

WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E22

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Results

WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E22

Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu ep 22

4 Jul 2017

Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, New Jersey (seats 20,029)

Images come across your screen reading "ABSOLUTION! DON'T MISS THE REPLAY, AVAILABLE NOW 24/7 ON THE WRESTLE UTA NETWORK! ONLY \$4.99 per month!

Blackfront: (Voiceover) Let's get this show on the road! WELCOME LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO WRESTLEUTA ABSOLUTION! (Recap shot of the sold out crowd at the Verizon Center and cut to Kendrix promo earlier in the night. Some generic recap music begins to play as we are treated to the video recap package of June 18th in Washington D.C.)

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

Next up is the drama and pageantry of Kozue Kazakatchki's much anticipated WrestleUTA debut.

Out from the entrance ramp elegantly walks a new wrestler, his arms held out as though the presence of God himself. He walks ever so peacefully and respectfully to the ring. His golden robe shining brightly under the arena lights.

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

The scene quickly cuts to the entrances of the Dibbins Brothers and Hightower/Byrd

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

(Flash forward to the end of the match) We see Sawyers and Byrd look back and laugh at the Dibbins who are still down and trying to recover. Hightower remains fixated on leaving the ringside area.

(Cut to another shot, as the music slows down, this one of Chris Ross being interviewed before his war with Impulse)

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

We see a quick shot of all three participants in the Legacy title match, Jestal, Scott Stevens and Jack Harmen

Flash forward to the moment where Jestal stuck the fake smile on Stevens.

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

Jestal stares out to the sea of jeering UTA fans.

Jestal: YOU ALL SMILE TOO!

A quick fade in and out to Chris Ross vs Impulse, we see Calico returning with Impulse to the delight of the crowd as the music picks back up. We flash instantly to the fans rise as one as Impulse's boot lands squarely on Chris Ross' jaw, and The Boss seems frozen in time for a moment... then he falls.

He falls backwards, twelve feet to the floor... onto a large bay of electrical gear! WrestleUTA techs scatter at the sudden impact, and the referee drops down carefully to check on him! Suddenly sparks fly from the electrical equipment under Ross.... Followed by a pyro explosion! The crowd's reaction can be heard as we cut to a shot of Impulse standing over Ross for a long spell.

We cut to a voice over of Zoe saying "Switchblade" Crimson steps through the curtain as Harvey stares from the ring, No fancy pyro or smoke and mirrors Crimson power walks toward the ring while Zoey tries to catch up to him.

We flash forward to the end of the match as Crimson holds his head again, He quickly looks back at her, a bit disoriented. Harvey charges Crimson from behind Crimson slams into Zoey. She flies off the apron and her lower back hits the edge of the announcers table. She falls lifeless to the floor.

The crowd: AAAAAAWWWWWWWWW!!!!

The scene shifts from a concerned Crimson Lord to a voice over by Jason Blackfront, The music plays through building to the crescendo.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back to ringside... it's now time for the moment we've all been waiting for. We see Andy Murray the challenger and JFK the WrestleUTA World Champion making their way down to the ring and the shot of the referee holding up the greatest prize in our sport.

Ace: THE BELL-END!

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

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

Ace: He's going for the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...KICKOUT!

Blackfront: ANOTHER KICKOUT FROM ANDY MURRAY!

Ace: (REDACTED) STOP IT, ANDY!

Blackfront: HE'S LOOKING TO FINISH IT, HIGHLAND HANGOVER TIME!

Before Murray can gain the right amount of balance, Kendrix kicks out over and over again in pure desperation as he slips out of the challenger's grasp and pulls his foe down with him, back first toward the canvass, meeting his knees in the process.

Blackfront: BACKSTABBER! INCREDIBLE, INCREDIBLE COUNTER FROM KENDRIX!

Ace: That's our champ, BAY BAY!

The music continues to a fast forward shot and Sure enough, we see JFK trap the challenger's limb, then clasps his hands across his face, wrenching back with a Crossface!

Blackfront: KENDRIX KROSS!

Ace: IT'S OVER!

Blackfront: THIS IS HOW KENDRIX TAPPED HIM OUT THE LAST TIME ROUND! CAN MURRAY SURVIVE?!

Ace: OF COURSE NOT! NOBODY ESCAPES THE CHOSEN ONE'S GRASP!

One final flash forward to JFK staggering around and without a moment's hesitation, The King drives him down into the mat, crushing him with the wrist-clutch Death Valley Driver!

Ace: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: G-I-T-B! HE NAILED IT!

And the cover. (The crowd can be heard shouting along)

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!!!!

Ace: FUUUUUUUUUUU--

Blackfront: HE DID IT! ANDY MURRAY JUST DEFEATED KENDRIX!

Cut to a shot of the new champion celebrating in the middle of the ring amidst the pouring confetti

Jordan: AND THE NEW WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNN...

The crowd in East Rutherford is gathered for the largest wrestling promotion on earth to present the greatest show on TV live from the Continental Airlines Arena. The camera pans the crowd and we are treated to several home made signs by the fans

"ALL HAIL THE KING!"

"YO QUIRO EL DRAGON!"

"JACK HARMEN FOR PRESIDENT!"

"The Dibbins putt mi budt in thiz seatt!"

"Grow up Jamie Sawyers!"

Some fireworks go off as we cut to the announcing table and the UTA's own Dynamic Duo of Jason Blackfront and Johnny Ace.

Blackfront: We are two weeks removed from one of the most physical pay per views I have seen in a long... LONG time. Welcome everyone to WrestleUTA live on Hulu! Hello everyone I'm Jason Blackfront and joined as always by my partner in crime Johnny Ace, we are coming to you live from a sold out and electric Continental Airlines Arena in beautiful East Rutherford, New Jersey!

Ace: Beautiful? What's so beautiful about it? It's been two weeks since the greatest robbery in the history of wrestling took place! That fossil Andy Murray is walking around calling himself our world champion!

Blackfront: He IS our world champion partner and tonight, live here on television he will make his first defense of the WrestleUTA World title when he takes on Theo Baylor in our main event!

Ace: Let's hope his first is also his last! Wrestling is a young man's sport!

Blackfront: Speaking of young we have another new debut here tonight as The Iron Terror goes one on one with Dylan Daniels

Ace: Another excuse of a champion we have Jack Harmen will be defending his stolen Legacy title against Bobby.... UGH.... Dean. Can you imagine DEAN of all people walking around with one of our titles!? That would be even worse!

Blackfront: Speaking of bad signs and sights tonight Jamie Sawyers leads his men into battle against the odd couple of Chris Ross and Crimson Lord.

Ace: After the beatings they both took in Washington, I'm surprised they even showed up here to wrestle but what I really want to know is what does Mr. Unlikely plan to do about the travesty that took place at Absolution!?

Blackfront: We'll find out tonight as we head up to the ring!

We Are The Champions!

The camera lingers inside the arena for longer than it usually would.

Why?

Because things are about to occur.

The lights cut out. The crowd start buzzing, and then...

? I'VE PAID MY DUES,
TIME AFTER TIME,
I'VE DONE MY SENTENCE,
BUT COMMITTED NO CRIME... ?

A piano and vocal line familiar to anybody with a working set of ears starts playing through the PA system. The fans start getting into it, joining in with Freddie Mercury as the song gathers pace...

Blackfront: Listen to this, Tommy!

Ace: I'd rather not. If you need me, I'll be jamming pencils in my ears...

? AND BAD MISTAKES,
I'VE MADE A FEW... ?

The darkness is broken by a sole spotlight in the crowd, halfway up one of the stands. There, at the top of a staircase, is a man decked-out in a Queen-style yellow leather jacket. He's got his head bowed, and the WrestleUTA Championship raised high in the air.

Ace: Oh for the love of God...

? I'VE HAD MY SHARE OF SAND KICKED IN MY FACE,
BUT I'VE COME THROUGH... ?

Andy Murray suddenly comes to life as the song hits full gear. He doesn't have a microphone, but he swings his arm back and forth, conducting the entire arena in a loud chorus of "We Are The Champions," huge grin planted across his face.

Blackfront: It's Freddie Murrcury!

Ace: That's literally the worst thing you've ever said.

Blackfront: C'mon, Tommy! Get into the swing of things!

The big Scot starts dashing down the stairs. When he gets to the floor, he turns around, looking up at the arena behind him, bellowing out the chorus himself.

He eventually turns around and starts heading to the ring, slapping hands with as many fans as possible along the way, before hopping the barricade.

Blackfront: He even has the jacket!

Ace: I was hoping this goof would at least have the decency to skip the usual "new champion's address" thing. Sadly, I was mistaken.

Blackfront: Something tells me you might be in the minority there.

Finally Murray rolls into the ring. Once there, he heads to the ropes, then hoists the title high, proudly flaunting his accomplishments. As the song's second chorus expires, Andy walks across the ring and takes a microphone from CH Jordan, who's on the outside.

Murray: Blimey, lads - that was a bit loud.

Their response is even louder, because cheap pops rule. The King eventually pulls the yellow jacket from his shoulders, and leaves it on on of the top turnbuckles. He's got a black t-shirt on below, and his outfit's completed by some grey jeans and black sneakers. With the belt still in his hand, Andy holds it out in front of him, takes a good look at it, then looks back to the crowd.

Murray: Pretty cool, huh?

They respond in the affirmative.

Ace: Oh, blergh...

Murray: You know it's been six years since I last held one of these things, and I can honestly say that despite all the twists and turns life has taken since then, the thrill hasn't dulled one bit. Cheers.

He holds the belt up once more, then nods, thanking the crowd. Murray gets a nice little round of applause in return.

Murray: Kendrix...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Yeah, of course that was gonna happen.

Ace: The disrespect!

Blackfront: What did you honestly expect?

Andy waits for the noise to die down a little.

Murray: Kendrix is a lot of things. Cheap shot artist, schemer, liar, coward, bell-end...

He pauses.

Murray: He's also one of the best wrestlers I've ever faced.

Ace: Exactly! Recognise greatness when you see-- hey, wait. Did I just agree with Andy Murray?!

Murray: Those words may come as a surprise, but I mean it. I'm not gonna let my personal distaste for Mr. Bellend get

in the way of the truth. The things he did to me in the lead-up to Absolution were completely reprehensible, and honestly, I think I still owe him a couple of head-drops for that crap he pulled during my entrance. BUT, for a man of his youth and inexperience, his skills are out of this world. Eventually, he's going to reach a level where he won't even feel the need to take the coward's route and jump his opponent on the ramp, and maybe when that happens, he'll realise that he doesn't need to be such a wanker to succeed in this sport...

He pauses, pondering.

Murray: Or maybe he'll always be a wanker. Either way, I'd like to thank him for the challenge, and for helping light a fire inside me that I thought died a long time ago.

Blackfront: As noble as ever. If it were Kendrix out here tonight, I guarantee you he wouldn't be half as dignified.

Murray: There's a lot going on in WrestleUTA right now. At the top--

"Ridin' Dirty" by Chamillionaire suddenly hits the PA system.

Blackfront: What the?!

Ace: An interruption?! During a new champion's speech?! SURELY NOT!

The King rolls his eyes, having half-expected something like this to happen. What he doesn't anticipate, however, is that it's not Kendrix or Jay Harvey striding out onto the stage, but Theo Baylor.

Ace: The hell is he doing here?!

Blackfront: Beats me, but I guess we're about to find out!

The Los Angeles native stomps down the ramp, scowl at Andy Murray, mouthing-off, though the microphones don't quite pick up what he's saying. He rolls under the bottom rope, then strides right up to Andy Murray. Though he's two inches shorter than the champion, Theo is considerably more muscular than the leaner Scot.

Blackfront: He's getting right in in face!

Looking deeply confused, Andy puts a hand out in front of him, creating some space between him and the bullish Baylor. He scratches his head. Theo, meanwhile, catches a microphone as it's thrown from the technical area.

Murray: Hello Theodore.

Baylor: S'up, champ? Surprised to see me?

Murray shrugs.

Murray: Well I've got to be honest, mate - I was kind of expecting Jay Harvey or Kendrix...

Baylor: They ain't comin'. You got me.

Theo plants a finger in his own chest.

Murray: To what do I owe this pleasure then?

Baylor: You ain't already figure it out?

TB shakes his head.

Baylor: You got a short memory, champ. January 10th. WresleUTA on Hulu 12. Remember yet?

He doesn't wait for an answer.

Baylor: You mighta beat David Hightower, you mighta beat Chris Ross, you mighta beat Kendrix... but you ain't beat ME. The one time we went one-on-one, I won, and now that you got yourself a pretty lil' belt, I reckon that puts ME in

line for a shot.

Ace: He's got a point!

Blackfront: That he does! The referee stopped the bout when it was ruled Murray was too injured to continue, but a win's a win!

Ace: Get 'im, Theo!

Blackfront: The first Kendrix match aside, Baylor is the only loss on Murray's WrestleUTA record!

The King still looks a little taken aback, but Baylor's aggression hasn't shaken his trademark confidence. He raises the mic.

Murray: Listen, darling - I wasn--

Baylor: The FUCK did you just call me?!

Before the champ can even open his mouth, Theo lunges forward, cracking him in the jaw with a hard right hand!

Ace: WHOA!

Murray staggers back against the ropes, a little shaken. Baylor takes the center of the ring and screams for him to come forward, which Murray does! The King throws a hard right forearm, and the two are soon trading blows before the baying crowd!

Blackfront: They're taking lumps out of each other!

Ace: We got ourselves a brawl, BAY BAY!

The scrap soon hits the deck, but a horde of security guards and officials pile down the ramp before it can get too out of control. They swarm the ring, pulling the two brawlers apart, backing a furious Andy Murray into a corner.

He grabs a mic from the mic.

Murray: You're on!

Ace: Awwww yeah!

Blackfront: Looks like we got ourselves a main event!

A smile creeps across Baylor's face as Murray's music starts playing over the PA. He got exactly what he wanted.

Blackfront: I don't think anyone expected Theo Baylor to get a title shot tonight, but folks, Murray's first WrestleUTA Championship defence is about to go down!

Ace: Maaaaaan, I hope history repeats itself!

Blackfront: Is Theo Baylor Andy Murray's kryptonite?! Can lightning strike twice?!

Andy has calmed himself down, but he's still jawing with Baylor.

Blackfront: We'll find out in tonight's main event!

We cut away

Good Idea, Bad Idea

The scene opens upon WrestleUTA owner, Mikey Unlikely sat in his comfortable looking leather business man office chair. In front of him upon a coaster on his desk is a half drunk ice cold Oreo Frappe. Of course, looking the business in his businessman suit (because he is a businessman) as usual, his demeanor is anything but relaxed with his cell to his ear.

Mikey Unlikely: What do you mean you let him through? I gave him the night off tonight specifically because he needs to calm the fuck down.

He rolls his eyes and face palms.

Mikey Unlikely: Of course he seemed fine just now, it's because he played you, you moron! You're in big trou...

At that moment, his office door swings wide open, as none other than an irate looking Jesse Fredericks Kendrix steps through, dressed in the latest #JFK t-shirt, jeans and trainer combo, gym bag over his shoulder, he plants the palms of his hands down on Mikey's desk. Mikey hangs up the phone and gets to his feet, holding the palms of his hands out in an effort to calm his bruv down.

Mikey Unlikely: Bruv, take it easy, deep breaths yeah?

Kendrix grits his teeth and waves his hand out dismissively in front of Mikey.

Kendrix: Nah, nah bruv. Fuck that. We got to fix this tonight, innit?!

Mikey steps around to Jesse's side of the desk and puts a reassuring arm around his free shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely: Look, I gave you the night off for a reason. You need to calm down. You've been pissed for two weeks. It's not healthy for a bruv. So why don't you go get a frappe, demean some strippees, you know, cheer yourself up. Cos you're not in the right frame of mind to be on the show tonight.

Kendrix shrugs Mikey's hand off his shoulder, as well as his efforts to cheer his bestest bruv in the world up and throws his gym bag down on Mikey's desk.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?! I'm fine, look at me, see my hand.

He lays his hand out flat in front of Mikey who inspects it.

Kendrix: You see that hand shaking?

Mikey takes a breath in, there's no shake alright but he's not convinced, he knows his Hollywood Bruv better than anyone.

Kendrix: I'm as cool as a FUCKING cucumber mate! JFK's got his gear tonight and he's ready to right the wrong that happened at Absolution. Tonight is about damage limitation to your company, Mikey. You know as well as I do that having Andy Murray as your Champion is going to cost you Mikey Money.

He rubs his index finger against his thumb out at Mikey.

Kendrix: You know that dufus can't pull in the mega bucks like JFK can. So I'm gonna do both of us a favour and right that wrong by invoking my rematch clause for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship...TONIGHT!

Without so much as waiting for an answer from Mikey, Kendrix grabs his gym bag and puts it over his shoulder. However, before he can leave, Mikey pulls him back, takes a deep breath and awkwardly bites his lip.

Mikey Unlikely: Bruv, look. First off, I'm not happy with the situation as much as you are, ok?! But I gave you the night off. So, obvs thinking that you weren't going to be here, well, I put Andy Murray in a title match in the main event against Theo Baylor.

JFK's eyes widen and mouth drops.

Kendrix: What?!

Mikey holds a hand up flat at him, cutting Kendrix off before he can build a head of steam and holds his arms wide by his side, shrugging his shoulders.

Mikey Unlikely: We're on the same team bruv, ok?! We both want what's best for us, right?! Andy Murray won't be

champ for long. And besides, there's two problems with your rematch...

Kendrix looks at Mikey questionably.

Mikey Unlikely: Well, for one, Jay Harvey is number one contender at the next pay per view. He won that right when he defeated Crimson Lord at Absolution.

Kendrix is about to say something but he's cut off before he can even get started.

Mikey Unlikely: And two, well...you don't have a rematch clause for the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Title in your contract...

Uh Oh...Kendrix slams his gym bag down on the ground.

Kendrix: WHAT?! HOW CAN I NOT HAVE A REMATCH CLAUSE?!

Mikey holds his hands out flat at his bruv in a futile attempt to calm him down.

Mikey Unlikely: Bruv, don't you remember? When you became Champ we re-negotiated your contract. I said to you that you should probably have a rematch clause for the title, along with all the extra Mikey Money you were gonna make, in the contract but you insisted you didn't need one cos there was no way you would ever lose the title! Instead you said just stick a year's supply of Oreo Frappes in the contract instead!

The fury in Kendrix eyes subsides for a brief moment upon realisation of this exact memory, but only for a brief moment.

Kendrix: FUCK! WHY DID YOU LET ME DO THAT?!

Mikey Unlikely holds his hands to his head before shrugging his shoulders at the now costly mistake.

Mikey Unlikely: I DON'T KNOW? WE NEGOTIATED IN THE STRIPPEES AT 5am AFTER DRINKING RUM AND OREO FRAPPES ALL NIGHT!

Kendrix turns his back from Mikey, closing his eyes with his hands on his head and taking a few steps away from his bruv in an effort to calm himself down. Taking a deep breath, he turns to face his bruv who looks back at him with an awkward look of expectation on his face.

Kendrix: FUUUUUUUCCKKKKKKKK!

Mikey holds his hands out at his bruv in a final attempt to calm him down

Mikey Unlikely: I KNOW, BELIEVE ME, NO MORE CONTRACT NEGOTIATIONS AT 5am AT THE STRIPPEES! JUST GO HOME, CALM THE FUCK DOWN AND WE'LL SORT THIS, OK?!

Without waiting for another second, Kendrix grabs his gym bag from the floor and storms out of Mikey's office as the shot fades on Mikey holding his hand to his head in frustration.

Unforeseen Circumstances

"Earlier Tonight" flashes across our screen. We open to the office of Mikey Unlikely, he sits behind his desk, suit jacket draped over the chair, he's wearing shirt and tie, and dress pants. He's reading over some paperwork on the desk, studying intently when his cell phone goes off.

"Yo, listen up, here's a story, about a little guy that lives in a blue world, and all day and all night and everything he sees is just Blue.."

The owner of WrestleUTA fumbles through his pockets whilst never taking his eyes off the paperwork. He finally finds it and fishes it out, cutting off the awesome tune.

Unlikely: Go for Mikey!

There's a pause, we see Mikey's eyes dart off the page he was reading and begin to move a bit frantically.

Unlikely: Oh hey, Miss Clark...er.. I'm sorry, DOCTOR...Clark! How are you doing!?

Dr. Clark responds.

Unlikely: Great! Glad to hear it! Please tell me you're just checking in, usually when you call me, you have some bad news about one of my wrestlers...

Although the voice can be heard, it's not clear enough that the words can be made out.

Unlikely: You've got to be kidding me!?! AT ALL!?! Not even a tag match!?!

Another quick response.

Unlikely: Well that throws a wrench in my plans tonight! I had Chris Ross teaming with Crimson Lord, and now you're telling me he can't go!? Fine.... I'll figure it out, thank you doctor.

Mikey runs a hand through his hair, stressed, as he ends the call and sets the phone back down.

Blackfront: Sounds like Chris Ross hasn't been cleared medically to compete...

Ace: He did get fried like an egg, Jason!

Mikey puts a hand under his chin and starts thinking.

Unlikely: Now who am I going to find on such short notice!?!

Blackfront: I hope Crimson Lord doesn't have to go two on one with Sawyers boys!

Ace: I do!

There's a burst of static noise before the walkie talkie on the edge of Mikey's desk comes alive.

Walkie: Mr. Unlikely Sir!?!

He reaches for it and presses the button.

Unlikely: Yes?

There's a two second pause before it comes back.

Walkie: The gentlemen you mentioned has arrived, but we have not let him into the building per your instruction.

Unlikely: Good! Keep him away from me! How are you sure it's him?

Walkie: Well sir, he's wearing a tropical shirt, a fedora, open toed sandals, carrying a pineapple, and has a thick accent sir.

Unlikely: Yes! That's him! Keep him out at all costs, do you understand me!?! Actually.... Keep him right there!

Walkie: Yes sir!

The scene fades as Mikey rises from his chair and mumbles under his breath. "I'll take care of this guy, once and for all".

The Iron Terror vs Dylan Daniels

Cut back to ringside - or rather, the commentary desk, with Blackfront and Ace.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, up next we've got Dylan Daniels taking on a man who's making his UTA debut - and

that man calls himself The Iron Terror. Now, I don't know much about the man yet...

Ace: The way I see it, Blackfont, you take a guy who's actually going to call himself THE IRON TERROR, and you've got to assume that he's either completely capable of backing it up - or completely incapable of backing it up. See also: Judas, comma, Brother. Anyway let's turn it over to C. H. for the intros.

C.H. Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, with no time limit! Already in the ring, hailing from Seattle, Washington, and weighing in at 219 lbs! Dylan! Daniels!

Dylan Daniels smirks like he doesn't know his role and is unaware of his probable impending doom, and makes some kind of arrogant hand motion at the fans.

Blackfont: Daniels has been around the block a time or two. What this means for this match, we don't know, because I don't know The Iron Terror's background. I don't know anything about him.

C.H Jordan: And his opponent! Making his UTA debut! Hailing from THE HIGHWAY TO HELL, and weighing in at 273 lbs! THE IRON! TERROR!

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

Blackfont: But we're about to find out!

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

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

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

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

The backlighting flares bright white as The Iron Terror raises his arms and walks through the glowing smoke.

Ace: That - that right there, is one SCARY looking dude.

Let me paint you a picture here real quick, from the feet up.

This guy wears surprisingly light wrestling boots, the kind favored by cruiserweights. His pants are black leather, loose fit, just short of baggy, with a silvery-gray flame pattern coming up from the ankle cuffs towards the knee.

His torso is devoid of tattoos. Muscular, maybe just a tad stout, no ripped abs here, but solid front to back. His hands sport fingerless fighting gloves.

A longcoat with large, angular, metallic shoulderpads is hung across his shoulders, but open down the front. The coat comes with a hood, which is hanging down the back.

And the face is hidden behind a mask, a black lucha mask. The mask leaves the jaw exposed, and an unkempt beard reaches about halfway to his chest. A gray-silver flame pattern surrounds the eyes of the mask and sweeps backwards.

He exhales a mouthful of smoke as he stalks towards the ring, glowering at the fans. His eyes are vivid blue.

Blackfont: Well, I'm adequately intimidated.

Ace: Not so fast Blackfont, let's see what he can do in there first.

Jumping from the floor to the ring apron in one bound, The Iron Terror doffs his hooded longcoat and steps into the ring. He stoically ignores as the referee checks him for foreign objects, instead glowering across the ring at Dylan Daniels.

Then the bell rings, and The Iron Terror explodes.

He bolts across the ring, lifts Daniels in a waistlock and plasters him into the corner, and then starts laying in with repeated corner clotheslines. Once Daniels is sagging, Iron Terror overhooks both arms and reverse tiger suplexes him to the center of the ring. He puts one foot back, waits on Daniels to stagger to his feet, then races out again and just about kenka kicks his head off!

Blackfront: This match hasn't been going for a minute and already The Iron Terror demonstrating strength, toughness, and some serious striking prowess. Did you hear that kick?

Iron Terror pulls Daniels right back to his feet, and roundhouse kicks him in the chest so hard he snaps backwards like he was suplexed.

Ace: Forget prowess, that looked like some legit martial arts training right there, you see that form?

Daniels is Irish whipped into the buckle, and Iron Terror follows him in with a jumping backsplash. Iron Terror takes two steps forward, lets Daniels stagger a bit and then savate kicks him to the mat.

Blackfront: Can - can we get a look at his face real quick?

And we do just that, as The Iron Terror waits and Dylan Daniels flatlines.

Ace: Looks pretty angry.

Blackfront: These big mysterious monster types, usually the best way to figure them out is to look at their face. Sometimes they're implacable and expressionless, we see a lot of grinning monster types these days, that means they're enjoying this, but that man? That scowl and those eyes look like hate to me, Ace.

Iron Terror has waited long enough for Daniels to collect himself a bit. He belts the Terror in the gut, which doesn't really phase him. Instead, Terror lashes out with a sidekick that doubles him over, and then hurls him like a shotput at the corner. Daniels tries to collect himself, and the Iron Terror again bolts straight at him...

Ace: Swing and a miss!

The Iron Terror had run at Daniels, jumped and gone upside down with a cannonball splash. Daniels had the wherewithall to duck, and the Terror hit his back against the top bolt, flipped over the top rope and crashlanded on the floor.

Blackfront: Swing and a miss is right, but he's recovering pretty quick, and here comes Daniels off the top rope - flying cross body!

Both men are down now. In fact, having taken a little less punishment the Terror is up first, and he grabs Daniels by the hair, and Daniels sidesteps and smacks his head into the ring apron! Daniels follows him into the ring. The Terror seems more annoyed than hurt, but Daniels does chop him back into the corner.

Blackfront: Dylan Daniels setting something big up here, he has a limited opening here.

And The Iron Terror sidesteps the charge!

Daniels hits the turnbuckle chest first, and The Iron Terror scoops him up from behind, spins, and atomic drops him on the top rope so he's facing the other side of the ring. Then, the Terror jumps to the middle rope and comes off it with a leaping enzuigiri that cracks Daniels in the back of the head.

Blackfront: And the Iron Terror takes to the air!

Ace: I'll be more impressed when he does that to a real opponent, but y'know, credit where it's due and that was some impressive precision on a flying kick like that.

The Iron Terror drops to one knee, lowers his head, and touches the ground. Then he raises it, staring at Dylan Daniels, who's struggling to find his bearings.

Daniels makes it to his feet.

And immediately wishes he hadn't.

Ace: What a spear!

The Iron Terror didn't just drive his shoulder into Daniels' midsection as he ran. He wrapped his arms around Daniels' waist as he ran, picked him up into the air, and slammed him to the mat as the spear completed itself.

Blackfront: He calls that the 11:59!

And it's a very academic three count.

C.H. Jordan: Here is your winner - THE IRON TERROR!

"Black Sunshine" hits again. Breathing heavily, The Iron Terror stands up and lays a spiteful kick into Daniels' ribs.

Ace: Nobody's ever quite as good as they look beating up these entry level guys, but The Iron Terror, man. He's big, he's strong, he's fast and he has some moves, that he does. Pity the poor bastard that ends up in his sights.

Blackfront: And I'm just wondering why this monster chose the UTA?

Ace: Maybe he'll tell us next week.

Impressed

As the Iron Terror continues to celebrate his victory in the ring we cut to the backstage area where someone has been watching very closely, and that man is Scott Stevens. The Texan gives a rare smile of appreciation at the dominance shown here tonight by the Iron Terror.

Scott Stevens: Impressive. Very Impressive. I may just have to introduce myself next show.

Stevens says to himself before walking out of the scene.

You Can Bet On That!

Cameras are rolling outside the arena as a black Lincoln Towncar comes into view. It stops and the driver exits the vehicle and walks toward the back. He opens the rear driver's door and out steps the lovely and beautiful Catalina. She is wearing black leather pants and a purple see through blouse. Right behind her is "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey. He is decked out in a fine designer suit and high-end European sunglasses. He's all smiles as the two begin walking toward the rear entrance to the arena. Paul Stewart enters the picture with a microphone in hand.

Stewart: Can we get a word?

Harvey stops and removes his sunglasses, chuckling.

Harvey: I know lots of words, Paulie.

Stewart: What are your thoughts on tonight's Main Event?

Harvey: Fill me in.

Stewart: Theo Baylor has challenged Andy Murray for the WrestleUTA World title.

Harvey: And?

Stewart: Murray accepted.

Harvey tries to keep his composure. This news obviously irks the new Number One Contender.

Harvey: I don't know who Theo Baylor thinks he is but he sure as hell isn't the man who is first in line for a WrestleUTA World title match.

Harvey looks at Catalina for a brief moment and exhales deeply.

Harvey: The guy thinks because a ref awarded him a victory of an injured man that he deserves a World title shot?

Catalina: That doesn't sound like that should get someone a title shot to me.

Harvey: I thought title shots had to be earned around-

Harvey now turns his attention back to Stewart.

Harvey: Nevermind. You know what? Let them have their match... but I will be watching this match very closely. You can bet on that.

Harvey leaves the scene, followed by Catalina. Stewart is left alone watching the duo on their way into the arena. The feed ends.

The Trojan Horse

As we open back up WrestleUTA owner is headed directly for an exit door near a large overhead garage. He has the walkie on his hip, and is wearing his suit jacket again. He walks with a purpose. He slams into the open bar and the door flies open hard. Mikey immediately sees the security team surrounding someone in a semi circle.

A small flicker of a smile crosses his lips as he approaches. As he comes up on the group he begins with his smug attitude.

Unlikely: Well...well...well... look who the cat dragged in... Lisi....

He stops mid sentence.

The camera zooms in to reveal that it's not The Jamaican Inspiration.... In fact it's not even a Jamaican at all... It's none other than Bobby Dean dressed in a Hawaiian shirt that clearly doesn't even fit him, a pair of khakis, a fedora, and some sandals... In his hand is a pineapple that he's currently snacking on. He looks at Mikey and smiles.

Dean: Hey Mikey....Erm I mean.... Eyyyyy MikeyMon!!!!!! I think that's how he says it....

Dean opens the pocket to his shirt and looks at the que cards to make sure he's right.

The look on Mikey's face says it all.... A mix of disbelief, disgust, and stress all balled up in one... Mikey can barely come up with the right words to even say before he turns to the head of security.

Unlikely: REALLY?!

Security: What? You said to be on the look out for someone wearing a fedora, and having a Jamaican accent.... We haven't let him in the building as instructed sir!

Unlikely: DOES HE LOOK JAMAICAN TO YOU?!

The security all look at Bobby Dean before the head speaks up again.

Security: Well racial profiling is a frowned upon last time I checked.....

Unlikely: DAMMIT TO HELL!

Dean: Eyyyyy MikeyMon... I has a gift to give you!

Bobby reaches into his pocket a pulls out a piece of paper... He hands it to Mikey who unfolds it and instantly his face

turns pale white.

Unlikely: NO! I'm not signing this!

The paper falls to the floor and it's a copy of the contract that Lisil wanted Mikey to sign at Absolution! Mikey stomps on it, and turns around.

Just as he does he sees an african american man in a hawaiian shirt enter the door he just exited from. Mikey takes off in a full sprint to catch him, but when he opens the door there is just an empty hallway.

Unlikely: Where the hell did he go!?

Fade.

Jack Harmen vs Bobby Dean:

Legacy Title Match!

Blackfront: Jack Harmen said he would defend his championship on any episode of WrestleUTA on Hulu, or Pay Per View, and as such, Harmen's first defense since retaining at Absolution will be against Bobby Dean! Let's head to ringside!

Ace: How does this guy keep his job? The catering budget doubles every time he's around!

Fade to ringside, as Jordan stands in the middle of the ring.

Jordan: Your next match, is scheduled for a ten minute time limit, and is for the Wrestle UTA, LEGACY CHAMPIONSHIP!

The fans in the crowd pop and begin to stand to get a good look at the entrance ramp.

Jordan: Introducing first, the challenger...

"You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito.

Bobby Dean steps out from the backstage area to a good fanfare. He extends his hands out to the cheering crowd, letting the robe flow around him. He slowly makes his way to the ring.

Jordan: Weighing in tonight at 399 ½ pounds, from Houston Texas, The Name that Entertains... BEAUTIFUL... BOBBY DEAN!

Bobby Dean hasn't made it halfway down the ramp yet, and takes a quick moment to catch his breath. The UTA production staff lowers his music volume and cuts his entrance off before he can even make it to the ring.

"Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne

The fans in unison pop to their feet, flashbulbs flashing as a stream of fog rises from the rampway. Jack Harmen parts the smoke, standing wide legged with one hand up in his trademark devil horn taunt. Harmen is flanked by his manager and protege, the Tiny Attorney Mary-Lynn Mayweather. He holds the Legacy championship on his shoulder, and quickly makes his way down the ramp.

Jordan: And his opponent, hailing from his Los Angeles, California, weighing in tonight at 224 pounds, he is your friendly Neighborhood Lunatic, and your CURRENT, Legacy Champion... JACK, HAAARMAN!

Jack Harmen passes by Bobby Dean on the entrance ramp way, slapping the fans hands at a brisk pace. Mary-Lynn stops by Bobby's side and hands him a bottle of water. Bobby takes a swig and then dumps the rest all over his hair and face.

Meanwhile, Harmen climbs up onto the top turnbuckle and raises the Legacy championship to the cheering crowd. He

hops off, hands the belt over to the official, and gets his boots and wrists checked for weapons. Finally, only after all the pageantry is done, Bobby Dean enters the ring.

Blackfront: I don't think I've ever seen that before.

Ace: I have. Twice. Both with Bobby actually.

Dean pulls himself up to his feet, a bit gassed. He looks at the official, who just shrugs him off and says "eh, he's good." Dean cracks his knuckles, as Harmen stares across the ring at him.

The bell rings three times as Bobby and Jack circle each other. Collar and elbow tie up, and Bobby uses his size to shove Harmen to the mat. Harmen up, another collar and elbow, another shove. Harmen eyes Bobby as he playfully slaps his belly and then does a quick sumo taunt. Harmen off the far side ropes, and then runs himself into the brick wall that is Bobby Dean. Harmen scrambles to his feet and runs off the ropes, charging head first again and flattening himself against Bobby's flab.

Harmen gets to his feet and shouts "Third times the charm!" as he rushes off the far ropes.

Harmen charges and slams his body into Bobby Dean's, and falls down again.

Blackfront: What's the definition of insanity?

Ace: This guy?

Harmen shakes the cobwebs out, as Bobby Dean smiles. Harmen rushes off the far side ropes for a fourth time.

Blackfront: Locomotive! But Bobby Dean bent down to pick up ... is that a potato chip?

Ace: Harmen missed his finisher, he's got Bobby from behind in a rear waist lock. Why would he even think he could lift him?!

Blackfront: Insanity?

Harmen tries for a german. No go. He tries again. Still, nothing. Bobby Dean stands up, barely noticing Harmen's mosquito like arms wrapped around his waist as he literally bites a chip that was lying on the ring canvas. Dean swats Harmen's hands away, as Harmen clutches at his wrists in pain. He turns back to Dean, who grabs him by the nipples and twists. Harmen lets out a scream in pain, and then shouts "Why am I turned on!?!!" as Dean wrenches in further. Harmen falls to his knees, as Dean double tomahawk chops Harmen's shoulders. Harmen falls flat on the canvas, as Bobby Dean rushes... I mean, jogs... kind of a half walk half jog sweaty movement off the far ropes. He gets to the fallen Harmen and leaps, high in the air for a big splash.

Blackfront: Harmen moved! He got out of the way!

Ace: If not, we'd have had a pancake for a Legacy champion! And Bobby Dean loves delicious pancakes!

Harmen stands to his feet, rolling his shoulders. Harmen then dives on top of Bobby, but doesn't go for the cover...

Blackfront: Is... are we still PG-13 after this?

Ace: This is a wrestling match, not a handy competition!

Indeed, Harmen has his hands down Bobby Dean's tights, but it's not sexual. In fact, it's strategic, as Harmen begins to pull out sandwiches, chips, ice cream sandwiches, more sandwiches, and a cellophane wrapped plate of baby back ribs. The plate itself has long since been cracked by Bobby's splash. Harmen takes all the food he can find in Dean's tights and tosses it toward Mary-Lynn, yelling "EAT IT!" Mary-Lynn lifts up one of the sandwiches with two fingers, and chucks it into the front row in disgust.

Blackfront: There's no Pop-Eye without his spinach!

Harmen backs off from Bobby Dean and waits for the big man to stir. He begins to stomp his boot in the corner, as the crowd stomps and claps along. Harmen motions with his hand for Dean to get up, as he slowly, very slowly, extremely slowly pushes himself to his feet. Once Dean is on his knees, he reaches into his tights, and pulls out an uncooked hot pocket. He starts to gnaw on it, as Harmen grabs his wild hair and pulls at it. "HOW?!" he shouts, as Bobby Dean looks up at him with a mouthful of pepperoni.

Jack takes a running charge, raising his leg, but Dean slips underneath, placing his shoulders under Harmen's leg. He then just STANDS up with AUTHORITY, sending Harmen back flipping onto his face. Bobby Dean then falls back to his knee, winded, munching on his uncooked hot pocket.

Blackfront: Bobby Dean with an amazing show of resilience! Can he capitalize! Could we possibly have a new Legacy Champion!

Bobby Dean sees Harmen down, near the ropes. He approaches apprehensively, half a hot pocket dangling from his mouth. He then slowly pulls himself onto the bottom rope, nervous, sweat dripping from his forehead and all over his body. He uses one hand to whip some sweat from his brow, but then his other hand begins to slip. He loses grasp of the top rope and falls backward, barely missing Harmen who rolled underneath and to the ring apron.

Harmen leaps onto the top turnbuckle, sizes up Bobby, and jumps.

Blackfront: Twisting ***** ½ frogsplash! Into the cover! I think this is academic.

One.

Bobby Dean swallows the rest of the hot pocket like he's deep throating a trout.

Two.

Bobby Dean then powerlifts the smaller cruiserweight off his chest, breaking up the count. Harmen lands on his feet, annoyed. Bobby Dean rises to his feet as fast as he can, as Harmen bounces off the far ropes.

Blackfront: LOCOMOTIVE! There it is! Bobby Dean is folded up like a pretzel!

One.

Two.

Three.

The bell rings three times as Harmen gets off of Bobby. Mary-Lynn enters the ring with the Legacy championship, and hands it to Jack.

Ace: I bet he still has some pretzels in his tights now that you reminded him. Well, once he wakes up.

Bobby Dean remains unconscious, as Harmen falls back onto the mat and begins to make snow angels.

Blackfront: Either way, Harmen with a successful title defense. We'll see what his next challenge is, next week on Hulu!

Ace: Stop pimping next week, we still have all of this week to go!

Finding a Suitable Replacement.

The scene opens backstage to Mikey Unlikely, where he is pacing back and forth clearly on the verge of ripping out his own hair....

Unlikely: This show could not get any worse.... My tag match is in peril... And I got a crazy Jamaican now stalking in my arena.... Ok Mikey... Calm down.... Calm down.... Just need a replacement.....

Mikey takes a deep breath.

Unlikely: Ok who can I use to team Crimson Lord with.....

Mikey starts pondering as he goes over the roster in his head.

Unlikely: Chris Ross - out, Andy Murray- booked, Jay Harvey? No that probably would be a terrible idea....

OSV: EYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY MON!

All at once, Mikey's shoulders, his head, and his eyes all drop. The only thing that rises is his hand which he uses to pinch the bridge of his nose as he prepares for the headache. Lisil Jackson comes out of nowhere stage left. He walks up to Mikey and puts a fist up for the pound. Mikey ignores it right away.

Unlikely: AS I WAS SAYING!!!! Who can I use to replace Crimson Lord.....

Mikey says turning his back to Lisil Jackson acting like if he ignores him maybe he'll just go away...

Jackson: I hear ya be lookin fo a tag team partna for ol' Crimson Lord! I know dee mon fo dee job! Dee Jamaican Inspiration, Dee Jamiacan Ninja Warrior, Dee best....

By the way Mikey's facial expression changed in an instant, you could almost see the light bulb go off above his head.

Unlikely: I've got it!

Lisil sits by and waits.

Unlikely: David Hightower and Michael Byrd vs Crimson Lord and Lisil Jackson!

With a furrowed brow and a chuckle Lisil responds

Jackson: Tat be what I just said! Are you list...

Unlikely: Oh but wait... there's more!

He says with a finger pointed in the air.

Unlikely: IF you win the tag match with Crimson Lord, I will sign that little contract of yours and make you an official member of the WrestleUTA roster...

Lisil lights up like a christmas tree.

Jackson: I knew ya would see dee light.. No pro...

He's cut off once more by the WrestleUTA owner.

Unlikely: BUT! IF you lose that match... You will be banned from WrestleUTA for as long as I am the owner. No more appearances, no more sneaking around, no more distractions, no nothing... it will be the END of Lisil Jackson in WrestleUTA! Got it!?

Lisil extends his hand and smiles.

Jackson: Brudda.... Ya can try ta keep Lisil Jackson outta dee UTA.... But rememba.... I only will find otha ways ta get back in!

He says with a smile as Unlikely clearly has an unamused look on his face.

Crimson Lord and Lisil Jackson vs David Hightower and Michael Byrd

Back to ringside. The official awaits the participants.

Blackfront: Ladies and gentlemen, this match has "brutality" written all over it. Remember it was scheduled to be Crimson Lord and Chris Ross, but due to medical clearance the new tag team partner of Crimson Lord is Lisil Jackson!

Ace: Ugh! Let's make this quick, I wanna see Lisil back on his Air Jamaica flight back home, never to return!

"Bad Company" by Bad Company hits the PA system and the fans begin to boo. The trio emerges from behind the curtain. Jamie Sawyers wearing bright red this evening. Hightower in his jeans, no shirt, and Byrd wearing his full wrestling gear. They begin to head to ringside.

Jordan: Coming to the ring first, at a total combined weight 620 lbs. Being accompanied by their manager, Jamie Sawyers, this is MICHAEL BYRRRRRDDDD AND DAVIDDDDD HIGHTOWERRRRRRR!

The two get into the ring quickly and Jamie is barking orders to his boys pointing at the entranceway. Byrd acknowledges Jamie's orders Hightower is still looking at the entranceway.

Ace: Get them ready Jamie, Mr. Feel Sorry for Me, and that Jamaican wingnut need to be put in their place!

"Better Must Come by Gregro" begins to play, yellow and green spotlights move throughout the ceiling as The Jamaican Inspiration steps through the curtain. He jives a bit on the rampway before starting to make his way down toward the ring having fans dance with him while slapping a few fans hands.

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

He reaches the ring and climbs the steps as he steps on the apron. "Death Dealer by TNG" interrupts the mood of Lisil's entrance. The fans roar in anticipation, Crimson steps out from the back without his daughter.

Crimson looks like he has gone back to his tradition ring attire. With a denim green vest with a purple hoodie covering his face. The seven footer walks into the ring no fancy pyro, or flashy intro. He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slowly pulls his hood back. Crimson's beard has started to grow from his chin real shaggy though.

Jordan: and his partner.....from Chicago, Illinois.....The Perfect Weapon....CRIMSOONNN LOORRD!

CL stares a hole right through the Sawyers boys. He quickly gets in the ring by sliding under the bottom rope, Lisil quickly joins him as Sawyers team quickly take a powder. Lisil dances around the ring really getting the crowd involved. Crimson has not moved from the center of the ring staring down at Sawyer's boys. He slowly takes the denim vest off then pulls the hoodie over his head and tosses it to the outside.

Crimson slowly turns his head to Lisil, entertaining the fans. The seven footer's mood changes to that of disgust as he shakes his head. The bell has rung, and Lisil wants to start the match. Crimson just rolls his eyes and gets into his corner on the apron, as Sawyer's team slowly make their way back into the ring.

The match begins with Lisil Jackson and David Hightower in the ring... The Bell rings and immediately they lock up. Hightower immediately shoves Jackson into the corner The referee gets between them breaking them up and Hightower immediately goes for a punch which Jackson ducks under.

Blackfront: The speed of Lisil Jackson is astounding!

Ace: That doesn't mean much when you're in there against someone like David Hightower! You might as well be a fly going up against an oncoming truck!

Hightower goes in to attack again but The Jamaican Inspiration kicks him in the stomach. Followed by another kick. Lisil wastes little time and proceeds to whip Hightower into the ropes.... He ducks under a clothesline and on the rebound catches Hightower with a spinning wheel kick! He immediately goes for the cover. The fans are on fire for the Jamaican

ONE.....

And like a lawn dart Hightower kicks out sending Jackson flying across the ring!

Blackfront: Good lord look at that! Lisil Jackson is no small man either!

Ace: That is scary strength Hightower has!

The Jamaican Inspiration almost looks stunned as Hightower gets up cracking his knuckles.

Blackfront: Crimson, is pacing like a caged animal on that apron Tommy. He is dying to get in that ring.

Ace: Of course he is, clearly Lisil has had too much Jamaican-style! Jerk chicken. He looks totally out of shape in there. Sawyers boys are like a bunch of savage lions playing with their meat before they kill it.

Hightower eagerly walks over to Lisil Jackson. Lisil strikes with a front thrust kick to the midsection as he rises to his feet. Hightower flinches but keeps moving forward until he gets his hands around the neck of Lisil. Jackson backed against the ropes has nowhere to go.

The official in the match, begins his five count for the blatant choke, and Hightower finally relents at the last second. The Jamaican struggles to catch his breath, Hightower takes full advantage clubbing him in the back three times and throwing him into the opposite turnbuckle. Lisil never hits it, instead he puts out his arms on the top rope and launches himself into the air. Hightower runs underneath him unsuspectedly.

Lisil follows up with a dropkick to the back of Hightower which propels him chest first into the turnbuckle. Lisil pops back up and tries to apply a side headlock to Hightower, but the bigger man just lifts Lisil and drops him backwards with a back drop.

Crimson continues to pace the apron, clearly now growing quite disgusted with Lisil's performance. He starts to slam his fist on the turnbuckle trying to get the crowd to give the wild Jamaican some motivation to fight back and tag.

Hightower picks Lisil back up and walks over to his corner with Jackson in grasp. The referee signals for the tag and Byrd climbs the turnbuckle. With Hightower's help holding down Jackson, Byrd hops off with a double axehandle smash to the back of the neck. Lisil drops to a knee.

Blackfront: The ring rust is apparent on the Jamaican Inspiration here! The fan's refuse to lose faith however.

Ace: Mikey has to be loving this! I know I am!

Byrd drops the point of his elbow into the spine of Lisil Jackson, he cries out in pain. Byrd smiles knowing Lisil is having a very hard time here. He knows this could be over soon if they stay on point. Jamie Sawyers reminds him of this on the outside anyway. Michael Byrd goes it for it.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson is in deep trouble here...

Ace: At the rate this match is going we may never even see Crimson Lord in this match!

Michael Byrd hooks Lisil's head under his arm. He lifts for the suplex and spins it into a falling twisting neckbreaker.

Blackfront: That's It! That's Byrd's newest move! This one could be over already!

Ace: YES!

Michael Byrd's assault is relentless as he continues to stomp at Lisil Jackson before dropping an elbow on him. He rushes over and tags in Hightower who bounces off the ropes and drops a huge leg drop across his chest. He immediately goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO....

THR....

Jackson kicks out, the fans go nuts, as Crimson Lord looks on completely disgusted at this point. Hightower reaches down and immediately locks in a nerve hold! The Jamaican Inspiration struggles as he flails about.

Blackfront: Hightower is just sapping the life out of Jackson!

Ace: It's only a matter of time at this point!

Lisil begins to get to his feet and rocks Hightower with a jaw jacker! The Toughest Dog in The Yard is stunned stumbling backwards. He goes over lifting Jackson to his feet and is met with a jumping knee right to the jaw! Like a tree Hightower falls over...

Blackfront: WHAT A SHOT!!!!!! GOOD NIGHT!!!! I don't think Hightower has ever been hit like that before!

Ace: We're talking about a guy you can hit in the head with a baseball bat and he wouldn't go down.....

Jackson crawls and struggles to tag in Crimson Lord.

Blackfront: Lisil is just about there!

Just as Jackson is about to tag Crimson, Hightower grabs his foot and with pulls him away from Crimson and quickly driving an elbow into the lower back of Lisil. Hightower gets up and turns to stare at Crimson. The two big men give a cold stare at one another, before David returns to Lisil.

Blackfront: Hightower keeps Lisil from tagging, good tag team work there.

Ace: Jamie has fine tune these boys into a well oiled machine! I mean look at Crimson clearly he has no desire to be in there with Lisil....I can not say I blame him.

Hightower pulls Jackson to his feet and open hand slaps him hard across the chest. The crowd gasps, as does Lisil. Clutching his chest he almost falls forward but Hightower presses his back into the ropes and shoots him off. Hightower follows and drills a huge clothesline that sends Lisil Jackson over the top rope, and spilling on the outside.

Hightower steps out, grabs Lisil and bounces his face off the edge of the announce table. The referee has started his count but Sawyers has Hightower "In the zone" so to speak and ignoring the official. Hightower bounces his face once more off the announce table before sending him into the corner post shoulder first. The loud "Ting" echoes out across the crowd.

Ace: Ha! Guess he doesn't have what it takes after all Jason! Looks like Lisil is washed up!

Hightower rolls Lisil Jackson back into the ring and follows behind. He goes for the lateral press.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Blackfront: He's not done yet Tommy!

Hightower gets to his feet and makes a motion like he's going to break Lisil in half. The fans boo loudly and Hightowers face shows a small smile. He looks out into the crowd and Jamie Sawyers calls him over.

Sawyers: Yes! Do it! Tear him apart! Let's airmail this fool back to the islands he came from!

Hightower nods along and listens to Hightower, Byrd tries to get Hightower's attention back in the ring but it's too late.

Ace: Look out Hightower!!!!

The moment Hightower turns his attention back to Jackson he is met with a spinning tornado kick right to his jaw! Jackson has gained his second wind as Byrd comes into the ring... Lisil sees him coming and runs and slams him down with an STO! Hightower gets up and Jackson goes to whip him into the ropes and is immediately reversed. Hightower ducks down and sends him flying through the air with a back body drop.....

Ace: Are you kidding me?!

Blackfront: Whoa!!!!

And to everyone's shock Lisil Jackson lands on his feet. He turns making a "Come on" motion. The moment that Hightower turns around he is met with a hellacious spinning front roundhouse kick!

Blackfront: Ohhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Ace: I think I seen a tooth go flying out of Hightower's mouth!

Jackson goes for the cover....

ONE....

TWO.....

THRE.....

Hightower barely gets the shoulder up. Jackson rushes over to the corner lining up his next attack and Crimson Lord tags himself in! Lisil takes his attention from the match to argue with Crimson about the tag. Just as Hightower tags Byrd in!

Blackfront: I don't think Lisil was ready to tag in.

Ace: Ya, let's not tag the the Devastor of the group in, Lisil is a moron!

Blackfront: This has broken down here fans!

Byrd charges in as Crimson shoves Lisil out of the way and drives a big boot to the face of Michael. Lisil shakes his head and exits the ring. Byrd gets up and Crimson lifts him up and carries him around the ring before dropping him with a huge powerslam. He gets off the mat and drives his mammoth leg across Michael's throat. Crimson lifts Byrd to his feet and throws him with his own display of power into his corner, with a brief stare at Hightower in the corner.

Crimson moves in about to unload with his flurry of punches when Lisil tags himself in, Crimson's stops his flurry and slowly looks at Lisil shocked at the balls of this guy.

Blackfront: Oh, boy these two are arguing again about the tag. Wait...

Hightower has already moved to CL's and Lisil's corner during the argument, and without a thought pulls Lisil legs from out under him!

Ace: This is great these two can not get along and Hightower just took a advantage, hopefully his jaw slamming into the apron shuts Lisil up for a while!

Crimson just goes back on the assault while the ref advises him he not the legal man, but clearly the seven footer could care less.

Blackfront: Crimson is off on his own beating the holy hell out of Michael in the corner while Hightower is assaulting Lisil outside. The referee is having a hard time trying to get control back to the match.

Ace: Hightower just tossed Lisil into the steel steps! Ha! Wait... he's grabbing a chair now!

Blackfront: No! Don't do it!

Ace: Welcome Back Lisil!

CLANG!

The sounds of the ring bell is heard!

The ref continues to struggle to get control of the match, but all four men continue to ignore him. Crimson and Byrd brawl back and forth in the ring. Byrd gets a knee lift into Crimson's gut and Irish whips CL off the ropes, Byrd goes off the opposite ropes the two try to run each other down in the middle of the ring. Byrd back steps a bit but stays on his feet. Crimson charges and clotheslines Byrd over the top rope but Crimson is taken over the top rope with the momentum. Both men slam outside the ring.

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, your winners by disqualification.... LISIL JACKSON AND CRIMSON LORD!

Blackfront: The bell just rang...But this is continuing.

Ace: Does this mean Lisil has a job!?

Blackfront: I think there are more pressing matters here Tommy!

Hightower and Lisil have made it back in the ring, and Hightower continues to pound on Lisil. Byrd is the first to get to his feet with help from Jamie. He gets in the ring and here comes the double team on Lisil. But the wild Jamaican is fighting both men off finally and gets the upper hand. He performs a five star standing dropkick sending Hightower flying backward into the corner turnbuckle! Byrd quickly regains his bearings, and delivers a wicked left hook sending Jackson to the mat. Lisil holds his jaw for a moment, and gets up. The crowd roaring for Lisil as he quickly gets into an exchange of fists with Byrd. After a few minutes he drives 'The Main Event' backward until he clotheslines Byrd over the top rope!

Blackfront: There goes Michael!

Ace: Ya but Lisil is about to get a rude awakening, look who is behind him!

Lisil turns around and stares at the massive frame of David Hightower! Lisil hesitates for a moment then gets into a fist a cuffs with Hightower. Quickly starts to lose the battle as Hightower's freakish power drives Lisil back until now Lisil is the victim of a clothesline over the top rope by David!

Blackfront: Lisil now joins Byrd outside the ring, but...uh oh!

Hightower smirks as he stares at Lisil on the floor outside, unaware Crimson Lord is now standing behind him. Sawyers is pointing behind Hightower, David notices Jamie's warning. He slowly turns around and the fans have gotten out of their chairs. Crimson Lord stands and stares eye to eye with David Hightower!

Ace: Finally these two finally meet in the ring, now Hightower can prove who the true dominate force in WrestleUTA is!

The fans continue to roar as the two behemoths stare at one another!

Blackfront: Here we go! The two biggest men in WrestleUTA now brawling back and forth who is the one true monster in this company!

Hightower pushes Crimson back toward the rope until Crimson is held back by the ropes. Hightower whips Crimson off the ropes. Crimson returns and Hightower prepares himself for the collision. As the two hit, Crimson knocks Hightower off his feet. David quickly gets up and stares with that lifeless glare at Crimson. CL begs for Hightower to bring some more to him!

Blackfront: Michael has a chair! Crimson behind you!

Byrd has gotten in the ring with the chair, he slams it against the back of Crimson! CL leans forward a bit but for the most part absorbs the blow. Lisil looks on from the apron. Byrd looks to be about ready to swing again!

Blackfront: Wait a minute Lisil has gotten in the ring!

He snatches the chair from Byrd's hands before he can swing it. Crimson slowly turns around and his eyes widen when Byrd falls back into the turnbuckle. Crimson sees Lisil with the chair, both Byrd and Sawyers are pointing at Lisil with

the chair.

Ace: He did it Crimson, this idiot that has tormented Mikey since Absolution. What a traitor, after everything you did for him!

Blackfront: Oh come on Tommy, Lisil just saved Crimson from Byrd hitting him again...wait..wait...a minute...NO!

Lisil notices everyone is pointing at him he quickly drops the chair. He tries to convince Crimson it was Byrd and he was just saving him. Crimson clearly will not listen slaps his massive hand around Lisil's neck and lifts him up!

Ace: HOLLOW POINT! Crimson just put that traitor in his place!

Blackfront: No! Crimson....

Crimson stares down at Lisil holding his lower back as Sawyers and boys stare at him with smiles on their faces. Crimson seems to get a bit of a mix reaction from the crowd. Crimson spit's to the side of him before exiting the ring thoroughly upset. Byrd and Hightower stand over Lisil, as Sawyers enters the ring and raises his boys hands as though they won the match while their music plays

Fade.

Nah Maaaattteee!

The scene cuts to a live shot backstage of Theo Baylor, focussed, ready and waiting ahead of his the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Championship shot.

Blackfront: What a golden opportunity for this man. He is just moments away from stepping out here in what will no doubt be, the biggest match of his career to date.

Cheers are heard around the arena as soon as the live feed on our screens switches to the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion who's seen in his ring gear stretching and limbering up inside his locker room, the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Title stored proudly behind him above his bench.

Blackfront: And here is the main man himself, The King, the new WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion, will be defending his title against Theo Baylor.

Ace: Ugh, I just can't get used to the sight of this guy as our Champion, Jason.

Blackfront: Oh, my heart bleeds for you, Tommy. Whether you like it or not, Andy Murray won that title fair and square and we're going to see him defend HIS title in the next few mom...

? "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ?

BOOOOOOOO!

The lights in the arena go off and spotlight on the centre of the stage lights up as usual but there's no pose, no fan fare from the now former WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion, who purposefully makes his way from the entrance ramp toward ringside, ignoring the flashing cameras and derision from the fans on his way to the ring.

Blackfront: Why on earth is Kendrix out here? He was told to go home by Mikey.

Ace: JFK can do what he wants, Jason. He was our champ for 7 months, give him a break and show him some respect.

Blackfront: Maybe he should show everyone else here some respect, Tommy. He's not scheduled to be here, what is scheduled is a title match, which has nothing to do with him!

Kendrix makes his way to the timekeeper's area, without batting an eyelid, he shoves him out of the way and grabs his

mic and his chair before making his way to the ring. He throws the chair over the ropes into the centre of the mat and slides himself in underneath the bottom ropes.

Ace: Oh thank God, I thought we were going to go a whole show without hearing from JFK.

Blackfront: Yeah, lucky us...

Andy Murray, *Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

Andy Murray, *Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

Pacing the centre of the ring, shaking his head, Kendrix comes to a stop in the middle of the it upon hearing the chant echoing around the arena, frustrated at what he's hearing he brings the mic up.

Kendrix: You bellends better pipe the fuck down, don't make me come in there!

The boos rip around the arena but they are soon drowned out as the chants for Andy Murray increase, louder and louder.

Ace: These people are idiots, do they actually want Kendrix to slap them all around?

Blackfront: I'd just love to see him even try.

As the chants subside a little, Kendrix walks over to the ropes, crosses his arms atop the top rope, leaning them there as he brings the mic up.

Kendrix: You see, this is what's wrong with you people. None of you have any RESPECT for the Greatest WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion of ALLLLLLLLL TIIIIIIIMMEEEE!

He walks backwards to the centre of the ring, holding his free thumb above his head and pointing it down towards himself.

Kendrix: For seven months, I carried this company on my back. For seven months I beat every single one of your idols that you wastefully cheered, week in and week out. For seven months I set the standard, not only in this company but in this entire business!

BOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: Title or no title, that ego sure hasn't diminished one iota.

Still incredibly frustrated, pure anger on his face as he looks around the arena, he shakes it off and points his finger out at the crowd.

Kendrix: You people really are stupid aren't you? You're actually happy that JFK isn't the WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion anymore!

Huge pop!

Blackfront: Damn right they are.

Kendrix: You're actually happy that a good old "work horse" like Theo Baylor has a title shot here tonight instead of JFK?

Another pop.

Kendrix: You're actually happy that an old has been who was given a 2nd chance at JFK finally fluked his way to a win and took MY TITLE AWAY FROM ME?!

Biggest Pop of of the tirade as Kendrix throws his hand through his hair and dismissively laughs off what he's hearing and sets the chair up beside him.

Kendrix: Nah, maaattteeee! Not on my watch. The only guy around here that DESERVES a title shot right now ain't Theo Baylor, it ain't Jay Harvey...

He points his thumb defiantly upon his chest.

Kendrix: It's JFK! Rematch clause or no rematch clause, I ain't leaving this ring until I get it.

He turns to face the stage, pointing towards the entrance way.

Kendrix: So Theo Baylor, stop fooling yourself, stop your dreaming because you don't DESERVE MY SPOT, TONIGHT.

He takes a walk back to the centre and turns the chair around to face the stage before taking his seat.

Kendrix: And Andy Murray you know as well as I do that you lucked out. I'm the greatest...

?"Cannonball" - SIRSY?

Ace: Are you kidding me? Things were going so well!

Immediately, the fans cheer as loudly as possible, and Kendrix stops, mid - sentence, and looks towards the entrance, equal parts shocked and annoyed that someone would dare interrupt him.

Blackfront: It's Impulse!

Ace: I can see. Can he please leave?

Blackfront: I'm not sure why he's coming out here right now, but he's had a run-in or two with Kendrix in the past few weeks, so he's clearly got something to say!

Impulse slaps a few hands on his way to ringside, but makes a beeline for Jordan and retrieves a microphone. He turns back towards the ring and locks eyes with JFK, who's now standing with chair in hand folded by his side, muttering to himself about how Impulse will pay for interrupting him.

Impulse: So this is what you're reduced to.

The fans pop at what they perceive to be an insult, but quiet down quickly while the Marathon Man enters the ring. He stops a few feet in front of Kendrix, and stares him down.

Impulse: You know something, Kendrix... I wrestled my first match fourteen years ago. I'm a three - time former World Champion myself, and I've been all over the world. I've faced 'em all down in my time, from the legendary Hornet to the psychotic Castor Strife to our own overlord, Mikey Unlikely... and everyone in between.

He points.

Impulse: For a... relative... newcomer to this sport, you're one of the best I've ever faced.

Ace: Damn right! So why are you interrupting his demand for what's fair?

Impulse: So let's get the obvious outta the way, Kendrix... Mikey greased the path to the WrestleUTA Championship for you.

Kendrix: LISTEN, YEAH--

Impulse: Shut up.

A huge "OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!" rises from the crowd, and Kendrix, shocked that someone would interrupt him like that, actually shuts up.

Impulse: Now... since that point you've clearly shown that you deserved to be the WrestleUTA Champion... I could downplay and denigrate your run but I'd be lying if I did so. The thing about title runs, Kendrix... they all end.

The fans pop again at this, with an “AN-DY-MUR-RAY” chant starting up.

Impulse: You lost to Big Murray, and you lost clean. And the fact that you’re acting like this much of a bitch because Mikey committed the ultimate sin of expecting you to earn a shot on your own... that just tells me one thing.

He takes a step towards Kendrix.

Impulse: You don’t deserve it.

The shot focuses on JFK who takes a step back immediately laughing Impulse’s claim off dismissively.

Kendrix: I don’t deserve it? Seems, like these people, you fail to remember the state this company was in before I came back. I made this company RELEVANT again when I won that title. That’s the reason I was the chosen one, Impulse, and for seven months I beat everybody put in my way.

Jesse takes a step forward, the two almost nose to nose.

Kendrix: Including you, bruv!

The trademark cocky smirk forms on Jesse’s face as he points the chair towards the stage.

Kendrix: So I’d like you to leave MY ring, right now, cos I want MY TITLE BACK, TONIGHT!

JFK’s smirk is returned by Impulse’s equally famous one.

Impulse: You might be having some hearing problems, because that’s exactly what I just said. I don’t shy away from the fact that you beat me and you did it clean. I don’t deny that you were a great Champion in this company for seven months. But you lost, Kendrix... you lost and you’re ruining your own legacy by complaining for a title shot.

He cocks his head to the side.

Impulse: Maybe it’s suppressed memories. Did you recently suffer a trauma? Where did Andy Murray touch you?

And now the smirk turns into a full smile.

Impulse: Was it... here?

He steps back a few steps so the fans can see him making the ‘Title belt’ gesture around his waist, to which they all pop huge and begin the ‘AN-DY-MUR-RAY’ chant once again. Kendrix puffs his cheeks out, his face a picture of rage

Ace: You can’t say that to JFK!

Blackfront: Kendrix looks like he’s about to explode!

Without hesitation, Kendrix drops the mic grips the other leg of the chair and swings for Impulse but the Marathon Man sees it coming, ducks around the swing, and fires the boot for a Sudden Impact as soon as the former Champion turns around!

Ace: NO GO! Kendrix blocked it with his arm!

Blackfront: And Kendrix drops that chair and fires a right hand! Another! A third!

Lining up a fourth, Kendrix swings but Impulse grabs him by the wrist and sends him over with a judo flip!

The second he hits the mat, Kendrix rolls out of the ring and to the floor - his sense of self - preservation is a strong one and he knows that if either of them was sent to the mat during that little exchange, they would be in a vulnerable position.

He continues to shout at Impulse, pointing at him accusingly, as he backs up to the ring apron and leaves the ringside area under protest.

?"Cannonball" - SIRS?

Blackfront: We're gonna take a quick break and try to clear the ringside area, but all the while Kendrix continues to threaten Impulse from the floor, and Impulse continues to invite Kendrix to come back to the ring!

Ace: He beat you once, Impulse, he can do it again!

Blackfront: So why doesn't he go back to the ring?

Ace: HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO!

Blackfront: We'll be right back with the night's MAIN EVENT!

Theo Baylor vs Andy Murray:

World Title Match!

Cut back to the announce booth.

Blackfront: Ladies and Gentlemen, it's main event time!

Ace: Time to see King Goofball lose his title on the very first defence, you mean!

Blackfront: You think Baylor's gonna pull it off?

Ace: I sure hope he does!

Blackfront: Theo did take the victory last time, but let's not forget that Murray walked into the match with a crippling shoulder injury. Taking the W tonight will be a far taller order.

Ace: I know ol' Baylor doesn't have the greatest record in the world but I really think there's something to that 'Kryptonite' comment you made earlier. Murray got the better of him in the Gauntlet a few months ago, but there's so much going on in a match like that that I don't think you can really take anything away from it.

Blackfront: Murray, for all his qualities, does tend to show weakness against big, ruthless, powerhouse wrestlers. He's a big, strong ox himself - perhaps the strongest in the company - but there's a certain cockiness to his game that usually works in his favour, but loses impact when the opponent isn't taken aback by it. Judging by Baylor's actions tonight, I don't think he's taken aback by anything!

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for the WrestleUTA Championship, and it is our main event of the evening!

"Ridin' Dirty" by Chamillionaire hits the PA system. Theo Baylor walks through the curtain, as swift and purposeful as he was earlier, with the fans jeering his actions at the top of the night. He swats a few hands away as he powers down the ramp, then clambers into the ring, running his hands across his waist.

Blackfront: Theo Baylor is signalling that the belt is his!

Jordan: Introducing first, in the ring, from Los Angeles, California, he weighs in at 285lbs... THEOOOO BAYLOOOOOOORRRRRRRR!

Theo throws his hands in the air, then calls for his opponent to hurry the hell up. "Hail To The King, Baby" eventually hits over the PA system, and the fans do their thing. They clap along with the rhythm, and go all kinds of nutty as the track kicks into full gear and the champ arrives on the stage.

Jordan: ... aaaand his opponent! He is the WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion, making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs in at 280lbs... ANDYYYYYY MUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

Blackfront: Two weeks removed from the biggest win of his UTA career, Andy Murray makes his first defence. He's had plenty of time to recover from that gruelling match with Kendrix, and he looks sharp and focused tonight.

Ace: It wasn't a particularly long match, but it sure was a hard-hitting one! I can't imagine King Doofus will want to go through another one of those tonight!

Murray hops onto the apron, then removes the WrestleUTA Championship from around his waist. He holds it in the air, posing for the fans, before climbing inside and marching right up to his opponent, still holding the belt up. Agitated, Baylor shoves him hard in the chest, and the referee immediately gets between the duo.

Ace: Oh baby! This is about to get nasty!

Andy retreats to his corner and starts taking off his entrance jacket when "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion suddenly starts playing over the PA system.

Ace: YEEEESSSSSSSSSS!

Almost immediately the turns from cheers to boos. The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, soon followed by "The Natural One" Jay Harvey. Harvey and Catalina pause at the top of the entrance ramp.

Blackfront: What are they doing out here?!

Ace: Mind games, Jason...

The two begin walking down the aisle. Murray can't help but keep his eyes on Harvey as he gets closer and closer to the ring. Harvey points out at the WrestleUTA World Champion and shouts something at him. Harvey and Catalina make their way around the ring and toward the announce table of Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Andy Murray is finally away to drag his attention away from his next challenge, The Natural One, as the bell rings. Theo Baylor immediately rushes at him, throwing a right hand, but Murray makes the most of the rookie's over-exuberance by skipping behind and tying him in a Hammerlock. Theo initially tries to work his way out, but that ain't gonna work, so he uses raw power to pull himself towards and force the break.

Ace: Ladies and gentlemen, joining us on commentary none other than Catalina and the NEW Number One Contender for the WrestleUTA World Championship, "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey!

Harvey: Thank you, Tommy. I thought I'd get an up close look at the guy I'm going to take the title from in a few short weeks.

Murray beckons his opponent into the middle, and once again Baylor gets a little too anger. He comes forward, throwing bombs, but Murray covers up then takes advantage of a gap in Baylor's reckless defences to secure a clinch. Andy goes to work, transitioning into a collar and elbow, before skipping behind. He lifts Baylor up then drops him into the back, keeping him grounded with an arm lock.

Blackfront: Smart technical work to start things out here. Baylor wanted to come in hot, but Murray is slowing him right down.

Ace: How boring of him, Jason. So very, very boring.

The challenger powers his way back to his feet and eventually creates separation with a few back elbows. He turns around, laying into Murray's torso with some rights and lefts, but the champ once again counters, killing the striking distance with another tie-up. This time Andy just holds onto him for a few moments, forcing Theo to work against himself, before transitioning into an arm wrench. Murray manipulates the wrist, pulling it back against itself, before eventually breaking with a stiff forearm to the jaw.

Baylor stumbles backwards. He's pissed, but his angry game isn't working so far. This time he takes his time, playing it relatively smart. He refuses to play Andy's game by going into another lock-up, and instead slaps him right across the cheek. A couple of knees to the body follow, before Theo whips Murray to the ropes, then drops him with a clothesline!

Harvey: I don't know who I'm mad at more, Theo Baylor for thinking he should fighting for the World title or Murray for accepting the challenge.

Ace: You think Murray is scared?

Harvey: Of course I do. He knows it's only a matter of time before that title is around my waist.

Blackfront: We have a match going on here, fellas

Baylor takes the champ up, peppering him with some rights and lefts, but Andy strikes back. It's Murray's turn to send Theo to the ropes this time, and he catches him with a big boot on the rebound! Baylor stays on his feet, but falls back against the ropes. Andy charges, but Theo recovers and bundles him over the top rope! Murray doesn't quite land on his feet, but it's not the roughest landing of all time either.

Blackfront: Out goes Murray! But he quickly gets back up again!

Taking a few moments to recover, Theo arrogantly calls the Scot back inside, the sits on the middle rope. He pulls the top rope up, casually inviting Murray to oblige, but The King is smarter than that. Andy looks over his shoulder, flashing Jay Harvey a cautious glance.

The champ eventually rolls back in the ring away from Baylor, but Theo rushes across, stomping him on his way up. Murray's on his feet, but Theo stings him with a couple of chops, then shoves him in the corner. A couple of knees follow before the referee eventually forces the break, after which Baylor downs Murray with a textbook bodyslam.

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Harvey: What's Baylor doing? You're never going to keep Andy Murray down with a Body Slam. Get on him!

Baylor takes Murray up with a handful of hair, then clocks him with a couple of elbows for good measure. He works into a Thai clinch this time, bringing his knee up into Andy's skull, but the Scot blocks a second, and batters his way free with a forearm.

Theo staggers backwards, but Andy's a little wobbly after the knee to the head. This allows Baylor to come back in and knock him with some more blows, before whipping the champ to the ropes, and taking him down with a Sidewalk Slam!

Ace: Ooof! That was a big one!

Blackfront: Sure was! Impressive strength from Baylor, who once again puts the UTA Champion on the mat!

There's no cover this time, however. Instead, Baylor gets to his get, then flexes the guns. The crowd, of course, boo the heck out of him, but he hasn't got a single fuck to give. Baylor kneels down, pounding his closed fist into Murray's face, then slapping him for the second time in the match. He eventually gets back, taking his opponent with him, before downing Andy with a big Pumphandle Slam!

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Ace: Heh, I don't think that was as close as Theo thought it was...

Theo questions the count, but the referee isn't budging. He slowly gets up, and this allows Murray to come back into it, hitting him square in the gut a couple of times. Murray suddenly surges up, blasting Baylor with a European Uppercut, then stinging his chest with a couple of chops. Murray sends Baylor to the ropes, but immediately charges after him. When Theo's back hits the ropes, Murray crashes into him with a running European! Theo tumbles to all fours, allowing

Andy to approach from behind, grab him around the waist, and throw him overhead with a deadlift gutwrench suplex!

Harvey: As most of you know, that is my move that Murray just used and of course I execute it better.

Ace: Of course!

The move takes some life out of Murray, however. He falls to a knee, taking his breather.

Blackfront: The level of exertion from that move is real! You don't just deadlift a 285lb man without feeling it.

Baylor gets up a little earlier than the champ had anticipated, but Murray keeps the pressure up. He locks up with him from behind, but Theo blocks the German suplex attempt by grabbing the top rope. Andy's forced to break, and Theo charges at him, but the Scot ducks his running clothesline and turns around. Baylor spins round to meet him, but eats another European uppercut, then gets whipped into the corner. Murray follows up with a running Yakuza kick, then throws him to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: This is textbook Murray with the European uppercuts. He's been working a similar style for over two decades, and it's hard to see him slowing down until his athleticism starts giving way.

Ace: Gee, Einstein. What a complex hypothesis!

Blackfront: Stop showing-off in front of Mr. Harvey.

Ace: ... shut up, Jason.

The King, once again, flashes a glance over at Harvey, who has, to his credit, stayed in his announcer's chair thus far.

This slight distraction allows Baylor to come back into it with a chop block to the back of Murray's knee! Down goes the champ, and after a few moments of recovery, Baylor takes the leg, then stomps down on the knee again and again and again. Keeping control of the limb, Baylor snaps it down into the ground, before rising to his feet, and unceremoniously booting Murray right in the kneecap.

Blackfront: You take on the winner of this match-

Harvey: I'm gonna cut you off right there, Jason. It doesn't matter who I face, I'm walking out with the WrestleUTA World title.

Though he lacks the technical acumen to really work the knee, the onslaught should at least slow Murray down. Theo runs to the ropes, then comes back with a big elbow drop, before covering Andy with a single hand planted in his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Baylor shakes his head, then moves into a more traditional cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blackfront: Two in quick succession! No dice!

Again, Baylor complains to the ref, and again, he gets no joy. He goes back about his business, grabbing the leg and going for another stomp, but Murray catches him with an upkick before he can do any damage!

Harvey: I've faced Theo Baylor before and I can now say watching this match... he's not World Champion material.

Ace: You got that right!

Andy rolls onto his front, trying to rise, but Baylor comes back with a running knee to the torso! The champ crumbles, and Theo hauls him up, cracking him with a headbutt! He sends Murray to the ropes, grabs him, and hoists him in the air, looking for his finisher...

Blackfront: Here it comes!

... but Murray counters the elevated Spinebuster! He traps Baylor's head with his arms while off the mat, then drags him down into a Triangle Hold!

Ace: WHAT THE HELL?!

Blackfront: Incredible counter! What a mid-air adjustment!

Ace: How did he do that?!

Blackfront: Must be something in the Scottish water!

The King wrenches tightly, squeezing the life out of Theo. Baylor's oxygen supply is fading, and while he tries to shift towards the ropes, he can't get any significant traction!

The challenger ain't about to tap out during the biggest match of his career, though. Summoning raw, brute force, Baylor stunningly lifts his 280lb opponent up while still in the triangle, then one-arm powerbombs him down into the mat! This breaks Andy loose, but Theo is tired himself, having struggled through the sub. With both men down, the official counts...

Blackfront: MY GOD!

ONE!

TWO!

Both stir. Baylor puts a hand on the bottom rope.

THREE!

Theo stands hauling himself up.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Ace: Murray looks shook, Jason!

Murray does the same, but Baylor's making the most progress.

SIX!

Blackfront: Theo is up!

The challenger eventually breaks the count, and stumbles towards Murray, who's halfway up. He clobbers his back a couple of times, then pulls him up, looking to work a submission of his own. A lack of submission acumen means he has to settle for a Sleeper, but that'll do as good a job as any. Unfortunately, Murray is too close to the ropes, and Theo is forced to break.

Ace: Heh, yeah, that won't do it!

Blackfront: Not against a man of Murray's technical acumen.

Murray comes towards his opponent in the center of the ring. Theo throws a sloppy punch, then a bodykick, but Murray catches his leg. With the limb trapped, Murray throws him overhead, downing him with a beautiful suplex. Grateful for the recovery time himself, Andy lets Baylor get back to his feet, then charges. The knee damage has robbed some of his speed, but he damn near takes Baylor's head off with the Lariat.

Ace: JEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

Blackfront: WHAT A LARIAT! THAT COULD BE IT!

ONE!

NOO! KICKOUT!

Ace: WHAT THE?!?

Blackfront: HE KICKED OUT AT ONE!

Stunned by the late-match one-count kickout, the audience explode. Murray is unperturbed, however, and gets an adrenaline burst. He yanks Theo up, sends him to the ropes, grabs him in a Fallaway position, the rotates 180 degrees, slamming him down with a spinning Powerslam!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP!

Blackfront: ANOTHER kickout! What's it gonna take to put Baylor away?!

This time even Murray looks a little shocked by Theo's toughness. Nothing to do but finish the job, however. Murray picks him up and pops him on his shoulders, looking for the finish, but no! Baylor slips out the back! Elbow to the back of the head! Another!

Baylor to the ropes.

Murray ducks the big boot!

Both men turn! Murray with the uppercut! Doubles him over, into a Northern Lights Suplex!

Andy holds on! He rolls through, maintaining his grip, and keeps Baylor on his shoulders! He suddenly drops down, driving his head, neck, and shoulders into the mat with the Emerald Flowsion variant!

Blackfront: HIGHLAND HANGOVER! IT'S OVER!

Harvey: So are Baylor's hope to ever becoming WrestleUTA World Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: Murray retains!

Ace: AWWWWW C'MAWN!

Victorious, Murray rises to his feet. He takes the title belt from the referee and hoists it high in the air.

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and STILL WRESTLEUTA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... ANDY

MURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Blackfront: A tremendous showing from Theo Baylor - easily the best of his current WrestleUTA run - but in the end, the champion came through.

Ace: Great, so we gotta suffer at least two more weeks of these goober as champion.

Blackfront: On tonight's form, I think it'll be a lot longer than two!

Cameras cut to the announce table where Jay Harvey is seen removing his headphones. We go back to the victorious Murray in the ring and Harvey comes into view. He slides under the bottom rope and attacks Murray from behind. Murray falls down to his knees, dropping his title to the mat. Harvey picks up the WrestleUTA World title belt and uses all his strength to slam it into the back of Murray's head.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey just jumped the champ!

Ace: YAAAAASSSSSSSS!

Blackfront: Someone get out here and stop this!

Ace: No! That would be awful!

Theo Baylor comes to, setting his sights on Jay Harvey. "The Natural One" turns and loads up the title belt smashing Baylor in the face with it. Baylor crashes through the ring ropes and thuds on the arena floor.

Ace: Take that Baylor, you bum!

Harvey like a wildman lands kick after kick to the back of Andy Murray's head. Spit flies from Harvey's mouth as continues his brutal attack. Harvey removes his suit jacket and flings it backward. He stalks his prey, inching toward Murray. Harvey grabs Murray by the hair and in one fluid motion puts the Champion up over his shoulders. Harvey turns to face the onlooking crowd at every angle.

Ace: Game Over!

Andy Murray drops to the mat after the Harvey Knee Lift connects with his face. Murray lay on his back on the mat with eyes glazed and blood trickling from his nose. Jay Harvey stands over the fallen Murray and then turns his head to the title beside Murray's body. Harvey picks up the title and stares at it for a moment. He kneels down right next to Murray, holding the title close.

Harvey: This... this is going to be mine. I promise you that.

The crowd continues to boo what they are witnessing inside the ring. Harvey lays the WrestleUTA World title across the body of Andy Murray and taps it twice. Harvey stands up and raises his arms into the air, smiling at the reaction he is receiving from the WrestleUTA faithful in attendance.

Ace: THE Jay Harvey standing tall. There's our next World Champion, Jason. Take a good look.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey making a statement here tonight. If Andy Murray doesn't already know, he does now... Jay Harvey is coming for him and the WrestleUTA World title.

Harvey exits the ring and catches up with Catalina. Cameras go back to showing the unconscious body of Andy Murray inside the ring before cutting back to Harvey on the entrance ramp. The WrestleUTA on Hulu logo appears at the bottom right corner of your screen before the screen fades to black

Show Credits

