

# WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E15

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** February 22, 2017  
**Location:** BancorpSouth Arena — Tupelo, Mississippi

## Results

### WrestleUTA on Hulu: S1 EP15

Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu ep 15

22 Feb 2017

BancorpSouth Arena, Tupelo, Mississippi (seats 10,000)

Show Opener

We open to the crowd and their signs as the camera pans across the cheering faces. The fans are beyond excited, which is probably due to the ring commentator asking them to be before the cameras went live. The camera does a full 360 pan before cutting to another camera at ringside that stops on our commentary team.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another episode of WrestleUTA live on Hulu! We're here in beautiful Tupelo, Mississippi, at the BancorpSouth Arena! Thank you for joining us for another week of great wrestling action! I'm Jason Blackfront and with me as always is my partner, Tommy Ace! Tommy how we doing tonight!?

Ace: Doing great Jason! We're two weeks from No Love Lost, and we have a lot of matchups ahead of us tonight! Mikey hasn't shied away from spending his Mikey Money to make WrestleUTA great again! We're on tour, and setting the country on fire!

Blackfront: Right you are! Tonight we have both Dibbins Broussins in action! We have Impulse in action! We have triple threat action! And even a big tag team match in our main event!

Ace: That's a lot of action!

Blackfront: Let's go ahead and cut right to the action!

Fade.

Now, Look At You!

We find ourselves in the back of the BancorpSouth Arena. Within seconds THE Jay Harvey and Catalina walk into the picture. Harvey is dressed for ring action and Catalina looks ready for a night on the town. The two are making their way to the ring for Harvey's upcoming match. Harvey turns his head to his left and something seems to catch his attention.

Harvey: Oh how the mighty have fallen...

The camera turns from Harvey and Catalina to reveal UTA Hall of Famer Ron Hall with his trusty mop and bucket. He's ringing out his mop and notices Harvey and Catalina.

Harvey: You know... When I was in my teens I was a huge fan of yours.

The two step closer and closer to Hall. Ron tries not to react and keeps going about his work. Harvey chuckles as

Catalina holds her nose at the stench of Ron's mop water.

Harvey: I remember watching you win so many big matches... Now, look at you.

Harvey holds his hand out and moving it up and down. Harvey's tone gets more intense.

Harvey: It's a disgrace. If I was a Hall of Famer and had been reduced to cleaning up little kid's vomit, wrangling turds from the toilets, and setting rat traps around the arena...

Harvey gets inches away from Ron Hall and looks his dead in the eyes.

Harvey: I'd kill myself.

Hall shakes his head at Harvey's comments.

Harvey: You were one of the best to ever lace up a pair of boots and now... "The Southern Rebel" is a goddamn janitor?

Hall goes to open his mouth to combat Harvey but Harvey soon squashes the opportunity. He halts Ron before he can even start by putting his hand up in a "stop" motion.

Harvey: No... no master of the custodial arts is going to speak to THE Jay Harvey, EVER understand? Now I'm heading to the ring. Take a second from cleaning up whatever puke or piss and watch a monitor. Keep your eyes glued to that screen.

Harvey and Catalina crack smiles, Ron is trying his best to not slug Harvey for his insults.

Harvey: You're going to see what a REAL winner looks like. You're going to see THE Jay Harvey not just beat one but two bozos single-handedly. I promise you, Ronnie...

Harvey looks turns his head away from Hall and then turns it back in Hall's direction.

Harvey: It's gonna be marvelous... Let's leave the janitor to his work.

Harvey and Catalina make their way off screen leaving Hall alone as the camera zooms in on "The Southern Rebel" as he rests his forearm on his mop.

Hall: Punk...

The look on his face says it all. He isn't pleased by the words said to him by Harvey. We fade out on Hall and continue the show.

I Want Hightower In A...

We cut back to the arena where Ace is saying something when Blackfront interrupts with breaking news.....

Blackfront: Sorry to interrupt but I'm getting word that some kind of commotion is going on backstage.

Ace: Well that can wait because I was talking and.....

Ace is interrupted once again as the live feed shifts from ringside to the backstage area and we see Scott Stevens marching down the hallway and he's flocked by security.

Stevens: Move out of my way!

Stevens shouts at the security guards trying to prevent him from going to where he's going, but the Texan ignores security and continues his march until he comes to a very familiar door that reads.....

Wrestle UTA Owner

Mikey Unlikely

As Stevens approaches the door security reinforcements form a blockade in front of it, and Stevens doesn't look pleased.

Stevens: I'm only going to tell you this once, you can either move out of the way or I'll move you out of the way. The choice is yours.

Stevens gives the guards the ultimatum and they choose the second option as two of the guards approach Stevens and one places his hands on his shoulder and Stevens clobbers him with a right hand and the next image we see is the inside of Mikey Unlikely's office as he is talking to someone on the phone as the door to his office is soon forced open as a security guard goes flying through it and Stevens walks in, and in the background we see the dozen or so guards on the ground.

Unlikely: I'm going to have to call you back.....

Mikey says as he hangs up the phone and looks at his uninvited guest.

Unlikely: You know how much that door is going to cost me?

Mikey asks and Stevens looks back and shrugs.

Unlikely: Well it's coming out of your paycheck.

Stevens: Funny.

Stevens responds as he approaches Mikey and the tension is so high you could cut it with a knife.

Unlikely: Why are you here Stevens?

Stevens: You know why I'm here..

Scott places his hands on the wooden desk and stares at the owner of Wrestle UTA.

Stevens: I want David fucking Hightower's head on a platter, and I want it tonight!

Stevens shouts and Mikey doesn't seem impressed.

Unlikely: You came here for this?!?!?!?

Mikey gets up from his chair and gets eye to eye with Stevens.

Unlikely: You're getting him tonight in the Main Event or are you too stupid to comprehend that?

Stevens: I know I have him in our little tag match but that isn't enough because I want to to change this from a regular tag match.

Stevens says and Mikey's face becomes intrigued.

Unlikely: Really, and what would you have me turn it into?

Mikey takes a moment to think.

Unlikely: A tuxedo match? A pillow fight?

Unlikely says until a smile forms over his face and he snaps his fingers.

Unlikely: I know, a Hug It Out match.....

Mikey chuckles until Stevens slams his fist on the desk.

Stevens: Texas Tornado match!

Stevens shouts and Mikey doesn't look pleased.

Unlikely: Don't interrupt me again.....

Stevens: You will make it a tornado match that way that little chihuahua can't jump me from behind like he has been and prove that he is a man and has some balls after all.

Unlikely: I will!? I WILL!? No, that's where you're wrong. This match is a tag match, a normal run of the mill tag match. I have a pay per view to protect. You already have your match with him one on one, no disqualifications on Sunday, March 5th. You want him tonight? Then do it within the confines of the rules... or lose the match. Up to you?  
Mikey looks around.

Unlikely: Now, get the hell out of my office, or I'm personally going to have you escorted out of the building by the police, and good ole Dexter can try to take on Daniels and Hightower by himself. Don't you dare come into my office like that again! And if you see that dweeb, Ron Hall, you tell him I need a new door pronto!

Mikey motions for Stevens to leave with a flick of the wrist.

Stevens: You have a pay-per-view to protect?!?!?!?

Stevens growls at Mikey's remark and turns to leave but stops.

Stevens: Hightower won't make it to the pay-per-view after tonight.

Stevens promises as he exits the office.

THE Jay Harvey vs Theo Baylor vs Michael Byrd

We come back from commercial to see Theo Baylor and Michael Byrd already inside the ring. The referee is trying his best to get between the two men who don't want to wait for the bell to ring.

Blackfront: Baylor and Byrd getting into it already.

Ace: Let them fight each other... it will just be easier for THE Jay Harvey to win!

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins to play.

Jordan: Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina... Standing at Six Foot-Four inches and weighing in at Two Hundred-Thirty Three pounds...

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. The crowd boos them with joy.

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

Jay Harvey and Catalina make their way to the ring as the fans along ringside boo them and give them thumbs down gestures.

Blackfront: We spoke to THE Jay Harvey earlier tonight let's hear what he had to say about his opponents in this Triple Threat match.

A box appears in the bottom right-hand corner of your screen. Harvey is in a suit wearing high-end sunglasses standing in front of a black backdrop.

Harvey: Theo Baylor... Michael Byrd... You both should be on our hands and knees thanking WrestleUTA owner Michael Unlikely.

Catalina blows a kiss into the filming camera lens in our live action as Harvey continues to speak in the bottom box.

Harvey: You BOTH need to thank him for putting you in this match here tonight. Not only should you thank him but honestly... you should be thanking me.

Jay Harvey points up at his opponents as he walks closer and closer to the ring.

Harvey: I'm going to make you relevant much like everyone else who gets the honor and privilege in losing to me. Just know this... Neither of you are in my league and you never will be. Simply put... I'm marvelous and you're not.

The bottom box dissolves and we keep it on Harvey who picks up speed as he gets to the ring. Catalina walks around the ring as Harvey slides under the bottom rope and quickly gets up to his feet. Jay Harvey takes off his jacket and gets right up to his opponents. Baylor and Byrd turn towards Harvey who seems to be talking some smack to the two.

Ace: I think THE Jay Harvey is letting these two bozos know they have no shot to win this match.

Blackfront: Bozos? Been hanging around Harvey a little too much haven't ya?

Ace: Not enough if you ask me!

Blackfront: THE Jay Harvey has his work cut out for him tonight in this Triple Threat match.

Ace: This is THE Jay Harvey we are talking about. No doubt he walks away victorious.

The bell sounds and Harvey continues jawing at both men. Michael Byrd makes the first move and rocks Harvey with a right hand that sends him to the mat. Theo Baylor clocks Byrd from behind and goes on the attack. Baylor executes a Snapmare Takedown on Michael Byrd then hits the ropes. Baylor comes back at Byrd and lands a Basement Dropkick right to his face. Harvey swoops in and lands vicious right hands on Michael Byrd. Harvey gets to his feet and barks at Baylor to aid him in attacking Byrd. The two put the boots to Michael Byrd.

Blackfront: Looks like Harvey and Baylor are working together here.

Harvey and Baylor set up Bird for a Double Suplex. Byrd comes crashing down to the mat, rolling around in pain. Baylor is feeling it but when he turns to face Harvey he is met with a Shot of Reality. The Single Knee Facebreaker rocks Baylor causing him to hit the mat and roll to the outside. Harvey goes to Michael Byrd, lifting "The Headliner" to his feet. Jay Harvey wastes no time and hits a Lifting Single Underhook Implant DDT then goes for the cover.

Referee: One! Two!

Michael Byrd just kicks out before three. Catalina runs her hands through her hair on the outside. Harvey keeps the pressure on his opponent and gets Byrd vertical again.

Harvey: I'm the REAL headliner!

The crowd boos Harvey's remarks as he once again goes for a DDT. This time Michael Byrd hooks his leg behind Harvey's. Harvey tries once again to lift Byrd but Byrd muscles Harvey up and is able to Suplex Harvey. He bridges and goes for the pin but Theo Baylor gets back into the action, breaking up the pin attempt. Baylor starts to work on Michael Byrd. Theo lands some open hand chops to Byrd's back that echo out inside the Bancorp South Arena. Byrd arches his back while on his knees in visible pain. Baylor pulls Byrd up by the hair and then Irish Whips him into the ropes. Theo Baylor hits a devastating Scoop Slam on Michael Byrd. Before he can go for the pin Jay Harvey grabs Baylor, deadlifting him up in a Gutwrench position. Harvey grunts as he lifts Baylor up into the air and Powerbombs him to the mat.

Blackfront: What strength from "The Natural One"! Let's take a look at that again, folks.

Ace: Now that was a marvelous Powerbomb! Go for the pin!

The replay finishes up and our split screen returns to live action. Michael Byrd breaks up the pin attempt. Byrd grabs Harvey and sends him to the outside. Byrd hits the ropes, bounces off and lands a Baseball Slide that sends Harvey

crashing hard into the barricade. The crowd is on their feet at the intense action going on inside the ring. The fans along ringside yell at Harvey who now lays on the ground in pain. Catalina is already on route. Michael Byrd turns his attention to Theo Baylor who seems out of it as he tries to get to his feet. Byrd lands a hard knee to Baylor's ribcage. Baylor is sent across the ring by an Irish Whip. Byrd connects with a Dropkick that lands flush on Baylor's jaw. Baylor drops down to the mat. Byrd sees his opportunity and goes to the top rope.

Blackfront: Michael Byrd is going up top. He's looking to end this right here, right now!

Ace: It can't end like this!

Michael Byrd stands on the top turnbuckle, trying to keep his balance. He soars off but misses the Frog Splash. Baylor still seems dazed and Byrd is in pain after missing the aerial move. Baylor seems to flip a switch and hits the ropes. Byrd staggers on his feet and gets caught with a Sling Blade. Baylor keeps the fast pace going as he rushes toward Byrd. Baylor grabs Michael Byrd by the hair, bringing him up and setting him up for an Inverted Exploder Suplex. Byrd is sent flying from the vicious Suplex.

Blackfront: What a maneuver! Theo Baylor in full control of this match... Jay Harvey!

Ace: YES!

As Baylor makes his way to the fallen body of Michael Byrd, Jay Harvey comes out of nowhere with a Wake Up Call running knee. Theo Baylor falls through the ropes and crashes to the floor. Harvey sees Michael Byrd on his back and goes for the cover.

Referee: One!

Blackfront: No!

Referee: Two!

Ace: Yes! Yes!

Referee: Three!

The bell sounds and Jay Harvey raises his hands in victory.

Blackfront: That snake! He stole himself a win!

Ace: That's what great athletes do Jason... they win! Haha!

Jordan: Your winner of the match by pinfall... "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey!

The referee goes to raise the victorious hand of Jay Harvey but Harvey pulls his hand away. Catalina makes her way into the ring, ecstatic over the result. She raises her man's hand in victory.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey ever the opportunist, steals a victory here at the BancorpSouth Arena.

A replay of the Running Knee Strike on Theo Baylor hits your screen followed by the one, two, three on Michael Byrd. We cut to a camera on the ring apron, which catches the attention of Jay Harvey. Holding his neck he makes his way closer to the camera.

Harvey: That's... how it's done! This... is what a winner looks like Ronny!

Harvey laughs as Catalina comes from behind him and pats him on his chest. We cut to Theo Baylor on the floor by ringside with a look of anger on his face. He slams his hand on the padded floor.

Blackfront: Theo Baylor was so close to coming away with the victory.

Ace: He was close but tonight much like every night, was THE Jay Harvey's.

Catalina and Harvey continue to celebrate as we fade out on them.

### Important Meeting

The scene opens up inside the illustrious office of WrestleUTA's most beloved owner (the only owner) Mikey Unlikely. Sat at his desk wearing the usual black suit with a blue undershirt, a huge painting of himself stands proudly on the wall behind him accompanied by the various framed movie disks he's appeared in. A plaque with his name is set up toward the front of his desk. Beside it, sits the WrestleUTA World Championship, belonging to the man sat on the opposite side of the boss' desk, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, wearing his "JFK" white t-shirt along with his ring gear. The feed picks Mikey up mid conversation...

Mikey Unlikely: So then I said to that loser, you call that a Mikey Unlikely sponsored Oreo Frappe? I could make a better one out of my ass!

The camera picks up Kendrix, scrunching his face up at the very thought of it.

Mikey Unlikely: So then I threw that shoddy excuse for an Oreo Frappe's contents right in that Starbucks "Barista's" face. Hahaha!

A knowing smile appears across The Champ's face.

Kendrix: Haha, obv!

Knock knock knock.

Mikey Unlikely: Totally obv! Come in!

Entering the room is none other than all seven feet of Crimson Lord dressed in black slacks with light brown timberland boots. A button down gray shirt with the first 3 buttons unbuttoned. Jesse immediately grabs hold of his title and defensively jumps out of his seat. Mikey is quick off the mark himself.

Mikey Unlikely: Woah, chill out, Bruv. I invited him here.

Kendrix: You what, bruv?!

Crimson Lord: Need some chapstick Jess? Seems your lips have been on Michael's ass.

Mikey rushes round his desk and gets in between the two, holding his arms out at both.

Mikey Unlikely: No, not tonight. In fact, not any night between now and No Love Lost. I mean it. I can't afford to let what happened two weeks ago happen again. You two are my main event. I got sponsors as well as the fans to drain money from, not to mention my world renowned entertainment reputation to uphold.

He looks either side at both who take a step back from the boss.

Mikey Unlikely: I don't care if you're The Champ and I don't give a damn if you're The Number One Contender, OK. You're both MY commodities. I own you and I can't risk either of you getting injured.

Kendrix: Are you serious, bruv? Didn't you see what he did to me last week.

Crimson Lord: Pretty sure you struck me with your belt there and brought the Chair into the ring.

Mikey Unlikely: ENOUGH! You...

Turns to Crimson, staring up at him.

Mikey Unlikely: If you lay so much as a finger on Jesse between now and before your match at No Love Lost then you lose your opportunity at the title.

Crimson crosses his arms, while Kendrix places his hands over Mikey's shoulders, leans in and chuckles.

Kendrix: Nice one, Bruv.

Mikey shrugs his Hollywood Bruv off, turning to face him.

Mikey Unlikely: And you. You touch Crimson between now and the same match...then I will strip you of the WrestleUTA World Championship.

Kendrix's mouth drops in shock as Crimson cracks a half a grin toward the Bruvs.

Crimson Lord: That shouldn't be a problem.

Crimson glances over at Kendrix.

Crimson Lord: Don't you worry, I'll save your beating for No Love Lost.

Crimson once more cracks a half grin at the two.

Crimson Lord: See you two later tonight.

Crimson leaves the room but not before staring down Kendrix. Mikey returns to his seat and puts his feet up on the desk before Kendrix slams the palms of his hands down upon it leaning toward Mikey.

Kendrix: What the hell was that?! How am I supposed to get him back for what he did to me?

Mikey shrugs his shoulders.

Mikey Unlikely: I don't care about that, just let it go. I made my position on the matter quite clear, especially as we've got the contract signing tonight. No tomfoolery or shenanigans, no ones going through a table, etcetera etcetera. Just a final opportunity for you two to sell my Pay Per View. It's business.

Kendrix arches his back straight, shaking his head and biting his lip in frustration.

Mikey Unlikely: Besides, do you really want to piss off the same man who dropped your neck on a chair two weeks ago?

The boss removes his feet from his desk and sits up, clasping his hands together, resting the tip of his index fingers upon his chin.

Mikey Unlikely: Think about it, bruv. You had an interesting meeting this week...why use your fists tonight when you can run that mouth of yours into his head?

Mikey's eyes widen to emphasize his point to Jesse, who runs his hand across his stubble, digesting his Hollywood Bruv's advice.

Kendrix: Fine, I get it. No beat down...I'll take it out on Duke Dibbens right now instead.

With that, the Champ departs Mikey's office, the shot fading out on the boss looking rather pleased with himself.

The Boss' Survey

Badlands by Mayday plays over the loudspeakers and the fans erupt into boos as Chris Ross walks out with a scowl on his face.

Blackfront: What is Chris Ross doing out here?! He's not even booked tonight!

Ace: Knowing The Boss he obviously has something on his mind!

Ross storms down to ringside and grabs a microphone before sliding into the ring.

Ross: Cut my damn music! The Boss has a lot to get off his chest!

The fans boo loudly as he looks around nodding his head.

Ross: I find it downright hilarious that I'm not even booked tonight yet Dylan Daniels is in the main event?! DYLAN DANIELS?! Has that guy ever even won a match in this company?! I know this is Mikey's way of screwing with me because he must find it amusing whenever Christopher J. Ross gets bent out of shape and has to start yelling at everyone! Lord knows apparently I'm a clown farting out bubbles to entertain everyone!

Ace: I thought that was Jesta!?

The Boss kicks the bottom rope clearly frustrated.

Ross: Oh no! Don't think that I'm just blowing a bunch of smoke up everyone's ass when I say that! Look at last week! YET AGAIN! I get screwed! I have yet to lose a match in this company cleanly as far as I'm concerned!

Blackfront: His record says otherwise....

Ace: Shut up Blackfront!

The Keystone State Killa shakes his head disgusted.

Ross: Anyone with a set of eyes can see that Dexter whatever his last name is used a weapon against me and Impulse had his thumb up his ass and did nothing! He should have been disqualified! Oh of course I'm not going to bother going to Mikey about this because knowing him he'll probably fine me another fifty thousand dollars because he's on a power trip!

The Boss slides out of the ring.

Ross: I've been thinking and you know what? Why don't I just show how stupid all of you fans are!

Blackfront: Oh god what is he doing now?

Ace: Looks like Ross is going to be making some new friends!

With the microphone and walks over to a young child ring side.

Ross: Hey kid! Why don't you answer me this question. Who is your favorite wrestler?

The fans boo loudly as Ross shoves the microphone into the nervous child's face.

Child: I..... I like Impulse sir....

Chris laughs shaking his head disgusted.

Ross: You see? This is everything wrong with this world! Oh yeah let's everyone cheer for the guy who is belching sunshine and has a cabbage head for a girl friend! Yeah that makes a lot of sense! You know what? No! I'm going to continue here...

The Keystone State Killa walks down by the railing stopping at another fan.

Ross: Ok sir why don't you tell me who your favorite wrestler is?

The fan leans into the microphone.

Fan: Scott Stevens baby! Feel the sting of The Scorpion!!!!

Ross: Oh sit down and shut up! I dumped that guy on his head 15 ways to Sunday and stupid ass Hightower screwed me out of that match!

The Boss walks down and stops in front of a fan holding a sign that says "Chris Ross Sucks."

Ross: Oh!!!! Real mature!!!! I suck?! No that was your girlfriend last night!

Ross rips the sign out of the fan's hands and rips it in half throwing it back at him. The Boss continues down ringside until he stops in front of another child with a smile on his face Ross shoves the microphone in his face.

Ross: Hey young man! Who is your favorite wrestler? You know what? No I'm asking your dad this question!

The Keystone State Killa looks at the dad who promptly responds.

Fan: I like David Hightower! The man is a fighter!

Ross throws his arms up irate.

Ross: This is everything that is wrong with society! Hightower?! Really?! I literally would be less offended if you were to tell me that you are a registered sex offender!!!! You might as well have your son euthanized because he is screwed! He probably thinks cats go moo and dogs go oink!

The fans begin pelting Ross with trash and the booing is so loud it's like thunder dome there.

Ross: OH SCREW ALL OF YOU! I come to the conclusion all you piss ants are worthless to society and have the intelligence level of a raisin! I've never seen--

Before Ross can continue his righteous indignation, "Revolution" by SIRSY fills the arena as the fans rise to their feet. Chris Ross returns to the ring to maintain the 'high ground, while Impulse emerges, dressed and ready for his match later tonight, holding a microphone of his own.

Blackfront: It's about time! Someone needs to shut Chris Ross up and shut him down!

Ace: No they don't!

Ross: Oh good! Look at what the cat dragged in!

Impulse: So this is what you're reduced to, 'Boss?'

And yes, he did the over - exaggerated finger quotes.

Impulse: These fans here, they can cheer or boo for whoever they want. They don't need your permission for that, sir. In fact... if it wasn't for them, you wouldn't be here. You wouldn't have their attention. You... wouldn't matter.

The fans pop while Impulse pauses. Chris Ross yells something at him without the aid of a microphone, but Impulse presses on.

Impulse: Here, I'll prove it to you. Any Chris Ross fans here tonight?

The entire arena boos in unison, though there are a few pockets of cheers that Impulse is able to pick out. He nods his assent.

Impulse: And that's their right. Don't care if they're cheering you or booing you. Cheering me or booing me. They paid their admission price, they can do whatever they want without you -

He points towards Ross in the ring.

Impulse: telling them that they're wrong.

Ross at this point has a look on his face like he has the urge to throw up.

Ross: Oh my god will you shut up before you make me lose my lunch in the middle of this ring! You are the biggest god damn ass kisser I have ever seen in my life! Spare me that hippie talk because I don't give a flying rat's ass about anyone in this arena except you and that potato you call a girlfriend! Time and time again you've managed to screw me over and I am sick and tired of it!

Impulse laughs.

Ace: That's a bad idea!

Blackfront: Why don't you laugh in Impulse's face and see what happens?

Ace: ...I'd rather not.

Impulse: That's the most pathetic thing of all, sir... you really think that I've done something to you. Take a look with an unbiased eye... and it's quite the opposite.

He starts to walk, slowly, towards the ring, and does a slow turn.

Impulse: You've mentioned Cally twice now since this little pity party started, but she's not here. It's just you and I and thousands of witnesses, Ross. You want to push me?

Impulse peels off his leather jacket and drops it to the mat, to another huge chorus of cheers.

Impulse: It's been a bit of a game so far... you want to see what happens when I push back?

Chris Ross smiles from ear to ear.

Ross: You wanna go?! I'll be more than happy to do things like we do on the streets of Harrisburg!

The Boss starts to slide out of the ring dropping the microphone.

Blackfront: Listen to these fans! We're going to see Impulse and Chris Ross go at it right here, right--

Before Jason Blackfront can finish his statement; before Impulse and Chris Ross can get face to face, everyone's interrupted by a sound.

"Blunt Blowin'" by Lil' Wayne.

Some fans cheer, some fans boo, but everyone makes a loud noise as The 'Official' Boss, Mikey Unlikely, walks out to the top of the ramp, with a microphone in HIS hand as well.

Mikey Unlikely: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

He stops, his hand up as if he's got more to say.

Unlikely: WHOAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Cheers from the fans.

Unlikely: Now, I'm all for seeing you two beat the holy hell out of each other, but I'm also all for making money for both myself and the whole of WrestleUTA. So I'm sorry to say- Step back, Ross!

Chris Ross takes a step back - he had been sidling up towards Impulse, presumably to get himself a free shot while Mikey speaks. Impulse turns towards him and puts his hands up defensively.

Unlikely: So, like I said, this match isn't happening tonight. BUT... I think I know where to put it.

The fans have gotten to the end already, and they begin to chant "PAY PER VIEW!"

Unlikely: Exactly! I knew you guys were smart. Of course you are, you're MIKEY MONEY MINIONS, BAY-BEH! And we're going to see Chris 'The Boss' Ross taking on Impulse 'The Marathon Man...'

He stops.

Unlikely:...Impulse... at WrestleUTA's NO LOVE LOST. Now I need you both to leave by way of separate exits so we can milk-WHET the appetites of the Millions Mikey Money Minions!

Blackfront: Can you believe it? Big news here tonight, Tommy! Mikey Unlikely makes the match to take place at No Love Lost, it'll be Chris Ross against Impulse! We'll be right back!

Ace: I wanted to see it now...but more importantly... I'm a minion!

Fade.

Kendrix vs Duke Dibbins

Non-Title match

? Half Crazy by The Barr Brothers begins to play and the WrestleZone livens up. Duke Dibbins steps out onto the entrance ramp and tears his wife beater shirt in half.

Ace: Look at this idiot, he's ripped all the shirts he owns now.

Jordan: The following match is scheduled for one fall.

Duke flexes before rushing towards the ring.

Jordan: Introducing first, from Beaver, West Virginia, standing at five foot 9 inches and weighing in at one hundred and eighty pounds...

The fans half laugh and cheer as Duke struggles to slide himself into the ring before raising his arms high in the air upon getting to his feet in the centre of the ring.

Jordan: DUKE, DIBBIINNNNNSSS!

Blackfront: Duke looking like he's recovered from the hardcore match with Jay Harvey two weeks ago.?

Ace: Jason, it's THE Jay Harvey...anyway, I think Duke and his brosin Luke are the only two people in the world who can come out of a Hardcore match by not losing any brain cells...cos they don't have any!

? "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd, Bug Eye shades as well as his trademark smirk etched across his face, he double taps the WrestleUTA World Title resting proudly around his waist.

Jordan: And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs...

Blackfront: We are just two weeks away from No Love Lost, but two weeks ago Kendrix saw a different side to the man that will challenge him for the WrestleUTA World Championship, Crimson Lord, who layed the Champ out after a failed sneak attack from JFK.

Ace: Sneak attack? Kendrix went to the ring to give Crimson some tape for his arm! Get your facts straight Jason.

Blackfront: Please stop delivering fake news to our loyal fans, Tommy.

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

Jordan: This is..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX

Having bumped his fist to his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side Kendrix twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other?, discarding his shades and t-shirt to a ringside hand before handing over the WrestleUTA World Championship.

Kendrix: JFK just had that polished so don't look at it. Don't dirty it with your reflection, bruv.

The ref checks on both competitors, Duke signals he's ready, holding his fists up at Kendrix who smiles before gesturing for a moment from the ref. He walks over to the other side of the ring and gestures for a mic.

Blackfront: Looks like we're about to hear from Kendrix.

Standing just in front of Duke, the ref in between the two, Jesse raises the mic to his mouth.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah Dukesy. JFK's not sure if you're aware seeing as you're, well, you know...

He holds his free hand out flat at Duke, looking him up and down.

Kendrix: Dumb redneck trash.

BOOOOOOOO!

Duke looks around the ring before pointing at himself, not sure if Kendrix is addressing him or someone else.

Kendrix: Yeah I'm talking to you, bruv! Anyway, thing is, there's this new wrestling rule where basically if you get pinned here tonight by the WrestleUTA World Champion...ME!

Jesse points his thumb emphatically back onto his chest as the fans vent their displeasure before pointing his index finger in Duke's direction.

Kendrix: YOU...and your fat brosin will automatically become....the WrestleUTA RETURD CHAMPIONS!!

Ace: Wow, Jason! What a huge announcement, Did you know that?!

Blackfront: Don't get too excited, Tommy. I don't think JFK's being entirely truthful here.

Duke's eyes light up upon Kendrix's announcement and looks around the arena liking what he's hearing. Nodding along, Kendrix continues.

Kendrix: That's right! So technically, all you have to do is lay your skinny arse down and let me pin you, nice and easy. I've got a big match in two weeks, JFK can't waste his energy on the likes of you and you get to become a Returd Champion...Everyone wins!

Jesse's mic picks up Duke asking the ref if that's true. The ref shakes his head and crosses his arms out at Duke before clearly mouthing "No". But before Duke can process the fact his Returd Championship dream isn't happening this evening, the sound of the mic thudding against the canvas is heard.

Blackfront: OOHHH. Kendrix just went low.

Ace: Haha! He kicked that idiot right in the balls!

The ref rebukes Jesse's actions but the champ just laughs back in his face as Duke cups both hands around his nether regions and squats a little arching his torso forward and down in his attempt to deal with the worst pain a man can ever receive! Jesse points the ref's attention to the time keeper's area and the ref begrudgingly calls for the bell to get the match officially underway.

Ding Ding Ding

Kendrix looks out at the fans with that customary smirk of his, shrugs his shoulders, stalks his opponent for a moment before reaching his hands behind Duke's head, jumping up and bringing Duke's face right into his rising knees into the Bell-End. As the back of Duke's head crashes back against the mat, Kendrix wastes no time and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!

Ace: That didn't last long! Another solid win for the champ wouldn't you say, Jason?

Blackfront: Solid win? Give me a break.

Kendrix rises to both feet as the ref raises his hand in victory before shoving his hand away from the ref and making a beeline for his title at the time-keeper's area. Staring into the belt, he slicks a stray hair into place before draping the title over his shoulder and making his way toward the ramp. The shot picks up the ref trying to help Duke come back to before the feed follows Jesse walking backwards up the ramp with a huge grin on his face. Letting out an exasperated sigh he wipes his brow with the back of his fist, the cameraman picking up the audio.

Kendrix: That was a tough one. JFK's gonna need a shower after that, that's for sure!

The shot switches back at Duke sat in the ring, looking up at the ref expectantly as he gestures his hands back and forth by his waist, the ref simply shaking his head back at him.

Ace: That idiot still thinks he's won the Returd Belts!

The shot fades on Kendrix casually walking behind the curtain.

### Shout Outs To BR Ellis

Cut to the backstage area. A locker-room, if you want specifics.

Do you want to be even more specific? It's Andy Murray's locker-room, dear viewer.

The crowd do their thing in the arena as the Scot appears on the big screen. Shirtless, he has just finished applying a fresh layer of tape to his mummified shoulder. He puts the ream of tape itself down on a nearby bench then grabs a tee and pulls it over his shoulders. The shoulder movement doesn't appear to be causing him as much trouble as it has in previous weeks, but there's still a slight wince as he rolls it round.

There's a small knock on the door before it slowly moves open without invitation. The Owner of WrestleUTA slips through the door and moves cautiously towards the big man. He finally reaches out his arms, expecting a warm welcome.

Unlikely: Andrew! How are you buddy!? I had to get out of that office, getting awfully crowded!

The King turns around slowly, trying hard to hide his displeasure for the boss. His voice is laced with sarcasm.

Murray: All the better for seeing you, dear friend.

Mikey ignores the sarcasm (or doesn't notice it), he ventures on.

Unlikely: Just wanted to stop in, and let you know how impressed I was with you just two short weeks ago! I mean you went in there with a broken wing against Byrd...no pun intended, and not only beat him, but you dominated!

With a slap to the injured shoulder Mikey laughs.

Unlikely: And I know, that you know, that Mikey is a man of his word! I promised you a big match at the Pay Per View, if you could prove to me that you were medically ready for action!

Murray: Good.

Andy nods.

Murray: I'm surprised that's all it took, given your reputation and all. Maybe I was wrong about you all along...

He pauses, faux pondering.

Murray: Perhaps you're just a fanny, not a total fanny. So, about the WrestleUTA Cha--

The owner lowers his sunglasses and raises his eyebrows.

Unlikely: Woah... slow down their chief. I've already got a number one contender locked in for No Love Lost! Crimson

Lord, won that right fair and square, and just like you earned the right to face him in the finals of the World Title Tournament, I cannot catapult one contender in front of another. I promised you a big match at No Love Lost, but I didn't promise you a title match!

Andy Murray gets visibly upset now and stands to his feet.

Murray: You're a piece of work, Mikey.

He takes a moment to calm himself down.

Unlikely: Listen, You're still in the conversation! You're still right up there! You will get another shot at that championship! I think you've earned that, it's just not going to be on March the 5th, BUT I promised you a big match, and a big match you shall have! I have PERSONALLY seen to it that we signed a quality opponent for you for No Love Lost! A former WrestleUTA champion in fact! Now i'm not promising another number one contender spot to you, but beating this former champion at the pay per view would go a LOOOOOOOOOONG way towards making that happen!

The King sighs.

Murray: Another hurdle? So be it, lad, but I've gotta warn you - I'm getting kinda tired of jumping over these things. Nonetheless, I'm here to fight, not stand here complaining, so I don't care if this opponent is Eric Dane, La Flama Blanca, or even Sean Jackson. Hell, throw all three of 'em at me at once: I'll take 'em on.

Mikey smiles big.

Unlikely: That's the spirit! That's what I like to see. Well I got another match lined up for you tonight! A warm up as it were! Now that you've shown me that the shoulder is good to go! You should have no problem whatsoever with 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean! AMIRITE!?

He turns to start to leave.

Unlikely: Oh wait, it's not just a normal match... It's a body slam challenge! First man to hoist the other over their head and slam them to the mat wins the match! No sweat right, champ!?

Mikey throws another playful fist towards the shoulder of Murray... who catches it, and grips it tightly, before eventually letting go.

Murray: I guess I shouldn't be bloody surprised...

Another sigh.

Murray: Fine, whatever it takes to slam that human planet, I'll do it... bum shoulder or not. I didn't come here to play games with you and your buddy though, mate. Remember that, and know that I'm not going to stand for this bullshit forever.

Cut

Yo Clucky I DID IT!

The show cuts to just outside a circus, Jestal's rubber chicken Clucky sits on top a blue box. With Jestal staring at him in his normal attire.

V/O Clucky: The ringmaster Mikey Unlikely announced your match at No Love Lost.

Jestal raises his eyebrow curious as to what the illustrious owner has decided.

V/O Clucky: You will face Dexter Pointdexter....

Jestal seems a bit depressed.

V/O Clucky: If you are going to beat Dexter at No Love Lost then we need to make you a veteran wrestler in as very

little time as possible!

Jestal raise his hand with his palm upward responding to Clucky.

Jestal: How are we going to do that?

V/O Clucky: I think I know just what we need...

?Upbeat instrumental begins to play while there is a close up of Jestal.

The hour's approaching, to give it your best

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up he is too slow to hit them....Until he finally hits one but the hammer ricochets back at him smacking him in the face knocking him down.

And you've got to reach your prime.

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal tries to pull the cart but struggles to pull the cart.

That's when you need to put yourself to the test

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt until his eyes widen he runs off with his hands over his butt with a clear stain showing.

And show us a passage of time

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He suddenly slips dropping the pole and straddling the tightrope. His eyes popped out of his head as he falls off the tightrope into the net below.

We're going to need a montage (montage)

As succession of clips appear

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up his speed is a bit quicker at hitting them....

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal now is slowly pulling the cart still struggling.

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt. He manages to get it a couple inches off the ground before falling forward over the weight of the barbell!

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He reaches the middle of the tightrope. He tries to throw the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole misses the hoop, and in the process Jestal falls off the tightrope with his head smacking against the tightrope before he hits the net below.

Ooh it takes a montage (montage)

Dexter is seen for a brief moment blowing up the ice cream truck driven by Sweet Tooth in the Twisted Metal game.

Show a lot of things happening at once,

Jestal is seen for a brief moment stuffing himself with pizza, tacos, and burgers. Before Clucky appears, Jestal's expression as though he was caught cheating on his training appears over his face.

Remind everyone of what's going on (what's going on)

Jestal appears punching a blown up air balloon with Dexter's face over the clown face on the balloon. His fist collide with the balloon, knocking the picture off the balloon. The jester happy with his accomplishment doesn't realize the balloon has bounced back and smacks him in the back of the head knocking him down.

And with every shot, show a little improvement

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up his speed has increased and is now hitting three out of five attempts on the moles...

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal pulling the cart now excited about his accomplishment he pulls the cart a few feet, before abruptly stopping raising his hands up in the air. He has completely forgot the cart is still moving. Before long the cart knocks him over and Clucky falls off the box...

To show it all would take to long

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt. His expression is not of pain, but he looks like he is salivating over whatever is off camera. He gets the barbell to his mid thigh, the camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with a quadruple baconator burger.

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He reaches the middle of the tightrope. He tries to throw the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole hits the side of the hoop...but Jestal maintains his balance!

That's called a montage (montage)

As succession of clips appear

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up his speed has increased and is now hitting four out of five attempts on the moles...

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal pulling the cart now faster than all his previous attempts.

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt. His expression is not of pain, but he looks like he is salivating over whatever is off camera. He gets the barbell to his chest, the camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger".

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He reaches the middle of the tightrope. He tries to throw the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole goes through the hoop...BUT Jestal loses his balance and falls off the tightrope to the net below!

Girl we want montage (montage)

Dexter is seen for a brief moment in a succession of clips of him blowing up the ice cream truck driven by Sweet Tooth over and over in the Twisted Metal game.

In anything if you want to go

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up his speed has increased and is close to a perfect score on the game...

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal pulling the cart now faster than all his previous attempts.

From just a beginner to a pro,

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt. His expression is not of pain, but he looks like he is salivating over whatever is off camera. He gets the barbell to his neck, the camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger".

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He reaches the middle of the tightrope. He

tries to throw the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole goes through the hoop...Jestal almost maintains his balance, but ends up falling off the tightrope to the net below!

You need a montage (montage)

As succession of clips appear

Jestal is seen in front of a whack a mole machine...As each mole pops up his speed has increased and is now almost hitting all the moles that pop up...

Jestal is seen with a weight lifting belt on with a chain attached to it. The chain is latched onto a clown faced box. Clucky is on top of the box with a belt around him. Jestal pulling the cart now faster and further than all his previous attempts.

Jestal is seen trying to lift a barbell that strongmen from the circus lift. He pulls back struggling with each attempt. His expression is not of pain, but he looks like he is salivating over whatever is off camera. He gets the barbell to his chin, the camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger".

Jestal is seen on a tightrope with a pole trying to walk across the tightrope. He reaches the middle of the tightrope. He tries to throw the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole goes through the hoop...AND Jestal keeps his balance!

Even Rocky had a montage (montage)

Dexter is seen for a brief moment standing up staring down at his video game and the charred Ice Cream Truck in the game. He slams his fist into his hand hyped!

Always fade out in a montage, (montage)

A quick succession of clips appear

Jestal is now getting a perfect score on the Whack-A-Mole Game!

Jestal is now lapping the carousal with the chain hooked to Clucky's seat!

Jestal has the barbell over his head now! The camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger".

Jestal throws the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole goes through the hoop...AND Jestal keeps his balance, and walks the other half of the tightrope to the other side!

If you fade out

A quick succession of clips appear

Jestal is now getting a perfect score on the Whack-A-Mole Game!

Jestal is now lapping the carousal with the chain hooked to Clucky's seat!

Jestal has the barbell over his head now! The camera pans to Clucky sitting on a box with "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger".

Jestal throws the pole through a circle at the other side of the tightrope. The pole goes through the hoop...AND Jestal keeps his balance, and walks the other half of the tightrope to the other side!

It seem like more time has passed in a montage (montage)

The final shot of Jestal, has him lifting "The Absolutely Ridiculous Burger" too his mouth with Clucky looking over his shoulder! As the montage final fades out... ?

Andy Murray vs Bobby Dean: Bodyslam Challenge.

Cut to the announce booth.

Blackfront: Welcome back to ringside Ladies and Gentlemen, and if I'm right, this might be the first Bodyslam Challenge in WrestleUTA history!

Ace: And if you're gonna do a Bodyslam Challenge, you might as well have Bobby Dean involved... right?

Blackfront: The rules are simple - whoever slams their opponent to the mat first, wins. The issue is complicated by Andy Murray's healing shoulder, however: he has looked stronger in recent weeks, but slamming Bobby Dean? That's not too easy.

Ace: All depends how much Bobby heads eaten tonight, JB! If he's only downed a couple of Happy Meals, Murray might be in with a chance, but if he's already put away half-a-dozen pizzas? Forgettaboutit.

The camera moves back up to the top of the stage. The screens light up, showing an in shape and simply beautiful Bobby Dean on them. Joe Esposito's "You're the Best Around" to play throughout the sound system. From the curtains, we see it. Bobby Dean rides out of the back and onto the stage in an electric scooter fitted with a basket that holds his snack foods.

Jordan: Making his way to the ring now. From Houston, Texas...

Bobby picks up a piece of pizza from the basket, taking a bite out of it, before sitting it down on top of a bucket of fried chicken.

Jordan: He stands at six foot tall and weighs in at three hundred and eighty pounds....

Ace: Look at this fat idiot.

Blackfront: Why are everyone idiots to you?

Jordan: BEAUTIFUL..... BOBBY.... DEEEEEAAANNNNNN!!!!

Bobby begins down the ramp on his scooter. Bobby Dean parks his cart near the steps as his music continues to play. Bobby Stands up and begins to dismount his cart. He almost stumbles as he does, but is able to catch his balance.

"Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes.

The crowd illicit a major pop for Andy Murray, who strides out from the back still dressed in street clothes, such is his level of disdain for the bodyslam challenge. He's clad in jeans and a t-shirt: not exactly the kind of attire that lend themselves to a pro-wrestling match, but it's not like this is going to be a particularly fast-paced one anything...

Jordan: Aaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, weighing in at 280lbs... ANDY MURRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Andy, as usual, slaps hands with a few fans on his way down. He looks towards Bobby Dean and shakes his head on sight.

Ace: A whole 100lb difference! Murray's no small man himself, but eesh...

Ding Ding Ding!

The bell rings and Andy Murray is poised and ready. He comes out of the corner ready to feel out his opponent. The only problem is, Bobby Dean isn't leaving his corner. Instead he's decided that his safest course of action is to sit down.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean thinking that if Andy Murray cannot get him ONTO his feet, then there's no way to get him OFF of them!

Ace: Smart! The only time I've ever said that about Bobby Dean!

Murray thinks for a second then takes off. Bobby Dean screams like a little girl, before Murray connects with the kick across the face and chest.

Blackfront: Jesus Christ!

Ace: He kicked him right in the moosh!

The kick doesn't quite knock Bobby's lights out, but it does have him reeling. He crawls out the corner, desperate to get away from the aggressive Murray, then rises to a knelt position. Big mistake: Murray charges, hit the ropes, and strikes him with a flying knee!

Blackfront: Unreal aggression from Andy Murray! He's desperate to get this done, and get it done quick! I think he's had enough of Mikey Unlikely's games!

Ace: Mikey doesn't play games! He just wins them! Are you telling me Andy Murray isn't a Mikey Money Minion!?

Blackfront: 'Fraid not partner!

Already tired of the charade, Murray grabs Bobby Dean and quickly "aids" him to his feet. Once he has the stumbling BBD where he wants him, Murray pulls back, swings, and connects with a snap Lariat using the once-injured arm!

Ace: Heh. Something tells me that thing isn't hurting too much anymore...

With the crowd popping, Andy Murray stands over Bobby Dean. He shakes his head: not necessarily at his opponent, but the song and dance that WrestleUTA's owner is putting him through. Finally, Andy peels Bobby off the ground, goes down low...

Blackfront: He's going for it!

Ace: Heh! It'll take more than that to--...

... scoops him up, and slams him into the mat!

Ace: ... oh.

Blackfront: Wooooooooooooow!

The bell rings and this one is over! Bobby Dean lays in the ring holding his back, just relieved the beating has ceased.

Blackfront: Well, that was brief...

Ace: Yes. Yes it was. I guess it's safe to say Andy Murray won't have much trouble with the shoulder next Sunday!

"Hail to the King, Baby" is already playing around the arena, and Murray has his hand raised.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... ANDY MURRAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Blackfront: Andy Murray just made a mockery of that "challenge," Tommy. It was over in a matter of seconds!

Ace: Something tells me Mikey isn't going to be too happy about this, but Andy will be. Now, he gets his "big PPV match against a former champion."

Blackfront: Who will it be, Tommy? Ron Hall? Sean Jackson?

Ace: Sexton Hardon. Definitely Sexton Hardon.

Blackfront: Was he even a cha--

Ace: Okay, BR Ellis the storyteller. Whatever. We'll find-out in two weeks.

As the announcers babble away to each other, Andy Murray pulls away from the referee and turns his attentions to the

fans, shrugging. Finally, he acknowledges their applause with a bow before heading out of the ring.

Cut.

Pay Per View Rundown!

The scene opens to a WrestleUTA backdrop. Jamie Sawyers is seen poised in the middle of the logo, microphone in hand.

Sawyers: Ladies and Gentlemen, I know you're ready for tonight's Main Event but first, we wanted to take the opportunity to go over the final card for No Love Lost! Live! Sunday March 5th, from The Phillips Arena in Atlanta, Georgia!

The fans in the arena cheer for the event.

Sawyers: We found out tonight, that we will see Andy Murray take on a former WrestleUTA champion! Who will that man be!? Tune in to find out! My money is on Mikey's longtime friend La Flama Blanca!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Sawyers: That's just the beginning folks as we have seen the back and forth battle over the last few weeks as the deranged Jestal has been harrasing Dexter Poindexter and his girlfriend Ivy nonstop! Well Dexter finally gets his hands on Jestal at No Love Lost! As these two will go one on one!

More cheers to break up paragraphs!

Sawyers: One of the most violent feuds that WrestleUTA has seen thus far has been David Hightower and Scott Stevens! Last episode of WrestleUTA on Hulu we saw Owner Mikey Unlikely, make the match official. No disqualifications! Scott Stevens vs David Hightower. Who will survive!?

The crowd begins to chant for Stevens.

Sawyers: Speaking of violence, Chris "The Boss" Ross has inflicted plenty recently on the UTA newcomer Impulse! We saw earlier tonight, the match was made for the Pay Per View! Chris Ross vs Impulse, mano e mano!

Jamie is growing more and more excited as he goes. What a professional!

Sawyers: Lastly, and of course not least. WrestleUTA Champion, Kendrix will defend his championship against the UTA's Legendary Monster, Crimson Lord! In a match that the fans have been drooling over for weeks! Will Lord finally reclaim the championship he held so proudly those many years ago!? Or will JFK prove to the world that the World Title Tournament was no fluke!? Call your local cable provider, or order No Love Lost, directly from [WrestleUTA.com](http://WrestleUTA.com) next Sunday! March 5th! ONLY ON PAY PER VIEW!

Fade.

Impulse vs Luke Dibbins!

Blackfront: And we've got another Dibbins on the way, partner! We're about to see Duke's cousin... or brother... or whatever... take on the Marathon Man, Impulse!

Ace: Ugh. Can we skip this one and go straight to No Love Lost and The Boss putting him in his place?

Blackfront: Not quite yet, Tommy - and I think you're in for a rude awakening when the time comes!

"Kick it in the Sticks" by Brantley Gilbert sparks to life, and the fans come to their feet in a mixture of appreciation for the #Brousin and general indifference; they just want to get a picture. Luke Dibbins is preceded by the sound of a revving engine, and he emerges to a decent enough cheer, riding his four wheeler out to the top of the ramp, and he picks up speed down the ramp, complete with a somewhat-terrified look on his face.

Blackfront: I think he's lost control of his vehicle!

Ace: It's not surprising, he's four or five times over the legal limit.

Dibbins manages to turn the wheel and crash only slightly disastrously into the side of the ring. He falls out of the four wheeler and lands on his side on the floor mat, and he lies down with his eyes closed.

Ace: Congratulations to Impulse, he just won this match without lifting a finger. Good news for me, means I don't have to see him or that terminally perky bitch.

After a few questionable seconds, Dibbins pulls himself up and crawls under the bottom rope. It looks as if Tommy Ace's original assertion - that he's drunk as a skunk - may be true.

"Revolution" by SIRS Y replaces Brantley Gilbert, and the fans' volume shoots way, way up. Impulse strides out, leaving behind his shirt and jacket - he's ready for battle. Calico Rose follows quickly, doing her best not to trip on the downward sloping ramp.

Blackfront: Impulse looks all business today, Tommy! You think he heard you?

Ace: God, I hope not...

Blackfront: What?

Ace: Er... I mean... I don't care, I'll kick his ass too!

Impulse slides under the bottom rope, and walks right for Luke Dibbins.

Ace: What did he just say to the referee?

Blackfront: I think he said 'ring the bell.' IMPULSE WITH A FOREARM TO DIBBINS' JAW!

The bell rings, and Dibbins is rocked backwards, and another forearm sends him into the corner! Impulse whips him cross corner, and a running front dropkick catches Dibbins in the chest!

Briefly, the camera cuts to Calico Rose, standing next to the commentary table. Cally looks at Ace and Blackfront and mouths the words "He's not happy," pointing at the ring.

Ace: Ya think?

Luke hits the corner again, and Impulse lands on his back and shoulders, and immediately kips up, to a huge pop. He turns once, to catch everyone in the arena with his gaze, and focuses on Dibbins.

Blackfront: Luke Dibbins in trouble!

Ace: I'd kind of hope so.

After a few deep breaths, Dibbins pulls himself up and staggers forward; he locks eyes with his opponent and a look of anger crosses his face. He steps forward with his fist raised, and Impulse encourages him to 'bring it on!'

Blackfront: Dibbins with a wide right hand!

Impulse dodges the swing, and he hooks Dibbins by the wrist and forces him to the mat with The Message! Luke immediately taps out in pain, to the bell and a huge ovation!

Blackfront: That's gotta be a speed record!

Ace: I hear that's his thing.

Calico Rose (muted): That's gross!

Blackfront: Impulse has his hand raised in victory, but he's looking at Roberts and asking - demanding - for a

microphone. He hands it off to Calico Rose, a little intimidated by Impulse, and Cally climbs the steps and enters the ring under the bottom rope to hand it to him.

Ace: Jeez, do we need to hear him talk?

Impulse climbs to the top turnbuckle and sits down, and the fans' cheers slowly lower to a dull roar that he can easily speak over.

Impulse: It's been weeks now. Months, even - and every time I come to this ring, I've gotta look over my shoulder; is Chris Ross on his way to mess with yet another match? D'you know what that's like, guys?

They boo at the sound of The Boss's name.

Impulse: I've always wanted to be a professional wrestler; it's the only job I've had since I was seventeen years old, but the level of crap that comes with it is overwhelming sometimes.

Ace: Cry me a river, snowflake.

Blackfront: Will you be quiet?

Impulse: I love being a professional wrestler; I've been honored to be a World Champion and to have held other championship titles over the course of the past dozen or so years, but that's never been my goal. All I've ever wanted is what just happened here: give me an audience and an opponent, and I'll be happy with that. There have been a handful of people through the years, though - like Chris Ross - who make that an impossibility.

He Calico Rose looks into the handheld camera on the ring apron.

Impulse: At No Love Lost... that ends.

The fans cheer again.

Impulse: Just remember one thing, Chris... when I roll you up tighter than a sushi roll for a three count, or when you're tapping your hand on the mat in pain as you're giving up...

He smirks.

Impulse: You asked for this.

The Marathon Man stands up.

Impulse: And you're welcome.

He drops the microphone back into Roberts' waiting hands, and Impulse and Calico Rose leave the ring to a huge cheer from the fans. Without acknowledging them, both of them head back up the entrance ramp towards the locker rooms.

Blackfront: Big talk from Impulse, and he'll have a chance to back it all up at No Love Lost! We'll be right back!

The Eyes Don't Lie!

We are live at ringside where a boardroom style table and two chairs are set up in the middle of the ring. Standing in front of the table facing his audience, Mikey Unlikely stands with mic in hand.

Mikey Unlikely: Ladies and Gentleman, No Love Lost, the first EVER Pay Per View of the Mikey Era, will be broadcast live two short weeks from now. I stand before you as your very proud owner of the greatest wrestling promotion in the world, WrestleUTA.

As the crowd pop their support for the company, Mikey picks up one of the leather padded books from the desk and raises it by his head.

Mikey Unlikely: In my hand I hold the papers which will be signed right here tonight to make the first ever WrestleUTA Title match on Pay Per View official. So, without further adieu, let's get this bad boy signed by the Champ and the Challenger.

?Death Dealer by The Engima TNG begins to play...

The fans in the Bancorp South Arena cheer on command as the music plays. Zoey steps out first dressed in blue jeans with red boots, and the Crimson Lord Hockey Jersey....(Now available in WrestleUTA Shop). Her hair tied into a ponytail behind her head. As she steps a bit down from the ramp the number one contender steps from behind the curtain, dressed in black slacks with light brown timberland boots and button down gray shirt, the first 3 buttons unbuttoned.

The two make their way to the ring where Mikey stands. Crimson opens the ropes for Zoey to enter the ring then steps over the top rope into the ring walking up to the owner. ?

Mikey goes to shake CL's hand (He's a professional, obv)

? "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage immediately bringing Kendrix into view, wearing a tailor made navy blue suit, his hair tied back in a top knot with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides, he ever so slightly turns his body to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting his Armani sponsored Bug Eye shades as well as a smug smirk on his face.

Blackfront: The first ever champion of the WrestleUTA era, the self proclaimed Chosen One, just two weeks away from defending his title against one of the most brutal competitors this industry has ever seen.

As Kendrix turns, fully facing the ring he slowly unbuttons his suit jacket, holds the right side out wide, followed by the left side to proudly reveal the WrestleUTA Title around his waist to the seemingly less than impressed fans in the Wrestlezone. JFK makes his cocky stride down to the ring...albeit this time stopping just before the apron, holding the back of his neck as he stares up at Crimson.

Blackfront: The Champ still feeling the effects of the Blood Lust he received two weeks ago.

Ace: Blood Lust on a steel chair, actually. And anyway, how do you know that Jason? Maybe he just slept funny last night?

Having made his way to the apron via the steps, he poses towards the fans once more, making sure they all see the WrestleUTA World Championship around his waist before making his way into the ring.? The Hollywood Bruvs share a few inaudible words with each other. The two shake hands, however, as soon as the handshake is completed Jesse and Mikey embrace in a hug of bruvtastic proportions! Crimson Lord has a closed smile and rolls his eyes.

Mikey Unlikely: I don't expect you two to shake hands, so if you'll please take a seat.

Mikey holds his hand out at the seats in front of him, Jesse takes his, eyes focussed on Crimson who hasn't budged a muscle, staring down at the Champ with Zoey by his side. Mikey places the contracts down in front of both men. Kendrix chuckles to himself before grabbing the mic from the table.

Kendrix: Don't be so nervous Crimsy. Take a seat Bruv, relax. Mikey here has made sure JFK can't kick your arse tonight, remember?

Blackfront: I'm not sure if that call was made for Crimson's benefit, but if either man lays so much as a finger on each other then the main event at No Love Lost doesn't happen.

Crimson ignores Jesse's request, folding his arms. The Champ looks over at Mikey and shrugs his shoulders before

returning his attention to the challenger and impudently placing his feet up on the table.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! You know the drill with these contract signing things don't you?

He stops abruptly, slapping the side of his head, rolling his eyes.

Kendrix: Oh, how silly of me, of course you don't. It's been a while since you were in line for a title shot hasn't it? What's it been, 20? 30 years or so?

Crimson continues to stare at Mikey, clearly not paying attention to anything JFK has to say. The Champ looks slightly put off by this but regains his composure to prod in his own unique way.

Kendrix: Hmmm, looks like someone's got stage fright. Ignore the lights Crimsy. Ignore these Tupelo, Mississippi, Bellends and just focus all of your attention on The Greatest WrestleUTA Champion of allll tiiiiimmmeeee!

BOOOOOOOOOOO

Jesse looks around the arena gladly soaking in the atmosphere.

Kendrix: Because that's exactly what's going to happen at No Love Lost, bruv. At the end of the night the focus of the entire world, as always, is gonna be on the WrestleUTA Champion...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix!

The displeasure of the crowd fills the arena as Jesse holds his arms out by his side, affording himself a smug chuckle. However, that soon comes to a halt the moment his attention left the audience and returned to his opponent...who's still eying the WrestleUTA's owner.

Kendrix: OI! LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M TALKING TO YOU, BELLEND!

The Champ jumps up to his feet and pushes his chair away from him out of frustration. Mikey gets in between him and the table, holding him back, trying to calm him down. Meanwhile, Crimson, pleased with the outburst, finally takes his seat coolly with Zoey making her way behind him. Grabbing the mic from the table he raises it to his mouth.

Crimson: Settle down kid.

Jesse shrugs Mikey away from him, puts a hand down on the table and leans toward Crimson.

Kendrix: I'M NOT A KID, I'M THE WRESTLE UTA CHAMPION, BRUV!

JFK's continues to get annoyed with the challenger's complete and utter lack of respect. Crimson looks over at the contract sitting on the table and glances over it for a moment. He sets it down and slowly looks back at Mikey, who's now starting to get annoyed with the constant staredown from Crimson.

Crimson: If you're done child, here's my response.

Pulling his seat back into position, Kendrix sits back down shaking his head and holding his title out in front Crimson.

Kendrix: You know what, no, JFK's not done, not by a long shot! You've been around this business for a while, yeah?! No arguments, you've done it all big man. You've earned everyone's respect over the years. But what the hell have you done lately? How many matches have you been in since this place reopened? Two, three?! You weren't even competing tonight, bruv!

He sets his title over his shoulder and sarcastically claps his hands against the mic.

Kendrix: You won an over the top battle royal against a bunch of losers like Jack Hunter and the Dibbens, big woop!

Blackfront: Not to mention the likes of Scott Stevens, Chris Ross, Impulse, Jay Harvey...

Kendrix: As far as JFK's concerned. You've been handed your title opportunity on a plate.

Crimson yawns at JFK's outburst.

Crimson: Ya know when you been in this business as long as I have...

Kendrix: Great, another trip round memory lane. Here we bloody go...

Jesse stops himself in his tracks as Crimson takes to his feet once more with Zoey shuffling herself across beside him. He straightens his collar for a moment. Ignoring the champion, and looking back again at Mikey.

Crimson: You learn to read people...

Crimson looks away, and takes a few steps from the Hollywood Bruvs.

Crimson: The tell-tale sign?

Crimson walks over to Mikey staring down at him with not so much as a grin, but showing absolutely no emotion from his face.

Crimson: The eyes...

Crimson stares coldly into the eyes of the owner of the WrestleUTA.

Kendrix: Oh, do me a favo...

Crimson without so much as a glance at the champion interrupts him, holding his free hand out at the crowd.

Crimson: Jesse do all these people here in Tupelo, Mississippi a favour and for once in your life shut up and let your elder speak!

The fans erupt in cheers as The Champ looks around the arena puffing his cheeks out in frustration.

Ace: Hey, he can't speak to The Champ like that!

Crimson: Now before I was so rudely interrupted, the eyes....You can try and fake your body language but the eyes...they're a dead give away. So, Michael. While your boyfriend here was running his mouth I wanted to know EXACTLY what you felt about all of this.

The owner looks around uncomfortably as the seven footer staring a hole right through him. Crimson breaks his gaze from Mikey and looks over at Zoey.

Crimson: The eyes can tell you whether you're happy, sad, excited, discouraged....or

Crimson looks back toward Mikey and walks up to him to stare once more into his eyes.

Crimson: Doubt!

Crimson slowly lowers the microphone from his mouth, Mikey is having a hard time staring at Crimson now. Kendrix looks over at his bruv, taken aback by his body language. Crimson is snickering at Mikey who's having a hard time maintaining his stare.

Crimson: It's ok Michael, at least you KNOW...your "Chosen One's" reign as WrestleUTA Champion is about up! In a little under two weeks, at No Love Lost...

Crimson finally looks back at the champion.

Crimson: The WrestleUTA Championship will belong to me again!

Crimson watches Kendrix shake his head at his claim. He walks over to the contract lying on the table, sets the microphone down, flips a few pages upward, reaches for the pen and signs his name to the contract.

Kendrix: Check you out, huh?! You actually think you've got it all worked out haven't you?

CL looks up at Jesse, slamming the contract pad shut, expecting more trash talk.

Kendrix: Yeah, you think you've already won. I mean, everything's in your favour isn't it? The fact you lucked out to get your shot in the first place...

He holds the back of his neck, gritting his teeth.

Kendrix: The fact that two weeks ago, you laid out JFK right in the middle of this ring with the Blood Lust on a chair...

The crowd pops as Jesse points down to the mat.

Kendrix: JFK! I be honest, bruv...I mean...after I kicked the living shit out of you, chair shots n'all...I was shocked you were able to stand let alone deliver the worst beating JFK's ever experienced in his life.

Waving his open palm in front of his eyes he goes on.

Kendrix: You're right. The eyes are a tell-tale giveaway. When JFK saw the look in your eyes before you nearly killed me two weeks ago, something had changed inside you...I wasn't looking at Crimson Lord...I was looking at a monster...The Perfect Weapon!

Crimson nods confidently in agreement with his foe who points over at Mikey at the end of the table.

Kendrix: You said it yourself Crimsy...Mikey doubts it. Ron Hall doubts it, everyone in the back doubts it, all these people here tonight and watching at home DOUBT...that Jesse Fredericks Kendrix can beat THAT MONSTER!

Jesse points out at the fans to his right as the arena finally cheer in agreement with what he's saying.

Kendrix: And maybe they're all right. Maybe I can't beat that monster.

He picks up his copy of the contract and stares at it for a moment in thought, tapping its base down on the table before bringing the mic back up to his mouth.

Kendrix: But good old Ron Hall. You know...I thought that guy was useless, finished. But it seems he's got his uses. See, through all the old man's ramblings...he set JFK onto the path of someone who you know really well, Crimsy. Someone who knows you better than most.

Crimson's eyes widen, now fully focussed on what Jesse has to say.

Ace: Who?!

Kendrix: She had a coffee, I had an Oreo Frappe, obvs...discussed the weather. You know, general pleasantries. Then we got onto the subject of...family.

Crimson now rises to all seven feet looking down at Zoey by his side and back at Kendrix, that trademark smirk now splashed across his face.

Kendrix: Now, JFK! I be honest...my family back home are your standard, well off, loving and supporting family. No dramas, ya get me?! But yours?

Dropping the contract down flat to the table, he furrows his hand across his stubble before grinning up at Crimson.

Crimson: I suggest you stop right now...

The Champ however can tell he's clearly struck a nerve. Smiling, he ignores Crimson's warning.

Kendrix: Well, that's a completely different story innit?! A once perfect family, now divided because of you and your issues up here.

Jabbing his index finger to the side of his head, Jesse watches Crimson clench his fists as Zoey comfortably puts her arm around the giant's.

Crimson: Do not say it boy!

JFK just smirks and continues his train of thought.

Kendrix: Quite simply put Crimsy...you're a mental case! You can't control that monster we saw two weeks ago. The fact that the legal system in this country pass you off as sane enough to roam the streets, let alone work with other people, is beyond me!

The seven footer now clenching his teeth for a moment before looking down despondently at Zoey, who's reassuring him. Jesse turns his attention to Mikey.

Kendrix: Mikey, did you know that about your employee? How many lawsuit's this guy's been through, how many civilians he's attacked? Did you know Crimsy here's undergone hypnotherapy to control his demons?

Mikey shakes his head back at Jesse before looking over Crimson shaking in umbrage at the sight of JFK now.

Ace: Hypnotherapy?!

Kendrix: This fruit loop is an accident, a lawsuit on your arse, Mikey...waiting to happen. You saw the look in his eyes two weeks ago. Something triggered the Monster out of this man.

Jesse's attention returns to his opponent as he points over at him.

Kendrix: You can't control yourself Crimson...but the two people closest to you in this world certainly can. Two people who can trigger that animal out of you or put it back to sleep...with the simple pronunciation of one word...

Crimson and Zoey look at each other.

Kendrix: Nostalgia! That's what set you off two weeks ago!

Crimson looks over at Kendrix, clearly looking like he is ready to pop at any moment.

Kendrix: One of them, is your estranged wife, who by the way, is still a bit of a fox! Let's just say she wanted more from JFK than a cup of coffee.

Blackfront: Kendrix is making this very personal and Crimson's about to snap here...

Crimson reaches out for Kendrix (who winked at him) on the other side of the table but Zoey gets in front of him to calm him down.

Mikey Unlikely: Crimson, calm down, you touch him and there's no title match.

Crimson takes a few steps back, regaining his composure, meanwhile Jesse grabs the contract and signs it emphatically, that smug grin splashed across his face. He walks around the table over to Crimson's side, knowing full well the giant can't touch him.

Kendrix: There we go Bruv, JFK signed. Don't look so shocked. JFK is a fighting champion after all. I don't care if I have to fight you...

He turns his attention over to Zoey, still standing by Crimson's side, leaning deliberately into her personal space.

Kendrix: ..or the monster that your DAUGHTER, ZOEY here, summons out of you!

Ace: WHAT?!

Blackfront: Zoey is Crimson Lord's Daughter?

Crimson looks like he's ready to blow following the public revelation he managed to keep secret for so long but Zoey steps in front of him to calm him down. Jesse meanwhile steps back and claps his hands together around the mic, very pleased with his revelation.

Kendrix: Hey there we go! Look Crimsy...Baby Lord's pulling your strings for you again!

At that moment, Zoey turns around, seething and slaps JFK clean across the face, leaving him feeling for his now red jaw. She takes a step back as he returns his focus to her, that smirk reappearing.

Kendrix: Looks like Daddy isn't the only one who needs his head seeing to, huh?! Don't get me wrong sweetheart, JFK loves you fucked up emo chicks, but just to make sure you can't trigger Daddy Lord's monster with your Nostalgia chat at No Love Lost...

CRACK!

OOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!

Blackfront: OH MY GOD, KENDRIX JUST SUPER KICKED CRIMSON LORD'S DAUGHTER!

Ace: HE CLOCKED ZOEY RIGHT IN THE MOUTH, JASON! AND LOOK AT CRIMSON!

The Giant drops to his knees tending to Zoey as Mikey signals for the EMT's who rush to the ring. All the while Mikey, who appears to be legitimately angry, is having what looks like stern words with Kendrix. The owner leaves the ring clearly frustrated over what just happened.

Ace: I don't think Mikey's happy with this, maybe Kendrix went too far?

Blackfront: You don't think Mikey's happy? Look at Crimson!

CL steps back as the EMT's tend to Zoey. Hands behind his head distraught he locks eyes with Jesse.

Blackfront: Kendrix is telling Crimson Lord to strike him.

Ace: He can't, he's not allowed!

Hands over his head, conflicted, Crimson fights the urge as best he can. He throws one of the chairs out of the ring. But looking back down at his daughter he can't hold out any longer and rushes for Kendrix.

Blackfront: Don't do it Crimson!

But before he can get close enough, Mikey pulls at Kendrix's ankles, dropping him to the canvas and dragging him out of the ring to Jesse's frustration.

Blackfront: Mikey just saved his main event at No Love Lost! Kendrix got inside Crimson's head. He was begging for Crimson Lord to go for him!

Ace: We were fingertips away from Crimson throwing away his title shot! Mikey ruined Kendrix's plan!

Mikey ushers for Kendrix to make his way up the ramp with him as Crimson dumps the table on the mat in frustration. He looks back down at Zoey holding her jaw. He returns to his daughter's side, the EMT's placing her carefully onto a stretcher. Meanwhile the shot returns to Kendrix on the top of the stage, the cameraman picking up the audio.

Kendrix: Verdict Guilty, bruv! My bad!

The shot switches back with the EMT's trying to carefully manoeuvre Zoey from the apron down to their colleagues on the floor. Crimson's attention switches from his daughter to JFK on the stage, anger rushing through his veins.

Ace: My God, what has the Champ Done?

Blackfront: Kendrix tried to sucker Crimson into attacking him but it backfired. But Zoey may not be able to trigger her Father in two weeks.

Ace: That evens the odds!

Blackfront: Maybe, but JFK may have woken up a different kind of animal inside of Crimson Lord.

The shot returns to the top of the stage where Mikey is demanding Jesse go with him to the back, but Kendrix simply

raises the WrestleUTA World Championship high above his head as the arena fills with the crowd's displeasure.

Dylan Daniels & David Hightower vs Dexter Poindexter and Scott Stevens

Cut to ringside we see Dylan Daniels standing in the ring, his music cutting out.

Blackfront: Well folks, we're back here in Tupelo, Mississippi and it's time for our main event of the evening!

Ace: Yes! Time for Stevens to get his face beat in! This is my favorite part of the show every week!...Except Mikey of course!

"Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. hits on the PA system and the lights go down a bit. The fans boo loudly as The Toughest Dog in the Yard comes through the curtain.

Jordan: Ladies and gentleman the following tag team match is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at 219 pounds. DYLAN DANIELS!!!!

Hightower is halfway down the ramp now, ignoring every fan in the building. His eyes are locked on the ring and he is all focus right now. He rubs the cast on his arm.

Jordan: Andddddddd his partner... Hailing from West Memphis, Arkansas, weighing in at 250 lbs. This is DAAAAAAVIDDD HIGHTOOOOOOOOOOOOOWERRRR!

Hightower rolls into the ring, stands up and goes towards his corner. His partner tries to shake his hand. David looks down at the hand and then the face of Daniels, who upon making eye contact, puts his arm down and moves out of the way.

"His World" by Zebrahead begins to play over the PA system as Ivy walks out literally dragging Dexter by the arm who appears to be down right terrified of Hightower.

Jordan: And their opponents..... First coming to the ring being accompanied by Ivy.... From Wilmington, North Carolina! Weighing in at 225 pounds.... DEXTER POINDEXTER!!!!

As they walk down to the ring Dexter turns and tries to walk back up the ramp shaking his head and Ivy grabs him getting him in a headlock shoving him into the ring.

Ace: Would you look at this?! I can't believe Mikey hasn't fired this troll by now!

Blackfront: He did get a huge win over Chris Ross last week...

Ace: NO HE DIDN'T!!!!!!

Blackfront: Denial is a terrible thing Ace....

Dexter at this point is on his knees begging not to participate and Ivy smacks him across the face knocking some sense into him. The Gamer stands up and takes a deep breath before they hug and he slides into the ring.

"Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play and a chorus of cheers fills the arena.

Jordan: Introducing at this time, coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas. Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Stevens makes his way to from the back and to the top of the ramp and he stares at his pay-per-view opponent.

Blackfront: Stevens and Hightower are locking eyes and this cannot be good for anyone once this match starts.

Ace: Stevens is going to kick his ass kicked like he normally does.

As Stevens makes his way towards his corner he stops at the ringsteps and stares once more at Hightower who simply motions to his club. Stevens gets flustered and rushes up the stairs and into the ring and has to be held back by the official and his tag partner.

Blackfront: Stevens wants a piece of Hightower tonight and I don't blame him after what Hightower has done to him.

Ace: Hightower is going to put him on permanent vacation when he sends Stevens to Toe Tag City.

As the official restores order he calls for the bell.

Blackfront: There's the bell and we're underway! Stevens starts this match, and he's yelling at Hightower to stay in with him.

With a smirk, David turns and steps through the ropes and stand on the apron. Daniels shrugs and stretches his singlet before getting ready to lockup. He goes to step to Stevens but only finds air, as Scott runs right past him and dives for Hightower!

Ace: Watch Out!

Blackfront: Steven's wasting no time, but Hightower hops to the floor unscathed, just be Stevens hit the corner. It looks like Dylan Daniels is taking advantage, he runs up on his opponent and forearms him in the back multiple times.

He turns Stevens around and forearms him again. Before scooping him up for a slam. Stevens slips out from behind and locks in a headlock. He wrenches away on the head and neck, Daniels backs into the ropes and bounces Steevens off, He comes back and drops Dylan with shoulder block. Daniels starts to get right back up, so Stevens shoots off again. This time Daniels ducks and Stevens hops over. On the return Daniels tries to clothesline, but Scott ducks under and spins him around with a spinning neckbreaker. He goes for a quick cover.

ONE...

TWO....

KICKOUT!

Daniels kicks out and The Scorpion wastes no time kicking him a few times while he's down. He scoops Daniels to his feet and after hooking him up he drops him down with a standing suplex. Daniels arches his back in agony before an elbow drop connects for Stevens. Scott lifts him up and whips him into his corner where Dexter is. He runs and hits him with a huge splash. Stevens tags in Dexter who walks in looking at Hightower cautiously before Daniels gets to his feet. The Seattle Native locks up with The Gamer Nerd. Daniels whips Dexter into the ropes. He ducks a clothesline and immediately stops. Dylan turns around and the fans let out an audible groan from the loud crack from a side kick right to his knee. Daniels goes down hard rolling around holding his knee in pain.

Dexter grabs Dylan who shoves him away and rolls to his corner to tag in Hightower! The Toughest Dog In The Yard walks in smacking his "Club" against his hand. Dexter takes one look at him and lets out a high pitched Homer Simpson like scream and tags Stevens in! Scott runs in and Hightower tags Dylan back in laughing!

Ace: What the hell is going on here!? This is turning into a game of musical chairs!

Blackfront: Hightower wants nothing to do with Scott Stevens and Dexter Pointdexter wants nothing to do with Hightower! Daniels is surprised! He doesn't

Stevens continues to get flustered with Hightower's mind games as the Texan yells some colorful language toward the Big Dog about whether he has balls or not and the distraction once again is all Dylan Daniels needs as he quickly grabs Scott and hits a quick German suplex.

Blackfront: Daniels with a German and there is the bridge....cover.....

One.

Two.

No!!!

Stevens is able to pop his shoulder up in time.

Daniels continues his attack as he waits for Stevens to get to his feet so he can go low to the back of the Texan's knee with a chop block.

Blackfront: Daniels doing the smart thing and attacking Stevens' knee.

Dylan begins to work over Scott's knee with boots and finishing it off with a jumping knee that causes Scott to wince in agony.

Ace: Music to my ears.

Dylan gets to his feet and continues to work over Scott's knee with a flurry of kicks that causes the Texan to holler in agony even more. Dylan picks up Stevens' leg and goes for a figure four.....

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels looking to inflict serious damage with a figure four leglock.

Ace: Cripple him!

As Dylan goes for the figure four we've seen it a million times as Stevens puts foot to ass as he shoves him away. Dylan turns around and marches back towards Stevens only to catch an upkick from the former Wildfire champion.

Blackfront: Daniels is rocked!

Stevens uses the ropes for leverage to pull himself up to his feet and he begins to hobble to his corner where Pointdexter is salivating to get into the ring. Daniels sees Stevens is inches away from a tag begins to run at the Texan only to get taken back down.

Blackfront: Stevens with a Double S Spinebuster that shook the ring! This is the opening he needed!

Ace: Get up you wuss!

Blackfront: Here comes Hightower now into the ring, and clubs Stevens in the back with his unbroken hand. The referee back him up a bit and warns him about the club and disqualification.

Ace: He's a brave referee!

Daniels gets up slowly and takes Stevens into the corner. Hightower happily tags in now, and goes to work with his good hand on the face and chest of Stevens. He grabs the tag rope and wraps it around the throat of the Texan, The referee tells him to break it up before giving a 5 count. Once more warning of DQ as Hightower breaks the choke. He pulls Scott out of the corner and whips him off before dropping him with a powerslam that shakes the ring.

Ace: Yessssss! Now we're talking.

Hightower puts a boot on the face of Stevens before rubbing it back and forth. The referee has had enough and pulls David now away from Stevens and lays a verbal beating into him. David waves him off, turns around, and by then Stevens is on a knee. As Hightower lifts the cast up for the blow, Stevens jumps!

Blackfront: Dropkick! Hightower is rocked!

Falling backwards Hightower goes through the ropes and down to the floor. Stevens wastes no time and follows him.

Ace: Oh god! No one is safe with these two out here!

Stevens grabs Hightower and slams him face first into the announce table. Hightower bounces off and stumbles around keeping himself up with the railing. While all of this is going on the referee has started a ten count for both men to get back in the ring.

Blackfront: Dexter by now is yelling at Stevens to get back in the ring but his words fall on deaf ears as Stevens and Hightower fight up the ramp. Dexter now hops down and follows the action urging his partner to bring the match back into the ring!

Dylan Daniels comes around the ring at jumps on Dexter and takes him to the ground and begins to attack him with Forearms. Dex rolls out from underneath and begins to give some back.

Now at the top of the ramp Hightower takes a clear advantage over Stevens, using his strength to pin him against the bottom of the tron. The bell rings from back towards the ring and the referee waves his arms.

Jordan: The result of this match has been declared a double count out!

The fans boo loudly as Dexter rolls back into the ring to bicker with the referee a bit about the result.

Ace: LOOK OUT!

David Hightower throws an elbow that catches Stephens just below the eye. He then hooks under one arm, takes two steps and tosses Stevens from the stage!

He lands on some wooden tables that break instantly as he's surrounded by the extra electrical wiring.

Blackfront: Stevens was just broken in half! How is he even going to be ready in two weeks when these two men face off in a no disqualifications match!?! Hightower just swung the odds greatly in his favor!

Ace: I can't wait to watch Hightower break the other half! No Love Lost is going to be great!

Blackfront: Don't forget to tune in folks, Sunday March 5th, Live on Pay Per View! WrestleUTA Champion Kendrix takes on Crimson Lord, Hightower vs Stevens!, Impulse vs Chris Ross, and MORE!

Fade.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite