

# WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E20

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## Results

### WrestleUTA on Hulu: S1 EP20

Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu ep 20

23 May 2017

Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, Virginia (seats 13,800)

We open to the crowd and their signs as the camera pans across the cheering faces. The fans are beyond excited. The camera does a full 360 pan before cutting to another camera at ringside that stops on our commentary team.

Blackfront: Welcome ladies and Gentleman to the twentieth edition of WrestleUTA on Hulu! We're here in beautiful Hampton, Virginia at the Hampton Coliseum! We're jam packed here tonight as we reach another sold out crowd! I'm Jason Blackfront, and with me as always is my broadcast partner, Tommy Ace!

Ace: We're here in Hampton and ready for another big night Jason! THE Jay Harvey is in action! That makes me a very happy man!

Blackfront: That's right! THE Jay Harvey steps into the ring in our main event to defend his Legacy Championship as well as his undefeated mark here in WrestleUTA. Harvey having won an impressive eight consecutive matches!

Ace: That's because he's the best there is Jason! THE Jay Harvey is on the hot track to the World Championship! Whenever Kendrix decides he's had enough of it, that is!

Blackfront: Speaking of our World Champion, both he and our new number one contender for his championship are in house! Andy Murray arrived just moments ago!

Ace: Good, just in time for another verbal berating from our champion Jay Eff Kay!

Blackfront: Also tonight we have a barrage of great matches for you. Jestal will be in action against Dylan Daniels, We will see one of the Dibbins Brounsins, not to mention Mikey Unlikely has signed Ron Hall to a match tonight!

Ace: The Janitor!? Doesn't he have some toilets to clean!?

Blackfront: Long before he was a janitor Tommy, he was a WrestleUTA legend and hall of famer!

Ace: Oh how the mighty have fallen!

Blackfront: Nonetheless we have a great show planned for you tonight ladies and gentleman, let's go ahead and get started! WELCOME TO WRESTLEUTA ON HULU!

Fade.

### Bragging Rights

The scene turns to backstage where Jon Laver is standing by with Chris "The Boss Ross who is standing with his arms crossed.

Laver: I am here with Chris Ross himself! Chris with what transpired last show everyone wants to know your thoughts.

Ross takes a deep breath clearly trying to come up with the right words.

Ross: I don't really have much to say about it in all honesty. What happened happened...

Jon looks at Chris Ross completely puzzled.

Laver: Really? Knowing you Chris everyone that you'd be a throwing a full fledged temper tantrum...

The Boss shakes his head.

Ross: Let me tell you a story... I've walked the streets of Harrisburg all my life... You think that's the first time I've been jumped? Hell no! I got jumped by nine other people and had everything stolen from me! Even my socks and underwear! I was left butt naked on the sidewalk for god and all his disciples to see!

Laver looks wide eyed as Ross continues.

Ross: You think what happened last week means anything? That's not the first time I've been mugged and it sure as hell won't be the last! Let me be real here for a sec.... The path to being the best god damn wrestler the UTA has to offer sure as hell doesn't make you a popular person! But you know what? They may have kicked my ass that night but you know what the truth is? They failed.....

Jon Laver looks at The Keystone State Killa even more confused.

Laver: Failed? How so?

Ross: If they were smart Laver...They would have ended me when they had the chance! They could've put me down for good! They could have left me a broken and bloody man with nothing but a grave to crawl to... The reality is they didn't get the job done!

Laver looks astounded at Ross as the words come out of his mouth.

Ross: So they can go ahead and brag about how they got one up on The Boss.... It took three of them to beat one of me and I'm still standing here! So really... Is it much to brag about now?

Laver scratches his head not sure how to respond.

Ross: Didn't think so! Now if you excuse me.... They put a legend in my road for me to run down... The Boss has spoken!

Chris Ross steps out of the picture leaving a baffled Jon Laver.

Luke Dibbins vs El Dragon Rojo

We move to the ring from the commentary table and there stands El Dragon Rojo, warming up throwing some light kicks and jabs at the turnbuckle. "Half Crazy" by the Barr Brothers comes over the loud speakers, and the familiar sounds of Banjos can be heard.

Jordan: The following match is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, from Mexico City, Mexico! He weighs in at 202 lbs. This is El Rojooooooo DRAGONNNNNNN!

Rojo puts his arms up for a small smattering of applause from the fans.

Ace: Not the most successful luchadore in WrestleUTA history.

Blackfront: You're not wrong but Dragon has a small following of fans, just look out into the crowd and let me know how many masks you see!

Ace: Not enough! That's for sure, these people could really use a mask...

Blackfront: Oh would you stop!

Ace: Besides we all know La Flama Blanca is the most successful Luchadore in WrestleUTA! Former World Heavyweight Champion, and more importantly former member of my favorite group!

Blackfront: Don't say it!

Ace: ...DYNASTY!

Duke Dibbins comes through the curtain and starts making his way to the ring. Suddenly the tron comes to life, live from backstage.

Walking down the hall is none other than the newest "manager" in WrestleUTA, Jamie Sawyers. Jamie walks with David Hightower lumbering behind him. The trademark tow chain hanging from his neck.

Ace: Oh no! There's Hightower!

Blackfront: What's this all about? Is he... Is he coming out here!?

Hightower looks directly forward, while Jamie smiles wide. Sawyers wears a bright white and yellow suit. He looks like a ripe banana tonight.

Sawyers: Let's go David! I love this idea! I'm so excited! After this we're not only going to have everyone's attention, but we're going to have their respect!

The pair pass a sign that says "Stage" with an arrow the way they are walking before the scene fades out and we return to ringside where Duke Dibbins was already announced. The two square off in the ring, and just before the bell rings...

"Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr hits the PA and out comes the pair we just saw. Jamie Sawyers now has a microphone.

Ace: Oh boy, here we go!

Blackfront: I don't know what happened to our former partner Jamie Sawyers but I'm not sure I'm a fan of the new attitude.

The pair stop at the top of the stage and Jamie smiles through the light boo's before bringing the mic to his lips.

Sawyers: Woah woah woah woah, before you guys get started... please allow me to offer both of you an opportunity!

Both in ring wrestlers glance at each other with the mutual understanding that they will hear Jamie out. Back on stage Jamie Sawyers waits until he gets the nod from Dibbins and Dragon. Jamie begins to slowly walk down the ramp as he's talking, Hightower right behind him.

Sawyers: I would like both of you to consider allowing my friend, and bodyguard...

Blackfront: His friend!?

Sawyers: the opportunity to be involved in this match!

Ace: Yes! Do it! No one wants to see this hillbilly and lucha loser go one on one!

Blackfront: As a matter of fact, I do!

Ace: Your opinion doesn't matter!

At this point Duke Dibbins walks over to where C.H. Jordan is sitting outside the ring, and asks for the microphone. Jordan obliges and it isn't long before we hear the soothing tones of the native West Virginian.

Dibbins: Ya gotta be kitten me!

The longtime trademark quote from Duke elicits some cheers.

Dibbins: Now we down 'ere, ready for dis 'ere singles compilation...

Blackfront: Competition?

Dibbins: an 'ere come da big bad Davie Hoptowers!

Blackfront: Hightower...

Duke looks out to the crowd, then back to Dragon.

Dibbins: Can you tell Ol' Dukey and the Rolo Dragon...

Blackfront: Rojo.

Dibbins: Why we should put ya in dis 'ere matchem up!?

The crowd laughs and cheers for Duke, before Jamie reaches into his pocket.

Sawyers: I'll give you 500 reasons why you should...

Jamie Sawyers pulls five crisp \$100 bills out of his suit jacket.

Sawyers: Either of you gentleman pin or submit David Hightower here, and you will leave here tonight \$500 richer!

Blackfront: Wow! Jamie Sawyers putting up his own money on David Hightower!

Ace: I'll take some action on this one Jason, I'll take Hightower, who you want!?

Blackfront: We cannot be unbiased and be gambling on the matches Tommy!

Ace: Oh...right...

Duke Dibbins goes wide eyed.

Dibbins: five hunnid!? Do you know how much Natural Light beer da Dibbins Brounsins can buy with five hunnid dollars!?

Duke starts doing the math in his head before getting a confused look on his face.

Dibbins: A LOT!

He turns to ERD.

Dibbins: Whatcha Tink El Dragon Master!?

Rojo looks down at the money in Sawyer's hand, and then back at Duke, he nods his approval and the fans get excited!

Sawyers: EXCELLENT! Ring the bell referee!

David Hightower, removes the chain from his neck and slides into the ring as the sound of the bell can be heard.

Right away both Dragon and Dibbins run right for Hightower.

Blackfront: This may be a triple threat match here Tommy, but I have a feeling it's going to be more of a two on one situation. The offer was made only if Hightower is pinned or submitted not the other way around.

Ace: Yea! Who wants to win the match, but not the money!? That's a lot like kissing your sister.

Blackfront: Excuse me?

Ace: Nevermind.

Both smaller wrestlers back David Hightower into the corner. Duke Dibbins goes low with some body shots to the ribs, and Dragon runs and uses the ropes to do a walk up enziguri to David Hightower right off the rip. He falls back into the corner, obviously stunned by the onslaught. On the outside of the ring Sawyers looks a little concerned.

Ace: I don't think this is what Jamie had in mind, Jason!

Each man grabs one of Hightower's large hands, and together they irish whip him across the ring to the opposing turnbuckle. Both men then charge toward the bigger wrestler, but Hightower is ready for them and comes out fast himself, dropping both guys with a double clothesline. Now Sawyers jumps with joy on the outside.

Blackfront: At the advice of his "best friend" David Hightower roars at the crowd before turning back around and it's just enough time to give the two smaller competitors a chance to strike.

A big double dropkick hits the shoulders of David, and sends him falling backwards through the ropes and crashing onto the thin mats on the concrete floor. Sawyers runs over to Hightower and tries to help him up. Hightower swats back at the manager, not being used to having someone with only two legs at ringside in his favor.

Finally with just the two in the ring, Duke and Dragon turn toward one another and begin to fight it out. Duke gets the upper hand with a few right arm forearm shivers. He hooks the head of El Rojo and tries a vertical suplex. Dragon spins out of it and lands on his feet. He then ties Dibbins up with a O Conner Roll in the middle of the ring. David Hightower climbs on the apron and before the referee can even get a one count, Duke breaks the hold propelling Dragon directly at Hightower. Dragons head meats the gut of Hightower causing him to lean over the top rope. The recently standing Duke Dibbins sees an opening. He runs and dives...

Blackfront: OH MY GOD!

Ace: What was that!?

Blackfront: That Tommy was a sunset flip powerbomb! Duke Dibbins went over El Rojo Dragon, OVER David Hightower before catching himself and rolling the move into a powerbomb on David Hightower on the outside! I don't think I've ever seen anything like that done to Hightower!

Ace: Both of these guys are obviously quicker than Hightower, but are they smarter....

Blackfront: Yes...yes they are...

Ace: You didn't let me finish! Are they smarter than Jamie Sawyers!?

Blackfront: Oh I thought you were going with... nevermind! Back to the action. Both David Hightower and Duke Dibbins are slowly getting up on the outside. Inside the ring it looks like El Rojo Dragon is gaining momentum!

Ace: He's going to fly!

Rojo claps a few times till the crowd catches on to the rhythm and keeps it going. He hits the ropes before running towards the turnbuckle. He uses the top rope to springboard to the outside. Dragon attempts a flipping senton. Sawyers pulls David Hightower out of harms way and Dragon comes crashing down on Duke Dibbins.

Blackfront: What a move! This one is full of action folks! The fans here in Virginia just came unglued!

The referee restarts his count at one. David Hightower walks right over to Dragon and clubs him on the back. He picks him up to his feet, then lifts him above his head body press fashion. Hightower walks over to the barricade and drops Rojo down across his throat. David picks up Duke by the mullet and rolls him into the ring. He follows behind his opponent before picking up from the mat. He shoots Dibbins off the ropes and connects with the big boot on the return. Dibbins holds his nose and rolls around in agony a bit and Hightower tries to follow up with a camel clutch, but Duke crawls through. Both men get up, but Duke's blows do not do much in the way of damaging the tree trunk like body of the Toughest Dog in the Yard. Duke realizes he needs a little more behind the body blows and he hits the ropes, and

tries a spinning wheel kick. Hightower manages to catch Dibbins before lifting him up and slamming him down with a modified version of the flapjack. Dibbins bounces off the mat and rolls over. Hightower crawls for the cover.

1...

2...

Ace: Woah!

Off the top rope comes El Rojo Dragon with a leg drop across the back of the head of Hightower. Hightowers face slams off the mat as well as the pin has been broken. Dragon tries to cover Hightower but no avail, he's too close to the ropes according to the referee. Rojo tries to revive Duke so that they can once more pair up and take care of the larger opponent in the match. Duke is on board and quickly they begin to double team him. Stomps and punches and forearms come from every angle and Hightower is now feeling the effects. He catches one of the feet of Dibbins and then one of Rojo's with the other hand. Both men wait a second and then at the same time enziguri him on both sides of his head. Hightower falls to his knees. Both men hit the ropes on opposite ends and once more they sandwich Hightower with dropkicks. This drops him to his back and Dibbins attempts a cover.

1...

2...

Dragon pushes Dibbins off and attempts to cover Hightower himself.

1...

Duke pushes dragon off and now the two are bickering back and forth about the money. Hightower is down in the ring and both men keep pointing to him. Finally Dragon holds up a finger, he has an idea. He tries to get both men to cover him and to split the money. So they both lay down on Hightower. Referee Brooks shakes his head and tells the men "No!, there can only be one winner!" Duke slaps the mat and stands up. He gets in the referee's face and starts the jaw jacking. Dragon meanwhile backs off and waits to see what comes from Dibbins and the referee. Slowly but surely Hightower starts to come to. Dragon sees this and makes his way over. There seems to be some commotion in the crowd but the camera ignores it for now.

Jamie Sawyers meanwhile on the outside is trying to warn David Hightower, but he cannot be heard. Jamie gets up on the ring apron and tries to yell at Hightower. Now the referee sees Sawyer and shifts gears to him to get him off the ring apron, and back to the outside. Hightower takes the opportunity to grab his tow chain. Dragon runs towards Hightower but David just ducks and backdrops the luchadore out of the ring. He slams down on the outside.

Blackfront: Oh My! Watch out! Hightower has that chain!

Dibbins turns around just in time and Hightower swings for the fences! There is an audible gasp from the crowd but Duke Dibbins manages to duck chain and jump on the back of David Hightower.

Blackfront: Chick'n WANG! That's Duke's signature hold! He's got it locked in!

The fans are going nuts as David Hightower begins to fade. He falls to a knee and drops the chain near the ring apron. The referee is still distracted by Sawyers, when a man in a hoody and sweatpants jumps the apron. He grabs the tow chain from outside the ring and pulls it out. He wraps it around his arm, and blasts El Dragon Rojo with the chain, leveling him outside on the floor. The mystery man then hops in the ring where some of his hair falls out from under the hood. The man picks up Dibbins, hooks him for a suplex, he lifts but mid lift he spins and lays out with a swinging neckbreaker. The move devastates Dibbins, and the man slides out of the ring and Sawyers hops off the ring apron.

Blackfront: Who is that!? Why is he helping Hightower!?

Ace: Haha! Who cares!? I told you Jamie Sawyers was smarter than these two! He wasn't going to lose his money

tonight!

Hightower rolls over and pins Dibbins as the referee makes the count.

1...

2...

3!

Jordan: The winner of this match via pinfall!... DAVIIIDDDDD HIGHTOWWWWEEEEERRRRRR!

Blackfront: What a sham!

Dibbins rolls out as Hightower makes his way to his feet. The man with the hood and Sawyers roll into the ring and stand next to Hightower. The hood is dropped and it's revealed to be...

Ace: That's Michael Byrd!

Blackfront: What the hell is he doing!?

Ace: A very very smart thing Jason...

With a smile and a knowing glance, Byrd walks over to David. The two pause for a moment before shaking hands. Sawyers jumps up and down celebrating. He then walks to the ropes and yells at the fans as well as the hard camera that he has "two building blocks for the new era in WrestleUTA".

Sawyers continues to celebrate more than Hightower does, and eventually holds the ropes for both of his "building blocks" to exit the ring and head back up the ramp as we go elsewhere in the arena.

Fade.

## Big Breakfast

Andy Murray is feeling good tonight. His UTA Championship shot finally in the bag, he strolls around the backstage area not quite like he owns the place, but with a noticeable spring in his step. Dressed casually, he's not set to wrestle tonight, but that doesn't necessarily mean he's not ready for a fight.

Ace: Oh, gross...

Blackfront: There's the number one contender!

Ace: Look at his big smiling mug! Doesn't it just want to make you throw up?

Blackfront: It may want to make Kendrix throw-up, given the lengths he's gone to avoid a one-on-one confrontation with Murray since the last time they fought!

Ace: Please! JFK has his number. He made him tap-out last time, remember?

The King rounds a corner, nearly bumping into a technician in the process. He stops just short, however, then continues on his way.

OSV: OI OI, Bruv!

Murray stops in his tracks at the irritating voice he and the UTaverse know too well but he calmly turns around to face none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, dressed in his JFK t-shirt and jeans combo, smiling and holding his hands out flat in front of him with the UTA title draped over his shoulder.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah big guy. The Champ's not here for a fight, innit?! Let's put our differences aside for one night

because you and me, we've got a lot of work to do.

Murray raises an eyebrow a tad taken aback at Jesse's rather unaccustomed demeanor.

Kendrix: You and me, we've got a main event at Absolution to plan, bruv.

Jesse's smile widens.

Kendrix: Look, I know, nobody wants to see JFK v Murray 2.0, god knows JFK's tried to make Mikey see sense, I mean, what have you even done to deserve to share my spotlight let alone have another opportunity at my WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship...

Kendrix thinks to himself, struggling to come up with a good reason.

Blackfront: Murray did beat three men in one night two weeks ago champ, that not good enough for you?

Ace: Quiet Jason, the champ's trying to think.

Andy scoffs.

Murray: Do you want a list, wee man?

Kendrix shakes his open hands out in front of Murray.

Kendrix: Whatevs, doesn't matter, bruv. I mean, Kendrix proved to the world why he is the greatest Champion in the history of this company, two weeks ago when he beat Impulse, clean in the ring...even after the match was made at the very last second...but anyway, none of that matters, you're in the main event now, congratulations to you, etcetera etcetera, yada yada yada.

He flicks his index finger in between the two of them.

Kendrix: What we've got to do now is come up with an idea to make our match...UTA Pay per view, main event worthy...you got any ideas?

Murray folds his arms across his chest, and glares at JFK as if he were a babbling lunatic.

Murray: I'd say the fact that we're going to wrestle each other is probably enough, no? I mean, given all the hoops you and our noble leader have made me jump through, I figure there's probably a few thousand people who want to see--

At that moment, Jesse cuts Murray off with his hand out flat right in front of his face, his index finger pressed against his own lips before meeting the side of his head as his eyes widen, as if he's reached that 'eureka' moment.

Kendrix: Wait a minute, shut up a second yeah?! JFK's got it! How about we make this match no DQ!

Murray rolls his eyes at the suggestion.

Kendrix: Think about it, we already had a straight up wrestling match months ago...and JFK kicked your arse. I mean, in all likelihood, I'll kick your arse again. We've got to give the people something different Murr'sif, it's called Sports Entertainment, what do you say?

Blackfront: Murr'sif?

Ace: That's a great idea. Murray would be a fool not to go for this.

Jesse playfully punches Murray on the shoulder and extends his hand out to seal the deal.

Murray: A No DQ match, huh?

He pauses thoughtfully as Kendrix nods on enthusiastically.

Murray: That does sound kinda fun...

Again, he pauses. JFK's eyes brighten as Murray scratches his chin, contemplating his options.

Murray: ... and I'm sure all the people out there would love to see me bend a steel chair across your back a couple times. Hmmm...

The mood changes, especially JFK's who looks horrified at the very thought of a steel chair striking him.

Murray: Nah, mate.

He shakes his head.

Murray: You must think I'm dumb. I know you and Unlikeable Michael have been playing this whole "quarrelling brothers" thing lately, but I've been in this business for longer than some people on this roster have been alive. I wasn't born yesterday, and I know a trap when I see one... so NO, I won't engage you in a match that'll allow your mate to jump me from behind the moment I turn my back.

JFK's eyes widen and mouth drops open in shock as if he can't believe that his master plan hasn't come to fruition. His rival continues...

Murray: I'm not interested in being cheated again, lad. I'm interested in finding out who the better man is. I believe in settling differences fairly, and without outside interference, so while I'd gladly consent to your wacky stipulation under normal circumstances, the contract's already signed, mate...

He smiles.

Murray: .. and I'm not about to agree to something that gives you a clear numerical advantage. We're going to wrestle, and the better wrestler is going to emerge victorious, whether that's you or me. You're a crafty one, I'll give you that, but you know what else this little stunt tells me?

Andy doesn't wait for an answer.

Murray: That you don't want anything to do with me in a fair fight. Well I'm sorry, mate, but that's exactly what it's going to be. Fair. You're getting me at my absolute best, and this time, I won't be carrying an injury when I walk down the ramp. Beat me, and I'll put my hands up, acknowledge your victory, and admit that you're the best in the business...

He pauses.

Murray: But you know what? I'm pretty good at this "wrestling" thing, too.

The King finishes his little diatribe with a playful punch of his own.

Murray: Have a nice night, laddie.

Andy turns and walks away, leaving a despondent Kendrix alone with his frustration as JFK looks over at the title resting on his shoulder before looking out, gritting his teeth with thunder in his eyes, at the departed Murray.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen looks like we're going to have ourselves a good old wrestling match at Absolution and the Champ isn't best pleased about it one bit.

Cut.

You Want This?

We fade in on a close up of Jack Harmen. Your friendly neighborhood Lunatic is walking down a hallway backstage. Harmen is all smiles as his hair bounces on his shoulders. We zoom out to show Harmen wearing his brand new "Flyin' High" WrestleUTA shirt and blue jeans. A woman passes him in the hallway wearing a revealing pair of booty shorts, fishnet stockings, and high-legged boots. Harmen turns his head all the way around and squints, cupping his lips to let out an "Ooooooh."

Harmen: My lord. The vapors.

The woman stops and pauses for a second. She turns around to reveal that she is none other than Catalina, the manager of the current WrestleUTA Legacy Champion "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey. She takes a few steps toward Harmen, who's currently trying to cool himself off with a wave of his own hand.

Catalina: What did you just say?

Harmen chuckles and comes in closer to her. The camera gets a tight shot of the two of them a few feet apart from each other.

Harmen: What can I say. I'm an admirer of the human body. You've got one that's at least a 9 on the hotness scale. How crazy are you? Cause that would just entices me more.

Catalina: Do you know who I am? I'm Catalina. I'm the baddest bitch in the WrestleUTA. I'm the best looking woman you've EVER seen.

Harmen puts on a big smile.

Harmen: Yeah. That's kinda what I was sayin' there. We're so in sync. You and I.

Catalina scoffs at Harmen's comments.

Catalina: You can talk all you want but I got a man. I'm with the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth and... if you don't get out of here I'll smack that smile off your face.

Harmen: Not possible. That'd just make me smile wider.

Harmen's mouth curls up in a large Cheshire cat smile of mischief. Catalina turns her head to her left and Jay Harvey comes into the scene. Harvey is dressed in a black suit with a white dress shirt under his jacket. Harvey adjusts the Legacy Championship that's on his right shoulder. He looks Harmen up and down.

Harvey: Is this... sad-sack-still-hanging-on-to-his-glory-days bothering you, Catalina?

Catalina: You could say that...

Harmen squints, taking a step away from the intimacy. He frowns and lowers his head.

Harmen: Oh, it's THE Jay Harvey? I've read about you. (to Catalina) You're with him?

Harmen shrugs and then turns toward Harvey.

Harmen: Welp, she never mentioned you by name. What can I say? I figured I'd roll the dice. Take a chance. I mean, I don't see a ring, how could I know?

Harmen extends his hand to Catalina, who sneers at him and crosses her arms over her chest.

Harvey: You definitely are barking up the wrong tree there, Jack. She's with me... She's with the legacy who holds the Legacy, the man who climbed the ladder... THE WrestleUTA Legacy Champion.

Harmen raises both hands and takes a step further away from Catalina.

Harmen: Hey, I get it. Can't blame a man for trying. (to Harvey) Nice pull. Did she fall in love with you before or after you roofied her?

Harvey and Catalina turn to each other baffled by Jack's comment. Harvey takes a step towards Harmen.

Harvey: You got some mouth on you... but I already knew that. I know all about you. I'm actually a big fan and always have been. You were the guy who made me want to fly high, take to the sky.

Harmen: That's going to feel really weird to you when you hear that said to you in ten years...

Harvey smiles as he shakes his head.

Harvey: Don't get it twisted, just because I respect you doesn't mean I won't send my knee right into your face.

Harmen: If you know me like you say you do, then you would know that not sending your knee into my face would be a sign of disrespect. I've got the night off, maybe you wanna dance?

Harvey: Nothing would give me more pleasure than to add another Hall of Famer to the list of people I've beaten in my career.

Harmen: ... You... You made a list?

Harmen blinks. His demeanor turns serious as he leans in, now unable to take his eyes off of the Legacy Championship on Harvey's shoulder.

Harmen: I'd love to see you try to add my name to it.

Harvey looks down at the Legacy title on his shoulder.

Harvey: Oh... you want this?

Harmen smiles and nods once.

Harvey: You want a chance to add this to your long list of accomplishments in your career? You are in need of a Shot of Reality, Jack. Cuz it ain't happening. Since I'm a fighting champion, I'll put it on the line but I'm STILL gonna be champ after tonight... understand?

Harvey and Catalina both have their eyes on Harmen. Harvey motions for Catalina and the two exit the scene. The camera gets tight on Harmen who watches the two walk off.

Harmen: They've... actually, both got pretty great asses.

We fade out and continue on with the show.

The camera pans over the sold out (arena) as we rejoin the best wrestling in the world live.

Blackfront: Welcome back live everyone, in case you're just joining us, we have a great night of action still to come. We will have the psycho clown Jestal taking on Dylan Daniels and in our main event THE Jay Harvey puts his Legacy title on the line against the new comer Jack Harmen.

Ace: But we have to suffer first...

Blackfront: What do you mean?

Ace: In a match no one asked for, Chris Ross will be doing his duty as the UTA's resident garbage man and disposing of the has been janitor Ron Hall once and for all.

Blackfront: I'll agree with you on one thing, we have no idea who signed this match or why but I think you and Chris may be guilty of being a tad overconfident. Ron took Jay Harvey to the limit at No Love Lost.

Ace: But HE LOST! and tonight Chris will do us all a favor and put Ron out of our misery!

Badlands by iMayday! begins to play over the loudspeakers and in a loud chorus of boos Chris Ross storms out onto the stage whipping off his shades. He nods his head pointing to his shirt that says "BOSS" on it.

Blackfront: Ya know has the thought ever occur to you that Ron Hall may be sick and tired of having to clean out Ross' dumpster?

Ace: That's his job!!!

Jordan: Making his way to the ring.... From Harrisburg Pennsylvania.... Weighing in at 250 lbs... Chris "The Boss" Ross!

Ross storms down the ramp ignoring the fans who continue to boo loudly and slides into the ring and perches in one of the corners.

Gold Medal by Tha Trademark starts to play as the crowd comes to it's feet for the WrestleUTA Hall of Famer. A loud blast of pyro goes up as Ron comes walking out to the ring dressed in his usual white "Property of WrestleUTA" T Shirt and blue jeans.

Jordan: And his opponent... from the Heart of the Appalachian mountains, he weighs in at 225 pounds. "The Southern Rebel Rooonnn. Halllll!

Ron stops at the foot of the ring steps and looks up and into the ring. We see Chris Ross jawing with some fans and not paying attention to the former World Champion. Hall throws his shirt into the crowd and comes up the steps to enter the ring.

Ace: Get a good look people, you won't recognize him by the time "The Boss" is done with him!

The lights come up and the bell rings, but Chris is still too busy talking trash to the fans at ringside. Ron stands in the far corner, seemingly in no rush.

Blackfront: Someone want to tell Chris this is an actual match and it's just started?

Ace: Come on Jason, it's just like an old Mike Tyson fight, Chris will spend more time jawing with these fans than he will beating Ron.

Hall slips up behind Chris and slaps Ross on the shoulder. Ross turns and faces him annoyed for a moment but goes back to trying to provoke the fans. Ron steps back for a moment, seemingly content to let this play out.

The ref finally has enough and gets "The Boss" attention, without missing a beat, Chris starts berating the ref. Hall again walks up behind Chris and spins him around, and without hesitation paintbrushes him. A loud CRACK is heard as hand meets face. Chris doesn't seem too thrilled as he looks at Ron who is motioning for Chris to come on.

Ace: That was not a good idea Ron, are you trying to get hurt?

Hall and Ross tie up collar and elbow, Ross slips and ties an arm wrench onto Ron, but Hall quickly counters it into one of his own. Chris swings wildly and misses, Hall slips behind him and turns the wrench into a hammer lock. Ross tries an elbow at Hall's head, only to miss. Ron grabs Chris in a headlock and snaps him down to the mat. Ron smiles as Chris pounds the mat in frustration.

Ace: It's ok, Chris is just letting Ron wear himself out.

Blackfront: How? By letting him tie him in knots?

The Boss grabs a handful of Ron's hair and pulls back far enough to get him into a headscissors. Now in control for a moment, Chris starts jawing with the ref who is asking if he pulled the hair.

Blackfront: Chris, you might want to spend some time checking on your opponent.

Ace: He's got it, he's in control.

Ron pulls himself up to his hands and knees, flips over onto Chris, who manages to neck bridge and then slowly lift both of them back up to a standing position. The Boss slips behind Ron and brings him down with a backslide.

Blackfront: Ross with a nice leverage move with the backslide, going for the pin

One..

Hall manages to roll through the attempt and catches Ross with an inside cradle.

Blackfront: Nice counter by Hall!

One...

Ross kicks out. The two slowly get back up and start to circle each other.

Blackfront: Ross seems agitated more than impressed with his opponent here in the early going.

Ace: The old man caught a few lucky breaks on him. You'd be frustrated too.

The Boss and the Southern Rebel tie up again. This time Ross quickly breaks and jams his thumb into Ron's eyes. Chris grabs Ron and whips him into the ropes, setting his head way too early for a back body drop, Ron rebounds off the ropes, grabs Chris in a front face lock and snaps him over with a viscous snap suplex.

Ace: Gimmick infringement! Suplexes belong to the Boss!

Blackfront: Ron looks like he's in complete control here in the early going. Whatever game plan Ross drew up, it's not working.

Ron floats over into a headlock. The Boss works his way back up to one knee, thinking quickly, he grabs Ron's leg raises it up and smashes his knee hard against the mat.

Ace: There you go Boss! Great strategy!

Blackfront: That may be the turning point in this match, Ron's Hall of Fame career came with its share of injuries.

The Keystone State Killa wastes no time and drags Hall to the ropes and props his foot on the bottom rope before jumping up and slamming all his weight down onto The Southern Rebel's knee. Hall rolls around in pain as Ross slides out of the ring and pulls Hall by his legs and with a rough jerk pulls him groin first into the ring post.

Ace: Ohhhhhh!!!! Ron is going to be feeling that in the morning!

Blackfront: Chris Ross really is pushing the rule book here!

The Boss grabs Ron's leg and whips it into the ring post hard. Ron yells out in pain as The Boss slides back into the ring. Hall tries to stand up and catches The Boss with a right hand. Followed by another. Followed by another. Hall starts building up some steam only to be cracked in the jaw with an elbow from The Boss. Ross grabs Hall and throws him over his head with a release belly to belly suplex.

Ace: This is it Blackfront! The end is near for The Southern Rebel!

The Keystone State Killa wastes no time as he pulls Hall to the center of the ring and he turns Hall over to his stomach and stands over him pulling his head up by his hair and begins to rain forearm after forearm across his face.

Blackfront: This is absolutely vicious by Chris Ross!

Ace: He's sending a message Blackfront!

The referee pushes Ross off Hall who crawls to the ropes. He backs off and immediately rushes over and is greeted with a drop toe hold into the middle rope! Hall gets to his feet and has clearly gotten his second wind! Ross clutches his throat coughing before Hall hits him with a clothesline. Ross gets up and is greeted with another! The Southern Rebel grabs Ross and pulls him up and whips him into the corner and hits him with a huge splash!

Ace: Come on Boss! Don't let this old fart get the better of you!

Ross collapses onto the mat as Ron Hall climbs to the top rope and lands a frog splash on him! He goes for the pin.

One...

Two...

Ross kicks out and Hall begins line up his shot.

Blackfront: Hall is tuning up for some Southern Chin Music!!!

Ace: Oh come on Ross!!! Get up!!!!

The Boss slowly gets to his feet... Hall lunges forward with the kick.... In a loud crack the referee goes down....

Ace: Stupid referee!!!!

Blackfront: Ross just pulled the referee in the way!!!!

Ace: No he didn't!!!! The referee was out of position!

Hall looks at the referee shocked at what just happened. He goes to check on the downed official before out of nowhere Ross bounces off the ropes and lands a brutal punch to the back of his head. Hall goes down hard. The Boss stands over Hall and pulls him up to his knees.

Ace: It's over folks! Time to put this old dog down!

Blackfront: But the referee is still down Ace!

Ross grabs Hall by the arms and sets his foot on the back of his head.

Ross: WELCOME TO HARRISBURG HALL!!!!

He yells before he looks down at the fallen referee. He drops hall getting a sadistic smile across his face.

Ace: What are you doing Ross?! You have him finished!!!!

Blackfront: I don't think winning is what he has in mind at this point!

Ross slides out of the ring and retrieves a wooden baseball bat from under the ring. He smiles slapping it in his hands before he slides back into the ring.

Blackfront: Come on Chris! There's no need for this!

Ace: Are you kidding?! What a notch in his belt this will be! He put the janitor out to pasture.

Chris raises the bat when "Revolution" by SIRSY"starts playing. Impulse comes walking out with a look of bad intentions for the Boss.

Ace: Chris! Turn around! Worry about him at Absolution not now!

Blackfront: It doesn't look like Impulse is going to give him a choice!

Impulse starts walking towards the ring, only to be stopped at the top of the ramp by an army of WrestleUTA suits and a loud chorus of boos. Chris is hanging halfway over the ropes pleading with Impulse to come into the ring pointing the bat at him. He's oblivious to the fact "The Southern Rebel" has gotten back to his feet and is lining him up.

Ace: This isn't fair! Someone get him out of here!

Blackfront: Hey Boss, turn around!

Chris turns around and straight into Country Chin Music! Ron falls on top of him and grabs the leg.

One.

Two.

Three!

Ding ding ding!

The crowd erupts in cheers as we see Impulse slyly smile and turn back up the ramp with some of the suits. Ron gets up celebrating but noticeably favoring his right leg.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, here is your winner... The Southern Rebel Rooonn Hall!!!!

Ace: NOOO! YOU GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!!!!

Blackfront: Turn about is fair play! Impulse never touched him.

Ace sounds like he's about to cry: Chris you had him beat! You lost to a janitor of all people..

Blackfront: A Hall of Famer and he just reminded all of us why!

Ace: Oh shut up!!!! This is a tragedy!!!! Cut to a commercial please!!!!

Blackfront: And today's show is brought to you by Pampers and Kleenex!

Ace: THAT IS NOT FUNNY!!!!!!

Hall continues to celebrate as Ross is laid out in the middle of the ring out cold. The wooden bat still in his hand.

Ten Seconds With Impulse

We cut to backstage, where John Laver stands in front of a WrestleUTA banner with a microphone in his hand.

John Laver: Incredible, ladies and gentlemen, Ron Hall has just defeated Chris 'The Boss' Ross in singles competition after Ross was distracted by his upcoming opponent, Impulse! I'm hoping to -

At that moment, Impulse appears from the right. Laffer stops, mid-sentence, as Impulse pulls the microphone to himself.

Impulse: Chris Ross... do I have your attention now?

He smirks, and leans in.

Impulse: I'm coming for you.

And he walks away.

John Laver: Well... that's succinct!

I'm Sorry

As we come back from commercial break we see a man we haven't seen in a few weeks following his recent suspension standing on the stage; no entrance music, no fireworks or elaborate video display, no pomp and circumstance just a man dressed in street clothes and a microphone in hand looking like he's lost everything.

Ace: What's he doing here?!?!?!?!?

Blackfort: Your guess is as good as mine as Stevens isn't scheduled to be here tonight.

Ace: Security!!!! Remove this intruder!

As Tommy is demanding for the Texan's removal, Jason is nodding up and down as he is getting something through his head set.

Blackfort: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm being informed that Scott Stevens is here by our owner's approval as he has something important he needs to say.

Jason informs the crowd as the video screen displays the Texan to everyone in attendance and the viewing world as he slowly raises the microphone to his lips but his head doesn't raise.

Stevens: It's been a few weeks since I have been here and I have no one to blame for that happening except myself.

Stevens says as he continues to stare at the ground.

Ace: Damn right! He should've been fired if you ask me!

Blackfort: Will you shut up!

As the two announcers continue to argue there is a heavy sigh into the microphone.

Stevens: It's hard to admit sometimes when you've screwed up but it's even harder to accept the responsibility of the screw up. As much as Mikey Unlikely and I dislike each other.....

The crowd boos loudly as Mikey's name draws a chorus of jeers.

Stevens: You can boo him all you want but he was right to suspend me.

The crowd boo even louder.

Ace: Did I hear that right?

Blackfort: I think you did.

Stevens waits for the crowd to die down before continuing.

Stevens: Mikey's actions were in the best interest of the company as I was out of control and I had been out of control for a long time. It started with David Highower and it just continued with Jestal's antics and threats to Jack Harmen telling me he wanted to bath in my blood the first night he stepped into that ring.

Stevens says as he points down to the squared circle.

Stevens: It finally boiled over and exploded and the people in the back caught the brunt of my rampage.

Stevens says somberly.

Stevens: And I want to apologize to everyone in the back that I hurt especially Craig.

Blackfort: For those who don't know Craig is the UTA crew member Stevens was going to hurt with the lead pipe.

Ace: Craig is still traumatized and hasn't been to work since then.

The announcers inform the viewers as Stevens continues.

Stevens: I apologize for the emotional trauma you had to endure from my paranoia thinking you were working with Jestal. I also want to apologize to my fellow wrestlers in the back as I broke one of the unwritten rules you don't do and brought a negative light to this great promotion with my actions and unprofessionalism to this sport. I also apologize to the owner of this company, Mikey Unlikely, the man who signs my paycheck, I was out of line. More importantly, I want to apologize to ALL OF YOU.....

Stevens says as he slowly raises his head and looks at the crowd.

Stevens: The UTA fans.

Stevens says which brings a joyous cheer.

Stevens: I wasn't acting myself, and that's not the way I normally act. That's not the way I was brought up and that's not the way I want to be remembered. You deserve better. My family deserves better, but mostly UTA deserves better from me.

The crowd begins a Stevens chant and the Texan waits for it to die down before continuing.

Stevens: I also want to apologize to Jestal.....

Stevens says which brings the boo birds.

Stevens: FOR NOT KICKING YOUR ASS SOONER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stevens says and the crowd goes wild.

Stevens: I lost your stupid chicken the night I was suspended as someone ransacked my locker room when I was being forcefully removed from the building and I apologize for that. If you want to accept my apology like a man you can meet me inside the ring.

Stevens says issuing the challenge to Jestal for an upcoming match that brings the crowd to their feet with anticipation.

Stevens: That's if you aren't, you know.....chicken.

Stevens says and the crowd begins a chicken chant.

Stevens: Thank you all for your time and thank you to Mikey for allowing me to be here tonight. Hope to see you soon and God bless.

Stevens says as he sits the microphone down on the stage and heads back to the back with his future remaining in obscurity.

?Jestal's Theme hits the PA...

Blackfront: Were back fans, last month Scott Stevens took Jestal's pride and joy Clucky from him, ever since then Jestal has been on a rubber chicken man hunt.

Ace: Stevens had absolutely no right, sure the idiocracy of it is beyond me. But still just like THE Jay Harvey had that delinquent Crimson Lord arrested I think Jestal should seek the same course of action at Scott Stevens. Even if Stevens says he's lost the chicken, he's admitted responsibility!

The Wrestlezone fills with a chorus of dissatisfaction for the jester upon hearing his music. The Mad Prince steps from behind the curtain. With the same Missing Poster in his hand from two weeks ago.

Jordan: Coming to the ring at this time....weighing in at 260 pounds....

While he makes his way toward the ring, he asks fans if they have seen Clucky by showing them the poster. Some he mocks some he genuinely asks.

Jordan: ...from The Funhouse....."The Mad Prince"...JEEESSTTAALLL!

In the ring already.

Jordan: His opponent from Seattle, Washington...Dylan Daniels!!

Daniels raises his arm while he waits for Jestal to enter the ring.

As Jestal grows more and more impatient with the lack of respect the fans give him at his search. He walks up the steps and enters the ring.?

The bell rings Jestal wastes no time and asks the referee about the poster. Dylan is looking like he wants a fight. He pushes Jestal shoulder to the side and motions for him to fight. Jestal looks down at his shoulder then toward Dylan with a smile. He walks up to Dylan and now is asking his opponent about the poster. Dylan takes the missing flyer and looks at it for a moment Jestal looks on hopeful. DD suddenly crumbles the missing poster up and throws it at Jestal's head.

Jestal looks down at the crumbled paper for a moment then slowly looks up at Dylan who continues to taunt Jestal to fight. The clown cracks a devious smile under his menacing eyes as he looks up at Dylan. Jestal slowly steps back

and circles his opponent. The two lock up Jestal clearly does not have the leverage he quickly lets go of the lock up and leg sweeps Dylan. DD hits the mat and Jestal punches on him and starts to unload on Dylan for a few moment.

Until he picks up Dylan and Dragon Screw his right leg back down to the mat. He bends the same leg and drives his knee into the knee of Daniels. DD screams in pain. Jestal gets to a vertical base and kicks the back of Dylan's knee a few times before stopping his assault. He walks over to the crumbled up piece of paper in the corner now. He flattens the ball of paper and then looks at Dylan. He walks over to Dylan and sits on Dylan and shows him the the flyer once more.

Dylan shouts at Jestal with some obscenities, Jestal clearly not amused stuffs the paper in Dylan's mouth and waves his finger at DD. Jestal gets off Dylan and looks out into the sea of fans booing him. DD gets to his feet hobbling a bit he spits the paper out of his mouth. Jestal slowly turns his head toward Dylan with the same devious expression he once had toward his adversary.

They both get ready to lock up once more, just as they do Jestal drop toe holds Dylan to the mat and without any hesitation drops a knee on the back of Daniels shoulder! Dylan quickly holds his arm in pain unwaringly rolls out of the ring and lands on the floor. Jestal exits the ring and picks up Dylan and throws him with force into the steel steps injured shoulder first! Dylan rolls around on the floor holding his shoulder once more. Jestal slides in the ring and quickly out, to break the count. Jestal walks to the front of the entranceway and starts ripping at the mats on the floor trying to expose the unforgiving concrete floor.

Blackfront: Jestal with some bad intentions here.

Ace: Who would've thought a damn rubber chicken would set a man off.

Dylan has gotten to his feet arm draped over the barricade. Jestal moves in and pulls DD away from the barricade with a overhand chop to the back of Daniels a few times to weaken him more. He pulls Daniels to the edge of the mat before the exposed floor. He sets Dylan up for a suplex. Jestal lifts him up but Daniels blocks, Jestal tries again but again Dylan blocks. Jestal tries to get his grip and try for a third time but Dylan grabs a hold of Jestal's tights and lifts him up and tosses him forward Jestal lands belly first on the pavement!

The fans cheer at the pain the clown is now in. Dylan, quickly slides in the ring and back out to break the count once more. Still favoring his arm he gingerly picks up Jestal and tosses him in the ring. Dylan slides in he picks up Jestal and sets him up for his Sit Down Piledriver! Jestal quickly blocks and pulls Daniels legs out from under him. Jestal without hesitation flips Dylan on his stomach grapevines the legs and moves into his Modified Deathlock Octopus Stretch otherwise known as The KillJoy!

Blackfront: Say what you will about Jestal, this man can wrestle Dylan is in the center of the ring with nowhere to go. The Killjoy is firmly locked in, the pain on his face can clearly be seen.

Ace: Dylan will not give up, he is determined to find a way out of this move.

The tron shows Jack Harmen and Mary-Lynn standing backstage in an isolated and empty boiler room. He's being filmed with a handheld guerilla camera, with a single spotlight shining from the lens toward both individuals. Harmen raises his right hand, revealing Jestal's pet rubber chicken, Clucky, dangling from his grip. Jestal looks up from his KillJoy, noticing Harmen with Clucky in his hands. Jestal quickly releases the hold and runs to the ropes and steps out and watches from the apron.

Jack Harmen: Hello there Mad Clown, Prince of Crazy... lookie what I found in Scott Stevens' locker room?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: C'mon Jack. You can't do this. Breaking and entering? Now? This is vandalism!

Jack Harmen: Hey, you're only there to defend me when I commit crimes. You don't tell me not to commit said crimes. Jestal, you violated my pupil, my protege, my attorney last week with those... plastic red lips. You say you want to put

a smile on everyone's face?

Harmen holds up the rubber chicken by it's neck. He looks at it for a moment, as the camera pans out to reveal a large metal barrel, currently smoldering with a lit flame. Jestal's eyes quickly widen begging at Jack to stop.

Jack Harmen: Well...

Harmen lets out a large grin that swings from ear to ear.

Jack Harmen: You can cross me off the list. Mission accomplished.

Harmen drops the rubber chicken into the barrel. It must have been covered in gasoline, as the flames flicker and rise. Dark smoke fills the backstage area, as Harmen can't contain his smile.

Jestal flips his shit!

Jack Harmen: You brought this on yourself. Getting in my way, making people think we're aligned? I can't let that stand. I'd say this is definitive proof, that Jack Harmen is his own man.

That's when the smoke alarm goes off in the backstage area.

Jack Harmen: Again!? Man, the fire department's going to know me by name soon... Quick, give me the cover.

Mary-Lynn reluctantly hands Jack Harmen the lid for the oil drum, as the camera cuts to static.

Jestal looks stunned, grabbing at his wild hair, and has totally forgotten about Daniels. Who has gotten to a vertical base, he goes off the ropes and delivers a nasty forearm to the back of Jestal's head knocking the Mad Prince off the apron onto the concrete exposed floor below him. Jestal appears to be out cold...

---REPLAY---

The monitor shows the forearm shot to the back of Jestal's head and in slow motion Jestal's face hitting exposed concrete.

--RETURNS TO SHOW--

Jestal appears to be out cold, Dylan holds his arm in utter pain as the referee begins his count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

FOUR

FIVE

SIX

SEVEN

EIGHT

Jestal begins to move a bit holding his face as he tries to get to his hands and knees.

NINE

Jestal gets to his feet clearly staggering about. He falls into the barricade.

TEN!!

The ref calls for the bell!

Jordan: The winner of the match via count out Dylan Daniels!

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels with a major upset here tonight!

Ace: Wow, Jestal just can not seem to catch a break as of late, first Impulse, then THE Jay Harvey, and now being upset by Dylan Daniels!

The referee calls for the bell and goes to raise Dylan Daniels hand in victory! Jestal shakes the cobwebs off and looks into the ring clearly disoriented still. Jestal staggers to the apron and slides in the ring and gets to a vertical base slowly. Daniels slides out of the ring slapping a few hands with fans, Jestal looks at the referee still a bit confused. The referee tells him he was counted out, Jestal drops to a knee stunned. He looks back at the tron holding his jaw, and now clearly distraught. He slams his fist into the mat and then soon after puts his hands through his hair.

Jestal does not move for a while then, suddenly he sits up on his knees and stares at the tron one last time. The once jolly clown, no longer happy anymore. He gets to his feet and walks over to his coat and pulls out a pair of plastic teeth he looks at them in the center of the ring before dropping them on the mat. He begins to stomp them into pieces in a furious fit of rage. After he finally stops stomping he looks down at the teeth and then back at the tron before exiting the ring no smiles just a plain stare up the rampway.

The camera shows the pieces of the broken plastic lips before fading out.

#### Small Dessert

We head to the backstage area where the man himself, "Juicy" Jon "The Flavour" Laver, is stood before a UTA backdrop. He's got a microphone in his hand, and smiles as he addresses the camera.

Laver: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... he is the current number one contender to the WrestleUTA Championship, Andy Murray!

The big Scot steps into the scene for the second time this evening. His presence, of course, draws a super pop from the crowd, most of whom are desperately to see him drop Kendrix on his big, stupid head. Andy nods towards the interviewer.

Murray: 'Ello mate.

Laver: Andy, a relatively quiet evening for you thus far, but we did see you get into it with Kendrix earlier on. How do you feel about the situation?

Murray: Heh.

The King laughs.

Murray: He's a weasel. Like I said earlier - this guy wants nothing to do with me in a one-on-one situation, without a stipulation to protect him. I've gotten used to dealing with men like Kendrix over these 23 years, but here's the thing: he's one hell of a wrestler, and his body's got a whole lot less mileage than mine has. He damn near pulled my shoulder out of its socket the last time we fought, and I've no doubt he'll try to do the same again.

Laver: Given that you're approaching the rematch in complete health, are you feeling confident about the upcoming-- HEY!

Suddenly out of nowhere, Murray is sent tumbling to the floor as the camera regains its focus on Kendrix beating down on the back for The King's head.

Blackfront: Kendrix has jumped Andy Murray from behind and now he's pummeling right hand shots to the back of Murray's skull.

Ace: Good! That's what you get when you turn down an exciting no DQ match. He should have listened to JFK!

Laver flees the scene as Kendrix drags Murray up to a standing position, the Scot struggling to keep up with where the Champ is taking him, though his size helps him absorb a few blows, then overpower Kendrix, pushing him against a wall.

The distance gives Murray time to shake the daisies away, but Kendrix gets right back at him! Murray counters a left hand with one of his own, then knees him in the gut. He takes a step back, catching his breath, but Kendrix jabs him straight in the eye as he moves back in to strike!

Ace: Ha! Take that!

Kendrix flurries, kneeling the contender in the gut several times, before unloading with a barrage of forearms to the face. With the bigger man reeling, Kendrix grabs him by the waistband, then tosses him back-first into the concrete wall! The Scot hits the deck like a sack of potatoes, roaring in agony, before a frenzied JFK mounts him, landing blow after blow right in the face.

Blackfront: Jesus, Tommy! Kendrix has lost it!

Ace: That's what you get when you embarrass the champ, baby!

The mauling doesn't last forever, however. A horde of security staff swarm the scene, peeling the hyper-aggressive champion off his opponent. Jesse, innocently holds his hands up as he slowly walks back from Security who've now got in between him and Murray, whose tending to his shoulder.

Kendrix: Fuck your fair fight, bruv.

Cut.

We come back from commercial break where C.H. Jordan is standing in the center of the ring, microphone in hand.

Blackfront: It's time for our main event!

Ace: THE Jay Harvey, our FIGHTING, Legacy champion, is set to defend his coveted championship title against a scallywag, a playboy pointdexter, our supposedly Legendary signee, Jack Harmen.

Blackfront: Do you have a problem with Jack Harmen challenging Harvey on this show?

Ace: Harvey's a fighting champ, and you can't let just anyone hit on your girl. You gotta put those uggos in their place!

Blackfront: Maybe Harmen was just trying to goad the Legacy champion into a title match here. We've seen stranger things in the walls of WrestleUTA.

Jordan: The following contest is for THE WrestleUTA Legacy Championship...

"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne plays over the pa system as the fans rise to their feet and a billow of smoke wasps from the entranceway. Out through the fog, Jack Harmen emerges, with Mary-Lynn Mayweather following him closely.

Jordan: This next match is scheduled for one fall, and is for the WrestleUTA Legacy Championship!

He wears his tights, which are made of a snow-like substance, and his new "Flyin' High" WrestleUTA t-shirt. He tosses his hand up in a devil horn taunt, as Mary-Lynn claps him on.

Jordan: Introducing first, the challenger, from Los Angeles California, weighing in tonight at 224 pounds. He is your friendly neighborhood Lunatic, the Manic Maniac, Jack.... HAAAAAARRRRMAAAAAAN...

Harmen and Mary-Lynn make their way to the ring, each slapping the fans hands as they head down the ramp.

Blackfront: Harmen has only been here a few weeks, but he's already beaten the God of Extreme Scott Stevens in a no DQ contest. Now, he has a shot at the Legacy champion.

Ace: Can I join WrestleUTA and wrestle Stevens once and get a shot at a title? Doesn't seem too hard.

Blackfront: Oh come on. Stevens would destroy you.

Ace: I can get someone like... I dunno, Jestal to help me. It'll be simple. Then, easy title shot!

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins to blare from the sound system, The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face. She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. Harvey raises his arms into the air as the WrestleUTA Legacy title glistens around his waist. The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle.

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

When the two finally get to the ring, Jay Harvey walks up the ring steps and onto the apron. He sits on the middle rope and signals for Catalina to enter the ring. As she does she gives Harvey a kiss on the lips, shaking her ass in the process.

Ace: Finally! The Champ is here! And so is Catalina! Woo!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey remains undefeated here in WrestleUTA but does that end tonight?

Ace: What kind of a stupid question is that, Jason? Of course, it doesn't!

Jordan: He is accompanied by the lovely Catalina... He has informed me to refer to him as ""the man who climbed the ladder", "the legacy who holds the Legacy"... He is the WrestleUTA Legacy Champion, the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth"... "The Natural One" THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaarveeeeeeyyyy!

Jay Harvey comes to a halt in his corner and gets one last kiss from Catalina before she exits the ring; Referee Levi Jones comes over and Harvey hands him the Legacy CHampionship."The Natural One" wipes his feet clean as the fans continue to boo.

Ace: Isn't it marvelous?!

Blackfront: Harvey handing his Legacy title over to Referee Jones. Both men look ready.

The bell sounds and the match is underway. Harvey and Harmen circle each other in the middle of the ring. The crowd is buzzing as the two men now meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey uses his strength advantage to push Jack Harmen back and to the ground. The crowd boos Harvey who now begins showboating to the fans. Harmen sits in the corner, smirking at Harvey. Harmen gets back to his feet and the men once again circling each other. Again they meet in a Collar and Elbow Tie Up. Harvey gains the advantage as he takes Harmen's back, locking in a Hammerlock. Harmen slaps at his shoulder as Harvey keeps putting more pressure on his wrist. Harmen is able to land a few elbow shots that rock Harvey. Harmen is able to free himself and hits the ropes. Harmen comes back to Harvey and is slammed down to the ground by way of an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex. Harmen slides all the way to the ropes.

Blackfront: What power by Jay Harvey!

Ace: THE Jay Harvey, Jason! Our Legacy Champion!

Jay Harvey now stands tall once again gloating in front of the sold out crowd. They boo him so loudly you can hear it outside the arena. Harvey moves slowly towards Harmen, who is trying to get to his feet. Harvey picks Harmen up and walks him to the nearby corner. Harvey walks up the turnbuckles and perches himself on the top rope where he takes a seat. He grabs Harmen, pulling him in close. Harvey hooks Harmen in a Dragon Sleeper and lifts Harmen up off the ground. The Referee starts his Five Count. Harvey takes the count to Four before finally letting go of his opponent. Harmen walks forward a few feet, grasping at his throat as if to say it was a chokehold, and falls down to the mat. Harvey stands with his feet on the second rope. He leaps off landing an elbow to the upper shoulder area of Jack

Harmen. Harvey goes for a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harmen is just able to kick out. Harvey puts a smile on his face as he gets to his feet, bringing Harmen up with him. Harvey pushes Harmen into the nearby ropes and sends him across the ring by way of an Irish Whip. Harmen bounces off the ropes and ducks Harvey's Clothesline attempt. Harmen comes back from the ropes behind Harvey and ducks another Clothesline attempt by Harvey. Harmen bounces off the ropes and sends Harvey flying with a Single Leg Dropkick. The crowd is on their feet and backing the former High Flyer. Harvey is quick in trying to get back to a vertical base but is met with a Running Moonsault dropkick that sends Harvey through the ring ropes and crashing to the outside of the ring. Harmen lands on all fours as he watches Harvey tumble. Cameras go to the outside of the ring where Catalina is making her way over to Jay Harvey. She tries to give him aid and we go back to Harmen in the ring. Harmen then back flops onto the mat and begins to make snow angels.

Ace: Is... is he doing snow angels?

Blackfront: Seems so, and this crowd is pumped to see his trademark taunt!

Harmen back rolls to his feet and then in a fluid motion charges off the far ropes. As Harmen leaps up onto the top rope to take a dive, Catalina and Harvey move out of the way. Harmen steadies himself, and then backflips off the top rope, back into the middle of the ring.

Ace: Smart move by the Champ. Harmen's known as a High Flyer, you have to expect that to happen when you're on the outside.

Blackfront: Also by the challenger. Most people wouldn't be able to stop their momentum like that, but Harmen's agility is on another level.

Harmen rolls under the bottom rope and makes his way towards Harvey. Referee Levi Jones starts his Ten Count on both men. Catalina turns her head and gets out of dodge while Harmen cracks Harvey in the back of the head with an elbow. Harmen takes Harvey by the head and pushes him into the steel ring steps. Harvey grabs his right arm, showing signs of pain as it's sandwiched between his body and the steps. Harmen lifts up the possibly injured arm of Harvey and slams it on the top step. The fans near ringside love what they are seeing. Harmen goes to slam Harvey hand again but is stopped. Harvey Irish Whips Harmen into the barricade. He tries to shake his arm free of the stinger, and then charges, catching Harmen in the head with a vicious knee. Harvey then slams right hand after right hand into Harmen's face, before wrapping his arms around Harmen's waist and repeatedly slamming his back into the barricade. He takes a step back, the count at six, before charging Harmen with a vicious clothesline. Harmen topples up and over the guardrail and into the crowd. Harvey smiles deviously and slides under the bottom rope. Harvey then lays back first in the ring, mocking the Lunatic. Referee Levi Jones starts his Ten Count.

One!

Two!

Three!

Harmen crawls his way over the guardrail and plops down on the outside mats.

Four!

Five!

Six!

Seven!

Harmen reaches the ringside area and grabs the WrestleUTA apron tarp. He begins to use this to pull himself to his feet.

Eight!

Nine!

Jack Harmen slips back into the ring at the very last moment and the crowd goes wild! Jay Harvey is aware that Harmen is back into the ring. Harvey gets to his feet and is foaming at the mouth. Harvey pulls Harmen by his hair, lifting him up to a vertical base. Harvey throws Harmen's right arm through his legs and has Harmen in a Pump Handle Suplex position. Harvey lifts Harmen into the air but Harmen is able to situate his body and sends Harvey down hard to the mat with a neck palm Implant DDT. The crowd is electric.

Both men lay on the mat as Referee Levi Jones starts his Ten Count.

Blackfront: Jack Harmen out of nowhere with that DDT!

Ace: How did he do that?!

Blackfront: He calls that modified implant DDT, the Cold Snow! What makes Harmen so dangerous is he can hit most of his moves out of absolutely unexpected positions.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Five!

Jack Harmen is the first man to show signs of life. He rubs his back.

Six!

Seven!

Harmen is pulling himself up with help of the ring ropes. Jay Harvey is now on all fours, breaking the Referee's count. Harmen leans in the corner, both arms draped over the top rope and looking high at the rafters. His breath is labored and his eyes continually try to refocus on the task at hand. Harvey slowly rises to his feet, his back is to Jack Harmen. Harmen slams his boot once into the mat, as he sizes up THE Jay Harvey. As Harvey turns...

Blackfront: Locomoti-- Harvey ducks and Harmen took out the Referee!

Ace: What an idiot!

Blackfront: Jack Harmen going for his Locomotive Yakuza Kick- Jay Harvey moved out of the way causing Jack Harmen to hit Referee Levi Jones who was, unfortunately, standing behind Harvey.

Referee Levi Jones is out cold on the mat. Jack Harmen pulls at his hair as Mary-Lynn freaks out on the outside. She pulls out some smelling salts as Harmen goes to check on Jones. Harmen looks to the backstage area and shouts, yelling and pointing for someone to come help. Mary-Lynn slides in the smelling salts as Harmen grabs it, trying to stir Jones back to his feet. But with his focus so distracted, THE Jay Harvey stands behind Harmen waiting for him to turn around.

Ace: He's a sitting duck! Haha!

Harmen tosses away the smelling salts and stands up defeated. He turns and faces Jay Harvey, as he lifts Harmen up in a Fireman's Carry and then drops him sending a Knee Lift into Harmen's face.

Ace: Game Over!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey just knocked out Jack Harmen.

Jay Harvey stands over Jack Harmen, saying something to him but the microphones can't pick it up. Harvey begins laughing as the fans boo him. Harvey grabs Harmen by the hair and now starts yelling at the fans along ringside. Harvey puts Harmen across his shoulders once more and the result is the same.

Blackfront: Another Game Over. You've made your point, Jay.

Harmen bounces off Harvey's knee and winds up rolling toward the nearest ropes. The cameras get in close after a moment, as Harmen starts to bleed from his forehead.

Ace: He has made his point... He's the ch- What happened to the lights?!

The crowd is drenched in darkness. The fans in the crowd turn on their flashlights. Within seconds the lights turn back on and Crimson Lord stands inside the ring.

Blackfront: It's Crimson Lord! It's Crimson Lord!

Ace: Run Jay! Get out of there!

The crowd explodes causing Harvey to turn around. Harvey's jaw drops to the mat. Harvey takes one step towards Crimson Lord and is immediately picked up and put in a Piledriver position. The crowd continues to go insane as Crimson Lord puts Harvey down to the mat with the Final Judgment. Crimson Lord stares into the unconscious face of Jay Harvey. Crimson stands up continuing his stare at his nemesis. Crimson Lord grabs the left arm of Jack Harmen, dragging his bloody unconscious body from the corner over to Harvey. Crimson Lord drops Harmen's arm on top of Harvey's body. Crimson Lord puts his right leg over the top rope and then his right. He drops to the floor continuing to look towards the ring. Referee Levi Jones is finally coming to, crawling to make the count.

Ace: What a disgrace! Not like this!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord just cost Jay Harvey his Legacy Championship!

One!

Two!

Three!

The bell sounds bringing an end to the Legacy Title match. Cameras cut back to Crimson Lord as he continues his march up the entrance ramp. Crimson has an evil smile on his face.

Jordan: The winner of the match... and NEW WrestleUTA Legacy Champion... Jaaaack Haaaarmen!

Harmen and Harvey are still out cold inside the ring.

Ace: Crimson Lord should go back to jail! He perpetrated one of the biggest crimes in WrestleUTA history!

Blackfront: Jay Harvey got another taste of his own medicine if you ask me. Let's take you back, folks...

A replay of the lights going out hits your screen. Crimson Lord then hits his finisher on Jay Harvey.

Blackfront: Jack Harmen is the new Legacy Champion, thanks to Crimson Lord.

Ace: I'm beside myself. Crimson Lord is going to pay for this, this, besmirchment! Jay Harvey was besmirched!

Referee Levi Jones is still dazed and is handed the WrestleUTA Legacy title. He brings it over to the body of Jack Harmen. Catalina is freaking out on the outside as Mary-Lynn rushes in, holding a pouch of smelling salts. She awakens Harmen, helping him to his feet as his own eyes roll into the back of his head. He stumbles back, and Mary-Lynn can only shove him into the corner for additional support. He lands in a seated position, arms draped over the middle ropes is the only way he doesn't collapse. Mary-Lynn takes the Legacy title away from Levi Jones and sits next to Harmen, trying to drape the title over his shoulders. It just keeps falling into his lap, as Catalina screams in protest on the outside.

Meanwhile, Crimson Lord now stands on the top of the entrance ramp, extremely pleased as the chords of "Crazy Train" ring out over the pa system

Ace: You're gonna pay for this, Crimson Lord!

The WrestleUTA on Hulu logo appears on the bottom right corner of your screen. We zoom in closer to Crimson Lord before the feed fades to black.

## Show Credits

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