

WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E23

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Results

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Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu ep 23

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Two Weeks Ago...

Fade in on the NEW WrestleUTA World Champion, Andy Murray, walking out to the ring.

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.

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.

Slow - Fade

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

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 TIIIIIIIMMMEEEE!

Slow - Fade

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.

Slow - Fade

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

Slow - Fade

We finally settle on Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace, they are at ringside, surrounded by crazy, screaming fans.

Blackfront: WE ARE LIVE ON HULU, THIS IS WRESTLEUTA! My name is Jason Blackfront, and I am joined, as always, by Tommy Ace, and Tommy, we have a show for the fans tonight!

Ace: Do we? Do we really? Any show that doesn't give Kendrix his rightfully deserved WrestleUTA World Title rematch is a waste of all our times! Is that our main event?

Blackfront: Not exactly, Tommy... in our main event tonight, Impulse will face off with the WrestleUTA Legacy Champion, Jack Harmen, in a bid to win the second most prestigious Championship in professional wrestling, and that's just scratching the surface!

Ace: I don't care.

Blackfront: Don't care? Are you trying to tell me you don't care about THE Jay Harvey trying to get himself back on his winning track with a match against the returning Lisil Jackson?

Ace: ... Okay, so I maybe care a little about that.

Blackfront: We've also got Crimson Lord in action tonight against Luke Dibbins, along with Kozue Kazakatchki going up against Reginald Dampshaw the third!

Ace: Next.

Blackfront: And up next, Tommy... we'll be hearing from Scott Stevens before our first match!

Ace: I wasn't serious--

Request Granted

As we cut to the backstage area we notice resident WrestleUTA Interviewer, John Laver, with a smiling Texan by the name of Scott Stevens, and Laver can't seem to make sense of what is going on.

Laver: This is John Laver, and I am with former Wildfire champion, Scott Stevens.

Laver says as Stevens gets closer to him.

Laver: Now Scott, you asked for this time and you said you have some news you'd like to share, and by the look on your face it must be good.

Laver says as Stevens nods.

Stevens: You are absolutely right John. You see, I just got through talking with our esteemed owner and he has made it official here tonight as he has granted me a match against the Iron Terror.

Stevens says as Laver has a surprised expression on his face.

Laver: Last week you did say you wanted to introduce yourself to UTA's newest signee, but I have to question why now?

Laver asks and the Texan has a confused expression on his face.

Stevens: What do you mean?

Laver: What I mean is why not wait and let Iron Terror work his way to you and then have your match then?

Stevens: To be honest, I need this.

Stevens says in a somber tone.

Laver: How so?

Stevens: Well, if you've noticed ever since I came back to UTA I have not been the standard what everyone expects me to be. Maybe it's because I'm older. Maybe it's because I'm bruised and battered, but the point is I'm not what you call championship material it seems like.

Laver: I wouldn't go that far.....

Stevens holds up his hand cutting off Laver.

Stevens: It's the truth. How many times have I had at the Legacy championship and other big match opportunities only for it to slip through my fingers each time? How many times have I let individuals like the Hightowers and the Jestals get the betterment of me when in the past they couldn't even touch me? The point is I do need this match to prove I still have what it takes to make one last run at the top. You may think the Iron Terror needs to prove himself, but in my eyes he has already proven his worth. The man decimated Dylan Daniels in almost record time. The man is sadistic and has a mean streak that I need to test myself against if I want to prove if I can still compete against the up and comers of this business, but most importantly to see if I have what it takes to be a champion once again.

Stevens says as his eyes lower and he lets out a sigh of nervousness before looking back at the camera.

Stevens: Tonight, the Iron Terror gets toppled and I slowly move up that ladder towards my golden opportunity.

Stevens says before leaving.

Laver: Well there you have it folks, Scott Stevens takes on the Iron Terror later tonight and who's going to win tonight? You just have to wait and see.

The Long Night

We cut elsewhere.

Where? You'll have to guess.

... okay, it's the parking lot.

Two security guards stand before the wrestlers' entrance. The words "EARLIER TODAY" appear in the bottom corner, but there's no a whole lot else going on. That changes after a few short seconds.

Murray: Evening, lads.

The voice couldn't really belong to anyone else, unless we've signed another Scotsman since the last episode. The reigning WrestleUTA Champion strides up behind the detail. He's dressed in casual grayscales, and has the big ol' belt strapped around his waist.

Murray: Any sign of our boy?

Security Guard 1: Not since you last checked-in.

Murray: How long ago was that?

The second security goober checks his watch.

Security Guard 2: Less than 15 minutes ago.

Number two flashes Murray a displeased look.

Murray: And everyone was supposed to be here by the top of the hour, correct?

Security Guard 1: Correct.

Murray: Well, we all know how much Mr. Number One Contender loves arriving 'fashionably late.'

The King shakes his head.

Murray: I'm gonna stick around for a little bit, boys. I don't want this weasel slipping through the cracks. To be honest, I wouldn't be entirely surprised if he skipped the show entirely and just took the no-show fine, given what went down a couple of weeks ago...

Security Guard 1: How's the head?

Murray: Sore, mate. Sore.

The UTA Champion takes up a spot beside the team. His long night is only just getting started

Kozue Kazakatchki vs Reginald Dampshaw III

Chariots Of Fire hits the PA system as the lights don gold, an orange sun is seen rising upon the titantron. Out from the entrance ramp elegantly walks Kozue Kazakatchki, his arms held out as though the presence of God himself.

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen the following contest is set for one fall!

He walks ever so peacefully and respectfully to the ring. His golden robe shining brightly under the arena lights.

Jordan: Introducing to the ring at this time, he is the "Elegant Star"... This, is Kozue Kazakatchki!

As the camera pans back to the ring we see Reginald Dampshaw III rubbing his boots on the mat as his name plate appears at the bottom of the screen.

Blackfront: Dampshaw the III has a tough task here tonight, how can he do against Kazakatchki?

Ace: Well if you look at what Kozue did to El Dragon Rojo at Absolution, then to be quite frank with you, Reginald is going to die.

Blackfront: Talking of Absolution, Dampshaw was sitting in the crowd watching the Elegant Star's debut match, do you reckon his scouting will help him here tonight?

Ace: Hmmmmm... No.

Kozue slides into the ring, ignoring the advancing Reginald the Dampshaw III towards him. The referee manages to pull him back as Kazakatchki climbs the turnbuckle and raises his arms high in the air.

Chariots of Fire fades out slowly as the Japanese mega star makes his way to his corner and tightens his wrist tape. DING! DING! The bell rings, out of nowhere Kazakatchki charges at Dampshaw in his corner and smashes him with a stiff forearm shot to the head.

Ace: Ow! Now that looked painful!

The Elegant Star isn't done, he plops Reginald back up in the corner and puts his finger to his own mouth.

Blackfront: Kozue Kazakatchki quieting the crowd, what's he looking for here?

As the crowd dims silent, Kazakatchki pulls his arm back before proceeding with a massive knife edge chop!

Ace: Now that, looked painful!

Blackfront: You can see the mark beginning to appear on his chest!

Kozue looks round as Dampshaw is lying against the turnbuckle still. He catches the camera and gives it a cheeky little wink before smashing Reginald a hundred odd more times as his chest welts up.

He stops and the crowd cheer at the sight of Reginald Dampshaw III welting and crying out in pain. Kazakatchki laughs at the sight of him before irish whipping him into the ropes.

Blackfront: Dampshaw going against the ropes!

Kazakatchki hits a knee into the gut of his opponent before hitting stiff rights straight into Reginald's face. He grabs him and places him into a DDT position, before dropping him onto his head.

Ace: Damn!

Kozue picks him back up as he hits an elbow! Then into a kick to the right side of his body, into a left hook before finishing it off with a roundhouse kick knocking Dampshaw back onto the floor once more. Kozue goes for the cover.

One...

Two...

He lifts Reginald's head off the mat, smiling and winking like earlier on towards the camera.

Blackfront: Kazakatchki just wants to prove a massive statement here tonight.

Ace: Well with the beating he's giving Dampshaw, it's working.

He rises him back to his feet and slaps him in a sign of disrespect, he stumbles back into the ropes and on his way back you hear the Elegant Star shout "Heddobutsu!".

Ace: Here it comes Blackfront! Here comes the Headbutt!

Smash! It connects hard onto the skull of Dampshaw as he falls on the mat, unconscious and still. He raises his arms high in the air as the crowd cheer at the Japanese's domination. Slowly, he places his foot on his opponent, his arms still high in the air. The referee counts one more.

One...

Two...

Three...

DING! DING!

Blackfront: The Elegant Star of WrestleUTA proving a point, you do not cross him, otherwise this is your doom.

Ace: That was absolutely beautiful Blackfront!

The lights dim golden once more as Kazakatchki rolls out of the ring and makes his way up the ramp. He highfives some of the fans reaching out for him and takes a few selfies with young, adoring females.

Dampshaw meanwhile, stays unconscious upon the mat as loads of officials check on the fallen wrestler. Kazakatchki reaches the top and turns around once more, his arms high in the air.

Blackfront: We'll see you all, after this quick commercial break.

Triggerless

Death Dealer by TNG begins to play...the fans anticipate Crimson Lord. Crimson steps out from the back. He has black timberland boots, with a pair of blue denim jeans a purple denim vest with a green hoodie covering his face. The seven footer walks into the ring no fancy pyro, or flashy intro.

Blackfront: Two weeks ago Lisil was battling for a job, luckily he had Crimson as a tag team partner. The battle between Hightower, and Byrd got completely out of control. But luckily Lisil walked out with a job.

Ace: You forgot to mention Crimson allowing Lisil to have a job now, and then for him to turn on him to show his thankfulness...real classy guy there Jason!

Blackfront: That is not what happen fans, and you know damn well Tommy Lisil was trying to save Byrd from striking Crimson again.

Ace: You delusional, Lisil knew exactly what he was doing!

He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slowly pulls his hood back. Crimson's beard continues to grow longer over the weeks still real shaggy though. He also seems to be letting his hair grow once more on his head. He pulls himself up to the apron and then steps over the top rope and looks out into the sea of fans mostly cheers but you can tell a few boos in that mix.

Blackfront: Crimson is scheduled to wrestle later tonight, but these fans ...are not exactly all in on their impressions of Crimson Lord now.

Crimson walks over to the timekeeper motioning for a microphone from the ring. Jordan gets up and hands a microphone to him. Crimson takes it and walks to the center of the ring while removing the divider from the microphone.

Crimson: ...

He looks out into the fans for a moment, before raising the microphone to his lips.

Crimson: Ungrateful...

Crimson looks out into the fans while the mix reactions continue. He begins to pace the ring as he continues.

Crimson: I stepped through these ropes as what...someone that has been reduced to helping a ungrateful man named Lisil Jackson...earn his JOB!

The fans pop a bit upon hearing Lisil's name Crimson quickly stops his train of thought to stare out into the fans for a moment before returning to his train of thought.

Crimson: Now, I guess I could say at least it wasn't Chris Ross..

Fans completely change their cheers for boos upon hearing Ross's name.

Crimson: So I come out here, to do my job....or rather get Lisil a job he thinks he deserves...but I digress. I come out here and do what I do best in this ring. So how did it go well apparently Cool Running's decided that he was going to never tag me in and take on Hightower and Byrd by himself!

Crimson looks toward the entranceway, as a small video package of Crimson Lord plays while he points at it for a moment.

Crimson: When you have someone like Crimson Lord in your corner. YOU TAG HIM IN! You don't continue to get your ass kicked trying to prove something. Maybe all that sun in Jamaica fried your brain cells!

Crimson returns his attention to the ring mat with his eyebrows raised as he talks into the microphone.

Crimson: So I tagged myself in, and before I could even get warmed up you took it upon yourself to tag yourself back in!

Crimson looks up, running his free hand over the top of his head.

Crimson: ...So clearly you felt you had the match handled even though Jamie's boys were skinning you throughout the match. So by some luck you ticked Hightower off to the point he gets disqualified for hitting you with a chair. Congratulations Lisil you don't have to stand in the unemployment line anymore. So instead of celebrating the win how do you celebrate..

He lowers the microphone from his mouth to his side his fist once more clenched in rage, before quickly raising the microphone once more to his mouth.

Crimson: You BACKSTAB ME, and hit me with a chair!

Crimson spreads his fingers with his index and thumb still holding the stick. Trying to calm himself for a moment. Calm he puts the microphone once more to his lips.

Crimson: From going from a #1 contender and headlining No Love Lost, to a #1 Contender match at Absolution....to....a....

It is short lived though as Crimson gets into the camera rage filled.

Crimson: BOTTOM FEEDER!

Crimson clenches his free hand in a show of rage.

Crimson: I am Crimson MOTHERFUCKING LORD! I am a LEGEND! a HALL OF FAMER! The ELITE in this business! I am not someone's tool to get a damn JOB!

Crimson looks out into the fans furious at their reactions.

Crimson: Lisil if it wasn't for me you would not even have a JOB! So you listen closely you little piss-ant. In this ring sooner or later me and you are going to be standing at opposite ends of this ring. Just like the saying goes I brought you into this world and I can take you out!

Crimson quickly removes the microphone from his mouth, and not long after "Better Must Come by Geego" hits. Crimson slowly looks toward the entranceway.

The Jamaican Inspiration walks to a chorus of cheers. With a microphone in hand he walks down the ramp and slides into the ring with a purpose.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson has a death wish I think!

Ace: I think he just wants to clear things up!

Lisil stands in front of the massive Crimson Lord and smiles looking at him before he raises up the microphone.

Lisil: Eyyyyyyy mon!!!!

The fans cheer loudly as Lisil nods his head.

Blackfront: The Jamaican Inspiration, appears to want to set the record straight.

Ace: He is only out here to tell more lies of a story that never happened.

Blackfront: Your ignorance is really extraordinary

Jackson smiles at Crimson Lord before taking a deep breath.

Lisil: Aight brudda.... I tink dat we have a huge misundastandin as ta what happen last show... See I get dat ya tink dat I hit a wit dat chair. But see mon...

Crimson seems a bit confused as he listens to Jackson. The Jamaican Inspiration points to the titantron showing what unfolded before the moment Crimson Lord seen him with the chair.

Blackfront: See? He didn't hit him with the chair! I told you Ace!

Ace: I'm still not convinced! How do we know that video wasn't edited?

Crimson appears to see what truly happened and appears to be taken back a bit by the footage.

Blackfront: You're as delusional as it gets....

Jackson reaches up and places a hand on Crimson Lord's shoulder. Crimson slowly looks at Lisil's hand upon him touching his shoulder, with a slight glare back at Lisil.

Jackson: I not be mad mon.... I undastand.... Mistakes happen.... But ya know mon it not be bout dwellin on dem.... It be bout what ya learn from dem... And let dis be a lesson brudda... Dat assumin tings be a deadly game ya be playin... Dat is how many people get hurt in dis world...

Crimson has totally forgotten about Lisil touching him and is just baffled by what exactly is coming out of his mouth.

Ace: What the hell is this hippie fruit cake even talking about?!

Blackfront: Will you stop?!

Jackson smiles reassuringly at Crimson Lord.

Jackson: Ya see perfection be a ting dat don't exist.... Even dee most flawless o' diamond be havin it's flaws.... And dat applies ta people as well.... Ya see mon nobody is perfect. But I fogive ya fo ya flaws

Ace: Oh god I think I'm going to throw up listening to this!

Lisil extends a hand. Crimson with his hands on his hips looks at Lisil's hand then out into the crowd cheering him once more.

Jackson: Brudda I say we put dis moment behind us and bury dat hatchet!

Crimson takes his hands off his hips and looks at the sincerity of Lisil. He looks out into the fans for a one more time then shakes Lisil's hand. Jackson raises Crimson's hand, CL looks a bit disappointed in himself for making such an accusation. The two go to opposite corners and raise their hands to the fans to a huge roar from the crowd.

After a few minutes of soaking up the crowd reaction. Lisil and Crimson shake hands one last time, as Lisil goes to to step through the ropes, Crimson pulls him out from between them and slaps his hand on Lisil and lifts him high above the apron and does a version of The Hollow Point with Lisil's back landing on the ring apron. The fans look on in shock while Crimson stares down at Lisil screaming in pain in reverse cat pose holding his back.

Blackfront: No, what has Crimson done!

Ace: Justice!

The look in Crimson's eyes appears the seven footer has once again lost it. He exits the ring and picks up Lisil and grabs him by his dreadlocks and throws him violently into the barricade!

Blackfront: Crimson Lord may have just broken Lisil in half, why Crimson why are you doing this?

Ace: Could be a assortment of things, perhaps losing the World Title against "The Chosen One", or losing to "The Natural One" to become #1 Contender.

Crimson walks over to Lisil in tremendous pain. He looks out into the fans now booing him, CL smiles as he looks out into the fans shouting off microphone.

Crimson: MORE....

Crimson continues to listen to the fans, get louder as they show their disgust for him

Crimson: MORE..

It's as though Crimson is enjoying the hatred the fans are giving him and wanting more from the fans in Philadelphia.

Crimson relishes it a bit more still shouting more across the sides of the arena. He stops suddenly and reaches under the ring, and starts to pull out steel chairs. He tosses them one by one in the ring.

Blackfront: What is Crimson thinking now, come on Crimson stop do not go this route with your career.

Crimson walks over to Lisil holding his back he picks him up and gorilla presses the Jamaican Inspiration and tosses

him in the ring. He soon follows Crimson starts setting up the chairs. Four on each side facing each other, with a ninth chair facing the other eight chairs. Crimson picks up Lisil and wraps his massive hand around Lisil and lifts him up once more into a Hollow Point on the chairs!

Blackfront: Good God, Lisil has just been ravaged by those chairs. Stop Crimson you have made your point stop!

Crimson looks at Lisil screaming in pain over his back. Lying in the warped chairs except for the one that barely got much of Lisil on the fall. Crimson looks out into the fans who look on in shock. Crimson looks back at Lisil and quickly pushes the warped chairs out of his path. He flips Lisil on his stomach and grabs Jackson's thighs and lifts him up!

Ace: It appears Crimson is not done here.

Blackfront: No, don't do it Crimson!

Crimson sits down in a flap jack of Lisil with his face slamming on the seat of the final chair. Crimson gets up and stares down at Lisil out cold lying on the bent chair. Crimson looks out into the fans who boo him loudly he walks around the ring shouting "More" Just egging the crowd on for a few minutes as they get louder at their dislike for his actions. Crimson stops and looks down at Lisil for a second with a cold and sadistic glare. After a few seconds Crimson exits the ring and walks up the rampway almost absorbing the hatred the fans are giving him as he closes his eyes relishing in it.

Fade

Hyphen-Twins

Backstage in the UTA, Brittney-Jean Dean stands in front of a waving UTA banner. She wears her shiniest dress with her sparkliest smile. She nods to the camera.

Brittney-Jean Dean: My guest at this time, (she rolls her eyes) The Legacy Champion, Jack Harmen.

Jack Harmen saunters into frame, wearing his "Flyin' High" t-shirt and wrestling tights. The Legacy title dangles from his shoulders, as Mary-Lynn Mayweather appears over his left shoulder like the angel she is. Harmen chews a large wad of chewing gum and noticeably makes it noisable.

Jack Harmen: I saw that. What? You don't like asking me questions? C'mon! I'm facing Randy tonight! I'm excited. Are you excited?

Brittney-Jean Dean: Well...

Jack Harmen: I honestly thought we'd never get this chance again.

Brittney-Jean Dean: Indeed, as you said, tonight, you square off against Impulse, the Legacy title on the line. How do you prepare for such a monumental contest? One fans have clamored for for years?

Jack Harmen: I have an extensive Cheetos diet.

Brittney-Jean Dean: Excuse me?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather holds up a bag of flaming hot Cheetos above Harmen, as Jack stares at the camera with a stoic calmness.

Jack Harmen: Impulse. If I may. I want to apologize. I do this more often than I like, and usually don't mean it, but honestly, sincerely from the bottom of my heart. I'm sorry. We had our differences, we had our quarrels, but I've always respected you. You're one of the good guys. Can't all be what we want to be... But I'd like to think all that adversity I put you through made you the man you are today. I helped mold you to be the man you are. Well, maybe not molded you, but hey, it certainly helped show who you are to the world. And if I could be half the man Impulse is, well... I'd have a lot less regrets.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Jack. Is this really the time?

Harmen's eyes flare, as he stares into the camera. He gets uncomfortably close, his face filling the frame.

Jack Harmen: I know. You know. See? It's the game we've always played. There will be no mercy. No regret. I may be sorry but I will never regret. I will do everything I can do tonight to retain this Legacy championship. Because, it means the world to me. Because it means the world to my family. It means opportunity. It means future. It means, everything.

Jack Harmen steps back from the camera, giving a sideway glance toward Brittney-Jean Dean. She uncomfortably tugs at her low cut southern attire.

Brittney-Jean Dean: A bit creepy, if I do say so myself.

Jack Harmen: Really?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: He was going for intimidating.

Jack Harmen: Thank you Mary. See? Someone gets me.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Britt, listen, Jack is ready for all challengers. Whether they be a world class Tactician, an experienced big man, a brainwashed brawler, a man with a capital THE, Jack will be ready. Even if it's a boss from the streets of Harrisburg...

Jack Harmen: That guy? He couldn't even beat Impulse. I'm the man who's made a late resurgent career of beating Mr. Randall Knox. Why would you bring him up? Now?!

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Well, he hurt Cally.

Jack Harmen: Yeah. So there's one thing me and Impulse can agree upon. Fuck that guy. What's his face?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Chris Ross?

Jack Harmen frowns, stroking his goatee in deep throat.

Jack Harmen: No. That doesn't sound right. I'll remember it. Just give me time.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Pretty sure it's Chris Ross.

Jack Harmen: SHHHH! I'm thinking...

Harmen wanders off, leaving Ms. Dean and Mary-Lynn behind. Mary-Lynn shrugs her shoulders, lightly moving her right leg in a crescent like pattern.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: So... Game of Thrones is back. Pretty cool huh?

Brittney-Jean smiles.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Hyphen-Twins Unite! I'm Team Stark.

Fade out

Scott Stevens vs. The Iron Terror

Blackfront: Our next match up tonight is an interesting one to say the least.

Ace: That's right because tonight we are going to see a retard get put out of his misery.

Blackfront: We may because in a few short moments we will see the former Wildfire champion, Scott Stevens, take on the terrifying newcomer, Iron Terror.

Ace: Does Stevens have a death wish? Did he not see what happened to Dylan Daniels last show?

Blackfront: Maybe he does because he knows that if he can defeat an imposing and destructive force like the Iron

Terror he proved to him and everyone he still has it.

Ace: Well he's about to have it for fifteen minutes tops.

The lights in the arena go pitch black, as red lasers and spotlights light up the area. The video screen lights up and flashes across the screen a Texas flag, with the words, "Texas Born. Texas Bred." "Texas Forever." branded into the flag. The crowd reaction is mixed, but there are more cheers than boos, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfront: Is this the match Stevens needs to get back on track to championship opportunities or will it become a notch on the Iron Terror's belt?

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

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

Walking down the aisle, he fists bumps some of his fans while raising a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers.

Ace: Dead man walking.....

Jordan: Standing at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds...

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares out towards the rabid crowd in attendance.

Jordan: This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

An icy glare and the throat slash gesture his only actions as he drops to the mat.

Blackfront: Stevens looks focused here tonight.

Ace: Stevens has a good poker face, but we all know that face is just hiding the truth and that truth is he's scared and I can smell it on him. (Sniff. Sniff.) I think he pissed himself.

As Tommy laughs at his own comment and Stevens begins to pace around the ring like a caged animal as.....

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

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. He exhales a mouthful of smoke as he stalks towards the ring, glowering at the fans.

Blackfront: Will you get off of me!

Ace: I'm scared!

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

Ding. Ding.

As soon as the bell is heard the Iron Terror rushes towards Stevens and attempts to catch the Texan off guard with a splash in the corner, but Stevens is able to avoid it which causes the Iron Terror to stun himself for a brief moment as

he hits the top turnbuckle allowing Stevens to grab him from behind with a roll up.

One.

Two.

No!

Iron Terror is able to kick out at the last second.

Blackfront: The match almost ended right there.

Ace: But almost doesn't cut it.

As the Iron Terror quickly scrambles to his feet he sees a smiling Texan who points to his head indicating his smarter than him.

Blackfront: Stevens showing he's a step ahead of Iron Terror.

Ace: Yeah, well, if he isn't careful the Iron Terror will break that finger and shove it up his ass, and from what I hear Stevens likes that sort of thing.

The Iron Terror rushes towards Stevens and pushes him into the corner and begins to unload rights and lefts to the body of the Texan.

Blackfront: Stevens needs to get out of there quick.

Ace: Wish I had some popcorn.

The referee is to a count of four before Iron Terror stops his attack momentarily before continuing the assault. Stevens does his best to cover up, but the onslaught of each punch causes the former champion to wince in pain with each body blow. Stevens gets a moment to breath as the Iron Terror takes a break from his attack so he's not disqualified and that's all it takes for Scott to recover as he quickly grabs Iron Terror by his gear and drive him face first into the middle turnbuckle.

As Stevens begins to clear the cobwebs he waits for the Iron Terror to come out of the corner and as he does he rushes towards him looking to send his head into the upper deck of the arena with a massive clothesline, but the Iron Terror saw it coming.

Blackfront: Terror ducks under the clothesline.

Ace: Too slow.

As Stevens quickly turns around he is grabbed by a waiting Terror that lifts him high into the air.

Ace: The end is near.

As the Iron Terror looks to throw the Texan across the ring, Stevens shows he still has some fight left in him as he wiggles free and lands behind the Iron Terror and delivers a Scorpion Death Drop.

Blackfront: Stevens with a nice counter.

Stevens remains on top of Terror as the ref checks the shoulders before counting.

One.

Two.

No.

Terror was able to get the shoulder up but Scott anticipated this as he cinches in a dragon sleeper.

Ace: DQ! DQ! That's an illegal choke!

The official asks if Terror wants to quit but the Man from Hell's Highway is too busy kneeling Stevens in the face to answer.

Blackfront: How much more shots can Stevens take?

Ace: Hopefully until a tooth flies out.

As the final knee breaks the submission and Stevens holds his face in pain, the Iron Terror gets to his feet as rushes at Stevens but the Texan is aware of his surroundings and delivers a terrifying spinebuster and Scott jumps to his feet and pumps his arms while letting out a primal scream.

Blackfront: Stevens with a beautiful spinebuster but he's wasting time showboating.

Stevens makes his way over to the downed opponent and reaches down to pick up the Iron Terror and receives an upkick for his trouble.

Ace: I think I saw a tooth, love it.

The Iron Terror knocks the Texan down with a clothesline, but Stevens quickly gets to his feet and is knocked back to the canvas with another clothesline. Stevens gets back up and the Iron Terror rocks him with a savate kick to the chest that sends the Texan into the corner and he follows it up with a cannonball attack.

Blackfront: Nice series of moves from the Iron Terror as they have Stevens reeling.

The Iron Terror begins stomping away on Stevens. Terror delivers one final stomp before running the ropes looking to deliver another cannonball splash, but Stevens is able to roll out of the ring in the nick of time.

Ace: NO!

Blackfront: That's the opportunity Stevens needed to get the momentum back on his side.

Ace: Get up Terror!

As Stevens lays on the outside of the ring he sees his opponent is down and he rolls into the ring and pulls the Iron Terror from the corner and makes a cover.

One.

Two.

NO!

Iron Terror with a shoulder up.

Blackfront: Stevens with a lax cover on.....another cover.

Stevens quickly lays on top of Terror again and again gets only a count of two from the official and this doesn't sit well with Stevens as he gets in his face and says it was a three.

Blackfront: Stevens letting his emotions get the better of him.

Ace: Surprised it took this long.

Stevens turns his attention to the back his opponent who has make it up to a knee and casually walks over and locks in a front facelock before shouting.

Stevens: It's over!

Blackfront: Stevens seems like he wants to end it here and now and is calling his home run shot.

Ace: Cocky much?

Stevens looks to transition from a front facelock to a spinning Toxic Sting, but Iron Terror has other plans as he shoves the Texan off.

Blackfront: Iron Terror has some fight left in him.

Stevens turns around and rushes at Iron Terror full force going for a decapitating Texas-size lariat before Iron Terror knows what hit him, but Terror ducks under and sends the Texan chest first into the corner after a massive superkick to the back of Stevens' head.

Blackfront: That kick has thrown Stevens for a loop.

Ace: Surprised it caused any damage since his brain is so small.

As Stevens staggers back, the Iron Terror bullrushes forward and pushes Stevens chest first again into the turnbuckles before deliver the 11:59.

Blackfront: The Iron Terror just delivered a massive 11:59 to Stevens, and I think that's all she wrote.

The Iron Terror turns over the Texan and hooks a leg as the official begins his count.

One.

Two.

Three.

Ace: Suck it Stevens!

The bell rings to signal the end of the match and the Iron Terror's victory over the former Wildfire champion. As the referee holds Iron Terror's hand in victory Stevens sits up and looks devastated by the loss.

Blackfront: Look at Stevens, he looks heartbroken by the loss.

Ace: That's what happens when you aren't good enough to begin with and you get cocky and showboat when you think you had victory at hand.

Stevens continues to sit in the ring talking to himself as he cannot believe he lost when all of a sudden he slaps the mat and springs to his feet before blindsiding the Iron Terror as he tries to leave the ring.

Blackfront: What's this?

Ace: Stevens being the sore loser that he is.

The crowd doesn't know what to make of it, but takes a swing at the official as he tries to step in but misses as the referee heads to the back.

Stevens: You think you're better than me?

Stevens yells as he drops begins to stomp away on the Iron Terror.

Stevens: I'm better than you! I'm better than everyone in this fucking building!

Stevens says as he continues to stomp away on the Iron Terror.

Blackfront: A brutal and cowardly assault by Stevens.

Ace: I'm kind of liking this side of Stevens.

Blackfront: You would.

Stevens stops his assault and waits to deliver the killing blow.

Stevens: Now I end you.

He says as he picks up Iron Terror and places him between his legs.

Blackfront: Oh God, could he be.....

A sadistic smile slowly grows on the Texan's face as he reaches down to pick him up.

Blackfront: Stevens looking for that Spike Piledriver of his.

Ace: I think he wants to break his neck.

As Stevens begins to lift him up an army of black and whites storm the ring and pull Iron Terror away from Stevens and surround him.

Blackfront: Thank God, that could've ended badly.

Stevens tries to get to Iron Terror, but the officials have him protected so Stevens throws his hands up and exits the ring with a smile and a laugh.

Blackfront: I think we have just seen Scott Stevens snap ladies and gentlemen. We saw signs of him becoming unhinged when he was being terrorized with Jestal, but I think this latest defeat finally pushed him over the edge.

Ace: And I love it!

Officials continue to check on the Iron Terror and Stevens admires his handiwork from a top the stage before heading backstage.

The Boss has Entered the Building

The scene cuts to backstage where John Laver is walking by the arena's entrance.

Laver: Folks I am live backstage and I just got some strange news... Apparently Chris "The Boss" Ross has just arrived at the arena....

Laver continues to hurry as the camera turns to see that indeed the man himself Chris Ross is walking through the doors dressed in his new "I am 717 What are you?" shirt and a pair of black and green camo shorts.

Laver: Ross! Quick word!

The Boss walks over crossing his arms.

Laver: Chris it's been brought to my attention that you still haven't been medically cleared to compete... I think I speak for everyone when I ask this question... What are you doing here tonight?

Ross smirks amused at the question.

Ross: Well if you haven't noticed Laver... We're in Philadelphia! That's just a mere couple hour drive for me from Harrisburg! You think I was going to stay home and watch from my couch? Hell no!

Laver nods his head before he asks his question.

Laver: Well I get your point but that doesn't really explain what you're doing here tonight though since doctors haven't cleared you.

The Keystone State Killa laughs amused.

Ross: Laver Laver Laver..... Let me make one thing clear... Just because some overpaid quack in a lab coat decides to give Mikey a doctor's note excusing me from action like this is Elementry school or some nonsense like that, does not mean I can't come in here and beat the crap out of someone!

John Laver raises an eyebrow.

Laver: even in your condition Chris?

Ross grabs the microphone from Laver.

Ross: Condition? You think I give a damn about my so called condition?! Where I come from it's a kill or be killed world! You think anyone gives a damn about your medical problems on the streets? I've seen someone curbstomp someone's grandmother into the pavement and you wanna know why? She was an easy target!

Laver looks on horrified by the story and the mental image Ross has painted in his head.

Laver: That is sick!

Ross: It is.... But it's also reality! Now if you excuse me... I have a mission to tend to tonight!

Ross hands the microphone back to John Laver before he turns to leave.

Nice Lads Have a Nice Chat

Swing back to the parking lot. Andy Murray is still there, and still irritating the piss out of the two guards on the door.

Murray: ... here's the thing about Impulse - he might seem all calm, quiet, and aloof, but if you push that lad far enough, he will snap your head off. I don't think we'll be seeing our good friend, Christopher "The Sauce" Ross anytime soon. You saw Absolution...

Security Guard 1: I was working.

Murray: No rewatch?

Security Guard 1: I don't like wrestling.

Murray: Great.

Security Guard 2, meanwhile, has a finger pressed against his earpiece.

Security Guard 2: Yes boss.

He listens carefully as whoever's on the other end of his line babbles something to him. Eventually, he looks up at Andy Murray.

Security Guard 2: Your friend's here.

Murray: What?!

The King holds his hands out to his sides.

Murray: This is the wrestler's entrance...

Security Guard 1: Yeah, but it's not the only entrance.

Andy rolls his eyes.

Murray: Any idea where?

Security Guard 2: No clue, I just know he's inside.

Murray: Well then. Guess I'd better go track Mr. Harvey down. Lads, it's been a pleasure...

We cut elsewhere as the WrestleUTA Champion leaves the security team to their work

Crimson Lord vs Luke Dibbins

Jordan: Currently in the ring one half of the Dibbins Brothers.....Luke Dibbins!

?Death Dealer by TNG begins to play...the fans anticipate Crimson Lord. Crimson steps out from the back. He has black timberland boots, with a pair of blue denim jeans a purple denim vest with a green hoodie covering his face. The seven footer walks into the ring no fancy pyro, or flashy intro.

Blackfront: Lisil, refusing to take the doctor's advice here tonight after the brutal beating given by this man...

Ace: Easy pickings for THE Jay Harvey later tonight. Lisil needs to learn when to stay down.

Jordan: Coming to the ring at this time.....from Chicago, Illinois!

The fans give off a mix reaction for the seven footer, but it would seem he has more of a negative reaction than a positive.

Jordan: Standing Seven Foot and One inch...weighing in at Three Hundred and Forty-Eight pounds! "The Perfect Weapon" CRIMSON LORD!!

He reaches the bottom of the ramp and slowly pulls his hood back. Crimson's beard continues to grow longer over the weeks still real shaggy though. He also seems to be letting his hair grow once more on his head. He pulls himself up to the apron and then steps over the top rope and looks out into the sea of fans mostly boos but you can tell a few cheers in that mix. ?

Crimson walks over to the corner staring at it as Luke looks on from the other side of the ring. The moment the bell rings Crimson charges out of the corner quickly sandwiching Luke in the corner with a body splash. Luke falls to the mat, Crimson drags Luke to the center of the ring and jumps up and drive his knee into the lower back of Luke. Luke yells in pain, and just as he leans his head back to yell. Crimson still with his knee driven into Luke's back grabs Luke by the chin and pulls back. Soon after puts his hands in Luke's mouth and pulls back on his upper teeth.

Blackfront: This change of attitude by Crimson, has really brought out that sadistic side of him once more.

Ace: Luke clearly is outmatched here.

Crimson lets go of his right hand from Luke's mouth keeping his left hand still inside his mouth. He begins to rain haymakers across Luke's chest. The referee asking Luke and Luke appears to be ready but just as he is about to tap. Crimson quickly releases the hold and slams his head into the mat. Crimson stares at the referee who quickly backs away. Crimson continues his onslaught with stomps to the shoulders of Luke. He continues to shout at Luke with each stomp.

Crimson: Get up you low life!

Crimson picks up Luke and throws him with force shoulder first into the steel steps! Luke falls on the ropes. Crimson looks out into the sea of booing fans for a moment before pulling Luke out once more and again spinning him and tossing him right back into the ring post!

Blackfront: Luke is in serious trouble here fans!

Ace: You think?

Crimson pulls Luke from the corner while he tries desperately to cover up his shoulder. Crimson throws Luke in between his legs. He lifts him up power bomb style and holds Luke up in the air for a few moments. Crimson walks toward the turnbuckle. He positions the brunt of the move on the injured shoulder and drops Luke right on his shoulder right on top of the turnbuckle. Luke crumbles to the mat immediately.

Blackfront: In all my years in this business I have never seen a powerbomb executed like that, He took Luke and made sure the force of the maneuver would be on Luke's shoulder! Crimson is trying to make a statement here, and frankly I

think he already has yet he wants to keep assaulting Luke.

Luke rolls around on the mat holding his right shoulder in excruciating pain.

Blackfront: Crimson has not allowed Luke any sort of breather here, and is dissecting him minute by minute.

Ace: This is the vicious side I missed so much from Crimson Lord years ago.

Crimson looks down at Luke in excruciating pain. He picks up Luke and throws him outside the ring. The referee quickly gets in CL's face wanting to count. CL backs off as the referee begins to count Crimson back flips over the top rope to the floor behind the referee. He walks around the until he meets Luke outside.

Ace: Crimson is not done here.

Crimson flips Luke on his stomach and lifts his legs up and begins to start a giant swing, the height he gets is just over the steel steps slamming Luke's injured arm into the steel post. Luke tumbles off the steel steps. Crimson pulls the ring steps apart from the ring. He walks around the ring and grabs Luke and places his shoulder in between the post and the steel steps.

Blackfront: No enough Crimson!

The referee quickly stops his count and gets outside and starts to bark orders at Crimson. CL at first is taken back until he pushes the referee aside and slams his foot against the steel steps smashing Luke's shoulder in between. Luke gets up out of adrenaline in extreme pain, it appears his shoulder might just been separated from its socket.

Ace: Crimson is relentless.

Blackfront: Enough already!

Crimson walks around the steps as the referee quickly gets ahead of Luke trying to check on him. Crimson doesn't let the referee get any sort of answer from Luke and grabs him by the back of the head and spins him and throws him back first into the barricade. Crimson stands over Luke beads of sweat drop from his face. Crimson's cold glare down at his opponent, is that of a man who just does not care anymore.

Blackfront: Look at those eyes, he has absolutely no remorse for what he is doing to Luke here.

Ace: Why should he? He is his opponent after all.

Crimson lifts Luke up and throws him back in the ring, and quickly follows. Luke staggers to the corner his arm dangling to his side. Crimson ignoring the referee rant. Crimson pulls Luke out slaps his massive hand across his throat and lifts him up!

Blackfront: HOLLOW POINT!

The referee quickly gets down the for the cover.

ONE

TWO

THREE!

The bell quickly sounds.

Jordan: The winner of the match "The Perfect Weapon" Crimson Lord!!

?Death Dealer by The Enigma TNG hits as The ref very briefly raises Crimson's hand. Breathing heavy he stares at Luke holding his shoulder in pain.

My Old Ways

Crimson begins to leave the ring he steps over the top rope and then stops straddled to the ropes he looks back at Luke being attended to by the referee.

Blackfront: Oh come on you won the damn match enough Crimson!

Crimson steps back into the ring and pushes the referee out of the way. Crimson picks up Luke and lifts him up into another Hollow Point!

Ace: Crimson clearly sending a message to Lisil Jackson here, hell if you ask me this is all Lisil's fault.

Blackfront: Have you lost your damn mind? What would ever make you think that?

Ace: Lisil turning on Crimson set him off for starters.

Blackfront: It is a known fact now to Crimson Lord that it was not Lisil, but Byrd!

Crimson exits the ring and clearly the fans watch the hero they once looked up to unravel before their eyes. He reaches under the ring and pulls out a steel chair.

Blackfront: Oh for the love of god...ENOUGH!

Crimson clearly is not done. He enters the ring with chair in hand. He puts Luke's neck in the chair. He exits the ring and begins to climb the turnbuckle.

Ace: Oh boy this could be real bad, Crimson climbing the ropes is rare.

Blackfront: He is trying to end this man's career, for fuck's sake!

Countless officials along with Mikey rush from the back to block Crimson from jumping from the ropes.

Blackfront: This display has finally brought out even Mikey now!

The seven footer smirks as he watches the medical crew rush to the ring with a gurnee. Crimson watches them try and get Luke to the gurnee. Mikey is ordering Crimson to leave the ring. He gets off the turnbuckles and Mikey points to the back wanting him to leave. Crimson smirks holding his hands up and nodding. Crimson begins his trip to the backstage area with a cold heartless look on his face.

Blackfront: Fans we got to take a short break here, we hope to get some sort of condition on Luke tonight..will be right back.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

As the show comes back Luke is being taken up the rampway as he reaches the top of the entranceway, Crimson again appears.

Blackfront: No, not again somebody get him out of here you have done enough Crimson!

Ace: What will be enough to satisfy this monster's appetite?

Crimson presence scurries off the people surrounding the gurnee. Mikey is trying to get Crimson to return to the backstage area, but even CL is now ignoring the owner of the company. Crimson flips the stretcher on its side with Luke strapped in it. Mikey puts his hands through his hair.

Shots of kids looking horrified at Crimson Lord appear on the screen for a moment. Crimson quickly stares at the officials and medical personnel quickly as they try to calm him down. Crimson starts to untie the straps from the stretcher, until Luke falls face first on the rampway grasping his shoulder. Crimson looks out into the sea of booing fans closing his eyes for a moment soaking it all up. He looks at the stretcher and showing off the tremendous power of the seven footer picks the stretcher up above his head.

Blackfront: Oh my God! NO, Stop!

Ace: Those stretchers are not exactly light, what a impressive show of power by Crimson Lord!

Crimson slams the stretcher down right on top of Luke's shoulder!

Ace: My god, Luke has been decimated....man I am speechless.

Luke screams in pain holding his shoulder tossing and turning on the rampway.

Blackfront: Get him out of here Mikey!

Mikey gets in Crimson's face quickly as the stretcher slams into the stage. Mikey removes his glasses, and for a brief second smiles upward at him. Mikey's brief attention toward Crimson moves back toward Luke. Crimson looks over Mikey's shoulder at the carnage he left in his wake as he coldly stares at Luke and the officials around him aid. Crimson raises his arm in victory too a continue deafening sound of boos from the capacity crowd.

Blackfront: Crimson you son of a bitch!

COMMERCIAL BREAK...

The NEXT WrestleUTA World Champion

We open up to shots from different angles around this sold out crowd. We finally settle on the big screen high above the entrance ramp. WrestleUTA Backstage Interviewer Paul Stewart dons a blue suit with a black tie. He stands in front of a black background. The company logo resides on a high definition screen just behind him. Stewart adjusts his earpiece.

Stewart: Please welcome my guests at this time... the lovely Catalina and the Number One Contender for the WrestleUTA World title, "The Natural One" THE Jay Harvey.

The pair comes into the scene all smiles. Harvey is in his ring gear and Catalina is wearing the skimpiest of skimpy dresses. Harvey shoots his best pal Paul a look.

Harvey: You forgot something, Paul.

Harvey's tone is a stern one.

Harvey: The NEXT WrestleUTA World Champion.

Stewart nods his head, not questioning the remark. Stewart regains control of the interview.

Stewart: Throughout the night we have seen Andy Murray's search for you-

Harvey interrupts Stewart, classic Harvey.

Harvey: Obviously, he needed to look a little better and he would have found me. I haven't been hiding. I'm not afraid of Andy Murray... and I never will be.

Harvey shakes his head, his demeanor becomes more serious.

Harvey: Let me say this... when I finally get my rightful shot at the title around Andy Murray's waist, he is going to find that I'm better than him. He's going to find that I want it more than he does. At the end of the day, Murray needs to prove to the fans, the wrestling world and himself... that he deserves that title.

We cut to the WrestleUTA faithful all looking up at the big screen. The three in the back can be seen above the crowd. We stay on the crowd for a moment before returning backstage.

Harvey: He's had a long storied career and no one can take that away from him. I am going to take the WrestleUTA World title from him and he knows it. All the pressure is on Andy Murray... and he knows it.

Stewart: Later tonight you go one on one against Lisil Jackson, who earlier was viciously attacked by Crimson Lord.

Harvey and Catalina share a chuckle.

Harvey: Seems someone became a real sore loser at losing at the Pay Per View... he did me a favor, absolutely. Instead of Jackson getting fifteen minutes of my time... I'll have this match over and done with in less than five.

Stewart mouths the word "wow". Shocked by what he has just heard.

Stewart: That's a bold statement.

Harvey: I'm a bold man, Paul. I do and say bold things. I can talk the talk... and you bet your ass I can walk the walk. I'm the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth... I've got a match to prepare for.

Harvey and Catalina exit the picture. Stewart taps the microphone in his free hand as he looks off to the side. The feed gets cut and a commercial begins to play.

Nope

The backstage area. Not far from where Jay Harvey just cut his promo.

Paul Stewart walks down the corridor, mic in hand. His interviewing duties are almost done for the night, and looks like he's looking forward to relaxing for the rest of the evening.

Murray: Oi oi.

Those smooth, silky, buttery, wonderful, lovely, soothing, hyponotic Scottish tones bounce down the corridor. Stewart stops in his tracks, and breathes a sigh of relief, knowing that the person approaching him isn't likely to give him any sheet.

Murray: Paolo Stewart.

Stewart: Andy Murray.

The King stops beside Stewart and starts looking around.

Murray: I missed him, didn't I?

Stewart: Who?

Murray: Harvey.

Stewart: Yeah, we just wrapped up.

Murray: Goddamnit...

The WrestleUTA Champion sighs.

Murray: You know, that wee blighter is doing a mighty good job of making me look like a big ol' dope tonight. Duped me on his entrance, then he wraps with you before I can track him down... you know, if I was a betting man, I'd say he's trying to avoid me.

He shakes his head.

Murray: Any idea where he went?

Stewart: Well, his match is up next...

Murray: What, already?!

Andy glances at his watch.

Murray: I guess time flies when you're talking to two grumpy security guards in the parking lot. Thanks Paolo, you're a

diamond...

The champ taps Paul on the shoulder, and turns around, heading back in the direction he just came from. The interviewer watches him go.

Stewart: It's "Paul."

Cut.

Lisil Jackson vs THE Jay Harvey

WrestleUTA cameras zoom in on C.H. Jordan as he stands in the ring. The bell sounds.

Jordan: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit...

"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 walks down the aisle showing signs of the earlier attack. He grabs at his back with one hand and slaps the hands of fans with the other. His midsection is heavily taped and Jackson seems in tremendous pain.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson coming to the ring. Jackson the victim of a Crimson Lord assault earlier tonight.

Ace: I don't know what he's doing out here... He's gonna get victimized AGAIN!

Jordan: Making his way to the ring....from Kingston, Jamaica..."The Jamaican Inspiration"...Lisiiiiiiil Jacksoooooon!

He reaches the ring and climbs the steps as he steps on the apron before delicately sliding into the ring.

Ace: Should I call the mortician's office now? Lisil Jackson stands no chance against THE Jay Harvey! He can barely walk to the ring!

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

Jordan: Hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

Blackfront: It seems Jay Harvey has been able to evade Andy Murray tonight. Now Harvey has nowhere to hide.

Ace: Shh! Will you just look at the outfit Catalina is wearing... offa!

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

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

Harvey locks eyes with the rolling camera and gives them a second of his time.

Harvey: I'm right here, Murray!

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

Ace: Harvey is going to make short work of Lisil Jackson, I guarantee it!

Jay Harvey continues stretching, holding the ropes as he leans toward his opponent. Harvey has his eyes locked on Lisil Jackson, watching Jackson clutch his back. Jackson's mid section is wrapped heavily giving Harvey a target for

his attack. The bell sounds and the two men now reside in the middle of the ring. Harvey puts his hand in the air, waiting for Jackson to go for it. Before Jackson can even put his hand to Harvey's, "The Natural One" lands a stiff boot to Jackson's ribs. Jackson scampers toward the nearby corner but Harvey is on him like white on rice. The sound of Harvey's fists connecting with Jackson's skin echo out into the sold out Philly crowd. Jackson is pushed into the corner receiving vicious knees right to his back followed by closed fists. The referee starts his five-count and quickly gets between the men when Harvey doesn't show signs of stopping. The referee warns Harvey that the next time he will be disqualified. Harvey puts his hands up in the air but moves back in on the injured Jackson.

Ace: Jackson should have stayed in the locker room.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson is a fighter, Tommy.

Ace: That pride of his is going to get him more injured than he already is.

Harvey lands a Knife Edge Chop that makes Jackson's eyes pop from his head. Jackson tries to get away from Harvey but is quickly Snapmared down to the mat. Harvey hits the ropes and brutally Football Kicks Lisili in the spine, taking the wind out of the Jamaican. Harvey goes for the cover but Jackson kicks out before the one count. Jackson now the victim of a Rear Headlock from his opponent. Harvey digs in deep causing Jackson's face to turn purple. Harvey lays out, keeping Lisil to the mat making it harder for Jackson to breathe. The referee gets in the face of Jackson to ask him if he wants to give up.

Harvey: He gives up!

Jackson swings his right arm trying to hit Harvey in the face. Harvey jerks his head and digs the Headlock in deeper and deeper.

Harvey: He just said he quit! Ring the bell!

Ace: Lisli Jackson just quit... what a quitter!

Blackfront: He certainly did not!

Harvey kicks his legs up into the air bringing more tension and pain to the submission hold. Jackson is choking trying desperately to get oxygen.

Harvey: I hate this city and everyone in it!

Harvey screams at the crowd causing their distaste for him to grow in volume. Harvey can't seem to get enough of it. The boys in the trailer cut to Catalina on the outside. She extends her arms and takes in the crowd's roars. Back to the action in the ring. Lisil Jackson seems out cold, the referee lifts up Jackson's arm and it drops to the mat. The referee lifts Lisil's arm once again but Jackson holds it up in the air. The crowd is rooting for Jackson to get to his feet and he starts his ascent. Harvey keeps the submission locked in but Jackson continues to rise bringing both men to their feet. Jackson backs Harvey into the ropes, trying to get separation from his opponent. Harvey once again Snapmares Jackson to the ground, keeping the Headlock intact.

Ace: The King of the Headlock! Haha!

Harvey grows tired and slams his forearm into the temple of Lisil Jackson. Jackson grabs at the side of his head while Harvey gets to his feet to gloat. Harvey goes to the ring ropes and stands on the bottom rope. He yells at the crowd getting the reaction he wants from the WrestleUTA faithful in attendance. Harvey then turns his attention to Jackson, walking close to him and nudging him with his foot. Harvey pushes Jackson's head down, keeping him from getting vertical. Harvey stops playing games and brings Lisil Jackson to a vertical stance. Jackson is sent face first into the nearby corner bouncing his skull off the top turnbuckle. Harvey has a big smile on his face as he uses his strength to Irish Whip Jackson across the ring. Jackson lets out a hideous scream after he crashes into the turnbuckles. Harvey is

off to the races, sending his right knee into the face of his opponent. Harvey keeps the action fast paced and once again Irish Whips Jackson across the ring. Jackson grimaces as Harvey goes to Spear him.

Blackfront: Harvey shoulder first into the ring post! This is Jackson's chance!

Harvey is in pain and walks right into a Clothesline from Jackson that folds the former WrestleUTA Legacy Champion. The crowd is feeling it as Jackson yells for Harvey to get to his feet. Harvey is cracked in his mug by a stiff Lisil Jackson right hand. Harvey crashes to the mat and Jackson brings him back to his feet. Jackson lands an elbow that rocks Harvey dropping him to the mat once again. Jackson picks Harvey back up and goes for a Body Slam but can't get Harvey up. Harvey acts fast and lands a forearm to his opponent's injured back. Jackson responds with a forearm shot to Harvey's chin. The two exchange blows before Jackson gets the upper hand, landing forearm shot after forearm shot. Jackson swings his right arm and Harvey ducks.

Blackfront: Harvey with a Neckbreaker!

Ace: That came out of nowhere!

Harvey gets to his feet and moves toward the ropes. "The Natural One" rolls down his knee pad now lays in wait for Jackson to get where he wants him. The crowd can sense the end for Jackson then "Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes fills the arena. The crowd goes wild and Jay Harvey turns toward the entrance ramp. Harvey can't believe his eyes as WrestleUTA World Champion Andy Murray steps out onto the top of the ramp. Harvey starts yelling at Murray as he points at him.

Blackfront: Business just picked up, ladies and gentlemen!

Ace: Get Murray out of here!

Murray looks at the title on his shoulder and cocks his head to look down at Harvey. We cut back to Harvey who continues to scream at Murray. Catalina walks out towards the bottom of the entrance ramp, yelling at Murray to leave. Harvey gestures for Murray to come to the ring and Murray starts walking down the aisle. The crowd is on their feet. Lisil Jackson is stirring. Murray points toward the ring, trying to get Harvey's attention. Harvey turns around and is caught with a vicious knee strike from Lisil Jackson. Jackson quickly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Harvey kicks out just as the referee has counted to three. Lisil Jackson and the sold out crowd go wild. Harvey grabs the shirt of the referee and pleads his case that he kicked out. The referee doesn't seem to want to hear it.

Ace: What a bunch of bull- Harvey kicked out!

Blackfront: Referee Levi Jones doesn't seem to agree with Jay Harvey.

Jordan: Your winner of the match... Lisiiiiiiil Jaaaaaaaackson!

Lisil Jackson rolls under the bottom rope and celebrates with his people.

Blackfront: A huge win for the returning "Jamaican Inspiration" Lisil Jackson!

Ace: I want an asterisk put next to that victory! Lisil Jackson needs to thank Andy Murray for that one!

Murray starts walking back up the entrance ramp, laughing to himself. Catalina has made her way into the ring and begins arguing with referee Jones. Harvey turns his attention to the man who cost him a sure victory.

Harvey: You're gonna pay for this, Murray! You son of a bitch!

The King taps his head.

Murray: Eye on the ball, pet...

Andy suddenly rolls inside the ring. Jay Harvey is furious, but Murray's been looking for a piece of him all night and gets right up in his face. The microphones don't pick up what they're saying to each other, but it isn't good.

Blackfront: This situation's about to explode!

Ace: Smack him, Jay! He cost you that damn match!

Blackfront: ... how do you feel sorry for a man like Jay Harvey, Tommy?!

The number one contender makes it physical, shoving Murray with both hands. The champ staggers backward, but a horde of security guards pour into the ring before the Scot can retaliate.

Ace: Oh, look! It's the fun police!

Blackfront: A blessing in disguise, Tommy! Murray, after several hours of hunting, definitely wanted to put hands on Jay there, and I can only imagine the challenger felt the same way. The last thing we need is another chaotic brawl...

Ace: "The last thing we need?!" Isn't that what everyone tunes in for?

Blackfront: Perhaps, or perhaps not. Either way, the tension between these two isn't going away.

We fade away from the scene, focusing on one last shot of Jay and Catalina, both furious behind the wall of security.

The Flavour

The camera cuts backstage. Andy Murray is walking through the corridors, the blood still pumping from his interaction with Jay Harvey and the UTA security team a few moments ago. He's accosted by a voice down the hall...

???: Andy!

The big Scot stops in his tracks. Suddenly, UTA's top interviewer, Jon Laver, scurries into the scene, microphone in-hand. The sweat on his brow suggests he's been chasing the WrestleUTA Champion for a while.

Murray: Jonathan "The Flavour" Laver...

Andy nods towards the staffer, who's still catching his breath.

Murray: I suppose you're looking for a scoop?

Laver: I guess you could say that.

He shrugs.

Laver: Can you comment on the scene we've just witnessed between Jay Harvey and yourself?

Murray: It was a shame.

Laver: "A shame?"

Murray: Yeah, a shame all those pesky security guards had to get in the way - I was quite looking forward to scrapping with young Mr. Harvey tonight. I guess it was always going to happen though, given the way I've been stomping around all night.

Laver: You cost Harvey his match with Lisil Jackson.

Murray: Aye...

He pauses, pondering.

Murray: Not something I'm gonna look back on with a great deal of pride, honestly.

He sighs.

Murray: But look, that guy spent the whole evening trying to avoid a confrontation. I've spent my evening trying to find him. I went to the one place I could guarantee he'd be, and it just so happened to come at a time when he was on the verge of putting our Jamaican friend away. He sees me, takes his eye off the ball, eats an elbow, loses. Did I stick my nose in his business? Perhaps, but he made his business my business when he blindsided me last week. Besides, aside from Catalina, I don't think there was a single sole in this building upset at seeing Jay Harvey get his arse handed to him tonight...

The crowd cheer at this.

Murray: I think my approval rating will be just fine, mate.

Andy winks.

Laver: So what's next for you guys? Harvey has a title shot in the chamber, and you're the WrestleUTA Champion. You'll have to wrestle sooner rather than later, but Jay's obviously still in the building tonight. Will we see you guys make it official before the end of the show?

The King points down the corridor. A group of security staff stand about 40-50 feet away, keeping a close eye on what's going on.

Murray: Not with these guys hanging around. I'm guessing Mikey doesn't want us killing each other tonight, which is fine...

He pauses.

Murray: I'm an old fashioned guy, Jonny. I believe in honesty, respect, and common decency, and I'll always stand up for these principles. ALWAYS. Jay Harvey violated each of 'em when he struck me last week, and I can assure you - that's not gonna go unchecked.

Andy nods.

Murray: A place in this sport isn't a right, but a bloody privilege. Men like Jay need to appreciate this. He has no respect for the men, women, and children out there in the arena, and those watching at home, who make this whole thing possible in the first place. He doesn't respect the audience, he doesn't respect the business, he doesn't respect how damn fortunate he is to be in this position, and he doesn't respect ME...

Murray jams a finger in his own chest.

Murray: And that means that it's not my job to stop him, but my goddamn DUTY. Tonight was a mess, but episode 24? I'm coming for a fight, and this time, I won't be letting security get in the way...

He pats Laver on the shoulder.

Murray: See you later mate.

Andy leaves, and we cut elsewhere

Jack Harmen vs. Impulse

Blackfront: It's been quite a night, partner, and it's time for the main event!

Ace: Do we need to call it that? Can't we call it 'the last match of the night that we wish we could just go home before it starts'?

Blackfront: ... That's a bit of a mouthful.

Ace: Whatever, I just can't stand Impulse.

DING DING DING

Jordan: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit, and it is for the WrestleUTA... LEGACY... CHAMPIONSHIP!

Blackfront: Regardless of your opinion, Tommy, the fans are psyched for this match!

Jordan: Introducing first...

He looks at his cards for a moment, and does a double take.

And the fans boo.

Jordan: Introducing first, joining the commentary team for this match... the former and 'Still The Greatest' WrestleUTA World Heavyweight Champion... JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX!!!

Most of the fans boo JFK's entrance, as his arrogance and refusal to gracefully accept the fact that Andy Murray beat him has not endeared him to the WrestleUTA fans, however a not-insignificant number of them are cheering for him as well; they are obvs fans of his skills and his determination.

Totally. Obvs.

Kendrix actually acknowledges a few fans - but only those wearing either a 'Dynasty' or 'Hollywood Bruvs' T-shirt, and he gives an absent - minded slap. Those fans who are looking for a gluefist will go home disappointed.

Blackfront: Kendrix is on his way to our table, Tommy!

Ace: Of course he is, JB! Do you expect JAY EFF KAY to grace us with his presence and not be granted a microphone and an audience? Get real.

Kendrix: Move over, bruv.

There's the sounds of rustling as Kendrix places the spare headset over his ears.

Ace: Great to have you with us, Kendrix.

Kendrix: Obvs. But you should know I'm only here because the WrestleUTA fans deserve the best, and the best is JFK on their screens for their main events.

Blackfront: I'm sure that's the reason.

Kendrix: You callin' me a liar, you bellend?

Ace: Sounds like it to me.

Jordan: Introducing first...

Jordan: From Los Angeles, California, accompanied to the ring by the Tiny Attorney, Mary-Lynn Mayweather, weighing in at two hundred twenty four pounds... he is the WrestleUTA Hall of Famer and all around nice guy... the WrestleUTA LEGACY CHAMPION... JACK... HARMEN!!!

Harmen enters the arena with confidence and bluster, raising his trademark devil horn taunt to the gathered fans. Most of them cheer for the legend and Champion, while only a small minority boos him for whatever sins they think he's committed in past lives. Mary-Lynn Mayweather flanks him over his left shoulder, raising her clipboard and slapping it for the louder sound.

Blackfront: The fans are divided, but the facts are clear, Tommy -

Kendrix: Listen, yeah Jason?! That's not the sound of division, it's the sound of discontent. Discontent that Harmen is in the main event and not JFK. Discontent 'cos Impulse tried to make himself relevant again two weeks ago when he rudely interrupted JFK. Low and behold, the leech is handed a Legacy title shot against this lunatic off the back of invading my spotlight.

Blackfront: It looks like Harmen is coming over here to the commentary booth?

Ace: He's lookin' at you Jay.

Harmen smiles, sarcastically salutes JFK, and tosses him a small wrapped present.

Jack Harmen: Consolation prize. It's autographed.

JFK blinks and stares up at Jack.

Kendrix: This better be money, you bellend!

Jack Harmen slips himself into the ring and starts making snow angels while Kendrix unwraps the present. It's a blu-ray for one of the worst movies of all time, Lake Placid VI, signed and starring two former associates, I guess servants is a more appropriate word, who eventually turned on JFK elsewhere. JFK scoffs and tosses it indiscriminately into the crowd over his shoulder.

Kendrix: Rubbish. Another pathetic example of people trying to make a name for themselves off of JFK's back. For the record, JFK does not endorse that sorry excuse for a movie.

Jordan: And his opponent, and challenger...

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

Impulse and Calico Rose enter without fanfare, though the fans certainly make enough noise. The Marathon Man stops and looks around at the fans, nodding his approval, while Cally carries a small gift bag in her hands.

Blackfront: This is Impulse's first match since his war with Chris Ross at Ascension; as I understand it he was relieved of any in - ring action at our last broadcast out of concern for his health.

Ace: Health, schmealth. If he was healthy enough to interrupt a class act like Kendrix, he was healthy enough to take sixteen wide open chairs to the back of the head.

Kendrix: TOTALLY OBVS!

They do a lap around the ring, slapping hands as they go - and stop at the commentary table. Cally places the gift bag in front of Kendrix, and winks at him, while they both enter the ring.

Blackfront: Is it your birthday, Kendrix? Lots of presents for a guest commentator.

Kendrix: She's obvs flirting with me Jason, you can't blame her really, I mean look at me.

The music fades out as Kendrix reaches into the bag and pulls out a pale pink T-shirt. He looks at it with horror on his face and turns it around to show the camera focused on the table: it has a large, almost majestic looking cupcake on the front with puffy letters spelling out 'THE CUPCAKE CLUB' above it, and 'WE ALSO DO WHAT THOU WILTED' underneath.

Cally (From the ring): That's my last extra small, K-Cup - so make sure you're grateful!

Ace: K-Cup?

Kendrix: What the bloody hell is this shite supposed to be?

He throws the shirt into the crowd where it's immediately grabbed by the fans. In the ring, both Harmen and

Mayweather are trying to hide the fact that they're laughing from the cameras. Cally hugs Mayweather while Impulse listens to the referee instructions.

Blackfront: If we can get back to business, gentlemen, we have a main event in front of us!

Harmen raises the Legacy championship across the ring at Impulse, and nods with a large cheshire cat like grin on his face. With his free hand, he tells Pulse to bring it.

Blackfront: These two have a lot of history around the wrestling world. As a matter of fact, Jack Harmen has taken at least one company's championship from Impulse during a period of bitter rivalry, though, I understand - and I see it tonight, they appear to have come to a mutual respect.

Kendrix: Blah blah blah, yada yada yada, etcetera etcetera. Great build up, Jason. Now I literally can't wait to see this respect fest kick off. Who cares?!

Ace: Yeah, who cares, Jason, pffft.

Blackfront: You're paid to care Tommy and by the noise in this place, it sounds like a lot of people care!

Collar and elbow tie up, Impulse moves into a standing headlock. Harmen tries to grab Impulse's hair, but it's buzzed so close, so Jack starts pawing at Pulse's ear to yank back. The ref admonishes him, as Harmen pulls Pulse to the ropes. Harmen tries to shoot off, but Pulse drops to his knees and wrenches in the hold further. Harmen responds by tugging at his t-shirt. Impulse stands and drops to his knees again for leverage. Harmen fights to his feet and lifts Pulse for a belly to back suplex, but Pulse flips over and lands on his feet, and goes right into a rear waist lock. Harmen reaches back, can't hook Pulse, but breaks the hand lock and standing switches. Pulse charges the ropes and hooks the top, as Harmen back rolls out of the rear waist lock. Harmen charges toward Pulse, but stops dead in his tracks with a back bridge as his head barely misses a thrusting superkick from Impulse. Harmen rolls on his stomach to the ropes and slips onto the ring apron.

Blackfront: Oh, well scouted by the Lunatic, Tommy. One quick kick from either man could spell the end of this match.

Ace: Absolutely, but they're going to have to ground each other down a lot more before that happens.

Kendrix: Both these guys are technically savvy and evenly matched. Either man has the ability to finish this off in an instance, that's for sure. Hopefully sooner, rather than later.

Harmen points to his noggin and then springboards in. Pulse drops down to avoid the Lou Thesz press, as Jack rolls through. Harmen shoots off the far side and as Impulse turns, Harmen raises his boot only to whiff on the Locomotive. Pulse falls to the mat to avoid it before swiping Harmen's leg with a leg trip. Impulse floats-over into a side headlock on the mat. Harmen reaches up with his legs and scissor's Pulse's head. Pulse with a few stiff shots to Harmen's knees, before knipping up to his feet. Harmen back rolls and steadies himself with fists raised. The UTA cheers them on while squaring off.

Blackfront: Well that's certainly not the sound of discontent!

Harmen extends his hand to Impulse. Pulse hesitates, before slapping the palm.

Kendrix: Ugh! Bruv, seriously? Hey, someone in the back get me an Oreo Frappe, stat! It's on Mikey Money, innit?!

Ace: Oh I know, Kendrix. I think I threw up a little bit in my mouth just now.

The two circle, Harmen ducks a collar and elbow into a go behind. Pulse jumps, snap maring Harmen down. Pulse front flips and grabs Harmen's neck on the way. Harmen dazed as Pulse comes off the far side with a stiff knee to the seated Legacy Champion. Pulse on top for a cover but Harmen shoves him off before even a one count. Both men up, Pulse ducks a wild right from Harmen into a belly to back suplex. Harmen rolls through, under the bottom rope and to the outside. He's just able to stand and get his bearings when he turns to see Pulse rushing at him, diving through the

middle rope with both elbows out. Harmen slams back first into the guardrail as Pulse lands on his feet.

Kendrix: See, instead of shaking Impulse's hand, Harmen should have just done his job and wrestled the leech. Now look at him!

Impulse quickly hooks Harmen and tosses him back into the ring under the bottom rope. He follows, and drops an elbow to a rising Harmen, directly into a cover.

One.

Two.

Kickout from the Lunatic. Impulse locks on a rear headlock, as Harmen struggles to his feet. A few elbows breaks the hold, as Harmen shoots off the far side. He ducks a clothesline on the return, back off the other side, Pulse with a leap frog, Harmen slides underneath and gets to his feet, hooking Impulse in a rear waist lock. Pulse sits down out of the hook, raises his legs under Harmen's arms and rolls him forward into a victory roll pin.

One.

Two.

Harmen powers out. Impulse is right back on him, leaping onto his shoulders in a victory roll. Pulse spins, sliding down Harmen's back into a sunset flip like pin.

One.

Harmen kicks out. He jumps to his feet shouting "Stop trying to pin me and PIN ME!" Pulse raises his hands and his fingers telling Harmen to bring it. Quick collar and elbow tie up, Pulse with an arm wringer. The pressure on the joints sends Harmen to his knees. Harmen fights back, hooks Pulse's arm in a wrist lock. He wrenches the hold into a hammerlock. Pulse hooks Harmen's head and leaps, trying for a snap mare again. Harmen however, breaks the hammerlock and shoves Pulse away, causing Impulse to land directly on his back. Harmen quickly drops an elbow to the exposed face of Pulse on the mat. Harmen tries another, but Impulse rolls away. He goes again, and Impulse rolls away. A third time, Impulse rolls out onto the ring apron, as Harmen gets up in a huff, steamed.

Ace: Oh look, your Oreo Frappe is here, Kendrix.

Kendrix: 'Bout time...ughhh. It's not cold enough! What the hell is happening around here?! First Andy Murray pulls off the miracle of the century by beating me then Impulse gets a Legacy Title shot and now this! Who was the guy who brought me this Frappe?

Ace: I think he was the work experience guy.

Kendrix: Mikey, fire that young man! I know you're listening, obvs, everyone listens to JFK.

Blackfront: Will you two focus on the match please.

Harmen rushes with a kick but Pulse leaps off, so Harmen kicks the ropes. Harmen then grabs the top and dropkicks Pulse through the bottom and middle rope, stunning him. Harmen springboards to the top, and the flashbulbs go off as he hits a shooting star press to the outside on Impulse. Harmen gloats, lifting Impulse and tossing him in under the bottom rope. As Pulse recovers, Harmen springboards back inside, catching him with a Lou Thesz Press into a straight body pin.

Blackfront: Harmen would usually follow that up with a bunch of right hands, but instead, he goes for a strange cover.

One.

Two.

Impulse with a kickout. Harmen rolls to his feet, waiting for Impulse to get to his. When Pulse does, Harmen charges.

Ooooooooooh.

Blackfront: My lord. They... they just both kicked each other into next century! Locomotive from Harmen, Sudden Impact from Impulse!

The two bounce off of each other almost like atoms magnetically pulled apart. Pulse falls to a knee and then face plants on the apron. Harmen stumbles back from Impulse's Sudden Impact, and falls completely out of the ring through the top and middle ropes. He lands in a pile of rubble by Mary-Lynn's feet.

Ace: Yeah, but the champ can't lose his belt in a count out!

Kendrix: The ideal situation for everyone here is for a double count out. You know, cos they're both losers, high five Tommy!

The slap echoes over the audio.

Ace: Good one, JFK!

Blackfront: Good Lord.

Harmen is down, the crowd cheering for him to get to his feet. At seven, the crowd begins to boo, just as Harmen begins to try to pull himself up by the apron.

Blackfront: What is he doing down here!

Kendrix: Well, I would hazard a guess that he's obvs here to interfere in the match somehow Jason. How long have you been in the industry for, bruv?!

Indeed, Chris 'The Boss' Ross is on his way to ringside. Mary - Lynn talks to/listens to Harmen's instructions, and she helps him climb to the ring apron to continue the match. Cally is wisely keeping Mayweather and Harmen between her and Ross.

Ace: Even if one of them wins, they're still both losers.

Blackfront: Running that one into the ground, huh?

Ace: Shut up!

Impulse is still on the mat, but he's starting to show signs of life. Harmen is on his knees; he's in no position to defend himself from a sudden burst of energy from his challenger, but at least he's got his eyes on Impulse and will be aware of any attack, should it come.

Blackfront: Harmen with a deep breath, and he pulls Impulse to his feet! Whip into the corner - Impulse manages to hold on, he reverses - HARMEN IS SENT INTO THE REFEREE!

Unable to get out of the way in time, the sudden reversal sandwiches the referee into the corner, and he falls to the mat, holding his hands to his head in pain.

Kendrix: That's a disqualification, innit?

Blackfront: It was clearly unintentional, who would they disqualify?

Ace: I think you'll find that it doesn't really matter. MAKE YA MOVE, BOSS!

The referee climbs to his knees, nearly recovered, as Chris Ross brandishes a chair! Impulse and Harmen grapple with each other into the ropes, and Ross slams his chair down on Impulse's back! The Marathon Man loses his grip and nearly falls, but Harmen sees what happened, takes a quick look at the referee still out of it, and turns his attention to Ross!

Blackfront: Listen to these fans, Chris Ross is in trouble now!

Ace: Trouble? Trouble like a fox!

Kendrix: Bruv... that was terrible.

Harmen looks back at the referee again for a moment before he turns his attention to Chris Ross - and Ross takes the opportunity to bend that chair against his forehead! The Legacy Champion staggers backwards and falls, landing flat on his back. Ross places the steel chair under Harmen's head, and then rushes off the ropes. He leaps high in the air, and curb stombs Jack Harmen's skull against the blue steel. Ross climbs to the ring apron, shouting at Harmen and Impulse - truth be told, he's shouting at the whole world right now. Because he's the best.

Blackfront: Mary - Lynn Mayweather distracts Ross! She's a competent wrestler in her own right, and she's keeping his focus away from the competitors!

Ace: Cloddico Rose should tell her how bad of an idea that is.

Kendrix: Okay, that was better.

Mary-Lynn shows no fear as she gets up in the face of the Boss. She even climbs onto the ring apron, as she fires a flurry of legal terminology at a dismissive Chris Ross. Ross raises one of his hands and makes it jabber like he believes Mary-Lynn is doing to him, back turned to the ring.

Blackfront: The Boss arguing with the Tiny Lawyer, that might cost him some money!

ONE...

Ace: Wait, what?

Kendrix: You're kidding me.

TWO...

Everyone's attention returns to the ring, and the somewhat - dazed referee counting a pinfall. Chris Ross turns towards the ring again, but he can't enter fast enough! Mary-Lynn grabs the sides of her head in shock, pulling at her hair.

THREE!

The bell rings, the fans explode, and the referee...

...raises IMPULSE'S hand!

Jordan: The winner of this contest... AND NEW... WrestleUTA LEGACY CHAMPION... IMMMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!!!!

Kendrix: WHAT?!

Blackfront: Well, we've got a new Legacy Champion, but I wonder if either man even realizes it! Outside the ring, Cally and Mayweather both look shell shocked, and WrestleUTA security has finally arrived to remove Chris Ross from ringside! He's arguing the whole way!

We see a split screen - Harmen ate Chris Ross' curb stomp and instinctively rolled to the nearest ropes. He wound up rolling into Impulse, who rolls over himself to try and pull himself up. His hand winds up bracing himself on Harmen's chest as he tries to fight to a standing position. It's here, just as 'Pulse does a simple body press on Harmen, the referee recovers and counts the pinfall before either man knows what's happening.

Kendrix: Oh no he doesn't bruv... This bellend interrupts me, gets rewarded with a title shot, and then he wins? He's gonna pay.

Blackfront: The referee hands Impulse the Legacy Championship belt, but he looks like it hasn't sunk in yet!

Kendrix: What hasn't sunk in? He claims he's a hero but he's a hypocrite!

Impulse looks at Harmen, stunned. He shakes the cobwebs loose, and is handed the Legacy championship. He looks out into the crowd, and raises the title belt above his head to a chorus of cheers. Outside the ring, Mary-Lynn and Cally are having a heated and worried discussion about the end of this match, as the video wall plays through the final moments of the match.

Blackfront: Controversy all over this one, and we're just about out of time! For Tommy Ace and JFK--

Ace: Stop talking, JB... something's happening.

In the ring, Impulse stops and watches the finish of the match on the replay, and at the point of impact, Jack Harmen's head with Chris Ross' chair, he shakes his head, and hands the belt back to the referee.

Kendrix: You've gotta be kidding me, first he's a hypocrite, and now he's an idiot?

The referee talks to Impulse for a few seconds while the Champion helps the former Champion to his feet. He seems to confirm something with Impulse, then speaks to CH Jordan in the corner.

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. At the request of the new Legacy Champion, Impulse... the nature in which this match finished is unsatisfactory to the proper respect and legacy of both the title itself, and the champion... Jack Harmen.

Kendrix: I don't think so!

The fans come to life, not cheering or booing - but they're into this.

Jordan: Therefore... Impulse has returned the Championship to the timekeeper, and this match will be restarted!

There's a loud thud as a microphone hits the commentary desk.

Blackfront: Kendrix has left us, and he's slid into the ring!

Ace: Are you surprised? Impulse steals JFK's thunder, then he steals Harmen's title, then he's an idiot who gives the title back! He's duped these fans into thinking he's more important than Kendrix, and JAY EFF KAY will not stand for that!

As if on cue, the second Ace finishes speaking, Kendrix gets into Impulse's face!

Kendrix: GET BENT, BELLEND!

Blackfront: BACK FIST PUNCH FROM KENDRIX AT THE BELL! LOCOMOTIVE FROM HARMEN! KENDRIX SLIDES OUT OF THE RING!

The referee looks confused as Harmen drops back first on top of Pulse and hooks the near leg, covering Impulse. The ref slides in slowly and counts ONE... TWO... THREE.

Ace: HAHAAH!

As Jordan makes his third announcement of the night, that Jack Harmen has actually regained the Legacy Championship, Kendrix is already walking up the ramp, trash talking Impulse all the way. Cally looks at Harmen, and Mayweather, and Harmen again, while Jack helps Impulse to his feet.

Blackfront: Talk about controversy, Tommy - we said Jack Harmen had cause to complain, but now I think Impulse does as well!

Ace: Complain about what? He won a title, and he was dumb enough to give it back!

In the ring, Harmen shrugs his shoulders at Impulse, and mouths the words 'I'm sorry. But I gotta, for reasons.'

Blackfront: Be that as it may, this war with Kendrix is just getting started, and you can bet Jack Harken will have something to say about Chris Ross' interference! We're out of time, good night!

Ace: Hey! JFK needs more praise! JFK IS THE BEST AND WE LOVE YOU BRUV--

Fade Out

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite