

WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E19

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Results

WrestleUTA on Hulu" S1 EP19

Match

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9 May 2017

Richmond Coliseum, Richmond, Virginia (seats 13,410)

Tough Bruv Love

The scene opens up inside the Champ's locker room. Dressed in a casual Grey Jeans, pair of trainers and white #JFK t-shirt combo, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix is slowly, calmly pacing in front of his couch with his cell to his ear.

Kendrix: So I says to him, bruv, JFK doesn't give a damn if you're dressed up like a shitty little wolf, you're not getting a tip. We don't tip our Zoo keepers in London, why would I tip you in this god forsaken country? Pfft!

The pacing comes to an abrupt stop. The shot widens bringing the WrestleUTA owner, Mikey Unlikely himself, wearing a full suit minus the tie, into shot.

Kendrix: Gotta go, call ya back with directions to the strippies in a bit, yeah?!

Without waiting for an answer from the other end of the phone, Kendrix hangs up and shoves the cell into his pocket before holding his fist up at Mikey with a huge smile on his face.

Kendrix: You got time for a Gluefist, Bruv? JFK knows how busy you are.

Mikey stares down at Kendrix's outstretched fist with a serious look on his face before looking back up at his former tag team partner. Jesse, looks a tad concerned with Mikey's demeanor but that doesn't last long as Mikey hits us with the World's Greatest Entertaining Smile and holds his own fist onto the Champ's.

Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely: GLUEFIST!

The two struggle to remove their fists from each other...as if their fists were actually stuck together by glue, but soon manage to withdraw them before pointing back each other as only Bruv's do.

Mikey Unlikely: You know bruv, we're getting better with the Gluefists.

Kendrix: We really are! In fact, JFK's surprised more people aren't doing Gluefists...oh wait, no he's not, other people aren't Bruvs, so they suck!

Jesse turns to pick up his bag on the bench behind him as Mikey looks on questionably.

Mikey Unlikely: You off somewhere?

Holding the bag over his shoulder Kendrix turns back round to face the boss.

Kendrix: Oh yeah, JFK just turned up tonight for the old meet and greet. I even shook hands with the filthy scum bags of Richmond, Virginia. Ha, can you believe that, bruv?!

Mikey's face immediately drops and the champ notices as he doubles back putting a reassuring hand across Mikey's shoulder.

Kendrix: Listen yeah. Before I go, I just wanted to say thanks for making the Gauntlet match tonight. There is no way in hell that bellend Andy Murray is going to get past four guys in one night. JFK sure owes you one Bruv.

Jesse begins to make his way out of the room but doesn't get far as Mikey hold his hand out across his chest, blocking his route.

Mikey Unlikely: I appreciate that bruv, I really do, but didn't you get the memo?

Kendrix looks on confused.

Kendrix: What the hell's a memo?

Mikey Unlikely: You know what? I don't really know either, think it's some kind of old school way of getting messages out. I got my new sexy secretary to send it out to you, she's not the brightest, bless her, but, you know...great rack.

Kendrix initially smiles at the thought of the new secretaries rack but shakes it off.

Kendrix: Bruv, why didn't you just send me a text to my cell?

Mikey has a think but just shrugs it off.

Mikey Unlikely: Was probably just feeling retro. Anyway, you're not going anywhere tonight because you've got a match tonight!

Jesse's mouth drops and eyes widen as he's taken aback by the news.

Kendrix: What?! I thought I had the night off...I've got plans, innit?!

Mikey Unlikely: Sorry bruv but it's been awhile since you've had a match here and, like it or not, if Murray makes it through that gauntlet tonight...he will become the number one contender to that very title wresting on your shoulder.

Mikey taps the WrestleUTA title as JFK looks over to it on his shoulder before looking back at Mikey with a desperate look on his face.

Mikey Unlikely: You're going to be fighting at Absolution. Whether it's Andy Murray or someone else, you're going to have a hell of an opponent. My Pay Per View is going to make me tons of Mikey Money and I'm going to need my Champion to be in tip top condition both physically and mentally!

Kendrix looks back at the title and then confidently smirks back at the boss.

Kendrix: I got you, bruv. So who's JFK's opponent. Dylan Daniels, Jack Hunter...no wait, I've got it...it's one of the Dibbins brosin's, right?

Jesse throws Mikey a knowing wink his direction before looking over at his title. The boss meanwhile responds by shaking his head and holding his index finger out in front of him.

Mikey Unlikely: Not quite, bruv. Mikey's got the perfect opponent for you. Tonight, right here in Richmond, Virginia you will go one on one with...Impulse!

Kendrix attentions immediately switches back to Mikey, losing his cocky demeanor instantly.

Mikey Unlikely: And for added impetus, just to make sure you're at the top of your game, the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Title will be on the line!

The cheers in the arena are heard through the building as the champs eyes light up as he removes his title from his shoulder and drops his bag down to the floor.

Kendrix: WHAT?!!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS, BRUV! IMPULSE?!

Mikey takes a step forward and slaps the back of his hand against Jesse's chest.

Mikey Unlikely: HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! I RUN THE SHOW HERE NOW, NOT YOU!

Kendrix takes a step back, shocked at his bruv's response to him.

Mikey Unlikely: Snap out of it. Have you forgotten who you are, bruv? You're Jesse Freakin Fredericks Kendrix! You're the champ and you're the champ for a goddamn reason! It's because you're the best. If Murray makes it through that gauntlet tonight, you're going to have to be at your best and then some at Absolution to beat him. The guy doesn't have a shoulder issue this time around.

Kendrix holds his title across his chest and looks down at it before looking back at Mikey, taking a gulp and nodding sternly back at his Bruv.

Mikey Unlikely: Murray's going to have to work for it and so are you. Focus up, get your head in the game and show the world once again why you are the chosen one! Why you're the only Bruv I've ever had, and why you're the best damn sports entertainer in the world today!

Mikey holds his fist up at Kendrix who looks down at it and slowly places his fist against Mikey's. The two hold their fists together for a few seconds before releasing. As Mikey leaves the room the shot focuses on Kendrix holding the WrestleUTA World Title in both hands and desperately looking down at it before lifting his head and confidently nodding his head.

Fade.

Throwing Down The Gauntlet

We cut to the backstage area, where Jon Laver, WrestleUTA correspondent is standing by with "The Boss" Chris Ross. Ross stands in front of a black background. He stands composed but wide eyed. Jon introduces him.

Laver: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Jon Laver, and to my right is a man who needs no introduction. Chris "The Boss" Ross.

Ross doesn't berate the man, in fact he doesn't even look at him. Ross keeps his eyes fixated on the camera.

Laver: Chris, it's been announced that you will be competing in tonight's Gauntlet Challenge match against Andy Murray, what are your thoughts?

Ross: You really want my thoughts? Andy Murray...! What was it, four weeks ago Andy Murray was on the injury report... Four weeks ago Andy Murray couldn't continue his match against Theo Baylor. Suffice it say you ALL saw what I did to ol' Theo last week! You know time and time again I get disrespected, I'm sick and tired of it! What about the guy who's been wrestling nonstop? What about the guy dominating the headlines? Once more Chris Ross get's overlooked!

The camera turns back to the interviewer.

Laver: Are you suggesting that YOU should be in this gauntlet on the opposite side? That you should be fighting for a WrestleUTA World Championship match!?

Ross: Are you kidding me?! The fact that I even have to dignify that question with a response is insulting in itself! Look at the facts Jon! I proved that Impulse, A "Legend" in this business, can't take me out! And don't give me any of that nonsense about how he pinned me because in the end I walked out.... And he didn't! Where I'm from..... It's not about having your hand raised, it's about who went to the hospital!

Chris pauses for dramatic effect.

Ross: The way I see it "The Boss" only has one choice. I need to go out here, and give Andy Murray the beating of a lifetime. I need to go out here and single handedly beat this forty year old has-been and show the WrestleUTA Audience and MIKEY for that matter, that there's only one choice for the World Title match at Absolution, and that's Chris Ross vs Kendrix!

Back to the man with the mic.

Laver: Before we let you go Chris, one more thing, Speaking of WrestleUTA World Champion Kendrix, He defends his title against a man tonight you've been having some major trouble with. Impulse, once more, your thoughts?

Ross: You know what? Since, I don't have the opportunity now, I hope the little piss ant does some how pull a win out of his ass and get's the championship!

Laver: Wh... what!? You cannot be serious.

Ross: I'm being dead serious! You know why I want him to get that belt? Because I cannot wait to go out there and kick his teeth down his throat again! I kicked his ass before and I sure as hell can do it again, and with the belt on the line, well that's just a nice little bonus! Plus can you imagine the look on Cally's little face when I hold up the World Title over her boyfriend's limp body!? I think she might just want to come home to Harrisburg with me!

Chris Ross chuckles out loud.

Ross: Impulse will have to wait however...Andy Murray... Your hopes at the championship are going out with the trash tonight!!!! THE BOSS HAS SPOKEN!

Jon takes the mic back.

Laver: Strong words from "The Boss".

Ross walks off set.

Laver: Tonight he's part of the gauntlet challenge! And I think he's ready! Back to you guys Tommy and Jason!

Fade.

Swayers?

The scene opens to someone's back. The grey suit jacket shines in the light from the camera. As we zoom out the man turns around and its revealed to be WrestleUTA interviewer Jamie Sawyers. Jamie looks a little bit different tonight, yes he is wearing the normal suit he wears for television, but gone is the slicked back hair, gone is the tie around his neck, instead the shirt hangs open at the top exposing a few random chest hairs poking out. He twirls a pencil in his fingers slowly.

Jamie stands in front of a black WrestleUTA backdrop. He looks angry, and ready to talk.

Sawyers: For years my name has been something of a joke here in WrestleUTA. For YEARS I have been trampled on, walked over, teased, assaulted and more, for no reason other than being smaller than the wrestlers I've interviewed. Well today is the day that all of that stops.

Jamie moves his arms around as he talks, although angry he's quite collected.

Sawyers: You see when you push and push and push someone to the point where you can't push anymore, only two things can happen. One that person takes it in stride, and buries it deep down inside them. They go through everyday knowing they are the butt of jokes but they never fire back, they never let it go and they go through life as a sad sad person. The second option is you push someone to the point where they SNAP!

He breaks the pencil between his fingers and watches the two halves fall to the floor and roll around. He looks back up to the camera.

Sawyers: I've had enough and I'm ready to do something about it. So I have founded what I like to call a mutually beneficial relationship with my new friend. A man i've agreed to manage and speak for, in return he provides me with a bit of "bully protection".

From behind Sawyers, David Hightower steps into the scene. He has the towchain around his neck and looks incensed.

Sawyers: David Hightower and I are going to climb the mountain of WrestleUTA stars, we're going to tear apart this promotion from the ground up! We're going to show everyone why you can't take advantage of people, and for ONCE... we're going to do the bullying!

Hightower snarls his lip.

Sawyers: Jimmy Jam? Jamie Swayers? Nah..... I'm Jamie Sawyers! It's about time you people put some respect on my name!

The scene fades.

Michael Byrd vs Duke Dibbins

As we come back from commercial break Duke Dibbins is in the ring and his music is fading.

Jordan: The following match is scheduled for one fall.

The bell sounds once.

Jordan: Making his way to the ring first and hailing from Dallas, Texas. He is the main event.... Michael... BYYYYRRRDDDD!!!!

Plateau as performed by Nirvana begins to play. Michael Bryd comes out from the back to a minimalist reception.

Blackfront: Tonight's event is brought to you by Mountain Dew.

Ace: Remember to Do the Dew!

Michael begins up the steps. As he enters the ring, his music begins to fade.

Blackfront: The opening match here tonight as the UTA continues to be stronger than ever. Folks, this is Michael Byrd's first match back since being suspended a few weeks ago. Before the show tonight Michael Byrd met with Jon Laver over the allegations, let's take a look.

Cut to the tron where Jon Laver sits in a chair across from Michael Byrd. Byrd wears his street clothes, Laver in a suit. The words "Pre Recorded" pop up in the right hand corner.

Jon Laver: Good afternoon Mr. Byrd, thank you for joining me.

Byrd: No problem Jon, thanks for taking the time.

Laver: Michael, a few weeks ago you were scheduled for a one on one match to open the show. Unfortunately just three days before that show, you were randomly drug tested, as all UTA talent is, and failed that test.

Byrd looks down at his lap, clearly ashamed. He nods slowly.

Byrd: It's true, I take full responsibility for the failed test. A few months ago, in my first match on WrestleUTA television, against Chance Von Crank, I strained a legiment in my leg. Knowing this may be my only opportunity to have a WrestleUTA contract, I foolishly took a suppliment that would allow my body to heal faster, knowing full well that

suppliment has been banned by WrestleUTA management. I apologize for my actions and to be honest I'm very grateful.

Jon looks confused.

Laver: Grateful?

Byrd: Yes Jon, This was a wake up call. I'm in the big leagues now, I'm in the top wrestling promotion in the world, and on the biggest stage I made a huge mistake. Mikey Unlikely, could have just let me go, fired me and never looked back. He could have ended my career with a negative. But he sat me down one on one, and after a lengthy discussion he proposed a suspension with a return. I was elated to be given another opportunity. I took the time off, took some classes on nutrition and healed my leg the all natural way. Now I'm back and I've offered to take a test before every show if it helps this company have more confidence in me as a performer. I'm ready to seize the opportunity and get back in the ring.

Laver: Well you have Duke Dibbins lined up for tonight.

Byrd: Believe me when I tell you Jon, I cannot wait!

Back in the arena Michael Byrd stretches against the ropes.

The bell rings and the two competitors head to the middle of the squared circle. Dibbins running his mouth and pointing at his opponent, Byrd on the other hand, stays focused and stoic. Duke meets him with a finger in the chest, mentioning something about how Byrd is "going down". Duke keeps talking, before finally Byrd reaches up and open hand slaps the hillbilly. This dazes Duke who was not ready for the move. Byrd takes advantage with a kick in the gut and slaps on a headlock. He wrenches it a few times, Duke's arms flail as he looks for a way out. He finally backs Byrd into the ropes and shoots him off, but when he's met on the return he eats a shoulder block that send the 185 lb Brousin crashing to the mat hard.

Byrd hits the ropes again looking to drop an elbow, but Duke flips to his stomach causing Michael to run over top him. Byrd continues running and Duke hops up and drops the head for a back body drop.

Blackfront: Not so fast! Byrd hops over him with a leapfrog, stops, turns and drops the tag team wrestler with a running bulldog!

Ace: Nice move by Byrd, somehow he was able to stop on a dime there, I blame the roids!

Blackfront: Now Tommy, Michael Byrd has admitted his mistake, he's taken full responsibility, completed a company funded recovery program, and passed his most recent test with flying colors.

Ace: I'll believe it when I see those results with my own eyes!

Back in the ring Byrd pushes Dibbins towards the turnbuckle. Duke's hands find the ropes and he jumps thinking Byrd is going to run underneath. On the other side of the ring Byrd stands unamused, with his hands on his hips. Duke turns quickly and the smile fades off his face. He goes running full speed but is tripped up with a drop toe hold and his face lands flush with the bottom turnbuckle. Byrd grabs the boot and pulls him back towards the ring before placing his own foot on the back of the knee before lifting and stomping down. Duke reaches for the leg as it slams against the mat. Byrd follows up with the same move again.

Now continuing to work the leg Byrd traps Duke's foot under his arm, flips him over and applies a single leg crab. As he leans back on the redneck Duke screams louder but finally realizes he's near the ropes, and slowly but surely pulls his way over and grabbed hold. The referee slides in and forces Byrd to break the hold, something Michael does not delay in doing, he gives him a clean break. Duke holds the ropes still and pulls himself to the ring apron. He calls for a timeout which the referee tells him is not applicable to this match. Duke ignores the warning and sits on the apron. His

brousin makes his way over, reaching into his back pocket as he does.

Ace: What's this idiot doing now?

Blackfront: It looks like he's helping his brother take a break!

Ace: You can't take a break in wrestling! Wait... he's got... is that chewing tobacco!?

Indeed it was, Luke pulls his can of dip from his back pocket and hands it to Duke, who opens the pouch and takes a pinch. He places it behind his lip and smiles. Michael Byrd has had enough as he hits the opposite ropes and comes back with a basement dropkick that knocks Duke directly into his Brousin.

Ace: Watch Out!

The dip that was in Duke's mouth goes flying on impact and covers a few unlucky fans in the crowd.

Ace: Thank goodness we're not over there Jason!

Blackfront: You're not kidding Tommy. The referee now begins his count, with Duke outside.

The Brousin's help each other to their feet and Duke slowly makes his way back up to the apron. Byrd is ready for him and tries to bring him in the hardway. When he flings the ropes and Duke is slingshotted he turns in the air and pulls Byrd with him on the way down with a DDT. The crowd comes alive with the move. They begin a slowclap.

Blackfront: These fans getting behind the West Virginia native here tonight.

Ace: That's because these people will cheer anyone.

Duke finds his way to his feet first and as Michel Byrd begins to rise Duke runs and drops a knee into the side of the face of him. This spins Byrd around on one knee and Duke climbs to the second turnbuckle and drops a rocker dropper across the back of the neck of the returning Byrd, and driving him face first into the mat.

Blackfront: Duke with the cover now! What a big move!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

Ace: Can you imagine if he would have got him there, Mikey would of suspended Byrd again just for sucking! Haha!

Duke tries to check with the referee whether it was a three count or not but when he complains he realizes he cant exactly count to three. Now Luke is up on the apron and question the referee since he's (barely) the smarter of the two Brousin's.

Ace: Both these idiots are arguing with the ref, and mean while Michael Byrd is recovering quickly.

Duke grabs byrd by the back of the hair and lifts him to his knees, Byrd swings for the fences between the legs of Duke while the referee is distracted with Luke.

Ace: Yes!

Blackfront: NO! Low blow from Michael Byrd! I thought he said he turned a new leaf!?

Ace: He did Jason, a WINNING leaf!

The referee turns around and sees Duke on the ground holding his groin area, he begins to question Byrd right away who shrugs unknowingly. Byrd moves past the ref and pulls Duke to his feet. Kick to the gut and double underhooks the arms of Duke. He lifts the much lighter wrestler up and pancakes him forward onto the mat.

Blackfront: What a move! What was that!

Ace: Must be something he learned while getting the ever famous butt needle!

Blackfront: ugh...again I'd like to clarify that Byrd has tested for NO performance enhancing drugs since March. He has been cleared medically for competition.

Byrd swings overtop of Duke and hooks the leg.

One...

Two...

Three!

The bell rings and the music starts, C.H. Jordan makes the call as per normal.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentleman, your winner.... MICHAEEEEEEELLLLLLLL BYYRRRRRRRDDDDDDDD!

Blackfront: Michael Byrd back in action and looking good here tonight!

Ace: He should look good, the man sweats creatine!

Byrd celebrates in the ring momentarily before spilling outside and walking back up the ramp with his head held high. He smiles as the fans boo him.

Duke and his Brousin both in the ring now are getting to their feet and the fans are clapping for them and their effort. Duke walks funny after the low blow earlier.

Fade.

Have you seen....

In another part of the Richmond Coliseum we see Jestal with a stack of papers in his hand. He is handing them out to random people backstage , and taping a few of them on the walls. The camera zooms in on one of the posters and it reads...

W A N T E D

Picture of Scott Stevens

For the

K I D N A P P I N G

Picture of Clucky

Jestal clearly distraught, by all means not in his normal gleeful self. He continues handing out the flyers not paying attention to where he is walking until he bumps into a young woman, wearing a red skirt suit along with elbow and knee pads. She bumps off of Jestal and gets put back a few paces, but stands sturdy. She's Jack Harmen's manager, Mary-Lynn Mayweather.

MLM: Woah. Someone's in a hurry. What's wrong? Oh...

Jestal continues to stare at her, sometimes with one closed eye, others just a blank stare. MLM dusts off her shoulder.

MLM: It's you. Jestal. Listen, Jack told me to stay away from you because, and I quote, 'You're not the good kind of crazy.' But now that I have your attention, I want to let you know that Jack and I have no desire to be pawns in your game with Stevens, and wish for you to discontinue involving my client Jack Harmen in your... whatever you're doing. Alright?

Jestal: You know what your problem is?

MLM: No? Which one?

Jestal blinks, and stares with one eye.

MLM: I'm just saying, if you continue with these transgressions against my client, I'll be forced to take all available legal action to bring our conflict to conclusion.

Jestal: Here hold these.

Jestal hands the papers to Mary-Lynn without even noticing what she had said to him. He reaches into his pocket to procure an item and takes the papers back from Mary-Lynn. He sets them on a table next to her. Jestal quickly grabs the back of her head and puts his hand over her mouth. She resists for a moment but the creepy glare given by The Mad Prince freezes her for a moment.

Jestal: There I think I fixed your problem!

The clown takes a calming breath, as Mary-Lynn's eyes are wide in shock.

Jestal: If Jack had anything to do with Stevens kidnapping Clucky, I am done helping him out with Stevens!

MLM tries to respond, but can't, her mouth garbled. Jestal begins to walk away but suddenly back steps back to a face to face with Mary-Lynn. Her nose upturns in an unconscious flinch of anger.

Jestal: OH, don't forget to take a flyer.

Jestal picks up the stack of flyers on the table and pushes one into Mary-Lynn's chest. She's reluctant to grab it, but Jestal keeps his hand there, and so she eventually relents.. With not so much as a smile across his face he walks past her and out of view of the camera behind Mary-Lynn. As Jestal passes, we see Mary-Lynn's face, where Jestal's ruby plastic teeth sit stuck between her lips. Her eyes are like deers in headlights, before she spits them out to the floor. She looks back toward the jester down the hall rather annoyed.

MLM: Did... did he just mouth rape me?

She stomps the teeth on the floor as she collects herself and walks off. Her voice trails as she parts down the hallway.

MLM: God this place is weird.

The camera gets one last look of the broken shattered plastic lips, stomped by the boot of the Tiny Attorney.

This is the Real World...

We come back from commercial and are immediately greeted by the smiling face of the WrestleUTA Legacy Champion, "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey. The crowd watching inside the Richmond Coliseum lets out a boo so loud that Harvey himself can hear it. He smirks as the camera pulls away from him to reveal Catalina by his side and WrestleUTA Backstage Correspondent Paul Stewart. Harvey is dressed in a fine blue suit with a black dress shirt opened up at the top. Catalina is in a blue mini skirt dress. Harvey's WrestleUTA Legacy title glistens under the spotlights.

Stewart: Ladies and gentleman... please welcome my guest at this time... The current-

Harvey: and reigning...

Stewart stops, rolling his eyes.

Stewart: And reigning, WrestleUTA Legacy Champion "The Natural-

Harvey stops Stewart mid-sentence. Harvey shoots Stewart an unapproving look.

Harvey: Say the whole thing.

Stewart moves slightly in his stance and closes his eyes. His cadence is forced and slightly rushed.

Stewart: "The man who climbed the ladder. The legacy who holds the legacy. The man who beat the Hall of Famer. The most marvelous man to grace God's green earth... The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey.

Stewart is not pleased.

Harvey: That was great! Don't forget Catalina...

Stewart: Of course... with him as always, the lovely Catalina.

Catalina: Thanks, Paulie.

Catalina smiles and moves her hair behind her left ear. Stewart keeps his professionalism and continues on with the interview.

Stewart: On the last episode of WrestleUTA on Hulu we saw you defend your WrestleUTA Legacy Championship.

Harvey nods as he looks down at the very title being discussed that resides on his shoulder.

Harvey: Once again I showed everyone in the locker room, in the arena, and watching at home... that I AM the best damn wrestler in the WORLD! I take on any opponent and defend my title.

We cut to an inside look at the arena, watching the big screen in the middle of the Richmond Coliseum.

Stewart: The night started out... rather tragically, when Crimson Lord destroyed-

We go back to the three live. Harvey puts his hand up to stop Paul Stewart in his tracks. Harvey takes a step closer to Stewart. Catalina has a look of disgust on her face.

Harvey: Really Paul? You are... you are going to bring up one of the most horrific moments of my life?

Catalina: That's really low, Paul.

Stewart: Well-

Harvey interrupts Paul Stewart once again.

Harvey: Paul, I'm not mad about you bringing this atrocity up... I'm just disappointed. Crimson Lord-

Harvey now turns to face the camera. We slowly zoom closer and closer.

Harvey: You think your little stunt was funny? Did you think destroying my half a million dollar Rolls-Royce was going to make me fear you? Not in the slightest. All it did was bring in some... police involvement.

Harvey and Catalina chuckle.

Harvey: You destroyed my property. This is the real world... where criminals get punished. I filled out a police report in South Carolina and there is a warrant for Crimson Lord's arrest. By the end of the night...

Harvey looks right at Paul Stewart and puts on a huge smile.

Harvey: Crimson Lord will be behind bars. Between us... I hope he doesn't go quietly.

Harvey lets out a devilish laugh just before him and Catalina exit the scene. Paul Stewart stands watching the two exit. The screen fades to black.

Swing back to ringside. The lads are in the announcer booth, ready to call a dayum match~!

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, it's Gauntlet time!

Ace: We already have Dexter Pointdexter and Theo Baylor at ringside, but there are still two more to come, from what I understand.

Blackfront: Andy Murray is certainly up against it. If he wants the UTA Title shot, he's going to have to earn it! Neither Dexter nor Baylor come with the most decorated resumé, but Dexter handled Jestal at the last pay-per-view, Baylor technically owns a victory over Murray.

Ace: That he does, Jason, and when you consider who the next two guys are, I don't give the old bastard much of a chance at all. Heck, we might as well take him out back and give him the Old Yeller treatment already.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is The UTA Championship Gauntlet! Introducing first, already in the ring... THEO BAYLOR AND DEXTER POINTDEXTEEEERRRRRRR!

Theo flexes, while Dexter shuffles around awkwardly, not looking too comfortably in the uber-macho Baylor's presence. "Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams suddenly hits the PA system, and the mood changes immediately as Jamie Sawyers strides out of the back, accompanying a snarling David Hightower to the ring.

Ace: Oh baby! We've about to see a Scotsman get mauled!

Blackfront: We don't know the order of entry yet, but if Murray can't pin all four of these guys, he won't be getting a title shot.

Ace: One false move and he's done for, Jason! He might be able to get through the geek and Baylor, what but if Hightower goes first?! He'll definitely have an axe to grind with Murray, given the way he lost the last time he faced.

Blackfront: You're not wrong, Tommy! Folks, we're going to head to a commercial ahead of the action. Be right back!

Blackfront: Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen... looks like Dexter and Baylor don't want anything to do with David Hightower!

Ace: Can you blame them?! That guy always looks like he wants to rip someone's head off!

The other two wrestlers have bailed from the ring on Hightower's approach, but David stops on the apron as soon as "Badlands" by Mayday hits through the PA system. The crowd start jeering as the obnoxious Chris Ross swaggers out from the back and starts making his way to the ring.

Ace: Here comes another guy who doesn't like Andy Murray!

Blackfront: Of course! The Scot picked-up a decisive victory over "The Boss" several months ago, and just like an elephant, Chris Ross never forgets...

Ace: Are you saying Chris Ross is an elephant?!

Blackfront: No, of course no--

Ace: Hey, Ross! Jason called you an elephant!

Jordan: Aaaaand finally! Making his way to the ring from Harrisburg, PA, he weighs in at 250lbs, this is "THE BOSS" CHR--

The commotion catches CH Jordan off-guard.

What commotion?

Theo Baylor and Dexter Pointdexter charge at Chris Ross!

Ace: What the hell?!

The duo catch “The Boss” off-guard, allowing them to get the jump on him at the bottom of the ramp. Both men pummel away with a righteous fury, before David Hightower enters the scene, knocking Ross down with a huge right hand!

Blackfront: My god! It’s three-on-one!

Ace: Fight back, Boss!

Chris tries, and he lands a couple of shots on Dexter, but it’s too much. The numbers game is too much, and as Hightower restrains him, the other two hammer away!

Blackfront: I think I see what’s going on here!

Ace: What?!

Blackfront: All three of these men have been abused by the boss lately! Baylor and Pointdexter were both “binned,” while Hightower was treated like a dirt in a tag match a few months ago! This, Tommy, is comeuppance.

Baylor drills Ross with a DDT on the ramp, to the delight of the fans around him.

Ace: C’mon! This ain’t fair!

Blackfront: It’s not, but it’s impossible to feel sympathy for a man like Ross! This is a receipt!

Finally Hightower takes control, sending the other two men away. Hoisting the 250lb man off the ground, David spins around, then slams his back down on the cold, hard steel! “The Boss” wails in agony as a horde of medics and security staff stream down the ramp, effectively saving him.

Blackfront: Jesus! Something tells me that “The Boss” won’t be participating in the Gauntlet after all!

Ace: Not after a beating like that! They did a number on him!

Baylor talks a little shit, while a smiling Jamie Sawyers calls his “client” away. The trio slowly make their way back to ringside as “Hail to the King, Baby” by The Heavy Eyes hits over the PA system, and the crowd pop.

Blackfront: Well, here comes the man himself!

Fired-up, Andy Murray pounces through the curtain, hollering something to the crowd from the top of the ramp. He starts making his way down to the ring, passing the motionless mess that is Chris Ross en route. Murray can’t help but crack a smile at the sight.

Jordan: Aaaaaaaaand their opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs-in at 280lbs... “THE KING”... ANDY MURRAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Ace: Ugh! Here’s hoping the remaining three competitors get the job done! The last thing I want is this goof getting another title shot...

Blackfront: Surely the last thing you want at the moment is Impulse winning the belt later tonight?

Ace: ... that also.

Murray slaps hands with a few fans, before walking right through the middle of his clump of opponents, then rolling under the bottom rope. There’s absolutely no fucking around from him tonight: he quickly removes his ring jacket and hands it to Jordan, before adopting a “ready” stance, calling for his first opponent.

Blackfront: The would-be contender wants to get right down to business, but who’s it gonna be?!

Dexter Pointdexter is the first man! He climbs into the ring gingerly, unsure what to make for Andy.

Ace: Awww fuck, not this dope!

Blackfront: At 6'1", 225lbs, Dexter is giving up a lot of size to Murray, and might lack the confidence to make a first start here. Still, he's a surprisingly creative wrestler, and someone who's more than capable of giving the Scot a good run.

"The Keyboard Warrior" readies himself, and the referee calls for the bell. The opening few seconds see some circling, before a Greco-Roman knuckle-lock that Murray gets the advantage of. He twists Dexter's arms downwards, before going behind, pulling his forearms across his throat in a double Chickenwing. Pointdexter tries to grapple free, but Murray pushes a boot into the back of his knee, sending him to his knees.

With Dexter close to grounded, Murray retains control of one arm but pulls it into a Half Nelson. He wraps his other arm around Pointdexter's throat, before yanking him to his feet, and tossing him overhead with a crazy-looking Suplex... but Dexter lands on his feet! Surprised by his own agility, Dexter shakes away his bamboozlement, then ducks Murray's charging clothesline. He leans in with a few forearms, but Murray blocks a third, fires back with a European uppercut, then downs him with a short Lariat!

Pointdexter pops back up, then runs right into a second Lariat. With him still down, Murray wraps his arms around his waist, deadlifts him from the ground, and flattens him with a German Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Fast start by Murray, which makes a lot of sense. He wants to keep this as brief as possible, because he technically has to win THREE different matches here!

"The King" wastes no time in hauling Dexter up and putting him in the corner. There, Murray stings his chest with a few chops, before whipping him to the opposite corner, and hitting a running Yakuza Kick. He whips him to the opposite again, but this time Dexter ducks the Yakuza, and runs him out of the corner with a Bulldog! Pointdexter runs to the ropes, coming back with a Rolling Senton Splash!

Ace: What the?! The geek's got skills!

Blackfront: Smarter counter-work from Dexter, but how long will it last?

He goes for the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT WITH AUTHORITY!

Blackfront: Good lord!

Murray powers out with such force that Dexter flies a few metres across the ring! The nerd comes back, stomping Murray to stifle his rise, but he can't quite keep him down. The Scot gets to his feet, catches Dexter's boot, and takes him down with a Dragon Screw!

Andy calls his opponent back up. Pointdexter charges at him, looking for a leaping forearm, but he gets drilled into the mat with a Spinebuster! From there, Andy quickly leans down, grabs him, and positions him carefully on his shoulder.

Blackfront: Highland Hangover!

The sitout side Powerslam compresses Dexter's head, neck, and shoulders into the mat, and Murray makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen Dexter Pointdexter has been eliminated!

Ace: Three and a half minutes! That's how long he lasted!

Blackfront: Andy Murray is fighting like a man with everything to lose. Dexter may have fared better on another night, but tonight, "The King" is on fire!

Andy gets off his first defeated opponent, but he can't do a thing before Theo Baylor rushes inside, clobbering him from behind!

Ace: Ha! Take that, old guy!

Blackfront: I guess Baylor's up next!

Theo batters the larger man. Murray's able to rise through it, but he takes quite the beating in the process, and can't block the knee when Baylor clinches up. Murray staggers bag against the ropes and Baylor smacks him with a couple of forearms, then pulls him away, and right into a clothesline, sending him to the ground!

Ace: And you thought Murray made a fast start! Look at Baylor go!

Baylor pauses to flex, which probably isn't wise. He returns to Andy, stomping down on him a couple of times, before kicking his chest when he recovers to a knelt position. Murray grabs the second kick, however, then rises. Baylor attempts to leap inside with a punch, but Murray ducks, then sends him back against the ropes with an uppercut!

Chop! Chop! Chop! A welt starts to appear on Baylor's chest, before he's whipped across the ropes. Murray pops him into the air on the rebound, catching him with another European Uppercut on the way down!

Blackfront: Shutthe-EFF-uppercut!

Ace: Just say "fuck," Jason! Jesus!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Murray doesn't pause for a second. He charges across the ring, then calls for the dazed Baylor to get up. He then dashes back towards his foe, trying to catch him with a running knee, but Theo ducks! Baylor springs to his feet, gouges the eyes, but takes the referee's admonishment on the chin. He returns to action by clubbing Murray over the back of the head, before tying his right shoulder up.

Blackfront: Baylor moves to Murray's previously injured shoulder! Remember folks, it was that shoulder giving way that gave Theo his first victory over the Scot, and Baylor obviously remembers that.

Ace: Let's see how much of a recover Murray has really made.

Baylor works the submission, but Murray uses his technique to get out. At that point, Theo starts going a little harder, hitting Murray with a few strikes, before binning him from the ring. Andy falls to the outside, and Theo throws him shoulder-first into the ring steps!

Theo pauses to shout some bullshit to the crowd, before returning to Andy. He throws him back inside the ring and goes to the corner, attempting to throw him shoulder-first through the 'buckles, and into the post. Murray counters, however, tripping Baylor, then following up with a 280lb leaping back Senton!

Blackfront: Huge move from Murray! But how much damage as Theo Baylor done!

Andy doesn't cover. Instead, he takes a few moments to recover, knowing that he still potentially has Hightower waiting

for him. He clambers up to his feet, but that proves to be a mistake as Baylor rolls him up!

Ace: SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Both men surge to their feet, with Baylor striking first! Forearm! Elbow! Right cross! Straight right! The blows send Murray reeling, but he swings a Clothesline... ducked! Baylor moves behind, and puts him in the dirt with a back drop!

Baylor takes a moment to recover, but moves back onto the offensive. He goes for a few mounted punches, but Murray's uses his freakish dexterity to trap the arm, then flip him over into a Cross Armbreaker!

Ace: Where the fuck did that come from?!

Blackfront: That caught Theo off-guard!

It sure did, and the younger wrestler has no match for Murray's razor-sharp technique! Recognising that the application is perfect, Baylor taps as soon as the first tendon starts to snap!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, Theo Baylor has been eliminated!

Blackfront: Talk about a flash submission! Incredible presence of mind from Murray -- that's 23 years of experience in action, folks!

Ace: And with just under ten minutes on the clock, "The Baddest Dog In The Yard" is about to enter the fray!

Blackfront: A daunting prospect for Murray, who took some significant damage against Baylor there!

Sawyers says a few words to hype his client up, but Hightower doesn't really need them. Looking as stone-faced as ever, David clambers awkwardly into the ring. He watches as Murray rolls his shoulder back and forth, then wipes the sweat from his brow.

Blackfront: Folks, get ready for the HOSS FIGHT!

Ace: My body is ready, Jason. So, so ready.

The duo meet in the middle of the ring and immediately start throwing bombs. Just like last time they faced, it's a brutal, nasty affair, with both landing flush, but Hightower getting the upperhand on his 39-year-old opponent. Hightower lands several shots unanswered, before backing Andy into a corner with some stiff body shots, then putting two hands around his throat. The referee breaks the stranglehold at four, and David reluctantly backs off.

Looking worse for wear now, Andy comes forward carefully, not really wanting to play his vicious opponent's game. He tries to keep distance with a teep kick as he plots his next move, but David rushes, going full berserker. Andy sensibly puts his dukes up to cover his face, but he can't block 'em all, and Hightower eventually gets the upper hand. Murray gets whipped across the ring, but catches David by surprise on the rebound, leaping through the air with a jumping shoulder block!

Hightower goes reeling backwards, and Murray takes a few steps back. A big running Clothesline sends Hightower to the outside!

Blackfront: Out goes Hightower! But is Andy hurt?!

Ace: Hightower landed a lot of shots there, Jason! The old bastard better recover, because he's not gonna have much time!

Sure enough Andy falls to one knee, feeling the force of the accumulated blows. Sawyers wills Hightower to his feet on

the outside, and when David's eyes meet with Murray's, he immediately charges right back into the ring. The blows start flying again, but Murray plays it smarter this time, picking his shots, and breaking through Hightower's blitzkrieg with a well-placed uppercut!

A whip sends David into the corner, and Murray follows up with a charge! COUNTER! HUGE Spinebuster into the turnbuckles!

Ace: HOLY SHIT!

Blackfront: THAT'S A KILLSHOT! IT'S OVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE---

NO! MURRAY KICKS OUT!

Blackfront: SOMEHOW Andy kicks out!

Ace: That was one hell of a fuckin' counter by Hightower!

Blackfront: Indeed it was! Look how saggy the top rope is! Murray is a big, big man, and his full 280lbs just came crashing down upon that turnbuckle, effectively knocking it loose!

Ace: We're gonna need some technicians out here before the main, that's for sure!

With Sawyers shouting instructions, David sets upon Murray, bringing a few mounted elbows down upon him. Breaking ahead of the five count, he drags Murray across the ring, leaps into the air, and comes back down with a fist drop. He doesn't cover, however, and insteads to take the Scot's gas tank away with another stranglehold, which is of course broken before the DQ.

Hightower has no patience. He hauls Murray to his feet and sets the groggy Scot up in the corner. He doesn't wait for him to recover, and charges forward, nailing him with a huge Spear! Andy buckles forward, clutching his ribs, but Hightower downs him for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Another kickout, but how much more punishment can Andy take!

Ace: None! He's done for, Jason!

With Murray at his mercy, David returns to his feet, then runs a thumb across his throat.

Ace: He's calling for the end!

It takes the Scot a while to get there, but he eventually gets to his feet. Murray shambles around, swaying like a zombie, as Hightower sets him up...

Blackfront: 5AM THE NEX--

Ace: NO!

Murray ducks!

Pulls Hightower round!

THUNK!

Shoot headbutt right to the goddamn forehead, son!

Blackfront: JESUS CHRIST! That may have put both men out!

The desperation move sends Hightower slumping back to the ropes, and Murray to one knee. A tiny wound opens up between Murray's eye, and a trickle of blood oozes down his feet. He slowly starts rising to his feet, but Hightower's there first...

Blackfront: THE DOG'S POUNCE!

David connects with a headbutt of his only, only this one is leaping! Murray flops to the ground but Hightower's slowing too, still dazed from the headbutt. Eventually he puts both hands on Andy and tries to hoist him up, but Murray slugs him once in the stomach, then cracks his jaw with a huge elbow!

Hightower sways backwards, then sways forwards, catching Murray with a looping punch! Andy hits the ropes, flops backwards, and uses the moment to launch into one of his own! Hightower rushes forward, recovering quickly, but runs right into Murray's grasp, and with a huuuuuge 180 degree rotation, he gets planted into the ground with a Scoop Powerslam!

Blackfront: EARTHSHAKER!

Ace: The cover!

OONN--

NO! NOT EVEN AT ONE!

Ace: WHAT THE FUCK?!

Blackfront: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! Hightower just kicked-out of one of Murray's biggest moves before the ref's hand could hit the mat!

Andy falls away, shocked at his opponent's resilience. Somehow, Hightower is already getting to his feet. Murray rushes him and swarms with a few strikes, but David powers through, catches him with a few right hands, then rocks him with a left! Hightower suddenly throws him in a front facelock and grabs the waistband...

Blackfront: Hightower with a SUP-- NO! MURRAY COUNTERS.

Andy reverse the position... hauls Hightower up... HIGHLAND HANGOVER!

Ace: WHOA!

Blackfront: That could be it!

Murray doesn't go for the cover, however. Instead, he feels a burst of adrenaline course through his veins, and pulls David up and onto his shoulders one more time!

Blackfront: A SECOND Highland Hangover!

"The King" hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: What a war, Tommy!

Ace: I--- wow... just wow...

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner...

Andy tries to rise to his feet, but he's too messed up. Instead, he moves into a seated position, and lets the official raise his hand from there.

Jordan: ... and NEW number one contender to the UTA Championship... ANDY MURRAAYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Blackfront: Finally, Andy Murray has his long sought-after second UTA Title shot! A huge, huge performance from the Scot tonight!

Ace: Yeah, but he damn near had to kill David Hightower there! "The Baddest Dog" had him on the ropes a couple of times, and it took TWO finishers to put him away!

Blackfront: Dexter Pointdexter fell first, then Theo Baylor, and Hightower came within an inch of putting Murray away! Nothing but death was going to stop the Scot tonight, and though he took one hell of a beating in those past few minutes, he has overcome this monumental challenge, and earned his second title shot!

Finally, a tired Murray rises to his feet and throws an arm in the air, prompting much jubilation from the fans.

Ace: Fuck, well, here's hoping Kendrix wins later on...

Blackfront: Whatever happens in the main event, we're set for a potential classic in a couple of weeks! A big-time performance from the veteran, who'll no doubt fight with the same fire at the pay-per-view!

Put It in a Lock Box

The show moves to the parking lot, Crimson and Zoey dressed in street clothes make their way toward the backstage area.

Blackfront: Here comes Crimson Lord, but does he know Harvey has a warrant for his arrest?

Ace: I hope not, frankly the surprise will alleviate the disgust i have for this man. The gull of this man to destroy a brand new Rolls Royce.

Crimson hands his badge to the security guard, along with Zoey. He grants them access, Crimson and Zoey enter the Richmond Coliseum. In another part of the arena Richmond's finest head toward the parking lot entrance.

Crimson and Zoey pass a few WrestleUTA trucks, before coming face to face with the police.

Police Officer: Mr. Lord we have a warrant for your arrest.

Zoey: What is the charge?

Police Officer: Miss, it's for a vandalization of a vehicle....

He pulls out a pad and flips a couple pages, until he reaches the page of the report.

Police Officer: A 2017 Phantom Rolls-Royce, owned by a Jay Harvey.

Zoey looks at Crimson, who slowly smirks.

Crimson: Isn't this nice, now he needs Richmond's finest to fight his battle for him.

He extends his palms upward toward the police without any resistance. The cop puts his pad away and pulls out his handcuffs. They cuff him and start to usher him out of the building with Zoey following behind him.

Blackfront: Harvey, just had Crimson arrested here folks!

Ace: You sound like he didn't have this coming the man committed a crime. What do you think just because he is

Crimson Lord he is above the law?

Blackfront: You want to know what I think Tommy? I think Jay does not want anything to do with Crimson Lord. So much so that he would have him removed from the arena just to feel safe here.

Ace: Please, THE Jay Harvey wouldn't need to worry about such things. He is doing his civic duty and reporting a criminal.

The sound of clapping is heard. The camera pans to the left as THE Jay Harvey walks into the picture. Catalina isn't far behind him, holding his Legacy title over her right shoulder.

Harvey: Justice is FINALLY being served! I love it!

Crimson Lord curls his lip as his eyes lock on his nemesis. Harvey continues clapping as he gets mere feet from Crimson Lord.

Harvey: Maybe a few nights behind bars will teach you a lesson! You do the crime and you do the time! Haha!

Officers start to escort Crimson Lord from the arena and Harvey continues to follow, continues to harass.

Harvey: You're lucky these fine officers are here... otherwise I'd-

One officer turns and halts Harvey.

Officer: Sir, if you continue to get in the way of me and my other officers, I'm going to have no choice but to arrest you for obstruction.

Harvey puts his hands up and slowly walks backward. Crimson Lord and his police escort leave the scene, leaving Harvey and Catalina dead center. Both have smiles on their faces. The feed fades to black.

Product Placement

"MIKEY!"

It's the voice of the manic maniac, Jack Harmen, pounding furiously onto the door he believes is Mikey Unlikely's office. He wears street clothes, black jeans and a UTA t-shirt, with his hair down, wild and unkempt. He slams his fist into the office again.

Jack Harmen: I know you're in there! (pounds) YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME!

Suddenly, he's tapped on the shoulder from behind, quite politely I might add. Standing just off screen, revealed as the cameraman steps back, is none other than fresh faced Brittney-Jean Dean, wearing the brightest of smiles. She holds a microphone to her lips.

Brittney-Jean Dean: Excuse me Jack. What are you doing?

Jack Harmen: I'm looking for Mikey. What's it to you Jamie Sawyers?

Brittney-Jean Dean: Uhm, sorry? Jamie's a guy. (Harmen mouths 'She is?') I'm Brittney, Brittney-Jean Dean, daughter of Bobby Dean. I'm his replacement.

Jack goes to knock against but then turns back to Brittney in confusion.

Jack Harmen: Wait, waitwaitwait... Bobby Dean had sex?

Brittney is taken back by this comment, and then disgusted at the thought of her father procreating. This allows Harmen to disengage and start slamming his hand onto the office door again.

Jack Harmen: You'd open this door if it was a three picture deal!

Brittney-Jean Dean: Jack. Listen, first off, Mikey's requested that the roster not bother him nearly as often as they have

in the past. Second. That's actually a storage closet.

Jack Harmen frowns. He lowers his hand to the door handle and it clicks open. Inside the room are mops, cables, snacks. He reaches out and grabs a bag of fruit gushers and starts eating.

Jack Harmen: I... I just wanted to know where the extra snacks were.

Brittney-Jean Dean: Sure you did Jack. But what happened just moments ago with Jestal and your protege, the Tiny Attorney Mary-Lynn Mayweather? I'd wager that's why you're fuming.

Harmen sneers, unable to hold in his rage.

Jack Harmen: That birthday party reject? Yeah. Guy's coco in the coco puffs, and it takes one to know one. Then he splattered my locker room door with at least a hundred of these fliers.

Harmen holds up the "Wanted" fliers that Jestal was carrying earlier in the night.

Jack Harmen: It's like he paper mache'd my locker shut. A guy who doesn't carry a flame thrower around with him might still be stuck inside there. Also, I should apologize to the fire department...

Brittney-Jean Dean: That's what that burning smell was earlier...

Jack Harmen: Listen, clown-baby gets in my way or harms Mary, he's gonna eat my boot down his gullet. As for Stevens stealing that rubber chicken, good riddance. I mean... it wouldn't have been the weirdest thing to be struck with to lose a professional wrestling match, but I can understand Stevens feeling humiliated for losing last show to me because of that fat Joker and his pleasure foul.

Brittney-Jean Dean: Speaking of Stevens, Jestal has been saying he's been helping you lately, and that was never more prevalent than against your match with Stevens.

Jack Harmen: Stevens earned my respect last week, and it's a shame we couldn't definitely find out who was the better man that night. That's all the Clown Prince's fault, not mine. He's playing a familiar game to me. It's chaos through obfuscation of facts Brittney. I did it all the time back in my more selfish days, hell, Impulse knows that side of me very well. Good luck dude!

Harmen gives a thumbs up to the camera.

Jack Harmen: So, know that nothing Jestal does matters, unless you react to it.

Brittney-Jean Dean: So you're denying any sort of alliance with Jestal.

Jack Harmen: Brittney, if I found that stupid rubber chicken, I'd use my flame thrower and make rotisserie plastic. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go. Our main event is starting soon and I want to properly enjoy it.

Jack Harmen reaches into the storage closet and takes a box of fruit gushers and a miniature car vacuum cleaner. He turns to Brittney.

Jack Harmen: Gusher?

Brittney squints and shakes her head no. Harmen shrugs, and pops his mouth full of em. Through garbled yells...

Jack Harmen: More for me!

As he walks off down the hallway

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, we are moments away from a rather impromptu WrestleUTA World Title match between Kendrix and the challenger Impulse.

Ace: Impromptu? I can't believe Kendrix has to defend his title against an opponent, he's had virtually no time to prepare for!

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit... and it is for the WrestleUTA World Championship!

Blackfront: As Champion, Tommy... shouldn't he always be prepared?

Ace: He's a Champion, not a boy scout.

Jordan: Introducing first... from Washington Heights, New York...

? "Revolution" by SIRS ? as the fans rise to their feet.

Jordan: Weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... The Marathon Man... IMPULSE!

As he's done every appearance since Calico Rose went on the shelf, Impulse walks out, stops at the top of the ramp for just a second, and walks to the ring with purpose. He slaps a few outstretched hands on the way, but other than that, he appears to be focused on the ring.

Blackfront: He's all business tonight, Tommy!

Ace: All business, sure - but all loser. The BOSS is in his head and the CHAMP is on his way to the ring in just a minute... Impulse doesn't have the stones to win tonight.

Blackfront: Be that as it may, whoever wins this main event tonight will go one on one with Andy Murray at Absolution after The King successfully overcame Mikey Unlikely's Gauntlet, moments ago.

Impulse leans back

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

The lights in the arena go out momentarily 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 two hundred and eighteen pounds...

Blackfront: Kendrix didn't look too happy earlier when Mikey Unlikely put the title on the line but he looks confident making his way to the ring here.

Ace: Of course he's confident, Jason. JFK's our Champion! And Mikey is obviously confident in him to have made the match in the first place, but this is a very dangerous situation for JFK.

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix eyes Impulse, points at him to keep away as he hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Jordan: He is the WRESTLEUTA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIOONNN! JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY.....
KEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Hopping off the turnbuckle and back to the mat, Jesse discards his shades and "JFK" t-shirt to a ringside hand. As senior referee James Brooks approaches him, Jesse holds the belt up in front of him, kissing it and handing it over to the ref.

Blackfront: Could this be the end of the Champ's reign. Could we be seeing a New WrestleUTA World Champion crowned right here tonight?

The shot closes in on the WrestleUTA belt raised above Brooks's head. Upon handing the title to the ringside hand he signals both participants to their corners before signaling to the timekeeper to start the match.

Ding Ding Ding!

Blackfront: Here we go! Both men spritely circle each other and straight into the tie up. Jostling back and forth but Impulse is eventually pushed back into the corner.

The ref arrives at the count of four as Kendrix lets go of his lighter opponent, holding his hands up innocently by the side of his head before getting a chop quickly in across Impulse's chest.

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix: I'M THE CHAMP, BELL-END!!

Having taken the time to show boat to the crowd, Kendrix returns his attention back on his opponent, but Impulse returns fire with some chops across the chest of his own, one after another pushing the Champ back toward the centre of the ring. Kendrix swings a forearm but Impulse ducks under it, wraps his hands around JFK's neck looking for a neckbreaker but Kendrix reverses and locks the Marathon Man's arm behind his back.

Blackfront: Kendrix yanking at the arm but Impulse, leaning back pushes the Champ back onto the ropes.

Releasing the hold, JFK's momentum off the ropes forces Impulse running across to the other side, on the rebound JFK drops to the canvass with Impulse jumping over him and through to the other side. On the way back Jesse goes for another clothesline but it's telegraphed.

Blackfront: And this time Impulse connects with the neckbreaker, sending the champ to the mat.

Ace: That's it JFK, you get out of there!

Having rolled to the outside Kendrix beats his hands down on the apron in frustration. As the ref begins his count, The Champ holds the back of his neck and begins to make his way up the ramp. Unfortunately for him, Impulse isn't far behind him, striking JFK in the back, grabbing him by the head and rolling him back into the ring.

Blackfront: Impulse not willing to let Kendrix take the easy route out of this one with a count out DQ.

Ace: Impulse knows this is a huge opportunity, YES, GET HIM!

Kendrix was up quickly and met Impulse with a boot to the side of the head on his way back in the ring. Jesse follows up with another couple of shots to the head, following Impulse covering up in the corner. Kendrix holds both hands on the top rope as he delivers measured stomps into the gut of the the now seated challenger.

Blackfront: Referee James Brooks had to forcefully remove Kendrix's hands from the ropes and get between him and Impulse there. Impulse is back up to a standing position but JFK connects with a running forearm.

Ace: That almost sent Impulse flying out and over the turnbuckle. Kendrix had to drag him back him.

JFK irish whips Impulse into the opposite corner, sending him back first into the turnbuckles and facing no respite as The Champ follows up quickly with another running forearm which sends Impulse stumbling out of the corner. JFK doesn't let up, hooking his arms around the midriff to hit a beautiful German Suplex bridge pin.

ONE

TWO

Blackfront: KICKOUT at two from Impulse. The Marathon Man with the early running in this title match but the tide has swiftly turned in JFK's favour.

As the challenger rises, Kendrix stalks him from behind and hooks him again with another German Suplex, and he

bridges again!

ONE

TWO

Kickout!

Blackfront: It's not a bad strategy, Tommy.

Ace: Absolutely. Kendrix is trying to get this match done with as early as possible. Taking the air right out of Impulse's lungs is a great way to do that.

The screen splits in two, the left hand side showing the live feed as Jesse shakes his head annoyed at not getting the three count, the right hand side showing the replay of the German Suplex Bridge Pin attempt.

Impulse is up to his knees but JFK looks for the German Suplex one more time, this time though Impulse hooks his foot around the back of Jessie's and hits a sit down Jaw Breaker, stunning Kendrix into facing away from his opponent. Impulse rolls forward and turns defensively, and while Kendrix rubs his chin in pain, the challenger ricochets off the ropes and drops him, face first, to the mat with a running bulldog! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout by the Champ!

Ace: He's not the WrestleUTA World Champion for nothing, Jason.

Blackfront: Agreed, but it's also good strategy on Impulse's end to try to get the quick win if Kendrix is off balance.

Impulse scoops Kendrix, and whips him into the ropes. Off the opposite side, and a high angle backdrop sends JFK back down, and scrambling to the ropes in pain. Impulse follows up, leans into Kendrix against the ropes, and pulls him backwards with a roll up!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

JFK sends him forward into the ropes, and Impulse has enough wits about him to turn and rebound, but as he comes back, the Champion hooks him with a hip toss that sends him skidding into the corner. The challenger slowly pulls himself up, and as he gets back to a standing position, Kendrix charges him and knocks him silly with a knee lift!

Blackfront: Kendrix connecting big time with that knee. Impulse is staggered and JFK plants him with a bulldog and now straight into the Kendrix Kross!

Ace: He's got the crossface locked in good, Jason!

Impulse shouts out in agony as Kendrix arches the challengers neck back, his arm locked in between the Champ's inner thighs, dead centre of the ring. Impulse reaches out for the ropes but he's nowhere near.

Ace: Just tap now you idiot, save your energy for another day.

Brooks is down on all fours, checking on Impulse.

Kendrix: ASK HIM!

Brooks indeed asks the question, Impulse's hand drops but he hauls it back up to reach out and try to prize Jesse's hands off his face but they don't budge. He plants his free hand down to the canvas and uses all his energy to fight

through the pain and crawl towards the ropes.

Blackfront: The Marathon Man is hanging in there, desperately trying to get to the bottom rope but Kendrix drags him back. Impulse trying for another side, how has he not tapped?

Ace: Impulse can try for any side he wants but he's not going to get to any of the ropes.

IMPULSE, IMPULSE, IMPULSE!

Kendrix: TAP, YOU BELLEND!

Impulse can't quite get to the ropes as Kendrix again hauls him back toward the centre of the ring. He lifts his hand up, about ready to tap but he clenches his fist at the very last moment and powers himself backwards, forcing JFK's shoulders to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

Jesse releases the hold in the nick of time to break the pinfall.

Blackfront: The hold is broken, Tommy, but how much damage was done?

Ace: Too much, my friend, too much! It's only a matter of time!

As if he's somehow listening to the commentators, Kendrix immediately spins around and drives the point of his elbow into the back of his neck! Impulse staggers forward into the ropes. Another strike - with his fist - has Kendrix sending Impulse to his knees against the ropes.

Blackfront: Kendrix smelling blood here. Back off the opposite side, charges but ohhh, nobody home!

The screen splits in two, the left hand side showing the live feed of the crowd cheering on Impulse as he pulls himself up by the ropes, the right hand side showing the replay of JFK's attempted lunge at the Marathon Man and ending balls first onto the middle rope.

Ace: Oh, that's gotta hurt, Impulse got out of the way at the last second. No one should be hanging on the ropes by that part of the body, especially not our champ!

With Kendrix hanging rather uncomfortably on the middle rope, Impulse backs up and waits. The second the Champ steps fully back between the ropes, he rushes.

Blackfront: Roll up by Impulse!

ONE...

TWO...

Kendrix kicks out! He sends Impulse into the ropes, and the challenger rebounds back! JFK stays down while Impulse hops over him and comes back around! Kendrix kips up and takes a swing - Impulse ducks! Off again, and the Champ with a backdrop!

Ace: TURN AROUND!

Impulse lands on his feet! Kendrix with a quick hook and drops to his knees for a backslide!

ONE...

TWO...

Impulse slides out!

A side - to - side replay shows Kendrix looking up as he backdrops Impulse - he sees him go over too much for an effective offensive move, and he was ready.

Blackfront: Great ring awareness by the Champion!

Ace: That's why he's the champ!

Both men stand, and Kendrix moves towards his challenger - Impulse steps forward and lifts him! Reverse atomic drop!

Ace: Not the boys again!

Hook around the shoulder and waist, and Impulse with a T-Bone suplex!

Blackfront: Kendrix pops up and leans into the corner, holding the back of his head, and these fans are cheering like crazy, they can smell a new Champion!

Ace: And here I thought that stench was the fans themselves, you're telling me that's Impulse? Makes sense.

Impulse latches onto Kendrix again, and lifts him with a side suplex, dropping him head - and - shoulders first onto the mat, and he rolls right on over him with a hook of the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Blackfront: So close!

Ace: And yet so far... Come on, bruv!

Kendrix instinctively rolls to the ropes after Impulse gets up, but the challenger does not follow through - he waits and stalks.

Close up on the Champ... he looks dazed.

Ace: TURN AROUND!

Blackfront: THE MESSAGE! IMPULSE HAS THAT DOUBLE WRISTLOCK CINCHED IN TIGHT! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

The fans rise to their feet as one, while Impulse slowly forces Kendrix down to the mat with the leverage on his wrist. JFK reaches, pulls, and strains... but he can't grab the rope! The referee is right there, asking him if he wants to give, but he's holding on strong.

Ace: NO!!!!

Blackfront: Kendrix... He's tapping out!

Ace: HE IS NOT!

No, he's not. But he taps his free hand on the mat once... twice... and kicks his legs out from under himself!

Ace: YES!

The sudden jerk of pressure on his trapped arm looks excruciating, but the gamble pays off as Kendrix is able to hook the bottom rope by the very tips of his boots, and Impulse releases the hold!

Blackfront: Great instincts by the Champion, but that might've been all she wrote anyway; his arm was horribly trapped.

Once again, the referee checks Kendrix to see if he's good to continue, and he nods yes, all the while slowly pulling himself up. Impulse moves in as soon as the referee steps out, and he spins the Champion around - KENDRIX WITH

AN OPEN PALM TO THE CHIN!

Blackfront: Impulse dazed by that blow, if the Champ wants to get back the advantage, now's the time!

Clothesline by Kendrix, but Impulse manages to duck it purely on instinct, and JFK holds his damaged arm as the two men turn back towards each other -

Blackfront: JFK hit the Bell-End out of nowhere!

Ace: Yes! That's it!

Kendrix, with that "Totally obvs" look on his face crawls over and drapes an arm over the fallen Impulse's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

Blackfront: NO! Shoulder barely up from Impulse.

Ace: What? How?!

Kendrix, holding his head in his hands, arches his back up now at a seated position looks up at Brooks and holds three fingers up at him, however, the senior WrestleUTA official shakes his head back and adamantly holds two fingers in the Champ's direction. Jesse slams his own back straight back down to the mat, head back in his hands, exasperated.

The screen switches into two, showing the impact of the Bell-End in slow motion as the live feed picks up Kendrix making his way to the top rope with Impulse still back first on the canvas.

Blackfront: Kendrix, climbing the turnbuckle, desperate look on his face now.

Ace: Desperate times call for desperate measures, Jason. The title's on the line and JFK knows he has to do everything he can to keep his title.

Setting himself up steady on the top turnbuckle, Kendrix shakes his closed wrist down at Impulse before setting off into a five star frog splash.

Blackfront: Nobody home! Impulse rolled out of the way at the last second!

Jesse holds his chest, writhing in pain from the impact. Impulse, shaking off the after effects of the Bell-End, grabs hold of the middle rope and attempts to haul himself back to a standing position, the arena firmly behind him.

LETS GO IMPULSE!

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

LETS GO IMPULSE!

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Blackfront: Both men up to their feet, technical expertise out the window here now as both men throwing laboured shots at each other.

Ace: This has turned into a slug fest!

Kendrix connects with a right forearm, Impulse returns the favour. Back and forth but it's Impulse who gets the upper hand as Kendrix staggers back towards the corner with no reply until he swings back, but it's wild, majorly telegraphed and, more importantly, ducked under by Impulse before Kendrix turns back around to face him.

Blackfront: SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse has the leg hooked!

Ace: NO!

With that, Impulse turns and walks up the ramp, leaving Kendrix to his moment in the ring.

Blackfront: The grimace on Kendrix face tells the story. Impulse took the Champ all the way here tonight. But love him or hate him, JFK proved to the world tonight why he's the WrestleUTA Champion and that he is certainly ready for Absolution and a date with Andy Murray.

Kendrix snatches his hand away from Brooks and hobbles over to the turnbuckle. Climbing up to the second turnbuckle, hand across his ribs, he raises the title up high and points his free index finger back on his chest as the Hulu and WrestleUTA logos appear on the bottom right hand corner of the screen as the shot fades out.

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