

# WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E24

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
**Date:** August 8, 2017  
**Location:** Giant Center — Hershey, Pennsylvania

## Results

### WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E24

Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu ep 24

8 Aug 2017

Giant Center, Hershey, Pennsylvania (seats 12,500)

Go Ahead

Pyro technics and the like go off as the cheers of the WrestleUTA fans ring out inside the Giant Center. Our cameras cut to shots from all over the arena. Signs saying, "King of Scot Style", "Catalina is muy caliente", "Jamaican Inspiration" are seen. "Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins playing over the sound system The song is in full swing as Catalina walks through the curtain, with a big smile on her face.

Blackfront: Thanks for tuning in tonight, folks. Welcome to WrestleUTA on Hulu.

Ace: Starting the show off with some class, naturally.

She turns and extends her arm as "The Natural One" Jay Harvey steps out onto the ramp. He is dressed in a fine grey suit with a black undershirt. Harvey raises his arms into the air. The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle.

Blackfront: THE Jay Harvey coming to the ring. He and Andy Murray have been thorns in each other's sides for weeks now.

Ace: One hundred percent, Jason. Harvey has clearly gotten into the Champ's head. Murray got himself some payback by costing Harvey a clear victory over Lisil Jackson.

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.

Blackfront: Harvey is scheduled to take on The Iron Terror later on tonight.

Ace: What'd you say, Jason? I got a little distracted by Catalina. Ooofa!

Jay Harvey walks toward Ring Announcer C.H. Jordan and calls for a microphone. Catalina is seen getting into a verbal confrontation with a fan at ringside.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey has been a man on a mission... that mission is becoming the WrestleUTA World Champion.

Ace: It's only a matter of time, Jason.

Harvey with a microphone in hand walks toward the center of the ring. The crowd begins to chant "AN-DY MUR-RAY" at the top of their lungs. Harvey smirks and then shares some words with Catalina.

Blackfront: This sold out crowd is letting Harvey know who's side their on.

Ace: The losing side! Haha!

Harvey puts the microphone to his mouth.

Harvey: Will you neanderthal's all, please... SHUT THE HELL UP!

The crowd erupts in a boo. Catalina seems to be loving it.

Harvey: Love me or hate me... in a few short weeks, you will all be calling me your WrestleUTA World Champion!

Catalina starts applauding her man's remark.

Ace: Amen!

Blackfront: Give it a rest.

Harvey: Two weeks ago... I was once again screwed out of a rightful and sure victory. I had Lisil Jackson, dead to rights. Then... that no good Scot had to interrupt my match. Putting his big, fat nose where it doesn't belong- my ring, my match.

The crowd once again starts to chant for Andy Murray. Harvey is quick to cut them off.

Harvey: Go ahead... go ahead and chant for that over the hill, has been. His time has come and gone. I'm the future of this company. I'm the future of this sport. I'm the future of this business. The roster knows it, you ghouls here in Hershey know it... and I damn sure know Andy Murray knows it!

"Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes blares over the P.A. Cameras catch Harvey in the ring looking down the aisle almost giddy. The crowd pop cuz they know what time it is. Tommy Ace does the polar fuckin' opposite.

Ace: Awwww c'mawn! Why does this geek have to ruin EVERYTHING good about this place?!

Andy Murray isn't fucking around tonight. He's casually dressed - WrestleUTA Championship around his waist - but he strides out from the backstage area with purpose, and already has a microphone in his hand.

Murray: No.

He shakes his head.

Murray: Not tonight, lad. I think these people have gotten just a tad sick of your tumbleweed-summoning thirty-minute bi-weekly diatribes, so let's just not.

An agitated Jay Harvey sneers in the ring. Murray's already halfway down the ramp.

Murray: Now listen, Petal - you may very well be the future of this business, but I'M the goddamn present, and I'm not even close to letting go of my spot. And frankly, mate, the thought of a nasty piece of work like you inheriting it kinda makes me throw up in my mouth a little, so...

'The King' reaches the bottom of the ramp. He brazenly climbs up the ring steps, then through the ropes.

Murray: Let's cut the crap. No more games. Games are what I play with my dog on a Sunday morning, mate, not when I'm in the damn ring. So there's only one question...

Andy marches right up to his foe.

Murray: Are we gonna bloody scrap or what?

The two men are face to face and the crowd is electric. Both men let the verbal insults fly, begging the other to throw the first punch. Out of nowhere "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne starts playing over the sound system. Mikey Unlikely quickly comes from the curtain and walks out onto the top of the entrance ramp.

Unlikely: WOAHH WOAHH WOAHH! Let's everyone just calm down!

The boos are quick for Mikey tonight.

Unlikely: I want to see that match, and I know everyone in here tonight wants to see that match...

Mikey looks like a light bulb has gone off in his head.

Unlikely: Unfortunately It's not going to happen tonight. The Number One Contender THE Jay Harvey, one of the fastest rising stars in this company...

The crowd lets out a massive boo as Harvey is seen smirking at the words from the boss.

Unlikely: Will face Andy Murray, the current WrestleUTA World Champion-

The crowd erupts causing Murray to look around the crowd, his crowd.

Unlikely: In four weeks at our next Pay Per View!

The crowd goes ballistic. Andy Murray mouths the words "about bloody time". Jay Harvey smiles at Murray gesturing back and forth to himself and the Champ. If you can read lips Harvey just said, "You and me, baby".

Unlikely: Until then... play nice.

The boss's music restarts and he makes his exit. Murray and Harvey continue their staredown in the ring. The crowd is loving every second of it.

Blackfront: What a way to start off WrestleUTA on Hulu! Mikey Unlikely has his main event for our next Pay Per View and it's gonna be Andy Murray defending his WrestleUTA World title against Jay Harvey.

Ace: Mikey knows how to run a company and that dream match is going to get pay per view buys even better than McGregor and Mayweather!

Blackfront: Don't go anywhere, folks! We're just getting started!

Cameras zoom in on the two gladiators in the ring before fading to black.

Hershey Park Happy

Blackfront: Folks, at this point in the show, we'd like to take you to earlier today, a pre-recorded video shot by a few fans that were at Hershey Park. Our Legacy Champion, world renowned superstar Jack Harmen, was experiencing a day at the historic park with Mark, a child from the Make-A-Wish foundation. Most of this footage comes from the camera phone of Mark's mother, who shepherded the two on their trip.

Ace: Which, by the way, I've put on at least five pounds of pure chocolate thanks to the guys at Hershey, the best chocolate in the United States!

Blackfront: Let's take it to the video tape.

FADE IN: A mother holds up an unstabilized vertical video of her cell phone. A young child, bald, wearing a hat and a "Flyin' High" UTA t-shirt, stood there with a huge smile on his face.

Mom: You ready Mark?

The child nods enthusiastically. He then starts to get truly giddy, as he looks just off frame. Jack Harmen enters the frame, as the child rushes up to him and hugs him around the legs. Harmen pats him twice on the back, and kneels down to meet him eye to eye.

Jack Harmen: Hey Mark. I know you wanna hit the park up and ride all the rides we can, me too to be honest, I haven't been to Hershey in a good twenty five years. But, I wanted to give you this.

Harmen reaches behind his back and pulls out a bag. In it, Jack pulls out a WrestleUTA sponsored DVD of "best matches," which, due to UTA's archives, include his time from 1999's IWO to 2009's fWo, in addition to his matches he's had here in the UTA. Harmen then pulls out a child sized replica Legacy championship belt, and hands it over to Mark. He almost drops it due to it's weight, but then raises it above his head weakly. He rushes toward his mom and shows her the belt, as she takes it off his hands.

Mom: What do we say?

Mark: Thank you!

Jack Harmen: No sweat kid. Now, let's ride Chocolate Thunder Mountain!

Harmen winks over to the mom's camera phone, as he takes the ten year old by the hand.

Edited footage, Harmen and the child waiting in line. Eating a funnel cake. Harmen and Mark sit side by side, riding some of Hershey's attractions like the Skyrush, the Wildcat Lightning Racer, and the Trailblazer. We see Harmen and the boy entering the rides, and a wide shot from the parent recording from the ground. The last ride Harmen and Mark ride together is Tidal Force, one of those large water rides where it's like a single dip of a roller coaster, splashing the camera phone and mother from head to toe in water as she films.

We see the mother purchasing a print, a photo taken at the time of descent, where her son has the largest smile on his face. Harmen has his hands thrown up in his classic devil horn taunt, and seems to be laughing himself.

The two exit the ride, as Mark rushes up to his mom's side. He gives her a hug, and says thank you to both the camera and turns around to say the same to Jack.

It's here where Jack Harmen is blindsided by an elbow to the side of the face. He's sent flying into the photo booth, up and over the counter, kicking an employee as he flails. Mark's mother quickly grabs her child and ushers him away. It's here where various other cell phone cameras begin to record the moment, as Chris Ross jumps over the photobooth and starts laying into Harmen with rights and lefts. With a grunt he grabs Harmen by the hair and like a sack of dirty laundry he goes flying right over a nearby drink stand!

Ross: You're in my territory now Harmen! 717 is right up the road!

The Boss says as the scared park worker flees from the scene. Harmen stumbles to his feet as Ross approaches throwing a wild punch that catches him off guard. Harmen with another punch.... Harmen begins to build up some momentum but Ross cuts him off with a headbutt... He grabs Jack by the back of the neck and dunks him head first into the ice water the drinks are being kept cold in. Jack flails his arms and legs wildly as Ross literally appears to be trying to drown Harmen before he catches The Boss with a mule kick right to the groin! Harmen turns and beams The Keystone State Killa with a bottle of rootbeer sending him down in a heap! Harmen turns to the park goers and raises his hands.

Jack Harmen: I'm not usually this violent... HONEST! I'm actually tame today by comparison...

Harmen buys some time, takes a few breaths, and even pops the cap off a root beer. He takes a swig and pours the rest over his head like it's a bottle of water before he grabs Ross. He throws him over the stand sending ice and bottles of soda everywhere. Fans are everywhere cheering the spectacle of the two UTA stars fighting it out at the world renowned park. A few onlookers, unwise to wrestling, begin to dial the police on their cell phones. Harmen grabs Ross up to his feet but Ross responds by picking up Harmen and slamming him back first right into the counter of the nearby Boardwalk Fries counter! Workers scatter everywhere as almost like it's a bar fight He grabs Harmen and slides him down the entire counter sending drinks and fry buckets everywhere where Harmen lands in a heap sliding off it. Harmen lies in a pile, mouthful of fries which he unconsciously munches on as his eyes roll into the back of his head.

Ross: Come on Jack! Hershey Park happy!!!! Hershey Park Glad!!! So many things to see and do!!!! Good times to be

had!!!! Get up you stupid bastard!

The Boss says grabbing Harmen by the back of the neck and Harmen out of nowhere responds by spitting a bunch of half eaten fries into Ross's face. He reaches over and grabs a broom from a nearby worker sweeping the walking paths and whacks Ross in the upper back with it, shattering it to splinters. Ross stumbles around stunned and Harmen nails him with an elbow sending him into a Dipping Dots stand! Harmen grabs Ross by the hair and in a hellacious crash and shatter he goes face first through the glass front of the cooler! Spectators scream in horror as blood trickles down The Keystone State Killa's face. Ross wipes at his face looking at his face before he snarls at Harmen.

Ross: Nobody makes me bleed my own blood and gets away with it!

The Boss says charging at Harmen who is shellshocked that it seems like all he did is piss him off. Ross nails Harmen with a hellacious clothesline. Harmen tries to get up but Ross punts him in the ribs hard. He grabs him by the hair and like a rag doll drags him through the park shoving spectators out of his way knocking over someone dressed up like a candy bar in the process.

Ross: Out of my way fruit cup!

The Boss yells as he grabs a nearby trash can dumping the contents all over Harmen's fallen body and slamming the can down onto his head. The Keystone State Killa completely in a blood rage storms over to one of the nearby prize games and grabs one of the darts from the dart game.

Ross: Hey Harmen.... You want to make me bleed? Oh I am going to enjoy this!!!!

He says yanking him up by the hair with the sharp pointed object in hand.

Jack Harmen: That just seems excessive...

Ross quickly jams the dart three times into Harmen's head from a headlock. He laughs as he cuts the gash into Harmen's forehead before letting him go. Blood is gushing down his face dawning the crimson mask.

Ross: Think fast chucklenuts!

Ross yells as the dazed Harmen turns around....

Ross: 10-71 BITCH!!!!!!

The Boss spins and cracks Harmen right in the jaw with a 360 rotating discus elbow right to the jaw that sends him flying over a railing where he lands in the exit to the Tidal Force ride. With a grunt Ross kicks the exit gate off it's hinges...

Ross: See Harmen? This is what happens when you mess with 717!

Harmen struggles crawling desperately as Ross lumbers to him following him to the middle of the bridge. Harmen turns kicking at Ross desperately but Ross just kicks him in the stomach. He hoists Harmen to his feet.... The camera zooms out showing the 2 men now standing between

the protective glass on the bridge... The boat coming down creating a massive wave water going everywhere. Ross grabs Harmen by the hair hoisting him to his feet and slams him face first into the protective glass! Harmen clearly is out on his feet before Ross wraps his arms around him and throws him backwards sending him back first into the protective glass and Harmen crashes down onto the wooden bridge almost on his head.

Ross: One dumb bastard had to fall off this stupid bridge and they put up these god damn glass boards!

Ross says frustrated punching one of the panels. Harmen lays there clearly on another planet before Ross turns kicking the panel sending it off the bridge where it splashes into the water below.

Ross: Come on Harmen! Time to go take a dip!!!!

Ross yells as another boat comes crashing down into the water creating another wave. Ross hoists Harmen to his feet... He wraps his arms around his waist.... Like a sack of garbage He throws Harmen who flies off the bridge and in a loud thud he lands right on the front of the boat that came down sprawled out like a hood ornament.... Brushing his hands satisfied with the job Ross looks down at the broken Harmen.

Ross: See that Harmen? Welcome To Harrisburg!

He yells before he casually walks off the bridge and through the exit picking up the dart discarded on the ground. Without saying a word he casually pops the balloon the Make A Wish child had in his hand where he immediately starts to cry as Ross yells.

Ross: THIS IS MY TURF MOTHER FUCKERS! 717 REPRESENT!!!!!!

The kid's mother covers his ears just a second too late, as Ross smiles toward someone holding a camera phone, and walks off.

Lisil Jackson vs Reginald Dampshaw III vs Chris Ross

Blackfront: We're starting this show off with a bang with a triple threat match!

Ace: Hell yeah and it's featuring The Boss himself!

The camera turns to the ring where Reginald Dampshaw III is already in the ring.

Jordan: Already in the ring.... Reginald Dampshaw III!

Blackfront: Reginald will have his work cut out for him tonight with the two men he's being pitted against tonight.

Ace: You kidding me? This guy stands no chance!!!

Suddenly the lights go out in the arena and I'm Coming Home by P. Diddy begin to play over the loudspeakers.

Blackfront: What in the world is this music?

Ace: Don't you get it?!

Suddenly a large bold neon light sign with the numbers 717 appears with Chris "The Boss" Ross standing in the middle with a microphone in his hands.

Ross: 717!!! Your boy has come home!

Ace: This is great! This is a hometown hero's welcome! Just listen to these fans! This is like Michael Jordan appearing in Chicago!

Blackfront: Uhhhhhhhhh..... Ace I think you need to get your ears checked!

Ross raises out his arms and several red, white, and blue explosions happen.... The over the top spectacle continues as a red carpet is rolled down the ramp for the hometown hero.

Ace: This is so emotional! I may cry!

Blackfront: Oh give me a break!!!

The Boss takes in the environment around him. When suddenly he gets a sour look on his face as the fans are giving him not the reaction he was expecting...

Ross: Cut the music!!!!

The song stops playing as Ross listens closely. The fans to his utmost shock are actually booing him practically louder

than most arenas he's stepped foot in! The Keystone State Killa looks around absolutely disgusted.

Ross: Well I am just downright appalled!!! This is how you greet your hometown hero?!

The fans boo even louder... A cup of beer from the audience flies through the air and beams Ross in the head. Several fans laugh as he tries to compose himself.

Ross: You all should be ashamed of yourselves! I've represented the 717 since the day I stepped foot in this company and you all turn your backs on me! If it weren't for me most of the idiots who watch this program wouldn't even know what Harrisburg is!

Blackfront: Ummmm aren't we in Hershey right now?

Ace: Close enough Blackfront!

Ross storms down the ramp clearly his mood absolutely killed. He slides into the ring with the microphone still in hand.

Ross: You know what? I'm going to just assume over half of you morons in the audience are outsiders! Because no Harrisburg native would boo Chris Ross!

At this point a "Chris Ross Sucks!" chant has started in the arena.

Ross: Oh I suck?! I suck?! I'm the one putting Harrisburg back on the map! What have any of you done huh?! Love it or hate it I am the best thing to come out of 717!

It's then trash begins to fly into the ring as the fans are having absolutely nothing to do with Chris Ross.

Blackfront: I haven't heard an arena boo Ross this much ever!

Ace: This is a tragedy! What is wrong with these people!?

Ross is absolutely livid grabbing a cup throwing it back into the audience. He looks at Reginald Dempshaw who seems to be chuckling at the display.

Ross: Oh you think this is funny?!

Out of nowhere Ross spins and absolutely blasts Dempshaw with a 360 discus elbow sending him crashing to the mat hard!

Ace: 10-71 out of nowhere!!!!

Blackfront: Ross has absolutely snapped at this point!

With pure anger in his eyes Ross stands over Dempshaw who is on his stomach and grabs him by the hair beginning to rain forearm after forearm into the side of his head.

Blackfront: The bell for this match hasn't even rang yet!

Ace: Bah ring it anyway!

Blackfront: This is supposed to be a triple threat you know!

Ross continues his relentless assault when suddenly the boos are immediately turned into cheers as Better Must Come by Geego begin to play over the loudspeakers.

Ace: Oh good lord why is this fruitcake getting more cheers than Ross?! This is disgusting!

Blackfront: Maybe he's I don't know.... Likable?

Ace: Likable?! I can't understand half the crap the guy says!

The Jamaican Inspiration walks out onto the ramp looking around at the ridiculous display shaking his head.

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson does not look amused one bit by the decorations Ross has brought tonight!

Ace: Oh who cares what he thinks?! He's lucky he's not sipping his food through a straw after what Crimson Lord has done to him!

Ross stops beating on Dempshaw as Lisil Jackson walks down the ramp sliding off his fedora resting it gently on the steps with his gold chain and shades. Jackson slides into the ring strapping up his combat gloves and he jumps onto the apron and slides into the ring. Chris Ross and Lisil Jackson walk and get into each other's face and the fans cheer seeing the display as the bell finally rings.

Blackfront: Oh man! This is going to be a fight!

Ace: What seeing a Jamaican get dumped on his head?!

The Boss wastes no time throwing the first punch and Jackson fires back! Ross throws another punch followed by another before he spins and throws that 10-71 elbow!

Blackfront: Lisil ducking the 10-71!

Jackson telegraphs the move ducking before he cracks Ross right in the nose with a jumping knee. The Boss is stunned stumbling back into the ropes. He bounces off of them and Jackson nails Ross with a huge spinning front roundhouse kick right to the side of his head. Ross falls down in a heap and he goes for the cover.

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!

THR....

Out of nowhere Reginald Dempshaw breaks up the cover! Dempshaw begins to kick Lisil while he's down. He hoists Jackson to his feet who responds with a swift elbow to the temple followed by another! Dempshaw backs off and he is met with a spinning back kick to the stomach!

Blackfront: Those kicks are just lethal!

Reginald is stunned falling back into the ropes. He grabs Dempshaw and whips him into the ropes who reverses Jackson! The Jamaican Inspiration suddenly jumps into the ropes and hits Dempshaw with a springboard Superman Punch!

Ace: What the hell was that?!

Blackfront: Lisil Jackson has such a unique offense you just don't know what he's going to attack you with!

Before Jackson can even capitalize on Dempshaw Chris Ross grabs Jackson and throws him back with a release German suplex!

Blackfront: Good god! That is not a small person Ross just thrown like that!

The Boss nods his head as he stands over Jackson beginning to rain down punch after punch and suddenly Jackson wraps his legs around Ross' neck locking in a triangle choke! The Keystone State Killa is completely stunned flailing his arms around desperately.

Blackfront: Ross is stuck! He may be going out!

Ace: Come on Boss don't let this crowd get the better of you!

To the surprise of everyone in the arena Ross lifts the large Jamaican up and slams him down with a powerbomb! To an even bigger surprise that didn't release the hold! In fact the submission is locked in tighter now!

Blackfront: Huge mistake by Chris Ross!!!!

Reginald Dempshaw finally rushes over and drops an elbow on Jackson breaking up the submission. The moment Jackson let's go of the submission Chris Ross rolls under the ring and lands in a heap catching a breather.

Ace: Thank god for Dempshaw!

Dempshaw drops another elbow on Jackson before he goes for a cover.

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THR....

Jackson kicks out. Dempshaw hoists Jackson to his feet and hooks him for a vertical suplex! He tries to lift the large man up but The Jamaican Ninja Warrior slams Dempshaw down with his own suplex! Dempshaw holds his back before he slowly gets to his feet.

Blackfront: Tsunami Kick!!!!

Jackson runs in and completely blasts Dempshaw in the chest with a thrusting push kick right to the chest! Lisil grabs Reginald dragging him to the middle of the ring when suddenly Ross slides in and cracks Lisil Jackson in the back with a steel chair!

Blackfront: Oh come on!!!!

Ace: Triple threat! No disqualifications!

Jackson drops holding his back. Ross wastes no time grabbing Lisil and he throws him out of the ring. The Boss grabs Dempshaw and lifts his arms up placing his foot on the back of his head....

Ace: WELCOME TO HARRISBURG!!!!!!!! THAT IS IT!!!!!!

Ross slams Dempshaw face first into the mat with a brutal curb stomp. It's then a loud crash is heard... The Boss turns his attention to the top of the ramp...

Ace: What the hell is he doing out here!

Blackfront: Looks like a little demolition project!

Ace: HE CAN'T DO THAT!!!!!! That's property of Chris Ross!!!!

Jack Harmen is at the top of the ramp wearing a hard hat and is swinging a sledge hammer destroying the giant neon 717 sign. Ross is going absolutely ballistic...

Ace: WAIT!!!!!! ROSS!!!!!!

Suddenly the bell rings...

Jordan: The winner of this match!!!! The Jamaican Inspiration Lisil Jackson!!!!

Everyone looks around confused but while Ross was distracted Lisil slid back into the ring and covered Reginald Dempshaw completely undetected.

Ace: ARE YOU \*BLEEP\*ING KIDDING ME!?

Blackfront: Language Ace!

Ross turns around completely out of his mind. At this point he doesn't even know who to be pissed at before he slides out of the ring and runs up the ramp chasing after Jack Harmen.

Blackfront: And off goes a very upset Chris Ross! Call it what you want but in the end Lisil Jackson is walking out with the win tonight!

Ace: I call it bullshit! This is the second time Lisil Jackson has had a win served to him on a silver platter! He must have a horse shoe shoved up his ass!

Why Stevens? Why?

As we cut to the backstage area we notice resident WrestleUTA Interviewer, John Laver, with Scott Stevens who has an extreme look focus on his face as Laver does his introductions.

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, tonight you are in the Main Event competing for the Legacy Championship against the champion, Jack Harmen.

Stevens cracks his neck from side to side as his determination doesn't change as Laver hypes the match.

Laver: But before we get to your thoughts on Jack Harmen and the Legacy championship here tonight there is another question that needs to be answered. An elephant in the room that needs to be addressed and the thing is why did you attack The Iron Terror after your match last show?

Laver asks the question but the Texan remains silent.

Laver: I mean the match was down the middle and you did get cocky from time to time, but there weren't any shenanigans so why did you?

Laver tries to bait Stevens but he simply slides his tongue across his teeth and doesn't say a word.

Laver: What you did was very uncharacteristic of you and.....

Laver statement comes to a slow halt as the Texan slowly leans in and breaks his silence.

Stevens: Uncharacteristic?

The Texan asks and Laver nods his head.

Stevens: You ask all these questions as if you know me or what my motivation but the fact is you don't know me at all because if you did you would be asking the most important question of all John.

Laver: Which is?

Laver asks curiously which causes a devilish grin to appear on the Texan's face.

Stevens: Why not?

Stevens says as he grabs the mic.

Stevens: I did it because it seems that people around here have forgotten exactly who I am and what I am capable of and they need to be reminded of who the fuck I am!

Stevens says as he points to himself and the expression on Laver's face says it all when the f-bomb was dropped.

Laver: You can't say that this is a family show!

Stevens raises his hand and acts like he is going to smack Laver who cowers down in the fetal position.

Stevens: That's what I thought.

Stevens says as he turns his attention away from Laver.

Stevens: I've sat back for far too long as wannabes, has-beens, pretenders, and never-wases come into UTA and get opportunities that should be mine! I am sick and tired of playing the company stooge and asked to put guys over

because being the aging veteran that's my job.

Stevens says as he has a disgusted look on his face.

Stevens: It makes me fucking sick to my stomach because all of these chumps wish they had an ounce of my fame and the boots to fill a wrestling ring with real talent. I am a world class superstar and it's high time I remind everyone around here why I am not just a world class star, but a world class champion. Everyone tends to forget I'm the guy who made David Hightower my bitch, and I'm going to make David jealous as I make Jack Harmen my newest side piece when I defeat him tonight and take what is rightfully mine and that's the Wrestle UTA Legacy Championship.

Stevens says as he motions for the camera to get closer.

Stevens: And there is only two things you can do about it, like it or suffer the consequences like the Iron Terror did and what Jack Harmen will suffer tonight.

Stevens says as he drops the mic and walks out of frame.

### THE Jay Harvey vs The Iron Terror

Cameras are centered on C.H. Jordan standing in the center of the ring.

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

"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.

Jordan: Coming to the ring first... From the Highway to Hell.

"THE WHEELS ON HIS MUSTANG EXPLODING ON THE HIGHWAY LIKE A SLUG FROM A FORTY-FIVE."

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

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

Blackfront: Look at this beast of a man...

Ace: Who knows if he even is a man!

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.

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, he is The Iron Terrrrrrrrrrrr!

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 up the ramp.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey has a large hill to climb tonight.

Ace: The Iron Terror might be a mammoth but mammoths can be defeated.

"Natural One" by The Folk Implosion begins playing over 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 and then drops them down mimicking a title being around his waist.

Jordan: And his opponent, hailing from Raleigh, North Carolina...

The crowd boos as the two walk down the aisle. Cameras catch a glimpse of a fan holding a “‘The King’ Andy Murray” sign and Harvey grabs the sign, ripping it in pieces. Catalina points at the fan and laughs.

Harvey: You stupid idiot!

The fan looks horrified at what has just transpired.

Blackfront: That wasn't nice.

Ace: That guy is lucky Harvey didn't smack him in the teeth!

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 NEXT WrestleUTA World Champion... “The Natural One” THE Jaaaaaaaay Haaaaaaarveeeeeyyyy!

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.

Blackfront: This one has potential to be a real slugfest.

Ace: You can say that again.

The bell sounds and we are off. The Iron Terror moves slowly, watching Harvey closely. Jay Harvey shoots in grabbing and lifting the massive right leg of The Iron Terror. Harvey brings them into the nearby corner in gets blasted with forearm shots. The referee is right there trying to get the men to separate. Harvey takes a few steps back and then unloads a Knife Edge Chop that rings out in the sold out Hershey arena. The Iron Terror gives Harvey a look of death, picking him up and throwing him into the turnbuckles. He immediately starts landing a series of elbow shots to Harvey. Harvey tries his best to block each one. The referee warns both men early on in the contest to cut the shit. The Iron Terror whips Harvey out of the corner but Harvey is able to stop, sliding a bit. He comes back at The Iron Terror and is sent crashing to the mat after a brutal lariat. The Iron Terror acts fast and locks in a Rear Chin Lock. Harvey tries grabbing at his opponent's face but it is for naught. The Iron Terror keeps the submission locked on while Harvey tries to break his clutches. Harvey powers the two up and grabs the back of The Iron Terror's head. He comes down with all his might landing a Jawbreaker, The Iron Terror holds his mouth who appears to be in intense pain.

Blackfront: Jay Harvey has an opening.

Ace: Harvey is off to the races!

Blackfront: Harvey is deadly off the ropes.

Jay Harvey bounces off the ropes and hits The Iron Terror in the chin with a high knee. The Iron Terror falls through the ropes and hits the floor awkwardly. Cameras are right on Terror who is trying to knock the cobwebs loose. We cut back to Harvey who is making his way to the corner to climb the ropes. Harvey perches himself on the top turnbuckle and waits. The Iron Terror is at a knee and Harvey strikes. Terror is met with a Double Axehandle smash that hits him in the upper back. The referee starts his Ten Count as the crowd around ringside is going wild. Harvey shouts at a nearby fan to shut up and it gets a rise from the Pennsylvania faithful. Harvey lands an elbow to Terror's upper back before Irish Whipping Terror into the guardrail. Terror lunges at Harvey, spearing him into the side of the ring. Harvey grabs at his back, grimacing in pain. The Iron Terror snatches Harvey by the skull and tosses him into the ring steps. The two sections fly apart as Catalina watches, wishing she could help her man.

Blackfront: They better watch out as to not get counted out here.

Ace: Harvey ain't going out like that, Jason!

The Iron Terror once again goes on the attack but is halted by a poke to the eye. Harvey sends The Iron Terror into the ring under the bottom rope. The Iron Terror rolls around the ring while Jay Harvey once again heads up to the top rope. Harvey stops and crouches on top of the top turnbuckle, blowing his girl Catalina a kiss. The Iron Terror slowly gets to his feet and looks to be seeing stars. Harvey leaps off the top rope looking for a Crossbody but is caught in the air by his opponent. The Iron Terror hits Harvey with a devastating Power Slam and goes for the cover.

One!

Two!

Jay Harvey just kicks out by the skin of his teeth. Catalina is joyous on the outside of the ring. The Iron Terror can't believe he didn't get the three count and gets in the face of referee Levi Jones. Jones and Terror are inches apart. The Iron Terror holds up three fingers and continues screaming at Jones. Jones isn't backing down from the brute. Jones is standing his ground on the count and in the ring.

Blackfront: Iron Terror doesn't agree with referee Jones' on the count.

Ace: I'm not one to agree with Jones but that was a two count.

Blackfront: You're only saying that cuz it's Jay Harvey in the ring.

Ace: THE Jay Harvey... are you ever gonna get it right?!

Jay Harvey is stirring behind the back of The Iron Terror. Terror is not letting the "slow" count go. Harvey smacks himself in the head and has his eyes locked on The Iron Terror. Terror finally gets his head back into the match and BOOM! Jay Harvey nearly kicks The Iron Terror's head off. After the Superkick Harvey wastes little time and goes for the cover. The referee takes his position at the head of The Iron Terror not seeing the feet of Harvey propped up on the second rope.

One!

Two!

Three!

Harvey drops his feet from the rope and gets himself a much-needed victory. Harvey rolls under the bottom rope and is met by Catalina. The two make their way up the entrance ramp and The Iron Terror can't believe what has transpired. Levi Jones books it from the ring to escape any harm. The Iron Terror is a dark red and screaming at the top of his lungs.

Blackfront: I don't blame The Iron Terror. If I had lost to a cheap move like that I'd be mad too!

Ace: I don't know what you are talking about. Clean win and Jay Harvey continues to roll!

Blackfront: His feet... nevermind. It's not worth the energy.

Ace: Exactly!

Cameras continue to follow Harvey and Catalina up the ramp. Harvey has beads of sweat rolling down his bald head down his cheeks.

Harvey: I'm the next WrestleUTA World Champion! You hear that, Murray? I'm the next World Champ!

We stay on the two for a few more moments before fading to black and going to commercial.

Luke Dibbins Injury Update

Blackfront: Fans two weeks ago Luke Dibbins took on Crimson Lord let's take you back to the match.

Replay

The replay shows the brutal assault on Luke's right shoulder by Crimson Lord. Another shot of Luke's arm hanging at his side. Then as EMT's take him up the rampway on the gurnee, Crimson appears yet again. Then shows him tipping the gurnee, releasing the straps and then picking up the stretcher and driving it down once more on Luke's shoulder.

Blackfront: Luke was taken to the local hospital, the diagnosis was a torn rotator cuff, and a fractured collar bone. Luke sent a message to the fans that he will be alright. Unfortunately Luke may not be seen in a WrestleUTA ring for 7 months to 12 months. We here at WrestleUTA wish him a speedy recovery.

Ace: Well, look who is here the man that sent Luke to the hospital.

Crimson appears backstage catching the monitor with the Luke injury update, a smirk across his face. Larver appears into the picture he hands Crimson a note.

Larver: I was told to give this to you Crimson.

Crimson takes the note and opens it up scanning it with his eyes he notices Larver has not left yet.

Crimson: Something else Larver?

Larver: Actually yes, why would you do that to Luke Dibbins?

Crimson folds the note up and looks at Larver for a moment, then starts breaking out in laughter. Larver shakes his head as Crimson walks away from Larver. He continues to laugh down the hall until in the distance he hears his name.

?: Krimsun!

The camera catches Crimson who seems a bit baffled saying.

Crimson: Krimsun?

Crimson turns around and it's Duke Dibbins. The fans cheer and all Crimson can do is laugh. Duke clearly is not amused, Crimson begins to walk off again and Duke again shouts Crimson's name.

Duke: KRIMSUN!

Crimson stops once more trying to compose himself for a moment he looks at Duke.

Crimson: Ok, I'll be generous walk away Duke, that's the only warning I'll give you.

Crimson once again tries to leave the scene still snickering under his breathe. Duke charges and Crimson quickly turns around. Duke lays in some fists but Crimson quickly takes advantage with a knee lift he then spins Duke around and tosses him into the wall and then into the wall behind him making him fall on some pipes.

Blackfront: Crimson you heartless bastard!

Ace: He gave him a warning, and now it's time for old Duke to take a nap!

Blackfront: For the love of all, Crimson now has a pipe across Duke's throat! This man is out of control!

Crimson: Bedtime Duke!

Duke is trying to push the pipe from his throat but the more he struggles the quicker he begins to fade. Soon his struggle begins to dissipate until he loses consciousness. Crimson pulls the pipe from over Duke's throat as Duke falls like a sack of bricks. Crimson tosses the pipe on the ground to a clanking sound.

Crimson: Sleep tight!

Crimson begins to walk away laughing again.

Blackfront: This man is completely out of control, someone needs to stop this rampage he has been on.

Ace: Just like old times again.

Michael Byrd v Kendrix

“Bad Company” by Bad Company hits the PA system and the fans begin to boo. Emerging from behind the curtain. Jamie Sawyers wearing bright red this evening and Byrd wearing his full wrestling gear. They begin to head to ringside.

Jordan: Coming to the ring first, hailing from Dallas Texas and weighing in at 248 lbs. Being accompanied by, Jamie Sawyers, he is “Main Event” MICHAEL BYRRRRRRDDDD

Blackfront: Jamie Sawyers’ men have been brutalising our roster here in recent weeks but tonight, can Michael Byrd pull off what would be an upset against the former UTA World Heavyweight Champion, Kendrix?

Ace: Oh, I bet you enjoyed calling him the former champ didn’t you Jason?!

? “Let ‘Em Come” by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System. ?

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

Jordan: And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

Blackfront: Kendrix joined us at commentary two weeks ago, only to abruptly leave his post and cost Impulse his Legacy title match against Jack Harmen.

Ace: To be fair, Jason, you probably drove him to it. You were very annoying that night. Maybe you should look at yourself in the mirror every once in a while.

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix eyes Byrd and then out at Sawyers at ringside, pointing at him to keep away as he hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Jordan: He is JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Hopping off the turnbuckle and back to the mat, Jesse discards his shades and “JFK” t-shirt to a ringside hand. As senior referee James Brooks approaches the two men, getting in between them as they jaw at each other.

Ding Ding Ding!

The two men circle each other, cautious to make the first move. Kendrix looks to duck in with a swipe but Byrd dodges. Byrd returns the favour and it’s swiftly rejected by JFK. The two circle once more and go in for the lock up. Byrd being the bigger of the two men forces JFK back into the corner. Brooks counts to four before Byrd backs up and takes a swing, but JFK is quick out of the corner and strikes Byrd with forearm after forearm until Brooks reaches the count of four. Jesse backs up and drives an elbow into the jaw of the “Main Event” sending him stumbling out of the corner and into the middle of the ring.

Blackfront: Kendrix on it tonight.

Ace: And he’s telling Jimmy Jam exactly what he thinks of his man right now, and it ain’t complimentary!

Jesse turns his attention back to Byrd and goes for the running bulldog but Byrd counters, picking Jesse up and slamming him back first down to the mat. Sawyers slams his fists to the canvas, delighted with his client’s reactions as

Kendrix holds his back in pain. Byrd is quick to pick Jesse up off the mat and help him to the corner before unleashing a series of chops across the chest of the Bruv, leaving it a new bright shade of red.

Blackfront: Byrd is looking good here against the former champion. What a statement he and Jamie Sawyers can make tonight with a victory over JFK.

Ace: Yeah, you'd like that wouldn't you, Jason. What have you got against Kendrix anyway?

Blackfront: Are you serious, Tommy?

Byrd charges from the opposite corner looking for the clothesline but Kendrix dodges at the last possible moment and delivers stomps to Byrd's midsection, sending the big man down to a seated position in the corner. Making his way to the opposite side, he runs his hand through his hair and charges, delivering a knee to the side of the Byrd's face.

Blackfront: Huge impact from Kendrix, cover!

ONE

TWO

Blackfront: FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Ace: Byrd was too close to the ropes there, uncharacteristic lack of judgement from Kendrix there. What's Sawyers doing?

Hauling himself up onto the apron, Jamie Sawyers shouts something towards Kendrix that's not picked up by the ringside mics. However, he has Jesse's attention.

Kendrix: SHOULDN'T YOU BE PRETENDING TO BE A RESPECTED INTERVIEWER, JIMMY JAM?!

The mics definitely pick up JFK's brash tones but his lack of focus allows Byrd to pick him up in and drop him down in the centre of the ring with a full nelson slam.

Blackfront: Huge impact, cover!

ONE

TWO

TH...KICKOUT!

Ace: HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

Sawyers looks devastated on the outside after having counted along with Brooks. The cameras pick him up with his head in his hands. Back in the ring, Byrd regains his focus and makes his way to the corner, urging Kendrix to get up. Jesse stumbles up to his feet and Byrd launches himself forward looking for a lariat but Kendrix grabs his flailing arm at the last second and drags him to the mat to hook in the Kendrix Kross.

Blackfront: Crossface locked in, centre of the ring!

Ace: IT'S OVER!

Byrd's hand is up, reaching out for the ropes. Sawyers is begging his client to make his way towards him and safety but he's nowhere near the ropes. Kendrix arches back but Byrd follows the momentum through and forces Kendrix onto his shoulders.

ONE

TWO

Kendrix releases the hold and kicks out in the nick of time.

Blackfront: Wonderful show of strength from Michael Byrd! Giving a great account of himself here. Can he deliver the upset?

Ace: I always have faith in JFK, Jason!

With both men back to their feet Byrd feeds off his momentum and goes for a clothesline but Kendrix dodges and counters with a swinging neckbreaker. Byrd is straight back up, Irish whiped to the ropes, Kendrix ducks for the up and over but it's countered with a kick to the stomach before Byrd wraps his arms around Jesse's neck.

Blackfront: Sleeper hold locked in good.

Ace: NO! JFK's fading!

Brooks holds Kendrix's arm up once, drops, twice, drops again, on the third he holds it up and drives Byrd back first hard into the turnbuckle. Shaking the cobwebs off, the Bruv charges from the centre and drives his knee up into the side of Byrd's head. Sawyers' man stumbles out of the corner and Jesse hits him with three German Suplexes into the centre of the ring. Sawyers is up on the apron and interrupts the count.

Blackfront: Kendrix didn't like that one bit.

Ace: Hey, what's Sawyers got in his hand? Hey...HAHA!

Blackfront: OH, Brass Knucks, but he caught Byrd, Kendrix ducked!

With the ref blindsided by the two men in front of him, Kendrix pounces on his fallen opponent.

ONE

TWO

Blackfront: Hey, Foot on the rope, Foot on the rope!

THREE!

Ding Ding Ding!

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

Jordan: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this match by pinfall...Jesse Fredericks KENNDRRIIXXX!

The camera zooms in on Sawyers with his head in his hands due to his costly mistake. Back in the ring the ref tends to Byrd after Kendrix pulls his raised arm aggressively away from the ref. Making his way to the ropes, he gestures for a mic.

Ace: YES! We're about to hear from JFK, Jason!

Blackfront: Oh good...

Panting into the mic with heavy breaths, Kendrix takes centre stage in the middle of the ring and points out at Jamie Sawyers.

Kendrix: Cut my music....

More panting as the music cuts out.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah Jimmy Jam, you asshole! That was unfair. You took out your own boy in the match of his life against the greatest WrestleUTA Heavyweight Champion this company's ever had. You ruined your own client's day. And you know, I may have used some extra leverage to pick up the win myself, maybe we're both assholes?

Byrd is helped up to his feet in the corner by James Brooks who is still checking on him. Jesse walks over towards the two men.

Kendrix: So Brooksy, I don't want it to go down like this. This was unfair. This isn't how a competitive match should end.

He walks back to the centre of the ring, facing the crowd.

Kendrix: What do you guys think? How about we get this match restarted again and do this properly?

The arena erupts behind Jesse's question as he turns to face Brooks and Byrd who have made their way towards him in the centre of the ring.

Ace: What?!

Blackfront: Hell yes!

Kendrix: So Brooksy, why don't you go ahead and ring that...

MIC THUD

ACE: BELLEND!!

Blackfront: OHHH, BYRD NEVER SAW IT COMING!

Kendrix is straight up to his feet as Brooks motions him away from Byrd. Sawyers grabs his man and helps him out of the ring. Meanwhile Kendrix has reclaimed his mic.

Kendrix: That's right Jimmy Jam, get that Bellend out of MY RING!

BOOOOOOOO!

Facing his less than adoring public, he throws them his trademark smirk.

Kendrix: HEY IMPULSE, YOU STUPID BELLEND!

Chuckling to himself, he continues.

Kendrix: When are you gonna learn? The game has moved on from the fight the good fight bullshit you spout around here, week in and week out. Two weeks ago you became the Legacy Champion...

He scoffs into the mic.

Kendrix: The shortest reigning, sorry excuse for a Legacy Champion of ALLLLLLLLL TIIIIIMMEEEE...when you decided you didn't like the way you won it. You actually handed the title back and restarted the match all because Chris Ross interfered and you didn't win the belt clean.

Jesse disappointedly shakes his head from side to side before throwing that smirk our way.

Kendrix: Who in the hell do you think you are?! You need to get off of your high horse sunshine and get back into the real world.

Smirk gone, replaced by narrowing eyes and sincere focus.

Kendrix: MY WORLD! You actually have the audacity to claim that my way of winning things isn't the right way?

He widens his eyes and mouth in shock at the claim before pacing the ring.

Kendrix: Well, here's a reality check for you, bruv. Life's unfair! Your way of doing things doesn't cut the mustard anymore. That's why you're a loser. That's why I took you out last week and cost you the title you won for all of 15 seconds. Hell, even that mentalist, Jack Harmen understands how the game works these days and didn't hesitate to take back his title as soon as he had the chance.

Smirk returns.

Kendrix: And that's why my way of doing things around here made me the most dominant and hottest property in this business today!

Coming to a stop in the middle of the ring he faces his audience.

Kendrix: You're a Dinosaur, Pulse! But don't worry. Because before I get MY WRESTLE UTA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP back from Andy Murray, I'm going to prove to you and the entire world that my way of doing things around here is better than the holier than thou loser way of things that you believe in.

THUD.

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

Following the mic drop, Kendrix makes his way out of the ring and up the ramp to a chorus of boos.

### Lasting Legacy Challenge

Suddenly Better Must Come by Geego plays over the loudspeakers and Lisil Jackson walks out with a microphone in his hands.

Ace: Oh for god sake! It's bad enough I already heard this song twice today! I don't need to hear this god awful music a third!

Blackfront: It is most unusual Jackson is out here again...

Lisil Jackson slides into the ring and nods his head smiling adjusting his fedora before he raises the microphone.

Jackson: EYYYYY MON!!!!!!!

The fans cheer loudly and a smile creeps across the Jamaican's face.

Jackson: Ya know I was doin some thinkin bout what has transpire ova dee last couple o' weeks! Ya mon I be talkin bout dat brudda Crimson Lord!

The fans boo loudly at the name.

Jackson: Crimson... I once respected ya mon.... But wit how ya turn ya back ta dee people.... I can't respect dat! And ya wanna attack me time and time again?!

Jackson suddenly unstraps his gloves and throws them down in the middle of the ring.

Jackson: Brudda if ya wanna fight den come on out and face me face ta face! None o' dis cheap shot nonsense ya be pullin mon!

Ace: Does Lisil Jackson have a death wish!?

Blackfront: As much as I hate to say it but you do have a point there Ace. Crimson Lord is one of the last people in the UTA anyone should be calling out to fight!

Crimson walks out of Mr. Unlikely's office. He looks over his shoulder toward the door and cracks a smirk for a moment. Just as he is about to walk off camera he catches the Lisil on the monitor calling him out.

? Death Dealer by The Enigma TNG ?

The fans quickly change their tone to a heavy dislike for the once hero of theirs. Crimson steps out from the back. He

has black timberland boots, with a pair of blue denim jeans a red denim vest with a black hoodie covering his face. The seven footer stands at the rampway slowly staring back at Lisil. Jackson sits on the second rope and pushes the top rope up inviting CL to join him.

Crimson slowly looks to both sides toward the fans, emotionless in his demeanor. He rubs his thumb across his nose for a second, before putting the microphone to his mouth.

Crimson: More...

Crimson again provoking this capacity crowd in Hershey, Pennsylvania. The fans continue to show their distaste for the seven footer, and Crimson continues to egg them on, with the words "More" each time getting a even louder vibe of utter disdain for him. You can see him smile under his hood as he relishes in the reactions. His smile quickly dissolves to a disgusted look toward Lisil.

Crimson: You know Cool Runnings....

The moment Crimson spoke the crowd gets even louder with the negative reactions to him even speaking. Crimson smiles as he looks out into the crowd for a moment before getting back to Lisil.

Crimson: You know...

They refuse to let Crimson get any sort of word in as again Crimson is taken from his train of thought back to the fans.

Crimson: Oh, please give me...MORE!

Crimson quickly removes his hood, and leans his head back with his eyes closed just like listening to the rain fall. It just seems to make the seven footer calm the louder they show their hatred for him. As they die down a bit Crimson slowly looks down a bit til he can look straight at Lisil in the ring.

Crimson: There was a time I would walk down to this ring...much like this.

Crimson starts to walk to the ring, and Lisil is ready for a fight. Crimson stops halfway, looking out into the fans waiting for a reaction.

Crimson: Get these low life's reaction on if I should step in that ring and beat the ever living puss out of you.

He waits as the fans, now cheering him wanting to see a fight between Lisil and himself. Crimson smirks and continues to walk toward the ring. Lisil gets the crowd even more hyped into the inevitable fight about to happen.

Crimson: I can then drop this microphone on the ground.

Crimson drops the microphone, a loud microphone pulse goes through the arena. Crimson grabs the top rope and pulls himself up Lisil is poised and ready for a fight. Crimson now appears to be stalling as he catches a few fans running their mouth. Lisil quickly loses his patience and tries to move in to get his hands on Crimson. The seven footer quickly hops off the apron. He holds his finger up toward Lisil, he bends down a picks up the microphone and begins to backtrack, up the rampway.

Crimson: Ya, know I changed my mind....frankly there's no money in it for me. Besides these lowlifes don't deserve to see me mop the floor with you yet again!

The fans in the Giant Center quickly turn on Crimson, and Crimson mockingly nods with approval with a smile toward them he begins to walk up the rampway with his back turned to Lisil, who now has a microphone. Lisil raises the microphone shaking his head disgusted.

Jackson: Money? It dat be it? Money?! Listen ya greedy bumbaclot! If dat what dis truly be bout den I say we take tings ta dee next level! I be talkin bout Lastin Legacy mon! Lisil Jackson go one one wit Crimson Lord!

Crimson smirks at Lisil, for a moment and then says off microphone.

Crimson: NO!

Crimson reaches the top of the rampway, about ready to leave.

Jackson: What be dee matta mon? Ya too scared ta face Lisil Jackson face ta face?

Crimson stares at Lisil, while the crowd chants "YES"

Crimson: Fine boy you want another beating you got it! At Lasting Legacy I will make sure to plaster you to that mat!

Lisil smiles as Crimson clearly is not amused as he stares at Lisil in the ring. Jackson's jolly attitude quickly turns to a serious glare back at Crimson.

30 Seconds with Impulse!

We cut to the back, where Impulse holds a microphone in front of a WrestleUTA banner.

Impulse: Kendrix...

He laughs.

Impulse: Don't strain too hard; I don't expect you to understand what matters to me in this sport. When we last wrestled, you won - and you won clean, and I applauded that. That's what I want.

Pause.

Impulse: To me, Championships in this sport are the most important thing there is, and Champions need to be at the pinnacle of the industry. Put simply: if you can't do it clean, you shouldn't do it at all.

Smirk.

Impulse: But I don't expect you to understand that. After all... you don't get to call yourself the greatest at anything unless you can do it more than once.

The smirk forms into a grin.

Impulse: And if you can do it somewhere... where your BRUV isn't pulling the strings.

Mic drop. Cut.

WrestleUTA Legacy Title Match:

Scott Stevens vs Jack Harmen

As we come back from a commercial (if you don't have Hulu Plus!), the crowd is at a fever pitch as we prepare for the Main Event of the evening. We get a crowd pan shot as fans hold up their signs, a lot of them negative toward Stevens and his recent actions.

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

Ace: Good. I got a pool party I need to get to and the ladies charge by the hour.

Blackfront: The less I know the better Ace. But tonight, we have a Legacy Championship match, a sort of rematch from Absolution. Even though Harmen was attacked earlier today by Chris Ross, he's here to defend against Scott Stevens. A fighting champ who will never give up going against a man who's got nothing left to lose... Let's send it to C.H. Jordan for the official introductions.

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.

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 a chorus of boos, as the opening guitar riffs and "Hellraiser" by Motorhead begins to play throughout the PA system.

Blackfront: The once beloved Texan is now hated by the masses. The path of redemption was just too difficult to walk for Stevens.

Ace: Stevens realized these idiots were holding him back from championship glory and I'm glad he finally grew a brain and realized succeeding by any means necessary is better than pandering to these fools. Plus, look! It's already worked! He's got a title match just one show removed!

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

Blackfront: And there he is ladies and gentlemen, the man who turned his back on everyone as he assaulted the Iron Terror last show, all because he got cocky and lost. Then, earlier tonight, he continued his onslaught by costing the Iron Terror his match earlier tonight.

Ace: You do what you have to do to succeed.

Walking down the aisle, wadded paper and other types of garbage begin to rain down on the Texan. Stevens takes a moment to stare at the ravenous crowd and raise a fist at a few of the more vocal bashers threatening to Stevens' to attack them.

Ace: I wish those idiots would try and get some from Scottie. Stevens'd make them all pay for plastic surgery.

As he finally gets to the ring, he climbs the nearest turnbuckle and stares out into the crowd before giving each and everyone in attendance the unofficial state bird of Texas.

Blackfront: That's nice.

Ace: He's just reciprocating the love being shown to him.

As Stevens' music begins to fade we hear the chilling voice of Ozzy Osbourne over the PA system.

"All Aboard~! AH HA ha ha ha ha ha ha..."

A light fog rises from the entrance ramp as the opening guitar riff of "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne resounds out of the PA system. Jack Harmen steps out from the back, parting the fog like Moses, as he stands tall at the ramp. He raises one hand in a devil horn taunt and smiles to the cheering crowd. He winces just a bit as he does, clutching his side but making sure to do his best to hide his pain from the earlier attack from Chris Ross. His manager and protege Mary-Lynn Mayweather is by his side, wearing her trademark red skirt suit.

Blackfront: We definitely know who the crowd favors here tonight Tommy just listen to that ovation.

Ace: Oh please, this guy has to be the luckiest man in the fucking world as he lost that Legacy championship he has around his waist, but held onto it because that dumb ass Impulse is too stupid to know when a good thing slaps in in the face.

Blackfront: Well there was some controversy involving Chris Ross and a curb stomp.....

Ace: Was Impulse not declared the winner?

Blackfront: .....Yes.....but.....

Ace: No buts. Harmen lost, end of story.

Blackfront: Cept the match didn't end there Ace. You can remember it however you'd like.

Ace: You remember both men winning, I prefer to remember both those idiots losing. Forgetting who wins. It's my way.

Harmen storms his way to the ring, slapping a few fans extended hands on his way. Mary-Lynn is more cautious, giving Harmen a wide breath as he walks to the ring. Jack climbs up the steel steps, walks on the apron, and tries to roll the kinks out of his shoulders, before calmly entering the ring. He then does a backflop, and begins to make snow angels in the center of the ring. As the crowd's pop disperses, he rolls to his knees, staring down the Texan Turncoat before him. He rises to his feet, unstrapping the Legacy championship and handing it to the official in charge.

Jordan: Ladies and gentlemen, to my left is the challenger and number one contender to the Wrestle UTA Legacy championship. Coming to us from the Great State of Texas, by way of Houston, Texas. He stands at six feet, six inches, and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-six pounds. He is the former Wrestle UTA Wildfire champion.....This...is....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

The crowd boos once again as Stevens comes out of his corner slowly and cracks his neck from side to side.

Jordan: And to my right.....

The crowd cheers loudly and Harmen is almost taken aback by the reaction. He shouts "YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE!" with a wide smile.

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 runs to the corner once again and hops onto the middle turnbuckle. He raises his trademark TEXIAN Devil Horns as the crowd cheers him. However, Stevens has seen enough and decides to take matters into his own hands. He rushes at the champion and clubs him in the back before yanking him back into the ring before he could tumble outside.

Blackfront: Cheap shot by Stevens.

Ace: Stevens was tired of Harmen rubbing it in his face.

Blackfront: Rubbing what?

Ace: He's the only Texan here! He can't use Texas' own salute against Stevens for cheers!?!

Stevens begins to smash Harmen's face into the top turnbuckle repeatedly. He even transitions into the middle buckle with a flurry of head slams.

Stevens: You like that champ?

Stevens asks before turning Harmen over and lays in some rights and left to the body.

Blackfront: Harmen is taking a lot of punishment and we just started the match.

Ace: Good. The Boss softened him up and Stevens is going to finish him here tonight and become the real Legacy champion.

Stevens takes a short stoppage to grab the champion by his wild green hair and lets him know what he thinks of him.

Stevens: I thought Hall of Famers were tougher than this!!!

Stevens yells as he lays in a right to the side of Harmen. Harmen's eyes go wide as he almost squeals in pain.

Stevens: Don't worry paper champion, I'll be the Legacy champion this company needs!

Stevens yells once more as he hooks a left to Harmen's body as the champion falls to his knees gasping for air.

Blackfront: Those heavy hands of Stevens are doing their job early and effectively. Scott must have seen the video from earlier tonight where Ross targeted the ribs and head of the Lunatic.

Ace: Harmen can't be that great when he goes down to a couple of right hands, even from the Hossian Texan Stevens.

Stevens grabs the champion by his hair and begins to scream at him.

Stevens: Look at me when I speak to you boy!

Harmen's eyes roll into the back of his head before Stevens slams Harmen's face into the mat.

Ace: Look at sissy boy Harmen, a real champion there folks.

Stevens shakes his head being disgusted that Harmen is the Legacy champion as he targets his head with some boots.

Blackfront: Stevens targeting the areas injured by Chris Ross earlier today. This is just a straight out and out mugging from Stevens, a distant departure from their competitive matchup at Absolution.

Stevens bounces off of the ropes for a little extra momentum to kick the champion in the face and spit comes flying out of Harmen's mouth.

Ace: Was that a tooth?

Ace asks as Harmen rolls from the momentum, trying to roll to a corner. Stevens rushes, grabbing and pulls him back to the center of the ring as he goes for a cover.

One.

Two.

No.

Harmen is able to get the shoulder up but Stevens is back on the attack as he immediately locks in a reverse chinlock.

Blackfront: Stevens is keeping the pressure on Harmen as he doesn't want the champion to build any kind of momentum.

The referee checks to see if the champion wants to submit but Harmen shouts no. Upon hearing Harmen's refusal to submit, Stevens begins to turn Harmen's head into Jello with some crossface strikes. Stevens immediately follows up with a quick cover but the champion once again kicks out before the count of three drawing frustration from the Texan who looks at the official and signals it was three with his fingers.

Blackfront: Stevens not liking the officiating. Perhaps he wants the official to hand him the Legacy championship instead of earning it like he should?

Ace: C'mon, we all saw how slow that count was. Guy was slapping his hand against the canvas like it was molasses.

Stevens gets to his feet and pulls Harmen up as well. Harmen is double over by a kick to the gut before the challenger hooks him in a front facelock. Stevens tries to lift him but Harmen blocks which causes Stevens to hit him in the back of the head until the fight is gone allowing Stevens to lift Harmen up high in the air and back to the mat with a Jackhammer type suplex. Stevens yells for the referee to count and the official drops down to make his cadence.

One.

Two.

No.

Harmen gets the shoulder up and Stevens shoots him a look.

Blackfront: Harmen kicks out again and Stevens isn't liking it.

Stevens quickly picks up his opponent and throws him into his ropes and he doubles Harmen over with a shot to the stomach before building momentum himself to deliver a running neckbreaker. Instead of going for a cover, the Texan picks up Harmen and delivers a belly to belly overhead suplex into the corner. Stevens goes over to Harmen and positions him how he wants as he tells him to stay there.

Blackfront: This can't be good.

Stevens slaps his metal knee brace before he begins to rev up as if he is a train and hits the ropes looking to end the match here and now, but as he goes to deliver the knee trembler Mary-Lynn Mayweather pulls Jack to the outside and Stevens collides with the turnbuckle instead.

Blackfront: The usually neutral Mary-Lynn Mayweather making her presence known here tonight Ace. Steven's knee crashes against the buckles with a furious vengeance.

Ace: That girl better realize she's just made Scott Steven's shit list.

Mary-Lynn holds Harmen up on the outside, as Jack winces and clutches his ribs. Mary-Lynn gives him a pep talk.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: You got this Jack. Just gotta wait for a mistake, right?

Jack Harmen: Like the mistake I made when I accepted a match after that Douchebag made a wish on my ribs earlier?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: Well, I'd call it more guts than a mistake.

Without another word, Mary-Lynn tosses Harmen back into the ring under the bottom rope. Stevens is still nursing his knee, limping as he tries to shake off the stinger. Harmen dives from behind, shoulder blocking Steven's knee, and taking him down to the mat. Harmen takes the advantage, grabbing a downed Stevens by the leg and kicking his knee multiple times. Harmen then hits a spinning toe hold, as he lands and kneels on the canvas. He repeats this three more times, before front flipping and causing pressure as he takes the leg with him. Stevens looks folded up but the quick pressure of the forward roll causes immense pain.

Harmen keeps hold of the leg, wraps it around his own, and then back bridges into an STF. Our official is right there, asking Stevens if he quits, but Stevens forcefully shakes his head no.

Blackfront: Unique submission maneuver from Harmen, haven't seen his ground game much since he entered UTA.

Ace: And that's probably the best strategy this fluke can take. Keep Stevens off his feet and away from throwing you around the ring like a rag doll.

Stevens reaches for the ropes but they're too far. So instead, he starts battering Harmen with blows to his ribs, causing Harmen to lose the bridge. Both men climb to their feet, and Stevens is the one to strike the Lunatic with a low blow, square in the face of the official. Harmen falls to his knees, shaking his head no as the official wants to wave it off. Stevens threatens our official, and that's not smart as he took his eyes off the Legacy champ. So, Harmen decided to low blow Stevens himself. Scott falls to his knees, and the two men square off from their knees, trading rights and lefts. Harmen throws in a headbutt. Stevens gains the advantage after, Harmen having hurt himself more with the headbutt than he anticipated. Stevens hooks Harmen by his hair and just tosses him across the ring like a rag doll.

Harmen rolls out under the ring, onto the apron. He pulls himself up, as Stevens comes over. He looks for a suplex, but Harmen hooks the ropes to block it. Another headbutt sends Stevens backpeddling, before he turns into Harmen's trademark springboard Lou Thesz. And cue the rain of punches.

Harmen hops off of Stevens and into his corner, waving Scott to his feet. The crowd rises in anticipation, as Harmen sizes Scott Stevens up, slamming his boot into the apron to get the crowd to clap along.

Blackfront: And it looks like Harmen is looking for his Locomotive, the charging Yakuza Kick.

Badlands by iMayday!

Ace: Oh thank God! The hometown hero is here!

Indeed, at the top of the rampway is Chris Ross, none too pleased with the events that transpired earlier in the evening. He cracks his knuckles and looks toward the ring, fully expecting Jack Harmen to take his eyes off the prize.

Instead, Jack Harmen runs and LAYS OUT Scott Stevens with his patented Yakuza kick.

Blackfront: Jack Harmen just took Scott Stevens' head clean off his shoulders! My God! Chris Ross couldn't even distract him!

Ace: That goes against everything I know about professional wrestling!

Blackfront: And Harmen folds on top of Stevens with the cover!

One.

Two.

Thr-NO!?!

The crowd is stunned as Scott Stevens gets his foot onto the bottom rope. The official noticed it at the last second, and calls off the count.

Blackfront: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes! Scott Stevens' nightmare of becoming Legacy champion is still possible!

Harmen leans back, mouth agape, tugging at his wild mane. Meanwhile, Chris Ross has made his way to ringside, and has climbed onto the ring apron. He's shouting at Jack Harmen.

Chris Ross: You look at me when I'm distracting you!

Harmen stands to his feet, as the official yells at Ross to get off the apron. Even Mary-Lynn, Harmen's manager, has walked over to Ross' side and yells at him to get off. Jack Harmen walks over, and the two get into each other's face, staring at each other only separated by the ring ropes.

Jack Harmen: Hit me! DO IT! Make my job easier! That guy just kicked out of my finisher. THAT GUY! SO DO IT! I WANT YOU TO DO IT!

Jack Harmen presents his face for Ross to tag him, but Ross hesitates. He sneers, pulling back his fist as Harmen eggs him on. The official keeps trying to yell at Ross to drop off the apron.

Blackfront: Wait! Stevens charges! Harmen moves! Stevens just shoulderblocks Ross off the apron into the guardrail! Stevens is stunned... ROLL UP! SCHOOL BOY! Harmen's leaning onto Stevens' bad leg!

One.

Two.

Three!

Harmen quickly lets go of the school boy, tosses his arms wildly into the air, and rolls out of the ring. Mary-Lynn rushes to his side, grabbing the Legacy championship from the time keeper. They both notice Chris Ross, recovering on the outside, stuck between them and the exit. So, Harmen and Mary-Lynn both hop over the guardrail. Harmen takes one

last moment while standing on the barricade and makes a fart noise with his mouth to Chris Ross before disappearing into the crowd.

Blackfront: Jack Harmen was able to overcome the odds, injury and all, and tame the wild beast of Scott Stevens, all while avoiding Chris Ross! Ace, I don't know, we might have had a new Legacy champion if it wasn't for Chris Ross tonight?

Ace: Stevens had the best match of his career, and it's a shame we don't have a Legacy champion we can be proud of Black!

Blackfront: For Tommy Ace, I'm Jason Blackfront, see you next time, live on WrestleUTA on Hulu! Good night everybody!

One last shot, of Chris Ross cursing toward the official, as the program fades to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite