

# WrestleUTA on Hulu: WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E8

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance

**Date:** November 15, 2016

## Results

### WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 EP8

Match

WrestleUTA on Hulu S1 E8

15 Nov 2016

The WrestleZone at Universal Studios, Orlando, FL (seats 1,400)

Two Weeks Ago!

The words "Two Weeks Ago" show up against a black screen before fading away.

Lew finally takes Ross over and the fans count 1... 2...3...4...5... The referee is down and no one is home to make the count.

Smith lets go of him and walks over trying to wake the referee...

The Boss walks over and grabs the cake he brought to the ring. Lew Smith turns around and Ross smashes him in the face with it!

Smith is clearly stunned trying to wipe the icing out of his eyes and The Keystone State Killer takes full advantage and bounces off the ropes nailing Smith with a punch to the back of the head knocking him down. He stops and grabs The Martial Artist's arms and places a foot to the back of his head and slams him face first with a curbstomp! Ross not even bothering to wake up the referee casually pins Smith and slaps the referee's hand against the mat for the three count.

Blackfront: This is ridiculous! A cake, an unconscious referee, and now Lew Smith basically has been given his walking papers!

Fade.

Stevens gets to a knee and sees Marie Van Claudio perched on the top rope licking her chops like a salivating dog so he does the only thing to do in this situation; jump and hit the middle rope which causes Marie to fall onto the top turnbuckle hunched over.

Blackfront: Stevens with a timely counter that probably saved him this match.

Ace: Marie's going to have to see her hymen specialist after that.

Stevens shakes out the cobwebs and scrambles over to Marie and hooks her with a  $\frac{3}{4}$  facelock before running forward to deliver the Kiss of Death to Marie Van Claudio.

Blackfront: TOXIC STING! THAT'S GOT TO BE IT!

Stevens turns Marie over and hooks a leg as the referee drops to make his count.

One.

Two.

Three.

The referee signals for the bell.

Announcer: And your winner by pinfall....SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTT STEEEEEEEEEEEVENSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!

Blackfront: He did it! He did it! Stevens survives and advances to the next round of the World title tournament.

Stevens has his hand raised in victory and begins to celebrate in the ring.

Blackfront: However, as joyous as this is for Stevens it's not as joyous for Marie Van Claudio.

Fade.

Wingate continues to go to work on the knee, but Murray boots him away. Charles swarms him with clubbing blows as he rises, but Andy gets through them, then hits a couple of unanswered forearms! Charles comes back with a hard slap across the cheek, and that sets Murray off! He grabs Wingate by the collar and pushes him into the corner, unleashing a vicious flurry of elbows, before pulling him out and hoisting him onto his shoulders.

Blackfront: Here it comes! Highland Hangover!

Murray executes his trademark sitout side powerslam and goes into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blackfront: Murray wins!

Ace: An impressive performer, Jason. He goes onto the next round, but we won't be seeing Charles Wingate again!

Fade.

Mikey Unlikely: Woah woah, sorry guys, I'm going to have to leave you now. JFK's my bruv but no one is using a steel chair to win a main event match on my show, how's that for bias Jason?!

Making his way back into the ring he's stopped in his tracks by the ref who implores him to get the chair out of the ring but Kendrix is arguing back at him. Seeing Sektor back to his feet, making his way towards them, JFK lifts the chair high above his head but the ref reaches up for it.

Blackfront: Wait a minute, what's Mikey doing?!

Ace: He told you, he's going to take the chair away from Kendrix!

While Kendrix and the ref struggled for control of the chair, Sektor was whipped around by Mikey who takes a step back to attempt a super kick but Sektor grabs his foot just in time, spins Mikey around and hooks his arms...

Ace: Wait, he's the owner!!!!

Sektor squeezes Mikey's arms and sinks his forearms in before looking at the crowd and screaming with all his might in unison with the crowd shouting "C-Sektion!"

But before he gets the chance to plant Mikey's face down to the mat Kendrix chucks the chair out of the ring and spins The Gold Standard around, grabs the back of his head and brings his face down into his leaping knees and into one hell of a Bellend! The ref is down for the cover...

ONEE

TWOO

THREEE!!

Blackfront: NO! John Sektor...is.... NO!

? "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ?

Blackfront: Dammit, why do I get the impression that finish was planned Tommy?

Ace: What do you mean Jason? Mikey went to the ring to take the chair away from Kendrix, you heard him say that! Then that idiot Sektor couldn't help himself and wanted to give him the C-Section! If he kept his eye on the ball then maybe he'd still have a job!

Fade.

Upon Arrival!

A black Lincoln Town Car pulls into the parking lot. The driver steps out and makes his way around the back of the car to the rear passenger side door. He opens it as the camera starts from the ground up.

First thing you see is a pair of fresh Timberland boots, the camera moves up to reveal black jeans. Fashionable, stylish. Then a plain white t-shirt, no writing. Just fresh. Finally the camera shows the stubble of the Man of the Hour, the Thrillmaker himself - Will Haynes.

Who just happens to be the NEWEST UTA signing. Everything old is NEW again.

Haynes is alone, noticeably absent is his fellow compadre Coleslaw Jenkins. Almost instantly a gaggle of security guards surrounds the Thrill and his driver.

Haynes: Seems pretty excessive, don't it?

Haynes ask the question to no one in particular. The security guards hold their ground starring Haynes down. After a tense moment a few of them clear out and into the frame steps Mikey Unlikely, chief proprietor of the UTA.

Unlikely: Get out of here. You're not welcome. I mean it.

Haynes shakes his head.

Haynes: Is that anyway to treat an old friend? Seriously.

His eyes narrow.

Haynes: Plus I've got an iron clad contract that says as long as the UTA is hosting a show I have every right IN THE WORLD to be here. Or are you really going to send me home and deprive all those honest, hard working, fans inside of seeing my pretty mug.

Unlikely shakes his head.

Unlikely: Oh I know your contract is iron clad. I've got a team of lawyers pouring over every detail in that thing. As soon as I find the right clause you're heading back to bagging groceries at a Publix.

Haynes almost laughs - after all who can forget his infamous Publix Promo against Rhonda Rousey - ummm Alex Beckman.

Unlikely: BUT until then you can stay out here - in the parking lot - until YOUR match tonight. I don't need you bringing the entire show down. If I catch wind of you inside before your match I'll make sure you're scrubbing toilets with Ron Hall for the foreseeable future.

Haynes shrugs his shoulders.

Haynes: I've done worse for money, believe you me.

Unlikely shoots Haynes one final look.

Unlikely: And Will, tonight - you get to say hello to an OLD friend.

There's a smirk on Mikey's face as he turns to walk away, a few of the security guards going with him. A few stay behind to keep an eye on Haynes.

Haynes: Old friend, huh? Wonder who he could mean.

The THRILL is left to wonder as the scene cuts.

Chance Von Crank vs ????????

A huge cocking noise is heard followed by a shotgun blast booms over the arena....

Shock N Rolla...

Here 2 Show Ya...

Cocked Back... And.. Loaded!

Chance Von Crank

His music can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy and his half self emerge from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a CVC Sucks! chant breaks out throughout the crowd.

Blackfront: Time for another WrestleUTA Sink or Swim, World Title Tournament match! Coming up first is the Shock N Rolla!

Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his body and his famous Aw Ski Ski after a few simulated strokes, signaling he's finished.

Roberts: From Harlan County, Kentucky. Standing at six foot four and weighing in at two hundred and sixty two pounds...

Chance continues down the ramp, staring down at Roberts in the ring.

Roberts: He is.... CHANCE... VON... CRAAAANNKKK!!!!

He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his Trailer Park Prodigy shirt into the crowd just to have it tossed back at Chance who is now heading for the turnbuckle, climbs up holding his arms high amongst all the boo's.

Ace: I wonder who he's facing! Who's going to fire CVC!?

Blackfront: It could be anyone! But i wouldn't put all my eggs against Chance, he is a crazy man willing to do anything to win a match!

"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween begins to play.

Ace & Blackfront: WHAT!?

The crowd immediately responds with jeers as the one and only Perfection exits from behind the curtain. He raises his arms accepting the crowds reaction to his wonderfulness.

There is no doubt about it

I'm one of kind, baby

I am le d'Artagnan de coeur

As you may see, candy.

Ace: Perfection is back bay bay!

Blackfront: Oh my! Thats one hell of a way to come back! To show up in the WUTASOSWTT!

Ace: This is going to be good!

Perfection makes his way towards the ring taking his time to jaw-jack with fans near the rails. He walks up the stairs to enter the ring. He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Roberts: Hailing from Los Angeles, California

And I'm talking with my eyes  
and I walk in different styles

Roberts: Standing at six feet tall and weighing in at two-hundred twenty-two pounds, he is the CURRENT UTA Wildfire Champion...

I'm a genuine man

Perfection grabs the middle rope leaning over it and yelling at fans in the front row.

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am

I am a perfect gentleman

Yes I am, I am, yes I am

(perfect)

Roberts: PERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFECCECCCTTTTTIIIONNNNNNNNNN!!!!

He poses for all to see flexing and smiling those pearly whites.

Ace: You are looking at our next WrestleUTA World Champion Jason! I'm calling it now!

Now he mounts the turnbuckle to yell at the fans some more before giving one last pose and jumping down from the turnbuckle

The bell sounds and the two men circle one another in the ring, Perfection much more aloof and light, than a focused Chance Von Crank. There's a quick tie up in the center and Perfection breaks the hold and grabs the wrist of CVC with both arms. He brings it up over his head and twists the arm in its socket. He then lifts again and brings it down across his shoulder in an unnatural fashion. Chance stumbles backwards toward the corner, clutching at his aching elbow. He shakes it off a few times but Perfection comes running, ending any break he may have had. Chance moves and Perfection goes chest first into the turnbuckle. Chance ducks and tried a quick roll up, but Perfection is out after one! The two climb to their feet where Chance throws a couple wild forearm shots, he backs up and goes for a hard lariat, but Perfection ducks the attempt, then rises, sending CVC over his back, over the top rope, and to the floor outside the ring.

Blackfront: Watch out! The action is coming outside!

Ace: Usually I would say the advantage goes to Chance, but both these guys are sly out there!

CVC lies on the black matting that surrounds the ring, he's breathing heavy as Perfection breaks the count and exits the ring. He slowly walks over to man with a mullet, before Chance pounces up and sweeps the legs out from under James Witherhold. His playing possum worked well. Chance grabs Perfection and sits him up, he stands above him and rains down lefts and rights to the forehead of the former 2x UTA World Heavyweight Champion. Chance then grabs some nearby cables and wrap them around the neck of Perfection. The referee now exits the ring and gets in between the two, barking at CVC to drop the cables. Finally he does, and Perfection stumbles away trying to catch his breath, reaching for his neck. CVC starts to follow but a back elbow stops him cold in his tracks. Perfection rolls into the

ring during his brief intermission of pain, and as soon as Chance tries, Witherhold drops the boots on the back of the neck of the Shock N Rolla.

CVC slowly tries to stand through the flurry, after dropping to a knee, composing himself, and getting back up, he finally manages to find his footing. A few stiff chops to the chest from Perfection help wake him up and before long he's fighting back. The two exchange punches and forearm shots until a swift kick from Perfection to the gut/groin area stops CVC. The former champ shoots him off the ropes and when he comes back Perfection locks in a sleeper hold. The fans boo the "boring" maneuver, and Perfection jaws right back to them. After a few seconds the Shock N Rolla starts to fade, and Perfection jumps onto his back and grapevines the legs around the midsection.

Blackfront: Great strategy by Perfection here, knowing that vicing the body of Crank will cut his circulation and breathing down considerably.

Ace: Wooooooo, Our next champion!

The referee raises and drops the arm of Chance, somehow somehow Chance comes back alive just before his arm drops the third time. He's back in this thing, and trying to get a slow clap going but none of the fans like him. After ignoring his request the crowd begins to boo both men. Perfection holds the sleeper in and pulls Chance over with a variation of the headlock takedown. From there he rolls across the back and grabs both arms on his way to a sitting position. Perfection twists one of his arms around the shoulder of Chance and pulls back with a very nice submission move. Perfection is stretching out Chance at this point. Chance tries to find an exit, he swings his legs wildly towards the ring ropes, but to no avail, he is a far ways off. Then he tried to roll through the hold, this works momentarily until Chance finds himself on the worse end of a pinning predicament. The referee slaps the mat twice before Chance gets his shoulder up. From his new position he can finally reach the ropes however. Perfection holds the hold for four seconds too long!

Breaking the hold now, Perfection quickly gets up, Chance is taking his time when Witherhold strikes him again. Running knee to the back that sends Chance right back to the mat. Perfection grabs him by the hair. Lifts his chin so he's looking up, and drops down with an elbow to the forehead. Chance reaches for his head and neck. The referee admonishes Perfection for grabbing the hair, then checks on CVC. While the referee's back is turned, Witherhold reaches into the front of his tights. He slips something into his hand. Chance Von Crank slowly gets up and Perfection spins and plants him right between the eyes! He then tosses the pair of Brass knuckles from the ring on his way down to pin Chance, the referee never saw it. The count is automatic.

Roberts: The Winner of this match and advancing in the World Title Tournament!  
PERRRRFEEEECCCTTTIIIIIOOOOONNNNNN

Blackfront: He clearly used a weapon there at the end!

Ace: Not clearly enough for referee Jennifer Whales. PERFECTION MOVES ONNNN!!!

Fade.

Idiom

We return from the commercial break to a shot of WrestleUTA Headquarters. The screen fades into a room with a red curtain in the background and three hollywood style chairs. Two chairs facing a ten o'clock direction, and one facing in the two o'clock direction.

Sitting in the single chair is WrestleUTA's backstage interviewer Paul Stewart. In the other two chair sit, the mysterious Figure in Black dressed in a black baggy cloak with a black hat tilted over their eyes and that sinister full teeth grin on the black mask they wear. Next to FiB is the UTA Hall of Famer known now as "The Perfect Weapon" Crimson Lord.

Crimson has a pair of light brown timberland boots, with a pair of blue "Levi" jeans with his new white, purple, and green hockey style shirt. With a gavel logo and above it the words "The Verdict". Crimson wears a black Chicago White Sox 2005 World Champions knit beanie. Stewart addresses the camera to begin the interview.

Stewart: Hello WrestleUTA I am sitting here with UTA Hall of Famer Crimson Lord, and...I am sorry we really do not know who you are. Surely you have a name?

He looks toward the FiB.

FiB: I don't and I am ready to take it.

Stewart looks at them confused.

Stewart: What?, I do not understand do you or...

Crimson quickly interrupts their conversation.

Crimson: We are not here to discuss who she is.

Stewart: Ok, well fans are referring to her as The Judge.

FiB: Oooo I like that!

Stewart: Ok, so Judge what is Crim...

Before Stewart can get a question off FiB now known as The Judge interrupts him.

The Judge: I hate that name why are you calling me that?

Stewart looks back toward her, again confused by her response.

Stewart: You just said you liked being called that.

She shakes her head in disapproval.

The Judge: No I didn't!

Stewart quickly retorts back obviously a bit agitated.

Stewart: Yes, you did!

The Judge: No I didn't!

Stewart tries to compose himself and takes a deep breathe and asks her once more.

Stewart: Well, then what do you want to be called?

The Judge: The Judge.

Stewart's eyes widen as once again his professionalism is put to the test.

Stewart: Wait a minute you just said you hated that name, so what is it?

The Judge: I never said I hated that name.

Stewart, clearly seen to have become aggravated now completely.

Stewart: Yes you d..

Before this bickering session begins all over again Crimson finally breaks the endless circle between the two.

Crimson: Look we are going to be here all night with this back and forth she hates the name, get on with the interview.

Stewart, raises an eyebrow toward Crimson looks briefly at The Judge with that plaster smile on her mask, then returns to Crimson.

Stewart: Ok So Crimson what made you want to return to the UTA?

Apparently The Judge was not done driving Paul nuts and quickly answers the question for Crimson.

The Judge: My weapon is here to dish out his Brand of Injustice.

Paul tries to address her, but he rather not try to get into another back and forth with her he responds.

Stewart: Well, I am sorry I am just going to call you black.

The Judge: The Judge will do.

The frustration quickly shows all over Paul's face.

Stewart: I thought you hated that name?

The Judge: Yes I hate it.

Paul has given up and looks at the camera very tired for a moment, and quickly tries to change the subject back to Crimson Lord.

Stewart: So I think we got a general idea that you're here to be that same devastating man you once were back in 2015!

Crimson: Quite the opposite Paulus Stewart, I am here to purge WrestleUTA of the injustice that dwells here.

Now it appears Crimson is starting to mess with him, by calling him Paulus for some odd reason.

Stewart: But she just said you're here to dish out your Brand of Injustice? So which one is it, because this interview has my head spinning right now. You two can't have both.

The Judge: Injustice is why I have unleashed my weapon, no one else will infect this company so he will do it.

Crimson: Exactly and a lot of superstars need to be brought to justice.

Paul rubs his temples and holds hand out for a moment. He takes a few deep breathes and tries to continue with this interview.

Stewart: Ok wait a minute I feel like we are going in circles here she just said you're here to infect the company with injustice, then you just said you're here to bring justice to the superstars here in WrestleUTA..which is it!?...You know what nevermind I don't want to know.

The Judge: She is weird.

Paul has once again lost his composure.

Stewart: Hey, I am a guy.

The Judge: She is pretty crazy huh Crimson.

Crimson: He seems to be pretty sane.

Stewart has his hand over his forehead for a moment then again tries to get his composure to finish this interview.

Stewart: ....I have to say this is by far is the strangest interview I have ever done in my career.

Paul looks toward her as she says...

The Judge: You hear that Crimson she said this was her first customary interview she has ever done.

Paul looks toward Crimson as he says.

Crimson: Are we done Paulus?

Paul tries to correct Crimson on his name.

Stewart: It's Paul, Crimson what has happened to you since you left WrestleUTA after Ring King 2015?

Judge once more answers the question before Crimson can.

The Judge: To be honest Stewart Paul it would take to long to stand here and explain what has happened to him since you last saw him.

Crimson: Paulus the story of my life will be told in the near future.

Stewart: Well, then to wrap this up I think we got a pretty good idea about you Judge...

The Judge: Is there someone else here? ::she looks toward Crimson:: No one told me we would have company.

Stewart can not help but think to himself this woman clearly has mental issues.

Crimson: It is ok they're no threat.

The Judge: Oh, thank evilness.

Stewart: Thank evilness? You are a strange woman Judge.

The Judge: I told you I hate that name!

Crimson: Before this starts up again, The sickness of this company must be PURGED! I will be their Final Jud...

Before Crimson can finish his statement, the camera shot moves to the side and soon after a shot of Crimson's eye in a close up view is seen! Theo Baylor, and Michael Bryd have appeared in view of the other camera.

The shot catches Theo nailing Crimson in the face with one of the cameras filming the interview. Stewart quickly gets out of his chair. Crimson's chair falls into The Judge's chair knocking her out of the chair to the ground. Theo and Michael start to viciously assault Crimson who is barely conscious.

Bryd: Theo deal with her!

Bryd points at The Judge who is reaching for her hat, Stewart has gone over to try and help her, only to be tossed away by Theo. As Baylor grabs Judge by the arm and grabs her mask! Crimson is now fighting to get to his feet. While Bryd continues his assault!

Baylor: Time to see who you really are!

Judge's eyes now seen through her mask are wide open.

Theo reach under her mask and pulls the mask off! Judge quickly covers her face shouting a word.

The Judge: IDIOM!

A shot of Crimson's eyes show them quickly widen. He pushes himself to his feet, as Bryd is getting extremely frustrated with not being able to keep him down. Crimson lunges toward Theo and knocks him off The Judge. He falls on top of her, as Theo enraged himself joins in on the beatdown Bryd has been giving Crimson.

Crimson has Judge pretty much shielded and the camera is unable to get a exact look at her true identity. Bryd and Baylor finish up their assault. And look down at a nearly unconscious Crimson.

Baylor: Pathetic protecting this ho, while you get your ass beat!

Bryd: Payback is a bitch isn't it!

Bryd and Baylor slap hands admiring their handiwork. They walk off camera, the camera catches Stewart returning to assist Crimson and The Judge.

The show switches to the arena and Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace.

Blackfront: Can you believe Bryd, and Baylor?

Ace: No, this man made fools out of them it is like Michael Bryd said payback is a bitch!

Blackfront: I have a feeling this is far from over between these three men. On a side note it appears we have a idea WHO this Figure in Black is now. She is called The Judge, but we are still left with the question whether she wants to be called that or not.

Ace: I have seen my share of mentally unstable superstars in my career, but this chick is a can short of a six pack!

Blackfront: Well, fans Chance Von Crank has already been sent packing and next up Lance Mike will be putting his job on the line against another mystery opponent. Can Lance advance to the second round, or will he join cVc in the unemployment line?

Me & My Mate Plato!

Cut to the backstage area. Andy Murray - the most old-school of old-school wrestlers - stands before a UTA backdrop, with only a camera for company. Anyone who's spent more than five minutes watching wrestling throughout their lifetime should know what this means.

It's promo time, ladies and gents.

Andy Murray: Friends, Romans, sillymen...

A little wink for Jack Hunter.

Andy Murray: ... lend me your eyes. I come not to bury Chris Ross, nor to praise him...

The King loses the haughty Shakespeare act there and.

Andy Murray: But well, I've been doing a little research into my next opponent, as I always do, and the findings are a tad... concerning.

The Scotsman's dressed casually in a grey tee, black jacket, and black jeans tonight. He pulls his cell phone from his pocket, swipes a thumb across it a few times, then looks back to the camera.

Andy Murray: From the man's Twitter feed, I quote: "Wishing an unhappy Veteran's Day! This patriotic crap is enough to make me puke! Makes me wanna join the enemy team, if anything!"

Murray looks back to the camera, raising an eyebrow.

Andy Murray: "Recycling is a total waste of time and involves too many trash cans for me to give a crap about! Eff the environment!"

He tries super hard to stifle a laugh.

Andy Murray: And directly to myself: "Hey Murray! Hope ya got good life insurance! Ya gonna need it after I curb stomp ya face through the floor! Welcome to HBG!"

Murray takes a long deep breath, before eventually slipping the phone back into his pocket. His expression isn't that of a troubled man, but a disappointed father.

Andy Murray: When I said "concerning" earlier, it's not because I'm afraid of competing against this lad. I've been competing against the best this sport has to offer for two-and-a-half decades now: when you reach that point, the intimidation kinda wears off...

He waits.

Andy Murray: What I am concerned about, however, is that WrestleUTA appear to have booked me against an actual child. A child that happens to know a lot of suplexes, but a child nonetheless.

Murray laughs.

Andy Murray: Really, mate? Insulting veterans? "Eff the environment?" Look, I get it: you're new to the game, and you feel like you've gotta make a noise to stand-out. You've notched a couple of impressive wins, that's true, but brother, I've met a lot of guys like you during my time in this business, so let me put on my "grizzled veteran" hat and explain a couple things...

He doesn't literally put on a hat, because that'd be weird... you weirdo.

Andy Murray: My mate Plato said that "wise men speak because they have something to say, but fools speak because they have to say something." You, my man, are the absolute definition of a motormouth: a man defined by bluster, who isn't content to get by on the strength of his skills alone, and feels the need to tear down the world around him at the same time.

Andy pauses.

Andy Murray: No doubt you're gonna spend the next couple of weeks talking about life insurance, and curb stomping my head through the floor. Heck, maybe you'll make a couple has-been jokes... those are always good for a laugh, right? "Welcome to HGB! 717! Keystone state killer, represent!"

He looks back and forth, as if looking for someone's approval.

Andy Murray: Is that what he says? Did I say the thing right?

Murray shakes it away, then turns back to the lens.

Andy Murray: It's cool, mate. I get it. You've got the whole "rookie inferiority complex" thing going on, and you're trying to attract attention. No worries, I did my fair share of that when I was learning the trade too...

He straightens up. Gets serious.

Andy Murray: Here's the thing though, lad: while you're worrying about insulting people on Twitter and reppin', whatever that is, I'm working on my craft. I'm in the gym, studying tape, or sparring, because I recognise that there's no such thing as perfection, and that even after 23 years in this business, there's still progress to be made, and lessons to be learned...

He smiles.

Andy Murray: And laddie, if you write me off as some brittle old man, that's exactly what this match is gonna be -- a lesson. I respect any man who has the bollocks to step between these ropes, but if you think age has blunted this "old man's" blade, you've got another thing coming...

The smile widens.

Andy Murray: I'm here to make history, not become a footnote. By all means, come at me with all that bluster, but do yourself a favour and look me up when you've calmed yourself down. Get on YouTube, watch a couple of matches, and start to realise what you're up against here, because if you don't...

One final pause.

Andy Murray: This tournament isn't gonna end too well for you, and you can take that to the bank.

Cut

Lance Mikes vs ????????

We come back to ringside, the two competitors are in the ring. The announcer Justin Roberts, is finishing his announcement of Lance Mikes.

Blackfront: Lance Mikes the legend, ladies and gentlemen. Both Lance Mikes and this newcomer are being given a HUGE opportunity, ONE of these men will advance in the WrestleUTA Sink or Sw....

Ace: Oh for pete's sake! THE WUTASOSWTT! One of these jabronis gets to move on in the tournament and one of them is going home!

Blackfront: That's right partner, Lance Mikes a UTA veteran, has been here for two runs now! On the other side of the ring... well I'll let Justin Roberts take it... Justin!

Roberts: AND HIS OPPONENT!!! Weighing in at 270 Lbs.... Hailing from BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS!!! This is... "The Murder Machine!" VAAAAANNNNNNNN CAAAAARRRRRRVVVVVEEEERRRRRR

The bell rings.

The match starts out with Carver and Lance going toe to toe. Mikes pushes the rookie trying to get a reaction out of him. Carver responded with a HUGE forearm to rattle the larger man. Mikes would take exception and struggle with Carver briefly before locking him into a sidehead lock and sending him across the ring for the ride. Carver wouldn't be laid down by a barrage of clothesline attempts, though. Ducking and twisting his way under each one until he finally was able to see an opening and hit Mikes with a flurry of offense impact moves that forced Mikes to retreat to his corner.

Carver would hit an impressive looking Roaring Elbow and attempt to follow it up with a knee strike but the veteran Mikes would pull himself out of the ring, causing Carver to catch nothing but unforgiving steel. Off of the miss, Carver would fall prey to some of the veterans more senior tactics. Allowing himself to be worked over a bit, with a mix of power moves as Mikes tried to wear out the rookie.

The moves wouldn't be effective enough as Carver would kick out of a pinning attempt following Mikes' devastating Spinebuster that shook the entire ring. Mikes couldn't believe it, continuing the assault until an eye rake would turn things back in Carver's favor.

Van, no stranger to the usage of underhanded tactics, took a few more liberties with Mikes' throughout the duration, whether it was not breaking his hold when the official told him, to using the ring ropes for leverage during a pinning attempt. Van was trotting out every trick in the book.

Carver would explode on Mikes' both literally and figuratively as the rookie continued bringing the strong style offense to Mikes' front door; eventually doubling him over and delivering a shocking Exploder Suplex into the corner, that saw Mike's clang his head hard on the turnbuckle. It was simple and effective. Mikes' hit the mat lack a sack of potatoes. The rookie would press his shoulders to the mat. The official's hand would drop.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE....

Ace: Wow!

Blackfront: What an impressive showing from both men, but the WrestleUTA rookie Van Carver Moves on in the tournament!!!

Ace: Hey Jason!?

Blackfront: Yes, Tommy?

Ace: LANCE MIKES ISN'T HERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Fade.

## Outside The Arena

Outside the arena there's a little pen for guests to smoke. Normally there would be more than a few people milling about, not enough to really make a lot of noise. But tonight that's different, because tonight - in that pen is someone THRILLing.

The camera tightens on the face of Will Haynes, a smirk and then a wink is the open as the camera moves through some folks to come closer. Haynes is in the middle of a story.

Haynes: ...then I say Slaw you sure your phone isn't in your pocket.

The crowd leans in close.

Haynes: And sure enough it was!

The crowd laughs. Guess you had to be there for the first half. Haynes motions to the crowd to give him a second. He points towards the camera, the crowd nods their head. They understand.

Haynes: Look, it's great that you wanna come out here n' get my take on things. I understand it, but listen - I don't know what ya want from me. Cause everythin' I could possibly say right here tonight, y'all already know.

Y'all know how much I can't stand Mikey Unlikely. How much I wish I could just show him how terrible he's truly become. Y'all know how far we go back. Y'all know I want the World Title a' this place. Y'all know I've got screwed out if it before. Y'all know I ain't never got a fair shake.

Y'all know it.

But tonight - tonight I'm gonna SHOW y'all.

I been waitin' months t' get back into a ring. Been waitin' months t' show y'all that I still got it. N' it don't matter if Jesus Christ struts out to that ring tonight - whoever it is, is gonna get beat. Rest assured.

I'm out t' prove it. Not just tonight y'all, but every night that we go on air. Y'all see what I mean tonight. Promise ya that.

Haynes waves goodbye and rejoins the conversation with his new friends.

## Jestal vs El Dragon Rojo

Blackfront: Both Chance and Lance have received their pink slips tonight.

Ace: By the end of the night we will have the round two brackets all set up for the Sink or Swim tourney.

Blackfront: Yes indeed and the winner of this tournament will be crowned the NEW UTA World Champion!

Ace: It's time for a newcomer to the UTA to make his debut. He goes by the name of Jestal, and he will be taking on his opponent El Burrito!

Blackfront: That's El Dragon Rojo Tommy.

Ace: That's what I said El Taco Bell!

Jeremy Roberts is standing ready to introduce El Dragon Rojo's opponent in the next match of the evening.

?Jestal's Theme? begins to play...

Roberts: And his opponent...from The FunHouse...."The Mad Prince" JESTAL!!!

Jestal appears in a clown car at the top of the stage, and begins to drive down the aisle. Jestal car drives wildly down to the ring, finally hitting the ring. The door flies open and a Jestal falls out of the car. He appears to have a rubber

chicken in his right hand. He staggers to his feet and then starts laughing, he stops his laugh as he catches El Dragon Rojo in the ring. He quickly slides in the ring and runs up to him and pulls out a pad from his jacket with a pen in his hand.

Blackfront: It appears this clown might be a fan of Rojo Tommy.

Ace: What a strange man, what is with that rubber chicken in his hand?

It appears he wants Dragon's autograph. Rojo looks at the ref and the fans and then back at the Jestal who looks sincere. He slowly takes the pad, and Jestal seems pleased. Rojo signs it and hands it back to Jestal. He looks toward him ecstatic until he gets a look at the pad. He quickly starts to tear up the paper his handwriting is on. In a frenzy he throws the pad on the ground and starts to drop elbows on the pad.

He starts to taunt the pad, while the ref, Rojo, and the fans look on at this clearly delusional man. Rojo grabs the Jestal by the shoulder and turns him around and starts to say something to him. The Jestal looks on squinting his eyes at Rojo. It appears the Jestal does not understand what Rojo is saying.

The Jestal motions for a microphone as the fans want to see a match.

Jestal: Settle down boys and girls, I want to ask Nacho Bel Grande something.

Rojo clearly does not like that remark.

Jestal: I thought you were La Flama Blanca!

Rojo shakes his head, Jestal clearly upset by this he stares at Rojo.

Jestal: That autograph is worthless, much like in five minutes I am going to show you how worthless you truly are!

Rojo begs for the clown to bring it, Jestal looks on shocked for a moment and then slowly stares at him with a sick smile.

Jestal: Ok, boys and girls.....IT'S PLAYTIME!

The bell rings and Rojo locks up with the clown, and throws him off the ropes Rojo tries for a clothesline, and Jestal grabs a hold of his arm and floats over to the other side of Rojo and hip tosses him over. Rojo quickly gets to a knee and looks at the clown shocked. Jestal starts prancing around laughing as he does.

Rojo quickly locks up with Jestal once more. And this time hip tosses Jestal over. The clown sits up and looks at Rojo with a sad look. Jestal gets up and yells at the ref that he was pulling his tights telling the ref to check Rojo. The ref argues a bit with the clown but then humors him as he walks over to Rojo. Just as he gets into a conversation with Rojo Jestal clobbers Rojo over the refs shoulders.

The ref staggers out from between them. As Jestal starts to unload on Rojo, he backs him into the ropes! He tries to throw him off the ropes, but Rojo reverse it and sends Jestal off the ropes. Jestal however crashes through the second rope apparently on purpose. He stumbles out onto the floor as Rojo again stares at where the clown fell baffled. Jestal stumbles to his feet, he looks at his rubber chicken sitting at the ring and starts to talk to it.

Rojo has had enough and goes off the ropes and suicide dives through the second rope slamming shoulder first into Jestal they both hit the barricade. Rojo gets to his feet and climbs up on the apron, and looks behind him waiting for Jestal to get to his feet. The clown finally gets to his feet and Rojo moonsaults off the top rope, back down on Jestal. The fans erupt in cheers as Rojo slowly gets to his feet Jestal's feet are over his head with his butt in the air.

Rojo has gotten to his feet and slides in the ring waiting for the clown to get back in the ring while the ref continues to count. Jestal has rolled over to his hands and knees and then finally using the barricade pulls himself to his feet. He quickly looks back in the ring as Rojo is begging for him to get back in the ring. Jestal pretends he is pulling up his

pants, even though his outfit is a bodysuit. He rushes in the ring and charges Rojo.

Rojo drop toe leg drops Jestal to the mat. He floats over locking in a side headlock! Jestal struggles to free himself, by slowly trying to get to a vertical base, he delivers elbows to the mid section of Rojo. Dragon breaks the hold and Jestal quickly goes off the ropes. Rojo leap frogs a incoming Jestal. Falls to the mat on his stomach on a returning Jestal, as he returns back Rojo tries a hip toss, but Jestal floats over his back and quickly retaliates with a Ghetto Blaster!

Jestal sits up on the mat laughing, before getting to his feet and waiting for a dazed Rojo to get to his feet. Rojo gets to his feet and without hesitation Jestal chop blocks Rojo's knee. He hits the mat clutching his knee in pain. Jestal wastes no time and steps on the back of Rojo's knee and lifts his leg up in the air and with his foot presses down on his knee slamming it into the mat. He yells at his rubber chicken to see if his chicken approves. He returns on the attack with his foot on the back of Rojo's knee slamming it two more times before he turns Rojo over in a half crab.

Rojo slowly crawls to the rope and finally reaches it! The ref starts to give Jestal a five count, as he reaches a four count Jestal releases the hold as Rojo clutches his knee in pain. Jestal tip toes around the ring with a huge grin on his face. He turns around and his eyes widen as though he is in shock. You can hear him saying "Oh My God" over and over. While he rushes over to Rojo to see if he is ok like he had nothing to do with what happened to him. Obviously showing concern, he looks to the back and makes a "X" the ref is shaking his head telling Jestal he can not do that.

Rojo has pulled himself up by the ropes. While Jestal is clearly now in a deep conversation with the ref. You can hear him say "He needs a doctor look!" Just as Rojo pulls himself up with help from the ropes; Jestal dropkicks his injured knee. Rojo screams in pain and hits the mat again clutching his knee even more. He quickly stands up and once again gets into a heavy conversation with the ref about how he thinks Rojo needs a doctor.

Once more Rojo pulls himself up with help from the ropes he falls back in the corner. Jestal waves his hand at the referee, he turns to Rojo and charges. Without hesitation Rojo lifts his strong leg up and kicks Jestal square in the jaw. Jestal turns around in a daze. He looks up and points with his finger as you can hear him once more in what appears him ordering something from McDonalds. "One Double Cheeseburger, fries and.." Jestal turns around and Rojo flies from the corner in a leaping clothesline, knocking the jester down to the mat.

Rojo gets to his feet trying to getting feeling back in his injured leg, while hyping the crowd at the same time. Jestal gets to his feet, Rojo begins to unload with lefts and rights to Jestal. Staggering the clown into the corner, He pulls Jestal out of the corner and suplex him to the mat he floats over for a two count. Rojo gets to his feet as Jestal slowly does as well. Rojo quickly hits a standing dropkick, sending Jestal through the second rope to the floor. Rojo waits patiently for Jestal to return to the ring.

The jester slowly pulls himself up with help from the apron. He looks in the ring and you can see his foot kick the apron in front of him. He looks down, as though something from under the ring grabbed his foot, he climbs back in the ring. He quickly tells the ref there is something under the ring, telling the referee to go look. The ref falls for what the jester said and leaves the ring and goes to check on what apparently grabbed Jestal's leg. Jestal watches him and then turns around to be met with another standing dropkick by Rojo!

Jestal falls into the corner. Rojo heads to the corner across from him, he runs toward Jestal. In mid run Jestal reaches down for his rubber chicken sitting in the corner. The referee is now looking under the ring. Rojo comes within striking distance and Jestal clobbers Rojo in the head with his rubber chicken! Rojo falls down quickly and appears to be out cold. Jestal pushes his rubber chicken out of the ring. He staggers over to the unconscious Rojo and falls ontop of him in exhaustion. The referee realizing that Jestal was seeing things, suddenly notices a pinfall. He rushes in the ring for the one, two, and three!

The bell rings, as ?Jestal's Theme begins to play!?

Roberts: The winner of the match "The Mad Prince" Jestal!!

Jestal rolls out of the ring now laughing, as he grabs his chicken and heads back up the ramp looking out into the fans and laughing hysterically.

Blackfront: Rojo has been cheated by this jester! There is something fishy about that rubber chicken of his. Rojo still has yet to move on the mat.

Ace: He got beat by a rubber chicken that is hilarious!

Blackfront: This Jestal, is nothing more than a cheat and a thief he stole this match from Dragon!

Ace: Win by any means necessary, I think I am going to like this guy he clearly is entertaining!

Blackfront: Later tonight fans, Will "The Thrill" Haynes will be taking on a hand picked opponent in our Main Event this evening. I wonder who our new boss has hand picked to face Will?

Ace: Given Haynes and Mikey's relationship, Haynes is going to have his plate full that's for sure!

You've Been A Naughty Boy!

Let Em Come by Scroobius pip hits the announce system

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view. His hair tied back in a top knot with his back facing the ring wearing a smart suit jacket and jeans combo.

Ace: Alright! Now we're talking people!

Blackfront: Kendrix pulled off an impressive, although somewhat controversial, victory last time out to advance in the WrestleUTA Championship Tournament at the expense of the now unemployed John Sektor.

Ace: It sure was controversial, I can't believe Sektor was going to hit Mikey with the C-Sektion! Thank God for JFK!

As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace Kendrix simply tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting his Armani sponsored Bug Eye shades as well as his customary smug smirk on his face. Pivoting on his left foot he spins to face the crowd. After opening his suit jacket out to reveal the latest JFK t-shirt underneath, he makes his way to the ring, gesturing to the unwelcoming reception aimed in his direction with his hands out flat behind his ears.

Ace: Speak up people, JFK can't hear you!

Blackfront: I'm pretty sure Kendrix's hearing is fine.

Upon entering the ring Kendrix grabs a mic from one of the stagehands before taking his place in the centre of the ring. After taking a moment to look out around the arena, smirk still in tact, he holds the mic up in front of his mouth.

Kendrix: Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Kendrix lowers the mic as he simply laughs off the abuse he's getting.

Ace: Listen up Jason!

After wiping an imaginary happy tear away from his eye Kendrix brings the mic back up.

Kendrix: You all saw it didn't you?! Last show, you all saw THE FUTURE before your very eyes! Right in the middle of this WrestleUTA ring. Your hero, JFK, pinned the Gold Standard himself, John Sektor...one, two, three!

YOU'RE A BELLEND, CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

YOU'RE A BELLEND, CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

At that moment, Kendrix turns to make his way to the opposite ropes. Resting his arms over the top rope, his right foot laid out on the middle one, he leans out at the crowd.

Kendrix: HEY, YOU BELLEND'S SHOW SOME RESPECT AND SHUT THE FUCK UP WHEN YOUR FUTURE IS TALKING!!

BOOOOOOOO!

Blackfront: This young man needs to wind his neck in before that ego of his explodes all over the arena.

Returning to the middle of the ring he turns to face the opposite side of the crowd.

Kendrix: As JFK was saying before he was so rudely interrupted. Jesse Fredericks Kendrix... BEAT...John Sektor in the middle of the ring to not only put that JFK wannabe back on the dole line behind the rest of you lot...but more importantly than that...JFK did what he said he was going to do when he was literally begged to come back all those weeks ago when WrestleUTA's ratings were so low...even MacGyver was ahead in the ratings.

Ace: MacGyver?!

JFK begins to pace a little, slowly from left to right.

Kendrix: JFK promised you all that he was coming back to help his Bruv take out the trash and make this company great again! Ladies and Gentlemen, it's a new era here in the UTA. It's the Mikey Unlikely era!!

He abruptly stops pacing to peer into the ringside cameraman's lens.

Kendrix: It's out with the old and in with The Future...and you're all looking at the next UTA World Heavyweight Champion, innit?! It's only a matter o...

At that moment, Blunt Blowin hits, interrupting Kendrix before he can get into his stride. Mikey wears a full black suit, with red power tie. His signature shades rest over his eyes. He comes out onto the stage to a chorus of boos and reacts with a gentle smile and wave.

Blackfront: God, would you look at Kendrix clapping away like a total suck up!

Ace: Stand up here with me and clap for our fearless leader Jason, show some respect!

Mikey brings the microphone he brought with him, to his lips.

Mikey Unlikely: Woah, Woah, Woah, here we go again bruv! Do I constantly have to come out here and remind you that I am the most unbiased, straight laced, and an all round fair guy! This tournament continues, and I congratulate you on beating that idiot, John Sektor! I know it took a lot of... strategy!

He says with a wink to the camera.

Mikey Unlikely: HOWEVER the means by which you attempted to win that match are beyond despicable! I will not allow this tournament to be determined by cheating or unfavorable tactics, Mr. Kendrix! So in order to bring about balance and accountability to this new brand that is WrestleUTA, I have decided that YOU, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, have been FINED!!!!

A look of utter shock crosses the face of the original Bruv, it quickly turns to anger. The fans actually cheered the announcement.

Mikey Unlikely: In fact! I was going to originally take it easy on you, but i think we have to set a precedent here! I will not be seen as a lame duck owner! No, I will be fining you a very hefty amount... in fact, I demand you to pay this fine in one week's time, for the amount of EIGHT THOUSAND.....

Ace: DAMMMMMNNNNNNNN

Blackfront: Eight thousand is no joke Tommy!

Mikey Unlikely: ...ANNNDDDDD FIFTY THREE MIKEY MONIES!

Kendrix holds his hands to the side of his head, his mouth open wide in utter bewilderment before hopping up and slamming both feet down on the mat a couple of times!

Kendrix: WHAT? NOOOO!!!! EIGHT THOUSAND AND FIFTY THREE MIKEY MONIES??!! WHAT DID JFK EVEN DO???!!!!!

Mikey doesn't let his demeanor slip as he points up at his Bruv.

Mikey Unlikely: Everyone has been talking about the controversial ending to the main event last week. I can't stand for it in my company...

Blackfront: That's right, Sektor was screwed out of his job.

Mikey Unlikely: I will not idly sit back and have anybody, not least my Bestest Bruv in the whole world...bring a steel chair to the ring in my main events!

As Mikey makes his way to the ring, Kendrix removes his giant bug eye shades and holds his arms out wide shrugging his shoulders as his frustration turns into begrudging acceptance of his crime.

Blackfront: That wasn't even the controversial bit, the chair was a decoy, Mikey was the one that got involved!

Ace: Look at Kendrix, he's so humble right now.

JFK sits on the middle rope so Mikey can gain access to the ring. The two make their way to the middle of the ring to a chorus of boos.

Mikey Unlikely: Now, even though you, I and the millions of WrestleUTA fans know that you only brought the chair into the ring so you could have a seat...

Kendrix shifts his eyes quickly, as if he was having a think about Mikey's latest claim, before nodding along enthusiastically.

Kendrix: That's right, yes! JFK just needed a breather!

Mikey Unlikely: I know, I know! You understand that I still have to fine you though? I can't be biased, even though we're bruvs, OBVS!

Kendrix: TOTALLY OBVS!....Uh, JFK means, yes...Mr Mikey, sir.

Jesse then holds the palm of his hand out flat at Mikey who slaps him across the wrist.

Mikey Unlikely: Just take this as a literal slap on the wrist, bruv. Let's move on!

Kendrix closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before reopening them, nodding and smiling back at Mikey.

Kendrix: Sure thing, Mr Mikey. You've certainly been harsh but TOTALLY OBVS, fair! You've treated JFK like you would anybody else in the locker room.

Jesse pulls one hell of an over exaggerated wink at Mikey who does the same back.

Kendrix: JFK sure has learned his lesson!

The two share a professional hand shake before their open hands turn into fists.

Kendrix & Mikey: GLUEFIST!!!!

Fucking in the Bushes by Oasis hits

Ace: Wow, now that's the way to conduct a disciplinary meeting. Both gentlemen came across so professional.

Blackfront: You really believed all that?

Ace: Of course!

Mikey and Kendrix make their way out of the ring and back up the ramp. The cameras pick up Mikey holding his hand to his heart mouthing "I had to do it, bruv" before Kendrix literally slaps his own wrist.

Fade.

David Hightower vs ???????

Blackfront: Well coming up next is another match in the...

Ace: WUTASOSWTT! Soooo catchy!

Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play and David Hightower walks out carrying d his rusted chain with a tow truck hook attached to it. No Madman Szalinski by his side tonight.

Blackfront: And here comes the most dominant name in WrestleUTA today, he is an astounding five and zero.

Ace: That's a whole lotta bad man, Jason! Wait.. Where's Madman!?

Blackfront: Great point Tommy, every time we've seen David Hightower in this go round, we've been joined by Madman Szalinski as well! And how about last week when Johnny Legend came out and watched our main event!?

David walks down the ramp a scowl on his face, he eyes up the fans who reach out to touch him, but doesn't come close enough for them to do so.

Roberts: Hailing from West Memphis Arkansas...

David walks over to one of the corner and sets his chain with the tow truck hook under the bottom turnbuckle. David kneels down and ties one of his steel toed boots before he slides into the ring.

Roberts: Standing at six feet and weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds...

David storms around the ring before he slams his own head into one of the turnbuckles getting himself hype.

Roberts: He is "The Toughest Dog In The Yard" David Hightower!

David punches himself in the face a few times before he raises his fist in the air.

Blackfront: The deranged David Hightower ready for tonight's match.

David cracks his knuckles and nods his head ready for a fight. He eyes up the entrance ramp waiting for his opponent.

"Hyrule Castle (Zelda III)" by NESkimos

Blackfront/Ace: WHAT!?

A snare roll and dubious feint red lighting fill the entrance to the arena at the top of the ramp. Boos permeate the air throughout when the black and red figure of the masked man comes through the curtain.

Ace: Are you telling me that Madman Szalinski is David Hightowers opponent?

Blackfront: It certainly appears that way Tommy, and he does NOT look pleased. Clearly this was a call made by Mikey Unlikely himself.

Ace: Good! The man understands entertainment and what the people want to see, how many people you know wanna see Madman's face blasted in?

Blackfront: Probably quite a few!

Ace: Exactly! All Mikey does is bring in the ratings baybay!

Madman marches down the aisle towards the ring, ignoring the fans entirely as he paces himself to his theme music. With a burst of speed, he flies through underneath the bottom rope and rolls into the ring, jumping to his feet and running to the nearest corner, yelling out at the still jeering fans before climbing up to the middle rope.

Roberts: From The Fire Fields, weighing in at one hundred and eighty-seven pounds...

Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Roberts: THE MOST HATED MAN IN AMERICA, MADMAN SZALINSKI!!!

The crowd continues to rain down boos, as he laughs at them collectively with disregarding gestures. Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and remains there for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and yelling out inaudible threats and derogatory remarks towards the fans.

Blackfront: Clearly Mikey wanted to see if Madman still had it in the tank!

Ace: Really!? I think he wants to see Madman fired!

As the bell sounds, David Hightower runs toward Madman Szalinski. Madman blocks him, raising knee to the midsection of David Hightower. He steps back, and spins around with a kick to the gut of Hightower. Follows up with an European Uppercut. David Hightower stumbles backward toward the ropes. Szalinski runs...Big clothesline! David Hightower over the top rope! David Hightower crashes down to the floor, slamming his shoulder into the apron before meeting the floor. The fans cheer for Madman as he looks around. He heads over, grabbing David's head, pulling him up.

He yanks David over toward the steps. As he lifts David's head and goes to slam it down, Hightower throws his hands down to stop him. He raises up, grabbing the back of Madman's head and slams it into the top of the steps. David Hightower reverses and Szalinski meets steel. He turns him around and begins slamming him with big rights and lefts. David Hightower blocks his opponent, before pushing him back. David Hightower forward... HUGE CLOTHESLINE! Madman meets the floor. He turns and heads back to the steps, grabbing them. David Hightower lifting them above his head. Szalinski rolls over and begins to get up as David turns back around to him, steps in hand.

Blackfront: Madman Szalinski back to his feet. He runs, jumps.. DROPKICK TO THE STEEL STEPS!

The steps slam into David's head, sending him backward and into the bottom portion of the steps, falling over them. The top steps falling down on top of David's head and chest.

Blackfront: David Hightower in a world of hurt right now.

Ace: He may have just lost this one Jason!

Blackfront: That's if Szalinski can get him back into the ring.

David rolls the steps over and to the floor. Blood covers his face from a huge gash in his forehead. Madman runs back, stops and turns. he takes off toward the steps. Szalinski leaps up, pushing off the bottom step between David's leg and comes down, turning in air with a leg across the chest of David Hightower. He rolls over and pushes up to a knee. He reaches forward and grabs David's head as he stands up, pulling David's body up with him. Madman Szalinski dragging David Hightower to the ring, rolling him in. He grabs the ropes and uses them to pull himself up to the apron. He begins to climb the turnbuckle from the outside.

Blackfront: Madman is going up top...

Ace: He's going to fly.

Madman makes it to the top. The fans cheer as he makes sure he has his balance. Finally, he leaps off with a moonsault... HE MEETS KNEES.... Szalinski slams hard into the canvas as David shuffles away on his knees. he grabs the ropes and uses them to hold himself up on one knee. Madman rolls around behind him in pain.

Blackfront: I can not believe he missed!

Fury: That is a match changing moment!

David looks around, smiling as blood continues to pour. His eyes lock onto his tow chain in the corner.

Blackfront: Oh no.

Ace: Oh yes!

David uses the ropes, pulling himself up. As he gets to his feet he walks along side of the ropes toward the corner. David looks out to the crowd, continuing to smile with a backwoods look before bending down and picking the chain up.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

David methodically wraps the chain around his fist. Behind him Szalinski begins to push up, still reeling from the missed move.

Blackfront: Madman getting to his feet... WATCH OUT!

David turns around and sees him getting up. He gets ready. Finally, Madman stumbles around, turning toward David.

Blackfront: David Hightower comes forward with that chain wrapped fist... KNOCKOUT PUNCH! KNOCKOUT PUNCH!

Ace: OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH

As the chain connects, the end of the tow chain swings around behind Madman's head, hitting him in the back of the head as well. He drops to the canvas. Blood slowly coming from behind his mask in the front. David just smiles sadistically before stepping forward and onto Madman's chest.

One....

Two...

Three...

Roberts: The winner of the match... DAVID... HIGHTOWER!

Blackfront: that's it folks, MADman Szalinski has officially been released from his contract following this match, a former UTA Heavyweight Champion.

Ace: Well when the going got tough, Hightower got going, Madman fell by the wayside! Allow me to be the first to wave goodbye!

Blackfront: Oh would you stop it!

Hightower looks down at Madman, and just shakes his head before he exits the ring to "Country Boy can Survive, by Hank Williams. "

Fade to Commercial Break.

A Message From Harrisburg's Finest

The camera turns to static before revealing a dark night on the streets.... Chris Ross stands in front of the camera leaning against a telephone pole.

Ross: Yeah camera boy keep that camera pointed at me!

The Keystone State Killa says pointing at the camera.

Ross: So here is how it is so far.... First round down.... Next one parked in front of me is this chump Andy Murray... Yeah I heard what you had to say after that oh so impressive win you got last show. You wanna talk about respect Murray? Saying you respect everyone but seem to have a hard time respecting The Boss....

Ross spits on the ground clearly disgusted.

Ross: Murray I don't want you to respect me! I never asked for your respect! Listening to you talk is enough to make me want to take a pen and gouge my eardrums out because you sound like a complete and utter pussy!

The Boss looks at the camera covering his mouth with his hand.

Ross: Oh what camera boy? You're looking at me all surprised like did he really just say the dreaded P word?! Who the fuck am I offending huh? Some kid watching this on his Xbox?! We don't have an FCC to deal with here! What is the UTA gonna do? Create a Chris Ross swear jar? Take your fucking redacted statements and blow it out your ass!

Ross holds up a middle finger.

Ross: Christopher J. Ross doesn't censor himself for anyone! Don't like what I have to say? Sit on the middle finger and rotate mother fucker!

He clears his throat as the camera circles around showing the many sites of Harrisburg.

Ross: Hey focus the damn camera on me Camera Boy. Don't make me dump you on that peanut shaped head of yours!

The Keystone State Killa says as the camera focuses back on him.

Ross: As I was saying... Sissy pants Murray here wants to talk about respect... I don't want your respect Murray but when we get in that ring I will take it from you. I will take your respect from you and make you feel the lowest you've ever felt in your life... You see these streets Murray?

The Boss points to the streets in the area as the camera circles around before focusing back.

Ross: You never walked them.... You never had to see your best friend get jumped by 8 guys and have everything stolen from him! Right down to his socks and underwear! You never had to live a life of survival...

The expression on his face is that to cold dark and emotionless.

Ross: Unlike you I had to pick myself up off these cold streets and actually make a name for myself... I didn't have anyone to back me up or to support me.... You were walking around with that mongoloid of a brother you have who's head is shoved so far up his own ass he's huffing his farts!

The Boss shakes his head disgusted as he walks along the sidewalk passing the "Sandwich Man" Sandwich shop.

Ross: I just want you to realize I don't respect you Murray. I don't respect your skills and I don't respect anything about you! You may have been raised in Scotland like that's supposed to impress me... Acting like a tough guy in a pleated skirt is supposed to scare me apparently... But you never walked the streets of Harrisburg... Hell you never had an issue in your god damn life.... Actually wait.... I take that back....

The Keystone State Killa lets out an evil smile pondering his thoughts....

Ross: I do remember reading about your poor poor pitiful son and how he was involved in a terrible car accident.... And even still he had the will to live watching his daddy do what he does best on TV... Well Murray... I am going to expose to your son what you really are. A LOSER! Nothing but a clean cut goody two shoes pussy who kisses the ass of every executive that he gets parked in front of... I will sleep well knowing that I will make your son cry after I slam you over and over and over again! NO!!!! PLEASE STOP!!!! DADDY!!!!!!

Ross lets out an amusing laugh.

Ross: Now how is that for fucking respect Murray? See ya next show fruit cake! Hope Scotland has good health care! You're gonna learn why Chris Ross is the top talent in the UTA and the best thing to come out of Harrisburg! 717! HBG Represent! The Boss has spoken! Shut the damn camera off!

Chris Ross storms over palming the camera before it turns to static.

Will Haynes vs ??????????

The beginnings of "Sabotage" by the Beastie Boys begins to play as the fans climb to their feet. Smoke begins to fill the entrance ramp, the song reaches the beginning of the first verse just as Will Haynes steps through the curtain.

Blackfront: Here he is folks! he's back in WrestleUTA! Ron Hall's last act as General Manager was to have him sign his contract.

Ace: If only Mikey would have fired him one day earlier!

Blackfront: Demoted...

Ace: Oh what the hell ever!

Will begins to walk down the aisle, nod his head to the music. He slaps the hands of some fans along the ramp as he continues to the ring.

Roberts: Hailing from Athens, Georgia

Roberts: Standing at six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...

Roberts: Will "the THRILL" Haynes

Haynes jumps onto the ring cover, pulls down the middle rope and climbs in. He bounces off the far side, then the near side, and then back off the far side testing the ropes.

The opening lighter strikes of Blunt Blowin by Lil Wayne hit the PA system. Onto the stage walks Mikey Unlikely to a chorus of boos from the fans in the Wrestlezone.

Ace: He's looking good tonight! What a great guy! What a FAIR guy!

Blackfront: Are you trying to be his campaign manager? C'mawn!

Ace: Why!? Have you heard something!? is Mikey running for President!?!?

Mikey smiles back and stops at the top of the ramp, Microphone in hand. He waves at Will Haynes in the ring. Haynes smiles and waves back and gives Mikey an invitation into the ring. Unlikelys music fades as he brings the mic up.

Unlikely:Will Haynes! Welcome back to WrestleUTA!

Fans explode at the mention of Will being back, much to Mikey's disliking.

Unlikely: It appears our fan base is happy to see you back! I'm very happy to hear that, because if there is one thing Mikey loves, its ratings! That's why I have ONE HELLUVA MATCH just for you buddy! You see, I know a lot about Will Haynes...

Mikey starts pacing.

Unlikely: I know if theres one thing Will Hayens wants, its to earn every single thing he gets! He wants to work for it! He wants to say at the end of the day... I had this coming to me! Well Will, let me tell ya, You're going to have to earn this one buddy! I hand picked your opponent tonight, because I know how much you like a challenge. It wasn't hard to convince the man. While he generally doesnt like me, I know he has a deep respect for me, and a friendship that

underneath all the issues will never die. That's why HE JUMPED at the opportunity to come back, go after the WrestleUTA World Title, and most importantly beat you in that ring AND YOU WILL BE OUTTA HERE JUST AS FAST AS YOU CAME IN!!!!

Ace: Who is it!?

Blackfront: I don't kn...

v/o: Orlando, Can you feel it coming in the air tonight?

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark, as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area as a thick mist rolls across the entrance ramp. The crowd cheers loudly for the epic matchup they are about to witness.

As the mist pours off the entrance stage and down the ramp, a video explodes on the screen as you can see letters slowly fade in, forming #THE MENTAL RAPIST

### I can feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord ###

Ace: YESSSS!!! SEAN JACKSON IS BACK!!!

Blackfront: OHHH MYYYY! Look at Haynes, he's actually smiling! He's excited Tommy!

Ace: Oh he won't be!

As In The Air Tonight begins to play, Sean Jackson, Marshall Owens and Vanessa step out onto the stage with two scantily dressed women holding baskets. Sean has the look of pure intensity while Marshall has a smile on his face and Vanessa stands bladed, her curves showing up beautifully against the backdrop.

## Can you feel it coming in the air tonight, oh lord, oh lord. ##

As he stands there stoic, soaking it all in. Sean finally motions to head towards the ring.

Roberts: Coming to the ring, hailing from Dallas, Texas.

Vanessa is dressed in a white skin tight dress with a long slit while Jackson is dressed in a white shirt with the words #UTA World Champion embroidered on the front with an arrow pointing up. He is also wearing black wrestling trunks, with red elbow and knee pads. His black boots have the initials MR on one and SJ on the other.

As they begin to make their way towards the ringside area, the two women begin dropping one hundred dollar bills on the floor for Sean Jackson to step on.

Roberts: Standing at Six foot Two, two hundred and twenty pounds.

Before entering the ring, Sean passes a glance towards the announce table before finally stepping in. Once he does, a spotlight bathes Sean Jackson as he takes to one of the turnbuckles and immediately begins to pull his shirt outward, reminding everyone who the real World Champion is.

After a few moments, the lights return to the arena and Sean hops down from the turnbuckle, preparing for his match to begin.

Roberts: Representing the great state of Texas, "The Mental Rapist" Sean Jackson.

Haynes and Jackson eye one another up from opposite sides of the ring, each man knowing that the future of their UTA careers is hanging in the balance.

Blackfront: And it doesn't get any bigger than this, sports fans.

Ace: One for the ages. Lots on the line here and a TON of history.

Blackfront: All or Nothing, Dynasty, WTFC. Sean Jackson is a wrestling icon, hate him or love him. This is MUST WATCH TV.

Finally the two men surge forward, applying the classic hammer lock in the center of the ring. Surging back and forth each man refusing to give space to the other. The quads working over time as four hundred plus pounds collide. After a few goes at hammer locks, with neither man gaining an advantage, Haynes would float under Jackson's over the top attempt and lock around Jackson's weight. From there it would be a seesaw battle for the entirety of the match.

Haynes would open up an offensive series at the beginning but would be halted by an Atomic Drop onto the brace by Sean Jackson. Jackson would take advantage of the veteran move by returning the favor - laying into Haynes with a series of hard strikes and elbows that drove the THRILLmaker back into the corner. After that it was the high rent district for both gents as Jackson landed an impressive looking Superplex that shook the ring. But alas it would be a near fall as Haynes would power out at the last second.

Blackfront: And Haynes powers out! How did he do it? That Superplex took everything out of him.

Ace: Haynes is winded. He's got a little rust on him, Jason.

This would be the first tease of the infamous Sean Jackson finisher as Jackson backed into the ropes and rushed forward looking for the Game Called Due to Darkness but Haynes, having faced Jackson a time or two before had it scouted well and was able to roll away to the near side ropes, sliding out of the ring to buy himself a moment to recover.

While on the outside the fight would continue as Jackson dove through the center rope and laid Haynes out with a spear from the ring, driving the THRILLmaker hard into the security barrier. The official begging both men to return the action to the ring. But both men would have none of it. Laying into one another with forearms, spiking one another's heads off the barrier, finally it culminating with Haynes ducking a shoulder block from Jackson, Jackson catching nothing but steel ring post and Haynes popping into the air to deliver the THRILLride. The crowd would roar!

Blackfront: Jackson is laid out. Haynes is winded. This crowd is going wild!

Haynes and Jackson would return the action to the ring, each man feeling the effects of their battle outside it. Slowly they would work back to square one, neither one giving any ground to the other and each competitor absorbing the hardest blow of his opponent and kicking out of near falls.

Blackfront: Fans breaking out into the "This is Awesome" chant, Tommy.

Ace: I gotta say - it is. At the end of this one someone is going home.

Haynes would get control, using his quickness to gain a quick edge, bulldogging Jackson to the ground and driving the cap of his knee into the back of Jackson's head. Quickly Haynes would pull Jackson up, tossing him into the ropes, booting him on the come back and positioning himself for the new finisher - George On My Mind. However Jackson would land on his feet as Haynes tossed him, putting his hands up and spinning Haynes' knee and leveling the THRILL with an Unsportsmanlike Conduct. The far leg would get picks up and that would be that. The THRILL would be going home.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Blackfront: Haynes! Haynes is going home! Mikey is celebrating backstage! I can't believe it.

Ace: I can, Jason. Sean Jackson is just better.

Blackfront: Wait, look at this! Count is being waved off, look at that! Haynes' foot!

The crowd realizes it at well, surging once again!

Ace: I can't believe he got his foot on the ropes.

The match was ordered restarted. Both men knew this would be last chance time and they dug a little deeper inside of themselves. Jackson used his dirty tactics, raking the eyes of Haynes, chopping one of the Thrill's knees out from underneath of him, and lifting him into the air slamming him with a textbook Belly to Belly. But it would take more than that to ground the THRILL.

Haynes would shake it off, stumbling forward working on muscle memory - punch drunk. Jackson cocks a clothesline and throws it. Haynes ducks underneath and he jumps into the air again hitting Jackson flush with the THRILLride. Haynes covers!

Ace: NO!

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Ace:KICKOUT!

Jackson would power out. Haynes wouldn't believe it. The fans wouldn't believe it. But the ending would be well worth the wait.

Haynes would pull Jackson up, both men would battle. Each strike harder than the other. Punches, throat shots, an uppercut from Jackson that would rattle Haynes. A Snap DDT and then finally Jackson's long awaited Game Called Due to Darkness. Jackson had it dead to rights. He would take two steps forward and he would lunge.

Out of nowhere Sean Jackson would lunge forward, his hands right to his knee. Haynes would turn and see Jackson falling, knowing he had to take advantage. Haynes would bring his knee up, using both hands to push Jackson's skull into it's cap. Jackson's head would recoil, falling to the center of the ring.

Ace: NO!

Haynes would fall on top, picking up the far leg. The official's hand slapping once, twice, three times a lady.

Blackfront: Will Haynes has done it! He's defeated Sean Jackson. And Jackson might be hurt, Tommy.

Haynes rolls off Jackson quickly, as Jackson withers both hands coming to either side of his knee.

The entire arena explodes with the three count. It's the loudest the Wrestlezone may have ever gotten in it's brief existence!

Ace: NO!!! NO!! NO!! MIKEY IS GOING TO BE SOOOO MAD!

Blackfront: Sean Jackson is gone! He just lost his WrestleUTA contract! I can't believe what we just saw! Will Haynes is moving on!!! CATCH US NEXT TIME RIGHT HERE ON HULU! TWO WEEKS FROM TONIGHT! THANKS FOR TUNING IN!

Fade.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite