawls over and covers Larry.

Christina King: One... two... THRRRR----KICKOUT!

Michael Decker: That was so close that Dick is sweaty.

Christina King: Come on, Dick!

Raging Dead gets up and argues with Dick Fury, that it was a three count. The fans agree with him as they angrily chant "THAT WAS THREE!"

Michael Decker: The fans are surprisingly behind Raging Dead right now.

Christina King: Game recognize game.

Dead pushes Fury out of the way and goes to the corner, turning around and pushing himself up to a seated position on the top rope. He claps his hands, encouraging the fans to join along, as he waits for Larry to get up. Once the champ is up, he turns and approaches the corner. Dead leaps off, attempting to hit his finishing maneuver... but Larry sidesteps and Dead crashes hard on the mat. Larry starts to pump his fist. There are dueling chants of "LET'S GO, LARRY!" and "RAGING DEAD!" Larry grabs Dead by the arm and pulls him up, then Northern Irish Whips him into the corner. Instead of letting go, he runs with Dead, ultimately grabbing the back of his head and smashing him face first into the top turnbuckle.

Michael Decker: OH DAMN!

Christina King: Dick Fury is checking on Raging Dead in the corner. Dead doesn't look too good.

Michael Decker: He just told Fury he can continue. Let's see how Larry follows up that vicious Hangry Buckler.

Lunchbox Larry charges up his fist and charges toward the corner. He takes to the air and connects with a superpunch...

Michael Decker: OH NO! Raging Dead pulled Dick Fury in front of him! Fury took the Knuckle Sandwich to the back of the head!

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The impact to Fury forced him to collide with Dead, who spilled between the ropes and crashed on the mat outside. Lunchbox Larry is the last man standing, and has a look of terror on his face. He is quick to check on Dick Fury, apologizing profusely for the Knuckle Sandwich. He calls out for medical attention.

Christina King: This match has taken an unfortunate turn. Dick Fury may have a concussion. Raging Dead hasn't moved either. Get some damn help out here!

Michael Decker: Lunchbox Larry is beside himself right now. All he wants is to entertain these people and he---

The lights go out.

Michael Decker: What the hell is this?!

There is a series of loud thuds coming from the middle of the ring. The lights come back on and Lunchbox Larry is laid out in the middle of the ring with Raging Dead kneeling next to him... and three unknown people standing around him.

Michael Decker: Who the hell are they?!

Christina King: I have no idea.

There are two young men wearing black masks and a young woman who looks like she's doing Raging Dead cosplay. The fans relentlessly boo the fearsome foursome as medical staff attends to Dick Fury. One of the masked men leaves the ring and he walks over to the announcers' table, gives Christina a nod, and he snatches the UTA Championship.

Michael Decker: Come on, Christina. You've got to know what's going on here.

Christina King: I promise you, Michael. I have no clue what's happening here.

The masked man tosses the belt into the ring and it crashes next to Larry. Dead picks it up and gets to his feet, holding the belt in his hands. He slowly holds it up over his head and then looks to his followers, giving them a nod of approval. The three start laying in stomps to our fallen champion, then they drag him up to his knees. Dead holds the title in his hands, ready to strike.

Michael Decker: Here comes the calvary!

From the back comes a collective of UTA superstars: Kentucky Tarzan, Malcolm Dred-King, Michael Byrd, Bobby Dean, BR Ellis. They rush the ring as Dead and friends narrowly escape, still in possession of the UTA Championship. They escape over the guardrail as the roster enters the ring to check on Lunchbox Larry.

Christina King: What a wild and unexpected main event... and entire show, for that matter. If this is any

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indication of how awesome UTA will be... then you're going to want to tune in on March 18 for UTA Rebirth.

Michael Decker: On that night... Lunchbox Larry and Raging Dead will continue what they started at Make America Wrestle Again... and hopefully finish their feud once and for all.

Christina King: Stay tuned to [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com) for the latest news on everything UTA has in store for you. We'll see you next time!

Show fades to black.