

Absolution: 2017

June 20, 2017 | Verizon Center - Washington, DC

ABSOLUTION 2017

The scene opens to the Verizon Center sold out crowd. The camera scans across the fans as they all jump, scream, clap and wave their signs. We see the new stage design for the Absolution PPV, as the camera switches sides of the arena. Explosions happen at the top of the stage and work their way down the ramp. Then from all four turnbuckles. The fans respond with loud cheering in response.

We finally land on our favorite Colour team in all of wrestling. Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront, both men wear very fine suits and have smiles on their faces.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentleman its finally time for the pay per view event we've been waiting all been waiting for! We're LIVE from Washington D.C. tonight! This is the second pay per view under the Mikey administration and I gotta say partner... I don't think it gets bigger than this!

Ace: The biggest show to date no doubt about it! At the end of the night only two things matter... That the WrestleUTA fan base DOESN'T miss this amazing show... and MA BOI JESSE FREDRICKS KENDRIX will once again retain his WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Title against Andy Murray!

Jason turns to Tommy now.

Blackfront: Oh yes! The World Title Rematch from the finals of the World Title Tournament about 6 months ago!

Ace: That's when we saw JFK win the title for the first time and set off on this unprecedented run of excellence! I can't wait to see him finally shut the mouth of that old, ugly Scot! Right here in the heart of America!

Blackfront: JFK vs Andy Murray! WrestleUTA World Title! Standard Rules apply after Andy Murray gave a thanks but no thanks to JFK and his invitation to make this match NO DQ!

Ace: Well, speaking of No Disqualifications Match... we've got The Mouth vs The Marathon Man 2! Chris "The Boss" Ross is going to wipe the floor with Impulse tonight, and I for one cannot wait to sit ringside for it. Hopefully we get to see Cally take another Curbst...

Blackfront: There's a big score to settle in that one partner! That's one no one wants to miss, How far will Impulse go to get his revenge? And will he misstep and allow Chris The Boss Ross to get the upset and the big win over Impulse!?

Blackfront: Also tonight we have the culmination of one of the oddest rivalries within WrestleUTA.... And

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The LEGACY TITLE IS ON THE LINE!

Ace: YES! Scott Stevens, Jestal, and Jack Harmen all going toe to toe in a triple threat title match! I don't know what Jestal wants more however, To get his hands on Clucky, or the WrestleUTA Legacy Title!? Scott Stevens and Harmen have been ASKING for a fight from Jestal and I think tonight, they get what they want!

Blackfront: What a matchup that will be. Let's not forget however what could be the hottest feud in WrestleUTA and the hottest match on the entire card! We're going to see Crimson Lord take on the FORMER Legacy champion... THE Jay Harvey!

Ace: That's going to be bloody! I can feel it! Crimson Lord has been a pain in the side of Harvey for too long now! It's about time someone put him in his place!

Blackfront: I interpret it a different way Tommy, I see Crimson Lord finally getting his hands on Harvey and my god do I expect it to be ugly! Don't forget either, by Decree of Mikey Unlikely, the winner of Harvey vs Crimson Lord is the new #1 contender for the WrestleUTA World Title!

The pair switch back to the camera.

Blackfront: We have a big tag team grudge match on the show tonight as the new team takes on the Brousin's! It's Jamie Sawyers new group, David Hightower and Michael Byrd vs Luke and Duke the Dibbins Brousin's! This one has been a few weeks in the making but its put up or shut up time here at Absolution!

Ace: Oh man, I can't wait to see Hightower beat Duke's head in and send him back to West Virginia where he belongs.

Blackfront: BUT coming up first ladies and gentlemen is a match that was JUST SIGNED THIS WEEK! Mikey Unlikely got a contract signed by Internation Superstar Kozue Kazacatchki to make his debut right here tonight, he will be going head to head with El Dragon Rojo!

Ace: All that and much much more as we have surprises, shocks, and awes in store for everyone!

Blackfront: it's shock and awe buddy!

Ace: I've heard it both ways!

Blackfront: Let's get this show on the road! WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO WRESTLEUTA ABSOLUTION!

Fade.

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The words "Earlier Tonight" appear on the screen as the scene opens in the parking lot of Washington D.C's Verizon Centre. The live feed picks up a stretch limo pulling in and coming to a halt. The chauffeur steps out from the driver's seat and makes his walk to the back door of the car. Upon opening the door, cameras start to flash as WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely steps out, stands up, dressed in a tailor made suit and drops a couple of Mikey Money Dollars into the thankful chauffeur's breast coat pocket. Turning to acknowledge the crowd of awaiting approved UTA Photographers and media, Mikey throws them that million dollar smile.

OSV: Mikey do you have a message for the UTaverse ahead of Absolution...

Just before resident WrestleUTA Interviewer, John Laver, could finish his sentence, Mikey Unlikely is joined outside the limo by the WrestleUTA Champion himself, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. The camera flashes pick up once more. Mikey puts his arm around the champ, who's also dressed to impress, customary smug look on his face and title draped over his shoulder, the two proudly posing for the cameras.

Laver: Kendrix, how are you feeling going into the main event tonight.

Try as he may, Laver is ignored by the Hollywood Bruvs who are greeted by the arena's security. The Bruvs follow them toward the backstage area and begin the process of signing themselves in, collecting their VIP lanyards. However, John Laver is not one for giving up too easily, keeping pace with the entourage.

Laver: Guys, can I get your thoughts on the big one tonight.

Having finished signing in, Mikey looks over at Laver and his cameraman, then at his watch and back out at the interviewer.

Mikey Unlikely: What can I say, John? We're on the verge of the biggest Pay Per View in WrestleUTA history, Absolution. The Champ goes one on one with Andy Murray one more time. My Bruv is ready and better than he's ever been, the question is whether or not The King is ready for JFK tonight? One way or another, the whole world is gonna witness a defining moment in WrestleUTA history, tonight. Now, if you'd excuse me...

Mikey taps two fingers to his wrist watch and pats the champ on his back before making his way into the building. Having finished signing himself in, Kendrix is approached by Laver.

Laver: JFK, How confident are you in once more retaining your title?

Kendrix raises an eyebrow at Laver, not impressed with the question. He looks over at Mikey walking into the

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building before returning his attention to the belt draped over his shoulder and then steps toward Laver and his cameraman.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah, Johnny Boy?! JFK knows full well what he's up against in the Main Event. He's up against a multiple world champion, a legend, The King, Andy Murray. Make no mistake, this ain't gonna be a walk in the park. JFK keeps putting this man down time and time again but the good old trooper just keeps on coming back for more, and why?

He looks over at his title and smirks back at the camera.

Kendrix: Because he wants this. Andy Murray lives and breathes for what belongs to me!

Jesse looks over his shoulder, back at where Mikey walked off and seeing that his Bruv is nowhere to be seen, he returns his attention to Laver, rolls his shoulders and holds his hands out flat in front of him.

Kendrix: Now Look, JFK knows how this whole thing works. You need your scoop, these fans have packed this arena tonight for a show and the fans at home have paid a shit load of cash they probably can't afford, to buy Absolution...so it's my job to build this match up right until the very end for them. But more importantly, it's my job to make Mikey another shit load of Mikey Money and keep the buy rates coming in throughout the night, innit?!

His eyes widen, nodding at Laver to see if he understands. He takes one more look at the WrestleUTA title before leaning it toward the camera.

Kendrix: But you see this? Take a good hard look, because after tonight, this will be on the exact same shoulders as they've been on since the start of the year. You ask, how confident JFK is?

He takes a moment to quietly chuckle to himself and look directly into the camera.

Kendrix: Spoiler alert, Bellends! Kendrix v Murray 2.0 ends exactly the same way as it did last time out...with Jesse Fredericks Kendrix as the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion!

The shot fades out on Jesse's trademark smirk on show.

Roll credits.

[KOZUE KAZAKATCHKI VS EL DRAGON ROJO](#)

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Kozue Kazakatchki vs El Dragon Rojo

We cut to the ringside as the show is about to get underway. The big lights die down and the ring is highlighted.

Blackfront: Looks like we're about ready for our first match of the night!

The sound of heavy mariachi music begins to blare over the PA system inside the Verizon Center! The fans are on their feet for the entrance of El Dragon Rojo. He runs out to the top of the entrance ramp and pumps his fists in the air.

C.H. Jordan: The following match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Coming to the ring first he hails from MEXICO CITY, MEXICO! He weighs in at 195 lbs. He is EI DRAGOOOOOONNNNN ROJOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

El Dragon Rojo slaps the hands of the fans along the entrance ramp. He bounces from the floor over the top rope and rolls into the ring.

Ace: One of the fastest, albeit unsuccessful wrestlers we have Jason!

Blackfront: Well maybe tonight, here on the big stage in front of Millions on pay per view, he can finally cement his place on this roster! He's taking on a newcomer to WrestleUTA! Let's go to C.H.!

Chariots Of Fire hits the PA system as the lights don gold, an orange sun is seen rising upon the titantron. Out from the entrance ramp elegantly walks a new wrestler, his arms held out as though the presence of God himself. He walks ever so peacefully and respectfully to the ring. His golden robe shining brightly under the arena lights.

C.H. Jordan: AND his opponent! Hailing from Sapporo, Japan. Weighing in at 243 lbs, This is the "Elegant Star"... This, is Kozue Kazakatchki!

Reaching the side of the ring, he grabs the ropes and pulls himself up onto the skirt, wiping his boots before swiftly entering through the middle rope.

Blackfront: Kozue looking to make a statement in his first ever matchup here in the UTA. Can he beat Rojo?

Ace: Well if he can't then he doesn't belong here, I don't think El Dragon Rojo has won a match!

Blackfront: he came awful close to pinning Hightower just a few weeks ago however!

Ace: Almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades Jason!

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Kozue finishes his ring entrance and removes his golden robe. Referee Levi Jones checks both men's boots and tape for weapons before signaling to the ring announcer that the match is ready. The bell sounds and we are underway!

El Dragon Rojo steps forwards towards the Elegant Star with respect and offers him a simple handshake before the two men go at it. Kazakatchki looks at him wearily, does Rojo truly deserve to shake the hand of massive Japanese star like himself? It seems not, as out of nowhere he spinning heel kicks El Dragon Rojo to the mat with authority. As Rojo rises to his feet Kozue just reigns knee after knee down upon him. Dragon tries to fight through the blows but they are too fast and furious.

Ace: The Elegant Star really making a fool out of Rojo in the early goings of the match, he can do nothing in defence. This is just pure domination.

Blackfront: This may become hard to watch if Kozue continues on down this route.

We cut to the ringside area where the camera focuses on one man.

Blackfront: Wait a minute... isn't that...

Ace: That's Reginald Damp Shaw The Third! What's he doing here, he's a free agent!?

Blackfront: Well, maybe he's scouting the talent in WrestleUTA!

Dampshaw claps lightly every time Kozue hits a move but seems unimpressed despite his politeness. The camera cuts to a split screen of the man in the audience and the action in the ring.

Finally El Dragon Rojo finds some relief by falling through the middle rope and down to the floor. He puts his hands behind his head and tries to catch his breath. Kozue inside the ring keeps his eyes locked on his opponent. Dragon takes a lap around the ring and rolls back in around referee Levi Jones' 5 count. Dragon pulls himself up as the two head back to the center of the ring. El Rojo tries for a lockup but Kozue rolls underneath and behind. He grips the mexican wrestler around the waist before spinning him around with a half nelson and hopping to slam a knee into the masked face of El Dragon Rojo. Dragon once more looks dazed.

Blackfront: Those strikes are as vicious as they come.

Kozue whips El Dragon Rojo off the ropes and on the return he ducks his head for the backdrop. Dragon turns and uses his momentum to roll off the back of the new Japanese superstar and lands on his feet. Dragon goes for a spinning leg sweep, but Kozue hops over it. The Japanese star tries a high kick of his own, but it's ducked! Kozue keeps spinning with his momentum however and tries a spinning wheel kick on the next attempt and it lands flush. Down goes El Rojo!

Ace: He nearly took his head clean off!

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The Elegant Star lifts Rojo back to his feet and smashes his face in with a forearm strike, El Dragon Rojo stumbles as he is whipped off the ropes once more.

Blackfront: What's Kozue looking for here?

As Rojo rebounds back Kazakatchki hits him once more with a hellacious discus forearm to the head! El Dragon stumbles as Kozue slaps him around the head.

Ace: The Elegant Star is just adding insult to injury.

El Dragon Rojo is still on his feet! Although it is obvious that under that mask of his, his face is red and sore from the vicious strikes. He charges at Kozue but is instead met with a jumping knee that knocks him off of his feet and onto his all fours! Kozue bounces off of the ropes again and charges with a knee to his grounded opponent! He lies there now, battered and broken.

Blackfront: Now this is a way to make an impact.

Ace: It's not really an impact when you're facing El Dragon Rojo of all people!

Kozue picks him up and knees him in the gut, making him bend over in pain. The Elegant Star lifts Rojo's head up to look him in the eyes. He shoves him against the ropes as Kazakatchki yells with a thunderous roar! Kozue connects his head with Rojo's as he falls to the floor, knocked out!

Blackfront: He has hit his "Heddobustu"! That's it! It's all over!

Outside the ring Dampshaw III is shown standing and clapping lightly. Once more a very bored expression on his face is opposite of the commentary team.

Ace: Now that sure looked painful!

The Elegant Star is not phased one bit, instead he takes advantage of his finisher maneuver with a cover!

One...

Two...

Three...

The bell rings and C.H. Jordan does the honors.

C.H. Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by Pinfall.... Kozue Kazakatchki!

The Elegant Star looks down upon his battered opponent as he raises his fist high in the air for the world to

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see. His face is as expressionless as always.

Blackfront: Wow what a debut by Kozue Kazakatchki! Big win on a big show!

Ace: It was just El Dragon Rojo, but color me impressed, this new guy has a MEAN headbutt!

Kozue heads up the ramp towards the back while the referees try to revive El Dragon Rojo.

Blackfront: Stay tuned folks, this is just the first match of many!

Fade

[UNWANTED HOUSE GUEST](#)

Unwanted House Guest

We open to the backstage area of the Verizon Center, right here in Washington, D.C. We see lots of people moving around and working on the show. Stagehands go left and right, a guy with a clipboard is standing there talking into a headset and trying to get everyone on the same page. Suddenly out of nowhere WrestleUTA owner Mikey Unlikely waltzes onto the scene. His hair is a mess but his suit looks crisp. He reaches over and grabs the clipboard and the headset from the unsuspecting stage manager.

Mikey reviews the checklist quickly with a pen. He pulls the headset to his face but doesn't bother putting it on. He yells into it.

Mikey Unlikely: Listen dammit! This is Absolution! The biggest show we've put on yet, and it has to be PERFECT! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME!?

Some muffled talking is heard through the headset but Mikey neither listens' nor acknowledges it.

Unlikely: And tell someone to get me my damn Oreo Frappe! I'm thirsty here, and I can't be producing this big of a show on this lite of a diet.... O...R....E...O... Are you thick!? WELL THE FRAPPE BETTER BE!

Mikey tosses the headset.

Unlikely: What a fuckin night! What's next!? Who we got!? Interview? What time is it? Whose match is next!?

We see the frustration mounting on Mikey as he once again places both hands in his hair and pulls. He's had

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enough for one night, and it's still early on! It's then a very familiar voice is heard from off camera.

Voice: EYYYYY MON!!!!!!

Mikey's face turns to a look of sheer disbelief and almost that of a man about to be sick to his stomach as the one and only Jamaican Inspiration, and former WrestleUTA Superstar, Lisil Jackson walks into the scene dressed in his Hawaiian shirt and trademark fedora.

Jackson: Why dee long face brudda? Ya be lookin down on ya luck!

Mikey closes his eyes, counts to three out loud. He opens his eyes and turns to the right hoping he imagined it. No such luck. Mikey jumps when he sees the familiar face.

Jackson: Try breathin mon.... It be therapeutic.... Meditation always help put me in dee right state!

The Jamaican grabs Mikey's hand shaking it.

Jackson: It be nice ta see ya brudda. Let's have a lil chat shall we?

Mikey looks at his hand after he lets go of the hand shake and wipes it on his pants.

Unlikely: What could WE possibly have to discuss, Lisil?

A bold smile comes across Lisil Jackson's face as he pulls out an envelope.

Jackson: I tink eveyting will be answered in dis envelope!

The Jamaican says handing it to Mikey. The WrestleUTA owner looks at him confusingly. He scoffs before opening up the envelope.

Unlikely: Probably another royalties check from our old match!?

He slips out the paper inside and looks at it. It's a WrestleUTA Contract... On the bottom it's signed by Lisil Jackson, with an empty spot next to Mikey's name where he is to sign.

Unlikely: Ohhhhhhh no! I don't think so! Not tonight! There's too much going on! This is Absolution!

Mikey starts talking faster and faster until he's frazzled again.

Unlikely: I don't have time for this, oh no i don't!

Mikey drops the envelope and walks out of the scene. Lisil reaches down and picks it up

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Jackson: C'mon brudda let's set up an appointment den!!!! Don't leave me hangin!

Fade.

[THE DIBBINS BROUSINS VS MICHAEL BYRD & DAVID HIGHTOWER](#)

The Dibbins vs Hightower & Byrd

Cut back to ringside, we see a referee in the ring. He kicks something from the mat as the camera swings to the ramp when the music hits.

Blackfront: Well ladies and gentlemen, this next match has been in the works for the last few weeks as the budding rivalry has been growing with each WrestleUTA on Hulu episode! Now all of that culminates in a big tag team match!

Ace: Time for these backward hillbilly so called wrestlers to be taught a lesson once and for all. You don't mess with David Hightower, just ask Scott Stevens!

"Half Crazy" by the Barr Brothers hits and we hear the sound of harps and banjos. Ring Announcer C.H. Jordan takes it from here.

C.H. Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen the following match is scheduled for one fall, and is a tag team match grudge match!

The ref of a small engine can be heard before the 4 wheeler comes out onto the entrance way. Luke Dibbins drives the ATV, Duke on the back finishes his beer and has one arm on his brousin for balance. The fans cheer loudly.

C.H. Jordan: Coming to the ring first, weighing in at a combined 430 lbs. Hailing from Beaver, West Virginia.... The team of Luke...And Duke! The Dibbins Brousin!

Luke turns the handlebars all the way to the left before pressing the gas and performing a doughnut spin with the 4 wheeler ontop of the ramp. Finally he heads down towards the ring.

Ace: Watch out people! No doubt he's driving while intoxicated...

Blackfront: Something we ABSOLUTELY do not advocate here at WrestleUTA!

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They park at the bottom of the ramp and enter the ring to the excitement of the fans. The cheers turn to boos pretty quickly when the theme song switches.

"Bad Company" by Bad Company hits and the camera pans back towards the ramp once more. The new theme song for the group plays loudly as Jamie Sawyers and his brightly colored green suit are the first thing through the curtain. Jamie is all smiles and is clapping for his boys as they come through behind him.

C.H. Jordan: And their opponents.... Being accompanied to the ring by Jamie Sawyers! At a total combined weight of 510 pounds. The Main Event... Michael Byrd! The Toughest Dog In The Yard....David Hightower!!!

The crowd boos loudly as Hightower and Byrd walk to ringside. The Dibbins have made it in the ring and into their corner. They converse, assumingly coming up with a gameplan. Sawyers gets in the ring and starts barking at the crowd before he holds the ropes open for his guys to enter.

Blackfront: Hightower and Byrd have both been on a winning streak since coming under the managerial services of our former broadcast partner Jamie Sawyers!

Ace: I love it Jason! I didn't like the guy before, he always seemed a little uneasy, but now i see why!

Blackfront: because he was bullied!?

Ace: No, because he was just waiting to let his true personality shine! He shouldn't be asking the questions, he should be answering them!

The music fades as Byrd and Hightower go to their respective corner with Jamie. The Dibbins speak with the referee while pointing to Jamie Sawyers, he nods and pats them down for weapons. The official then moves to the other corner, and after some resistance he pats them down as well. Sawyers finally leaves the ring and the referee calls for the bell.

Blackfront: And we are underway here with the elder, yet smaller Brousin, Duke going head to head with Michael Byrd!

The two move in together to lock up, but Byrd backs off at the last second, and shudders. He shakes his hands and creases his neck gagging. Sawyers on the outside laughs loudly, but Hightowers expression never changes from the resting dick face.

Ace: Haha! Well it appears that Duke Dibbins may or may not have showered lately. I'm leaning towards may not have!

Blackfront: The Dibbins are not known for their hygiene, but for their toughness.

Byrd walks around the ring while Duke grows frustrated with the delay in physicality. Finally Duke gives chase and Michael Byrd runs to his corner. Duke stops just short, knowing Hightower stood ready to strike.

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Ace: A rare smart move from Duke.

Byrd points to his head as he walks out of the corner confidently strutting. Finally the pair lock up and Byrd is quick to push the 180 lbs Dibbins brousin to the mat with authority. Byrd flexes proudly as Duke rolls to his feet. The fans boo but stop quickly when Duke rushes at The Main Event with reckless abandon.

Blackfront: With a flurry of first and kicks with those black combat boots Duke is tired of the games played by Michael Byrd.

Ace: There's a wild hillbilly loose, it's like an episode of Cops! This is great! Hopefully it's not EXACTLY the same, otherwise ol Dukey here is about to lose his trousers.

Blackfront: Despite being on Pay Per View, I don't think anyone wants to see that!

Duke has him against the ropes and the referee finally steps in and breaks up the attack. The referee crouches to put his body between the two combatants. Byrd reaches over the back and rakes the eyes of Duke Dibbins while the officials head was down.

Blackfront: Cheap move by Byrd.

Ace: Dibbins had him on the ropes! Tit for tit!

Blackfront: That's not the expression.

Duke stumbles to the middle of the ring holding his eye. Byrd runs out and takes Duke down with a bulldog. He stands up excited. Grabs Duke by the hair and takes him to the corner and tags in his partner David Hightower. Sawyers claps with the referee to recognize the legal tag. Hightower steps in and boots Duke in the gut as Byrd let's go, stepping out of the ring.

Blackfront: BIG left hand from Hightower, even the referee leaned back on that one.

Ace: This is a match in Hick Heaven. I imagine you can walk into any bar in the south and see a fight like this.

And a fight it is, both Duke and David throw fits back and forth. The referee tries to stop them early on but finds it's no use.

Blackfront: Official James Brooks calling this one a little loose.

Ace: Which one of these guys do you expect to listen to an official? He knows that.

Hightower eventually gets the better of the exchange.

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Blackfront: Hightower outweighs his opponent by almost 100 pounds.

Hightower shoots Duke off the ropes and drops his head. Duke comes back and gets thrown high into the air. The fans give a "oooooh" on the height before Duke comes slamming back first into the mat.

David wastes no time and picks up his opponent Duke and stuffs him between his legs. He lifts for an early powerbomb, but he's too close to the opposing corner as Luke grabs Duke's leg and pulls him safely from the shoulders of the Arkansas monster. Luke tags himself in as the fans get excited.

Blackfront: Here we go... Two heavy hitters!

Hightower backs to the middle of the ring then yells at Luke, who is quick to oblige. Once more we see a flurry of punches and kicks from both men. This time the Dibbins brousin gets the advantage and as soon as he gets Hightower off balance he scoops him up and slams him on his back. The fans jump up.

Luke off the ropes and jumps landing a body splash. He pulls on the leg and the referee slides into position but Byrd is in there to break up the pin as the referees hand meets the mat for the first time. Luke gets up and walks after Byrd who exits quickly and hops off the apron. Hightower gets up and with a quick rush pancakes his opponent in the corner. Luke hits chest first and falls to his knees, resting his head on the turnbuckle. David looks down, and hits the ropes bouncing back.

Blackfront: MY GOD! Hightower just rammed his knee into the side of the head of Luke Dibbins.

Ace: Ouch!

David tags Michael Byrd in who is back on the ring apron. Byrd comes in and tries choking what little life is left in Luke away before breaking at the last second of referee James Brooks' count. Byrd picks up Luke puts him in a side headlock, in the middle of the ring he converts to a front facelock before swinging over and landing the swinging neckbreaker.

Ace: Look at Jamie Sawyers! He's loving it!

Byrd goes for the cover.

One...

Two...

Kickout.

Byrd stands up stomps on Luke once then runs at Duke and knocks him off the ring apron. He quickly goes back to his opponent in the middle of the ring as the fans voice their displeasure. Byrd gets to his corner and tags in Hightower once more.

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Blackfront: Frequent tags by Hightower and Byrd tonight.

Ace: Smart moves! I don't if I've ever said that about David Hightower! Jamie Sawyers must be talking some sense into them.

Blackfront: He's certainly done some talking, that's for sure.

Hightower comes in and rests in the corner. He lines up the move and takes a few quick steps before jumping.

Blackfront: West Memphis Massa....No!

Ace: He moved!

Blackfront: David Hightower just came crashing down on that big knee of his.

Ace: it was either that or on Luke's skull.

The fans come alive with a slow clap as Hightower clasps his knee and rolls in the ring in agony. Luke begins to stir. Duke is on the bottom rope reaching over the top, extending for the tag. He bounces up and down comically. Luke is up to a knee as Byrd begins to freak out in his corner. He yells for Hightower to get up and get Luke.

Blackfront: It's clear who the fans are cheering for!

Ace: They're not all close enough to smell them either.

Luke is up as Hightower gets to his knees. Luke tries to walk to his corner but he's grabbed by the waist of his shorts and held in place by Hightower.

Blackfront: Luke sees he's caught by David! Wha...A quick kick from Dibbins and he's free!

Ace: No!

Blackfront: He dives! He's going to make the tag!

At the last moment Jamie Sawyers on the outside sweeps the legs out from under Duke Dibbins, who falls off the apron down to the arena floor hard.

Blackfront: Duke is down! He looks hurt!

Ace: And Luke eats nothing but mat! No tag is made!

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Hightower picks up Luke quickly. Ducks him between his legs and lifts him for a powerbomb. Byrd meanwhile has climbed to the top turnbuckle and leaps. The two meet in the middle as Hightower slams down Byrd lands a flying leg drop immediately afterward.

Blackfront: I don't care how big you are, that has to hurt!

Ace: What a great showing of teamwork here tonight by Byrd and Hightower, you would think they were...

Blackfront: Brounsins?

Ace: I wouldn't go that far.

Hightower goes for the cover as Byrd leaves the ring in a hurry. The referee drops down and counts.

One...

Two...

Three!

The bell rings and announcer C.H. Jordan gives us the results.

C.H. Jordan: ladies and gentleman, your winners, the tag team of David Hightower, and the Main Event, Michael Byrd!

Sawyers rolls into the ring jumping for joy for his two combatants who have proved successful.

Blackfront: I think these two may be sending a message to the boys in the back, this may be our most intimidating tag team yet!

Ace: You're not kidding, and we've had some good ones in the past!

"Bad Company" By Bad Company plays and the group is helped from the ring by Sawyers who holds the ropes open with an arm and a leg.

The boys make their way to the back. Sawyers and Byrd look back and laugh at the Dibbins who are still down and trying to recover. Hightower remains fixated on leaving the ringside area.

We fade out.

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THREE SIMPLE WORDS

Three Simple Words

The scene turns to backstage where John Laver is standing in front of the interview backdrop.

Laver: Ladies and Gentlemen.... Chris "The Boss" Ross....

Chris Ross steps into the picture carrying a trash can with a bunch of random objects in it.

Laver: Chris you're about to go to war in a no disqualification match against a man you've had personal issues with over the past months with, Impulse... What are your thoughts going into this match?

Ross smirks nodding his head.

Ross: I'm going to lay it out there real simple.... Last time I stepped into Impulse's meaningless 3 count world..... This time.... He's stepping into my world.... He's going to walk the same streets I've walked all my life... He's going to know what it's like to live in the Burg!

Laver looks at Ross raising an eyebrow.

Laver: You know Chris many people have noticed a difference in you lately.... You're not so.... Brash and loud lately..... Perhaps you can explain to us what has been going on with you lately?

The Keystone State Killa shakes his head.

Ross: I don't really have much to explain... I'm simply going about a different way of how I do things.... Call it me going back to my roots so to speak... I'm handling business here the way I handle it on the streets now.....

Laver looks at Ross puzzled.

Laver: So what does that mean for Impulse tonight?

The Boss smiles nodding his head.

Ross: Impulse I got three simple words for you.... Welcome... To... Harrisburg....

And with those words said Ross storms out of the scene with his can of weaponry in hand.

Laver: Well you heard the man. Sounds like we're in for what may be one of the most violent matches in UTA history!

[JESTAL VS SCOTT STEVENS VS JACK HARMEN: WRESTLEUTA LEGACY TITLE](#)

Jestal vs Stevens vs Harmen
WrestleUTA Legacy Title Match

Blackfront: The Legacy championship. Most recently held by THE Jay Harvey, is one of the most prestigious championship belts in our business.

Ace: It's a travesty we can't see Harvey pin Lord with the title on the line!

Blackfront: Yet, it was Crimson Lord who ensured that would not happen, as he helped our new champion, and a man with a true legacy, to become Legacy champion. Jack Harmen won the title two shows ago, and has been embroiled in a strange and bizarre feud with the Mad Prince Jestal and the Hardcore Texan, Scott Stevens.

Ace: It's about a chicken. A rubber chicken. Dubya, Tee, Eff.

Blackfront: Harmen ensured that the chicken in question would no longer be relevant, but Jestal, I'm pretty sure, he wants revenge for deep fried Clucky.

Ace: He should be focusing on his opportunity to win the Legacy title. I mean, this is a chance both men kind of fell into, thanks to that cheating Red Baron.

Blackfront: Red Baron?

Ace: Crimson Lord.

Blackfront: Stevens is on his path to redemption after going into a mad rage instigated by the prince... is tonight the day Steven's journey involves him becoming champion? Let's head to the ring to find out!

Jordan stands in the ring with a microphone, ready to announce the next match.

Jordan: Your next match, is scheduled for one fall, and is a three way dance for the Legacy championship! Introducing first, the first challenger...

Kefka's Theme (Zenji Remix)

The crowd lets out a chorus of boos as "The Mad Prince" steps from behind the curtain. He has a white and yellow and orange top hat on. He is wearing a orange tailcoat unbuttoned, with a pair of paint splotted suspenders over the top half of his shirtless frame. A pair of yellow and red with purple polka dots trousers. With green boots with Clucky's picture on the side of each of the boots.

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Jordan: Standing at 5'10", weighing in at 250 pounds, the Mad Prince... JESTAAAAALLLLL!

The clown makes his way toward the ring not really in the cheerful mood he normally is upon making his grand entrance. He reaches the ring and slides under the bottom rope, showing extreme focus as he stares up the entrance rampway.

Blackfront: What must be going on through the mind of Jestal right now?

Ace: I'm gonna make an educated guess, and say... CHICKENS.

Blackfront: Are you being serious?

Ace: Actually. Yes.

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 crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos.

"Hellraiser" by Motorhead

Blackfront: Stevens is getting another shot at the Legacy championship after letting it slip through his hands when he challenged THE Jay Harvey. Will this time be different? Will The Scorpion walk out as the NEW champion?

Ace: Hell no!

Blackfront: Why's that?

Ace: Because if he couldn't beat THE Jay Harvey what makes you think this inbred hick can beat that lunatic Jestal AND the current champion, ANOTHER Lunatic in Jack Harmen?

The cheers intensify as the chorus hits the speakers, drawing out the man from Texas. He stands with sturdy broad shoulders and a look of intensity.

Jordan: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas.

Blackfront: Stevens looking confident tonight. He may have a stoic expression on his face, but look at the eyes, they tell a different story. They say he is burning with confidence and ready to become the new Legacy champion.

Ace: He looks like he has to take a shit. (off looks) What? It could be both things!

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal

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bashers.

Jordan: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares down at his opponent.

Blackfront: Stevens is staring directly at Jestal and I'm just waiting for the blood curdling laugh from Jestal that sends shivers up my spines.

Ace: Doesn't look you're getting that tonight. He's all business.

Blackfront: Well, I'm fairly sure Jestal plans on making everyone smile tonight whether they want to or not.

Jordan: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat and begins stretching out on the ropes as he awaits the arrival of the champion.

"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne

A light fog mists and surrounds the entrance rampway. As the guitar reaches its climatic introduction, Jack Harmen steps out through the fog, spreading the mist. He takes the Legacy championship off from around his waist and raises the belt high to the cheering fans. Just behind him is his Tiny Attorney, the red head protege Mary-Lynn Mayweather. She wears her traditional trademark red skirt suit, as Harmen wears his UTA "Flyin' High" t-shirt and wrestling tights. The two quickly make their way down the rampway, slapping the fans hands on either side of the barricade.

Blackfront: Tonight, Jack Harmen makes his UTA pay per view debut. One of the more recent signees to UTA, Jack Harmen immediately made an impact by defeating Stevens in a no DQ match. He followed that up two shows later by becoming the Legacy champion.

Ace: And both times he needed help! I bet that's why he has Mary-Lynn at ringside. So when he's not lucky enough to face someone embroiled in a hate feud, she can help him win!

Blackfront: That's speculation. Jack Harmen is one of the most talented individuals this sport has seen. I'm excited to see what tonight brings.

Harmen and Mary-Lynn reach the ringside area. Mary-Lynn sits on the middle rope as Harmen lets himself in. Mary-Lynn follows in by herself, not helped by her mentor. Harmen climbs up his turnbuckle on the hard camera side and raises the Legacy championship to the cheering crowd.

Jordan: And introducing last, standing in at six foot even, weighing in at 224 pounds, he is your Legacy champion, the Wildcard, Jack, Haaaaarmeeeeeeen!

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Blackfront: The UTA have certainly taken a liking to the off kilter and oddness that is our Legacy champion.

Ace: We've got two crazies and a Stoovins, what's a man to do in this situation with himself?

Blackfront: Strap in for the ride of your life!

Harmen drops off of the turnbuckle, tossing the Legacy championship onto his shoulder. He steps toward the center of the ring, where Stevens meets him. Jestal stays in his corner, head hung low as his arms grip the top rope behind his back, stretching. Official Willie Anderson walks up to Harmen and checks his boots and wrists, before taking the Legacy championship, and raising it skyward to the cheering UTA fans. Mary-Lynn makes her exit to ringside.

Blackfront: And here we go!

DING DING DING

Jestal fires himself out of his corner, spear tackling a stunned Harmen to the mat before laying into him with a flurry of rights and lefts. Stevens' steps back shocked from the sudden surge of the Mad Clown Prince as he just watches Jestal lay into the Legacy champion. After a volley of blows, Jestal hooks Harmen up and shoots him off the ropes. Jestal drops his head, Harmen over top with a leap frog, but jumps directly into Stevens' arms. In a fluid motion, Stevens catches Harmen and sends him over head in a belly to belly suplex. Harmen slips himself out to the outside apron as Mary-Lynn reaches him and talks strategy. Meanwhile, Jestal turns to meet Stevens. Stevens hits a charging Jestal with an inverted atomic drop, and then Scott rushes off the far side. Harmen hooks the top rope that Stevens tries to bounce off of and instead Scott tumbles up and over to the outside. Mary-Lynn screams and takes her leave to a neutral area as Stevens almost falls on top of her. As Jestal turns, clutching his groin, Harmen springboards into the ring with a Lou Thesz Press, followed by his own flurry of punches.

Blackfront: The tensions are high in this Legacy title match Ace. The champ better worry himself about not getting disqualified for those closed fists.

Ace: Or not, if he's smart. He retains on a DQ.

Blackfront: I doubt the legacy of the lunatic would care to taint his championship reign with a first defense via DQ.

Harmen hops off of Jestal and throws his trademark devil horns into the air to cheers. He looks over his shoulder to the recovering Stevens on the outside, and charges. He springs to the top rope, and then his a flash bulb inducing shooting star press to the outside, catching Stevens as he recovers. Harmen lands on his knees and then shoots back up to his feet, as he poses for the flashing cameras. Mary-Lynn in the background cheering him on. Harmen turns back to the ring and can't react in time as a charging Jestal catches him with a sliding baseball dropkick. Harmen flails himself into the guardrail, as Jestal turns his attention to Stevens. Jestal tries to lift Stevens to his feet but can't muster the strength, so Jestal just takes a

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few steps back and runs, punting Scott square in the head. Jestal then charges toward Harmen, who's pulling himself up by the guardrail, only to sandwich him between his knee and the steel rail. Jestal grabs Harmen's hair and shoots him back into the ring under the bottom rope, before following in himself.

Jestal lifts Harmen and catches him with a stiff right hand. Harmen fires back with a knife edge chop. Jestal then pokes Harmen's eyes, drawing the ire of referee Willie Anderson. Jestal grabs Harmen and irish whips him into the far corner. Jestal charges, diving for a big splash, only for Harmen to fall and roll out of the way at the last moment. Jestal clutches his chest as he turns, eating a standing roundhouse kick to the face that sends his own spit flying into the air. Harmen with a standing moonsault into a cover. Mary-Lynn counts along on the outside.

One.

Two.

Jestal with a shoulder up. Harmen spins around Jestal as Jestal turns to his stomach. Harmen locks in a front facelock, staring toward the outside of the ring where Stevens is pulling himself up by the ring apron. Harmen wrenches the headlock in further, as Stevens slides himself back into the ring. Harmen lets go of Jestal and charges, only for Stevens to cut him down with a vicious knife edge chop. Harmen clutches his beat red chest as Stevens lifts and tosses the smaller luchador into the corner. Once there, Scott starts laying into him with a bevy of knife edge chops. Each one sends Harmen's upper body teetering on the top turnbuckle post like a see saw, only for Harmen to lean back toward the ring and eat another soul shattering chop. After three of these chops, the fourth one sends Harmen careening up and nearly out of the ring. His back bridges the top ropes in the corner, so he's just lying back first on the turnbuckle pads. Stevens takes a few steps back, readying a charge, but it's Jestal who sneaks in and takes the opportunity, beating Scott to the punch by just shoving Harmen off the top rope and to the outside in a tumble.

Blackfront: And Jestal is seething at this point. Remember, Harmen is the one who destroyed his beloved Clucky.

Ace: Why are you talking about deceased plastic poultry. The Legacy title is on the line Blackfront, and Jestal better keep his eyes on not just Harmen, but the prize and Stevens too!

Indeed, Stevens didn't take kindly to Jestal interrupting his proceedings. Stevens spins Jestal and begins to lay into HIM with a barrage of knife edge chops, sending Jestal spiraling back into a neutral corner. Stevens hits three more chops, before irish whipping Jestal to the far side corner. Stevens sizes him up, and gets a running start, before...

Jestal moves, and Stevens' slings his body through the buckle ropes and strikes the steel post with his shoulder. Stevens winces in pain and braces his right side as Jestal yanks him back upright. Jestal then hooks Steven's arm around the top rope, locking in a rope assisted hammerlock he can only keep hold of for a four count. To break the hold, he strikes Stevens' exposed shoulder with a tomahawk chop. Stevens shakes his shoulder trying to work out the stinger, as Jestal hooks the arm into an arm wringer, and then a

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hammerlock. Stevens fights to escape, but Jestal front trips Stevens down to the mat and spins around, keeping the hammerlock held as he locks in a front face lock.

Blackfront: Say what you will about the... unique style of Jestal, but he is one of the most technically sound individuals in this sport.

Ace: Koo-koo for cocoa puffs with an amateur background. It's mind boggling.

Stevens fights to his feet but Jestal keeps the hold in. Stevens with a few shots to the gut, but Jestal just leans back and hits Stevens with a hammerlock ddt. Jestal rolls him over and pins.

One.

Two.

Harmen dives on top with a double ax handle, breaking up the pin. Harmen hooks Jestal by his head in a front facelock, and then ddt's him to the mat, so Jestal lands with a body splash on Stevens. Harmen rolls Jestal off of Stevens and then dives on top himself, hooking the leg and placing a forearm in his face.

One.

Stevens gets a shoulder up. Harmen grabs Steven's arm and exposes it, before dropping a leg onto the shoulder. Stevens sits up, clutching at his clavicle, as Harmen lets loose with a soccer kick focused on the back of Steven's shoulders. And then he catches Stevens with his other foot with a soccer kick to the face. Harmen rushes off the far ropes, sizing up Stevens, but Jestal intercepts and flapjacks Harmen up into the air so he lands chest first onto Jestal. Harmen bounces off to the corner, clutching his ribs as Jestal dives on top of Stevens and starts letting loose with rights to Stevens' injured shoulder.

Blackfront: Jestal really focusing on Stevens shoulder after it hit that ring post on the outside.

Ace: You see a weakness, you pounce my good man.

Jestal is pulled off by the official, and he's none too pleased. He yells at the crowd who's jeering him, giving Stevens enough time to push himself up to his feet with his good arm. Jestal turns to meet Scott, and receives a quick stiff punch. Stevens braces his shoulder, looking to have hurt himself more than Jestal. Stevens then hits a few punches with his non-dominant hand, but they're strong enough to send Jestal backpeddling into the same corner Harmen currently sits in. Stevens charges with a corner clothesline, striking Jestal so he falls back in and sandwiches the Legacy champions head between Jestal's butt and the bottom turnbuckle pad like a stinkface. Stevens hooks Jestal in a arm and head lock, before spinning and sending Jestal into the turnbuckle with an exploder suplex, so Jestal's head and neck slams into Harmen's exposed midsection on the way down. Mary-Lynn and the crowd audibly wince at the maneuver.

Blackfront: Stevens is taking advantage here, he's dominating this ring with his size and strength.

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Ace: Yeah, but I don't know if he got all of that suplex throw. He might have a hard time giving that extra OOMPH to his tosses with that stinger.

Stevens grabs Jestal and tosses him forward in a front roll, before rushing and hitting him with a rolling neck snap. Jestal braces his neck and falls, as Stevens recovers and proceeds to drop numerous repeated knees to Jestal's head and neck. He focuses on using his knee brace to deliver the extra impact, and hits Jestal four times. Meanwhile, Harmen is back on the apron, pulling himself to his feet. Stevens drops the knee once, twice, three more times to Jestal with his back to Harmen. As he turns...

Blackfront: Springboard Lou The--

Ace: DOUBLE S SPINEBUSTER! What a counter. I may not like Scotty, but that spinebuster shook the ring. Let's get this thing reinforced people!

Stevens kicks Harmen toward the edge of the ring and then pushes him out with his boots. Scott turns back to Jestal who's recovered, and he dives in for a collar and elbow tie up. Jestal and Scott shove each other back into the ropes, but Stevens uses them to bounce back and push him to the center of the ring. The two struggle for position, as Stevens uses his strength to push Jestal clear across the ring in the collar and elbow. Jestal bounces against the ropes and spins like a dance, shoving Stevens' back against the top. Almost like a doce-d-do, Stevens and Jestal bounce, trading advantage on the collar and elbow, until Stevens uses his strength advantage to grab Jestal by his hair and slam him back first onto the canvas. Stevens then drops a quick elbow, and then another, and a quick succession of elbows rapidly fall onto Jestal's face. Jestal tries to cover up with each successive blow, but Stevens' weight and strength advantage are too much to do anything but mitigate the damage. Stevens is so focused on Jestal that...

Blackfront: Jack's back in the rin... LOCOMOTIVE!

Indeed, Jack Harmen charged toward Scott Stevens and caught him flush in the jaw with his finishing maneuver. Stevens tumbles up and over the top rope from the momentum of the blow, landing back first against the guardrail with a thud. Harmen smiles at his handy work, and then looks down to Jestal. With a quick spring to the top turnbuckle pad, Harmen turns to meet Jestal, and raises his arms in a Jimmy Snuka like double devil horn arm taunt. He steadies himself and flies, landing a picture perfect frogsplash on Jestal.

Ace: That frogsplash is four stars, at BEST.

Blackfront: He calls that the five and a half star, and he's put away countless individuals with it, including Stevens in his debut match!

Harmen bounces off of Jestal's frame, and then rolls forward from the momentum. With both men down on the canvas, Harmen extends his arms and legs and begins to make snow angels in the center of the ring. The crowd pops.

Blackfront: There's the Wild Card, having a bit of fun at his opponent's expense.

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Ace: He should be capitalizing on this Blacky!

Harmen back rolls on top of Jestal and hooks the leg. Mary-Lynn counts along on the outside.

One.

Two.

Kickout from Jestal.

Ace: All that gloating may have cost Harmen the victory, and may cost him his Legacy championship! How can he lose it to THE Jay Harvey in his rightful, not guaranteed rematch if he loses it to the clown or the... other clown.

Blackfront: Are all three of them clowns?

Ace: They're at least jugglers.

Blackfront: Good thing they aren't juggalo-OH DEAR GOD! REMEMBER SCOTT STEVENS! REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

Harmen was recovering and trying to lift the larger framed Jestal to his feet, when he turned directly into a Scott Stevens superkick. Harmen is flattened on the canvas, resembling his previous snow angel like pose, but this time unconsciously. Stevens dives on top for the cover.

One.

Two.

Jestal is too close, breaking the pin with a lunging elbow.

Blackfront: Oh I thought he had him. Jestal with the last minute save!

Jestal reaches down and begins to claw both Stevens and Harmen's eyes with each hand. Official Willie Anderson reprimands as Jestal lets go at four. He stares daggers up at Anderson, who takes a step back but stands his ground. Jestal then repeats the motion, gouging at both Scott and Jack's orbital sockets. At four, he releases once more. Jestal looks down at Stevens and Harmen as the crowd jeers, before he falls and rolls out of the ring. He begins to search underneath the ring and after a few moments of scavenging, pulls out a steel chair. He raises it high to the UTA crowd, who actually cheer just a bit, before Anderson shouts at Jestal to put the chair down. Jestal does so, by placing it into the ring under the bottom rope, and slides in himself.

Ace: Well this is going to be interesting!

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Blackfront: Jestal is motivated by pure blind rage Ace. I don't know if he even cares about the Legacy title. He just wants to make both Stevens and Harmen pay.

As Jestal climbs to his feet, referee Anderson stands between Jestal and his opponents. He has both hands extended, shaking his head no to the clown prince. Mary-Lynn climbs herself onto the apron, and shouts at Jestal to stop. Jestal looks at the chair, back to Anderson, back to Harmen and Stevens who are trying to stir, and then back to Anderson. Anderson pleads with him to put the chair down or he's going to have to disqualify him from the matchup.

Kick to the gut!

CRACK

Jestal lays into the back of Willie Anderson, as he screams and falls to his knees and then his face unconscious. Mary-Lynn quickly jumps off the apron to safety as Jestal glares at her. Jestal then turns to the recovering Stevens.

CRACK

Blackfront: Dear GOD! That's brutal. Even though Stevens got his hands up to protect himself, I don't think it worked.

Ace: Stevens is out cold Black. And so is our official. I don't get this at all!

Stevens is knocked to the mat like a sack of potatoes. Jestal quickly turns his attention to Harmen, who's using the middle ropes to get to his feet. Jestal taps the chair on the mat a few times as he waits for the champ to get to his feet. The UTA crowd cheering Jack on, trying to alert the champ to the oncoming mayhem. Jack turns...

Blackfront: Watch out Jack!

Wild swing from Jestal, but Harmen ducks! Harmen runs off the far ropes and springboards...

CRACK

Ace: OH HOLY MOTHER OF HOLY.

Blackfront: Harmen just went for the asai moonsault, and Jestal caught him mid-air, upside down with a chair shot to the chest! The champ's lucky he wasn't just decapitated!

Jestal slams the chair onto the mat, mission accomplished. He stares at both Stevens and Harmen with a quiet and sedated fury, wondering if what he's done to them is enough vengeance for his best friend Clucky. He looks to his coat hanging on the ring post and reaches inside, pull out those traditional plastic smiling

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teeth he's been carrying around with him for the past few months.

He walks over to Harmen flipping him on his back and proceeds to put a pair in his mouth. Jestal looks down at Harmen with that goofy smile now and he snickers over him for a bit and then slowly turns to the man that he promised would make smile over the last few months. He walks over to Scott and looks at the last pair of plastic teeth he has and with a big grin knees down and puts the teeth in Stevens mouth and for the first time since the lost of Clucky, Jestal laughs hysterically.

Jestal: I told you Stevens! I would make you smile!

Jestal stares out to the sea of jeering UTA fans.

Jestal: YOU ALL SMILE TOO!

Jestal looks back at Harmen then once more at Stevens. He sneers, but it turns into a cackling maniacal laugh. Jestal dusts his hands clean of the situation, and slips himself out of the ring. He backtracks up the rampway looking at the two adversaries of his as Mary-Lynn slides in to avoid Jestal and check on her mentor. Both Stevens and Harmen remain unconscious with goofy smiles across their face, shown by the overhead angle. Jestal turns to see the Tron displaying that angle to his amusement.. The clown seem content and laughs as he continues to walk up the rampway until he reaches the curtain and exits the match.

Ace: I... Wait what?

Blackfront: Jestal... no, wait what is the most appropriate response.

Ace: He's just... leaving? He decimated everyone around ringside! I'm surprised he didn't come over here after us!

Rushing out from the backstage area is official James Brooks, flanked by EMTs. Brooks slides into the ring and checks on his cohort Anderson, as EMT's are there on standby. Anderson is dazed, but Brooks signals he'll be okay, as the EMT's slowly roll him out of the ring and help him backstage. It's then that James Brooks slides out of the ring and over to the time keeper's table. Brooks and Jordan mumble off screen, as Jordan nods in acknowledgement.

DING, DING, DING

Jordan nods to the timekeeper as James Brooks then re-enters the ring, and prepares himself.

Jordan: Ladies and gentleman, I have been informed that Jestal has been disqualified from this matchup. Therefore, per Mikey Unlikely's orders...

There's a quiet hush, as Stevens groggily raises his head letting the ruby lips fall as he does. Harmen sits up out of nowhere as if he just woke from a deep sleep, lips still in his mouth. His eyes wide and dazed, with a

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small cut on his chin, as he just spits the lips out of his mouth like they're rancid meat.

Jordan: THIS MATCH MUST CONTINUE! One on One, Scott Stevens, Jack Harmen, for the Legacy Championship. And it starts, RIGHT NOW!

Blackfront: Are either of these guys in any condition to compete?

Ace: At least they're equally debilitated, damaged, destroyed.

Brooks double checks on Stevens, who nods as he rises to his feet that he's good to go. He goes to Harmen, who has Mary-Lynn by his side. MLM shakes her head no, he's in no condition. But Harmen lets loose a sick smile and throws him a thumbs up.

DING DING DING

Blackfront: I guess that answers that question!

Ace: These guys have more guts than brains.

Mary-Lynn quickly slides out of the ring at the behest of Brooks. Stevens recovers, standing but needing to use the ropes in the corner to do so. He clutches his head, trying to shake the cobwebs. Harmen remains seated, his eyes glazed over. He raises two fingers in a peace sign. Stevens takes that as a challenge and charges. He goes for a soccer kick, but Harmen falls back before he can connect, and rolls toward Stevens, tripping him as he tries for the punt. Stevens falls on his face, as Harmen then backrolls onto Stevens' back, and begins to spin and roll around on his back. Stevens fights, rolling to his stomach and then sitting up, before Harmen finally slips into in a rear half butterfly lock. Stevens shakes his head no to the submission as he slowly inches himself toward the ropes.

Blackfront: Harmen saw Jestal working on Steven's shoulder and arm earlier, and he's going to do what he can to take the strength advantage away from Scott.

Of course, as Blackfront concludes his thought, Stevens positions his knees under his body, and begins to push himself to his feet. Harmen keeps the butterfly lock in place, as Stevens decides to just drop him in a modified one-handed back breaker onto his knees. Harmen releases and rolls to the corner, clutching his back and twitching in pain. Stevens tries to shake the stinger from his shoulder.

Blackfront: Scott still favoring that shoulder, Harmen's back in immense pain. Which man budes first?

Harmen backs off, arms raised asking Stevens to "WAIT! WAIT!" as Stevens stalks toward him. Harmen then shrugs, grabbing Stevens by his trunks and pulling him down so his face strikes the middle turnbuckle post. Harmen gets to his feet and measures Stevens up, rushing off the far ropes. He lifts his boot for a "car wash" side kick, but Stevens ducks out at the last second, causing Harmen to crotch himself on the ropes. Scott from behind, and deadlifts a struggling Flyer into a belly to back suplex. Harmen lands particularly

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brutally on the back of his head and neck as he rolls back onto his stomach. Stevens goes to Harmen's side and deadlifts him in a gutwrench, tossing him up and over his head like he was a feather. Harmen crashes down face first on the canvas, and rolls into a nearby corner. Mary-Lynn shouts at Harmen as Stevens gets a head of steam, but Scott body splashes a recovering Harmen, squashing him in the corner. Stevens then takes Harmen out of the corner with a belly to belly suplex.

Ace: Stevens is really just tossing our Legacy champion around that ring.

Blackfront: It's been very effective so far, and impressive.

Stevens hooks Harmen in a front face lock with his non-dominant arm, and hits a vertical suplex. He hangs on, rolls, lifts and hits another. On the third, Scott holds Harmen aloft for at least five seconds before crashing back to the mats. He rolls over for the cover.

One.

Two.

Harmen barely gets a shoulder up. Stevens shakes his head and lifts Harmen again, as Harmen goes for a wild right. Stevens ducks, rear waist lock into a german suplex. Stevens holds on, and Harmen shakes his head shouting "NOT AGAIN!" before Stevens hits a second german. Stevens keeps the hooks in, as Harmen struggles. He gets a quick shot on Stevens' shoulder which breaks the hook for a moment, but Stevens re-hooks quickly and lifts Harmen. Harmen shouts "STOP! PLEA--" before Stevens hits a third German and bridges for a pin.

One.

Two.

Harmen barely gets a shoulder up, swatting at Stevens' dominant and injured shoulder to break the pin. Stevens rolls to his stomach and slams a fist into the mat.

Blackfront: A bit of frustration showing from the challenger here.

Ace: He's thrown this Lunatic around the ring like a rag doll. He's just gotta keep doing that!

Stevens lifts Harmen off the mat, as Jack racks the eyes. Brooks reprimands him, as Harmen pushes and shoves Stevens into the far ropes. Harmen shoots him off, but Stevens holds his ground and reverses. As Harmen returns, Stevens hooks him and flapjacks him at least twelve feet into the air. As Harmen falls, Stevens hits him with a stiff european uppercut that sends a wad of spit flying another fifteen feet into the air. Stevens collapses to his knees, having used his dominant arm to strike Harmen, and may have hurt himself more than Jack. The Legacy champion tumbles like a ton a bricks as Stevens dives on top for the pin, hooking the near leg with his good arm.

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One.

Two.

Harmen gets a shoulder up. Stevens' eyes go wide, and he quickly mounts and starts striking the Legacy champion with closed fists. After a four count, Stevens gets up and breaks the hold. He turns toward Harmen and waits for him to get to his feet, as the Lunatic rolls to the corner and starts using the ropes to stand. Stevens charges, so Harmen bails to the outside. Stevens shakes his head in frustration, as Harmen regroups on the outside.

Blackfront: Harmen has got to change his gameplan if he's going to win this. Discussing strategy with his tiny attorney...

Ace: Stevens shouldn't let Harmen breath, yet alone rest. The Legacy title's on the line!

Indeed, Scott Stevens slips out of the ring. Mary-Lynn tries to warn Harmen but they were too focused on re-strategizing. So Stevens hooks Harmen from behind and tosses him over his head, so far that Harmen lands on his face with a release german suplex on the outside mats. The crowd oohs and shudders, as Stevens raises his hands in victory. Scott grabs Harmen by his hair and lifts him to his feet. Stevens stands behind a groggy Jack and goes to shove him into the corner turnbuckle post, but Harmen slips out and uses Stevens momentum against him, sending him and that injured shoulder into the steel post.

Stevens leans up against the turnbuckle post, so Harmen takes a moment and then charges...

Blackfront: Harmen with the locomotive! He just crushed Stevens head between his finishing big boot and the steel post! Dear God that clang was sickening!

Ace: Just slide in Jack! Scott is unconscious! You can win via countout!

Jack however, doesn't listen to Ace. He begins to struggle, trying to lift the larger Stevens to his feet. Stevens is just dead weight, and it's a supreme struggle to do so. At a five count, Jack finally rolls and shoves Scott back into the ring. Harmen follows suit, diving on top for a cover.

One.

Two.

Foot on the ropes! The crowd pops.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens is still in this match Ace! He's broken the pin!

Ace: That must be pure muscle memory. Stevens is still not really stirring, and Harmen's eyes are bulging out of his socket.

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Harmen runs his hands through his hair and yanks at his wild mane with both fists. He claps three times toward Brooks who holds up two fingers. The Legacy champion adjusts his right boot as he climbs to his feet. He stumbles once he gets there, and leans down trying to pull Stevens up to his feet.

Blackfront: STEVENS HOOKS THE FACELOCK, Harmen with uppercuts, quickly and frantically swatting at Steven's dominant arm. He just broke up the Toxic Sting! Stevens stumbles off, shaking his bum arm.

Harmen charges toward Stevens, as Scott throws a wild clothesline, lunging at Jack. He whiffs, landing on his hands and knees. Jack Harmen keeps running off the far side, returning as Stevens turns from a half-standing position...

Ace: LOCOMOTIVE!

Blackfront: Right into a folded up cover! Harmen's got both legs hooked!

One.

Two.

THREE!

Harmen breaks the pin as the crowd cheers. Jack sits up in the ring, and blinks, bug-eyed and glazed. Mary-Lynn Mayweather slips herself into the ring, holding the Legacy championship as she does. She returns it to Jack, who nods happily toward her with a childlike enthusiasm. He gives her a thumbs up, as Mary helps Jack get back to his feet. Harmen leans on Mary-Lynn's shoulder, as he uses his free hand to raise the Legacy championship to the crowd.

Jordan: Your winner, and STILL, Legacy champion... JACK, HAAAAAARRMMMMEEEEEEENN!

Blackfront: Jack Harmen may have proved he's got the tenacity to take a beating, to survive and somehow defeat the dominant Scott Stevens. Jestal's earlier attacks may have cost him the championship. Without that injured shoulder, Scott may have hit Toxic Sting, and we could have had a new Legacy champion.

Ace: You can tell that to Scott when he wakes up.

Blackfront: Harmen's obviously in pain, he's barely able to stand here. His protege Mary-Lynn helping him celebrate as the UTA crowd cheers on the Legendary Lunatic.

Ace: And what's up with the mad clown? He just... he ruined his shot at the Legacy title, and may have ruined his career, all over a vendetta over a CHICKEN!

Blackfront: Maybe we'll understand him one day, maybe we won't. But, Scott Stevens showed me something tonight. He has nothing to be ashamed about here Ace. He just made one fatal mistake, striking

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his own shoulder against that steel post. Jestal and Harmen then took advantage. It just wasn't his night.

Harmen's eyes roll as he stumbles. Mary-Lynn is only just able to keep Harmen standing, as Brooks slips in and helps Jack stand as well. The cameras pick up Harmen speaking to Mary-Lynn.

Mary-Lynn: You good?

Jack Harmen: I did it. (frowns) What did I do? (Looks around, squinting in pain) Why is it so bright?

Mary-Lynn looks to Brooks, as the two begin to quickly escort the Legacy champion backstage. Meanwhile, the camera cuts to Scott Stevens, who's recovering in the ring. Stevens rubs his jaw, and lets out a deep sigh. As he uses the ropes to help stand, the UTA crowd begin to cheer and applaud him. Scott nods to the crowd, and slips out of the ring.

Blackfront: Scott Stevens may not have become Legacy champion tonight, but I think he's earned his redemption here tonight. The UTA fans are appreciative of the effort shown here.

Ace: Maybe one day it'll be rewarded Blackfront and it'll MEAN something, Oh... Dear God. What is this nonsense! Why are we going THERE? Someone stab my eyes out, please!

[SHOCKER.](#)

Shocker

We fade in to find THE Jay Harvey in his pre-match preparation. The former WrestleUTA Legacy Champion is seen tying his left boot as Catalina stands in front of him. She is speaking to Harvey but Blackfront and Ace's commentary dominates the scene.

Blackfront: THE Jay Harvey getting ready for his big match against Crimson Lord.

Ace: Look at that man right now... he's all business. I haven't seen him that focused since he debuted here in WrestleUTA.

Blackfront: Since losing the Legacy title we have seen a more vicious side to Harvey... if that's even possible.

Harvey finishes up lacing his boot. He rises to his feet, continuing to get a motivating message from Catalina.

Ace: Whatever Catalina is saying to him, it looks like it's working.

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We cut from Harvey to his opponent Crimson Lord. Lord is seen shadow boxing in his locker room. His hands cut through the air with incredible speed.

Blackfront: There is Crimson Lord. The man who will go one on one with THE Jay Harvey.

Ace: Don't forget, Jason... the winner of this match is the NEW Number One Contender for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship.

Blackfront: Indeed, Tommy. One of these men will get a title shot... I know who your money's on, Tommy.

Ace: Of course I have to go with my main man THE Jay Harvey!

Blackfront: Shocker. That match is still to come... Coming up next Impulse takes on Chris Ross in a No Disqualification match!

Ace: I hope Chris Ross finally puts an end to this. I'm sick and tired of the "goody-two-shoes" that is Impulse.

Blackfront: These two have been going at it like animals since before No Love Lost. Tonight could we see the final chapter in this story?

[CHRIS ROSS VS IMPULSE: NO DISQUALIFICATIONS](#)

Chris Ross vs Impulse

No Disqualifications

Blackfront: I've been looking forward to this next match for months, Tommy! Impulse will finally get a measure of revenge against Chris Ross!

Ace: Revenge? Right. No DQ, The Boss is gonna eat him alive.

Blackfront: I think you underestimate what Impulse is willing to do to get revenge for Calico Rose, Tommy.

Ace: Don't make me laugh, Blackie... Impulse is a man of principle. Which is great, because they're the easiest ones to take advantage of.

Blackfront: ... With that... uplifting... comment, let's head to ringside!

DING DING DING

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Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit, and this match will feature no disqualifications! In addition... FALLS WILL COUNT ANYWHERE IN THE ARENA!

The fans pop huge at the announcement, and a chant of 'IMPULSE, IMPULSE' starts.

Jordan: INTRODUCING FIRST...

The audience erupts into a chorus of boos as Badlands by Mayday begins to play over the loudspeakers.

Blackfront: These fans certainly telling The Boss what they think of him, Tommy!

Ace: Yes they are, Blackie... but unfortunately for them, Chris Ross is THE BOSS whether they appreciate him or not.

Ross storms out carrying what appears to be a garbage can filled with all sorts of random objects in it.

Jordan: From Harrisburg, Pennsylvania weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds..... CHRIS "THE BOSS" ROSS!!!!

The Keystone State Killa walks down the ramp with the can of weapons in hand setting it down outside of the ring near the ramp.

Ace: The Boss has bad intentions for Impulse tonight! This is his world here Blackfront!

Blackfront: But the question is can he dish out enough to put The Marathon Man away? Last match Ross beat him half way to death and he couldn't keep him down!

The Boss slides into the ring cracking his knuckles In the ring, Ross paces, a determined/annoyed look on his face. He keeps his gaze fixed on the entrance, however - focused on his opponent.

Jordan: AND HIS OPPONENT...

â™« "Cannonball" - SIRSYâ™«

It's like a switch is flicked, and the fan reaction immediately becomes a positive, cheering for Chris Ross' opponent. Ross, on the other hand, leans against the nearest set of ropes and waves for him to 'come on down.'

Jordan: From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety two pounds... THE MARATHON MAN... IMMMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!!!!

The cheers - already loud - get louder when Impulse steps through the curtain to the top of the ramp. He sports a T-shirt showing a pair of hands shaking, and the caption 'PLEASE SHAKE RESPONSIBLY.' His

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eyes meet Chris Ross' and he smirks, and points to the entryway where he just emerged.

Ace: GOD DAMN IT, NOT AGAIN!

Out walks Calico Rose, as a "Welcome Back!" chant begins. In the ring, Chris Ross rolls his eyes. Cally takes a bow, Impulse takes her by the hand, and they walk to ringside, slapping hands as they go.

Blackfront: This match just got a whole lot more fun, Tommy!

Ace: She's SOOOOOOOOOO annoying, Blackie!

Blackfront: And she certainly annoyed Chris Ross during her entire time here in WrestleUTA - this could split the Boss's focus, Tommy!

Ace: I always knew Impulse was a cheater.

While Chris Ross points at Impulse and challenges him to enter the ring, Impulse waits at the foot of the stairs, the smirk still on his face. He kisses Cally on the cheek and slowly, deliberately walks up the steps.

Ace: Hit him, Ross!

Chris Ross does not hit him. The referee steps between the two men and tells Ross to back up so Impulse can enter the ring, and so he can appropriately call for the bell. However, when the referee turns back towards Impulse, Ross steps past him!

Ace: HAHA! NO DQ, Blackfront!

Blackfront: Impulse beats him to the punch... with a punch!

Ace: HE CHEATED!

Through the entire exchange, Impulse never takes his eyes off Ross. Therefore, when he sidestepped the referee, Impulse was ready, and fired a closed fist before Ross could do the same! He fires another one and steps through the ropes, and bounces his right hand off Ross' face once, twice, three times in all, rocking The Boss backwards!

Blackfront: There's the bell, and we're on!

Ace: Nothing about those illegal pre-match shots, huh?

Blackfront: No DQ, remember, Tommy?

Ace: But--It doesn't work that way!

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Impulse whips Ross into the ropes, and scoops him on the rebound with a spinebuster! Quick cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Ace: YOU GET AWAY!

Blackfront: Welcome back, Cally.

The static of a microphone is heard as the camera quickly cuts to the commentary table - Cally has grabbed both men and given them each an uncomfortable looking hug from across the table. We quickly cut back to the ring, where Impulse pulls Ross to his feet and ties up his arm in a painful looking modified armbar.

Ace: I think she needs to talk to HR.

Blackfront: Impulse working that arm over, you have to think he's got the Double Wristlock on his mind, Tommy.

Ace: That's a long way from here, Blackie... Ross won't let him get that far.

In the ring, despite the leverage, Ross is able to push his way to his feet, and he pushes Impulse into the ropes, and he whips him across the ring!

Blackfront: Reversal by Impulse! Clothesline! Ross ducks!

Ace: All right! Here we go!

Chris Ross comes off the other side, and he raises his arm with ill intent -

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMPACT! SUDDEN IMPACT! IT'S OVER!

Ace: NO! No it isn't!

No, it isn't. Ross stumbles backwards and falls between the ropes to the outside, and Impulse raises his arms to a huge cheer from the fans. As Ross pulls himself up on the ring apron, we see a replay where his hand blunted a good deal of the impact.

Ace: Get yourself together, man!

Ross shakes his head to clear some of the cobwebs, and as he looks towards the closest section of the fans,

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his eyes rest on Cally.

Blackfront: Don't you dare.

Her body language turns defensive as she takes a step back. Ross climbs to his feet and moves towards her, but she climbs on top and over the commentary table, and stands against the guardrail.

Ace: Don't get distracted, Boss!

Tommy's warning is enough to get Ross's head back in the game, but as he turns around he only has time to watch Impulse come off the apron with a double axe handle that knocks him back into the table!

*"THIS IS AWESOME" *clap clap clapclapclap**

*"THIS IS AWESOME" *clap clap clapclapclap**

Blackfront: Impulse lands a little rough as well, but he's got this one well in hand!

Ace: You'd think that, but he's gotta get the Boss in the ring, and the Boss has a plan!

Blackfront: You sure?

Ace: He always has a plan!

Impulse rolls forward, and kips up, just as Ross unsteadily does the same. Impulse spins Ross around, and Ross instinctively shoves him as hard as he can - hard enough that Ross himself falls to his knees - but Impulse hits the edge of the ring square on his back! This gives The Boss enough time to go to his can and pull out what appears to be a computer keyboard.

Blackfront: A keyboard?!

Ace: Welcome to the world wide web Impulse!

Impulse grabs Ross and is met with the keyboard upside his head! Keys explode everywhere as the weapon connects! Impulse slumps forward and The Boss slides him in the ring. He then grabs the can and throws it into the ring as well, random weapons and objects spilling out of it as it lands.

Ace: Oh now it's about to get good!

Blackfront: Is that an X-Box 360!?

Ross acts like he's about to get back in the ring but he shakes his head before going under the ring digging around.

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Blackfront: What the hell could he be looking for?! Doesn't he have enough weaponry at his disposal?!

Ace: You can never have enough weapons in a No DQ match!

The Keystone State Killa pulls out a tool box and slides it in the ring.

Blackfront: Are you kidding me?! That's the toolbox our crew uses to set up the ring!

Ace: Maybe they shouldn't leave their tools laying around!

Impulse at this point has gotten to his feet. The moment Ross goes to reenter the ring he's met with a baseball slide!

Ace: Temporary setback, Blackie.

Blackfront: Maybe, but if all Chris Ross can do is pull out foreign objects--

Ace: NO DQ! Any means necessary!

Impulse climbs to his feet in the ring as Ross does the same on the floor, and the Marathon Man runs into the opposite ropes, and as he comes off on the rebound he leaps over the top for a suicide dive--Chris Ross catches him!

Blackfront: Ross stumbles back -- he holds on!

Ace: THAT'S WHY HE'S THE BOSS!

With a grunt Ross steps back and fans scramble everywhere as he lands Impulse on the guardrail with a sidewalk backbreaker!

Ace: Someone may want to give Impulse the number to the nearest chiropractor after that!

Impulse lays there holding his back rolling around on the floor as Ross reaches over and grabs a chair throwing it into the ring. The Boss storms over grabbing Impulse with bad intentions hoisting him up onto his shoulders like a little kid and dumps him back into the ring. He slides in after and sets up the chair. Impulse gets to his feet and Ross grabs a handicap parking sign from the ground and swings it at his head. The Marathon man ducks and hits Ross with a jumping knee that catches him right under the chin!

Ace: Come on Boss!!!!!!

Blackfront: Ross may be rocked after that shot!

Ross stumbles back into the ropes... He runs and The Marathon man drops him with a drop toe hold

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slamming Ross face first into the sign in his hands! Rolls him over and covers!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Impulse pushes off and shoves the street sign out of the ring, and he stalks Ross from behind, allowing the Boss to climb back to his feet. Ross stumbles around getting to his feet trying to shake out the cobwebs.

Blackfront: Impulse with a scoop from behind!

Ace: Ross with a back elbow, and a thumb to the eyes! That's smart strategy!

While the Boss gains a breather, Impulse backs off a few steps, and he eats a clothesline! Ross scoops him, looks out into the fans, and flips them off to a chorus of boos, and drives a forearm to the back of Impulse's neck! Another between his shoulder blades! A third - Impulse with a reverse Atomic Drop, and both men push away from each other! The frustration on Ross' face is evident as he reaches down grabbing the tool box opening it up.

Blackfront: What in the world could Ross be digging for in there?!

Ace: Tools! Duh!

The Keystone State Killa reaches in and rummages around until he pulls something out sliding it into his pocket. The two wrestlers nod at each other before they meet in the middle of the ring again...

Blackfront: Wait what did Ross just take from that tool box?!

Ace: The Boss has some sinister plans up his sleeve I think!

Ross and Impulse lock up and Impulse is shoved across the ring landing on his back. The Boss storms over grabbing Impulse by the hair who suddenly falls back grabbing his arm and locks in a hangman's arm bar hanging off the ropes!

Blackfront: Ohhh! Out of nowhere Impulse has a submission locked in!!!!

Ace: NO!!!! COME ON ROSS!!!! COME ON REF HE'S GOING TO BREAK HIS ARM!!!!

Blackfront: No DQ remember?

Ace: Shut up!

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Ross is screaming in agony as Impulse refuses to let go of the hold. The Boss struggles before suddenly Impulse lets out a scream in pain....

Blackfront: What the hell?!

Ace: Ross is biting Impulse's leg!!!!

Blackfront: That is disgusting!

Ross sinks his teeth into The Marathon Man's leg, which causes Impulse to loosen the hold up enough to give Ross the chance to lift him up and turn and slam him back first onto the seat of the chair with a power bomb. The fans scream out in shock as Impulse lays there in the crumpled metal as Ross rolls around holding his clearly hurt arm.

Blackfront: Chris Ross may have broken Impulse's back with that move!

Ace: Forget his back! The Boss may have a broken arm now!

Ross slowly crawls over and covers Impulse.

ONE....

TWO....

THR....

Impulse gets the shoulder up and The Boss sits there shaking his head still clutching his arm. Slowly he gets to his feet and pulls Impulse up... elbow to the ribs! A second one staggers Ross, and a third sends him stumbling backwards!

Ace: Uh oh.....

Blackfront: Impulse is not someone who uses weapons, but he's eyeing that chair like a long lost friend!

The fans rise in pitch, and get even louder as he walks towards Ross without the chair in hand.

Ace: Pussy!!!!

Blackfront: Impulse doesn't want to win that way!

The hesitation, unfortunately, gives the Keystone State Killa time to recover, He rushes in and cracks Impulse right in the jaw with a 360 rotating discus elbow, and he lands on the mat with a thud, the back of his head slamming hard!

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Blackfront: 10-71 Connected! What a shot!

Ace: See what following the 'rules' gets you? Especially when there are no rules, you dumb bastard!

Still dazed, Impulse offers no resistance as Ross scoops him again and sends him into the ropes... but he's in it enough to duck a clothesline on the rebound! Once more, again--

Blackfront: DROP TOE HOLD ON THE CHAIR!

Ace: That's it, it's over. Wait... it's over, Boss! What are you doing?

With a look of supreme confidence, Chris Ross rises to his feet and runs his thumb over his neck, to a huge boo from the crowd. Impulse remains face first on the chair, though he has pushed up to his knees and is slowly flexing his hands.

Blackfront: Ross going to the top - oh no, if he lands the Curb Stomp, it's over!

Ace: Not just the match, Blackie - it'll be curtains for Impulse's entire stupid career!

Ross waits for a moment on the top turnbuckle, and he spits on Impulse from up high! He leaps off with his foot aimed directly at the back of Impulse's head--

Blackfront: IMPULSE MOVES! IMPULSE MOVES! ROSS CROTCHES HIMSELF ON THE CHAIR!

Ace: OH...Oh no, no, no, no, no, no!

Blackfront: I agree with the sentiment, partner, as does half the audience! But the fact remains, Impulse pushed himself backwards and out of harm's way, but he held onto that chair which may have added to the damage! Chris Ross isn't moving, other than to grimace, but Impulse is slowly climbing to his feet on an unsteady gait!

Chris Ross appears to still be in shock as Impulse rises. The Marathon Man wipes the gob of spit from the back of his head, shakes the cobwebs free as violently as he can, and hits the ropes. Clothesline takes Ross down, and he hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT! The fans express their shock that Ross still has enough to stay alive in this one!

Blackfront: Impulse folds up that chair -

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Ace: I see, now he's gonna use it. When The Boss is helpless! Coward!

Blackfront: - and sends it out of the ring!

Ace: Fool!

Impulse pulls Ross to his feet and whips him into the ropes - he reverses! Impulse hits the ropes but he holds on as Ross falls to his knees!

Ace: A lesser man would be finished but The Boss is not a lesser man!

Blackfront: He'd better hurry, though - both men have taken their hits and neither of them look ready to toss in the towel!

Ross runs... as best he can... forward, and he clotheslines Impulse over the top - Impulse ducks down and backdrops him over! Ross hangs onto the top rope, barely, and Impulse hits the opposite ropes!

Ace: LOOK OUT!

Blackfront: Impulse off the side as Ross finally pulls himself to steady feet - IMPULSE WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

The sound of a crash fills the air, as Chris Ross flies backwards off the ring apron. We cut to the commentary table, where Ace and Blackfront sit in their chairs in front of a destroyed table with a Keystone State Killa on top.

Ace: Are we still on?! Is this thing working?

Blackfront: Our announce table is in pieces and Chris Ross may be as broken as the table now!

Impulse stumbles off the apron and rushes over covering Ross.

ONE....

TWO....

THRE.....

The fans cheer loudly as The Boss somehow musters enough strength to get his shoulder up. Impulse looks at Ross slamming his fist into the broken table frustrated before slowly getting up.

Blackfront: These two men are trying to kill each other. At this point I don't know what will keep either of them down!

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Ace: Come on Ross! Get up god damnit!

Impulse reaches down and grabs Ross by the hair pulling him to his feet. The Boss suddenly suddenly springs to life and hoists The Marathon Man up and in a loud crash slams him through the timekeeper's table with a belly to back suplex!

Blackfront: If it's not bolted down it's fair game at this point! These guys are tearing the entire arena apart!

Ross lays there breathing heavily as Impulse lays there rolling around holding his back from landing on the ring bell. Ross slowly gets to his feet after a minute and grabs Impulse pulling him to his feet and he whips him right into the guardrail as hard as he can. The Boss storms over grabbing Impulse and he whips him into another guard rail!

Ace: The Boss is being relentless with his assault!

Ross storms over and grabs Impulse and begins to drag to the ramp before he hoists him up and throws him with a T-bone suplex where he lands on the metal in a sickening thud. Wasting no time he immediately covers him.

ONE....

TWO.....

THRE.....

The fans cheer loudly as Impulse gets the shoulder up. A frustrated Ross turns The Marathon Man over and begins to rain forearm after forearm into the side of his head. It's then he reaches into his pocket....

Blackfront: Is that?!

Ace: A Screwdriver! That's what he retrieved from the toolbox earlier!

The Keystone State Killa indeed has a screwdriver in his hand... He grabs Impulse by the hair lifting his head up....

Blackfront: Oh no he's not gonna..... No! NOOOO!!!

Ace: YES DO IT!!!!!!

Ross drives the point of the tool into Impulse's forehead. Fans scream in horror as The Boss continues to dig and cut a gash into the head of The Marathon Man.... Blood begins to pour out of the wound.

Blackfront: Someone stop this!!!! This is disgusting!!!! Chris Ross is trying to kill the man out there!

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Ace: No DQ, Blackie! You said it!

Refusing to let up, The Boss drives the screwdriver into his forehead again before Impulse hits Ross with a headbutt that stuns both men and staggers them away from each other.

Blackfront: That had to hurt Impulse even more than Ross, and Impulse - I'm not sure he knows where he is right now, he's staggering up the entrance ramp!

Ace: He's running! We all saw this coming, he's scared!

A quick cut to the commentary table shows both men standing and watching over the ring apron - their monitors have not yet been replaced. Impulse gets about halfway up before his brain and vision clear enough to recognize where he is, and he looks around for his opponent.

Ace: Clothesline by The Boss! Oooh, I could hear Impulse's head bounce off the metal from here, it's music to my ears!

With bad intentions in his eyes The Boss pulls Impulse to his feet by the arm. He pulls Impulse in and suddenly turns jamming his thumb into his throat locking in an Asiatic Spike!

Ace: CRIME SCENE! CRIME SCENE LOCKED IN!!!! THIS IS OVER!!!!

Blackfront: Chris Ross is pulling out everything he has tonight!

Like a ragdoll he flails Impulse around walking to the top of the ramp. Impulse struggles to get free, but Ross has the spike locked in tightly, and he makes sure to let all of the fans who can hear him know it.

Blackfront: Impulse is fighting valiantly, but there's only so long he'll be able to hold out with that spike closing off his windpipe!

Ace: But... BUT... if he doesn't give up, he might go away forever! BEST DAY EVER!

Blood pours down Impulse's face into the proverbial crimson mask, as The Boss' plan finally appears to be clear: he stands at the edge of the ramp overlooking a mess of equipment below.

Chris Ross: TIME TO SAY NIGHTY NIGHT TO YOUR IDIOT FANS!

Ace: THAT'S WHY HE'S THE BOSS!

Ross keeps hold of Impulse's head and neck, but he lifts the Marathon Man up and prepares to drop--

Blackfront: Impulse hooks his ankles behind Chris Ross' knee!

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His face reddened from the blood flow and the severe pressure on his windpipe, Impulse manages to lock onto his opponent in just the right spot. Ross attempts to shake him free, but he's unable to do so! The fans come back to life as it appears that hope isn't lost, and they're chanting Impulse's name as he does his best to make sure that if he goes over, so will Ross!

Finally, realizing the futility of this particular attack, Ross steps to the side and lets go of the Crime Scene, which drops Impulse face first onto the metal grate! The impact frees Chris Ross' trapped leg, and he shouts for the referee to come over while he kneels down for a pinfall!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Blackfront: Where is he getting the will to survive, Tommy?

Ace: I don't know, but if he hasn't lost it yet, it's time for the Nestea Plunge!

As if he can hear him, Ross scoops Impulse again around the chest and shoulders, and he lifts the Marathon Man -

Blackfront: Impulse hooks his head! Ross steps aside again to free himself - DDT ON THE RAMP!

Both men crumble. The camera zooms in showing now Ross is bleeding with blood trickling down his face from the impact. The fans continue to cheer for Impulse, though once again, Chris Ross is the first to show signs of life.

Ace: You cannot STOP THE BOSS!

Blackfront: Impulse has pulled out all the stops so far, and you may be right, Tommy! But at the same token, can you stop Impulse?

Ace: YES!

The fans disagree with Tommy Ace's assertion as they continue to chant his name as if willing him back to his feet. To their chagrin, it's Chris Ross who rolls to his knees first, pushing himself up to an unsteady vertical base. He wipes the blood from his face, and, noticing the amount on his hands, flings it into the crowd in an act of contempt.

Blackfront: It may be over here, folks - Ross is up and Impulse has barely moved!

Ross seems to agree - he runs his thumb over his neck again and leans over to grab Impulse - he takes him

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by the neck and tries to pull him up.

Blackfront: Impulse grabs Ross' wrist! He's fighting him!

Ace: Resistance is futile, boy scout!

Ross tries to pull his hand free, he sends a fist towards Impulse's face, but the Marathon Man gets a boot between himself and his opponent and boots Ross backwards! The Boss doesn't go down, but the additional space gives him enough time to roll backwards to his knees, and enough warning of Ross running at him again to finally act.

Ace: WATCH OUT!

Blackfront: CLOTHESLINE! ROSS MISSES!

Ace: WATCH OUT!!

Impulse ducks the clothesline attempt, and Ross nearly takes a header off the ramp! Fortunately for him, he stops with inches to spare, and he turns back towards Impulse --

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMPACT!

Ace: NOOOOOO!!!!!!

The fans rise as one as Impulse's boot lands squarely on Chris Ross' jaw, and The Boss seems frozen in time for a moment... then he falls.

He falls backwards, twelve feet to the floor... onto a large bay of electrical gear! WrestleUTA techs scatter at the sudden impact, and the referee drops down carefully to check on him! Suddenly sparks fly from the electrical equipment under Ross.... Followed by a pyro explosion!

Ace: Oh my god!!!!!! Someone get over there before the god damn arena is set on fire!

Fortunately, the sparks and the brief flames are easily extinguished. The referee pulls Chris Ross to the flat ground and tries to get a response. All the while, Impulse sits on the edge and gently drops down to the floor below.

Blackfront: This is unprecedented, fans... and Impulse, always the sportsman, checking on his opponent.

Ace: What a loser.

Impulse stands over Ross for what seems like several minutes, when, all of a sudden he drops to his knees and hooks the leg!

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ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

...

And the referee calls for the bell (and a stretcher from the medics).

Blackfront: He just took a page out of Chris Ross' playbook and took the pin!

Ace: What a cheater!

Blackfront: You can't have it both ways, Tommy!

Ace: THE HELL I CAN'T!

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, I think both of these men will require some serious medical aid, but the official word is in, and Impulse has defeated Chris Ross in a war for the ages! We're gonna take a quick break in the action while these men are attended to and we can hopefully get our monitors back! We are just moments away from the Number One Contenders match!

As the cameramen back up to let the medical people through (while still keeping their live coverage), Cally grabs Impulse around the neck, and nearly knocks him over, with a gigantic hug. The fans continue to cheer for them both; while The Boss is loaded onto a stretcher, Impulse is able to walk backstage under his own power, supported by his number one fan.

[OUT OF ORDER](#)

Out Of Order

Backstage, EMT professionals surround Jack Harmen in a triage setting. Harmen sits on a gurney, head kicked back staring at the ceiling as rambles on. He has on a wide and disturbing smile.

Jack Harmen: Fuck that horse. I totally ate the blueberries...

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The EMTs strike an overhead light onto him and Harmen hisses, covering his eyes. He shouts with a shrill high pitched, pseudo Howie Mandel like impression.

Jack Harmen: Bright light! Bright light!

Harmen looks to the side to avoid the light and sees an EMT with long hair.

Jack Harmen: Bon Jovi? When did you get your medical degree...

Harmen turns to the other EMTs.

Jack Harmen: Mr. Baio. Mr. Culkin. Who's Home Alone now Boss man? Where's the flower girl? I need cupcakes. Like it's my spinach. I'm Olive Oyl. Extra virgin.

Harmen points over to Mary-Lynn Mayweather, who holds his hand and shows concern.

Jack Harmen: HA. He gets it.

Harmen's eyes roll into the back of his head as he falls backwards with a thud on the gurney. He stares up at the lights as the doctors surrounding him and continue to check vitals.

Jack Harmen: I like you guys. You'd make my top 8. Are you on Classmates dot com? I have a geocities page. And a Tripod page. Fuck Angelfire.

Harmen's eyes begin to close.

EMT: Sir, don't fall asleep. SIR!

The EMT yanks Harmen awake.

Jack Harmen: Hey! You're 9 on my MySpace now!

EMT: Sir! What is your name!?

Jack Harmen: That's easy! Uhm. What is it again? I forget which one I am today...

Harmen laughs.

Jack Harmen: Oh yeahs... It's Phillip Crayon Parliament. Stuff the Litigator Slayer! No. It's probably FAKEPulse. Or maybe Marshmellow Johnson.

Harmen can't stop laughing.

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Jack Harmen: I'm Pepsi Man 3000. I came from the future to kill New Coke. THIRTEEN!

Harmen cackles into the night.

Jack Harmen: I love you guys. You remind me of my kid!

Mary-Lynn: You have two kids Jack.

Jack Harmen: I DO?! That's awesome! Wait, when am I?

[I'M PUMPED FOR THIS ONE.](#)

I'm Pumped For This One

We open up to Tommy Ace and Jason Blackfront behind their commentary table. The fans behind them are going ballistic.

Blackfront: Folks, we are minutes away from THE Jay Harvey faces Crimson Lord. Remember the winner becomes the new Number One Contender for the WrestleUTA World Championship.

Ace: I'm pumped for this one!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord has been there before in his career. Crimson Lord was inches away from beating Kendrick to win the WrestleUTA World title-

Ace: Until THE Jay Harvey smashed the title over Crimson Lord's skull!

Crimson Lord continues to box but we go live to Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace behind their announce table.

Blackfront: That's where all this started, folks. No Love Lost our first Pay Per View back... Jay Harvey cemented himself as a threat.

Ace: THE Jay Harvey put himself on the map.

Blackfront: Harvey would further attack Crimson Lord on several occasions. Lord seemed to just miss getting his hands on Harvey.

Ace: Harvey was a constant thorn in Crimson's side.

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Blackfront: Crimson Lord would get his revenge, tipping the scales back in his favor.

Ace: Don't remind me... I'm still having nightmares about what Crimson Lord did to that beautiful Rolls-Royce.

Blackfront: Crimson Lord didn't stop there... Crimson Lord is the main reason Harvey isn't still carrying the WrestleUTA Legacy title around.

Ace: These two men gave each other hell and tonight they face each other one on one. €

CRIMSON LORD VS THE JAY HARVEY : #1 CONTENDERS MATCH

Crimson Lord vs THE Jay Harvey

#1 Contenders Match

"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: The following contest is a #1 Contender's Match for the WrestleUTa World Championship!

Jordan: Introducing first 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.

Blackfront: The bad blood between Jay and Crimson has been historic over the past few months, this should be one hell of a match up here.

Ace: I agree and in the end THE Jay Harvey will be the one declared the #1 Contender!

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 Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

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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: Now we wait for his rival Crimson Lord.

Natural One slowly fades as Death Dealer begins to play. The fans hop to their feet as Harvey paces back and forth waiting for his nemesis to emerge. The tron quickly shows the gorilla position. Crimson grabs Zoey's arm, she turns to him.

Zoey: What is it dad?

Crimson glances over at the monitor watching Harvey pace aggressively, he looks back at her.

Crimson: I want nothing holding me back, release me!

Zoey looks a bit concern as the camera catches her expression.

Zoey: Dad I am not sure that's wise. I have been having a hard time keeping your rage at bay. Your programming seems to not be working as it once was.

Crimson clenches his teeth for a moment.

Crimson: I am tired of being restrained, I am going to show Harvey who the hell he is stepping in the ring with and that's Crimson Lord....the REAL Crimson Lord!

Zoey looks away clearly not sure of what to do. She looks back at her father who crosses his arms waiting for her response.

Zoey: Ok, but if I see you going off the deep end I will need to imprison that rage again.

Crimson taps his foot and his fingers on his arms.

Crimson: Let's not keep all these fans here in Wrestlezone waiting any longer, now release me!

Zoey sighs for a moment.

Zoey: ...Switchblade!

Crimson's eyes widened for a moment, he uncrosses his arms and clenches his fist tight looking toward the curtain and soon power walking out of the gorilla area. Zoey clearly looks as though she has made a mistake as she follows her father.

Crimson steps through the curtain as Harvey stares from the ring, No fancy pyro or smoke and mirrors

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Crimson power walks toward the ring while Zoey tries to catch up to him.

Jordan: Coming to the ring....

Jay wastes no time and exits the ring meeting up with Crimson and the two begin to brawl back and forth.

Blackfront: Jay has been seething to get his hands on Crimson and these two are not wasting any time here we go!

Ace: Come on Jay put this seven foot goof in his place and take what rightfully belongs to you the #1 contendership for the world title!

Jay pushes CL back, to the top of the stage until Crimson gets the advantage again. Jay desperately rams his shoulder into the gut of Crimson drives him back right into the stage!

Blackfront: OOOO Crimson's back meets the unforgiving steel of the Absolution stage Tommy.

Ace: Do it again Jay cripple him!

Crimson screams in pain, before throwing overhand chops to the back of Jay forcing him to pull away from Crimson. Jay backtracks a bit, as Crimson steps from the unforgiving steel of the stage. Jay quickly does a impressive standing dropkick sending Crimson right back into the stage. Crimson drops to a knee.

Blackfront: The big man is down, if Jay is going to have any chance here he is going to have to keep Crimson off his feet.

Ace: That should not be a problem for THE Jay Harvey!

Jay shakes his forearms from the impact on the stage. He moves into attack Crimson delivering a few shots to the top of Crimson's head. Crimson quickly retaliates and grabs Harvey's trunks and pulls him over the top of him. Jay's head smashes into the structure of the Absolution stage. Jay quickly holds his face, staggering around the referee shouts at the two to bring it to the ring. Crimson ignores the referee and gets up favoring his back. He moves in on Jay with a swift european uppercut!

Blackfront: Good God, did you see Jay's face hit that steel of the stage?

Ace: No THE Jay Harvey's handsome face!

Crimson drags Jay from the stage and throws him into the barricade just off of the ramway. Crimson unloads on Harvey while he is pinned between the barricade and Crimson. The referee continues to yell at Crimson to get it in the ring.

Blackfront: The referee is clearly not in control of this match, he is in for a hell of a night tonight these two

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have a bitter hatred for one another. I wouldn't be surprised if this just turns out to be a all out street fight.

Ace: Come on Jay, fight back!

The fans continue to erupt in cheers at these two brawling back and forth. Crimson pulls Jay from the barricade and looks to finally be listening to the referee as he drags Jay toward the ring, with Catalina looking on concerned for her man. Zoey has a smile on her face, as Crimson slams Jay's head into the apron. Jay quickly falls down. Crimson mounts him and starts to unload with a flurry of rights and lefts to the skull of Jay Harvey, who looks to have been busted open.

Blackfront: It looks like Jay is cut here fans and it looks to be a nasty gash under his left eye.

Catalina quickly tries to get involved pulling at Crimson's singlet. Its enough to get the seven footers attention, he turns around to face Catalina. She scurries off quickly. Jay is crawling toward the steel steps. Crimson looks back at Harvey and moves in to attack delivering a few stomps to the back of Harvey. He picks Harvey up and irish whips Jay with force right into the barricade. Jay body goes horizontal before falling to the floor quickly.

Blackfront: The power of Crimson is insane, Harvey was just tossed like a rag doll into the barricade.

Ace: Come on you idiot referee do your job and disqualify Crimson!

Blackfront: Hard to DQ someone when the match hasn't officially started Tommy.

Crimson continues to motion for Jay to get up, The Natural One, is very slow to rise. Crimson poised for another attack, Jay has barely gotten to his feet with his arm over the barricade. Crimson charges, just as he is about to make contact with Harvey, Catalina grabs Jay by the arm and pulls him away Crimson plows through the barricade!

Blackfront: Catalina in the nick of time and that barricade is in pieces now, if Jay was ever looking for a opening here this would be it.

Ace: Catalina, come on give him a glass of water or something don't let Crimson have any sort of breather get Jay back on him!

The referee still is having a hard time getting these two in the ring, the match has yet to even start. Zoey quickly runs over to her father lying in the rubble of the barricade, with a cold stare at Catalina. She however is not concerned with Zoey more with Jay. Jay with help from Catalina has finally gotten to a vertical base. He gingerly slides into the ring blood dripping from the gash under his eye. He slowly pulls himself up with help from the ropes. The referee is now telling Zoey to get him in the ring. Jay however is yelling at the referee to count out Crimson. The referee gets in the ring and continues to get a verbal onslaught by Jay.

Blackfront: Jay clearly wants to make his own rules, but that's not in the rule book. Crimson has yet to even

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enter the ring tonight.

Ace: To hell with your make believe rulebook, Jay is in the ring count this nutcase out!

Jay waves his arms in the air, at the referee and exits the ring and moves to Crimson who is stirring from the rubble. Harvey picks up Crimson and drags him to the steel steps and slams CL's face into the steps. Crimson staggers around holding his face. Harvey grabs the back of Crimson's trunks and throws him back in the ring. The referee finally calls for the bell and this match has officially begun!

Blackfront: It's official now fans #1 Contender's match has finally begun.

Ace: I swear if this idiot in the white shirt plays favorites, I'll make sure to let Mr. Unlikely know.

Crimson gets to his feet, favoring the shoulder that smashed into the barricade. Harvey pushes CL off the ropes and irish whips him to the opposite ropes, Crimson returns and Harvey tries a leapfrog Crimson catches Harvey to a shocked look on his face, and CL drops Harvey down on the mat in a violent spine buster! Catalina is seen with her hands in her hair. Crimson still has a hold of Harvey's legs he turns around and flips Jay into the ropes, as Jay's neck slams into the ropes. Jay falls backward and CL raises his knees Jay grunts in pain. Crimson then sits up pushing Jay down into a pin.

Blackfront: This one could be over!

Ace: Kickout Jay!

ONE

TWO!

Jay gets the shoulder up, Crimson quickly tosses Jay's legs from his chest, and uses the ropes to pull himself up his back still giving him a bit of an issue. Jay is on his hands and knees in a small puddle of his own blood. Catalina tries desperately to motivate Jay. Crimson staggers into the corner, holding his shoulder a bit before moving in on Jay who is now pulling himself to his feet.

Blackfront: Crimson moving back on the attack obviously still feeling the effects of that collision with the barricade.

Ace: Jay get out of there he is coming, regroup outside!

Crimson and Jay grab a hold in a lockup, Crimson pushes Jay into the corner and the referee forces the break. Crimson backs off, Jay mouths off at the referee about not breaking up the lockup sooner. The two come mid circle and circle one another. They lock up, Jay quickly arm drags Crimson to the mat maintaining the arm bar, into a hammerlock. Jay pulls back as Crimson continues to refuse to quit. Crimson starts to get to a base, and slaps his shoulder a few times before reversing the hold and forcing Jay to deal with the

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hammerlock. Crimson whips Jay's arm down violently a few times sending him to a knee quickly. Crimson chicken wings the arm and puts Jay face first on the mat. Harvey in a lot of pain but refuses to quit. Crimson suddenly drives his knee into Jay's tricep a few times. Jay screams in pain. Crimson releases the hold and stomps on the back of Jay's arm a few times. Jay wisely tries to roll from the seven footer, until he falls outside the ring.

Blackfront: Jay just can not keep a consistent offense on Crimson. If he wants to win this battle trying to fight Crimson face to face might not be the best way to approach this contest.

Ace: He knows that Jason, THE Jay Harvey didn't just start wrestling yesterday!

Jay staggers around outside until he gets his composure. He looks into the ring where Crimson continues to be held back by the ref as he tries to get outside the ring. Jay has clearly had a enough he grabs Catalina's hand and starts to leave ringside. Crimson clearly is not going to let this stand, he gets by the ref and heads up the ramp. Catalina notices Crimson's whose back is to the ring now, she quickly warns Jay. The crafty veteran knows already, and has already dug in his trunks for a object. Crimson grabs Jay's arm and twist him around only to get cold clocked by the loaded fist of Harvey. Crimson staggers backward before falling down. Jay begins to kick and stomp Crimson down the rampway.

Blackfront: Harvey with some sort of object, has quickly turned the momentum to his side!

Ace: What object, Harvey just has a mean left hook.

Harvey picks up Crimson and with the already injured shoulder throws him with force into the steel steps sending the top of the steps off the bottom. Jay trash talks the fans a bit before moving in on Crimson stomping on the injured arm a few times before throwing him back in the ring at the count of nine. Jay enters the ring as Crimson continues to hold his shoulder.

Blackfront: Harvey wastes no time and is on a all out assault on the injured shoulder of Crimson.

Ace: Like the pure professional THE Jay Harvey truly is.

Jay continues to go right on the attack still focused on the shoulder. He picks up Crimson and chicken wings the bad arm behind Crimson and drives his shoulder into the gut in a football style push right into the turnbuckle. Crimson staggers out of the corner trying to shake off the pain in his arm. Jay throws a feet hay makers to the bad shoulder. Before taking Crimson down into an armbar pulling back on the massive arm of Crimson.

Crimson fights to get to a vertical base, just as he does Harvey tries to overpower the seven footer and bring him down, but just as he tries Crimson retaliates with a vicious lariat quickly breaking Jay's hold on Crimson arm and sending The natural one to the mat on the back of his neck. Crimson shakes the arm off while walking around the ring. Crimson's pain turns into utter rage, he quickly moves in on Jay who tries to shake the cobwebs off. Crimson pushes Jay in the corner and starts to deliver knee lift after knee lift until Jay can

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barely stand. Harvey falls back down. And Crimson seems to have completely lost it he turns Jay over and mounts him and begins to rain a flurry of punches so much more that the ref is threatening to disqualify Crimson.

Blackfront: Crimson has lost it here fans, the referee is threatening to disqualify him here.

Ace: This man should of been DQ'ed a long time ago, yet he keeps letting Crimson break the rules.

Zoey snatches the microphone as Crimson is going ballistic. Harvey is a bloody mess as Crimson lays into him with a flurry of rights and lefts like a shark that sees blood. The ref continues to try to stop Crimson, by giving him a standing count.

Blackfront: Zoey just took a microphone sitting on Jordan's table. I think she has even seen enough from her father.

Ace: Clearly somebody has to do something.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Crimson looks at the ref and gets off Harvey who can barely move. Catalina clearly concerned for her man's well being. Harvey has his hand over the huge gash under his eye.

Blackfront: Easy Crimson, you have already pushed the envelope pretty far, do you really want to cost yourself the 1# contendership?

Ace: Go ahead Crimson do it, in the end Jay wins release all those demons you have.

Crimson hands covered in Harvey's blood stares at the ref who quickly falls down pleading with Crimson to think about what he might do. Crimson quickly looks back at Harvey now on his hands and knees blood dripping on the mat. Crimson quickly slaps his bear claw size hand across Harvey throat and lifts him up into a chokeslam and without any hesitation spins Harvey into a one eighty. Harvey's body goes horizontal in mid air, and not long before that his back meets the knee of Crimson!

Blackfront: Harvey is up in the air...THE HOLLOW POINT!

Ace: No this can't be happening!

Harvey's back recoils on the knee of Crimson, with immediate screams of pain coming from Jay. Harvey lies on the mat in immense pain. Crimson turns to his hands and knees and stares at Harvey with a sick vile

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expression on his face. Zoey is screaming for Crimson to pin him, Crimson goes for the cover.

ONE

TWO

THR..

Blackfront: Catalina again saves Jay.

Ace: My monitor must be on the fritz when i looked up Jay had his foot on the rope.

Blackfront: Really Tommy? This woman has made it a point to interject herself in this match numerous times.

Catalina puts Jay's foot on the rope, Crimson sits up on his knees with a cold stare at Catalina enough to quickly back her from the apron. Crimson looks around at the fans, and then back at Harvey on his side trying to wipe blood from his eyes. Crimson mounts, Harvey once more and again begins to unload on Harvey's once more clearly he has lost all focus on the meaning of the match. Zoey has clearly seen enough and hops on the apron microphone in hand.

Blackfront: Zoey appears looks like she has something to say.

Zoey: SWITCHBLADE!

Crimson stops his assault, his eyes widen for a moment he gets off Harvey who slowly rolls out of the ring, quickly assisted by Catalina. Crimson looks at Zoey, shaking his head, in pain. He drops to a knee holding his head, now shouting out loud.

Ace: What a looney tune, go back to the asylum where you belong.

Crimson: NO! I WON'T GO BACK! NO!.....I WON'T GO BACK! NO!..... I WON'T GO BACK!

Crimson stands up Zoey looks shocked, the same devious demonic expression appears on Crimson Lord's face once more. Harvey has finally started to stir sliding into the ring as the ref almost hits his ten count.

Blackfront: Is Crimson fighting the programming he received at the asylum?

Ace: Wonderful the nutcase lives again

Zoey quickly puts the microphone to her mouth again.

Zoey: Dad I said..SWITCHBLADE!

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Blackfront: It appears the codeword is not working anymore Tommy, this could be bad here.

Ace: What you really need to talk about is all this time these two have been in conversation Jay has gotten a second wind.

Crimson holds his head again, He quickly looks back at her, a bit disoriented. Harvey charges Crimson from behind Crimson slams into Zoey. She flies off the apron and her lower back hits the edge of the announcers table. She falls lifeless to the floor. Meanwhile Crimson stunned, Harvey rolls the seven footer up into a roll up with a handful of tights.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey just took advantage of exactly what you were talking about Tommy, and he is in utter shock this one is over folks and Jay Harvey is your NEW #1 Contender to the WtrestleUTA World Championship...I am speechless!

Ace: Yes...oh happy day!

Natural One hits the PA

Jordan: ...The winner of the match and the NEW #1 Contender to the WtrestleUTA World Championship....THE JAY HARVEY!

Blackfront: Harvey sure doesn't look like a winner here folks, and these fans are booing the crap out of Harvey here. Crimson has not gotten off the mat sitting there completely stunned.

As Harvey quickly exits the ring stumbling to the floor outside the ring. The ref exits the ring to raise Harvey's hand in victory. Catalina tries to help her man up. Crimson sits in the center of the ring stunned. For a moment, while officials flood from the back. They rush around to the front of the commentators desk, with Jason checking on Zoey. Crimson slowly stands up and looks at a exhausted Harvey leaving with help from Catalina. He then looks toward where Zoey was on the apron, clearly upset. He walks over and his anger quickly changes as he sees Zoey being assisted to by medical. He exits the ring and checks on his daughter.

Ace: It would seem Zoey hit our desk in a rather bad spot, she is in a lot of pain in front of me, Jason is there assisting medical staff.

Crimson: Wyn...Wyn?

Crimson starts pushing people away trying to help her. Jason looks to be trying to explain to Crimson and

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calm him down. Crimson reaches down and picks up Zoey, and carries her up the rampway toward the back followed closely by medical.

A WILD JAMAICAN APPEARS!

A Wild Jamaican Appears!

We open to the office of Mikey Unlikely. The lights are low, and we can hear some footsteps approaching. The door to the office opens wide and in walks Mikey Unlikely. He grabs the remote by the door, and turns on the flat screen TV in his office. He then turns, shuts the door, locking it, and turning the lights on.

Unlikely: Finally, some peace and quiet! Now I'm just going to sit here and relax and watch the rest of the show. Uninterrupted!

With that Mikey goes to walk around his desk, but slowly his chair swivels before he can reach it. When it spins around it's revealed someone is sitting in it.

OSV: EYYYYYYYYY MON!

Mikey jumps to the sky, nearly coming out of his suit. He holds his hand over his heart.

Unlikely: Sweet mother of mary! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CHAIR!?

The Jamaican Inspiration smiles propping his feet up on Mikey's desk.

Jackson: Well ya were busy earlier so I figure why not wait here till ya got some free time! Den we can talk business! By dee way sorry bout ya Oreo frappe....

Lisil points to Mikey's shirt seeing as how the drink that was in his hand is now splattered all over his suit. Mikey looks down, now realizing he's covered in frozen greatness, and gets even more angry.

Jackson: Ta be fair ya prolly shouldn't be drinkin dem tings anyway! Way too high in suga! Ya should go natural! Like somethin wit some coconut wata mon! I be a pineapple fanatic meself! I can share some recipes wit ya mon! In fact....

Lisil pulls out his cell phone. Mikey shakes his head, trying to take in everything that was just barely able to be understood.

Unlikely: First off get the hell out of my chair... that's imported from Italy! I have that at every show and it's

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specifically molded for my....JUST GET OUT OF IT!

Lisil puts his hands up in a "I give up" motion and moves to the other side of the desk as Mikey takes his rightful seat.

Jackson: Aight mon my bad. Didn't realize Rent A Centa was from Italy.... But bout dem recipes mon....

Jackson says holding up his phone...

Jackson: EYYY ZIGGY!!!!

Phone: EYYYYY MON!!!!

Jackson: What would be a good smoothie recipe ta help wit someone wit a bad case o' bloat?!

Phone: Processing now mon!

The look on Mikey's face is that of a man who is about to detonate at any second.

Jackson: Sorry brudda dis may take a moment....

Unlikely reaches across the desk and takes the phone from Lisil, pressed end and sets it down on the desk. Lisil passes the contract over the desk again.

Unlikely: I already told you, I'm not signing this thing.... We have plenty of wrestlers on this roster, and you and I have had our fair share of differences. Isn't there a wrestling promotion in Jamaica for you to take part in!?

Lisil looks at Mikey with a look of disbelief.

Jackson: Brudda if I want ta stay in Jamaica den I easily can! But lemme tell ya one ting! Dis be dee UTA! Dis be dee biggest promotion in dee world! And dis be where Lisil Jackson's fans be! Most o' all.... Dis be me home mon!

Mikey is about to say something but Lisil cuts him off.

Jackson: Brudda I know we had our differences in dee past, But if dere is anyting I know bout ya tis dat ya like ta make dat money! Listen ta dee fans mon! Everywhere ya go dey be askin where is Lisil Jackson? Where is our Island Brudda?! When is he gonna return ta dee UTA?

The Jamaican Inspiration smiles from ear to ear.

Jackson: Ya see mon dee merchandise sales will be trough dee roof!!! Ya can sell shirts, towels, even Lisil

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Jackson fedoras! C'mon mon! Dee kids would love it! And in dee end ya know wit dat money ya can get dat yacht ya be clamorin fo!

Mikey seems to begin to contemplate this, before shaking his head again and growing angry once more.

Unlikely: This is the biggest show i've put on to date! The biggest main event! The biggest card! I don't have time for this now.

Mikey scoots the contract once more across the table towards Lisil...

Unlikely: Now is not the time, nor the place...

Lisil gets excited

Jackson: So ya sayin dere be a time and place?

The owner shakes his head.

Unlikely: Just get the hell out of my office...

The Jamaican sighs before he pulls out a CD.

Jackson: Fine mon.... But just listen ta dee song.... Ya know dee fans wanna hear it....

Lisil Jackson walks over to the stereo.

Unlikely: DON'T YOU DARE!!!!!!!!!!

Lisil Jackson pops the CD into the player....

Stereo: BETTER MUST COME!!!!!! ON THE WINGS OF A DOVE!!!!

Lisil begins to dance to the song as Mikey at this point has gone past reaching his breaking point. Mikey walks over kicks the boombox off the stand, dropping it and smashing it, the music stops and Mikey grabs Lisil under the arm and escorts him from the office physically.

Jackson: Tink bout it brudda!

Mikey slams the door with as much as he can muster. He runs his hand through his hair and once more locks the door.

Unlikely: HOW THE HELL DID HE EVEN GET IN HERE?!

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Fade.

[KENDRIX VS ANDY MURRAY: WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE](#)

Andy Murray vs Kendrix

WrestleUTA World Title Match

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back to ringside... it's now time for the moment we've all been waiting for.

Ace: What, Kendrix knocking Andy Murray's old head clean off his shoulders? You're damn right I've been looking toward to that!

Blackfront: I don't think it'll be quite as simple as you--

Ace: Of course it will! Look, Andy Murray has done a lot for this business. He's been at it for almost 24 years, which is longer than some of our roster members have been alive! That's a quarter century of wear and tear. This isn't an easy business, and the big guy has taken more than his fair share of licks. In my eyes, you don't bet against an exciting, up and coming talent in scenarios like this.

Blackfront: Not to play devil's advocate, but that experience could well be Murray's greatest advantage tonight. Sure, he's not as nimble as he once was, but let's not pretend he's a geriatric here. The guy's still not 40 years old, and his UTA performances thus far have shown he still has a lot to offer. If he didn't, he wouldn't be in this match tonight.

Ace: "Geriatric!" I like that one! Thanks, Jason.

Blackfront: Whatever happens, this rivalry has been building for months and months. These two don't like each other one bit, and after the way their last contest ended, the fans will be praying for something a little more conclusive.

Ace: "Conclusive?" Murray tapped out! How much more "conclusive" do you want?

Blackfront: I think there's the small matter of a dislocated shoulder to take into account, Tommy.

Ace: Pssht, whatever. Caveats are for excuse-makers and weaklings. Tonight, Jason, we're about to see a masterclass in how to put an old dog down, only this time, Murray won't have an injury to conveniently blame his loss on!

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

The crowd start to buzz as CH makes his announcement, before pulling the microphone away again. He stands ready and waiting, just like everyone else in the building. There's a pause - a long one - but eventually it kicks in.

"Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes.

The song plays out with the usual organ/percussion-based introduction, before exploding to life with a full, driving rhythm. There's a burst of pyro at the top of the stage, before Andy Murray powers out of the back, fired-up and ready to go.

Blackfront: The challenger's ready, Tommy! He's fought long and hard to battle his way back to contention, and hopped boatloads of managerial hurdles along the way. Tonight, he gets exactly what he wished for - Kendrix, one on one, with the title on the line.

Ace: And it'll be his funeral. I'm telling you, Jason - nobody can outrun Father Time. *Nobody*. It's cute that he still thinks he can compete at this level, but when it's over, nobody will be talking about Andy Murray as a high-level wrestler anymore.

Blackfront: That's not even close to fair. Yes, he's shown a few chinks in the armour, but his technique's as sharp as it has ever been, and only Crimson Lord can match him for power. Add his undeniable fire and determination into the mix, and on his day, you have one of the best professional wrestlers on the planet.

Murray makes his way down the ramp, slapping hands and bumping fists as he goes.

Jordan: Introducing first, the challenger! He hails from Aberdeen, Scotland, and weighs-in at 280lbs... "THE KING"... ANDYYYYYYYY MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

The King stands at the bottom of the ramp, assured and composed as he looks up at the ring in front of him. If you were to line-up a portrait of how he looked upon debuting in UTA alongside a current shot, you'd notice the difference. The hair's longer - and greyer, as if he's stopped dyeing - and the beard's thicker than ever, but he still carries the same confident demeanour.

Blackfront: What a journey this man has been through since stepping into WrestleUTA. Now fully recovered from the debilitating shoulder inju...HEY!

The fans hype momentarily became anxious. As flash lights went off, a thunderous crack echoed around the arena, all because Kendrix had rushed down the ramp, steel chair in hand and across the back of Andy Murray, sending the challenger down to his knees.

Ace: Haha! Did you hear that impact, Jason?! Kendrix isn't wasting anytime tonight.

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Blackfront: The whole damn arena heard it, Tommy! Now you tell me what kind of Champion does that, huh?!

Ace: A smart one!

Kendrix looks down at Murray, whose arching his back and reaching his arm around to soften the blow, and looks out toward the fans by the ramp with an innocent shrug of the shrug of the shoulders.

Blackfront: This is ridiculous, Tommy! We don't even have a match yet!

Kendrix: WHAT? HIS MUSIC TAKES TOO LONG, INNIT?!

With Murray crawling towards the ropes Kendrix drops the chair down to the ground and stalks his opponent. Lining up a right forearm he quickly stomps Murray in the back.

Blackfront: The champ going to work on the back of the challenger and the trying his best to get the two men in the ring, but Kendrix is relentless!

Ace: And that's why he's the fuckin' champ! He should have known that Kendrix always has a trick up his sleeve, Jason!

The Scot fights back with a couple of punches to Jesse's midriff but the champ returns fire with a huge knee to the gut, doubling Murray over. Kendrix grabs Andy's hand and whips him hard, back first, into the ring apron!

Blackfront: Jesus! Get some help out here, and get this thing in the ring!

Ace: Get WHO out here?! This is Mikey Unlikely's promotion, and last time I checked, Murray doesn't exactly have a huge list of friends back there!

CRRRRASH!

That's the sound of Murray going shoulder-first into the ring steps. Everyone in the building is on their feet, hurling jeers at the champion, while the referee Willie Anderson screams at Kendrix, crossing his arms at him signalling that's enough. Kendrix mouths "I'm really sorry, Willie!" but the look on his face suggests otherwise.

Blackfront: Murray is in a bad way here, folks! If this one DOES get started, you have to wonder how long he's gonna last!

Ace: You've got to admire Kendrix though, Jason. He wanted this match to be a no DQ and he's found a way to make at least some of it like that.

Blackfront: Yeah, that's real admirable, Tommy, what a hero...

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Kendrix, finally listening to the ref, helps up a groggy Murray, albeit with a couple of blows to the back of a his head, rolling him into the ring. The champ follows him in, hopping up to the apron and throwing a rather crude fist gesture toward the fans.

B0000000000!

Blackfront: What a charming young man...

Ace: Get up, Scotland! Let the champ put you out of your misery!

Kendrix has taken his corner, but the challenger is yet to follow. Andy's still struggling on the mat, writhing in agony.

Blackfront: This thing can't get started until both men are on their feet, remember!

Ace: A stupid fucking rule. Just call it now!

Murray pushes his torso off the ground, but all he can think of is the pain coursing through his back. Kendrix, meanwhile, has turned manic. He's yelling for the bigger man to get to his feet, but there's no more he can do.

Blackfront: Murray's got one hand on the bottom rope! He's pulling himself to his feet!

Ace: This has gotta be buying him some time!

Blackfront: That was one hell of a pre-bell beatdown, though!

Andy eventually rises to his full 6'7" via the ropes. He's wobbly as hell, and can barely stay on his feet, but he's up, and the match technically has to start.

DING! DING! DING!

Blackfront: The match is finally official but Kendrix may be ready to end it right here after a disgraceful sneak attack.

Murray pushes himself away from the ropes, unaware of where Kendrix is or what's in store for him as he stumbles back a couple of steps into the centre of the ring, finally turning around...

Ace: SUPERKICK!

Blackfront: MY GOD! HE NAILED IT!

Ace: AND NOW THE COVER!

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ONE!

TWO!

Ace: IT'S OVER!

THREE!

Blackfront: IT'S NOT OVER! THE KING, THE KING GOT THE SHOULDER UP AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT! LISTEN TO THE NOISE IN HERE, TOMMY!

Ace: AHHHHH FUCK!

Kendrix looks up at the ref, his mouth dropping open and eyes widening in utter disbelief at the kickout. He holds three fingers up at the ref, but he's having none of it, adamantly holding two fingers back. Kendrix shakes his head furiously at the ref and jumps to his feet, getting in the official's face.

Blackfront: Now he's trying to intimidate Willie Anderson. It was a two count champ, get over it!

Ace: Hey, you can't do that!

The official pushes JFK away and points to the official referee's WrestleUTA logo printed on his shirt.

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Blackfront: Good for you, Willie! It's about time the chosen one learned some respect.

Throwing his hands down at the official, as if he wasn't worth his time, Kendrix regains focus just on time to see Murray on all fours, trying to get back up. The champion nods his head, puffing his cheeks out over and over, the red mist surfacing.

Ace: Oh the champ is feeling it, Jason. One more big move and it's surely over.

Jason: I think you're right Tommy, I think we both know what he's got in mind to.

Murray manages to get vertical, this time without assistance from the ropes. Instead of waiting for him to turn around though, Kendrix grabs the back of The King's shoulders, twists him around, grabs him by the back of the head and jumps up, bringing Murray's face to meet both of his knees.

Ace: THE BELL-END!

Blackfront: No it's not...SIDEWALK SLAM FROM ANDY MURRAY!

MEGA POP.

Blackfront: WHAT A COUNTER!

Ace: HOW THE HELL DID HE SLIP HIM INTO THAT?!

Blackfront: DESPERATION, TOMMY, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY - EXPERIENCE!

Ace: BAH!

Both men's backs are sprawled out across the canvas. Kendrix holding the back of his head following the impact of the slam and Murray through a mix of exhaustion and pain to his back following the big move.

ONE!

Blackfront: The official has begun his count following that big counter from Murray. He had to come up with something to stay in this title match and he did, big time, Tommy!

TWO!

Ace: He sure did, if Kendrix connected with the Bell-End then it was curtains for Murray, that's for sure.

THREE!

Both men begin to stir as the ref checks on them.

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FOUR!

Blackfront: Murray's up to one knee, Kendrix crawling towards the ropes.

FIVE!

Ace: C'mon JFK, pull yourself up, Murray's almost to his feet!

SIX!

Murray plants both hands firmly to the canvass, pushing himself vertically, although stumbling slightly as he takes a step back to gain balance.

SEVEN!

Blackfront: Murray is up but groggy, Kendrix now up, albeit resting back first on the ropes.

The ref signals both men are to their feet. Murray steps forward but, using the momentum off of the ropes, Kendrix steps forward with a powerful right forearm to his opponent's face.

Blackfront: Murray stunned but he comes right back with a right of his own, the crowd right behind him.

Kendrix takes a step back, such was the force behind the right but he relents, steps back forward and returns fire to a chorus of boos.

YES!

BOOO!

YES!

BOOO!

Ace: Listen to this place!

YES!

BOOO!

YES, YES, YES, YES!

Blackfront: The King, building a head of steam here, forcing the champ back towards the ropes. Irish whip now to the other side, back comes Kendrix and he's taken down with a clothesline.

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Jesse sits up after the bump and immediately holds his jaw. He's given little rest bite though, as Murray helps him up to his feet and delivers a scoop slam, sending the champ back first down to the canvass.

Blackfront: The tide has turned in this match. Murray using his experience to take control.

Ace: Yeah but I wouldn't count out JFK just yet.

Kendrix, crawling back, not taking his eyes off of the Challenger, holds his back with one hand and holds the other out flat at Murray.

Blackfront: No time outs in WrestleUTA champ!

Murray is having none of it and reaches out to Kendrix in the corner but he's met with a drop toe hold. However, Murray saw it coming and saved himself from falling face first into the turnbuckles, holding onto the ropes as Kendrix escaped through his legs into the centre.

Blackfront: Murray charges but he's met by a kick to the gut. Kendrix with the whip but it's reversed.

Jesse though hooks his arms in-between the top and middle ropes. Murray charges but JFK drops to the mat pulling the top rope down hard with him sending the Challenger tumbling down to the outside.

Ace: Great move by JFK!

Blackfront: It certainly was great ring awareness by Kendrix as we're more than accustomed to now.

Not wasting anytime, Kendrix sees Murray trying to get back up to his feet. He launches himself towards the opposite side and using the momentum generated from the ropes hauls himself like an arrow in between the top and middle ropes.

Blackfront: SUICIDE DIVE CONNECTS!

Ace: OHH! DID YOU SEE THE BACK OF MURRAY'S HEAD COME BACK OFF THE BARRICADE?!

Blackfront: Just when we thought Andy Murray was back in it, JFK strikes him down again!

The King's big frame goes limp on the outside. After recovering from the impact, Kendrix clammers to his feet, then puts the boots to Murray's gut. He grabs Andy by the arm, then tries to haul him to his feet, but getting a 280lb man vertical ain't all that easily. Kendrix eventually gets it done, however, and whips Murray right back into the ring steps he'd dented a few minutes ago!

Blackfront: JESUS CHRIST!

Ace: GET FUCKED, SCOTLAND!

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Blackfront: This is insane, Tommy! Kendrix is dishing out all kinds of punishment!

Cognisant of the referee's count, JFK slides back inside just as it hits...

THREE!

Blackfront: He's going for a count-out!

FOUR!

Ace: Defend the belt by any means necessary, baby! I love it!

An agonised Murray *attempts* to move, but he's dealing with too much at once.

FIVE!

Blackfront: Can he get back inside!?

Murray pushes one palm into the ground.

SIX!

Then another!

Ace: It's over!

SEVEN!

He slings a desperate arm around the ring post, then grabs the apron with the other.

EIGHT!

Pulls himself up!

NINE!

SLIPS!

Blackfront: OH NOOOOOOOO!

Ace: YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

TEEEEEENNNNNN--

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NO!

JUST as the count's about to expire, a sudden burst of energy takes Murray back under the bottom rope, keeping the match alive. JFK immediately darts back to the referee, protesting.

Ace: That had to be 10!

Blackfront: It wasn't! Murray *JUST* made it!

Ace: Even if it was legitimate, look at the state of Andy! He hasn't moved since he got back inside! That might have been the last of his energy!

Blackfront: I hate to admit it, but you're right! Perhaps if Kendrix spent more time focusing on his opponent than complaining to the referee, he'd realise it too!

JFK finally does recognise the situation, and dashes right over to his challenger, hooking the leg!

Blackfront: This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Ace: Stay down, Old Yeller!

Blackfront: The challenger's still got some fight left in him, and listen to this crowd! They're louder than ever, *willing* Murray back to life!

Ace: They can will all they want, Jason, as soon as JFK hits a Bell-End, this one's done!

With a shake of the head, gritting his teeth, Kendrix goes back for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: KICKOUT! Kendrix hooks the leg again!

ONE!

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TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Is the frustration getting to Kendrix now. That was three pinfall attempts in quick succession.

Ace: I don't know, Jason. Murray will be drained from kicking out of each of those pin attempts.

Kendrix, sitting up keeps his eyes locked on Murray and throws his hand through his hair. Shaking his head, evidently a little more than perturbed now, gets to his feet and hauls Murray's torso up to a sitting position, slapping him square across the chops.

Kendrix: STAY DOWN OLD MAN.

The camera picks up the red mark across the Scot's cheek as he lays face first on the mat. Kendrix walks over and begins jabbing him with the toe of his boot a couple of times.

Kendrix: JFK'S BETTER THAN YOU, BRUV!

Murray's eyes widen as he gets to his knees and throws a strike across the sternum of the champ.

Blackfront: Murray not taking too kindly to JFK's disrespect. Connects with a right, a left and another right. The challenger is up to his feet now, building a head of steam!

However, the momentum shifts almost immediately following a laboured swing from Andy that was ducked under and around by Kendrix who wraps his arms around his midriff.

Ace: And now he's about to go for a ride, Jason!

Murray is hauled up over and down, back first onto the canvass in a well executed German Suplex. Kendrix keeps his hands in tact around his challenger's stomach and creates an angle to deliver a second German Suplex, Murray landing square in the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Well timed and well delivered German Suplexes from Kendrix and he's not done yet, OH, the third one was just as good if not better than the previous two!

Ace: He's going for the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...KICKOUT!

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Blackfront: ANOTHER KICKOUT FROM ANDY MURRAY!

Ace: FUCK! STOP IT, ANDY!

Kendrix slams the palm of his hand onto the mat, over and over!

Blackfront: Kendrix has totally lost it. What has he got to do here to put The King away?

With the champ back up to his feet, he turns his back on Murray and rests his arms across the top rope, looking out at the fans with a mixture of disbelief and utter disdain.

Blackfront: Is Kendrix doubting himself here? I don't think we've ever seen JFK like this before, Tommy.

Ace: I don't think that's what he's doing, Jason. Look.

JFK steps out between the middle and top ropes and hits the floor, looking under the apron, he pulls out a steel chair.

Blackfront: So that's it. He can't put Murray away legally so he's going for the DQ?!

Ace: Wait, you don't know that, maybe he's just getting Murray a seat. He can barely stand right now.

Blackfront: Yeah sure!

Jesse raises the chair up in front of his face, ignoring Willie Anderson's pleas to keep it out of the ring, simply staring back at it, nodding. In the ring, Murray is up to his knees, desperately trying to get up to his feet. As Jesse slides the chair in, Anderson steps aside, still imploring Kendrix not to do anything stupid. The champ slides back in, gives Anderson some verbals before picking the chair up. However, that show of arrogance toward the official costs him...

Blackfront: LARIAT! MURRAY ALMOST KNOCKED JFK'S HEAD OFF!

Ace: WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!

Having turned 180 degrees in the air, Kendrix's head bounces back off the canvas while Murray collapses onto his front, such was the force behind that huge move.

Blackfront: Murray, unable to make the cover here. He's been through so much in this match already, that Lariat took every ounce of energy he had.

Ace: Never mind him, look at our poor champ, Jason!

Murray powers up to his feet, exhausted, he squints his eyes in pain as he holds the arch of his back. With

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Kendrix up to all fours, Murray wraps his arms around his midriff. Summoning all the power he has he lifts.

Ace: Haha! That dufus can't get enough leverage!

Blackfront: Looked like Murray was going for a Gutwrench Suplex there but he couldn't quite pull it off. Kendrix looks completely out of it, still feeling the effects of that Lariat, but looks like the punishment Murray's back has taken in this match is giving him problems...or has it?

Murray whips Kendrix toward the ropes and as the champ comes back, Murray bends down and lifts Jesse up high, over and back down to the mat with a hell of a thud. However, he drops to a knee following the execution of the move, holding his back in pain once more.

Blackfront: Murray hits the backdrop, but he can't take advantage, tending to his back yet again.

Ace: He's certainly slowed Kendrix down, but at what cost. How wise is this strategy from the challenger?

Kendrix pulls himself up by the ropes, Murray, on the opposite side, gets to his feet, resting his back on the ropes. As Kendrix turns to face him, the two exhausted athletes lock eyes with each other as the crowd's clapping picks up pace.

Blackfront: These two have been at each other's throats ever since Kendrix one the title at the start of the year, but it's coming to an end, one way or another here tonight. Murray can hardly stand but he's telling Kendrix to bring it!

JFK puffs his cheeks out over and over, a slither of spit drooling out from his mouth, such is the contempt he holds for his foe...but he obliges with his request.

Ace: GET HIM CHAMP!

Blackfront: Kendrix charges BUT HE'S UP AND STRAIGHT BACK DOWN INTO THE SHUTTHEFUCKUPPERCUT! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

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THRE...KICKOUT!

ACE: OH THANK YOU GOD AND BABY JESUS!

Blackfront: The champ kicked out, but unlike him, Andy Murray isn't wasting any time dwelling on it, not wasting anytime acting like a petulant child here. He's going for the Gutwrench Suplex he failed earlier.

Ace: He can't do it, can he?

Blackfront: Oh yes he can this time! Perfect deadlift and execution there and Murray is purring here.

Andy Murray, Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap!

Andy Murray, Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap!

With the crowd right behind him, The King has an extra spring in his step as he keeps the pressure on. He wraps his arms around Kendrix, who's trying to crawl away, and lifts him up for another Gutwrench Suplex, but JFK desperately grabs onto the top rope on the way up, clinging on for dear, dear life, kicking his legs out for extra leverage.

Blackfront: Murray trying to remove Kendrix from the ropes but the champ won't let go. Willie Anderson in position, two, three, four and Murray is forced to let go before he's disqualified.

Murray backs off and charges, but once again, aware of his surroundings, JFK drops down, pulling the top rope down with him sending The King onto the outside.

Blackfront: Respite for Kendrix, just in the nick of time, before Murray could gain any further momentum.

Ace: Ha, I can't believe Murray fell for that again!

Kendrix smells his opportunity. He makes for the opposite ropes, bounces back off them and charges straight toward the opposite side, throwing himself inbetween the middle and top ropes, his arms fully extended toward his target, however, Murray manages to dive out of the way in the nick of time.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD, KENDRIX JUST SMASHED HEAD FIRST INTO THE STEEL BARRICADES!

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Ace: HE'S DEAD! IT TRULY WAS A SUICIDE DIVE!

ONE!

Both men lie on the floor as the ref begins his count.

TWO!

Murray gets himself to a sitting position, still holding onto his lower back.

THREE!

Kendrix meanwhile hasn't moved.

FOUR!

Murray, realising that a count out victory does him no favours where it comes to winning the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship, labours towards Kendrix.

FIVE!

Summoning all his mite, The Scot gets to his feet and trys to pull a stirring JFK up onto his shoulders, but he can't quite get him up, as JFK drops back down.

SIX!

Blackfront: Murray needs to get Kendrix back into the ring, but the champ is out of it.

SEVEN!

Murray picks him up again, this time he manages to get him over his broad shoulders.

EIGHT!

Ace: He's not going to make it in time.

Turning, the Scot labours towards the ropes and rolls Kendrix in under the bottom rope.

NINE!

And follows him in, just in time!

Ace: Damn it! Kendrix was so close there to a heroic victory.

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Blackfront: Kendrix doesn't even know where the hell he is right now, Tommy!

Murray lets out a sigh or two, relieved at just making it back into the ring in time. As he slowly rises to his feet, he reaches around at his lower back once again. With Kendrix stirring on the mat, Murray walks to the corner, resting his back against the turnbuckle, taking in deep breaths. With Kendrix up to all fours now, Murray shakes the pain off, rising out of the corner and stepping with purpose towards the champion.

Blackfront: Kendrix upright on his knees, looking up at the towering figure of The King.

Ace: DO SOMETHING CHAMP!

Kendrix throws a right, but it's knocked away by Andy, who quickly drags the champ to his feet, hauls him up and simultaneously twists him upside down on his shoulder as the crowd get to their feet in unison...

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: HE'S LOOKING TO FINISH IT, HIGHLAND HANGOVER TIME!

Before Murray can gain the right amount of balance, Kendrix kicks out over and over again in pure desperation as he slips out of the challenger's grasp and pulls his foe down with him, back first toward the canvass, meeting his knees in the process.

Blackfront: BACKSTABBER! INCREDIBLE, INCREDIBLE COUNTER FROM KENDRIX!

Ace: That's our champ, BAY BAY!

Blackfront: I've never seen anyone slip out of the Highland Hangover like that before! And now both men are down!

Kendrix is the first man to show a sign of life, having been the aggressor last. He sticks out an arm and drags himself along the rough canvas, but Murray isn't motionless for too long, and starts heading in the opposite direction.

Blackfront: They're on the move, but who has absorbed the most damage here?! It's been a hard-hitting match, that's for sure!

Ace: Gotta be Murray, Jason! Remember that pre-bell assault?

Blackfront: How could I forget?

Ace: I'll be surprised if the big dork has anything left in the tank at this stage.

Somehow, The King gets to his corner first, though it takes him a lot longer to clamber to his feet. He lingers

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for a few moments, but keeps his back turned for just a moment too long. When Andy eventually turns around, JFK dashes across the ring, cracking him with a running knee!

Blackfront: And here comes the Bulldog!

The move plants Murray in the middle of the ring, and Kendrix hurriedly rolls him onto his back, then hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO

NOOO! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Another kickout! And Kendrix is *NOT* happy about it!

Finally at his wit's end, the Englishman pounds two frustrated fists into the the mat, then glares at the referee. He knows he's not going to get any change out of the official at this stage, however, and he hops to his feet, lashing out at the bottom turnbuckle.

Ace: Come on now, keep your cool! Don't give him a chance to get back into this!

Blackfront: I think baby's lost his temper, Tommy!

JFK finally dashes back towards the center of the ring, leaping in the air, and crashing down on his opponent with a knee drop!

Blackfront: He's got the arm!

Sure enough, JFK traps the challenger's limb, then clasps his hands across his face, wrenching back with a Crossface!

Blackfront: KENDRIX KROSS!

Ace: IT'S OVER!

Blackfront: THIS IS HOW KENDRIX TAPPED HIM OUT THE LAST TIME ROUND! CAN MURRAY SURVIVE?!

Ace: OF COURSE NOT! NOBODY ESCAPES THE CHOSEN ONE'S GRASP!

Kendrix pulls back with all he's got, and Murray roars in pain. The Scot initially tries to drag his way towards the ropes, but he gets no traction as he digs his free elbow into the mat.

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Ace: TAP OUT, DAMMIT!

Blackfront: THE ROPE'S TOO FAR AWAY!

His body's too huge to squirm his way out of Kendrix's grasp. Murray claws at JFK's grip, but it's no use: the Englishman isn't letting go.

Ace: TAP. OUT.

Blackfront: C'mon, Murray! Hold on!

The Scot tries again to rip JFK's grip away.

No dice.

Eventually he has no choice but to raise his hand in the air.

Ace: YESSSSS!

The crowd are *begging* The King not to relent, but the hold's too tight.

Blackfront: THIS COULD BE ALL SHE WROTE, FOLKS!

Ace: IT *IS* ALL SHE WROTE!

Murray brings his hand down to the canvas...

Ace: YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSS!

Blackfront: IT'S OVER!

... but *STOPS* just before it connects!

Blackfront: NO! MURRAY LIVES!

JFK pulls back even tighter as Murray bails from tapping out. The Scot gets a sudden burst of adrenaline, and is able to roll onto his side, relieving the pressure on his arm. Kendrix is forced to abandon the arm-trap as the King pushes himself onto his hands and knees, but JFK takes his back, mounting with a Rear Naked Choke!

Blackfront: FROM ONE SUBMISSION TO ANOTHER!

Ace: JUST GIVE UP YOU BIG DUMBFUCK! JEESH!

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Andy's face starts going red as the hold cuts off the supply of oxygen to his brain, but being a big, strong bastard, he's able to climb to his full 6'7"! The crowd go nuts, and Kendrix hangs on for dear life!

Blackfront: LOOK OUT!

The Scot wobbles around, then gets his bearings before passing out completely. Suddenly, he falls to one knee...

Blackfront: Oh no...

Ace: YES! THE LIGHTS ARE OUT!

Blackfront: Kendrix is seconds away from retaining the belt!

Murray's eyes are closed.

His face is purple.

But he's not done yet!

Blackfront: WHOA!

With one sudden burst, Andy powers to his feet, then throws all his weight backwards, driving Kendrix into the turnbuckles!

Blackfront: HE'S OUT!

Ace: BALLS!

The Englishman dislodges on impact, but Murray falls forward, a little woozy following the choke.

Blackfront: Incredible determination from Murray! That was pure heart!

Ace: It's heart that'll kill him, Jason! Look at this fool! He's finished.

Andy knows that he's far from 100%, but also realises that he has no time to waste. He gets back to his feet perhaps a little earlier than he should, then drives at Kendrix with a Roaring Elbow!

Blackfront: HUGE MOVE!

The strike doesn't quite connect as crisply as it would have earlier in the match, but it's still enough to knock JFK silly!

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Ace: NOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: DOWN HE GOES!

The champ hits the mat!

Blackfront: AND NOW THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

NOOOOOOOOO! KICKOUT!

Ace: THANK THE GODS!

Blackfront: BUT LOOK AT THIS! MURRAY'S BRINGING HIM BACK UP!

As soon as Andy has JFK back on his feet, he slips him onto his shoulder, then quickly drives his head, neck, and shoulders into the mat.

Blackfront: HIGHLAND HANGOVER!

Ace: NO...

Blackfront: IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

All that's left is the elementary cover.

ONE!

Ace: KICKOUT!

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TWO!

Ace: KICK THE FUCK OUT!

... TWO-POINT-FIVE!

THREE?!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! KENDRIX'S FOOT IS UNDER THE ROPES!

Ace: GENIUS, JASON! PURE GENIUS!

Blackfront: THE REFEREE *JUST* NOTICED IT AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND! THIS ONE IS STILL ALIVE!

Murray looks bewildered at first, but realises what happened as soon as the referee points to the ropes. Instead of complaining, he hurriedly pulls JFK away from the ropes...

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Blackfront: ANOTHER COVER! JFK STILL HASN'T MOVED!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

NO! KICKOUT!

Ace: PRAISE THE GODS!

Blackfront: Kendrix lives! Kendrix lives!

The King rolls of his opponent. Physically and mentally, he looks absolutely drained.

Blackfront: Kendrix is down, but has Andy Murray's moment passed?!

Ace: I think he thought he had it won there, Jason! Look at his face!

Blackfront: He's taken a tremendous amount of punishment, but adrenaline dumps are real! If he poured everything he had into that Highland Hangover, he might not have anything left in the tank!

Ace: Stick a fork in it, baby! It's done!

Andy's actions do little to dispel the announcers' claims. He's doubled-over in the middle of the ring, completely spent.

The crowd whip up another chant, desperate for The King to finish the job, but the damage has taken its toll. He slowly straightens himself out, but the strain is more visible than ever.

Adrenaline dump, indeed.

Blackfront: Kendrix is still down! The window might still be open!

As soon as Murray goes to pull JFK back up, however, the champion surprises him by rolling him up in a small package!

Ace: YESSSSSSSSSS!

ONE!

Blackfront: WHERE DID THAT--

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TWO!

Blackfront: -- COME FROM?!

THREEEEEEEEEE--

NOOOOOOOOOO!

KICKOUT AT THE *LAST* POSSIBLE MOMENT!

Ace: WHAT THE FUCK?!

Blackfront: SO CLOSE! WHERE WILL THIS ONE HEAD NEXT!

Both men get to their feet a little slower than they'd like, but it's Kendrix who regains his senses first. While Murray pulls himself up with the aid of the ropes, JFK staggers across, thumbing his eye away from the referee's view!

Blackfront: COME ON, NOW!

Ace: What the official can't see can't harm him, Jason!

JFK takes advantage of the temporary blindness, peppering the bigger man with a few sloppy late-match elbows, before kicking him hard in the torso! Murray fires back with a forearm, then marches away from the ropes, but Kendrix ducks his clothesline, then tackles him to the ground with a chop block!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: KENDRIX HAS HIM DOWN!

Ace: AND IT'S TIME TO TAKE OUT THE TRASH!

Murray's on the floor, but still not dead! He sits upright, but Kendrix charges across the ring, then nails him with a huge Penalty Kick to the chest!

OHHHHHHHHHHH!

Ace: FEEEEEEEL THE IMPACT!

Blackfront: BUT MURRAY SITS RIGHT BACK UP!

The pain is intense, but Murray endures it. Unrelenting, Kendrix dashes off the ropes again, then swings his boot...

Absolution: 2017

Blackfront: PENALTY KI-- NO!

Ace: WHAT?!

Andy *absorbs* the blow, catches Kendrix's boot as it makes the connection, then clutching it against his chest.

Blackfront: MURRAY'S GOT HIM!

Ace: LET GO YOU BLOODY OGRE!

Fired up, The King rises to his feet.

Blackfront: AND NOW HE'S UP!

Kendrix is still in his grasp. The champ hops on his standing leg, his face full of panic!

Blackfront: HERE WE G--

Before Murray can lunge, however, JFK springs up, catching the side of his head with an Enzuigiri!

Ace: HA! TASTE THE BOOT!

Blackfront: HUGE STRIKE!

Andy is forced to let go, but a groggy, unbalanced Kendrix falls back against the ropes.

Ace: C'MON, CHAMP! FOLLOW UP!

Blackfront: Looks like Murray isn't the only one feeling the effects!

Ace: FINISH HIM OFF!

JFK takes the moment to catch a much-needed breather...

Ace: COME ON!

... then springs back to life, dashing towards Murray.

He leaps...

Tucks the knees...

Absolution: 2017

Blackfront: BELLEND!

NO!

MURRAY GRABS HIM MID-AIR.

SPINS AROUND...

Blackfront: WHAT THE--?!

POWERBOMB!

Ace: HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: WHAT A COUNTER!

The crowd lose their goddamn mind as JFK's back hits the mat!

Blackfront: MURRAY DID HIS HOMEWORK! TWO BELLEND, TWO COUNTERS!

Ace: HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT?!

Blackfront: Experience, Tommy! Experience and expertise!

Ace: Oh GOD...

Blackfront: And Murray's still on his feet!

With one last burst of energy (IE: all he has left), Murray pulls Kendrix's body off the canvas, seizing wrist control...

Blackfront: HE'S GOING FOR IT!

Ace: NO!

Andy gets Kendrix off the mat, and starts lifting him onto his shoulders...

Ace: NOOOOO!

Blackfront: THIS'LL FINISH HIM OFF!

Without a moment's hesitation, The King drives him down into the mat, crushing him with the wrist-clutch Death Valley Driver!

Absolution: 2017

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: G-I-T-B! HE NAILED IT!

And the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

THREE!

Ace: FUUUUUUUUUUU--

Blackfront: HE DID IT! ANDY MURRAY JUST DEFEATED KENDRIX!

Broken, beaten and utterly exhausted, Murray rolls onto his back, pressing both hands into his face.

Blackfront: AN INCREDIBLE CONCLUSION, TOMMY! MURRAY TOOK EVERYTHING JFK THREW AT HIM, BUT COUNTERED HIS WAY OUT OF TWO BELLEND, AND LEAVES WITH THE GOLD!

Absolution: 2017

Ace: Incredible conclusion?! More like terrible conclusion! THIS IS THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, YOUR WINNER...

"Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes starts playing.

Jordan: AND THE NEW WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNN...

The referee finally helps the big man to his feet, raising his arm in the air.

Jordan: ANDYYYYYYYYYYYYY! MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Blackfront: WHAT A PERFORMANCE! Six years after his last major world championship, Andy Murray is back on-top of the wrestling world!

Ace: This is a catastrophe, Jason! A national tragedy!

Blackfront: The fans are on their feet! The champ is on his feet! *FINALLY*, this company has a champion the people can get behind!

Now functioning solely on emotion, Murray lifts the belt high in the air, then drops to his knees, victorious.

Ace: I think I'm about to throw up...

Blackfront: An incredible moment to cap-off an incredible night of action! Folks, Jay Harvey lies in-wait for Murray after this one, but for now, the moment is all his!

Ace: Enjoy it while it lasts, big guy, because you won't get lucky again!

Blackfront: You call that "luck?!"

Ace: Of course! What else could it have been?!

Blackfront: Endurance, ring smarts, heart, grit, determ--

Ace: Ohhhh shaddap, Jason! Jesus!

A storm of confetti rains down the rafters, perhaps intended for a successful Kendrix defence, but that doesn't matter now. With the wind in his sails, Murray clammers up a set of turnbuckles, then hoists the championship in the air.

Blackfront: Folks, we're running out of time here, I've been Jason Blackfront, he's been Tommy Ace... what a night! We'll see you in two weeks!

Absolution: 2017

Ace: That's if the fed hasn't collapsed in on itself with this goof as champion! FUCK!

... aaaaaaaaaand cut.