

# Lasting Legacy: 2017

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
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## Results

### LASTING LEGACY 2017

Segment

#### THE IRON TERROR VS SCOTT STEVENS

The United Toughness Alliance logo cues up before exploding to reveal a shot of a screaming audience. The word "Live" appears at the bottom of your screen.

As the camera pans across the fans, our faithful commentators begin to talk.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to LASTING LEGACY, live on Pay per View. I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always, the one, the only Tommy Ace!

The camera switches to focus on them.

Ace: Thank you Jason, it's exciting to be here. We're live in Columbus, Ohio, at the Ohio Expo Center!

Blackfront: What a show we have for you tonight as Lasting Legacy is finally here!

Ace: That's right! Tonight Andy Murray goes down!

Blackfront: THE Jay Harvey goes for the UTA Champinship... Chris Ross and Jack Harmen have a chance to finally get their hands on each other, Crimson Lord and Lisil Jackson one on one, and more!

Ace: There's just so much action ahead, why are we waiting?

Blackfront: Folks... welcome to... LASTING LEGACY!

#### Scott Stevens vs The Iron Terror

Blackfront: Our opening match here tonight at Lasting Legacy is a grudge match that goes weeks as the Iron Terror and Scott Stevens put an end to their rivalry once and for all.

Ace: It hasn't been much of a rivalry when you consider that Terror got a fluke win over the Texan and Stevens has owned him leading up to this.

Blackfront: Well last show Stevens didn't look like he owned anyone as Iron Terror speared him out of his boots.

Ace: And he is going to pay dearly for sticking his nose in business that doesn't pertain to him.

Blackfront: We'll see as our first match is underway.

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 of pure hatred, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfront: Will Stevens get a needed win here tonight and prove it was a fluke the first time around or will Iron Terror

prove he isn't a one hit wonder?

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

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

Walking down the aisle, he stops in front of a few of the fans who are holding an, "Iron Terror is Going to Kill You!" sign.

Blackfront: Stevens apparently doesn't like that pro Iron Terror sign.

Stevens grabs the sign and begins to rip it up before tossing the shredded pieces back at the fans. The fans don't like how their sign was treated as they throw beer and popcorn at the Texan as he raises a fist to the vocal bashers.

Ace: SECURITY! SECURITY! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU!

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 out towards the rabid crowd in attendance.

Jordan: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and a one finger salute to the haters are his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Blackfront: Stevens showing what a fine role model he is here tonight folks.

Ace: Stevens is a great role model and is adored by millions around the world.

Blackfront: And how much is he paying you to say that?

As Tommy argues Jason's bias hatred of Stevens, the Texan's music suddenly cuts off as.....

"GRIPPING THE WHEEL, HIS KNUCKLES WHITE WITH DESIRE."

The driving baseline and distorted guitars of White Zombie's "Black Sunshine" blast out over the sound system. The lights dim to almost black; the backdrop is lit by sporadic flashes.

"THE WHEELS ON HIS MUSTANG EXPLODING ON THE HIGHWAY LIKE A SLUG FROM A .45"

Steam fills the entry way, and behind it, a massive figure appears.

"TRUE DEATH. 500 HORSEPOWER. MAXIMUM PERFORMANCE. THIS... IS BLACK SUNSHINE!"

The backlighting flares bright white as The Iron Terror raises his arms and walks through the glowing smoke. He exhales a mouthful of smoke as he stalks towards the ring, glowering at the fans.

Blackfront: The Terror has arrived!

Ace: Took you all week to think of that didn't you?

Jumping from the floor to the ring apron in one bound, he doffs his hooded long coat and steps into the ring. He stoically ignores as the referee checks him for foreign objects, instead glowering at Stevens across the ring.

Blackfront: Terror looks ready to go as he foaming at the mouth to get his hands on the former Wildfire champion.

Ace: Well the rabid dog is fixing to be taken behind the barn and put down like Old Yeller.

As the two announcers continue to argue about who is the better man Stevens takes this opportunity to stretch out on the ropes looking like he'd rather be somewhere else as the ring announcer leaves the ring and the official signals for the bell.

Ding. Ding.

Blackfront: Here we go folks.

Ace: I hope this match doesn't put me to sleep.

Blackfront: What? You've been ranting and raving about how Stevens is going to whoop ass here tonight.

Ace: I know. But I can see Stevens putting on such an ass whooping that it gets boring.

The two men lock up with Terror getting the advantage with a knee to the ribcage of Stevens. Terror puts his knee to the gut of Scott repeatedly until he falls to the mat. The Iron Terror waits for his opponent to get back to his feet, and once Stevens is on his feet, he charges at his opponent and knocks him down with a shoulder block. Terror goes for a quick pin!

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KICKOUT!

Blackfront: The Iron Terror tried to end this match fast.

Ace: He should have known he wasn't going to win off of a shoulder block!

The Iron Terror gets to his feet and pulls Stevens up by the hair. Terror engages his opponent in a grapple only to send him crashing to the mat seconds later with a standing spinebuster. He goes for the pin again!

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KICKOUT!

Blackfront: That was close! The Iron Terror almost walked out of here with the victory.

Ace: That was not close...Stevens was just playing with him.

Blackfront: You must be blind!

Ace: On the contrary my friend, I eat my carrots.

Terror gets to his feet and hovers over the Texan as he begins to move. Looking to build on his momentum The Iron Terror doesn't waste any more time and grabs Stevens by the head to bring him to his feet. However Stevens has other plans as he lands a timely placed low blow to the groin of Iron Terror, sending the man to the mat yelling in pain, while the referee is out of position.

Ace: Now that's what I call wrestling!

Blackfront: You're repulsive!

Ace: Yeah, that's what your momma told me last night!

Stevens spends his time recuperating while The Iron Terror finally makes it to his feet, still in pain from the cheap shot. The two men lock up in the middle of the ring with Terror pushing Stevens into the corner. Regaining some lost momentum, Terror begins a combination of machine gun chops and forearm shivers, which keeps the Texan pinned in the corner. Unwilling to give up this advantage, he continues to fire, alternating between the crisp thunder of the open hand and the lightning quick forearm to the jaw, until referee Willie Anderson wedges himself between the two foes. Bent over, and forcing all of his weight into the gut of The Iron Terror Anderson is unaware when Stevens catches his opponent in the throat with a shot to the throat.

Blackfront: Ouch! Looks like that cheap shot from Stevens hurt.

Ace: He's supposed to be a tough guy, he will be alright!

Terror collapses to the canvas on one knee, but instead of capitalizing on the advantage that he has Stevens takes this moment to shake the cobwebs out.

Ace: What is he doing?! Come on Stevens, finish him!

Blackfront: Iron Terror looks to be in a lot of pain. He is holding onto his neck.

Terror slowly rises to his feet and tries to end the match with the 11:59 as he rushes in to what he thinks is an unaware Texan, but Stevens saw him a mile away and tosses him up and over him causes him to land throat first on the top turnbuckle.

Blackfront: Oh my!

Stevens rolls to the outside to catch his breath and put some distance between him and his opponent, but the now stirring Iron Terror notices and while still holding his throat and coughing in the center of the ring, a second wind seems to kick in. As Stevens leans on the apron The Iron Terror reaches through the top and middle rope, desperately grasping at the Texan. Unable to grab anything concrete, however, The Iron Terror has only left himself open, as Stevens pivots just enough to hook him around the head, and hit the Toxic Sting, rattling Terror's jaw against his own shoulder, and slingshotting the injured neck across the middle rope.

Ace: Now that was a nice move! Stevens should go ahead and pin him.

Blackfront: You're so insincere! The man is injured and Stevens continues to attack the injury. That is dirty!

Ace: Trust me, that's not dirty. I can show you dirty.

Blackfront: I will pass.

An sinister grin forms on the face of Scott Stevens as he slithers into the ring, but before he can make the cover, Anderson steps in front of him, waving his arms, and pushing Stevens back towards the corner. As Stevens steps back to his neutral position, Anderson refocuses on Iron Terror, who continues to clutch at his throat, and roll awkwardly back and forth on the canvas before coughing up blood and it doesn't take long for Anderson to make his call, waving for the bell to sound, and motioning for the medical team to come out.

Ace: Are you serious?!?! This isn't boxing! This is wrestling; the referee can't call the match!

Blackfront: Have some compassion man! The Iron Terror could be seriously injured!

Ace: So much for being a tough guy when apparently he's made up of paper mache instead of iron.

Blackfront: Whatever!

After the bell has rung, the referee continues to check on Terror's condition, as he curls up in the fetal position, clutching at his throat and coughing up more blood.

Jordan: The winner of the match by way of referee stoppage... SCOTT STEVENS!

The medical crew rushes down the ramp way wheeling a stretcher in tow. Meanwhile, seemingly unsatisfied with his victory, Stevens heads over to the corner where he reaches through the ropes and beckons for a microphone.

Stevens: Get this piece of trash out of my ring.

Stevens watches as the medical team strap down The Iron Terror to the stretcher but they don't do it fast enough to his liking.

Stevens: I said.....

Stevens drops the microphone, goes over to Iron Terror and pushes away the medical personnel and punches the referees trying to stop him. Stevens picks up the stretcher and places it right side up against the ropes threatening to flip the stretcher over. More officials and now UTA agents come running down the ramp and slide into the ring telling Stevens to leave the ring or face a consequence. Stevens tosses his hands up and yells ok a few times and acts like

he is going to leave but flips over the stretcher and Iron Terror goes crashing down to the floor as the medical team rush out to check on him. Stevens just laughs at the site while the officials and agents are screaming at him. Stevens laughs at his handiwork and goes over to pick up the microphone.

Blackfront: Who in the hell does guy think he is!? Where is security!

Ace: Now this is fun to watch!

Stevens: I told ya'll to get that piece of trash out of my ring.

Stevens walks over to the ropes and looks down at The Iron Terror's fallen and prone body.

Stevens: Jeff.....

Blackfront: Jeff?

Ace: Who the fuck is Jeff?

Everyone is confused for a moment as Stevens has a brain fart moment.

Stevens: I'm sorry I forgot.....

Stevens says as he rolls out of the ring and over to the Iron Terror. Anger begins to build up on the Texan's face as he begins to knee the Iron Terror in the face with his metal knee brace before backing up a bit to run and drive his knee into Terror's face.

Blackfront: Where the hell is security?!?!?!? This man is sick!

Ace: Iron Terror is the disease and Stevens is the cure.

Blackfront: Cobra? Really? The eighties called wanting their jokes back.

Ace: Fuck you.

After delivering the Don't Mess With Texas running knee trembler, Stevens begins to undo the mask of the Iron Terror revealing it to be none other than.....

Blackfront: THAT'S JEFF ANDREWS!

Ace: What's he doing back here? It isn't December yet.

Stevens looks at the mask and spits on it before rolling back into the ring.

Ace: Jeff, you brought all of this upon yourself.

Stevens says but the boos from the crowd start to drown the Texan out.

Stevens: I can wait.

Stevens says drawing more ire from the crowd as they begin to throw trash at the Texan.

Stevens: This trash represents all of you here tonight.

Stevens says as he walks over to the ropes to look at Jeff Andrews being attended by EMTs once again.

Stevens: Jeff, I told you this would be your fate for sticking your nose in my business. You actually thought you had a chance against me? DO I LOOK LIKE FUCKING SANTA CLAUSE?!?!?!?!?!?

Stevens screams at the unconscious Andrews.

Stevens: I just proved to you, and the rest of those fucks from Defiance what happens when you come to UTA and cross me!

Stevens shouts as he points to Andrews.

Stevens: Not only did I beat you, I made you forfeit. That should solidify the proof to that idiot owner of yours.....that's you Eric Dane.

Stevens says as he turns his attention momentarily to the camera.

Stevens: I proved to you Jeff that you don't belong in UTA much less in the same ring as me and while you are in the hospital thinking, no wishing, you never should have made an enemy of me just know we are done. I told you since the beginning you weren't in my league and that I would end your career if you pursued this and you're barely alive as a result. Your fate should also be a warning to any of those other Defiance fucks who want to get froggy and see how big of a set they got. Jeff, when you wake up in a few days, talk to your buddies down in the Big Sleazy to save them the same fate as you because as far as I'm concerned the Scott Stevens pwning a has-been, never-was feud is over!

Stevens shouts and drops the microphone to the canvas and exits the ring and heads up the ramp and disappears backstage. EMTs, agents, and officials tend to Jeff Andrews and manage to get the stretcher upright and begin to wheel him up the ramp. As they reach the top of the stage Stevens comes running full speed from the back and grabs the stretcher and throws a strapped down Jeff Andrews to the unforgiving concrete below.

Blackfront: That's a fifteen foot drop!

Ace: That's all?

Stevens admires his handiwork as a smile forms across his face as he takes a moment to bid farewell to Jeff Andrews with a one finger salute before security comes to drag the Texan away.

Blackfront: The guy is sick!

Ace: I love it!

Fade.

## CHRIS ROSS VS JACK HARMEN:WRESTLEUTA LEGACY CHAMPIONSHIP

Chris Ross vs Jack Harmen: Legacy Title Match

Blackfront: Folks, after that hellacious contest between the Iron Terror and Scott Stevens, we've got another donnybrook on hand next for you. Chris Ross challenges the Legacy Champion Jack Harmen in a street fight for the gold. Ace? Who you got in this one?

Ace: C'mon. Is that even a question? The Boss all the way. We're gonna have a new champion, and Harmen's gonna get his pink slip!

Blackfront: I'm going with the defending champion in this one Ace. Harmen's got the pedigree and the experience, and he has the champions advantage.

Ace: Which means nothing in a street fight! No DQs, no countouts! The winner of this match is whoever is the better man, and a BOSS is better than a LOONEY TUNE.

Blackfront: Let's take it to ringside.

The camera lowers on a jib to reveal Jordan, standing in the center of the ring with a UTA microphone.

Jordan: This next match, is scheduled for one fall, and is a STREET FIGHT, for the Legacy championship!

The fans pop at the announcement.

Blackfront: Remember fans at home, you've got the best seats for this conflict. We'll be having a roaming ENG crew following the action, and for the fans in the arena, should they escape the ring for an extended period of time, they'll have to look up to the large jumbo tron high above us to get a clear view of the chaos.

Ace: My neck's gonna be sore after this match, isn't it? Good thing I've got that Asian Masseuse ready for after the Pay Per View. She always leaves me happy.

Blackfront: Gross.

Ace: Hey, what can I say? I love being touched.

Blackfront: Double gross.

Ace: You can touch me if you want...

Blackfront: I'm not even going to dignify that with a response...

Ace: Sounds like a response.

Jordan: Introducing first... the challenger...

"Badlands" by Mayday begins to play and Chris Ross steps out to a chorus of boos.

Jordan: Making his way to the ring.... From Harrisburg Pennsylvania!

The Boss storms over tearing a fan's sign in half.

Blackfront: That was uncalled for!

Ace: The sign said Ross sucks!!!! The man is a future hall of famer Blackfront!

Blackfront: Are you kidding me!?

Jordan: Weighing in at 250 pounds.... Chris "The Boss" Ross!!!!

Ross slides into the ring cracking his knuckles looking more focused than ever before.

Jordan: And his opponent...

"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne blares over the pa system as the UTA crowd stand in unison, cheering on the Legacy Champ. Jack Harmen steps out through the fog wafting up the entrance ramp, and raises the championship high to his adoring public. Mary-Lynn Mayweather is by his side, and smiles and waves politely to the cheering masses. Harmen raises his right hand up in a devil horn taunt, but the camera takes an extra moment to zoom in... on the barbed wired wrapped fist.

Blackfront: We haven't even started yet and things are getting spicy!

Ace: What's that guy doing with barbed wire!? Talk about 0 to 100 REAL quick.

Jack Harmen smiles devilishly toward the camera and quickly storms toward ringside. Mary-Lynn Mayweather hangs behind, letting Harmen strut with a brisk pace toward the ring. Harmen hits ringside, and then slides in under the bottom rope. Before Jordan can continue his introductions, Chris Ross charges toward Harmen and the two begin throwing haymakers at each other. Both men just stand there, taking each other's punches as they toss simultaneous jabs.

\*DING DING DING\*

Blackfront: And we are OFF! These two just brawling like there's no tomorrow Ace!

Ace: And while Ross would normally have the advantage, Harmen had to go and cheat by wrapping his fist in barbed wire?!

Blackfront: How is that cheating? It's a street fight!

Ace: He came prepared. It's not fair. Like bringing a gun to a knife fight.

Indeed, Harmen's fists pack a bit of extra punch, sending Ross into the ropes. In fact, the barbed wire has already drawn it's first crimson, as Ross' forehead begins to trickle blood from his eye brow. Ross however, powers through and just clean HEADBUTTS Harmen off his feet. Ross leans down, grabbing Harmen's wrist and ripping the barbed wire from his hands. He then curls the wire around each palm, and dives, choking Harmen's neck with the barbs as if he were a CIA hitman. Harmen coughs and sputters, reaching out for relief.

Ace: YOU DESERVE THIS YOU CRAZY FREAK SHOW!

Blackfront: Ace, did Harmen touch you in a bad place?

Ace: YES. HE BURNED MY SOUL WITH STUPID.

Harmen shoves The Boss away who discards the barbed wire and reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a staple gun!

Blackfront: A staple gun!? Are you kidding me?! What the hell is Ross doing carrying that thing around?!

Ace: It's called street smarts!

Cocking the staple gun to the side almost like it's a 9MM pistol Ross nods his head.

Ross: Yeah you son of a bitch! I'm fixing to pop a cap in your ass!

The Keystone State Killa shoots Harmen right in the leg with it. Harmen screams...

Jack Harmen: IMPROPER FORM!

Jackclutches his leg as he sits up. Ross laughs and shoots him right in the side of the head sending him sprawling back to the mat clutching his noggin in pain. The champion is stunned as Ross mounts him and just unloads staple after staple into him like it's a drug deal gone bad. After a flurry of staples, Chris dismounts and raises the staple gun high to jeers. The camera crew zooms in on Harmen's face.

Blackfront: Oh my god!!!! Harmen looks like a human pin cushion with how many staples Ross is shooting him with!

Ace: The sad part is Harmen probably is enjoying this!

Harmen stands there trying to pull the staples out of his body before The Boss aims and shoots him right between the eyes!

Ace: OHH!!!! That's the proverbial kill shot! If this was Harrisburg Harmen would be lined in chalk right now!

Blood streams down Harmen's face as Ross looks to unload another shot only to discover he ran out of ammo. Harmen can only smile in a daze.

Jack Harmen: Shooting blanks?

Ross shrugs his shoulders and pistol whips Harmen across the head with it who collapses in a heap.

Blackfront: Dear GOD that was a wicked shot from Ross. That metal on bone connection, makes my skin crawl.

Ace: You know what else makes my skin crawl? This tiny red head who doesn't exploit her sex appeal trying to join us. Hey honey, sit on my lap.

Blackfront: That's Mary-Lynn Mayweather, joining us at the booth here to watch her mentor and friend being decimated by office supplies.

There's a rustling at the commentator's booth as Mary-Lynn sits down and puts on a headset. Chris Ross begins to just

put the stomps to Harmen kicking him completely out of the ring after a flurry.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: It's safer here than around ringside. I don't want to get curbstomped.

Ace: Then the safest place is my lap. I'll protect you with my penis.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Pass.

Blackfront: Pardon Ace's perverted commentary but yes the further from these 2 the better!

Ross slips himself out of the ring as Harmen tries to pull himself up using the ring canvas. Ross grabs Harmen by his hair and yanks him to his feet. He slams Harmen's head up against the commentator's table, blood splattering all over their monitors and the UTA logo. Blackfront and Ace both stand to avoid the confrontation as Ross looks straight at Mary-Lynn.

Ross: Hey! His head is the same color as your hair!

Ross then grabs Harmen and slams him face first into the exposed steel turnbuckle. Harmen is dazed, hugging the post as the only way to avoid falling to the ground below. So, Ross, begins to dig underneath the ring.

Blackfront: Ross looking for his next weapon of choice here.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Fatboy Slim.

Ace: Who knows what's under that ring Blackfront... I saw Ross stashing a bunch of items there earlier today!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Yeah, so did Jack. I think there's a loaded shotgun somewhere... Plus at least six flame throwers.

Blackfront: What is this, Call Of Duty?!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Timeless reference there Blackfront. How many sixteen year olds have called you a little bitch online?

Blackfront: ... too many.

The camera zooms in seeing The Boss pulling out a toolbox. He opens it up and smiles grabbing a screwdriver sliding it into his pocket.

Ace: We've seen Ross do this before! He always is armed and dangerous!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: He has guns? I mean, besides the muscles.

Ross proceeds to dump the box's contents onto the ground and retrieve a hammer. Harmen is slowly using the announce table to get to his feet. Ross storms over with the hammer and out of nowhere Harmen spins and cracks Ross right in the head with one of the announce table's TV monitors!!!!

Ace: My monitor!!!! God damnit how am I supposed to commentate on the match now!!!!

Jack Harmen: TV'S NOT GOOD FOR YOU!

Blackfront: Ace.... The match is right in front of you....

Like a tree being cut down Ross falls over and Harmen goes for a cover.

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Ross kicks out and Harmen grabs him by the hair pulling him to his feet and with a yell throws him right through the timekeeper's barricade. The fans go wild as Harmen climbs to the top of the announce table pounding his chest like

he's King Kong.

Ace: Get the hell off the table you jackass! What is this, Coyote Ugly!?

Harmen kicks Ace's drink and it lands directly in his face. Ace gets up, and tries to dry himself off.

Ace: THAT WAS ON PURPOSE!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Definitely.

The Boss slowly gets to his feet dazed as Harmen runs and flies through the air... To his surprise Ross catches Harmen and throws him over the barricade into the audience behind him with a release belly to belly suplex! A Holy shit chant starts as the fans scramble and the camera zooms in on Harmen is laid out in a pile of crumpled chairs. The Keystone State Killa jumps the barricade and grabs the champion by his hair who responds by grabbing a bottle of beer from a fan and shattering it over Ross' head!

Ace: Party foul!

Mary Lynn Mayweather: I'll allow it.

Harmen hooks Ross as he's stunned, standing but leaning down from the barricade. Harmen plants him with a ddt into one of those commemorative chairs in the front row to a pop. With a bit of leeway, Harmen begins picking away at the staples that are still sticking out of his forehead. Harmen then grabs the official, lifts him up off his feet and presses him onto a prone Chris Ross.

Ace: That screams lawsuit!

Blackfront: Anything is legal in a street fight! Even using the referee as a weapon himself!

Harmen tosses his hand up in a devil horn taunt.

Jack Harmen: Who's got a weapon for the Lunatic!

He's then handed an incredibly large stop sign. Harmen takes it gladly, but frowns, wondering aloud...

Jack Harmen: How bad is our security?

Before popping a recovering Chris Ross square in the forehead. The shot echoes throughout the arena, as the stop sign crumples like a cookie cutter sheet.

Blackfront: Remember folks, please, do not bring weapons to a wrestling match.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: But thank you my concerned citizen for helping a crazy man in need of violence!

Harmen dives on top for the count.

...

But the official is still recovering from his sky high ride. Harmen shakes his head, hooking Chris Ross by his hair. Ross however, catches Harmen with a low blow. The Boss shoulder block tackles Harmen through the crowd, parting the sea like Moses, before slamming Harmen into the cold concrete barrier between "first class" ringside and the upper riser.

Ace: Ohhhhhh! He just cross checked Harmen like this is a hockey game!

With pure hatred in his eyes Ross drags The Lunatic into a nearby corridor, as the security / seat guides flee. Ross tosses Harmen face first into the cold concrete, and then begins to lay into him with rights and lefts, a few body shots for added punctuation. Harmen tries a wild right, but Ross ducks, and Ross hooks a rear waist lock. The Boss quickly tosses Harmen up and over in a German Suplex, so Harmen's head and upper back hits the concrete wall. Ross keeps the hook on, and spins, sending Harmen over his head in a picture perfect German, that causes the Lunatic to flip

completely over and land face first, through the curtain and into the convenience area.

Blackfront: Where in the world is this fight going now?!

Ace: Wherever the Boss wants to take it Blackfront!

Ross walks over to the curtain separating the two areas and rips one of them down. He leans down, and begins to choke the Lunatic with a fabric, pulling and tugging at Harmen in a modified camel clutch. Ross shouts "ASK HIM" as the official recovers, standing over Harmen and leaning in, asking the Lunatic if he gives. Jack shakes his head no, as Ross further tugs in the hold.

Blackfront: If Harmen can't find a way to break the hold, we may have a winner via TKO here!

Ace: You've heard it here first! Chris Ross is Floyd Mayweather!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: More like Buster Douglas.

Harmen reaches up, desperate, and is able to claw and rake the eyes of Ross, breaking the hold. Ross holds his eyes stunned as Harmen walks over desperate grabbing a fire extinguisher off a wall nearby. The Boss turns to attack...

Harmen: SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!

And is blasted in the face with the extinguisher. Harmen smiles and fiddles with the extinguisher, and then just sprays the fallen Ross with as much frozen nitrogen as he can. Harmen looks disappointed as it appears to be empty. He then takes a quick huff from the extinguisher and rattles it, before tossing the extinguisher into a trying to recover Chris Ross' face. Harmen goes for the cover.

1...

2...

Ross kicks out at the last possible second. A frustrated Harmen gets up nodding his head. He reaches down grabbing The Keystone State Killa by his hair and the two wrestlers walk backstage.

Ace: Where the hell are they! Cameras follow them!!!!

Blackfront: I think.... I think they're in the concession stands?!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Jack's proly just hungry. Needs a Snickers or some Flaming Hot Cheetos.

After a brief moment the cameras catch up with them parting through the fans who are going wild seeing the action live. Ross picks up a large plastic trash can and nails Harmen in the head with it sending trash flying everywhere. Harmen stumbles around before The Boss follows in hot pursuit grabbing him and dragging him into the arena's VIP restaurant. Like a sack of trash, Harmen is thrown crashing over a table. Food splatters everywhere as the matre dee pleads with the wrestlers to exit the establishment. Ross just face palms the guy, sending him flattening down onto his butt. However, this allows Harmen to kick Ross square in the family jewels.

Ace: OHHH NO!!!!!!!!!!

Harmen then stands, clutching his head. He reaches over to another person's table, grabbing a large chicken wing. He takes a huge bite, gnawing at it. He turns to the patron and yells...

Jack Harmen: FOR ENERGY!

Before taking the chicken wing and jabbing the bones edge into Chris Ross' forehead and eyes. Ross tries to cover up but Harmen continues to just slam the bone edge into his face.

Blackfront: I hope we can comp these people's meals!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: They're eating a sit down dinner at a wrestling show. They deserve no compensation.

Harmen walks over to another table, and sees a large roasted pig. He grabs it off of an angry person's table, and then waits for Ross to get to his feet. Ross does, as Harmen throws the pig at him. Ross catches it, Harmen shouts...

Jack Harmen: WHEN PIGS FLY!

Before rushing and dropkicking the pig into Ross' face. Ross tumbles backwards, sprawling through a loose door and winding up in the kitchen area. Harmen follows him, as our camera crew does their best to keep up.

Ace: God damnit camera crew keep up!!!!

In the kitchen, Harmen notices a large fryer and grabs one of those baskets of french fries, and tosses the fries and the grease into Ross' face. Harmen then looks over his shoulder, notices the camera man, and grabs the camera and SLAMS THAT into Chris Ross' face. The camera image goes to static,

PLEASE STAND BY!!!! WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES!

The image on screen is that of Mikey Unlikely tossing Mikey Bucks at a broken transmitter.

Blackfront: Uh... folks... it seems we've lost picture.

Ace: I can hear the people at home demanding refunds now!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: I blame the cameraman. He should have had that connected to him by a shoulder harness. That's just amateur hour.

Ace: We ain't Showtime!

Blackfront: We'll have this fixed momentarily! Meanwhile, we can still hear them brawling in the kitchen area! I'm hearing a pot clang against someone's forehead. There's screams!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: That's Jack! I think Ross just slammed Harmen's face into the deep fryer!

Ace: Can we get someone back there to do their job!?

The picture returns, as the cameraman seems to have a back up Go Pro camera in his holster. There's a second AC, next to the camera man, carrying a large box that's transmitting the picture to the Production truck. Ross stands over Harmen, who's clutching at his eyes in immense pain. The Boss looks around and a sinister smile creeps across his face.

Ross: Oh you wanna burn me mother fucker?! Oh I'm going to enjoy this! Your fans won't recognize you when I'm done!

He says storming over to the nearby waffle maker and opening it up.

Blackfront: Oh my god he's not....

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Wait... they serve waffles here?! I'm starving.

Ross grabs Harmen by the neck and slams the side of his head into the bottom clamp before slamming the top clamp down.

Blackfront: OH MY GOD! Ross isn't trying to beat Harmen! He's trying to maim him at this point!

Ace: The problem is, you're never going to get the taste of Harmen out of any waffles made from that waffle maker ever again. Forever doomed to taste a Lunatic. How does he taste Mary?

Mary Lynn Mayweather: Probably like Bacon.

Ace: Eww... I didn't expect that.

Blackfront: Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to!

Harmen falls to the floor. The sides of his face showing the waffle patterned burns on the sides of his face now. The Boss hoists Harmen to his feet and whips him back first into one of the metal refrigerators. With a running start Ross charges and Harmen completely falls over barely able to stay on his feet. Like an out of control freight train Ross completely spears through the entire front of the fridge taking the door completely off.... The camera zooms around showing Ross' back end hanging out of the inside of the cooler now.

With his eyes almost rolling into the back of his head, Harmen grabs a frying pan and tees up, slamming it into Ross posterior. Ross cries out in pain jumping causing an entire shelf of refrigerated goods to fall on his head.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: There is no safe word! Spank that ass!

Ace: What's your safe word?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: It's Ace.

Ace: I don't know whether to feel offended or honored.

Blackfront: It's the former.

Harmen grabs a flailing Ross and irish whips him through the nearest door. On the other side, another ENG camera crew is waiting, this time with a regular fashioned large handheld camera. Ross tumbles through into the outside parking lot area just outside the VIP restaurant. Three of the restaurant's employees are out on a smoke break, as they watch Ross fall in front of them. Harmen kicks open the door and emerges, shouting...

Jack Harmen: HERE'S JACKIE!

He grabs a smoke from one of the workers. He takes a drag, and then leans down, slamming and burnt ember of the cigarette into Ross' forehead. He flails to get free, as Harmen stops and tosses the butt away. Jack hooks Ross to his feet and then SLAMS him through the driver's side window of a mercedes.

Ace: HEY! That's Mikey's car! GET AWAY FROM THERE!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: No! Keep beating up that car like we're playing Street Fighter!

Suddenly, Mikey Unlikely exits out of the passenger's side of his vehicle, a waft of smoke billowing out.

Mikey Unlikely: HEY! FUCKSTICKS! BRUVS! WHAT THE FUCK! I WAS HOT BO---OH!

Mikey notices the camera crew, the battling Harmen and Ross, and quickly tosses his lit joint off screen.

Mikey Unlikely: YOU SAW NOTHING!

Mikey tosses the camera some Mikey Money and then quickly runs away. Chris Ross emerges from Mikey's car and catches the Lunatic square in the head with a tire iron. Harmen back peddles from the blow and falls to his ass, his back striking up against the kitchen's dumpster. Ross then charges, going for a golf swing, but Harmen rolls out of the way and Ross only dents the dumpster itself. Ross drops the tire iron from the vibration of the hit, as Harmen, from a downed position, kicks Ross' knee, and then knips up, catching Ross under the chin as he does. Ross back peddles back into Mikey's car. Harmen then climbs up onto the dumpster, and leaps at Ross.

Blackfront: Springboard Lou Thesz Press off the dumpster onto Mikey's car! My God that hood is damaged beyond repair!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: I love that move! And Harmen is just laying into Ross with a flurry of never ending rights and lefts!

Ross covers up as best he can, and then places his legs between him and Harmen. Ross monkey flips Harmen off of him, sending Harmen flopping onto the hood of Mikey's car. The back windshield cracks as Harmen's boot smashes against it. Ross turns over, and begins to choke Harmen with his bare hands. He then reaches into his trunks, and pulls

out the screw driver. He begins to jam it repeatedly into Harmen's open wounds, as Harmen flails and cries out in pain.

Ace: STAB HIM ROSS! STAB HIM!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: How is this wrestling?

Harmen's face is completely covered in blood as Ross proceeds to jam the screwdriver into his face over and over before he pops the weapon back into his pocket saving it for later use. He jumps off the hood raising his elbow... Harmen sits up and Ross runs and spins...

Ace: 10-71!!!!

Ross completely blasts Harmen right in the side of the head with a 360 rotating discus elbow.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Gotta give it to Chris, that's an impressive and impactful elbow.

Ace; Why don't you just open your mouth and suck his dick?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Seems like you've already done that for me.

The Boss covers Harmen on the hood of the car...

1...

2...

3... NO!

Harmen barely kicks out and Ross lets out a frustrated yell pounding his fists against the hood of the expensive luxury car.

Blackfront: The amount of punishment that Harmen can take is insane!

Ross pulls Harmen to his feet and drags him down the street..... He begins waving out to the passing traffic as a taxi winds up stopping nearby. Ross opens the door so it clang into Harmen's face, before Ross tosses him into the back of the cab. Ross turns to the camera.

Ross: Find your own way!

Ross dives into the taxi throwing haymakers. The taxi cab speeds off as one of the competitors kicks out the back window in the struggle. The referee stands there baffled throwing his arms up not even sure what to do. The official then starts to pick up the Mikey Money that was thrown on the ground, only saying

Referee: This is how he pays us.

The official walks off to wave down his OWN taxi. One quickly stops, and he hops in, along with the camera crew.

Referee:FOLLOW THAT TAXI!

The taxi speeds off in what could only be considered a yellow high speed chase.

Blackfront: Uh... uhmmm.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Welp, I guess that's my cue. I don't see them coming back any time soon. It's been mostly a pleasure Blackfront. Ace... I hope you die in a freezer.

Ace: The feeling's mutual. Except I hope you die on my cock.

Blackfront: Thank you Mary for joining us... and if we can catch up with the brawling Ross and Harmen, we'll bring that action right to you! Until then... what do we do with ourselves?

Ace: Well, we can always watch Kendrix kick Impulse's teeth down his throat.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: That'll be the day. OH! HI CALLY!

Mary-Lynn tosses her headset down as she leaves the announce desk. The crowd cheers as she waves to them and exits to the back. Blackfront is dumbfounded. Ace stares at her ass as she leaves.

Blackfront: What did we just witness?

Ace: It's like a red delicious.

## STOOVINS

### Bathroom Break

As we cut backstage we come across the outside of a Men's restroom. After a few moments we hear a loud flush and a few seconds later the controversial and vile one known as Scott Stevens comes sauntering out not looking happy as he exits. He goes passed the camera before walking back into frame.

Stevens: Do not go in there! Woooooo!

Stevens says as he does his best Ace Ventura impersonation waving his hand around to dissipate the stench.

Stevens: What's even worse I ran out of toilet paper and had to use this old thing.

Stevens says as he holds the mask of Iron Terror in his hands before tosses it onto the camera as it fades to commercial.

## KENDRIX VS IMPULSE

### Impulse vs Kendrix

Blackfront: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are moments away from an intriguing match up between two men, Kendrix and Impulse, who have been at each other's throats ever since Absolution.

Ace: Yeah, for some reason that idiot, Impulse, thinks JFK has made his name in this business by taking short cuts and off the back of others! The cheek, Jason!

â™« «Let 'Em Come» by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System. â™«

The lights in the arena cut as JFK's music and video package hit the big screen. As the drumming picks up, a spotlight shines down in the centre of the ring, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing the latest JFK t-shirt along with new ring gear, black and gold JFK ring tights with black boots, he holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky, simultaneously lighting the outside of the ramp with a series of white pyro leading up to the main stage and out to the sides.

As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting that smirk.

Jordan: And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

Blackfront: Kendrix, who was the longest reigning WrestleUTA Champion of this year, adamant that his way of doing things is the best way to gets results in this industry today.

Ace: Who are you kidding, Jason? It's the ONLY way! Impulse needs to learn that his Honest way just doesn't cut the mustard in this dog eat dog world we live in today!

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Jordan: He is JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXXXX!

Raising his arm high above his head he beats the other hand across his chest. Hopping off the turnbuckle and back to the mat, Jesse discards his shades and "JFK" t-shirt to a ringside hand.

Jordan: And his opponent...

"Cannonball" by SIRS Y starts up, with the familiar riff.

Jordan: Accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose... from Washington Heights, New York and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds... THE MARATHON MAN... IMMMMPULSE!!!

The fans cheer the anticipated arrival of the Marathon Man - and they don't have to wait long. Impulse steps through the curtain with Cally in hand, and they walk to the ring, slapping hands here and there but are otherwise focused on Kendrix.

Blackfront: Someone's ready, Tommy.

Ace: I'd hope so... you need to bring your A game if you think you've got a hope in hell against JFK, and even then, you don't.

Blackfront: Don't tell Impulse that - he's had a career three times as long as Kendrix, all thing considered, and he's proven the ability to beat anyone at any time!

Ace: Perhaps... but he's also faced Kendrix before, and has he beaten Kendrix? No? Case dismissed.

This may be the thought that goes through Impulse's mind as he stops at the foot of the ring steps, but he takes a deep breath, hands his jacket and shirt off to Cally, and steps in, face to face, with the former WrestleUTA World Champion.

Senior Referee, James Brooks checks both men down for any alien objects on their person. Kendrix throws the wanker gesture Brooks' way after the official was already satisfied. Brooks pays the bruv no attention and signals for the bell.

Ding Ding Ding!

Blackfront: And we're underway, the two men circle and are straight in for the tie up. Impulse forced back by the bigger man.

Jesse throws a knee into the Marathon Man's stomach and hits him with forearm after forearm.

Brooks: ONE TWO THREE FOUR

Kendrix releases the hold and holds his hands up innocently by the side of his head. He lunges in with a short arm clothesline but Impulse quickly ducks through and round, sending JFK into the corner and striking with fierce roundhouses to the leg and ribs of his opponent.

Blackfront: Kendrix misses wildly again with the short arm, knife edge chop by Impulse. Irish whip across and spinning heel kick connects!

Kendrix is straight back up but walks right into a dropkick that sends him straight back down to the canvass. The crowd jeers as JFK rolls himself out underneath the bottom rope onto the outside.

Blackfront: Jesse as always not endearing himself to the UTaverse tonight after a blistering start from Impulse.

Ace: Why do you think Kendrix cares about them? This is smart from JFK. He's stopped Impulse's momentum.

Kendrix walks round to the other side of the ring flicking his hair back and jawing inaudibly up at Impulse who's sitting himself on the middle rope, inviting Kendrix back in. With Brooks on the count of three, Jesse steps forward and tells the ref to get Impulse away from the ropes.

Blackfront: There's your room to get back in Kendrix, lets get this match back on shall we.

Ace: In his own time Jason, you can't hurry JFK!

Kendrix slowly hops onto the apron, imploring the ref to get Impulse to leave more room for his re-entry. Impulse obliges, urging Kendrix to get on with it. Kendrix steps through but steps back out. Having enough of waiting, Impulse charges to strike Kendrix on the apron but JFK manages to shoulder block into Impulse's sternum, doubling the Marathon Man over.

Ace: Haha! He suckered him in!

Kendrix clubs the back of his opponents shoulders over and over before leaving another knee into Impulse's gut, doubling him over once again for good measure. JFK hits the ropes and returns with a jumping knee to his face and sending him back first to the canvas.

Blackfront: Impulse had the upper hand with the in-ring ability but Kendrix is one of the best when it comes to mind games and ring awareness.

Having thrown his wrist in a derogatory way to wind the crowd up further than he already has, Kendrix helps Impulse on his way back up to his feet and scoops him up and slams him back first to the mat. Hitting the ropes he runs back and drops his leg across his opponents neck. On his way back up to his feet, Kendrix smirks down at the sight of Impulse holding his neck with both hands with the ref down by his side concerned for the competitor.

Kendrix: HE'S FINE, REF! HE'S USED TO CHOKING ON THE BIG STAGE!

Jesse returns his attention to Impulse and places his hands around his head. As he turns him to face him, Impulse lashes out with a strike to his opponent's sternum.

Blackfront: Impulse with another strike, fighting back here but he's met with a vicious boot to the face!

Ace: I think his lights just went out, cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: KICKOUT! Shoulder up at two!

Kendrix glares at the referee and claps his hands together, one-two-three, to express his annoyance with the count.

Ace: It was slow!

Blackfront: It was not!

Ace: I'm telling Kendrix you said that.

JFK pushes himself up on one knee and grabs Impulse by the back of the neck to do the same. He maintains his control with a forearm between the shoulder blades that rocks Impulse back to his knees while Kendrix rises fully to his feet.

Blackfront: Whip into the ropes by JFK, and a high impact backdrop! Kendrix raises his arms - **IMPULSE LANDS ON HIS FEET!**

Ace: **TURN AROUND! FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, TURN AROUND!**

Blackfront: Impulse braces himself and hooks Kendrix! Modified neckbreaker! Kendrix took a second to showboat, and it cost him!

While it did cost Kendrix - he rolls through to his stomach and pushes back onto his knees in order to get himself re-settled, Impulse is similarly unable to follow through. Both men start the climb to their feet as the fans cheer for Impulse, right in time with Cally slapping her hand on the apron.

Blackfront: Kendrix is up first!

Ace: Impulse is up too!

Forearm from Kendrix connects.

BOOOOO!

Returned in kind from Impulse.

YES!

BOOOOO!

YES!

BOOOOO!

YES!

YES!

YES!

YES!

Impulse forces Kendrix back to the corner, delivering forearm after forearm. Despite the punishment JFK has taken, Impulse keeps the pressure on, climbing onto the second rope, towering above his opponent, delivering further strikes to the side of JFK's temple.

Blackfront: Hey, wait a minute, Kendrix has a hold of Impulse!

Jesse has Impulse up on his shoulders and walks toward the middle of the ring.

Ace: Slam him!

The crowd erupts as Impulse counters with a beautiful hurricanrana and in one motion grabs JFK's legs with his shoulders down to the mat.

ONE

TWO

TH...

Blackfront: NO! How close was that?

Ace: Too close, Kendrix managed to get his shoulders up at the last second.

Impulse holds his hand to his face, but only for a moment and gets straight back to his feet, taking in the energy around the arena, clapping along to Cally's palm slams to the apron. Sizing Jesse up as he gets to his feet, having crawled to the corner, Impulse rushes but JFK side steps out of the way in the nick of time and manages to help Impulse on his way, shoulder first into the steel ring post.

Ace: HAHA, YES!

Blackfront: The unforgiving ring post will slow anyone's momentum down.

As Impulse tends to his shoulder, Kendrix pounces and hauls him out of the ring, falling back first onto the outside. As Kendrix attempts to shake off the last of the remaining cobwebs, Cally checks on her man. But there's not much time for this as Kendrix makes his way to the outside, Cally backing off, disgust in her eyes after Jesse blows a kiss her way. He delivers another strike to Impulse's shoulder before helping his opponent up to his feet, holding his arm, planting his own feet and launching Impulse towards the ring steps.

CRASSHHHH!

Blackfront: Good Lord! The side of Impulse's torso dislodged the steps, such was the force behind that Whip by JFK.

Ace: This is just great. Kendrix does things that Impulse refuses to do. Impulse just can't keep up, Jason.

Cally again checks on Impulse as Kendrix decides to roll in and then quickly out of the ring again to break up the refs count.

Kendrix: START AGAIN, BELLEND!

Jesse shakes his head upon seeing Cally crouching down beside Impulse and of course decides to stalk her away from her man. However, instead of turning his attention back to his opponent, he continues to follow her as she backs off towards the other steel steps.

Blackfront: Get away from her, what has she ever done to you.

Ace: She keeps getting herself involved in his match, Jason!

Blackfront: She is not, she was just checking on Impulse and you know it!

Kendrix grabs a hold of Cally's hair. She tries to wrench his hand away as he inaudibly trash talks in her ear.

Blackfront: Let go of her!

Cally struggles to break free but Kendrix is distracted for a second as the ringside crowd noise picks up in anticipation. He lets go, but before he can turn around the back of his head is grabbed as the Marathon Man plants Jesse's face down first

THUDDD

Ace: AHHHHH!

Blackfront: RUNNING BULLDOG ON THE STEEL STEPS!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: Kendrix took his eyes off the prize, not for the first time in this back and forth match up, and now both men are down.

The referees interrupted his count to check on both men, but upon his return to the ring he continues it...from 5.

Impulse is groggily up to his feet at 6, tending to his shoulder, he manages to get up and roll into the ring. The ref checks down at Kendrix.

SEVEN!

Blackfront: Kendrix is stirring but he looks out of it, will he make it back to the ring on time?

Ace: QUICK, JFK!

EIGHT!

Impulse looks down at Kendrix and up at the ref.

Blackfront: Kendrix is struggling! This could be over.

NINE!

Impulse has one more look and decides to roll back out of the ring to break up the count before ten.

Ace: WHAT? WHY DID HE DO THAT?!

Blackfront: Because that's the kind of guy Impulse is, Tommy! He doesn't want to win it that way!

With Kendrix making it to the apron, the cameras pick up blood streaming from his temple. Impulse helps him under the bottom rope and slides into the ring after him.

Blackfront: Kendrix is cut open badly, such was the impact of that move from Impulse.

The Marathon Man takes a few steps back into the corner, urging Kendrix to get to his feet. Cally slams her palms down on the apron from the outside as the crowd get in tune with her, clapping along.

Ace: OH NO, DON'T GET UP, KENDRIX!

Blackfront: Impulse is lining it up!

Kendrix gets to his knees and holds the finger up at Impulse, rises up to one foot...

Two feet...Impulse doesn't waste any time though and steps forward.

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMP...NO!

Kendrix grabs the strike before impact and holds onto the ankle, pushing Impulse down to the mat in the middle of the ring!

Ace: ANKLE LOCK! WHAT A MOVE!

Impulse screams in agony as he holds onto his face, gritting his teeth and reaching out towards Cally by the ropes.

Blackfront: Incredible counter from Kendrix, he's got this locked in good with Impulse a long way from home.

Impulse manages to push up with both hands and starts to crawl towards the ropes, but JFK drags him back to the centre. Impulse grabs his head, takes a deep breath in and tries to twist onto his side.

Blackfront: Impulse wriggling, writhing to get get out of this. JFK's grip looks loose, Tommy!

Ace: It does...wait a minute, YES! KENDRIX KROSS, KENDRIX KROSS!

Kendrix decided to let go of the ankle, slammed his fist to the injured shoulder of Impulse and followed through, hooking the arm in between his legs and reaching across the face of his opponent.

Blackfront: Impulse's hand is up!

Ace: TAP OUT, YOU IDIOT!

Cally is slamming her hands down but Impulse's hand drops, but not to the mat. He places his free arm down and tries to drag himself, reaching out desperately for the bottom rope but he's not going anywhere far or fast, it's no use. Cally's face drops, concerned as Impulse raises his hand up once more as Kendrix shouts out as he arches his opponent's neck and shoulder back further.

Ace: HE'S GONNA TAP!

Blackfront: Wait a minute! Brilliant from Impulse!

The Marathon Man managed to summon enough strength to roll himself and Kendrix through and under, both men are quickly back to their feet...one man reacts quicker than the other as they turn to face each other.

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMPACT, CONNECTS!

Ace: NO!

Both men collapse to the mat. Kendrix following the strike, his eyes shut and arms spralled out by his side, Impulse lays on his back in the same way a few feet away, completely exhausted.

Blackfront: Sudden impact out of nowhere following that brilliant counter out of the Kendrix Kross. Both men are down. If Impulse can get the cover here it's over.

The ref has begun his count, but only reaching the count of three as Impulse manages to roll onto his front and crawl desperately towards Kendrix.

Ace: No, no, no, no, no!

Blackfront: He's almost there...and cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE.....

Ace: YES! THANK YOU JEBUS!

Blackfront: KICKOUT! AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT! IMPULSE CAN'T BELIEVE IT

Ace: Sudden Impact was perfect but Impulse took too much time to recover from the earlier holds.

Kendrix begins to stir but he's still on his back, arms both fully sprawled out by his side once more following the kick out. Impulse is to his knees, he looks down at Kendrix and then out at Cally, disbelief on his face turns to focus. He pops up to his feet and moves towards the corner.

Blackfront: Looks like Impulse is going high risk to make sure he finishes it here. JFK has barely moved!

Ace: Quick, get up JFK!

Impulse climbs to the top turnbuckle, looks out at the fans to either side of him, stands up tall.

Ace: GET UP!

Impulse bends the knees, launches himself up and out of the corner....

Elbow out reached....

Blackfront: NO WAY!

Ace: BELL-ENNNNDDDDDD!!!!

Blackfront: MY GOD! A MID-AIR BELL-END OUT OF NOWHERE!

Both men collapse to the canvass, side by side, both out of it...

...but

Blackfront: Kendrix has draped his arm across Impulse!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING DING!

â™« «Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System. â™«

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this match as a result of pinfall. HE IS JAAAYYY EFFFFF KAAAYYYYYY...KENNNDRIIIXX!

The ref attempts to raise Jesse's hand but the two men are down on the mat still.

Blackfront: A war. Despite the differences in attitude, despite the differences in style, gave everything they had during this intense match up tonight.

Ace: They sure did Jason. Kendrix' beautiful face is all bloody, but he had enough in the tank to get the job done tonight against one hell of a competitor in Impulse.

Jesse manages to get to his feet with a lot of help from the ref, who raises his hand in victory. As soon as he lets go, Kendrix falls down onto his ass and lays his back against the ropes, blood dripping from his forehead, looking at Impulse on all fours looking straight back at him.

Blackfront: That could well be a mark of respect from BOTH men here tonight.

Ace: Even from Kendrix?

Blackfront: I know it sounds unlikely, Tommy, but It certainly looked like it, but I guess we'll never really know. Stay with us folks, we have more coming for you tonight at Lasting Legacy!

## CHRIS ROSS VS JACK HARMEN (PART 2)

Chris Ross vs Jack Harmen (Pt 2)

Blackfront: Wait! Folks I am getting news... Ross and Harmen have been spotted where?!

Ace: What?!

The cameras finally caught up with Ross and Harmen.... They are brawling in the middle of the streets in what appears to be a shopping district.

Ace: Where the hell are they?! This is insanity! I don't think when Mikey signed this to be a street fight this is what he had in mind!

Blackfront: This is what Ross and Harmen wanted!

Clearly the wear and tear is evident on both men as Ross has Harmen by the back of the neck slamming him into the front end of a UPS delivery truck! Harmen's head bounces off the trademark brown grill and he stumbles and falls through the front door of a Verizon Wireless cellphone store!

Ace: You got to be kidding me!

Blackfront: They may need to dial up 911 here!

The Keystone State Killa wastes no time at all following him into the shop and Harmen responds by grabbing an Ipad off the display and shattering it over Ross' head!

Ace: Do you realize how much one of those cost?!

Ross falls over stumbling over one of the red leather couches for customers to wait on.

Jack Harmen: You're the AT&T of people!

Harmen shouts before charging at Ross, striking him again with the iPad and sending both men toppling over the couch and into another display rack of cell phones. The two lie there for a moment, breathing heavily, before Harmen shoots a hand skyward.

Jack Harmen: UNLIMITED DATA!

Harmen knips up to his feet, and eyes up Chris Ross. He stomps his foot once, twice, three times as the official looks on.

Blackfront: I think Harmen is looking to end it right here! LOCOMOTIVE--

Chris Ross moves, and shoves Harmen into the display rack itself. Like a steel turnbuckle post, Harmen collides headfirst and bounces off. He falls to the ground, the Verizon carpet already turning a brown color of crimson. Ross smiles seeing Harmen down. He makes a motion with his fingers like he's holding a rifle waiting for Harmen to get up.

Ace: Ross is eying Harmen up for something!

Blackfront: He may be just giving Harmen time to recover!

Harmen is very slow to get to his feet. He turns around....

Ross: IDENTITY THEFT BITCH!

Ross yells as he suddenly nails Harmen with The Locomotive!!!

Ace: THE LOCOMOTIVE! Ross just used Harmen's own move against him!

Harmen crashes to the ground hard in a heap before Ross wastes no time going for the cover.

1...

2...

3... NO!

Harmen some how some way has the will to get the shoulder up...

Ross: ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?!

Ace: I'm with Ross here! You got to be kidding me!

Blackfront: The amount of punishment these men have taken is unreal and the fact this match is still going says a lot.

Ross walks over to one of the Verizon employees, and begins yelling and spraying his own blood out of his mouth as

he talks.

Ross: Do you have anything heavy?! Like, a mac truck?

Blackfront: HARMEN WITH A SCHOOL BOY!

1...

2...

3... NO!

Ace: THANK JESUS! ROSS KICK OUT!

Ross gets to his feet quickly, infuriated. Harmen is much slower to a vertical base, kneeling as Ross charges, and spear tackles Harmen out of the Verizon store via the display window. A flood of mall goers freak out and rush away as the two bloodied individuals lie in a heap of glass.

Blackfront: I'm being told these two have already destroyed a Starbucks, a bank, and an indoor putt putt...

Ace: I bet those small children learning to love golf will never look at the game the same way again.

Blackfront: And these folks are right to run away fleeing. These guys look like MONSTERS Ace.

Ace: Yeah, if you were bloodied up like them... well, you look like a monster without the blood.

Chris Ross and Harmen begin brawling in the middle of the mall concourse, trading weak looking rights and lefts at one another. Ross is the first to his feet after a flurry of blows between the two. He hooks Harmen by his hair, and Irish whips him across the mall. Harmen bursts through the double doors of a Disney themed store, rolling and falling in front of a large Mickey Mouse plush doll. He looks up, eyes glazed over, staring at the iconic figure.

Jack Harmen: Hey... don't you owe me six paychecks?

Chris Ross comes from behind and topples the Mickey Mouse figure on top of him.

Blackfront: I think Harmen may be remembering to his day in the fWo, formerly owned by Disney... Hell, his time in the Disney run fWo is the reason he's considered a UTA hall of famer! Remember, check out our digital network!

Ace: How did we partner with Marvel? Can I be the next Iron Man after Robert Downey asks for forty million?

Chris Ross reaches over and grabs a toy Captain America Shield, and begins to slam it down onto the fallen Jack Harmen. Ross jams the shield into his throat choking him while he's down before Harmen kicks him off. The Boss stumbles backwards into a toy shelf. Harmen is slow to get up and Ross shatters a large Iron Man display figure over his head!

Ace: That figure must be a hundred dollars!

The Keystone State Killa grabs Harmen up by the neck and like a ragdoll tosses him into another shelf... Harmen responds by absolutely leveling Ross with a toy version of Mjolnir. The toy lights up letting out a thunder sound effect the moment it connects with his head.

Harmen: Cooooo!!!! I want one! But I feel so unworthy!

Harmen grabs Ross by the hair and throws him head first into a life size statue of Groot!

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Harmen slams his head against the Groot statue again.

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Harmen slams his head against the statue again.

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Harmen slams his head against the statue a fourth time.

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Ace: Will someone shut that damn thing off?!

Harmen throws his hands to his side and shouts.

Jack Harmen: I AM GROOT!

Harmen slams Ross into the statue one last time.

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Jack Harmen: NO! I AM GROOT!

Harmen gets into the "face of the statue and kicks it.

Groot: I AM GROOT!

Jack Harmen: NO I AM! Well... I was almost Yondu...

Chris Ross from behind with a weak roll up!

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Both men rise to their feet and charge that the other... DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

The impact shakes and rattles the floor of the Disney store... before...

Groot: I AM GROOT!

The official frowns, looks over, and flips the off switch on the statue.

Ace: THANK CHRIST!

Ross slowly rolls over and gets to his feet using a nearby shelf for support. Harmen gets up and ducks an incoming 10-71 elbow Ross throws! Harmen reaches behind him, and picks up a LIGHTSABER! He quickly brandishes it, and then smacks it against Ross.

It does nothing, because it's plastic.

Jack Harmen: HOW IS THIS SO INEFFECTIVE!

Ross spins, and catches Harmen square in the jaw with another 10-71.

Ace: THAT'S IT! THE BOSS IS YOUR NEW LEGACY CHAMP!

Ross drops down for another cover.

1...

2...

3... KICK OUT!

Harmen kicks out again and Ross at this point is so frustrated he kicks the Groot Statue knocking it over. It falls into a

small baby Groot statue, that becomes mobile from the impact and begins to kick and scream at Chris Ross' foot. Ross then quickly kicks it away, drawing boos from the audience. Ross stumbles backward, a bit worse for the wear, and winds up in a big display for Frozen. He stares at the Ice Queen Elsa, before kicking the entire display over.

While Ross is busy with the Frozen display, Harmen recovers behind and low blows the Boss.

Ace: AGAIN!? How is that fair!

Blackfront: Nothing's fair in a street fight Ace!

Harmen recovers, hooking Chris Ross in a ¾ face lock. Harmen rushes toward the front doors of the Disney store, and keeps the hook synched in. He reaches the edge of a balcony, and leaps over top, dragging Chris Ross with him. The two plummet from the second story of the mall into an extremely large and deepened wishing well in the center of the store, as a large splash drenches nearby shoppers.

Blackfront: Harmen... Ross... WHAT JUST HAPPENED!

Ace: They... what.... He...

Blackfront: Cutter off a second floor into a wishing well!? My God! I don't think either man wished for that!

Harmen is the first to crawl out of the well, which resembles more of a pool than a well. In fact, it seems it's been deepened and reinforced. Either way, Harmen yells at the official.

Jack Harmen: Count him! The water's pinning him RIGHT NOW!

The official shakes the count off, as Ross emerges from the well. Harmen grabs him by his hair, helping him out, before slamming him through a glass door of a FYE. Harmen frowns, staring at the logo.

Jack Harmen: You still exist?

Harmen shrugs, turns around, and grabs a churro from a food cart.

Jack Harmen: I'm good for it.

He takes a chomp out of the churro, before Ross charges and tackles Harmen into an adjacent GNC supplement store! Ross looks around and immediately grabs a cannister off a shelf....

Ross: C4! THIS IS MY SHIT!

He sells cracking it open and popping a small scoop into his mouth acting almost like it's Popeye eating a can of spinach. The Boss lets out a barbaric warcry ripping Harmen up off the floor and bends him over hooking his arms. Ross hoists Harmen up and slams him down with a bone crunching double underhook butterfly suplex! The Boss wastes no time standing over him raining forearm after forearm into the side of his head before Ross rips him back to his feet and wraps his arms around him and throws him back through a shelf of supplement pills with a release belly to belly suplex.

Ross: Get up! I'm not even done with you!

The Keystone State Killa yells as he grabs Harmen and hooks him around the waist and throws him back with a release german suplex onto the middle of the store floor.

Ace: Jesus christ! What the hell is in that shit Ross took?!

Blackfront: I don't know but I'm questioning the legality of it!

Ross drops down for the cover

1...

2...

3.... KICKOUT!

Harmen kicks out and Ross grabs the referee by the shirt.

Ross: ARE YOU KIDDING ME!? YOU NEED TO LEARN HOW TO COUNT!

The official backs off, pleading, but Ross keeps him held by his lapel. That is, until Harmen recovers, and spins Ross around. He begins to shove all sorts of random pills down Ross' gullet, covering his nose and mouth forcing him to swallow. Harmen then shoves Ross backwards into the far wall.

Jack Harmen: DRUG TEST HIM NOW!

Harmen shouts, pointing toward Ross. The official looks at his watch, points to it.

Referee: Those tests take weeks to verify.

Harmen rolls his eyes into the back of his head, only for Ross to come rushing out from the shelf. Ross goes for a clothesline, but Harmen ducks, and dropkicks Ross out of the plate glass front display window! Harmen picks up a large container of...

Jack Harmen: PEEE-NINETY EEEEEEXXX!

Blackfront: We did not get paid for all this product placement.

Harmen leaps out of the display window, catching Ross in the face with the P-90X container.

Blackfront: Wait? We did? My apologies.

Ross goes stumbling across the mall, this time crashing through the front doors of a Bed Bath and Beyond. Numerous femme fatales flee as Ross falls in a bloodied mess inside the store. Harmen enters.

Jack Harmen: That's how most women react to you usually.

Harmen rushes toward Ross, leaps in the air, and hits a VICIOUS Curbstomp on the trying to recover Ross. Harmen lands on his feet, sneering a vindictively devilish grin, before diving on top for the pin.

Ace: THAT'S NOT FAIR! DISQUALIFY HIM!

1...

Blackfront: It's no DQ Ace.

2...

Ace: I DON'T CARE! THAT IS ROSS' MOVE!!!!

3...

NO! Ross barely gets a shoulder up.

Blackfront: Turnabout's fair play Ace!

Ace: Oh shut up! You wouldn't know a fair play if you won the lottery!

Blackfront: Wait... what?

Ace: I'm all flustered and can't think straight. CHRIS! WATCH OUT!

Harmen gets up and he's begging Ross to get up.

Blackfront: I think Harmen is now looking to end this again!

Ace: ROSS GET UP!

Ross is slow to get to his feet clearly on a different planet. Harmen rushes in and to Harmen's surprise, Ross ducks The Locomotive! Out of nowhere Ross pulls out the screwdriver he's kept hidden and locks in The Crime Scene!!!!

Ace: CRIME SCENE IS LOCKED IN!!!! THIS MAY BE IT!

Blackfront: Oh my god!!! Ross is jamming that screwdriver into the throat of Jack Harmen!

Harmen kicks and gargled screams, spit flying up into the air as Ross' demeanor turns from that of a beaten and worn warrior to that of a straight up murderer.

Blackfront: Chris Ross is a man possessed!

Ace: The Asiatic Spike is locked in with that screwdriver Blackfront! We're gonna have a Legacy champion we can be proud of again!

Ross' eyes bug out at he continues to put immense pressure on Jack Harmen's windpipe. Harmen coughs and sputters, his arms weakening and flailing slower and slower.

Ross: I told you Harmen! This is what it's like on the streets of Harrisburg! Just give up! YOU'RE NOTHING! YOU ARE WORTHLESS!

Ross nods, as Harmen's hand falls limp to the side of his body.

Blackfront: This just feels uncalled for.

Ace: It's perfectly called for! Chris Ross is showing Jack Harmen exactly where he belongs!

The official rushes to Harmen's side, and lifts his arm.

It falls.

He lifts his arm again, Harmen's legs slowly stop kicking.

It falls.

The official lifts Harmen's hand up one last time.

It fa--NOT ALL THE WAY!

Blackfront: Harmen's not done fighting Ace! He's trying to stand from this move!

Harmen indeed begins to stand, fighting to a vertical base. It's here where Chris Ross just JABS the screwdriver twice into Harmen's forehead. Harmen falls to the ground, as Ross dives on top, and locks in the Crime Scene once more.

Ace: THERE IT IS!

Harmen, down and on the ground, bleeding like a stuck pig... His legs kicking wildly at the air, as Ross takes his air out of him.

Jack's eyes roll into the back of his head as he quickly taps against his chest.

The entire audience in the arena is in silence almost paralyzed in shock... Almost like they just seen their favorite super hero die at the hands of a villain. Chris Ross rises to his feet, blood dripping from his face, almost cackling like a mad man.

Ace: God. I can't believe a wrestling match ended in a Bath And Body Works...

Blackfront: Forget that! Chris Ross just won the Legacy Championship!

Ross shouts at the official to give him the Legacy championship. The Official tells him it's back at the arena. So Ross

shoves the official up against the far wall, sending a spread of moisturizers and soaps flying. Ross turns toward the cameraman and begins shouting at him.

Ross: DO YOU HAVE MY TITLE! GIVE ME MY BELT!

The camera shakes side to side.

Ross: FORGET YOU THEN! THAT BELT IS COMING BACK TO HARRISBURG WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT!

Chris Ross spins...

Blackfront: 10-71! That cameraman is knocked unconscious!

The screen quickly and abruptly cuts to:

PLEASE STAND BY!!!! WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES!

The image on screen is that of Mikey Unlikely tossing Mikey Bucks at a broken transmitter.

Blackfront: Say what you will, but that was a brawl, and Chris Ross earned his Legacy championship. You may not like him... but... I can't finish that sentence.

Ace: YOU GOTTA RESPECT HIM! The TRUE, and WORTHY, and FINALLY RESPECTABLE, Legacy champion, Chris, "THE BOSS," ROSS! BOW DOWN PEASANTS! THE BOSS IS HERE, AND WE'RE ALL STILL EMPLOYED.

Blackfront: For now.

Ace; WHAT DID YOU HEAR?!

Blackfront: Could someone get me a bottle of Peptobismol?! I feel like I've seen enough blood tonight I can graduate from medical school.

Ace: STOP CHANGING THE SUBJECT! Chris Ross is your Legacy champion, MY Legacy Champion, OUR LEGACY CHAMPION! AND THANK THE LORD AND SAVIOR CHRIS ROSS FOR MAKING THAT HAPPEN! 717 REPRESENT!!! I AM BOOKING MY NEXT VACATION IN HARRISBURG NOW!!!!

Blackfront: I hope you get murdered there.

Ace: What?

Blackfront: NOTHING! Up next, Crimson...

Ace: Hey, what did you just say?

Blackfront: I said up next is Crimson...

Ace: No, before that?

Blackfront: I've seen enough blood to graduate medical school?

Ace: After that.

Blackfront: The murder thing?

Ace: Yeah.

Blackfront: I stand by it

CRIMSON LORD VS LISIL JACKSON

Lisil Jackson vs Crimson Lord

Lisil Jackson's theme hits the PA...

â™« Better Must Come by Greegoâ™«

Yellow and green spotlights move throughout the ceiling as The Jamaican Inspiration steps through the curtain. He jives a bit on the rampway before starting to make his way down toward the ring having fans dance with him while slapping a few fans hands.

Jordan: Making his way to the ring....from Kingston, Jamaica...The Jamaican Inspiration...LISILL JACKSOON!

He reaches the ring and climbs the steps as he steps on the apron.

Blackfront: Lisil ready to taken on a man that has been like a wrecking ball as of late. With no regard to the well being of those that have gotten in his way.

Ace: It's called making a statement, let's show just what kind of man Jackson will be up against.

Replay

The tron shows clips of first turning on Lisil Jackson a month ago after their tag team match...

The the cringe worthy Hollow Point through a bunch of chairs, ending with a flap jack on a chair seat...

Then a shot of Crimson's brutal assault on Luke Dibbins, dislocating his shoulder, followed by the stretcher being rammed into his bad shoulder...

Then finally two weeks ago where Crimson decimated the Legend Ron Hall, by gorilla press slamming him through the spanish table from the top rope. Then proceeding to assault him with vile chair shots...

Then showing him backstage interrupting Jason and Tommy talking about Lasting Legend, with a lead pipe in his hand a noticeable black and blue mark on a screaming Ron Hall...

Then finally Crimson watching Ron be taken away by a ambulance, only to turn around and get a vile chair shot to the skull by Lisil Jackson. Followed by a succession of chair shots by the Jamaican Inspiration. Ending with a shot of Crimson staring at Lisil through the crowd of officials blood pouring from his skull..

A new theme song hits the PA....

â™«Closer to the Void by The Enigma TNG â™«

The fans quickly realizing who is coming out now begin the chorus of boos deafening the arena.. Crimson steps out from the back. He has black timberland boots, with a pair of green denim jeans a purple denim vest with a black hoodie covering his face. The seven footer walks to the ring no fancy pyro, or flashy intro.

Jordan: Making his way to the ring at this time. He is from Chicago, Illinois....."The Messiah of Pain"....CRIMSOONNN LOORRD!

Blackfront: Lisil has a tall task here, and he looks ready for that challenge.

He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slowly pulls his hood back. Crimson's beard is soaked in water as droplets drop to the floor. He has shaved his head once more. He pulls himself up to the apron and then steps over the top rope and looks out into the sea of fans with their negative reaction to him.

Blackfront: Lisil looks to not be backing down here fans, but you can clearly see the height difference between these two.

The two circle, Crimson goes for a lockup and Lisil ducks under Crimson's arms. CL turns around and Lisil unload with stiff kicks to the legs of the seven footer. Crimson grows frustrated and tries to grab Lisil again and Jackson ducks

under again. He runs off the ropes as Crimson turns around Lisil flies nailing Crimson with a jumping spin kick. CL staggers backward holding his head. Lisil goes off the ropes again and is met with CL and a vicious lariat!

Blackfront: Oooo Lisil got caught...

Ace: Now that that nat has been smashed it's time to show just who Lisil is in the ring with now.

Crimson shakes his head, as Jackson staggers to his feet. He falls into the corner as Crimson moves in and begins to unload with a flurry of punches, but Lisil is returning the flurry with punches of his own! Crimson is staggering backward as now Lisil throws those stiff kicks again in the flurry of fists. Lisil spins in mid air nailing a bicycle kick knocking Crimson out of the ring.

Blackfront: Jackson has got these fans on their feet, as once again The Jamaican Inspiration using those muay thai skills and taking the seven footer off guard again.

Ace: Come on Crimson, you are not going to let this buffon out class you are you!

Crimson kicks the steps in a rage, as Lisil showboats for the crowd. Crimson paces back and forth becoming more enraged with every step. The ref has gotten to a nine count and Crimson hops on the apron yelling at the ref to back Lisil up. Crimson steps through the ropes and the two circle once more.

Blackfront: I don't think Crimson expected this much from Lisil here tonight folks.

Ace: I have to say it looks like he has already gotten under the skin of The Messiah of Pain.

They go to lockup, but Crimson gets a knee lift, followed by a axe handle to the back of Lisil. Crimson drives his knee into the small of Jackson's back. As Lisil head jerks back Crimson wraps his arm into a variation of a dragon sleeper with his knee still buried deep into Lisil's lower back.

Blackfront: The human body is not meant to bend like that Tommy!

Ace: Just watching that makes me uncomfortable.

Lisil trying desperately to make it to the ropes, he is just a few inches from the bottom rope. Crimson quickly releases the hold and drive his elbow into the back of Lisil. Without hesitation he grabs Lisil's hair and pulls him out to the center of the ring and lifts him up onto his shoulder positioning him for what looks to be a shoulder breaker. Lisil squirms out and slides down the back of Lord.

Blackfront: Jackson, with a counter here fans.

Ace: I blame those guys backstage for oiling Jackson up just for that reason, bunch of cheaters!

Crimson turns around and Lisil delivers a vicious roundhouse kick getting enough of Crimson's jaw to turn the seven footer around and drop him to a knee. He holds his jaw with one hand and his other hand on the top rope. Crimson looks back at Lisil, and is met with a drop kick to the face. The momentum takes Crimson out of the ring and to the floor outside.

Blackfront: Lisil using those deadly kicks which have clearly plagued Crimson here tonight!

Ace: I swear Jackson is asking for it.

Crimson gets to his feet, Lisil launches himself over the top rope! Crimson catches Lisil, and quickly turning his momentum into a powerslam into the floor. Crimson holds on and picks up Lisil and runs at the steel post with Jackson's lower back! He steps back and body slams Lisil on the steel steps. Jackson recoils his back as he tumbles off the steps. Crimson holds his jaw as he walks over to Lisil and picks him up and tosses him back in the ring. Jackson favoring his lower back as he lies on the mat.

Blackfront: Man Lisil the victim of Crimson's vicious Ricochet, the trauma to the lower back could force lisil's kicks to

not have as much effect as they have had so far.

Ace: Time to send Lisil back to Jamaica, and out of Mikey's hair for good!

Crimson drives his forearm across the face of Jackson and goes for the cover.

ONE

TWO

TH..!!

Blackfront: Its not over yet, crimson! Lisil, still has more fight in him and these fans are on their feet cheering for The Jamaican Inspiration to get back into this match!

Ace: These idiots are deluded, all Lisil did was give Crimson more time to hurt him even more.

Lisil gets the shoulder up and Crimson is not to happy with the referee's count. Crimson picks up Lisil and lifts him up into a spinebuster! He maintains his hold of Jackson's legs. He flips him head first into the top turnbuckle, Lisil falls back as Crimson raises his knees Lisil slides down Crimson's knees in a alot of pain. Crimson once again has the cover!

Blackfront: Crimson trying to ending it here again, come on Lisil!

Ace: Just stay there let your agony end!

ONE

TWO

THRE!!

Blackfront: Lisil again kicks out, the desire to beat this man flows through Lisil. Crimson is even stunned and this capacity crowd is trying frantically to get Lisil back in the match!

Ace: That was three you idiot!

Crimson has now lost it. He gets up and now is all in the referee's face. Lisil while Crimson is distracted tries desperately to get back to his feet. As he does he tumbles into the corner still favoring his lower back. Crimson looks at Lisil and charges!

Blackfront: The enraged seven footer looking to squash Lisil in the corner here!

Lisil quickly dives out of the way and Crimson slams into the turnbuckles. Lisil battles to his feet while Crimson is bent over holding his chest. Crimson turns around and Jackson with what energy he has left in the tank throws a vicious roundhouse kick knocking Crimson down. Lisil starts to get a second wind and begins to get the capacity crowd behind him.

Blackfront: Jackson looks to be setting up his Tsunami Kick!

Crimson turns around and Jackson thrust his foot forward right into the injured chest of Lord nailing the Tsunami Kick! Crimson falls into the turnbuckle, Jackson rushes in and nails a flying knee!

Blackfront: High Tide! Crimson has fallen on the mat!

Ace: Jackson clearly is still favoring that lower back, he is taking a long time to get to the top here...Crimson move!

The assault on Lisil's back has slowed down his ascent to the top rope but he got up there.

Blackfront: THE BIRD OF PARADISE! He hit it!

Ace: No!

Lisil however can not make the cover, as once again he continues to favor his lower back. He fights through the pain and crawls over and goes for the pinfall!

ONE

TWO

THRE!!

Blackfront: Crimson kicked out, Lisil took too much time I think.

Ace: Whew.

Both men are now getting the standing ten count by the referee. The two slowly stir at about the six count.

Blackfront: Both men are trying to pull themselves up.

Crimson on his hands and knees, while Lisil has gotten to a vertical base he moves in on Crimson. He reaches down, out of nowhere Crimson grabs Lisil by the throat and slowly stands up. Without hesitation the moment Crimson gets on his feet he has him up in the air.

Ace: The Hollow Point! That pot smoking Jamaican got caught off guard I love it!

Lisil recoils his back as Crimson drives him into his knee! Crimson wastes no time and hooks the leg!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

The bell rings!

Blackfront: Lisil valiantly gave it all he had here tonight fans, but the monster continues his momentum here tonight.

Ace: There never was a question in my eyes, Lisil was completely out of his league here tonight!

â™« Closer to the Void by The Enigma TNG â™«

Crimson gets to his feet, slowly rubbing his chest, as the ref raises his hand in victory. To a chorus of heat coming from the capacity crowd!

Jordan: The winner of the match.....CRIMSON LORRRDDD!

The last shot shown is Crimson with a sick smile on his face as he back tracks up the rampway staring at Lisil holding his lower back looking back at Crimson from the ring.

I'M EXCITED, JASON!

I'm Excited, Jason!

Cameras are rolling backstage, catching up with the combatants in the Main Event. Jay Harvey is first. The challenger is walking in the back with Catalina by his side. Harvey is as serious as it gets.

Blackfront: This is live, folks... Jay Harvey and Catalina making their way to the ring. Tommy, this is the biggest test in the young WrestleUTA career of THE Jay Harvey.

Ace: Absolutely, Jason. I know that he is one hundred percent ready for this match. This is a match he has been looking forward to since he was a young man.

Blackfront: Of course, Harvey himself has said that he grew up watching Andy Murray and he wanted to face Andy Murray one on one on the biggest stage.

Harvey and Catalina continue their route to the ring but we now go to the locker room of the current WrestleUTA World Champion Andy Murray. Murray is sitting by his locker with the very title he defends in just minutes in his hands.

Blackfront: Now we see Andy Murray, Tommy. He has been tested by Jay Harvey and it seems show after show with Harvey getting the edge in each case.

Ace: That's cuz he has, Jason. Since THE Jay Harvey became the Number One contender for Murray's title, Harvey has been a thorn in Murray's side.

Blackfront: You can say that again, Tommy. Let's take you back almost two months ago...

We cut to a highlight package. On your screen is the tail end of the Theo Baylor and Andy Murray title match. Harvey is seen attacking both men.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey wasn't happy about Theo Baylor getting a title match before him.

Ace: Can you blame him? Jay Harvey defeated Crimson Lord to EARN his shot and then Theo Baylor just puts Murray on the spot and gets a shot at the title?

Blackfront: Jay Harvey laid out Baylor and as you can see here... He knocked the Champion out cold with Game Over.

Ace: If Harvey hits that move tonight... it'll be, well, Game Over for Andy Murray and his title reign.

The boys in the trailer upload footage of the recent contract signing.

Blackfront: This was the scene two weeks ago. Harvey and Murray are set to sign the contract for tonight's contest.

Harvey has flipped the table and the two men are face to face.

Blackfront: As you see... Catalina gets involved opening up an opportunity for Jay Harvey to strike.

Ace: And strike he did. He laid Murray out cold.

Blackfront: This here was one of the most despicable things I've seen... after Harvey signs his name on the dotted line, he smashes Andy Murray's unconscious face into the contract. Murray signed the contract in his own blood as of sorts.

Ace: I loved that, Jason! Harvey has gotten into Murray's head. He knows and so does Andy Murray.

We footage ends and cameras get shots from the sold out crowd in Columbus, Ohio.

Blackfront: This match has been talked about ever since Absolution. Can Andy Murray retain the title here tonight? Or will Jay Harvey shock the world and walk out the new Champion?

Ace: I'm excited, Jason!

## ANDY MURRAY VS THE JAY HARVEY: WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

### THE Jay Harvey vs Andy Murray: WrestleUTA Heavyweight Championship Match

We go to a close up of WrestleUTA ring announcer C.H. Jordan in the center of the ring. The bell sounds and he brings

the microphone to his mouth.

Jordan: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for... the WrestleUTA World Championship!

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins playing over the sound system. 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: Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

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.

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 NEXT WrestleUTA World Champion"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

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.

Ace: Harvey is looking good. This is what he's been waiting for since he signed in the dotted line.

Blackfront: Harvey looking to bring another World Championship to the long legacy of his family.

"Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes hits the PA system. The crowd reaction suddenly does a complete U-turn.

Blackfront: Listen to this crowd, Tommy! They're on their feet for the WrestleUTA World Champion.

Ace: Ugh!

The song takes a while to kick in. We run through the usual organ/drum introduction, before the full rhythm kicks in with a burst of pyro at the top of the ramp. Andy Murray strides out from the back with a slow, deliberate swagger, a look that screams "strictly business" etched across his ageing features.

Jordan: ... aaand his opponent!

Murray starts his way down the ramp, still taking it slowly. He slaps hands with a few fans along the way, but his eyes are focused firmly on Jay Harvey.

Jordan: Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'7", and weighs in at 280lbs, the REIGNING, DEFENDINGWrestleUTA World Champion... ANDYYYYYYYY MUUUUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYY!

'The King' finally reaches the bottom of the ramp, and hops onto the apron. He hoists the belt high in the air as fireworks go up from the ring posts behind him.

Ace: Man, I can't wait until Jay knocks this smug prick's ass right to the retirement home tonight! Worst champion ever.

Blackfront: That'll be a tall order, Tommy. Murray's athleticism might not be what it was five or six years ago, but he has developed into a smarter, craftier competitor. I think we're gonna have one hell of a clash on our hands, particularly if 'The Natural One' thinks he's gonna retire the champ!

Andy eventually enters the ring, handing his belt over to the referee. He wastes absolutely no time in peeling away his ring jacket and throwing it into the corner, ready to go.

Blackfront: Talk about “no nonsense!” Andy’s ready to scrap!

Ace: “Ready for the scrapheap?!” I couldn’t agree more!

The crowd is on fire already before the bell sounds. Once it does Andy Murray sprints toward Harvey, sending him to the mat with a Double Leg Takedown. Murray grabs a hold on Harvey’s right leg and executes a Kneebars submission. Harvey tires to keep his cool and grab at the bottom rope which causes Murray to let the hold go. Murray moves himself closer to the middle of the ring and re-connects the Kneebars. Murray puts everything he has to keep the hold on but Harvey drags himself over to the bottom rope and grabs hold. Referee Levi Jones tells Murray to let go of the hold and Murray complies.

Blackfront: Murray starting this match out trying to take out the legs of Jay Harvey.

Ace: Harvey doesn’t look happy right now.

Blackfront: Smart work from the champ, though. Reduce the younger, sprightlier man’s mobility and he negates one of his biggest advantages.

Harvey is at a knee looking at his opponent with absolute hate. The crowd is electric as the Champion and the challenger circle each other. The two men stare daggers at one another and both men appear to be all business. They try to grab at each other’s hands in some sort of test of strength but to no avail. Harvey goes to grasp Murray’s hand but lands a stiff kick to Murray’s left leg, knocking him down to a knee. Harvey goes on the attack landing some forearm shots to Murray’s upper back. Harvey puts his hands under Murray’s chin and sets in a Rear Chinlock.

Blackfront: Harvey with a Rear Chinlock.

Ace: He’s a master! Look at that technique, Jason!

Murray tries to pull Harvey’s hands away as he moves himself lower in position. Murray is able to get one of Harvey’s hands and engineers as Wristlock. Murray wrings Harvey’s wrist and quickly turns the hold into a Hammerlock. Harvey is at a knee, cameras rolling pick up the pain on his face.

Blackfront: Some technical wrestling on display.

Ace: I love me a gold ole’ wrasslin’ match, Jason!

Harvey sweeps the legs of Murray and slides over Murray’s back to attempt a Grounded Reverse Chinlock. Harvey pulls back on the neck of Murray, whose face is turning a bright red. Referee Levi Jones is in position and asks Murray if he quits, Murray defiantly says no.

Harvey: He quits!

Murray swipes at the bottom rope but it is too far to get. Harvey doesn’t seem to have the hold completely secured and Murray is powering himself up to his feet. Harvey keeps a Headlock on Murray who has now brought both men to their feet. Murray moves the men close to the ropes and Harvey hooks the top rope causing a break. Murray darts away from Harvey and tries to catch his breath. Jones gets in the middle of the two men and then tells them to continue.

Blackfront: Don’t forget, folks... this match is for the WrestleUTA World Title. Andy Murray defeated Kendrix at Absolution to become the new WrestleUTA World Champion.

Ace: And YOU don’t forget, that was the night THE Jay Harvey became the number one contender.

Blackfront: How could I ever?

Ace: You should’ve probably mentioned that first, you know... seeing as Harvey’s about to put a whopping on the champion.

They circle around each other again, Harvey and Murray have their eyes locked on one another. Murray goes in for a

takedown but Harvey is able to keep his footing and is able to roll Murray over and snatch his left arm, cinching in an Armbar. Murray escapes and goes for Harvey's head for some sort of Headlock but Harvey is able to keep his motion going and roll out. Harvey ends up with Murray's left arm and another Armbar.

Blackfront: Impressive mat wrestling from the challenger and Champion.

Ace: I'd expect nothing less from the current and NEXT WrestleUTA World Champion! Haha!

Murray isn't in the hold for long as he is able to free himself and go for another Kneebar. Murray turns the previously injured ankle of Harvey. Harvey yells out in pain. Harvey rolls the two over and pulls himself to the bottom rope. Harvey grabs hold of the bottom rope causing a break to the hold. Referee Jones starts counting Murray and he lets go at the count of two.

Ace: Let him go, cheat!

Both men get to their feet and Harvey lands a swinging right hand to knock Murray in the head. Harvey lands another shot to the back of Murray's head, knocking him down to his knees. Harvey lands a brutal looking knee strike to Murray's face. The fans let out a moan as Murray rolls around the ring in pain, holding his face. Referee Jones goes to Murray to check on him. A replay of the knee hits your TV screen.

Blackfront: What a knee by Harvey.

Ace: I think Harvey knocked out one of Murray's teeth!

Blackfront: An interesting ebb and flow to this one thus far. It looks like we're finally exiting the feeling out process, and Harvey, the challenger, is taking control.

The replay ends and cameras show Murray on his feet. The Champion and challenger once again circle each other in the middle of the ring. The two men go for a lock up and immediately Harvey shifts behind Murray taking his back and performs another Headlock. Murray struggles with his foe and transitions to Harvey back executing his own Headlock.

Blackfront: Perhaps I spoke too soon! Back to the chess game.

Harvey tries to break Murray's grip but his eyes go wide. Levi Jones is in position and asks if Harvey gives up, to which he denies. Harvey grabs at Murray's head and swings him over with a Snapmare but Murray keeps the hold locked on. Murray wraps his legs around Harvey's mid section in an attempt to cut off the oxygen to the challenger.

Blackfront: A real seesaw contest in the early goings.

Ace: Murray is just delaying the inevitable. He just needs to give up and hand the title over to THE Jay Harvey... that's if his old ass doesn't gas out first.

Harvey kicks his legs trying to get to the bottom rope. He struggles in the submission but is able to drag himself to the bottom rope to cause another break. Murray lets Harvey go and gets to his feet. Harvey holds his throat, trying to get air. Murray pulls Harvey up by the head, landing forearm shots to Harvey's back in the process. Murray wraps his arms around Harvey's waist as he pushes him into the nearby ropes. Murray lets out a roar as he tosses his opponent over for a Belly to Belly Suplex. Murray goes for the lateral press but doesn't hook the leg.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Harvey is able to kickout from the pinning predicament with ease.

Blackfront: Solid execution on the suplex there, but no dice. That strikes me as the kind of pinfall attempt designed to drain some of the opponent's stamina, rather than put him away.

Ace: Yeah, he's not gonna finish an opponent as game as Harvey this early...

Murray goes back on the offensive and gets Harvey back to his feet. Murray pushes Harvey away from him and goes for a Belly to Back Suplex. Harvey fights Murray as Murray tries to complete the maneuver. Murray lets out a scream and snaps Harvey back, sending him crashing to the mat. Harvey smartly rolls out of the ring and out of harm's way. Catalina makes her way to Harvey who lays on the padding on the ring floor.

Ace: Very smart move from THE Jay Harvey. He needed to stop Murray's momentum and he did it marvelously!

Blackfront: Catalina trying to help Harvey regroup on the outside.

Referee Levi Jones starts his Ten Count on Harvey. Andy Murray is kneeling in the middle of the ring, trying to get some air back while he waits for Harvey.

Blackfront: The only way Jay Harvey can win this match is if he pins or submits the Champ.

Ace: You don't worry about that, Jason.

Jay Harvey grabs at the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron. He keeps his eyes focused on Murray who does the exact same. Harvey gets back into the ring and once again the two circle each other. They lock up in the center of the ring, Murray gains the advantage and secures Harvey in a Side Headlock. Harvey pushes the face of Murray but Murray digs in deeper with the hold. Harvey uses his strength to roll each man but Murray being a veteran keeps the hold tied. Harvey looks to be struggling to get air as he tries to get to his feet. Murray keeps his grip as he is brought vertical. Harvey moves the two close to the ropes behind them, bouncing off of it and pushing Murray running forward.

Blackfront: Murray bounces off the ropes... Harvey hits the mat. Murray off the ropes again.

Ace: Harvey with the leapfrog!

Andy Murray slides on the canvas and stands up, inches behind the unsuspecting Harvey. Harvey turns around and is slapped in the face by his opponent. The crowd cheers while Harvey drops to the mat and slides out of the ring. Harvey slams his hands on the mat by the apron in anger. Harvey points and yells at Murray who seems to be getting a kick out of what he just did.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey not at all liking what's transpiring in the early stages of this match.

Ace: He just got slapped! What kind of a man slaps another man?!

Blackfront: A man who's played this game before, and knows how to get inside an opponent's head?

Ace: No. A bitch. Bah!

Catalina makes her way to her man. Harvey is holding the left side of his face, which is a red color. The referee has some words with Murray and then turns his attention to Harvey on the outside. Levi Jones tells Harvey to get back into the ring and Harvey tells him to shut his mouth. Harvey grabs at the middle rope and rests on the ring apron before popping off and talking a walk around the ring. The crowd boos Harvey.

Ace: Mind games from the master!

Blackfront: Andy Murray not pleased, he's been looking forward to getting his hands on Harvey for months.

Fans along ringside yell at Harvey and he doesn't pay them any mind. Harvey now walks up the ring steps and enters the ring. Murray takes a few steps toward Harvey, causing the challenger to hit the mat and roll under the bottom rope.

Blackfront: Andy Murray telling Jay Harvey to quit the crap and fight.

Ace: This is genius, Jason! Get the Champ off his game!

Referee Jones starts his ten count on Harvey as he walks around the outside of the ring, slowing the pace of the match down. Murray grows tired of the games and he himself exits the ring and goes to the outside. The crowd is stirring,

watching to see what Murray does next.

Blackfront: Watch Andy Murray!

Catalina turns her head and is just able to get out of harm's way as Andy Murray comes out of nowhere and cracks Harvey from behind. The crowd is on their feet as Murray and Harvey exchange fists on the outside. Murray gets the upper hand for a moment but Harvey ducks a left and takes Murray's back. Harvey executes a Backdrop Driver on the floor that looks like it hurt.

Ace: Yes! Crush that fool's neck!

Blackfront: My god! A Backdrop Driver is a horrible move to take anywhere, let alone on the outside! The tides have turned!

Murray is on the thin padding outside the ring, clutching the back of his neck. The referee continues to count but has it broken up one Harvey rolls in and out of the ring. Harvey goes on the attack and Irish Whips Murray into the steel steps, sending the two parts flying.

Blackfront: Murray into the ring steps!

Ace: I love it!

Murray grabs at his previously injured left shoulder and Harvey smells blood. Harvey rushes Murray sending a vicious kick to Murray's left shoulder. Harvey keeps the offense going, taking Murray by the left shoulder and smashing it into the ring post. Murray is in excruciating pain at the moment. Harvey sends Murray under the bottom rope and back into the ring.

Ace: Harvey is a shark! Look at him!

Blackfront: Precise, clinical assault from the challenger! This is where he can really do some damage!

Harvey stalks Murray then sends a hard running knee strike into Murray's shoulder. Harvey unloads a fury of fists onto the left shoulder of Andy Murray. Murray rolls on his back and is able to grab hold of Harvey's head and right arm, trapping them in a Triangle Choke position. The crowd is starting to get loud, chanting for Harvey to tap out. Harvey lands some fists to get separation from his opponent but Murray has him wrapped tightly with his legs.

Blackfront: Harvey got caught! He's in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go!

Ace: Oh no!

Harvey looks like he is about to go to sleep. Catalina screams trying to give Harvey life. She slams her hands on the mat and it seems to awaken Harvey. Harvey clasps his hands together and squats down slightly. Murray's face is in shock as Harvey uses all remaining strength to lift the Champion up off the mat. The crowd is amazed at the feight of strength as Harvey picks Murray completely off the canvas and up into the air.

Blackfront: What strength!

Harvey turns his body One Hundred-Eighty degrees and Powerbombs Andy Murray down hard on his injured left shoulder.

Ace: Oh shit! What a move!

Blackfront: Incredible power, Tommy! That's a Two Hundred and Eighty pound man!

Murray rolls out of the ring, yelling out in pain, holding his left shoulder. Cameras get a close up of Jay Harvey laying on the mat. One eye is open and he is breathing very hard.

Blackfront: Oh my god!

Ace: Let's take another look at this!

Blackfront: Andy Murray landed right on that shoulder... remember folks, Andy Murray injured that shoulder during the WrestleUTA World Title tournament.

The replay finishes up and we go back to live action. Referee Levi Jones checks on the status of Jay Harvey. Harvey appears to be fine and then Jones go to the ropes to check on Murray. Our WrestleUTA cameras are right next to Andy Murray catching all the pain for the audience in attendance and the fans at home to see. Murray keeps his left arm close to him as he sits on the ring floor. Murray powers himself to a vertical stance and the crowd cheers him.

Blackfront: This sold out crowd showing their respect for the Champion. But he may be seriously hurt here!

Ace: Boo.

Andy Murray grabs at the second rope and struggles to get himself to the ring apron. Murray goes to enter the ring and out of the corner of the screen Jay Harvey comes into view and lands a Double Leg Dropkick to the left arm of Andy Murray. Murray crashes down to the ring floor and Harvey rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Ace: Harvey has targeted that left arm of Andy Murray.

Blackfront: Andy Murray has no quit, Tommy. Andy Murray is the definition of a fighter.

Ace: It's hard to fight with a bum wing, Jason. All your power moves are out the window.

Harvey lands some stiff rights into Murray's injured arm. Murray tries to get away from Harvey but Harvey shoves him right into the Spanish announce table. The commentators rise from their seats and move to the sides to escape any danger. Referee Levi Jones is holding off on his Ten Count and opts to yell at the competitors to get back in the ring.

Blackfront: Referee Levi Jones is giving these two warriors some leeway.

Murray grimaces in pain, leaning his body over the announce table. Jay Harvey looks down at Murray and smirks.

Harvey: You're nothing, Murray! You're nothing!

Harvey swings his right leg and connects with Murray's left arm. Murray howls as the attack continues. Jones has officially started his Ten Count. Jay Harvey grabs at Murray's left arm and slams it down on the Spanish announce table. Harvey pushes Murray up against the table and rains down fists on his forehead.

Harvey: I'm better than you! It's my time!

Harvey sizes Murray up but the Champ catches Harvey in the jaw with a right hand. The crowd is getting excited as Murray lands another and another. Harvey lands a chop to Murray's left arm, halting the onslaught. Harvey connects with a Headbutt that forces Murray to scramble away from him. Harvey grabs Murray by the hair and tights and sends him back into the ring. Harvey stays outside the ring and raises his arms into the air getting a very negative reaction from the sold out crowd.

Blackfront: Look at the smile on Harvey's face.

Ace: You'd be smiling too if you were a few minutes away from being the WrestleUTA World Champion!

Harvey makes his way up the ring apron and slowly walks toward the turnbuckles. Harvey climbs the ring ropes and waits for Andy Murray to get back to his feet. Murray is on his knees with his back to Harvey, clueless to where his opponent is. Harvey is perched on the top rope mouthing for Murray to get up. Murray strains as his finally rises to his feet.

Blackfront: Shutthefuckuppercut! Murray landed a European Uppercut on the flying Harvey!

Ace: Oh gawd!

Blackfront: That's an absolute jaw-breaker, Tommy! What impact!

A replay goes split screen with live action. Murray turned around to catch the aerial Harvey. The replay finishes up and we are left with both men down on the mat. Murray might have used any energy he had to land the last maneuver. Harvey is on his back, spit is seen exiting his mouth. Referee Levi Jones starts a Ten Count as both men lay lifeless.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Now both men are stirring. Murray is ahead of Harvey in getting their shit together. Murray props himself on the middle rope while Harvey is on his knees holding the middle rope, just before Jones' counts to ten. Harvey is close to the corner and tries to get his bearings. Andy Murray yells out as he rushes Harvey sending a Yakuza Kick flush on his chin. Harvey drops down to the mat and Murray goes for the cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: Harvey kicks out!

Ace: YES! WOO!

Blackfront: Is Murray in desperation mode already? He's gotta be careful not to empty the tank here!

Murray tries to keep the pace going and goes to pick up Harvey. Murray is going for the Highland Hangover but can't lift Harvey up. Murray tries once again but can't do it. Harvey ever the opportunist grabs Murray's injured and executes a Cross Armbreaker. Harvey has Murray in the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Harvey has Murray in a Cross Armbreaker! Is Murray gonna tap? Are we going to crown a new Champion?!

Ace: Yes! Tap you idiot!

Harvey puts whatever is left in his gas tank into the submission. Murray is in no man's land and is hanging on for dear life. Harvey screams at Murray to give up as Referee Jones is right there to ask Murray if he wants to quit. Murray kicks his feet trying to inch himself closer to the bottom rope. Harvey can sense Murray is getting near the ropes and slams his right leg down on the face of his foe. Murray still has fight in him and continues his mission to getting to the bottom rope

Blackfront: How much more can Andy Murray endure?

Ace: I know... just give up already!

The crowd can feel it and lets out a loud cheer that can be heard outside the arena when Murray finally reaches the rope to break the hold. Of course Harvey takes his time in letting the hold go. Jones gets to the count of Four before Harvey releases the Armbreaker. Harvey quickly gets to his feet and moves a good five feet away from Murray. Harvey beckons Murray to get up. Murray is on his knees and gets a size Twelve Superkicked into his face. Harvey goes in for the lateral press, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: My god, that was close!

Ace: Super close! But the end is nigh, Jason! I can feel it!

The crowd goes wild as Murray stays in the contest. Harvey looks aggravated as he wipes the sweat from his brow. He gets back to his feet as Murray lays on his stomach. Murray uses his forearms to rest a second, struggling to get himself up. Harvey meanwhile crouches by the ring ropes, staring at the weakened Murray. Harvey appears to have Murray right where he wants him and runs at the Champion.

Blackfront: Andy Murray with the Spinebuster! I don't know how Murray was able to pull that off! Jay Harvey looked to be going for the Wake Up Call but gets a Spinebuster! Murray's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jay Harvey kicks out and the crowd lets out a massive groan. Catalina is seen on the outside exhaling a sigh of relief as it were. Murray uses his good arm to pull Harvey up from the armpit. Harvey looks dazed as Murray gets behind him. Murray hits the Earthshaker Reverse Scoop Powerslam on Harvey and the crowd is going nuts. They can feel the end coming. Murray goes for the cover but doesn't hook the leg.

Blackfront: Earthshaker! Murray's gonna win it!

Ace: Please, no!

Blackfront: The cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Blackfront: Harvey got his foot on the bottom rope!

Ace: That was close! That's the ring IQ of the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth!

Blackfront: What a match! That must have taken everything out of Andy Murray!

Ace: But Harvey keeps kicking out!

The crowd as well as Andy Murray can't believe it. Murray slams his hand on the mat and goes back to the drawing board. All of a sudden Catalina is seen on the ring apron. She gains the attention first of Referee Levi Jones and then a vertical Andy Murray. Jones yells at Catalina telling her to get off the apron. Catalina and Jones exchange words and Murray makes his way toward her.

Blackfront: What is she doing? Nothing good can come from this.

Ace: Pipe down, Blackfront. Always have to think the worst of Catalina.

Blackfront: She's a witch... and that not really what I wanted to say.

Ace: Shame, Jason!

Jay Harvey is getting back into the match and realizes Murray is distracted. Harvey capitalizes on Catalina's interaction and gets behind Murray. Just as Murray turns around he is tossed on the shoulders of Jay Harvey.

Ace: Game Over! Game Over! No one kicks out after that!

Jay Harvey hits the Fireman's Carry with the brutal Knee Lift finish on the "King of Scotch Style" Murray drops to the mat and Harvey quickly goes for the cover and hooks the leg.

ONE!

Ace: New Champ!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The arena is rocking. Catalina is stunned on the outside of the ring. Harvey gets in the face of the referee, questioning the count. Harvey is right in the face of Jones. Harvey looks close to getting himself disqualified as he pokes Jones in the chest. The crowd boos Harvey, hoping he loses his shit to cost him the match. Andy Murray is coming to in the bottom corner of your screen. Harvey continues to plead his case and now Catalina gets involved, yelling at Jones from outside the ring.

Ace: This match should be over! That was three!

Blackfront: It was two, Tommy. Jones isn't backing down.

Andy Murray is on his feet and pushes himself into Harvey, wrapping his arms around his waist. Harvey bounces chest first off the ropes and Murray executes a roll up. Jones goes to count the pin attempt but it doesn't last long before Harvey muscles Murray off of him with his legs. Murray is sent flying into the ring ropes and gets cracked in the head by a Catalina elbow shot. The crowd is roaring.

Blackfront: That damn witch!

Ace: Yes!

Referee Jones doesn't see the interference and now Harvey is up and hits a Snap Dragon Suplex. Harvey quickly gets to his feet and hits the ropes. Harvey cracks Murray flush with a Wake Up Call Knee Strike to the face. Murray is down and the crowd is on the edge of their seats as Harvey goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Andy Murray has absolutely no quit!

Ace: Andy Murray all balls, no brains... think it runs in his family! Haha!

Jay Harvey is enraged. He goes to the corner and awaits Andy Murray rise to his feet. Harvey pulls down his right knee pad to expose his right knee cap. Harvey is getting frustrated as Murray struggles getting up.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey looking once again for the Wake Up Call. He's hoping this time it connects.

Ace: I think we all are, Jason!

Harvey grows even more impatient but finally Murray gets to a spot he likes. Harvey runs full speed at Murray and cracks his exposed knee cap on the side of Murray's face. Before Harvey can even react, Murray rolls under the bottom rope and falls to the floor. Harvey puts his hands on his head, in disbelief that Murray got away from him.

Ace: Quick! Get him back in the ring!

Blackfront: Again... the only way the title can change hands here is by pinfall or submission. Jay Harvey needs to get Andy Murray back in the ring to win the title.

Harvey slides under the bottom rope and drags Murray up to his feet. Harvey uses whatever strength left after this grueling affair to push Andy Murray under the bottom rope. Murray seems lifeless as Harvey follows him into the ring. Catalina is making her way over to where Harvey and Murray are. Harvey goes for the lateral press. Referee Levi Jones counts the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Murray puts his foot on the rope unbeknownst to the referee.

THREE!

Levi Jones goes to call for the bell but sees Murray's foot on the rope. Jay Harvey puts his arms in the air celebrating.

Ace: YES! He did it! We have a new champ!

Blackfront: Wait a minute, Tommy. Referee Levi Jones sees Murray's foot on the rope. I think he's gonna call this off and restart the match.

Referee Jones goes over to the ring ropes and tells C.H. Jordan that the match isn't over yet. Jay Harvey is calling for the WrestleUTA World title. Referee Jones informs Harvey of what is going on and Harvey flips his lid.

Ace: We have a new champion! That was a three count!

Blackfront: The referee is restarting the match, Tommy.

Jones is telling Harvey the match must continue. Harvey isn't pleased and he goes back on the offensive. Harvey pulls Murray to his feet and sets him up for his finisher. Murray is across the shoulders of Jay Harvey. The crowd has given up hope and some even start to leave the arena. Murray slides down Harvey's back and Harvey's eyes bug out. Murray lands a boot to Harvey's gut.

Blackfront: Highland Hangover! Highland Hangover!

Ace: This can't be happening!

Murray hooks Harvey's right leg as he goes for the cover. The crowd is back into the match and counts along with the referee.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: It's over! This crowd is going wild!

Ace: This must be a bad dream!

Jones calls for the bell as Catalina stands outside the ring with her hands in her hair, dumbfounded by what has just occurred. The crowd is on their feet, cheering, and slapping hands with one another. Murray looks dead as he lays on his back. Harvey has rolled out of the ring and Catalina is consoling him.

Blackfront: What a match!

Ace: I'm... I'm speechless.

Blackfront: Well let me do the talking... Andy Murray has defeated Jay Harvey!

Referee Levi Jones is handed the WrestleUTA World title as C.H. Jordan is about to announce the winner.

Jordan: And your winner.... And STILL WrestleUTA World Champion... Andy Murrrray!

Blackfront: Let's show you some highlights from that outstanding match...

Replays from throughout the contest play on your TV screen.

Blackfront: Early on Jay Harvey landed a vicious knee strike that rocked Murray. The match went to the outside and Jay Harvey got the upper hand, injuring Andy Murray's shoulder. That would be a common theme in the match.

Andy Murray hitting the Reverse Scoop Slam is now rolling.

Blackfront: Andy Murray would fight back throughout this match and never showed any quit.

We switch to the live feed where Andy Murray is on his feet with his title over his shoulder. He looks out into the crowd and the masses are applauding his effort.

Blackfront: Both men put it all on the line. Jay Harvey was inches away from walking away the new champion but Andy Murray is able to retain his title.

Ace: I'm sick to my stomach. This is a travesty. Jay Harvey won this match.

Blackfront: Whatever makes you sleep at night.

Murray goes up the turnbuckles and holds his title over his head. The crowd is on fire.

Blackfront: What a show! Folks... thank you for tuning in and throwing down your hard earned money!

Ace: Now if you'll pardon me, I'm gonna go find a trash can to throw up in!

Blackfront: Goodnight, ladies and gents!

The action finally fades away, focusing on one last shot of the WrestleUTA title in Murray's grasp.

Cut.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite