

Rebirth: 03.18.2020

March 18, 2020 | FWF Studios - Las Vegas, NV

Coronapocolpyse

The live feed of WrestleUTA Rebirth on FITE begins in an FWF Studios building. A wide camera angle shows not a sole. There is no music or pyro. It's somewhat... disturbing. We then go to the announcer's table where Michael Decker is seated by his lonesome.

Michael Decker: Hello, sports fans. My name is Michael Decker and this... this is WrestleUTA. Tonight is not exactly what UTA had intended for its grand reopening, for its grand rebranding of FWF. Over the last several weeks, as you're aware... we are all experiencing a pandemic over the Coronavirus. Rather than to postpone the event that we've all waited a month and a half for... we are going to proceed with as much of a show as we can put on for you.

He coughs a bit, and takes a sip of his water.

Michael Decker: Slight changes to the lineup and format of today's show, however. Shawn Kutter and Jarvis Valentine are not in attendance because neither passed rigorous medical screening to be allowed to compete tonight. You also may have noticed that Christina King is not joining me on commentary tonight, as she is unable to leave the UK to travel here until further notice. So... since Allan McTargertt is too paranoid to leave his house to even come and sit six feet away from me for a few hours... I'll be handling the desk by myself, unless anyone in the back wants to come hang out.

He clears his throat again.

Michael Decker: So... without further adieu... here... is... WrestleUTA Rebirth!

The scene changes to a hype package, highlighting all of the stars of WrestleUTA.

Malcolm Dred-King vs. Harry Black

Malcolm Dred-King is already standing in the middle of the ring when we come back.

Scott Smith: The following contest is scheduled for one fall...

He pauses for the fans to say "ONE FALL" but there is nobody in the building, so he looks like a moron.

Scott Smith: Oh... uh... okay. Already in the ring... MALCOLM DRED-KING!

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'Paint it Black' by the Rolling Stones starts up and Harry Black walks out from backstage.

Scott Smith: And his opponent... all the way from London, England... HARRY BLACK!

Michael Decker: He's lucky he stuck around before the travel ban. Or maybe... not lucky. I don't know.

Harry Black makes his way down to the ring, and he pauses at the bottom of the ramp. He looks out at the empty chairs in FWF Studios and takes a deep sigh, then walks up the steps and goes to the apron. MDK approaches him and the referee holds him back to the middle of the ring. When the ref moves out of the ring, Harry Black springboards off the top rope and nails MDK with a surprise flying forearm.

Michael Decker: BLACK OUT!

The referee calls for the bell as MDK struggles to push himself up and Harry Black pulls him in, hooking and delivering a butterfly dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane. He then covers MDK and hooks both legs.

Michael Decker: One... two... three!

MDK kicked out a hair after three and rolls onto his stomach. Harry Black gets up and has his hand raised in surprise victory as his music plays. MDK fights to his feet and goes after Black, who narrowly escapes and goes up the ramp victorious. The scene fades to an ad as MDK holds his neck.

Livewire Preview

We head backstage to see Melissa Diaz standing in front of a huge UTA Livewire logo.

Melissa Diaz: In these uncertain times... one thing that is for sure is that UTA Livewire returns next Wednesday... right here on FITE! Two superstars make their UTA when Wonderous Mental Dragon takes on Shooter Landell! And then---

She is distracted when Chimp the Chimp storms onto the set.

Chimp the Chimp: Can you believe this crap? This Coronavirus crap is all a hoax invented by the fake news media! You're all sheep! SHEEP!

He storms off and Melissa is left stunned.

Melissa Diaz: I... uhh... yes. Well... also on Livewire next week... Kirby Jackson and Alan Christopher go one-on-one in their UTA debut! Those matches... plus more exclusive content! Tune in next Wednesday... right here on FITE!

She smiles as the scene returns to the ringside area.

Kentucky Tarzan vs. Bobby Dean vs. Mikey Unlikely vs. Cancer Giles

When we return to the ringside area, Cancer Giles is seated at the announcer's table next to Michael Decker.

Michael Decker: I guess I am being joined by Cancer Giles, who is supposed to be competing in this upcoming match.

Cancer Giles: I'm feeling a little under the weather. I didn't want to risk spreading any illness to the fine gentlemen in this match.

Michael Decker: You were well enough to pass medical screenings. If you had any concerns, you could have just stayed home.

Cancer Giles: Don't tell me how to run my life. I wipe my own ass.

Scott Smith: The following match is a non-title fatal four way match scheduled for one fall!

Again, he pauses. Again, there are no fans.

Cancer Giles: Non-title? What a shame. Bobby Dean should be defending that belt all day, every day. That's what I would do if I were champion.

Michael Decker: You're not even in this match anymore, Giles. I don't think you have much say in the matter.

Cancer Giles: Then why'd he say this is a fatal four way, huh?

Scott Smith: The first competitor... seated at ringside for some reason... CANCER GILES!

Cancer Giles: HEY!

"Through The Safety And The Dance" "Through The Safety And The Dance" starts up and Kentucky Tarzan bursts out from backstage rather than swinging down on a vine.

Cancer Giles: Sources say Kentucky's vine is quarantined for two weeks.

Michael Decker: What sources?

Cancer Giles: A lady never tells.

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Scott Smith: Introducing next... from Columbus, Ohio... KENTUCKY TARZAN!

Cancer Giles: More like Ohio Tarzan! I bet he wasn't even raised by apes!

Tarzan slaps hands with nobody on his way to the ring. He slides in the ring as "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne starts up. There's no fancy light work like usual as Mikey Unlikely makes his way out.

Scott Smith: Introducing next... from Los Angeles... The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer... MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Cancer Giles: Geez. Scott is really phoning it in.

Michael Decker: Says the guy doing commentary for his own match.

Mikey Unlikely makes it to the ring and walks up the steps, looking in at Tarzan before entering between the ropes. "Fat" by Weird Al starts up and both men watch the entryway.

Scott Smith: And finally... he is the current, reigning, but NOT defending UTA Hardcore Champion... BEAUTIFUL... BOBBY... DEAN!

Nobody comes out from backstage.

Michael Decker: WHAT THE WHAT?!

Cancer Giles: Look in the stands, Michael! That's gotta be... that's gotta be... THAT'S GOTTA BE DEANNNNN!!!!

Indeed, Bobby Dean is making his way to the ring from the empty seating, knocking over empty chairs with his gut. Once he makes it to the guardrail, he tries to climb over and ends up tumbling over to the floor at ringside. He gets up and dusts off his beautiful robe before walking up the steps and entering between the ropes.

Cancer Giles: That is what a REAL man looks like, Michael! Take notes!

Bobby hands his robe and his championship to the referee, telling him to take good care of them. The referee hands them off to a nobody at ringside. When Bobby turns around, Tarzan and Unlikely are standing side by side in the middle of the ring.

Michael Decker: It looks like they've both got their eyes on the champ.

Cancer Giles: How could they not? He's huge!

The referee calls for the opening bell, and Unlikely turns his attention to Tarzan by way of a surprise

Unlikely, nearly taking the young man's head off of his shoulders. Unlikely stomps away at Tarzan as he crawls to the nearest corner. Bobby Dean keeps his distance, watching from the other side of the ring. Unlikely takes a break from stomping on Tarzan in the corner, and he looks back at Dean. Unlikely waves him over, and Dean charges and hits Tarzan with a devastating hind quarter attack to the seated Tarzan.

Cancer Giles: ATM SPLASH! BY GAWD!

Michael Decker: Is that really a thing?

Cancer Giles: It is now! It'll be trending in no time, Michael!

Dean turns around and goes to high five Unlikely, but is met instead with a dropkick to his beautiful face. The big man falls hard and holds his money maker, as Unlikely unleashes a barrage of kicks to Dean's torso. Dean holds onto the ropes and the referee starts to count, threatening to disqualify Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely: Go ahead! DQ me! I dare ya!

Unlikely backs off long enough to break the count, then starts at Dean again. The referee scolds him again and he pushes the ref, then gets in his face, arguing with the ref simply for doing his job. This is enough of a distraction to allow Tarzan to sneak up behind him with a high angle roll up.

Michael Decker: One... two... KICKOUT!

Both men get back up and Unlikely charges at Tarzan, who pulls down the top rope and Unlikely crashes over the top and to the floor. Tarzan starts clapping his fans to get the crowd going... but there is... no... crowd. When Unlikely gets up on the outside, Tarzan grabs ahold of the top rope and launches himself over, crashing into Unlikely. Dean is back to his feet and sees both men struggling to get up. Dean shrugs his shoulders, hits the ropes and charges toward the ropes... but then rolls underneath the bottom rope and clotheslines both men on the outside.

Michael Decker: I was thinking we were going to see Air Bobby.

Cancer Giles: Air Bobby is what I call it when Bobby Dean has to fly on a commercial airline... because he requires two seats.

Bobby throws his arms up in the air to pop the crowd... but there's... no... crowd.

Michael Decker: It must be strange for these guys to wrestle in front of nobody.

Cancer Gile: I've wrestled in front of nobody before... but it wasn't because of a national pandemic. The shows at Skoogledorf Pro Wrestling were just the drizzling shits.

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Dean pulls Tarzan off the floor and rolls him back into the ring. As he goes to follow, Unlikely turns him around and rams him spine first into the edge of the ring. Unlikely slides into the ring and locks on a sleeper hold.

Cancer Giles: Rest hold. Coooooooool. Is it time for a commercial break?

Michael Decker: No, it is not.

Cancer Giles: Damn.

Tarzan starts stomping his foot, hoping to get the fans going... but there are... no... fans. He starts to push up to his feet and delivers three elbows to Unlikely, which releases the sleeper hold. He hits the ropes... ducks a clothesline from Unlikely... then springboards off the middle rope and connects with a cross body. Tarzan gets up and starts shaking his arms.

Kentucky Tarzan: BABYFACE FIRE!!!

Tarzan its the ropes and flies in the air, landing on Unlikely with a huge splash, then hooks the leg.

Michael Decker: One... two... KICKOUT!

Cancer Giles: It aint over til it's over, Michael!

Tarzan is up and shaking his arms again. He hits the ropes and goes for another splash... but is met with an avalanche splash by Bobby Dean which knocks the wind out of him. Tarzan rolls out of the ring as Dean turns his attention to Unlikely, who is up to his feet now. Dean scoops him up and bodyslams him in the middle of the ring, then points to the corner. He starts climbing... slowly... carefully.

Cancer Giles: Oh shit. That's my cue. Byeeeeee!

Cancer Giles removes his headset and heads to the ring, sliding in quickly. As Bobby Dean finally makes it to the middle rope, Giles runs up behind and pushes him over the top, causing the Hardcore Champ to tumble hard onto the apron and to the floor. Giles looks proud of what he's done... as he turns around into a lariat into a backbreaker from Mikey Unlikely!

Michael Decker: ROLL CREDITS!

Unlikely covers Giles and the referee drops down.

Michael Decker: One... two... three!

The bell sounds and "Blunt Blowin" starts up as Mikey Unlikely is to declared the winner. He has his

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hand raised in the air, then pushes the referee away to turn his attention to Bobby Dean, who is barely getting to his feet and now holding onto his Hardcore Championship. Unlikely points at him, then motions a belt around his own waist.

Michael Decker: It looks like Mikey Unlikely wants what Bobby Dean's got... and that's the UTA Hardcore Championship!

Bobby Dean backs up the ramp as medical staff rushes out to help Kentucky Tarzan, who is having troubles breathing after being flattened by our hefty Hardcore Champion. The scene fades... away...

Freudian Slip

Backstage at FWF Studios... the Denizens of the Grave are gathered in a dark room. **Raging Dead** enters, dragging behind him a tech nerd holding a tablet.

Raging Dead: Right over here. Stand right here and hold up the screen so they can watch my match.

He looks to his Denizens.

Raging Dead: Skull... Bones... Girrl... you know the cue. If there's trouble... I'll let you know.

Tech Nerd: Are you... expecting trouble?

Raging Dead: Watch your damn mouth! Do you know who the hell I am?!

Tech Nerd: R-raging... D-dead...

Raging Dead: And within the next twenty minutes... I will be the NNNNNEEEEEEEEEWWWWWWWW UTA Champion!

The Denizens nod in agreement. The tech nerd looks uncomfortable and nods timidly.

Raging Dead: You, stay still. Denizens... watch for my signal. I've got to go eat Lunchbox Larry.

Tech Nerd: Was that a... Freudian slip?

Raging Dead Girrl growls and lunges toward the tech nerd but she is stopped by **Raging Dead**.

Raging Dead: Save that rage for later, Girrl. You might need it.

The scene fades back to the ringside area for tonight's main event.

Lunchbox Larry vs. Raging Dead

We return to the table at ringside where Michael Decker has his headset off and he's having an intense coughing fit. Scott Smith peers over from the ring and looks concerned.

Scott Smith: The following match is scheduled for one fall... with no time limit... and it is for the UTA Championship!

"Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla magnificently fills up FWF Studios. The Raging Dead bursts out from backstage with the UTA Championship around his waist. He looks out at the empty arena, which sets him off. He runs down the ramp, jumps the guardrail... and starts terrorizing the empty chairs. He shoves them over and tosses them around before jumping back over the guardrail. He rolls into the ring and stands motionless in the center of the ring, huffing and puffing.

Michael Decker: For those of you who missed UTA Unsanctioned last month... at the end of the main event... Raging Dead stole the UTA Championship from Lunchbox Larry. He is NOT the current champion.

"Old Town Maine" by Lucas Deely begins to play. Lunchbox Larry steps out from behind the curtain, laser focused on the ring as soon as it's in sight. Without his usual energy, the UTA Champion walks down the ramp and never takes his eyes off of Raging Dead, who is still motionless in the center of the ring. Lunchbox Larry calmly walks up the steps and enters the ring, stepping right up to Raging Dead and reaching for the championship belt around his waist. The referee holds Larry back.

Scott Smith: Introducing first... the challenger... he hails from Ozone Park, New Yo-----

Lunchbox Larry catches Raging Dead off guard with a big boot, and the referee calls for the opening bell.

Michael Decker: This is payback for how their match started at Unsanctioned! The real champ is coming in---

Decker starts coughing and is unable to finish his sentence. Larry pulls Dead off the mat and backs him up to the corner, and lays in a series of shots to the challenger's torso. Larry backs out of the corner and tells Dead to get some. Dead charges in and locks up with the champ, and reaches for his face, gouging his eyes. He pushes Larry back to the corner and chops away at the champ's chest. Dead backs up and Larry instantly bursts out, and the two lock up again. Dead floats behind Larry and pushes him chest first into the ropes. Larry hangs on, Dead rolls back and gets to his feet. Larry goes for another big boo; Dead rolls underneath and hits the ropes. Dead goes for a clothesline; Larry blocks it with a double axe handle. Larry swings his mighty fist; Dead ducks it and stays in place. Dead swings his fist; Larry catches it with his bear paw of a hand.

Michael Decker: Lunchbox Larry is squeezing Raging Dead's fist so tight... that the ref is asking if he gives up! DAMN! This is--

Decker has another coughing fit.

Michael Decker: I'm sorry, fans. I don't think I can do this.

Decker removes his headset, and heads to the back, likely seeking medical attention. Back in the ring, Dead pulls his arm in and bites Larry's hand, breaking the skin and forcing him to release the hold. The referee puts on gloves at the sight of blood and asks if he can continue. Larry shoves the ref away and the two combatants tie up once again. Larry goes behind Dead and picks him up, dropping him on his stomach. He goes for a front facelock; Dead rolls out of the way and goes for the ropes. Larry pulls him to the middle of the ring and stomps on his back, then connects with a knee drop on the challenger's back. Larry hits the ropes and Dead rolls out of the ring, falling into the guardrail and holding his back.

Raging Dead: Son of a bitch!

The referee starts his count and Larry shoves him out of the way again, leaving the ring to go after Dead. Larry grabs Dead and Jessica Biel tosses him onto the ring apron. Dead rolls back into the ring and uses the ropes in the corner to get to his feet. Larry gets back in the ring and grabs Dead, using a Northern Irish Whip to get him to the opposite corner. Instead of letting go, he runs with Dead and drives him face first into the top turnbuckle. Since there is no announcer to call it out... he calls that the Hangry Buckler. Dead bounces and crashes to the mat. Larry follows up by covering him.

Harry Black: One... two... KICKOUT! We were so close to Lunchbox Larry having to deal with me next. Thaaaaat's right, folks. The REAL number one contender is taking over for Michael Decker for the rest of the match. Rest assured that I lysoled all of the equipment and I am wearing latex gloves. I may be stranded in this hideous country... but I'm not going to let it infect me with this glorified chest cough. Now, look at that. Raging Dead is crawling away like the coward that he is... and Lunchpail Lenny is walking right into a trap.

Dead pulls himself up in the corner and turns around as Larry approaches. Dead boots him in the midsection and Dead pushes up to a seated position on the top rope in the corner.

Harry Black: I TOLD YOU SO!

Dead jumps off and catches Larry with a spike dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane... followed by a pin...

Harry Black: One... two... THR----NOOOO! KICKOUT! Lenny looks woozy but he managed to kick out! Raging Dead almost earned the right to lose to me very soon!

Dead gets up and argues with the referee that it should have been a three count, then returns his attention to the champ. He grabs Larry with a front face lock and delivers a few snug knees before using all his might to Northern Irish Whipping Larry to the nearest corner, then charges in with a running forearm. Dead runs to the other corner as Larry chases after him, connecting with a running forearm of his own. Dead stumbles out and right into a belly to belly suplex from Larry. Instead of

going for a pin, he pulls Dead back up to his feet, knees him in the gut and pulls him up with a gutwrench... attempting a powerbomb... but Dead slips behind and takes Larry down a notch by stomping the back of his leg. Dead follows up with a superkick to the back of the head.

Harry Black: Cover him, you necrotic moron!

Dead struggles to roll Larry onto his back, then covers him.

Harry Black: ONE... TWO... THR--KICKOUT! DAMNIT! I was so close to getting out of here! Take it home already!

Dead uses all of his strength to pull Larry up from the mat and he again Northern Irish Whips the champ to the corner. Dead catches his breath before charging toward Larry... who bursts out of the corner and connects with a flying superpunch.

Harry Black: KNUCKLE SANDWICH! RAGING DEAD MIGHT BE DEAD!

Awkward pause.

Harry Black: Pun not intended.

Larry used all of his might to land that punch and he collapsed next to Dead. The referee starts to count them both down... and makes it to five before Larry instinctively drapes his arm over Dead's chest.

Harry Black: ONE... TWO... THRRRRR---WHAT?! HE KICKED OUT!

Larry rolls onto his back and looks up at the lights, holding his face before slamming his fists on the mat. He rolls onto his stomach and pushes up to his feet, pleading with the referee that it couldn't possibly have been a two count.

Harry Black: Do we have the technology for instant replays? That had to be a three!

Larry turns his attention back to Dead, who is now crawling toward the ropes. Larry goes to grab his leg just as he rolls out of the ring to the floor outside. Larry heads to the ropes to go after Dead and the referee grabs him by the arm. Larry shoves him back but this time accidently does so with the back of his elbow.

Harry Black: Lunchpail Lenny just took out the zebra!

Larry shows deep remorse for what he did, though it was an accident. Larry lets out a deep sigh and he leaves the ring to grab the challenger... who is nowhere to be found. Larry looks around, even under the ring. He throws his arms up in the air in disbelief.

Harry Black: And here... they... come!

From one side of the stage comes Skull and Bones. From the other side of the stage comes Raging Dead Girrl. The two masked men jump Larry ram him into the ring steps, then haul him up and roll him into the ring. Girrl slides in and looks on as they get Larry to his knees. Girrl staggers toward him and grabs him by the neck, then digs her teeth deep into his left shoulder, tearing the flesh and causing blood to drip down his chest.

Harry Black: The Denizens of the Grave are here and they have messed... him... up! And there he is! There's Raging Dead... with the UTA Championship!

As Girrl finishes her job, Raging Dead is back in the ring, holding the UTA Championship. He drags it behind him and stands in front of Larry, telling him that his time is up. Skull and Bones pull Larry to his feet and let go of his arms as Dead tosses him the championship. He catches the belt and Dead quickly jumps up, grabs him by the back of the neck... and drives his knee into Larry's face with the belt in between the two.

Harry Black: TWENTYFIVEEIGHT!

Girrl grabs the belt and slides out of the ring as Skull and Bones shake the referee back to life. They leave the ring and the trio watches on as the challenger rolls the champion onto his back and covers him.

Harry Black: ONE..... TWO..... THREEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

The bell sounds and the match is over. The Denizens of the Grave enter the ring and Girrl straps the belt around Raging Dead's waist.

Scott Smith: ... AND NNNNNNEEEEEEEEEWWWWW UTA CHAMPION... THE RAGING DEAD!

Skull and Bones hoist their Dead King up in celebration as "Rage 25/8" by Z Mann Zilla blares throughout the empty FWF Studios.

Harry Black: Regardless of how many minions that whitefaced freak has... I'm officially putting him on notice. You may be looking at the new UTA Champion... but I am absolutely the NEXT UTA Champion. For Michael Decker, wherever he is... I'm Harry Black. Go away.

Black removes the headset and leaves the table, pointing into the ring at Dead and motioning that he's next... as the show goes off the air...

Show Credits

Segment: "Livewire Preview" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Freudian Slip" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite